

# TARGET JAPAN: THE POLITICS OF VICTORY

By JOHN STUART

# NEW MASSES

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## SANITY AT SAN FRANCISCO

A balance sheet of the Security Conference

By BRUCE MINTON

## I SAW DACHAU

BY JOSEPH NORTH

Prisoners in the Nazi horror camp  
tell their stories to NM's editor

### ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

Gropper covers San Francisco; The Same Old Dewey, by Max Gordon; What Latin Americans Want, by Virginia Gardner; France Will Not Forget, by Yves Moreau; Hero as Statesman, by Joel Bradford; Listen to the Rumble, by Lucius Ballinger.

# BETWEEN OURSELVES

OUR friend the music teacher, who is by way of becoming a self-constituted Commissioner of Moral Reaction to News Stories, came bouncing into our cubby the other day, the inevitable afternoon newspaper in his hand. "Did you know that Goering was on our side all the time?" he asked, shaking the paper at us. When we confessed that we had not yet read the latest revelations as printed in the afternoon editions, he opened his paper to the page containing the story of Goering's capture. "The fat pig's