

MR. STETTINIUS' MAILBAG by VIRGINIA GARDNER

MARCH 20
1 9 4 5

NEW MASSES

15¢
In Canada
20¢

LETTER TO AMERICA

by ETIENNETTE GALLOIS

*A French journalist pleads
for an understanding
of her country.*

GI-RAIN OR SHINE

by PVT. S. W. GERSON

WHO IS PEGLER?

by JOEL BRADFORD

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: *Earl Browder and F. J. Meyers discuss our postwar economy; Across the Rhine, by Colonel T.; Isidor Schneider reviews W. L. White's anti-Soviet book; Prelude to San Francisco, by The Editors; Austria in Ferment, by Martin Landler.*

WE ARE PROUD —



NEW MASSES is very proud to announce that with this issue Louis Aragon becomes one of its contributing editors. Our readers will recall his moving tribute to Gabriel Peri, who gave his life for the French Resistance and our "singing to-morrows," which NEW MASSES published January 23. Many will remember the brilliant novels, *The Bells of Basle*, *Residential Quarter*, *The Century was Young*, which have been translated into English. Aragon is one of the great men of France today. His contributions to literature in that country before the

present war won him a permanent place in her culture, and his role in the battles for a new, free France in the Popular Front, in the Resistance, and now in the rebuilding of a great democracy ensures him a bright place in her history as artist, as soldier and as man.

By his own story, his first meeting with the Russian revolutionary poet Mayakovsky and a trip to the USSR in 1930 began the transformation of one of the most brilliant and rebellious spirits of the Dadaist and surrealist movements into a man deeply and consciously aware of the politics of his times. He became one of the editors of *L'Humanite*. In 1936 when *Ce Soir* was founded as a popular evening newspaper to counteract the reactionary press, he became its editor. Today, when *Ce Soir* is once again one of Paris' major newspapers, you will often see a column at the top of page one with a boxed byline reading simply, "Aragon."

Aragon's contribution to France's liberation is a saga befitting a country whose national epic is the *Roland*. After the Vichy armistice he mysteriously disappeared from Lyons, where he was demobilized. There were rumors about him, as there were about many others—some ugly. But throughout this period the tiny beautifully written volumes of the *Editions de Minuit*—the Midnight Editions—carried the poems of "Francois La Colere," Francis the Wrathful, bringing their unique contribution to hope and the will to battle. "La Colere" was Aragon. His gifted wife, Elsa Triolet, who fought and worked with him, was also writing at this time for the *Editions de Minuit* as Laurent Daniel. Aragon not only wrote for France: he organized. With Georges Sadoul he founded the National Committees of Writers and Journalists of the southern zone, and also the National Front Committees of Professors, Teachers, Doctors, Lawyers and Musicians. When the liberation came, Aragon appeared as a colonel in the Maquis, for whom he both fought and wrote. And in all this ferment, he has just published a new novel, *Aurelien*.

Next week NEW MASSES will publish Aragon's first article as contributing editor. It is a piece on Romain Rolland, whom Aragon saw shortly before his death.

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than the post office will give the best results. Vol. LIV, No. 12. Published weekly by THE NEW MASSES, INC., 104 East Ninth Street, New York 3, N. Y. Copyright 1945. THE NEW MASSES, INC. Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Washington Office: 945 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 23, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscription: \$5.00 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico; six months \$2.75; three months \$1.50. Foreign, \$6.00 a year; six months \$3.25; three months \$1.75. In Canada \$6.00 a year, \$3.50 for six months, U. S. money; single copies in Canada 20c Canadian money. Subscribers are notified that no change in address can be effected in less than two weeks. NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped, address envelope. NEW MASSES does not pay for contributions.

LETTER TO AMERICA

By **ETIENNETTE GALLOIS**

Mme. Gallois is among the French journalists who toured the United States under the auspices of the Office of War Information. Throughout the occupation of France she fought in the resistance movement in the Toulouse area and came to America as a representative of the newspapers of Toulouse. She is now the editor of the French Communist newspaper "Voix du Midi."

OUR visit to your country is a high privilege, and we hope that it will serve to reaffirm the precious ties that have united France and the United States in the past. Our common enemies tried in vain to destroy those bonds.

German occupation separated us for four years. The Nazis succeeded in building high walls around our land, while inside the country they erected a network of walls that from day to day closed in ever more tightly on us. We could feel these walls tightening—it was a physical sensation, like the loud noise of a padlock snapping shut. Each of us knew that he was in a trap. And we knew that, despite the hypocritical declarations of the Germans and their Vichyite friends, the trap would get narrower and narrower.

Have you ever seen wild animals suddenly placed in a cage? They get terribly excited, their walk becomes jerky and accelerated. Their pulse quickens. First they feel oppressed, then comes a moment in which they are obsessed, after which they either lie down resignedly or they die. We were like that: caged-in, obsessed, and we remained obsessed to the very end. But we refused to die, refused to go mad, and above all, refused to lie down and yield. We decided to devour one by one the links in our chains; we resolved to unite and to sabotage in every way possible the destructive plans of our foes. *We did not wait for aid from the outside, which was promised us every day over the radio.* We fought against those who had a "wait-and-see" attitude, who kept their arms folded waiting for the Allied

landings. We were the French resistance movement.

It is worthwhile recalling the network of police control and surveillance, the artifices and subterfuges that were wrought to cripple our will. Concrete examples will illustrate this best.

Every individual in France had to possess an identification card, renewable each year at the Central Police Prefecture, where there was a corresponding card on file. At any moment the German and French police could verify whether a card was genuine or not by phoning the prefecture. Only when you had an identification card could you receive a food card, without which you could not eat, a tobacco card, and soon a card for individual items like bread, salt and vegetables. These food cards also had to correspond with originals kept in the files of the various food offices. Moreover, the consumer had to buy from the specific merchants whose names and addresses were listed on his food card. These merchants also kept a record with our names, ages, addresses and professions. Thus, the police had several ways of checking and rechecking us. And we could be betrayed in any number of ways, sometimes by a storekeeper's innocently saying things he should not have said when questioned.

NEVERTHELESS, patriots succeeded in escaping this dense network of controls. Vichy then introduced a compulsory work card, signed by the employer and countersigned by the Labor Office, both of which kept records open for inspection by the Germans. In addition, men had to have military documents such as mustering-out papers and certificates of repatriation from Germany with all the papers issued by the German prison camps. Any man who could not produce all these documents on demand—and searches were made everywhere without advance notice—on the streets, at railway stations, at the entrances of hospitals and movies, in factories and workshops, and in private houses in the early

hours of the morning—was arrested on the spot and deported.

Setting up these multiple cards and files in government offices and even in the shops of neighborhood storekeepers not only meant that individuals were kept under constant surveillance; it also gave the German authorities a chance to draw up lists of Jews, foreigners, young people and specialists any time they chose, whenever they had to deport human beings to their mines, fortifications, or death-factories.

One or two cars or a couple of light trucks would stop in front of a house or store. Well-dressed men in civilian clothes would get out, ring the bell, enter politely, and emerge with their prey: the whole family including babies, old folks and sick people if they were Jews, or just the persons designated if it was not a Jewish household. If the furniture was worth anything, it was quickly and silently hoisted onto the truck. The place was for rent—nobody ever heard another word about its former tenants.

This was the inferno in which France lived, organized and fought. I am only describing it in barest details, without going into the difficulties of hunger, shortages, and physical and moral tortures. You may imagine how much camouflage work was necessary for an individual or a family or a partisan unit to prepare a whole set of false papers, without sufficient money, without a safe place in which to live, without instruments, and without advice. Every false paper spelled danger: danger in making it out, danger in carrying it, danger that the person bearing it might talk at some future date, after being tortured by red-hot irons, razor-blades, or electric machines.

EVERY American must bear these things in mind when judging France and the Frenchmen of the resistance movement. France is recovering from an illness, her courage and will are unflagging, but she has been scorched and weakened and sobered by

the frightful tribute she has paid to save her freedom and independence. Perhaps you will understand why she is grimly suspicious of anything, however slight, that may abridge that freedom and that independence.

The French have always been fond of the Americans, and have felt perhaps closer to the Americans than to any other people. When President Roosevelt called out to us from across the Atlantic: War has come, and here we are again! we were profoundly confident. We knew that with the United States, Soviet Russia and Great Britain, we would win. We did not yet realize what victory would cost us, what sacrifices it would entail, nor what surprises the USSR would reveal to the world. But we confidently waited.

Four and a half years went by. The radio kept up our morale by saying every day: "Courage, patience—we're coming and then we'll get *them!*" We began to count the days as we heard the bolts snap shut; we began to count the weeks as the atmosphere grew ever more stifling; we began to count the months. Firing-squads and deportations commenced, terror raged, fear gripped the country. One day we heard that America was building a ship a day and so we started to count the boats. We felt that if so many boats were being built, that also meant tanks, planes and guns. Yes, they were all being built and piled up outside—while we had only our wills to oppose to German machineguns. It was an unequal contest: the straitjacket tightened around us, lives were lost, some of our bravest and most precious fighters died for want of arms. For lack of arms, we let the Germans transport thousands of French women and children in boxcars to Poland. We waited for the parachutists to come, but our long wait did not prevent the prisons from emptying and filling up again. Yet, with the fighters we had, a few machineguns would have been enough to open the jails and to prevent the firing-squads from carrying out their dirty work.

Four years and a half passed. Bare-handed, we had to carry out thousands of examples of sabotage. We had to risk a hundredfold the lives of our underground fighters because we were without arms, without money, without food, without bicycles, without trucks, without a change of clothing, indeed, often without clothes. We had to snatch everything from the Boches and take the gravest risks. Our women, young and old, lugged suitcases filled with arms or

ammunition under the very noses of the German and Vichy police. They did this heroic work because the weapons often needed adjustment or repairs, or because we had to redistribute them constantly, not having enough to go around.

American friends, you have worked magnificently, as each day I discover to my joy and admiration. But think of what we suffered in our trap in which hundreds of thousands of our own people died while the armies of the United Nations moved slowly and stubbornly forward in the Italian campaign. "Patience," you said. One of our fighters was named Langer. He was patient, too. He was kept for eight months in chains in a death-cell, waiting every day for Laval to pardon him or have him shot, until he was finally sent before the firing-squad. Each day was for him and us a day of waiting that seemed like

To the Last Nazi

Overrun by weeds
can be replanted;
the crooked furrows
grow again unslanted.

Lying in ruins,
can be repaired;
lines that were fouled
go free and unsnared.

Change of heart,
and recover;
villain
to lover.

So live
and let live;
human to err
and human forgive.

After the darkness,
dawn of cock-crow;
song of green grass
from the silence of snow.

Only the darkness.
Let no dawn appear.
December dead
and no New Year.

No grass of forgiveness
springs from your grave.
Snow, melted,
shows only the grave.

One final answer.
No deflection.
No life
and no resurrection.

EVE MERRIAM.

months, I assure you! And there were so many Langers in France!

We resisted the lies of our enemies who insisted that you did not mean to land, that you only sought to destroy our industries, that you refused to send us arms because you feared Communism, that you wanted France to be depopulated so that you could colonize her. We scorned such lies, just as we rejected with disdain the rumors that issued every day from the government offices at Vichy and the police stations, rumors that were assiduously spread from town to town. I can still see an old peasant at St. Martin du Touche near Toulouse, standing before the smoking ruins of his farmhouse. An hour before your Flying Fortresses had come, gleaming white in the sunny, joyous Sunday sky. He was terribly shaken, but he turned to us with a smile and said: "They've blown up everything. But it doesn't matter, they're doing damned good work!"

But we suffered, friends. We could not understand why at one time you did not want to help our inner front, why at one time you refused to have confidence in the best of our men, or throw a lifeline to the finest among them who could then use it to rescue the others from the abyss.

Since you admire our resistance, understand our sufferings. France is sad and bitter. People are dying of cold there, lacking coal and too weak and too ill to resist. We need help from outside, but we are afraid to appeal for it, for the memory of the shameless businessmen and politicians who betrayed France is still too much with us. The nation has drawn itself up, its magnificent moral strength has crystallized around its priceless heritage of independence which it came near losing because genuine democracy did not function in our country.

NOTHING will be more useful than these direct contacts which we are resuming with the American people. Our country has again called for total mobilization, and our people would like to see the French factories working again. During the German occupation, we tried to stop them from producing but we did not destroy them. Our country would like to wage war by your side, American friends, but in greater numbers. Our men of the Maquis who fought for four years with revolvers or tommyguns have feverishly awaited arms. If they seem impatient, understand them: they have so many accounts



"This is the way they went to meet the enemy,
amidst the shadows and the anguish of the night. . . ."

"Milicianos," steel engraving by German Horacio. From a book of reproductions of Horacio's drawings published by the Joint Anti-fascist Refugee Committee of Los Angeles for the benefit of Spanish refugee artists in Mexico City, where Horacio, born in the Asturias, now lives. Each drawing is accompanied by a poetic dedication by the Spanish poet Humberto Rivas. The two lines above are from the poem accompanying the picture.

to settle with the Boche; they would like so much to enter Berlin with the Red Army and all the forces of the United Nations. Every Frenchman is convinced that if you had been able to equip our soldiers right after our liberation in September 1944, our armies would already have penetrated deep into German territory.

I know that training is indispensable in the mechanized warfare of today. But the striking power and combative flame of the French Forces of the Interior, far surpassing that of our armies during the great French Revolution, could accomplish miracles. To under-

stand the potentialities of that power, you have to know how the Boches feared the men of the Maquis, preferring to meet in combat your troops, the British, and our African armies. The lack of arms has been the thing from which we have suffered most. Our men still cry with impotent rage when they think of it. And this lack has cost us many surprises, perhaps even more than the hesitation and delay in seating France at the table with the great powers.

Our delegation of French journalists has been in the United States for several weeks. Now we understand much better

your efforts and your difficulties, and all the reasons for past misunderstandings. We are in a period of history in which we are still paying for the self-centered, the manipulators of personal power, and the short-sighted politicians. Hundreds of thousands of human lives must no longer be paid for the prejudices of the selfish few. That is the problem in both our countries; with time and hard work, we will overcome these obstacles.

The war is drawing to a close. France will need the United States in the postwar world, and the United States may need France. The awakening of the democracies in a world that is better organized for peace can bear marvelous fruit, once confidence is reestablished and collective security guaranteed, along the lines of President Roosevelt's high-minded declarations and along the lines of the Crimea declaration. Our two nations can certainly enter into mutually productive agreements. As for France, she has at her disposal an abundance of energies and wills ready to serve the nation. Our workers and peasants, our technicians and intellectuals are prepared to work to the utmost to reconstruct and renovate France. But this time the work will be done for the nation and by the nation. The French people will not allow themselves to be ignored in the future; they will want to participate as much as possible in every undertaking destined to rebuild the country. Advice and support from America will be infinitely precious: working together with our government, representatives of our National Committee of Resistance and our trade unions will make our unhappy country bloom again.

To my great joy I have seen how the American people love France. Our two peoples would never for a single instant have ceased to understand each other if the enemy had not separated us for so long and if we had, on the contrary, been linked by a friendly, straightforward, and objective press.

On our return to France we will explain to the French that the American people are with them and that France must build her future with them and the other great Allies. As our contacts broaden and strengthen, all the prejudices and petty maneuverings will fall away. Humanity is on the march—the sights are too high for shortsighted men ever to triumph. They have done much harm; but we can and must repair that harm in rebuilding our country and in consolidating peace by means of mutual confidence and guarantees.

"DEAR STATE DEPARTMENT—"

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

MR. AND Mrs. America are talking up these days. They are taking pen or pencil in hand and sitting down and writing letters to Secretary of State Stettinius and the President on the thing that apparently is uppermost in their minds. They want an international security organization to keep the peace.

Ninety-seven percent of the letters on Dumbarton Oaks which are snowing under the letter-writing staff of the State Department are favorable. Three percent are antagonistic. It is a new situation for the State Department, as up to now their experience in mass correspondence was that people don't write in except to complain about something, to suggest that something else be done or to give their own versions of what our foreign policy should be.

They don't attempt to explain it, the harassed men and women whose job it is to answer the letters. It is a new experience in other ways. These are not letters from the Eastern Seaboard, or the West Coast, but from both and the spots in between. They are from small towns and cities, from workers and from ladies who write on handsomely engraved stationery. There are no classes or groups predominating. It is a real grass-roots movement.

WHEN he was testifying before a House committee on the Bretton Woods legislation the other day, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau had to cope with certain smartypants members such as Rep. William B. Barry (D., N.Y.) and Rep. Jessie Sumners (R., Ill.). Both of them insisted on talking about holding up legislation on Bretton Woods to have a "bargaining weapon" to use at San Francisco. It is difficult to talk about the San Francisco conference to people who use that language. But the Secretary answered them soberly. He said in effect that when you are working for international security you can think of it in a sense as a new kind of religion. At any rate, it demands faith, confidence in your fellow nations and peoples. And it requires not talk about bargaining but action toward passing the necessary BW legislation before April 25.

The letters I looked over at the State Department had the faith Mr. Morgenthau

asked. They were simple letters, for the most part. Senators Bushfield and Wheeler and Butler and Taft would sneer at them, I feel sure. Their authors do not elaborately describe how they are for Dumbarton Oaks—but with reservations. There are exceptions, of course, but most of the writers are entirely free of the chariness of a Vandenberg or the out-and-out antipathy of a Senator Wiley.

I was shown a few letters which had been answered and which were regarded as typical. The rest that I saw had not been classified, except that they were about a world organization. Of the lot of them, one complained about the settlement of the Polish border question. In three solid hours of reading, I found only two which mentioned voting procedure. These supported the San Francisco conference but asked that the US oppose any arrangement whereby one nation could exercise a veto.

Two writers wanted a United States of Europe, and I understand there are regularly a few from Union Now who write in pessimistically about anything short of their pet goal. One man from the West Coast said he had been a friend of Russia before and after the Nazis invaded it but he wanted the Russians warned that they would lose his friendship if they used German "slave labor."

Most of the writers clearly wrote from the heart, with only one simple issue to present: the need for an international security organization and peace. "I am a war worker," began a short but pointed letter from Santa Monica. Apparently unaware of the sarcasm with which the *Chicago Tribune* has been calling the proposed security pact a League of Nations, he went on boldly to say he wanted just that—"a permanent League of Nations."

On a small piece of expensive note-paper, an Indianapolis woman wrote: "When this war is won we must have peace—an enduring peace—even if it means a sacrifice of some of our nationalistic policies which we have heretofore guarded so jealously. The Yalta communique gives me renewed hope that some day in the not too distant future we may have a world organization which will be empowered to settle disputes around a conference table in-

stead of a battlefield." She wound up by congratulating Secretary of State Stettinius on "the effective part you have played in the Big Three Conference."

An East Aurora, N. Y., man commended Stettinius on his "able leadership" and urged him "to continue to inform us of events in the near future so that we citizens can exert our influence on our Senators in order that a good workable plan may result without too many modifications and amendments that may weaken the effect of the plan."

THE State Department has done a great job in going to the people with the Dumbarton Oaks issue, and this is apparent in the letters, a large number of which are in response to radio addresses by Assistant Secretary Archibald MacLeish and others.

Thus an Indianapolis man writes: "A speaker on the radio has just said that the State Department is interested in the ideas the public has regarding peace. I can speak only for myself—as an individual of American stock of 200 years or more.

"The United States should be willing to have a limited fighting force which together with the cooperation of forces from other nations could be used to snuff out wars in their early stages just as fire trucks now hasten to keep fires from becoming disastrous. . . . The earth must be made a place safe for only peace-loving people. Individuals and nations who insist on living for other purposes should be controlled economically and by force so that they are compelled to contribute something worthwhile to the general well-being of the entire world."

A Los Angeles woman voiced strong support for the Dumbarton Oaks proposals and suggested the San Francisco conference "consider the distribution of various organs of the organization in various cities of different countries—thus affording many people all over the globe an opportunity to be near and to participate in the workings of the organization."

A rather homey letter to MacLeish in pencil recites how the writer's typewriter is a war casualty and continues, "But I feel impelled to accept your invitation to ask a question." She gives her "personal and sincere thanks for your

radio address" and its "eloquence," adding: "And I thank God that someone could and would give it to the whole people. Please carry on." Her question is: "What about colonies?" They form a problem which should be solved now, she says, "although many of my thoughtful friends disagree, thinking a solution should come later." Every one of these letters gets an answer, and many of them receive releases and speeches as well.

By all odds the most articulate of the letters I happened to see, buried in a huge pile and as yet unanswered, was from a captain in the armed forces in San Francisco. He was writing, he said, because the future "is vital to me, not only as a soldier but as a father and an American."

He then proceeded to trace American foreign policy from the 1823-1898 period of the "illusory isolationism of the Monroe Doctrine" through the period when we "permitted Japan to fortify her Pacific possessions given her by a League of Nations which became initially bankrupt by our decision not to participate in its actions," up to World War II.

"In too great a sense," wrote the captain, "we, the people of the United States, are responsible for this war which now grips the world," for, he said, we "chose to ignore China, Ethiopia, the Saar, Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia, even Poland and France." Therefore, "our moral obligation is the greatest," especially because for us it is possible "to mould the future of this world."

He concludes that "only in active participation in the United Nations organization will there be any possibility of stopping threats of aggression and promoting the social and economic order which will remove the cause of war. We are winning the war through such participation; let us win the peace in a similar fashion.

"It is the hope of us in uniform that ours shall not have been a useless fight, that future generations will not know the agony and the suffering which we have known. The responsibility for the fulfillment of that hope lies with you, and with us.

"We, the people, must be made to understand fully these policies, be made to realize that they represent the foundations and the tools for the building of a lasting peace. If you give us a sound foundation and provide us with the proper tools, then ours will be the responsibility to provide for the continual building of the structure of that peace



"I Remember the Day the Fascists Came to Our Town," oil by Anton Refregier. At the ACA Gallery until March 31.

for which today many are sacrificing their lives."

A few letters were from organizations, one representing millions of Protestant women pledging full support, and one from an interdenominational group of ministers, writing on the colonial question. There were few even nearly-identical letters. There was a group of letters urging adoption of an amendment suggested by what was alluded to as the "Catholic Bishops' Statement on International Order," calling for freedom of religion as exemplified by our American way of life and incorporated in our Constitution. To these the State Department replies by quoting a section in the Dumbarton Oaks proposals declaring the signatories shall "promote respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms."

Then there were a number of letters, all individually written and unlike each other, giving wholehearted endorsement to the proposals and mentioning that the writer has been studying Dumbarton Oaks in her League of Women Voters club. Many were from other women's club members, too—from Tulsa, Okla., Marshfield, Wis., Lake Charles, La. Some are signed by as many as twenty names and handwritings. The League of Women Voters apparently has done an outstanding educational job.

Many of the letters from both men and women mentioned that their church forums were studying the DO proposals. One man wrote that "through the sponsorship of our church (Presbyterian) we have been having group discussion meetings on world order in our homes," and that after "thoughtful study" he gave DO his "full approval."

One writer declared that a forum in a big industrial city "consisting of one hundred voting citizens of this county, in meeting assembled Thursday evening, February 15, passed a resolution" pledging "our sincere approval and support" for the DO plans. They are, he said, "keeping on studying" the proposals with the help of the adult education department of the city board of education.

I found only one openly hostile letter. To Assistant Secretary Joseph C. Grew, from Oakland, Cal., it begins, "When you say 'do not demand impractical perfectionism' you scare us because we heard something like that before prohibition and before our infamous social security act denied its benefits to servant girls." Most of the letters are friendly and informal. Thus from Bloomington, Ind., comes a penciled penny postcard saying merely, "Dear Mr. Stettinius, we believe in the DO Plan of Peace." It is signed, "Mrs. ——— and Family."

A Bristol, Va., couple wrote the Secretary simply this: "My dear Mr. Stettinius: We want our sons and grandsons to grow up in a peaceful world. Please vote for a strong international government to keep the peace and to work for greater justice in the world." This strong personal flavor is seen in many of the letters. From Germantown, Pa., a man wrote urging support of DO and adding, "We are counting on you."

Finally, a Montclair, N. J., woman made it clear she approved DO and "disapproved of amendments that might weaken it or that would make our allies think we were trying to run the whole world. We lost the last peace," she concluded. "Let us win this one."

SALT AND PEPPER . . . By Joel Bradford

WHO IS PEGLER?

EVERY day, scores of American newspapers publish, for reasons not obviously literary, the writings of a man (or men) named *Westbrook Pegler*. There is, to be sure, an annual interruption of this output, a time of rest and renewal, much like the season when snakes are shedding their skins. Nevertheless, the phenomenon may properly be deemed usual.

Now the usual is what is not yet understood, and the suspicion arises therefore that here, as elsewhere, reality may differ from appearance. Is Pegler one man or many? The question demands acutest scholarship.

In my study of the question, I began with an analysis of the vocabulary. The 2,679 columns which I have examined contain, according to my best calculations, 384,271 adjectives. Applying to these the Frecklebury Thermic-Verbal Test, which measures the incandescence of language, I found that all but 3,084 registered a maximum degree of heat. By the law of probability, not above thirty-five percent of the words which a writer uses will attain or even approach the maximum intensity. It is therefore obvious that in the columns here under study we have not one man, but at least two and probably four or five, all burning spectacularly.

There are, again, what may be called the intestinal characteristics of the columns. A certain reticence forbids me to explore these in any detail, but it will suffice to inquire whether it is probable that any one liver could secrete so much bile. Is it probable that any one pair of lungs could maintain so vast an afflatus? If, further, we remark the general queasiness, the flatulence, the extraordinary *malaise*, we shall perceive that only a plural number of physiological systems could survive such ills. Polypeglerism would seem to be the true theory.

Let us now examine the evidence for Monopeglerism; that is to say, the view that Pegler is one person. We have, first, the fact that this view was once asserted upon the authority of the New York *World-Telegram*. It will perhaps not be too invidious to say that this authority is less than scholars can accept. We have, secondly, the fact that this view is now asserted by the Hearst press. But a newspaper which is specifically addressed to "people who think" obviously cannot present the truth with such overwhelming clarity as to deprive them of the necessity for thinking. On the whole, the Hearst authority is rather weaker than the Howard as a support for Monopeglerism.

We have, thirdly, the photograph which appears at the head of each column. I know that in affairs of this sort there is danger of subjectivity in one's reasoning, but I must protest that I have examined the picture minutely and have even had it blown up to wall-size, the better to see what it contains. My considered opinion is that the face here presented is not the face of any one man, for the simple reason that it could be almost anybody's. Its geniality, moreover, is remarkably at odds with the content of the columns.

Well, if Pegler is plural, we must now pass to the question of just what persons he is. Do the initials throw any light upon the problem? I regret to say that, taken in their given order, W.—P., they do not. But we may

avail ourselves of the device by which Prof. Dover Wilson established the identity of the "Mr. W. H." to whom Shakespeare's *Sonnets* were dedicated. Professor Wilson shrewdly perceived that "W. H." might very well be a way of saying "H. W.," in which case the identification of him as Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, would follow immediately. Employing that device, then, we transpose "W. P." into "P. W.," that is to say, into "P—double-U," or "P—U—U." This, however, seems to indicate not a name, but a comment upon the columns. Apparently we shall have to look farther than the mere initials.

The scholars who discovered that Lord Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's plays were led to their view by the belief that only an aristocrat could have written such poetry. By a similar argument we can say that only opponents of democracy could have written these columns. Since the heart of opposition is the Nazis themselves, the columns may perhaps be expected to have their source there.

The Baconians were able to clinch their argument by finding Bacon's name spread anagrammatically across the text of the plays. In the present case, we do not have to examine the text itself, but can find all that we require in the name *Westbrook Pegler* itself. We find there a G, an O, an E, a B, a second E, an L and an S. This spells out *Goebels*, which lacks only a second B in order to constitute the name of the Reich Propaganda Minister. We can find this second B in the P, if we realize that P represents a Teutonic effort to pronounce B. I think we may assert with some conviction that one of the authors of the "Pegler" columns is Joseph Paul Goebbels.

Finally, let us consider the name *Westbrook Pegler* not as an assemblage of letters, but as an assemblage of terms. "West" may very well indicate geographical direction, and "brook" means something running. To "peg" is to hit; "ler" is simply a noun suffix. On this reading we can interpret the name to mean "Westward-running Hitler." This conclusion, which is supported by everything written down in the columns, enables us to identify Joseph Paul Goebbels and Adolf Hitler as two of the authors writing under the corporate name. I am convinced that there are other authors, but I am as yet unsure who they are. Dewey is a possibility, since "brook" and "dewy" are related by the common attribute of wetness. But one must not press these analogies too far.

Some scholars may raise the question, if Goebbels and Hitler are among the authors, how happens it that these columns are printed in the American press? The answer is that the American press is a free press, and does not have to utter loyal sentiments, if, in its greater wisdom, it elects not to. I am sure that all scholars will applaud that fairness of mind which permits us to read the words of the enemy, instead of being prejudiced by the advice of friends.

I issue this study with some reluctance, for it is a minor piece of scholarship. I shall be amply rewarded if it shows a connection between scholarship and life and if it convinces the readers of columns that they cannot always be sure who or what it is they see.

Mr. Bradford, whose articles are well known to our readers, becomes the fourth of NM's new columnists. The others are Rev. William H. Melish, Earl Browder and Lewis Merrill.

AUSTRIA IN FERMENT

By **MARTIN LANDLER**

IN ONE of its recent surveys of the international scene *Izvestia*, the authoritative Soviet newspaper, pointed out that the Nazis used to call Vienna "Gate Number One to the Greater German Reich," and that this gate is likely to be pried open very soon by the victorious Red armies. In this connection *Izvestia* cited the Swiss paper *Basler Nationalzeitung*, which had published a number of special reports about Austria. The Swiss paper pictured Austria as an oppressed colony of Berlin, with Austrian industry taken over entirely by Nazi big business. "The Nazis considered Austria their most secure hinterland," said the Swiss paper; "therefore they made it the seat of their most formidable armament industry. But today, Austria has ceased to be a hinterland. It has become an operational zone with the war at the very threshold of Gate Number One. In the new situation, the role of the Austrian people—whether they take an active part in their liberation or not—will be of paramount importance."

The Nazis have established the severest kind of censorship on all news coming from Austria. Travel for civilians has been entirely suspended. Nevertheless, a steady stream of new information has been reaching Switzerland. In addition there are the reports trickling through the front lines into Hungary and Slovakia as well as those from the radio station of the Austrian liberation movement, *Oesterreichischer Freiheits Sender*. On Jan. 2, 1945, this radio station announced the formation of a unified Austrian Freedom Front for the provinces of Styria and Carinthia. Representatives of all anti-Nazi parties and groups are included. The committee issued a manifesto calling on the people to join in the fight against the Hitler regime and the Nazi armies; to support the forces of the Yugoslav army of liberation battling at the very borders of Austria; to sabotage rail lines, armament factories and everything that is part of the German war machine. Quoting the Moscow declaration about the re-establishment of an independent Austria, the committee added: "We deplore the fact that the Austrians are not without guilt. The Austrian people bear the responsibility of having participated in the

Hitler war of aggression. The Austrian Freedom Front makes every effort to lead the Austrian people into an open popular fight against Hitler Germany. In Styria and Carinthia several small partisan groups have been organized. But it is the task of the Freedom Front to develop the armed struggle for freedom throughout the whole country."

The Austrian Battalion fighting with the army of Marshal Tito in Slovenia also issued an appeal and invited all men and women capable of bearing arms to join the battalion operating in the mountains at the Austrian-Yugoslav border. And in a letter to the Free Austrian Movement in London, General Velebit, Tito's representative in Britain, acknowledged the bravery of the Austrian Battalion and stated that the Freedom Front in Carinthia and Styria was in steady contact with the Yugoslav Army of Liberation. Small partisan units are also operating in the mountains of Tyrol, and saboteur groups were active in other parts of Austria. About 1,200 Viennese workers braved Gestapo terror and filtered through the battlefronts to join the Slovak partisans when they rose in the autumn of 1944.

An atmosphere of panic settled over Austria when the Soviet forces drove toward Budapest and elsewhere broke through to Lake Balaton. In Vienna alone, there are 1,600,000 German evacuees from the bombed Western German districts. About 400,000 evacuees are in and around Wiener Neustadt, an equal number are in Linz and in the towns of Upper Austria, notably in the Salzkammergut where the former summer resorts are full of evacuees from Hamburg and the Rhineland. The Soviet advance through the Balkans and Hungary has driven into Austria more than 750,000 German refugees from those countries. They are partly former members of old German minorities and partly new settlers brought to Yugoslavia by the Nazis.

ALTOGETHER there may be close to 4,000,000 evacuees and refugees in Austria—all of them panicky and giving Nazi administrators and propagandists a terrible headache. As trains are not available for civilians without a special permit, many evacuees are walking back to the Reich, covering the roads for many miles. They persist in spite of the



Pen and ink sketch, by Abit.



"Courage, mein Fuehrer! We are still not without friends."

newly-formed squads of the *Strassen-polizei*—a police corps formed to keep the highways open for military traffic. Thousands have tried to get shelter and protection in the fortified area around Berchtesgaden and Salzburg where special units of the Todt Labor Organization and the Elite Guard have built extensive fortifications, subterranean storehouses and underground arms factories. But the area is severely restricted and guarded. In October 1944, Himmler ordered 50,000 specially trained Elite Guardsmen, disguised as farmers and shopkeepers, to settle inside the area. The Austrian Freedom Front has already taken measures to have those masked Nazis listed. Special precautions were also taken not to permit recruiting for the Freedom Forces in the neighborhood of Berchtesgaden, in order to prevent Nazi espionage in its ranks.

Nazi propaganda hinting at the formation of a Nazi "Maquis" in the Alpine parts of Austria is discounted by the Freedom Front, and the Nazis themselves seem not to have much hope of holding out as guerrillas once the Wehrmacht has been smashed.

Another big factor in Nazi fears is the foreign workers employed in the vast armament industries of Wiener Neustadt, Linz, Steyr and Bruck. The foreign workers form the largest part of the working force. And despite the increased Nazi terror, desertions are mounting and sabotage is widespread.

The unrest and panic at home did not fail to affect the Austrian soldiers in the Hitler army. The *Hoch und Deutschmeister Division*, which had been formed in an attempt to arouse special patriotic feelings, was dissolved and no units composed solely of Austrian soldiers are

left. Austrian units surrendered in good order in Finland, in Slovakia and in the Balkans.

The backbone of the Freedom Front and the resistance in Austria is formed by former Socialist and Communist workers, now working in closest collaboration, and by large numbers of peasants bled white by Hitler's war. All reports stress the fact that the feeling for Austrian independence and the hatred of the "Prussian invaders" are exceedingly strong, although not always articulate. The Hapsburg followers are non-existent, or, at least, do not give any sign of their existence. Both these facts should be borne in mind when considering the claims and the policies of the two groups of Austrian exiles who do not collaborate with the Free Austrian movement and even fight it: the Hapsburg legitimists and the Social Democrats of the so-called London Bureau (Czernetz, Pollak, Friedrich Adler—the latter in this country).

The Hapsburg coterie has been extremely busy in the last few months. It has tried to set up a new organization which is really the old Christian Social Party with Hans Rotter, an old friend of Otto von Hapsburg, at the head. That part of the Social Democratic leadership opposed to the Teheran and Crimea policy and still clinging to a Greater German orientation has recently allied itself with all sorts of "socialist" groups of seemingly radical opinion but of definitely reactionary affiliations (for example, with the *Sudeten Treugemeinschaft* of Wenzel Jaksch, with H. N. Brailsford, with the Arciszewski Polish Socialists, and with the nationalistic wing of the German Social Democrats). Hatred of the Soviet Union, a longing for lost positions of power, and a complete absence of historical sense are characteristics of this group.

On the other hand, the Free Austrian movement has rallied all democratic groups living abroad, including a considerable part of the Social Democrats under the leadership of Maria Koestler, a former member of the Austrian Parliament, and is in constant touch with the Freedom Front inside Austria. It is also establishing friendly relations with the governments of the Allied nations who are neighbors of Austria—the Yugoslavs and Czechoslovaks. The movement supports fully the program for Austria outlined in the Moscow declaration—a program reiterated last week by Undersecretary of State Grew on the seventh anniversary of Germany's annexation of Austria.

GI—RAIN OR SHINE

By Pvt. S. W. GERSON

SO YOU want to know the impressions of an old contributor turned GI?

Well, nine months as an infantryman hardly qualify me as an expert on matters military, but I can give you a few limited and random observations on Uncle Sam's Army as I see it from a buck private's vantage point.

Undergoing infantry training reminds one strongly of Danny Kaye's version of Stanislavsky advising a would-be Thespian: "You want to be an actor? Then suffer." You want to be an infantryman? March, march and march some more. Walk until your feet are automatic pedals detached from you but somehow, miraculously, moving in the same general direction you are. Dig, dig, dig.

Dig slit trenches, foxholes, outdoor latrines. Dig until your hands are raw and you never want to see a shovel again. (Big mistake. A shovel is the handiest thing you can have next to your rifle.) Haul, haul, haul. Haul 81-mm. baseplates and heavy machine-gun tripods atop your already too-heavy full field pack until your neck and shoulders and back muscles shriek and the salt sweat stings and blinds your eyes. And hurry, hurry, hurry, all the time hurry. Hurry like hell and then wait. Hurry-and-wait. Then stand on line. Chow line, supply line, pay line. Beer line, tobacco line. Rain, shine, stand on line.

But don't get me wrong. While I'm not precisely in love with it, I'm not against it. When I entered the Army I understood vaguely that infantry training was something less than a vacation at one of those delightful resorts one finds advertised in the back pages of your magazine. My early impression was only too well fortified by the facts. Infantry training, particularly in the heat, sand and swamps of Florida, is tough—rugged, the boys call it—and it's got to be for the toughest war ever faced by civilized humanity. The late Lt. General Leslie McNair, chief of the Army Ground Forces, rightly insisted that training be tough. The tougher the basic training, the fewer the casualties in combat; this is still a fundamentally sound rule. We swore at our officers and non-coms but for all our bitching and griping most of us knew in our heart of hearts that the relentless pace was absolutely necessary. For, bitter-hard as

training is to the civilian turned soldier, it's still peanuts compared to combat, even though no trainee will admit it.

For obvious reasons training is particularly hard on the American draftee. With a country that has not felt the actual, physical impact of the war, little or no deprivation at home and geographically situated thousands of miles from the nearest battlefield, there is an almost unbridgeable chasm between civilian and military life. Actual induction and training, not to speak of combat, thus comes as a great shock to millions of men. What was remote becomes palpable. Every way of life becomes changed, subject to a ritual the high priest of which is invariably a hulking sergeant with a fog-piercing voice.

Building an army out of a mass of civilians emotionally and, alas too often, physically unprepared for the job of soldiering is no mean job. Anytime anybody starts talking to you of the "inefficiency" of the American Army, spit in his eye. Equipping, training and leading into combat ten million Americans who six years ago never dreamed of soldiering is one of the greatest tasks in the world. Of course there are great wastes and inefficient spots. Operating a vast machine like the Army is something fundamentally different from running the neighborhood branch of a chain store. But from the little that I've seen

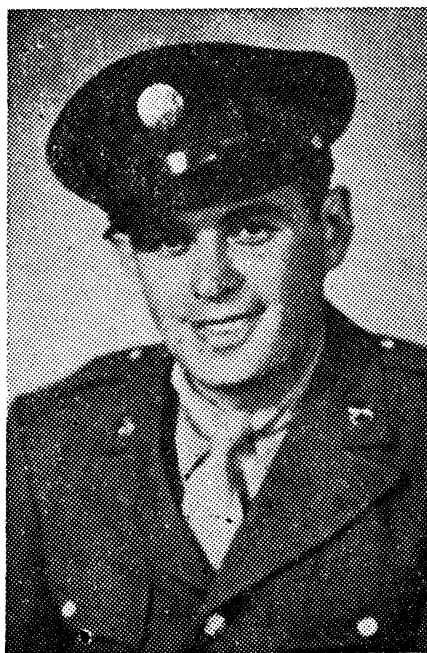
both in the States and overseas, particularly in equipping, training and transportation, a marvelous job is being done between the Army and American industry and agriculture.

NATURALLY, my impressions are somewhat subjective. Last February I stood around Camp Upton, Long Island, freezing in my civilian clothing. Came the appointed time, as they say in the story books, and we were lined up—we always are—and brought into what at first glance seemed like a khaki Canal Street.

Men were rushing around with tape measures, pencils behind their ears, printed form sheets in their hands, trousers over their arms. Shirts were piled up everywhere, huge bundles of overcoats and shoes were stacked ceiling-high and a general madness was in the air. Somehow, however, we were all shoved through it in jig time. One burly fellow measured my waist while another had the tape around my chest. We were shoved another few feet along the line and some lad who by that time mysteriously knew my size pushed long woolen underwear at me and roared menacingly: "Take off!" I took. A few paces on I got trousers; next shorts; then shoes, fitted, pinched and one size too big (feet spread in the Army). Finally, we came to the end where one fellow, huskier than the others, bellowed: "Strip!" We did, wondering what the hell was coming next.

"Put on the underwear," the chief roared. Then the socks, the shoes, the trousers, the shirt, the blouse, the overcoat. Well, believe it or not, we had to try everything on for size in front of a fitter. If he wasn't satisfied with the fit, we had to change garments then and there. I went out of there warm as toast in new woolen, well-fitting olive drab with a new respect for the US Army and America's weavers and tailors.

My reaction to training was much the same. I was skeptical about a white collar worker in his mid-thirties doing the forced marches and the climactic all-night twenty-five-mile hike. I found that I did them, however, due to the excellent way in which training hardens one progressively. Of course, there is plenty of room for debate among experts on training methods. At times I, like other trainees, felt that the program ground one



Pvt. Gerson

down too fine and that there should be more opportunity for rest. But I finally came to the conclusion that the Army's method is the wisest. After all, we were not training for a football game where it is possible to keep the star halfback on the bench and then rush him into the game in the last quarter fresh as a daisy to tear hell out of the opposition. Frequently, soldiers must go into combat not at the peak of their strength but when they're most weary, i.e., after all-night forced marches or other long treks. Consequently, men have to carry through certain training activities when they are dog-tired and therefore at a low point of physical efficiency. But these were indispensable elements of our military education and not the irresponsible whimsies of our officers.

But if the private has his woes, consider for a moment those of the training officers and non-coms. The Army being a cross-section of our national life, one finds the widest disparity in educational levels, regional background and general culture. There are lily-fingered lawyers and ham-handed hodcarriers, mural painters and Tennessee mountaineers, accountants and farmers, doctors of philosophy and near-illiterates. They come literally from Times Square and Tobacco Road. In my training company they ranged from one portly gentleman who was a county prosecutor back in his home state to a drooling unfortunate who must have been the village idiot before the draft board got him. (The latter, incidentally, was given his discharge before half the training cycle was completed.)

Teaching as varied a group as this is no mean job and instructors are frequently hard put to find common denominators. I used to sympathize keenly with one young second lieutenant who had to teach the compass and map reading to us. Try as he might to explain the azimuth, the magnetic declination from true north by which direction is taken, one rather slow fellow continued to insist that the officer was talking about a lung disease. "My grandfather died of azimuth," he argued.

BUT the main problem, in my judgment, is not in the differences of absorption abilities in a large group of men drawn from widely divergent backgrounds. The major difficulty in this writer's humble estimation arises from a profound, objective fact of our national life that lies to a large extent outside the control of the Army. I refer to the widespread lack of understanding of the basic issues of the war among great sections

of the young men entering the service. Take, for example, a Midwest farm youth drafted into the Army. He is torn from the bosom of his family, put through a grueling training period and then, perhaps after a brief stay in another camp, shipped across the seas to Europe or some god-forsaken Pacific island. Is he mentally prepared for it? Is he aware of the burning necessity for the sacrifices he and his family are making? Does he understand intimately that our national security and that of himself and his loved ones depend on his efforts?

IN TOO many cases, unfortunately, he is not. Don't mistake me. The GI as I have seen him is no flagwaver, but he is emphatically not a defeatist. He didn't want to get into the Army and his number one war aim is to get home as speedily as possible, but he doesn't want to lose the war and doesn't want a shaky peace. But much of his griping and an occasional sullenness about training is due in no small measure to the absence of the conviction of the necessity of it all. Unclear about the crucial issues at stake, he cannot plunge into training or combat with crusader zeal. For this beclouding of millions of young Americans' minds I blame the incessant pounding of isolationist and other enemy-inspired propaganda which constantly injects into the national consciousness poisonous doubts of the validity of the war as a struggle for national existence.

W. B. Courtney, one of the invasion editors of *Collier's*, writing at the time of the Normandy surge said (I haven't the quotation with me but remember the substance) that this expeditionary force is one of the most politically apathetic armies in American military history since the Civil War. I am prepared to agree with that statement with some large reservations. I firmly believe that the very development of events will clear the minds of millions of GI's and civilians alike. Unquestionably the liberation of France had an enlightening effect on many GI's. In the Pacific theaters contact with the native peoples has bred a new respect for colonial neighbors that augurs well for the future.

But the problem of what the Army calls orientation or indoctrination still exists as an acute question for morale. There is a superb series of films entitled "Why We Fight" that is viewed by every trainee. It contains excellent material of a documentary character on Axis aggression and such films as "The Battle of Britain," "The Battle of Russia," and "The Battle of China." But much of

this is formal and does not penetrate deeply enough into the individual GI's consciousness. Despite some manful efforts at providing news and information, orientation remains one of the weakest sectors of the Army front. There are encouraging signs of an improvement in this situation but, again in my own judgment, it has not yet reached the point where it affects positively the individual's understanding substantially.

Reasons for this situation are not too hard to find. This is a new kind of war and it is not easy to gear a machine trained in a professional military way to the problems of the new day. But probably decisive is the constant nagging pressure exerted on the Army by reactionary Congressmen and publishers that makes the services leery of what is mistakenly called "politics," i.e., necessary democratic education in the facts of global war.

But despite all this, the US Army marches on in every quarter, its officers and men acquitting themselves honorably. A liberating war has a logic of its own and its fiery acid ultimately burns away the barnacles on the national ship. The American GI is making his contribution to the war for freedom and will continue to do so until victory is won and peace is secured.

Pvt. Gerson was formerly legislative representative of the Communist Political Association in New York State. He is now in the Philippines.

Worth Noting

Leonard Lyons reports that following the publication of W. L. White's "Report on the Russians" White's name was dropped from the letterhead of Americans United.

The week of April 15 to 22 has been designated Dumbarton Oaks Week for the 41,000 members of the Junior League, who are asked to study and hold discussion meetings on the Dumbarton Oaks proposals.

In order to supply the paper required for Henry A. Wallace's new book "Sixty Million Jobs," the book's publication will be shared by two publishing firms, Simon & Schuster and Reynal & Hitchcock.

READERS' FORUM

How Large a Market?

Letters from Norman Levinson, F. J. Meyers and Earl Browder

TO NEW MASSES: Mr. F. J. Meyers, in his article in the Jan. 16, 1945, issue of the NEW MASSES, defends Mr. Browder's treatment of the problems raised by a much-to-be-desired \$90,000,000,000 increase in postwar national income. He refers to my criticism of the numerical details of Mr. Browder's treatment in the sentence, "Nor is there any question here of confusion between net national income and gross national product, as both Mr. Sweezy and Mr. Norman Levinson have claimed."

Now I have made no such claim at all in my article. In fact, I did not even use such words as "net" or "gross." My criticism is not based upon any minor technicality. What I said in my article comes down substantially to the very simple fact that along with a \$90,000,000,000 increase in our national output, there will be more, millions of more people on the job than in the pre-war years. The incomes of these people at work will flow into the market and soak up much of the \$90,000,000,000. The general expansion of government and business activity concurrent with this increased output will absorb more of this \$90,000,000,000.

Thus, we will not have to find new markets for \$90,000,000,000 of products, as Mr. Meyers and Mr. Browder claim, since most of the market is supplied automatically by the very expansion in production itself. Why should there be any confusion on so simple a point?

With 60,000,000 postwar jobs, the amount of our national product for which we will have to find new markets is estimated variously at from ten to twenty billions and not \$90,000,000,000. In other words, with 60,000,000 people at work after the war, it is wrong to think we can export \$40,000,000,000 a year and still find that "even a much enlarged perspective of foreign trade will only solve half the problem," to quote Mr. Meyers. *On the contrary, if we should export \$40,000,000,000 a year after the war, then we should also have to continue with rationing, high taxes and bond sales to prevent inflation.* In fact, we would be on a semi-war economy.

The figures given by government agencies for a postwar economy operating at a level of full employment is about \$175,000,000,000 for gross national product. About \$160,000,000,000 of this product will be bought by government, business and consumers. Gov-

ernment will take \$30,000,000,000; business, \$25,000,000,000; and consumers, \$105,000,000,000. Thus there is an excess of \$15,000,000,000 for which markets must be found. These figures are all, of course, only approximate. The excess of \$15,000,000,000 may be too small, but certainly the figure is not \$90,000,000,000.

This excess of some \$15,000,000,000 could be exported, or it could be bought by government deficit spending. In any case, Mr. Browder and Mr. Meyers, by dealing with the problem as though there were an excess of \$90,000,000,000, of which they propose to export one-half, have magnified by a factor of five or six the real postwar problem of making capitalism work in the US. Since both of these men are interested in seeing our country function smoothly, why this reluctance to see that the problem of postwar markets, while serious, is not as terribly serious as originally envisioned by Mr. Browder in his book?

The change in world politics which has made Mr. Browder conclude that the United States can function for many years under an expanding capitalism has also affected the thinking of many capitalist spokesmen. Some of these men have stated bluntly that capitalism must provide full employment after the war if it is to survive. They have made some very drastic proposals for postwar America, many of which have been featured in the NEW MASSES. When it comes to foreign markets as part of the solution for full production, these men have hardly been diffident, as many a worried Englishman will testify; and yet the top figure they propose for exports is in the neighborhood of \$10,000,000,000 a year.

Now it is easy to say that they suffer from an inflexibility of the bourgeois mind and are therefore unduly influenced by pre-war figures. However, the other proposals of these men taken together with the tremendous expansion of production achieved during the war does not reveal any such inflexibility in the make-up of the better minds in industry and government. Could it be that they propose more modest export figures than Mr. Browder because a simple analysis of postwar economy reveals no such surplus as that envisioned by Mr. Browder?

The very capable economists who are employed by the CIO and the AFL also do not see the existence of the postwar surplus en-

visioned by Mr. Browder. Mr. Browder and Mr. Meyers are joined in a united effort with all of these other people, but on the issue of exports they, with their goal of \$40,000,000,000, stand alone. I believe there is no other question taken up by Mr. Browder in his book on which there is not at least some representative people from industry, government and organized labor in agreement with him.

In order to put the present dispute in its proper perspective, let me stress that it concerns only one aspect of Mr. Browder's book. And even on this aspect, our surplus postwar product and the volume of this surplus to be exported, there is disagreement on quantities only and not on the necessity for coping with what all parties agree will be a substantial postwar surplus product.

NORMAN LEVINSON.

Cambridge, Mass.

TO NEW MASSES: What real differences may exist between us, I am very much afraid that Professor Levinson and I are in the first place arguing at cross purposes. What I said was: to attain full employment after the war we require a gross national product in the neighborhood of \$90,000,000,000 greater than in pre-war years; and the only way to achieve that production—and through it to guarantee full employment—is to find markets for that increase. The very figures Professor Levinson gives bear me out. He speaks of a gross national product of \$175,000,000,000. For the two pre-war years, 1938 and 1939, the average gross national product was \$85,000,000,000. No one can deny that the difference between \$85,000,000,000 and \$175,000,000,000 is \$90,000,000,000; and that the additional product must be absorbed somewhere. It was this, and not "a much to be desired \$90,000,000,000 increase in postwar national income," which I was discussing. On this point there can be no disagreement between us—only a misunderstanding.

There remains, however, what may be a genuine point of difference. Clearly, Professor Levinson is right when he says that we can expect a substantial part of that \$90,000,000,000 to be absorbed by the increased employment itself. But the question is—how much, and where can markets be found for what is not so absorbed?

I believe that rather more than fifty percent of it can be taken up at home as the direct result of increased employment and that there will be something in the nature of \$40,000,000,000 more for which special markets must be found. Professor Levinson thinks the surplus is only some \$15,000,000,000. That is the first point at issue—the difference between \$15,000,000,000 and \$40,000,000,000, not between \$15,000,000,000 and \$90,000,000,000. His assumption that this surplus product would amount to but \$15,000,000,000 (that is, that \$75,000,000,000 of new markets would automatically be created by a \$90,000,000,000 increase in production) is far too optimistic under present economic, social and political circumstances.

This underestimation of the magnitude of the problem leads to what I think is a further

and more serious disagreement on the method of handling the surplus. The existence of such a surplus product comes from the fact that the automatic increase of national income going with an increased national product is so distributed that a large part of it falls into the hands of sections of the population who, because of their wealth, cannot increase their standard of living proportionately to their increased income. They can't eat, wear, live in or use substantially more products than they have been accustomed to doing. They can use their surplus income as purchasing power only by investing it; and the tremendous expansion of American plants during the war makes substantial further domestic capital expansion impractical in the near future.

Professor Levinson and I are in agreement that the perspective of a prosperous world is based upon the belief that in the future made possible by the Teheran and Crimea conferences, "the United States can function for many years under an expanding capitalism." Therefore, presumably, we also agree that any program to solve our economic problems must be acceptable to the capitalists as well as to labor, the farmers and the middle classes. The problem, to put it bluntly, is to find a method of turning the "surplus income" of the capitalists into a market for the "surplus product." Under capitalist circumstances that can only be a method which includes the incentive of reasonable profit. That means through investment, through the purchase of that portion of the national product which takes the form of producers' goods.

In his article, Professor Levinson says that the excess could either be exported or "it could be bought by government deficit spending." This alternative proposal of "deficit spending" is the essential idea of the Keynesian school of economists. What it amounts to, in simple terms, is that the government borrows the money from the capitalists and spends it on projects of national importance. To some degree, part of the problem can doubtless be met that way; if the excess were but \$15,000,000,000, perhaps a considerable part of it. If it is some \$40,000,000,000, however, such a procedure would be clearly impossible in a capitalist United States, where even mild measures of a state capitalist nature are violently resisted. It would mean that in a very few years the economy would be largely government-owned.

If, however, under the guarantees of non-imperialist development envisaged at Teheran and Yalta, the excess income of which we are speaking were invested abroad, and the money used for the purchase of capital goods from this country, it would be invested in an expanding capitalist economy at normal profit. Such a program could receive united support of all classes and is therefore politically practicable.

In the long run, of course, as we begin to receive the profits and amortization from the foreign investment, as the industries of the rest of the world develop, we will have to absorb the equivalent of our total product at home through a tremendous rise in our standard of living. In fact, as I stressed in my original article, I believe that in the reception

of Mr. Browder's book there has been a tendency to neglect this fundamental long-range aspect of his program. Professor Levinson, however, by minimizing the size of the problem and underestimating the role of foreign trade, tends to support a position which it is Utopian to put forward as a practical political program for today.

F. J. MEYERS.

New York.

TO NEW MASSES: Mr. Levinson's criticism of my outline of the postwar economic problem is very interesting. I would like to make a few comments thereon.

First, I think it is obvious that the exact size of the postwar market problem is open to discussion and reestimate. I did not myself pretend to go beyond the roughest estimates, which I purposely made high, to avoid any suspicion of over-simplifying the problem, of making it look easy when in reality it is very difficult. On this score, therefore, I have no quarrel with Mr. Levinson. If he can show the difficulty is less, I will be only too pleased.

I find it necessary, however, to question seriously his assumption that because many more millions will be employed as the war ends, their incomes will flow into the market and soak up much of the \$90,000,000,000 now taken for the war market. That will be true only to the limited extent that those incomes now go into war savings, plus a part of the accumulated savings of the war period. The "automatic" operations of the peacetime market will make a relatively small contribution, which can last no more than two or three years, hardly time enough to formulate and put into operation policies designed to fully compensate for the missing war market. I consider any reliance whatever upon "automatic" compensations to be fatal for any period of more than a year or two.

The inescapable fact is that approximately \$90,000,000,000 of peacetime goods and ser-

vices must find a market that never before existed. That market must be either an expanded mass purchasing power at home, or new foreign markets, or both; but the total is inescapably about \$90,000,000,000.

Our domestic market now, in wartime, is already larger than any former peacetime domestic market. I cannot see the material foundations for Mr. Levinson's estimates for an "automatic" expansion of this domestic market; in fact, I see many present supports of the domestic market which will disappear at the conclusion of the war. I am eager to be persuaded, for I would like to see the utmost market expansion. But wishful thinking will not bring it, and Mr. Levinson's evidence is not persuasive, to my mind.

The key to this problem lies in the fact that much of the purchasing power which must be used to create these markets is, under our present system, in the form of money accumulations in the hands of those persons who have no incentive to put it to work except as capital investment. There will be no adequate possibility of domestic capital investment after the war for these gigantic sums which now are "invested" in war bonds. The one thing which is "automatic" in our economic setup is a terrific resistance to the diversion of capital accumulations to consumption channels, which is, however, the only domestic substitute possible for a vast capital investment, if the whole economy is to operate at full capacity. The only outlet that remains unobstructed by these "automatic" resistances of capitalism is that of foreign trade. That is why I placed such heavy emphasis upon the foreign market as the key to the immediate postwar market problem. It is the only market at all available whose potentialities present themselves in sufficient volume as "investments" which conform to all the classical requirements of the rules of the game.

I am, of course, aware of the fact that even President Roosevelt, the most farseeing of American statesmen, has not dared to suggest more than a three-fold expansion of our pre-war foreign markets. Perhaps that will make the American economic machinery operate, at least for a few years, and I will be happy if that is the case. But I have my doubts, unless I can be shown the material factors of a domestic market expansion far beyond anything now visible to the naked eye.

To the extent that one reduces the estimate of foreign market, to that extent one must expand that of the domestic market. If "x" is full production, then its market is composed of the sum of "a," domestic mass consumption; "b," domestic capital investment; and "c," investments in the foreign market, which must ultimately return and be absorbed in "a" and "b," which can temporarily take the pressure off of the first two factors and thus give us time to work out the national policies which will make that possible. Whatever values one assigns to "a," "b" and "c," they must add up to the full value of "x," or we have not solved our problem of full operation of American economy.

EARL BROWDER.

New York.



We know we do not have to remind our readers of how much the RED CROSS does for the boys overseas. We only want to remind you to dig down and dig deep NOW.



IRRESPONSIBLE
EMPLOYER

JOHN L.
LEWIS

TROTSKYITE

WALTER
REUTHER

CIO

NO STRIKE
PLEDGE

VOTE
2 to 1

G. HOPPER

SHOULD WE OUTLAW ANTI-SEMITISM?

A SYMPOSIUM (IV)

In order to help clarify the problems which arise around the question of how we should cope with anti-Semitism in America, NEW MASSES invited a number of prominent Americans to participate in a symposium. We asked the participants to reply to the following questions:

1. Do you favor federal and state legislation to outlaw organized anti-Semitism as part of the fight against the evil? Please state your reasons.

2. Should newspapers and periodicals with second-class mailing privileges be exempted from liability under such legislation?

3. Do you think such legislation would violate freedom of speech?

4. Do you feel such legislation would benefit other minority groups, as well as the American people as a whole?

5. Do you believe that the United States, as a leading member of the United Nations, should take the initiative in securing action against anti-Semitism by the United Nations?

The response to our questionnaire was exceptionally large, and in our issues of January 30, February 13 and March 6 we published replies to these questions. In closing this symposium we publish below excerpts from further replies.

Dr. Alice Hamilton

Author; Professor emeritus of the Harvard Medical School.

THAT anti-Semitism is a great evil, to be opposed in every way which does not do more harm than good, is my belief as well as that of the NEW MASSES, but I am not in favor of any law which would increase the power of the Post Office censors and interfere with the right of free speech. By the only fair test, that of "clear and present danger," anti-Semitism should not be classed as seditious. Moreover, to drive it underground does not help. It must be fought in other ways.

In my opinion, one way to fight it is to abandon the present program of the majority party in the Jewish community, which has become nationalistic, opposed to assimilation, insisting on separatism, so far as they them-

selves are concerned, while fighting the separatism of Gentiles toward Jews. . . . If the Jews are to do away with discrimination, they must follow the line of the other nationalities who have come to us, they must do away as quickly as possible with all that makes them distinctive and make themselves as much like Gentile Americans as possible. . . . Nor does it mean giving up their "peculiar contribution to American life." If they have such a contribution to make, it can be made as Americans, not as Jews.

Irving Fineman

Novelist

BRIEFLY, I am for legislation, but not merely against anti-Semitism; I would prefer the stand taken in the Constitution of the USSR.

Peter Blume

Artist

IT SEEMS clear that we need extra teeth in our laws to deal with the criminals who are operating within them. . . . I am not only in favor of legislation to outlaw organized anti-Semitism but unorganized anti-Semitism as well. . . .

3. I never thought that freedom to incite hatred or mob violence or even to promote public opinion in support of a doctrine which in itself violates the principles of human freedom should be protected *per se*. . . . There are sections of the population in which there is no appreciable Jewish question or Negro question or Catholic question, but where there may be a considerable Mexican or French-Canadian question. It seems to me that the type of legislation which is here proposed, far from making the Jewish question the darling (which it richly deserves due to its venerable history) could be applied to all other minorities.

5. I think that the United States should certainly try through the United Nations, with special emphasis on the repudiation of the Nuremberg decrees. . . .

Rev. Wm. Howard Melish

Associate Rector, Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn

IN MOST areas I am opposed to any legal limitations upon free speech, free press and free circulation of written material, and feel

that a society should be very cautious about setting up controls. But just as we have slowly and painfully defined standards regarding malicious falsehood and libel, and have established restrictions on the circulation of clearly pornographic and obscene materials, so it seems to me that there is similarly a legitimate area in which the restriction of racial and religious group-libel has become equally desirable, if not actually essential. The Nazi propaganda has literally fouled the human mind to such an extent that even those of us who exercise some intellectual and moral self-discipline find we are not impervious to suggestion. It is no longer sufficient to trust to good-will and education to remedy our situation; we face a diseased condition which requires either actual cauterization or at least a period of enforced compulsory quarantine. After much hesitation I have come to the conclusion that some legal restriction is unavoidable. . . .

Elie Siegmeister

Conductor and Composer

THERE is no doubt in my mind that the time is coming when incitement to anti-Semitic acts—or race hatred or discrimination of any kind—will be considered a crime against the people and punishable by penalties far more severe than those meted out to arsonists or well-poisoners. A man who sets fire to a house or poisons a well may injure five, ten, a hundred people. But a man who stirs up race antagonisms sets on fire the very basis of a democracy, poisons the minds and lives of millions.

I believe the present war has shown the interdependence of all peoples and races. . . . If we survive, it is because millions of yellow, brown, black men have died. Race hatred is the very thing we are fighting in the war. . . . In my profession one meets people of all nations, races, religions—and the question always is—is he a good musician? Not, what is his race or religion? It makes sense in every profession. . . .

Charles A. Collins

Executive Secretary, Negro Labor Victory Committee; Business Agent, Hotel Employees Union Local 6, AFL

I AM in favor of national and state legislation to make anti-Semitic utterances, literature, and organizations a crime. . . . The passage of legislation providing the severest penalties for such actions is the most effective way to educate those who insist on doing Hitler's work in this country.

It is encouraging to know that one of the first acts of the victorious armies of the United Nations upon entering and liberating enemy territory is to nullify all anti-Semitic laws. . . .

All other minorities and certainly the Negro people must and are enlisting in the campaign against anti-Semitism, for the exposure and elimination of this evil will help to root out the poison of race prejudice and its resulting fascist practices.

Leonard E. Golditch

Executive Secretary, National Committee to Combat Anti-Semitism

THE agents and dupes of fascism over here have translated Hitler's words into positive action. They promote incidents to excite anti-Semitic passions, prejudices and fears. They attempt to organize veterans of this war to win the peace for Hitler after his defeat on the battlefield. . . .

Since organized anti-Semitism is the opening wedge for fascism, it must be fought on all fronts. The passage of legislation outlawing organized anti-Semitism nationally and in each of the forty-eight states will help the fight immeasurably. . . . It will clear the way for a sound educational program which emphasizes the importance of all human beings in the sight of God and man, regardless of race, color, creed or national origin.

The history of Europe during the past decade has taught us that where organized anti-Semitism flourishes, no group is free. Even in Germany, Germans who disagreed with their Nazi masters, were persecuted under the guise of being Jews or friendly to Jews. . . .

A bill to outlaw organized anti-Semitism will not constitute a violation of free speech. . . . In no country in the world does freedom of speech imply the freedom to advocate rape, burglary or theft.

In quest of a better world, the peoples of Europe and Asia look hopefully to the United States for guidance and leadership. They know what anti-Semitism means and the manner of its remedy will be to them a measure of what they can expect in the postwar period. . . .

William L. Standard

Counselor at Law, Proctor in Admiralty

ANTI-SEMITISM can be constitutionally curbed by federal legislation. The Supreme Court of the United States has long since made it clear that any statement which creates an obviously clear and present danger to the safety of the community can be punished without regard to the constitutional immunity against interference of free speech.

As Mr. Justice Holmes declared in what is, perhaps, the classic statement of the principle, in the case of *Schenck v. US*, 249 US 47: "The question in every case is whether the words used are used in such circumstances and are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that they will bring about the substantive evils that Congress has a right to prevent."

Any number of additional cases can be cited to support this principle; for example: *Frohwerk v. US*, 249 US 204; *Abrams v. US*, 250 US 616; *Whitney v. California*, 274 US 357; and *Masses v. Patton*, 244 Fed. 535. . . .

If the concept of future peace includes the exercise of force to prevent a recurrence of a situation which brought about the present

war. . . . It must follow that in the postwar period legislation designed to curb anti-Semitism and which is sustained as a war measure will also be sustained in a postwar period to accomplish the same purposes.

Shaemas O'Sheel

Author

WHERE Jews are by birth or by other legal definition members of a nation and citizens of a state, any attack upon them because they are Jews, or any ascription to them of specific depravities allegedly because of their Jewishness, is an attack upon the unity and therefore upon the security of the state. But any such attack is also a libel upon each individual in the group attacked, for guilt and innocence are always personal; and the evil results of prejudiced passions—which results range from social ostracism and commercial boycott to torture and murder—are felt not by any theoretical impersonal mass, but by individuals.

Certainly, therefore, I favor federal legislation to outlaw organized anti-Semitism, and state legislation if additionally necessary or if federal legislation cannot be had. . . .

Indeed, we need legislation not only against anti-Semitism, but against lies and libels and provocations directed at any race. . . . Jim Crow is an evil that requires attack and remedy from many sides, but among other measures to eradicate it must be legal restraint of lies and libels and provocations against the Negro.

Racial prejudice, indeed, has many strange aspects. Among intelligent members of groups in the vanguard of social progress, no conscious, certainly no deliberate racial prejudice could prevail; yet in some such groups I have seen anti-Gentilism and anti-Hibernicism manifested; I have seen good men humiliated and deprived of usefulness in good causes because they were Gentiles, because they were Irish and even because they were mistaken for Irishmen. So there is a great field for education against racial prejudice among Jews, too. . . .

Frank Marshall Davis

Executive Editor, Associated Negro Press

I AM in favor of strong national and local laws to combat anti-Semitism—laws with teeth in them providing severe penalties for Jew-baiting and any other divisive propaganda designed to set the rest of the population against minority groups. Such laws should apply to any kinds of written matter prepared for distribution, whether through the mails or as handouts, and should also include any public meetings.

Anti-Semitism I . . . recognize as an even greater menace to Negroes than the ordinary kind of Negrophobia which crops up throughout America. Let anti-Semitism rage unchecked, let it succeed in isolating and terrorizing the Jewish people, and the next victim will be the Negro, and he will prove an even easier mass victim. . . .

Of course, certain misguided champions will raise the cry of "free speech" at any attempt to muzzle our hot-house Hitlers. But it should be obvious that absolute free speech and democracy are opposed. The spirit and implications of free speech are that an individual has a right to say what he pleases so long as he does not, by so doing, violate or place in jeopardy the rights and person of another individual. Anti-Semitism does that very thing by endangering the rights and person of all Jews. . . .

Millar Burrows

*Professor of Biblical Theology
Yale University*

FIRST question: Yes. 2. No—why should they? 3. Not necessarily. But it would have to be drawn up carefully so as to avoid this real danger.

4. It should be inclusive, covering all groups. 5. No, it is an intra-national question. . . .

Sophonisba Breckenridge

Former Professor of Public Welfare Administration, University of Chicago, School of Social Work

I FAVOR such legislation. It would take too much space to give arguments and they seem obvious. 3. No. It is similar to rights to protection from violation of person or reputation. It would be within the doctrines of many kinds of torts.

4. Yes. 5. I should be glad to have it assume such leadership. . . .

S. L. M. Barlow

Composer

I F A bill outlawing anti-Semitism contains any specifications other than the upholding and confirmation of our right to freedom of religion, would it not almost surely, in the course of time, be used, by deviation—actually, or as precedent—to outlaw criticism of other minorities? In that case, could not the Father Coughlins and Ku Kluxers and such like invoke its protection? Is it safe to curb any section of criticism; or is it better to let the heathen rage, so that (as they have done) the *Daily Worker* can curse me roundly one day, because a Russian Duchess came to my house to celebrate a book on Tchaikowsky, and the next day, Mr. Woltman in the *World-Telegram* excoriate me for being a tool of Moscow? . . . My sympathies are entirely with the desire to ostracize anti-Semitism, naturally. Perhaps you have a bill in mind which will relieve my fears for the way in which enforcement can properly be achieved.

Editorial comment on recent important developments in the fight against discrimination will be found on page 19.

BEFORE THE GOLDEN GATE

ONE thing is clear from all the good and sensible comment issuing after the announcement of voting procedure in the Security Council of the proposed new international organization. With the exception of the banal catechisms of the Hearst and McCormick newspapers, there is recognition that in the last analysis there must be unanimity of the great powers if peace is not to remain a fervent but unfulfilled wish. And there is recognition, too, that the great powers have a distinctive role to play, different from the small and medium states whose sole protection against aggression—if the lessons of the defunct League mean anything—lies in accepting the leadership of the strong nations for the peace as they have for the war.

It should be a truism by now that there is leadership among equals and those who believe that leadership implies dictatorship have been reading Herr Hitler instead of Thomas Jefferson. Great Britain, the United States and the Soviet Union could not rule the world even if they wanted to and would not even if they could. It would mean the rise of a new tyranny and an era of new wars which would make any plans for a peace structure so much sham. From another angle, it was an attempt to prevent fascism from dominating the globe which brought the grand alliance into existence; its origin dictates the logic of its development towards harmony and confidence among all peoples.

But in terms of the Security Council's actual operation, the small powers are not only adequately represented but in fact have a majority of votes—six out of eleven. When questions arise not involving the use of force, no nation which is a party to a dispute, whether it be great or small, will participate in the Council's decisions, and decisions will be made by a majority of the Council's membership. In situations involving the use of force, the majority principle still operates but there must be unanimity of the five great powers before action is taken—that is, each of the great powers has a right to veto action against itself. But should a state of affairs ever arise in which four of the great powers act

against the remaining one, then all the Security Councils in the world will not preserve the peace. In other words the small powers will be actively engaged in shaping decisions short of war and if war does break out among the great powers then the whole is not worth a tinker's dam anyway. The *New York Times*, which in the days preceding and during the meeting at Dumbarton Oaks was extremely nervous over the fate of small nations, now concludes that "there is no warrant for describing a procedure of this kind [i.e., the voting] as one which makes mere pawns of the small powers or relegates them to the position of helpless bystanders."

LIKE a good many other Americans we deeply regret that the French Provisional Government failed to sponsor invitations to the San Francisco meeting. While it will participate, Paris seems to feel that it must retain a free hand at the conference because it was not included in the original discussions at Dumbarton Oaks and was not invited to Yalta. We know that some official French circles bear grievances, many legitimate, against Washington and London for past treatment when the government was merely a committee operating in Algiers. But it is profitless to continue this chip-on-the-shoulder attitude in view of the fact that all the great powers are agreed that France must have her place among them. That desire is clear from the Crimea declaration. Nor is it to any avail for certain French circles to think that the French-Soviet pact can be used by Paris as a club against London and Washington.

Some Frenchmen will have to learn, and this comes from France's most devoted and genuine friends, that her greatness will not be determined by the number of agreements she may have with one or another power but from her relative contribution to the winning of the war and from the growth of her military and industrial strength. Viewed strictly in those terms France is actually a medium power today, but it is the promise of the future France which makes it possible for her leading allies

to offer her a welcome into leading councils.

BOTH Harold Stassen and Arthur Vandenberg are members of the American delegation to San Francisco. Both are Republicans. But beyond that they might just as well have come from different planets. Vandenberg, after taking his time, finally agreed to accept the President's invitation. He was guaranteed by the White House that he would have "freedom of action" in San Francisco, and we now have a good idea how he expects to use that "freedom." In the Senate last week Vandenberg stated again that it was his desire that all decisions made now by the Allies be temporary and that they be reviewed later on.

To put it in more explicit terms, Vandenberg would suspend the Yalta decisions in order to cancel them out later on. At the very least his position means a disruption of Allied unity. In one way we are happy that Vandenberg repeated himself. For it is now clear even to many who thought he had recently made a world-shaking contribution to the future peace that he is a little more subtle than the out-and-out opponents of a durable collective security but that in effect he means to do the same harm as the less cautious Wheelers or Bushfields or Butlers. We anticipate that Vandenberg will, in the name of "justice," bring up the Polish issue at San Francisco and use "justice" to torpedo the proceedings.

But if Vandenberg speaks for a group of Republican Senators readying themselves for a full scale attack on the security organization treaty, then the former Governor of Minnesota, Harold E. Stassen, undeniably speaks for the majority of the Republican rank and file. Stassen perhaps sees himself as the inheritor of Willkie's mantle, and whatever his private aspirations his speech last week was a breath of fresh air in the fetid atmosphere of Republican councils. He was forthright in denouncing those who would injure the unity of the coalition; he was equally insistent that America must use her treasure "to contribute to the gradual advancement

of the standards of living of the peoples of the world"; he did not attach conditions to his participation in the San Francisco meeting; he praised the President's leadership and endorsed his report on Crimea. If there are some things in his talk, particularly as they pertain to a world super-government, with which we do not see eye to eye, we know that he at least does not counterpose his private opinions to those of the vast majority of the nation. Mr. Stassen has a job on his hands to lead Republicans who agree with him in an unrelenting battle against the unholy entente represented by Vandenberg and Taft.

Setback for John L.

OVER the weekend two major blows were struck by the labor movement against those seeking to scrap the no-strike pledge. The CIO executive board, under the leadership of President Philip Murray, voted forty-five to two for a resolution upholding the pledge and naming a six-man committee to present to President Roosevelt its proposals for changes in national wage policy. The United Automobile Workers-CIO, in a national referendum of its membership, voted by nearly two to one to retain the no-strike pledge.

The meaning of these two events is well expressed in Gropper's cartoon on page 15. John L. Lewis and his agents in both the AFL and CIO have been seeking to precipitate a wave of production tieups on the eve of the United Nations conference in San Francisco and at the moment when Allied troops were closing in for the final kill in Europe. Lewis has been aided by a handful of CIO leaders—men like Emil Rieve of the United Textile Workers and Walter Reuther of the UAW—who have openly or covertly played along with reactionary employers in their efforts to provoke labor into scut-

Action Against Race Hate

WITH this issue *NEW MASSES* concludes its symposium on the question of outlawing organized anti-Semitism. (See page 16.) Thirty-seven prominent Americans, the majority non-Jewish, participated in our discussion. Of these, twenty-seven favored legislation in some form, nine opposed it, and one was more or less on the fence. We do not pretend that this is in any sense a scientific sampling of public opinion, yet we believe it expresses a trend among enlightened American men and women.

Of those who supported legislative action against organized anti-Semitism some wanted a broader approach that would ban attacks on other minority groups as well; there were differences of opinion about whether periodicals with second-class mailing privileges should be exempted from liability under such legislation; there was general agreement that legislation of this type would not violate freedom of speech and that it would be beneficial to other minority groups, as well as to the entire American people; and the majority favored the idea of the United States taking the initiative to secure action against anti-Semitism by the United Nations. (Incidentally, the Inter-American Conference at Mexico City adopted a resolution urging the abolition of racial and religious discrimination.)

We hope our symposium has contributed to clarifying the problem. It seems rather late in the day to object to such protective legislation on the ground that it will diminish our basic freedoms. On the contrary, it will enlarge them by bringing to justice those criminals who plot to destroy them. The founding fathers certainly did not conceive of the Bill of Rights as a shield for America's enemies.

At this point we are not concerned with legislative details, but with the important principle that this nation, which is making costly sacrifices to wipe fascism from the earth, should not continue to afford the protection of the law to those who do Hitler's work within our borders and seek to deny American citizens their constitutional rights. There are two principal ways of approaching the problem of organized attacks on minority groups: one is to eliminate the object of the attack: the

Jews, the Negroes, the foreign-born, etc.—this is the way of Nazi Germany; the other is to eliminate the evil itself. Thus far this has been done only in the Soviet Union. We in the United States have tried to pursue a middle-of-the-road approach, allowing full freedom to both the anti-Semitic, anti-Negro and anti-Catholic groups and to those which attempt to combat them, reserving only moral condemnation for the former. In practice this do-nothing attitude lends unwitting support to the advocates of the Nazi way. The experience of the war has demonstrated that this policy is shortsighted: by permitting the agents and dupes of the enemy to divide our people, sap their energy and confuse their thinking it jeopardizes both the war and the peace.

This whole question of legislative action against discrimination and against organized hate groups is no longer academic. New York state has just won the applause of the country by enacting the Ives-Quinn bill to curb discrimination in employment. Similar state bills have been introduced in Massachusetts (where it has received the support of a spokesman for Archbishop Cushing), Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, California, Washington, Colorado and other states. City ordinances against hate literature have recently been passed in Kansas City, Mo., Cleveland, and Pittsburgh. Congress also has before it a measure to establish a permanent Fair Employment Practices Committee. The question of extending these legislative efforts to include the use of the United States mails for organized hate incitement also needs to be considered.

It is true that legislation is not the sole solution of the problem. It is true that educational programs in the schools and the use of films, lectures and other techniques are also essential in fostering understanding among the diverse races, national groups and religions that make up America. Of basic importance too is the raising of living standards, for poverty breeds the mentality that is often most susceptible to hate demagoguery. Yet all this does not preclude the urgent need to bring the power of the law to bear on the side of decency, national unity and equal treatment of all who bear the proud name American.

ting its pledge. The vote of the CIO executive board and of the UAW members, whose union has been plagued by irresponsible strikes, comes in the nick of time. Congratulations to both!

The Cynics Look at Yalta

PSYCHOLOGY makes much of a kind of transference in which the subject seeks to shift his guilt onto the shoulders

of another. A pair of elegant clinical examples of it are offered by our contemporaries, Mr. Luce's *Time*, dated March 5, and Mr. Luce's (?) *Common Sense*, dated March. The reason for the question mark is that it is as yet only a report that Mr. Luce is buying that magazine. Whether this bride purchase has been transacted or not, the two hearts in these publications already beat as one.

Anyone looking for cynics in America would be directed to Mr. Luce's stable of bright, though no longer young, geniuses; or to the latest crop of "liberals," tired unto cynicism, that has sprouted in *Common Sense*. These two coteries of cynics have taken simultaneous looks at Yalta and seen the same thing—cynicism!

Time, departing from its close-cropped "objective" style, takes its peak

Achievements at Chapultepec

WE HEARTILY agree with Secretary of State Stettinius that the Inter-American Conference held in Mexico City marked "an historic turning point in the development of inter-American cooperation for peace and security from aggression and for the advancement of the standards of living for all the American peoples." And it is equally true that the meeting will "contribute much to the success of the San Francisco Conference."

A prodigious amount of work was accomplished. The most notable results are embodied in the Act of Chapultepec, the Economic Charter of the Americas, and the final resolution on the problem of Argentina. There were, in addition, important declarations against discrimination, in favor of democratic education, for freedom of expression through press and radio, and a charter enunciating the rights of labor, including minimum wages and the right of collective bargaining.

None of these actions on the part of the Foreign Ministers of the twenty republics—all except Argentina—should be considered apart from the others. This is particularly true of the resolution which deplored the fact that "up to the present time [Argentina has] not found it possible to take steps which would allow it to participate in the Inter-American Conference on War and Peace." For this, the final act of the conference, urgently asked the Argentine nation (not the Argentine government) to return to the Inter-American family of nations and to join with the United Nations "provided always that it be in accord with the criteria of this resolution."

In that phrase, "the criteria of this resolution" lies a terrific wallop. For these criteria are elsewhere in the resolution described as being "the principles and declarations resulting from the conference of Mexico." The twenty other nations of the Western Hemisphere have thus united in telling Argentina that they will accept her back into the democratic fold only after she complies with all the standards set forth at Mexico City. As these include the entire content of the resolutions adopted it is quite evident that only a new and democratic Argentine government can possibly comply. Mexico City has thus appealed directly to the people of Argentina against the Farrell-Peron dictatorship. And in doing so unanimously and after two weeks of consultation it is equally evident that nothing whatsoever remains of Sumner Welles' claim that the other American republics

did not support the State Department in its policy of hostility to the Buenos Aires fascist dictatorship.

The Act of Chapultepec, which provides a multilateral mutual assistance guarantee to any American state whose territory, sovereignty or political independence has been violated or which "there may be reasons to believe" will be violated, is a document of historic import. It marks the climax of the long and difficult road which the Good Neighbor policy has had to travel in order to overcome the hatreds and suspicions aroused by "Dollar Diplomacy," by the "Big Stick" strategy and by the crass finance imperialism of the Coolidge-Hoover days. The United States is now invited to join the other American nations to intervene, militarily if necessary, for the protection of any hemisphere nation which is attacked or upon whom an attack is threatened.

The accomplishments of the Mexico City Conference have not been received without criticism. Some of that criticism has come from Mexican and Latin American labor, and from the outstanding progressive leader, Vicente Lombardo Toledano. It has been directed against certain aspects of the Economic Charter in which, according to the criticism, too much reliance is placed upon private initiative and too little attention is paid to the problem of controlling the foreign investments which are to be stimulated. Through the appeals made to the lowering of trade barriers, it is claimed, the way is opened for North American monopolies to smother youthful Latin American industries.

These criticisms come from sources whose leadership in the Hemisphere struggle against fascism and feudalism has been outstanding and whose role in the present war has our profound admiration. But it seems to us undeniable that in its economic aspects the work of the Mexico City Conference follows the course plotted at Teheran, Bretton Woods and Yalta, the course which turns sharply away from the perpetual backwardness of colonialism and semi-colonialism and squarely faces a future of expanding markets, industrialization, and—of greatest importance—cooperation between the powerful capitalist nations and the socialist economy of the Soviet Union. From all we know of the Mexico City meeting, with all the resolutions and most of the major speeches at hand, we hail its success with the highest enthusiasm and with the conviction that it has materially aided the much larger task to be undertaken in San Francisco.

in the form of a fantasy. The ghosts of the late Czar and Czarina, turned Stalinists, are eavesdropping on the roof of their former palace and rapturously applauding their idol for carrying out their imperialist designs. *Common Sense's* look at Yalta is the more orthodox editorial view-with-alarm. Presumably written by its present editor, Sidney Hertzberg, formerly publicity man for America First, its lead piece sees the Yalta agreement as the work of cynics. That, and an article by the professional anti-Sovieteer, Bertram D. Wolfe, devoted mainly to sanctifying the London Poles, are grouped on the cover under the common heading, "Crimea—A Cynic's Peace." Thus do the cynics seek to overcast the world's brightest horizon with their own mists.

Every Three Minutes

SOMETIME in the next three minutes some one will die of cancer. Next to heart disease the malignant tumor is the principal killer of men and women in the United States, with an annual toll of 160,000. Research in the field and preventive education until now have been good and much of the mystery about uncontrolled growths, internal or external, has been lifted. But on the whole, investigation has never been systematized, and financial support for research projects has at best been uncertain. We are, therefore, happy to see that the American Cancer Society intends to raise several million dollars for

a plan involving coordinated research programs to replace the rather haphazard approach of the past. Committees of outstanding cancer specialists are to lay plans for investigation projects which in turn will be coordinated by a national body with the responsibility of carrying them into action. This is indeed a significant step in American medical progress and deserves the widest support of the lay public as well as emulation in other branches of medical research.

Here and There

RECENT shifts in Cabinet and war agency personnel follow on the whole a progressive pattern. Antiquated, conservative Jesse Jones is out. Fred Vinson released from the Office of Economic Stabilization, where his policies at times conflicted with the more advanced views of the War Labor Board, takes over from Jones the vital post of Federal Loan Administrator where he will presumably work closely with Secretary of Commerce Henry Wallace. William H. Davis leaves his chairmanship of WLB to direct Vinson's former setup, which ought to create better working relations between these two important bodies. The promotion of the inflexible George W. Taylor from vice-chairman to chairman of WLB is a doubtful appointment, but the over-all realignment, Wallace, Vinson, Davis and Taylor, is a positive move toward 60,000,000 jobs.

The "bitter company" of small-visioned US Senators are advertising their

own unfitness to public office by their petty efforts to prevent Aubrey Williams' appointment to head the Rural Electrification Administration, a move that would benefit the average dirt farmer. . . .

The invigorating effect of the new social-political climate created by the anti-fascist war is manifested in the action of the US Navy in dropping its last discriminatory bar against Negroes by accepting Miss Phyllis Daley into its blue-clad ranks. . . .

Perhaps this changed climate is also responsible for the excellent article by I. F. Stone in the March 3 *Nation* justifying the lifting of US Army bars against granting commissions to Communists. It is gratifying to read Mr. Stone's defense of the treatment of Communists as ordinary American citizens. The hoary "foreign agent" slander sounds more natural when it comes exclusively from the axis press. . . .

The smoothly organized escape of the fascist war criminal, General Mario Roatta, from a hospital in Rome shocked the Bonomi Cabinet into its first energetic measures to purge the fascists from the body politic of Italy. Already Roatta's pal, Orlando, has been dismissed from the post of Chief of Carabinieri (Police) and a new commission, with at least one Communist and real power to purge fascists, has been appointed. A great mass meeting of Socialists, Communists and Actionists helped the cabinet recognize its responsibility to the people.



FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

ACROSS THE RHINE

LAST week I wrote in these columns: "The German problem now is not to defend Cologne or Bonn, or any city on the left bank of the Rhine. Their problem is to get across the river, blow up the bridges and then defend the Rhine in a last stand. Conversely, the Allied problem is not to set up a watch on the Rhine, but to cross it as quickly as possible, 'straight from the march,' as the Russians say." Let us see what happened in the solution of these various and two-sided problems.

The Germans did not defend either

Cologne or Bonn strongly. As a matter of fact, our troops drove through Cologne in the face of little more than mined streets, some machineguns and snipers. At this writing (March 12), Coblenz is about to be captured by General Patton. The Germans did retreat back across the Rhine (although not all of them). They held the crossings at Wesel in the north as stubbornly as they could until their best shock troops, which had been opposing a Canadian flanking drive from the northwest, had been withdrawn to the east bank. Now it is re-

ported that the two bridges at Wesel have been blown up by the enemy.

The Hindenburg and Hohenzollern bridges at Cologne settled into the water in view of our troops and, judging by photographs, have been blown up rather thoroughly. The bridges at Coblenz are expected to be blown up, too, if they haven't been already.

As far as the German withdrawal across the Rhine is concerned, it has not been complete. The American First Army and the American Third Army, by lightning mechanized thrusts, had

stabbed to the Rhine several days ago. Then Hodges' men turned south toward Coblenz and Patton's men turned north from Coblenz. Their vanguards met between Coblenz and Bonn and sealed off a large pocket (roughly in the valley of the Ahr), in which an unknown number of German troops are now caught. At first the dispatches (entirely unofficial, by the way) mentioned 100,000 men in the bag. Then the number was reduced to "possibly 50,000." Now it is said that about 23,000 men have been caught. It is also not known what kind of troops these are—first line men or *Volksgrenadiere*.

Thus it can be said on the whole that von Rundstedt succeeded in withdrawing the bulk of his manpower, although the heavy material has been lost to a great extent. After all, however skillful a withdrawal across a river under pressure may be, a river always acts as a sort of sieve in which a lot of "fish" are caught.

As far as the defense of the Rhine by the Germans in a last stand is concerned it is certain that they have neither enough men nor materiel to set up an evenly balanced defense from Switzerland to Holland. They can organize only a thin defense of the east bank, with a mobile striking force held back, probably fifty or seventy-five miles east of the river (in the Dortmund-Cassel-Marburg triangle, for instance), until the moment when it becomes clear that Allied troops are crossing in force and the point of the main crossing has become apparent. Then the Germans must throw their mobile reserve into the fray in an attempt to hurl the main bridgehead into the water. There is little doubt that the German mobile reserve is not strong. If the Allied High Command decides on several large scale crossings, this enemy reserve will be entirely inadequate to cope with them.

ELEMENTS of the First US Army reached the Rhine at Remagen on March 7, and to their extreme astonishment found the famous Ludendorff Bridge standing intact and almost unprotected. Lieutenant Burroughs, a company commander, sent word to battalion HQ and the battalion commander without an instant's hesitation, ordered (or, rather, permitted) the company to cross. The heroism of the officers and men who ventured on the 1,200 foot double-track span knowing that it might blow up under them at any moment is not surprising: American fighting men are made of such stuff. But what is surpris-

ing is the fact that the bridge was not blown up by the enemy. It was found fully mined and wired. It is said that the time-mechanism was set to 4:00 PM, and the Yanks crossed at 3:50 PM. On the other hand it is said that the Germans had no inkling that the Americans were so close. The whole story, as far as the Germans are concerned, does not quite click. If the Germans did not know we were so close, why did they set the machine at 4:00 PM? If they knew, why didn't they blow up the bridge?

A large and strategically important structure like the Remagen Bridge, at a classical spot where the Rhine has been crossed by armies since 55 B.C. when Julius Caesar led a punitive expedition against Germanic tribes, is not entrusted to an automatic mechanism. Engineers usually stand by, ready to press a button by hand if the mechanism fails or the situation changes. We know that there were Germans near the bridge because our men during the crossing were subjected to the fire of rifles and automatic weapons. So why didn't the bridge go up in the air? The answer will probably be made public only after the war. At this juncture it would appear plausible, it seems to me, that some German commander decided it was about time to let the Americans cross the Rhine, so as to shorten the war which threatens to destroy most of the men whom the German General Staff intends to use for the next war. The man by now is probably dead or in hiding. But the bridge is ours, so why worry? However, the incident underscores perhaps a stratification of opinion in the German officer corps. There obviously are German officers who think it is a crime, from a military point of view, to prolong the war.

Our bridgehead at this writing has been in existence for several days and still no major German counterattack has materialized, although the bridge is reported under enemy artillery fire. There was plenty of time to assemble a striking force to push us back, especially during the first forty-eight hours. After all it is difficult to move much more than a division with all its stuff across a single bridge in twenty-four hours. It is reported now, that we have been able to span the Rhine with one or two temporary bridges which should increase the flow of our reinforcements and the bridgehead appears pretty safe. And when the Germans trundle their precious reserve to the Remagen bridgehead, it is probable that we will be crossing the Rhine elsewhere.

And so the battle of Germany was

started by that Sergeant Alexander Drobik, the American-Slav from Holland, Ohio, who was the first to set foot on the right bank of the Rhine—not counting, of course, the troops who were across the Neder Rijn at Arnhem in the ill-fated expedition in September.

THREE hundred miles to the East, Marshal Zhukov and Marshal Rokossovsky have practically cleared all Pomerania and the Polish Corridor of the Germans and are, respectively, approaching Stettin and Danzig. Zhukov stands on the Oder from its mouth (the eastern mouth at Kammin) to Fuerstenberg, with the exception of a number of German bridgeheads on the eastern bank of the river, before Stettin and Frankfurt. Kuestrin has been captured. In turn, Zhukov has bridgeheads on the western bank of the Oder.

The Germans have been claiming ever since March 8 that Zhukov was conducting a general assault "on Berlin." However, at this writing, there is no Moscow confirmation to that effect and the reports at the time did not inspire much confidence. Reports of Marshal Konev's offensive toward the Moravian Gap have no confirmation either, at this writing.

One of the most interesting features of the war in the East, from the broadest strategic point of view is the fact that the Germans, ever since they lost Budapest a month ago, have been waging fierce and powerful attacks on both sides of Lake Balaton. They continue to do so now and are losing between fifty and 100 tanks every day in the process. This is crazy at first glance. However, viewed in conjunction with the stubborn German defense in Italy and in Yugoslavia, it makes sense: the Germans wish at all cost to prevent the entry of Allied troops into the Alpine region where the Nazi fanatics expect to make a protracted "nuisance-stand."

The bitter defense of the Hron-Raba line in Hungary makes no sense at all if this plan is discounted. I think the Germans will not be able to stick it out in the Alps for long. I do not think it will be a real war. They will hardly be able to "wear out" the Allies. But I do believe that a doomed man figures that there is always time to hang on to and that the craziest stunt which can win him a reprieve of several weeks is always worth trying.

All in all, it may be said that the last phase of the "regular war" is beginning, but that it will be followed by an "irregular phase" of unknown duration.



A LACKEY ABROAD

"Report on the Russians," by William L. White, reviewed by Isidor Schneider

SINCE even the vermin who are under indictment for sedition take refuge in "freedom of expression" it is not surprising to find the author of *Report on the Russians* crying "freedom" as his justification.* No doubt its publishers are covering their opportunism with the same drapery. And thus this slander against our Soviet ally, appearing, in coarse violation of decency and common sense, in the culminating stages of our common war, is added to our literary follies.

The explanation for this monstrosity is not mysterious. Mr. White, like the *Reader's Digest*, whose pay he draws, and like too many others in the anachronous and stupid (to use moderate epithets) section of American journalism in this period, puts the class war above the war against fascism. For White the "dangers" of the Soviet examples to his class are greater than the dangers of world fascism to his country. Since Soviet achievements in the war have tended to break down the anti-Soviet fears and suspicions which his kind feel to be their best protection against progressive social change, Mr. White made it his task to repaint the devil image and set it up again in a conspicuous place.

In substance, *Report on Russia* is the incidental report of a private espionage mission in the Soviet Union. Its very opening sets the atmosphere. We are shown the clever Mr. White outsmarting the Soviet consul to whom he applies for his visa. If the author were describing maneuvers for entering an actual enemy country he could scarcely sound more natural. Some other correspondents before him have written with a similar psychology; but in no previous reporting has the attitude been so cynical and open. If one substitutes fact words for Mr. White's weasel words one finds him admitting as much. He explains that he "wanted to go there for the very obvious reason that Russia is clearly the biggest and most unpredictable factor America must deal with in the next few decades." This is the language commonly used by those who predict and,

so far as they now can, foment war against the Soviet Union.

To the characteristics of the spy, Mr. White adds those of the sycophant. In the first half of the book the sycophancy fastens on a personal object, Eric Johnston, president of the US Chamber of Commerce, in whose party White made the trip. Perhaps because, according to an item in *Newsweek*, Mr. Johnston dissociated himself from the White viewpoint, he vanishes almost traceless from the second half of the book, displaced by the generalized system of American "competition." For something to characterize Mr. White in this aspect it is necessary to resurrect that almost forgotten Marxist epithet—"lackey." Viewed in that light Mr. White's incredible callousness and lack of scruple ceases to astound—it is the lackey's function to eschew sensitivity and scruple.

During the reading of Mr. White's "report" I pencilled specific misstatements, distortions, vulgarities, etc. Added up they come to over seventy. It is impossible, of course, to touch on more than a few; and no isolated excerpts could give a full view of this

structure of slander. All they can do is to show the meanness and malice which are its building material. I begin with illustrations of White's veracity, introducing them with the comments of a fellow correspondent, Mr. Raymond Arthur Davies, Moscow correspondent for *Transradio* at the time of the White junket.

On a number of White's misstatements he is flatly given the lie in Davies' open letter to him published in *Soviet Russia Today*. After several pages of comparatively controlled refutation Davies burst out, "Sometimes you prevaricate shamelessly and outright."

In the very manner in which the book was conceived and written, the "report" could not but be a fabrication. Of the five weeks White was in the Soviet Union much of the time was spent travelling and, according to his own obsessed testimony, in banqueting. On the observations possible in the time left no man of scruple would have presumed to state positive conclusions, much less write a long book entitled *Report on the Russians*. Internal evidence supports the story going the journalist rounds that White himself boasted before he set out to the Soviet Union that most of the book was already written. It would be difficult otherwise to account for the speed of its publication.

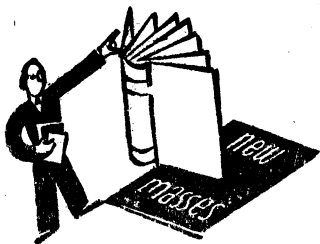
Mr. White's flexible attitude toward truth is shown in his account of the interview with the Soviet consul. Answering a question about Eugene Lyons' connection with *Reader's Digest*, he writes: "There was none, I could answer truthfully."

How true is this answer that Mr. White felt he could make "truthfully"? Lyons was, or recently had been, editor of *American Mercury*, one of the chief plants for *Reader's Digest* material! Does Mr. White seek to take in his readers as well?

Certain of Mr. White's misstatements might, by a generous interpretation, have been accidental. However, they all prove to be useful to Mr. White's anti-Soviet purpose and could easily have been checked, for a small fee, by such an organization as the American-Russian



* REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS, by William L. White. Harcourt Brace. \$2.50.



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Institute, whose services are increasing-ly being used by publishers and maga-zines. Since this service is surely known to the knowing Mr. White one must assume that he was, at least, unworried by such "accidental" inaccuracies.

Thus, for those reactionaries who have been distressed by the dissolution of the Comintern, which removed their favorite bogey, Mr. White casually resurrects it. "... *War and the Working Class* ... is published by the organiza-tion succeeding the recently dissolved Comintern." There is, of course, no such successor organization. *War and the Working Class* happens to be a publication of the Soviet Trade Union organization.

The indignation—and refutations—evoked by the misstatements in the sec-tions published in *Reader's Digest* forced Mr. White to make one retraction. It appears in a footnote on p. 81 covering the misstatement that medical data was withheld from the Allies: "After arriv-ing in Moscow I was told that when additional information on this process was asked, the Russians had replied that it was a military secret. This I chronicled in my book, and it appeared in the con-densation published in the *Reader's Digest*. Since then I find that the Soviet government has given to American medical journals and schools what seems to me ample information on the nerve grafting and preservation process. I think my previous statement, as published in good faith by the *Reader's Digest*, was unjust to Russian scientists. They seem to be giving us everything, including the blood bank technique which they orig-inally developed, and which has saved thousands of American lives."

Mr. White, alleges that he published his misstatement "in good faith." I al-most expected him to add the effrontery "and good will."

BUT these are all incidental fabrica-tions to the main one, which is to so angle his presentation that Soviet war-time conditions appear less the effect of war strains and privations than of the Soviet system. White's comrades on the reactionaries' home front have, of course, followed the same tactic, blaming war-time shortages and restrictions on "New Deal socialism." "Before our WPA home relief cases would have appeared as shabbily dressed as this socialist Soviet aristocracy," writes Mr. White, "they would have gone down to the court house and torn the case workers limb from limb."

This loathsome indifference to the

sacrifices and sufferings of the Soviet people is understandable when we bear in mind that White looks on them with the stare of an enemy. Then the reason for the incessant use of such adjectives as "poor," "shabby," "dreary," etc., becomes clear, as well as his positive gloating over the "drab" appearance of the "vitamin-starved" people.

By White's own self-satisfied ac-count he behaved boorishly at the func-tions he attended, making provocative "toasts" and giving conversations delib-erately provocative turns. My own im-pression is that he exaggerates his rude-nesses, for his kind usually pretends to greater bluster than they have the bold-ness for. But of his boorishness, when and where it is perfectly safe for him to indulge it, there can be no question.

Of the distinguished Commissar of Foreign Trade, Mikoyan, who happens to be an Armenian, he writes: "And now Mikoyan, with the expression of an Oriental who, of course, doesn't want to sell you the rug at all, only wants, as one connoisseur to another, to let you admire the fine points of its weave and texture, rises with a smooth toast of welcome." A visit to a military hospital where genital organs are restored by tissue transplantation, one of the war-time achievements of Soviet surgery, is smirkingly described. He refers to the hospital as "What I suppose Kirilov would have called a penis factory." Of the patient courtesy of one of the Soviet guides assigned to White's party he writes, "I am sure that many of the things we did irritated or shocked or embarrassed him, yet he always stared at us with the solemnity of a frog lost in reveries, as unruffled as a pail of cold lard." He had the privilege of sitting next to Vera Mukhina, perhaps the greatest of women sculptors and one of the great sculptors of our time; he dis-misses her as the "monumental mason."

White flew in over Stalingrad and the pilot dipped over it, expecting that his passengers would be interested in the battleground that was the turning point of the war and one of the greatest ex-amples of human fortitude in history. He would have omitted it had he known White's reaction. "But I have become used to ruins," he writes nonchalantly. "If you coiled Stalingrad up and set it down in the ruins of London there would still be plenty of room for Stalin-grad to rattle around."

I find that most of my seventy-odd notations still remains untouched. I have room only for a comment on Mr. White's observations on freedom in the

Soviet Union, which he elaborately compares with Lansing penitentiary. Lansing has one advantage—the inmate may complain without getting shot—as against the Soviet advantage that the inmate can rise to be warden. However, in a later section White attributes Soviet industrial “inefficiency” to the fact that workers are too independent and management dares not exercise proper authority.

Complaining that the Soviet press bureau does not give foreign correspondents news, White notes that occasionally it promises “an important announcement and they hurry over and receive a mimeographed statement that in the Socialist Soviet Republic of Uzbekistan infant mortality has, in spite of the world struggle against the fascist aggressors, dropped this month by 1.3 percent in comparison with the same month of 1943.”

Mr. White considers this funny, and certainly not news. Soviet correspondents reading on their AP tickers that Gloria Vanderbilt came into her four and a half million let that “hot news” drip into the wastebasket. Whose news standards will meet the long range test?

Report on the Russians, judged only on its merits as a book and as reporting, would be beneath notice. But through its preliminary *Reader's Digest* publication it has reached millions of people. Its publishers are giving it vigorous promotion. It will certainly reach many thousands more. It is to be hoped, since Americans have shown, in the last four presidential elections, that most of them are not taken in by reactionary propaganda, that its readers will recognize the reactionary propaganda in this book, and the malice which it spews on the United Nation that has made the greatest sacrifices in our common war.

Theory for Progress

CHINA'S NEW DEMOCRACY, by Mao Tse-tung; Introduction by Earl Browder. Workers Library Publishers. 25¢.

AN EXTREMELY conservative Washington official specializing in Chinese affairs was distressed and perplexed by the unanimous praise for the Yanan regime by American officials and journalists returning from the Communist-led Border Regions of North China. Emotional conservatism would not permit him to accept the overwhelming evidence of observers whom he trusted; his way out was: “This man Mao Tse-tung must be a mesmerist!”

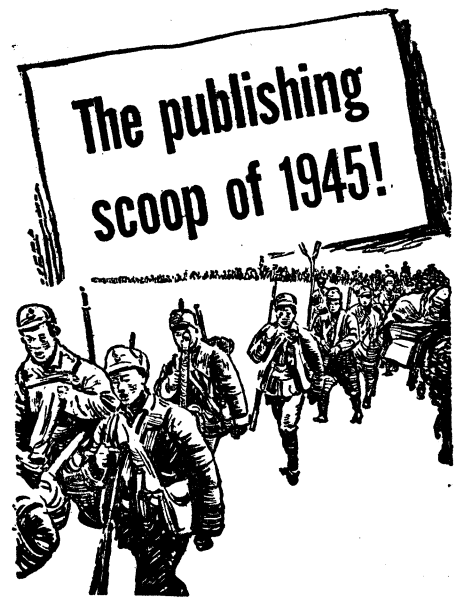
No, Mao is not a hypnotist. But he is among the most brilliant and experienced Marxists in the world. The successful growth of the Border Regions and the great achievements of the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies are based on the effective application of the theory of “New Democracy” worked out by Mao Tse-tung and his co-workers in the leadership of the Communist Party at the outset of the Sino-Japanese War.

This pamphlet is an admirable instrument for understanding the continuing Chinese crisis because it is a clear and broad statement of the entire theory of “New Democracy” against the background of modern Chinese history and politics. “New Democracy” is the structure designed to accomplish China's emergence from its semi-colonial and semi-feudal society into an independent democratic society, the necessary prelude to socialism. “New Democracy,” in present-day China, takes the form of the united anti-Japanese front. As Mao points out, this is no longer an old-style emancipation or bourgeois democratic movement led solely by the bourgeois class and aiming merely at the establishment of a capitalist society. It is a new type of movement, led partially by the proletariat and aiming at the establishment of a democratic society ruled by an inter-class alliance working for democracy and progress.

The pamphlet originally appeared in the Jan. 15, 1941 issue of the magazine *Chinese Culture*, but it has only now reached this country through the rigid blockade and censorship. Although some of the international references have been outdated by the entry of the Soviet Union into the European war and the resultant development of “Big Four” cooperation—with all its implications for China—this does not detract from the fundamental value of the pamphlet. Mr. Browder's introduction bridges the time gap between its first publication in China and its belated reissue here. It points up the issues by drawing analogies from American history and by applying Mao's analysis to the current situation.

The readability of this important document is slightly marred by occasional spots of over-literal translation and an unorthodox type of transliteration of Chinese names. Footnotes, such as those contained in Chen Pai-ta's critique of Chiang Kai-shek's *China's Destiny*, would have helped immeasurably.

TOM RENARD.



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KOPMAN, BECKER AND OTHERS

By MOSES SOYER

SINCE my last article some first-rate exhibitions have come and gone, and are by now artistic history. There was the exhibition of the 1944 NEW MASSES award winner, Max Weber, at the Rosenberg Gallery, in which he demonstrated the vigor of his talent, and the fact that a truly creative artist will never rest on his laurels. It provoked a great deal of controversy. Another was that of the Dutch masters at the Knoedler Gallery.

Among the most important exhibitions of the month was that of Benjamin Kopman, at the ACA Gallery. It was a large exhibition of some thirty canvases, all completed within the last few years. They consisted of still-lives, landscapes, figure compositions, war pictures ("Uprising in the Ghetto," "Crucifixion in the Ghetto") and a group of studio interiors with an old artist as the central figure. One wonders whom Kopman had in mind when he painted these interiors. Is it the old and lonely Rembrandt working on his greatest paintings? Is it the half-blind Daurier? Or is it Kopman himself grown middle-aged in the isolation of his studio trying to fuse the various influences on his art and work out his artistic fulfillment? For Kopman has not arrived at his deeply human and personal art without going through many inner struggles and outside influences. There is a deeply mystic and poetic strain in Kopman's character, and it is no wonder then that among his first influences were Ryder and Blake, later Henri Rousseau. His last and most potent influence which will probably remain with him throughout his career is that of Rouault, and indirectly through Rouault, that of Daurier and Rembrandt.

When I use the word "influence" I want it to be clearly understood that I mean it in its higher sense, for Kopman, throughout all these periods, has never been a mere imitator. His strong and vibrant personality at all times characterizes his work, which in the present phase has been greatly enriched through the crystallization and fusion of these various influences. This was Kopman's

best exhibition. His work now is mature and finely controlled (qualities which up to now obtuse critics have denied him), and although it does not lack any of the emotional impact of his earlier work, there is more serenity. His color is rich, somber and full-bodied, and his manner of painting is direct. His studio interiors, dominated by the tragic figure of an artist, are to me, at least, the highwater mark of the exhibition. They possess a living quality and a fine feeling of depth and mystery, and are akin in spirit to the Dutch interiors. His landscapes, too, are outstanding. They are rich, vibrant and earthy. With this exhibition Kopman showed that he is one of our more profound and original artists.

MAURICE BECKER is an artist whose work is seen all too seldom. He started out as a political cartoonist; his first work in this field appeared in the old MASSES together with the work of his teacher Robert Minor, that of Glin-tenkamp, Robinson and others. His first exhibition of paintings was held in 1914 in Polly's basement eating place, in company with Glenn Coleman and Stuart Davis. Those were the days of noisy revolt against the Academy led by Henri, Bellows and Sloan.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that to be found between the terse, virile indictments against social and political injustice of Maurice Becker's cartoons and his paintings and watercolors recently on view at the Macbeth Galleries. The latter are serene pastoral studies of young men and women in contemplative attitudes, enjoying themselves in the country. A spirit of Greek repose and classic balance pervades these fine, thoughtful canvases. They are indeed as far removed from the turbulence and struggle of life as are the Elysian Fields. A number of pictures deal with Becker's first artistic love—Mexico. Some of them were begun many years ago and were completed recently. They are among his best work; his color is rich and of an opalescent quality and the work as a whole is poetic in a quiet way. It is also optimis-

tic. Even his stormy landscape is not so stormy and is in a way symbolic of Becker's joyous outlook on life: the storm will soon end and the patches of blue in the sky promise a sunny day.

IF IT is true, as has often been alleged, that too much taste in art is a fault, then Henry A. Botkin—who recently exhibited at the Associated American Artists—is guilty, for he is one of our most cultured and refined artists; and this in spite of Toulouse Lautrec, the great offender against public taste and morals, from whom he obviously stems. One gets the feeling too often in studying Botkin's work that he sometimes paints not so much from personal experience and observation as from knowledge or memory of the work of famous artists whom he admires. Yet to say that he is an imitator would be both unjust and untrue for he has qualities that are altogether his own. His color organization, for instance; his method of composing, which is always interesting and often unexpected; his thoughtful application of pigment on canvas, and above all his subject matter: all these mark him as a genuine, sophisticated and creative artist. I like best his pictures of the sad circus clowns, the eternal lady art students that swarm over the severe New England summer landscape, and lonely people on park benches. Botkin delineates their forms and features with love and sympathy while poking mild fun at them. It was a persuasive and sensitive exhibition.

HARRY STERNBERG's group of fourteen serigraph portraits of artists, recently at the ACA, is an interesting experiment carried out with gusto and good humor, if not with profound insight. These pictures are, as Carl Zigrosser says in his introduction to the catalogue, symbolic, for they are "portraits not only of the artist but also of his work." Thus Burliuk is shown in a sunny landscape typical of him surrounded by bright peasant girls, horses, cows, etc.; Walkowitz is debonair and white-haired against a screen on which

Isadora Duncan floats in various dance movements; Chaim Gross is in a forest of lignum vitae, snake and cherry wood. Some are more successful than others. I liked best those of Kuniyoshi, Gwathmey, Marián Greenwood and Dali. Sternberg is a master of serigraphy and within its limitations he attains fine results.

SOL WILSON, whose latest gouaches were recently shown at the Babcock Gallery, is not an artist to whom one looks for startling surprises or changes in technique or subject matter. Wilson is one of those serious and honest artists who develop slowly and whose progress, though steady, is never spectacular. Artists of this type form the backbone of and give character to our national art. Collectively they create a sort of background against which the more spectacular and original artists shine and give power and light to the art of the nation. By this I do not wish to minimize the importance of these artists. They are always more dependable than their more dramatic fellows and in the long run are more certain of lasting fame. Wilson's subject matter is still concerned with picturesque Rockport, on the Massachusetts coast, its quarries, wooded streets, and hardworking fisher folk. His color has grown brighter without losing its moody quality, his design is better knit and his drawing sounder and more expressive. I especially liked the "Clam Diggers" and the dramatic "White Wharf." His war pictures, "Evacuation" and "Escape," although well composed, seem to me less successful. It was a good exhibition.

THE second annual exhibition in tribute to the Negro people of the United States, arranged by Harry Martel of the Joint Board Fur Dressers' and Dyers' Union, was certainly the most important group show of the month. It was a rich and divergent collection of paintings by Negro and white artists representing various schools of thought. Thus one found artists like Benton, Brook, Marsh, Levi and Schreiber hanging beside artists whose work is more familiar to unions, such as Evergood, Gottlieb, Gwathmey and Turnbull. The most outstanding work at the show was undoubtedly the head of Paul Robeson by Jacob Epstein. In this magnificent head Epstein seems to have embodied the hopes and aspiration of the Negro people. Other works worthy of notice were Philip Evergood's "Production with a Song," painted especially for this



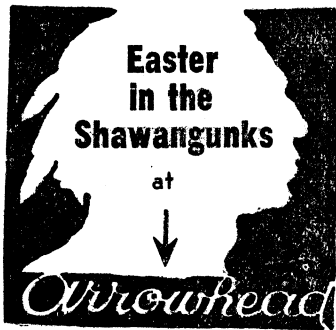
Head of Paul Robeson, by Jacob Epstein.

show, Mervin Jules' "Springtime," Brook's "The Tempest in the House of God," Benton's "An American Landscape," Ellis Wilson's "Turpentine Farm," Robert Jackson's "Portrait" and the newcomer Nell Booker's "Windy Hill."

I could say many things about this exhibition, its significance, its originality, but I should rather let the workers themselves talk about it. I quote from the visitors' book: "A must—should be seen to be appreciated. Art knows no color lines. Thanks to the furriers for the treat." "The thing which impressed me most in the head of Paul Robeson was the determination and vision in his eyes. It reveals a strong, impressive character and a leader of men." "Alex Brook's painting reminded me of the slums in my home town. I hope someday these slum conditions will not exist so people of all races will live in homes they deserve."

Stunted Sprouts

"A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN," despite its anxious scrutiny of detail and regional incident, is largely theatrical hokum. To one who has been a child in the slum areas of Brooklyn, the hunting of scrap to sell to the junkman, the fascination of the corner saloon and its free lunch table, the teeming activity of its streets, the overcrowded schools, all should evoke an odor or at least a reminder of life as it was lived in that much publicized borough; but the film is so standardized in its treatment, so unimaginative in its sets, that it is more relevant to a studio facsimile than to Brooklyn. For the whole film is cast in a literary stereotype. It is true that Hollywood rarely concerns itself with slum life and poverty (the only other film of similar milieu I can recall at the moment is *Street Scene*), but the characters of *A Tree* are so carefully



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selected and traditionally treated that the film lacks the freshness that should come of an infrequently used locale. The situations too, are hand-picked for calculated effects.

To the credit of the film, there is very little extraneous plotting. But the characters seldom perform as the script indicates. Johnny Nolan, the lovable drunken singing waiter, is shown drunk only once; the hard-working mother is shown scrubbing the floors in one brief sequence and made to talk about her lot for the balance of the film. But I think more than just an excess of dialogue is responsible for the sterility of this film. The grinding poverty, the threat that Francie, who loves school and books, will be forced to go to work, are the main issues that kick up all the emotional stir. But the poverty, argues the film, is due only to the happy-go-lucky improvidence of the husband. Life would be beautiful if only he would go to work every day, instead of only when the spirit moves him. Maybe the slums existed because slum husbands would rather sing and be gay than work. This moral is not accidentally drawn by the film. The little girl next door dies somewhere along the fourth reel, because her parents dressed her in pretty dresses instead of being practical. Practicality vs. romantic living is thus the main issue between husband and wife. It makes them quarrel, causes him to commit suicide, drives the girl to hate her mother (they make up before the film ends). I am not laboring the point because *A Tree* is a feeble sociological document but to provide an example of how the film rejects an actual exploration of its characters in favor of stale literary formulae.

Mary Ann Garner's performance gives the film whatever right it has to make demands on an audience's time. Ted Donaldson as the brother could do much more with his lines if he were not so chained to an unreal part. James Dunn, making a comeback in the part of Johnny Nolan, is excellent. Dorothy Maguire is as miscast a slum mother as you will ever find. She is a sensitive actress, and does her share with great restraint: it is only that she could never look the part in a year of trying. I could not rid myself of the impression that she was Francie's big sister.

"HOTEL BERLIN," made from Vicki Baum's novel of the same name, shows hasty efforts by the movies to bring the book up to date. Like *The Master Race* its politics are indisputably

sound; its people and their behavior are not. The screen is peopled by staff officers, Gestapo officials and members of the underground who invade each other's habitat with the ease of people belonging to the same club. The current headlines are combed for plot material: the officer cabal to kill Hitler, the scramble for safety by party officials who realize that the war is lost, the postwar plans of the Nazis to establish a Western Hemisphere base in the Argentine. The characters are moved around like puppets to fit the needs of story development, and are made to commit errors of judgment that would be rare even in the comic strips. In one scene, for instance, the hunted leader of the underground, hiding in the suite (just a shade smaller than Grand Central station) of Berlin's leading actress, is telling her how they can both escape from the hotel. Why she wants to get away from all that cushy existence after years of confirmed Nazi loyalty is a secret that will be locked forever in Miss Baum's heart. At any rate, the pair are conspiring in the very stronghold of Nazi aristocracy and they do so at the top of their voices; loud enough, in fact, to permit the Gestapo chief, with his ear at the door, to hear every word. If you remember that they are talking in a drawing room about a thousand feet long, which is in turn separated from the outer door by a foyer that is larger than most living rooms, you will get an idea of how silly the characters are. This film is definitely not the kind Harry Warner had in mind when he talked about films of social realism.

IF *The Picture of Dorian Gray* provides a measure of what literary works look like after being adapted to the screen, then the practice should be discouraged. *Dorian Gray*, who sells his soul that he may retain eternal youth, pursues pleasure as though that commodity were a foul-smelling medicine. Oscar Wilde would have laughed himself into incoherence if he could have witnessed the manner in which his evil is turned to good moral account. No man is unregenerate, says the movie, and hence introduces a virtuous beauty through whom Dorian can recover his soul. Ironically enough the really evil man of the film, who starts Dorian down his degrading path, is never punished. He is Lord Henry Wotton (George Sanders), who is probably excused, even by the Hays office, because he tosses off Wilde's witticisms with an air that says there are plenty more where those came from.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS

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MARCH, 1945

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ANOTHER recent film that makes evil the centerpiece of its design is *Guest in the House*. The guest of the title is a malevolent girl, tyrannical, amoral, indifferent to the pain of others. She almost wrecks the marriage of those who take her in, poisons the mind of their children, and becomes such a menace that she gets herself murdered.

A friend of mine who saw the film concluded that what was wrong with it was Hollywood's propensity to reduce evil to the behavior of an unscrupulous person in competition with a person of decency for a woman, a job, money, etc. Perhaps that is so, but even in its own terms this picture fails. The guest is unmistakably ill, psychopathic, in all her acts. The film regards her as an invalid at one moment, and as a wicked woman the next. As a consequence you never know whether to sympathize with her or her victims.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

"Garden of Time"

AN INTERESTING dramatic experiment was opened to the public by the American Negro Theater on March 7. *Garden of Time* should be seen by everyone aware of the theater's possibilities, for it reaches toward a form and manner of presentation which is out of bounds for Broadway.

Owen Dodson, the author of the play, reveals himself as a fine poet, and at times a good, thoughtful playwright. In *Garden of Time* there is a kind of color and passion which on Broadway would serve for twenty plays. It seems to me, however, that a basic confusion in Mr. Dodson's approach to his subject has prevented the tragedy from mounting and has destroyed its cohesion.

The play falls into three acts, the first two of which occur in ancient Greece. Jason, the Greek prince, comes to Medea's garden in Colchis in quest of the Golden Fleece. The Fleece represents the heritage of Medea's people, and as priestess in charge of its keeping she is bound to safeguard it. But she falls in love with Jason and gives herself and the Fleece to him. Her brother sees betrayal of the nation in her yielding, and she must murder him lest he strike Jason down. From her brother's dying lips comes the curse which will follow her to the end of her life, and to the end of the play.

In Greece, subsequently, Medea is forsaken by Jason in favor of the daughter of Creon, the king whose domains he covets. Medea's child dies

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accidentally. She goes mad in bitterness and remorse, calls for Jason's death and the brother's curse is fulfilled. A fine transitional dance by Joan Smith ends the second act.

Up to this point in the play the sense and consequence of the story are clear. It is a stripped-down version of Euripides' *Medea*, with two most pertinent changes. The Greek dramatist had Medea murdering her children, while Mr. Dodson chooses accidental death; and second, Mr. Dodson has cast Medea and her people as dark, while Jason and his Greeks are white. As he says in his program note: "The fact that Medea is presented as a dark woman points up the romance rather than changes the essential theme." This is perfectly true until the third act begins. It is then that a certain profound evasion besets Mr. Dodson, and it confuses his play to the destruction of its force.

For the third act takes place in our South in the 1800's. Medea is now Miranda. Jason is now John. He has taken her from her homeland and brought her here. But here the social pressures of the South intrude, and John is forced to break off their alliance. Once again, as in ancient times, Medea's child is killed "on the rocks" by accident. Once again the Furies—now Voodoo believers who have followed her to take vengeance on John—appear to compel her to revenge. Once again she goes mad. But the play ends with her rejecting the curse, and rejecting the hypnotic idea that she and John are doomed to eternal conflict; and she goes off to find him again. As the beautiful song which is repeated through the play relates, everything happens again.

The evasion of which I spoke above is not a social or political one on the part of Mr. Dodson. It is simply contained in the fact that he is writing about modern race relations which are the result of concrete social and psychological causes. Instead of dramatizing these real causes he has chosen to lay the blame upon an original sin of metaphysical proportions which has engendered a curse upon us, a compulsion to do each other evil. And it is the purpose of this play to show that by clinging to one's fundamental love for one's fellow man one can deny and destroy the power of this curse. At the end of the second act the Medea of ancient time obeys the Furies and beats the drum to weave the spell of doom upon Jason. But in the third act, the modern Medea turns upon the Voodoo, upon the inherited antipathy of peoples for one an-

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other, and allows her love to hold sway; and she goes forth to find John.

This commendable conclusion is marred, however, by the very reality of the prejudice which the modern white Jason has to contend with. At one and the same time Mr. Dodson is trying to motivate the characters by mystical and cruelly real forces, and in expounding the first there simply isn't time to resolve the second. As a consequence the audience is left unsatisfied. The play becomes theoretical, poetic in the hollow sense. The resolution works out in terms of magic, and the mental operations of the characters remain shrouded in words.

In short, what cracked Mr. Dodson's play was the fact that Medea's color, although it pointed up the romance in the first two acts, changed the level of reality in the last—modern—act. It brought in a social situation so real and everyday as to defy solution through any but real psychological means.

Nevertheless, the work contains a profundity, a depth of connected ideas which is rare in our theater, and if only for its method the play should be seen and thought about. The Negro Theater is experimental. Thank God it is experimenting and not trying to do what Broadway does better.

The performances in *Garden of Time* are all noteworthy in one respect; they are not stereotyped. As Medea-Miranda, Sadie Browne has a part tougher than any our professional stars are called upon to handle. If she lacks the experience to act majestically, meanly, and then with the soft grace of a girl in love all in the same play, the quality of her talent is still measurably greater than the best of our standard ingenues. Her real power emerges in straightforward scenes when the verse springs out of situation rather than the author's propensity for beautiful, if overlong, self-description.

Dean Newman as Jason-John is restrained and unmannered. He always seems to be thinking on the stage, which is a good thing for a male actor to be doing. Beles—later Blues Boy—is played by Gordon Heath, who was also responsible for the music along with William Greaves. (And the songs are haunting.) When Gordon Heath learns to relax a bit more he will out-cotton Joe Cotton. The dancing of Joan Smith is immaculately integrated to the play. Charles Sebree's unit set is a curve of columns before which the entire action is played, and the tiny stage seems to expand toward the sky because of its sense of breadth. MATT WAYNE.

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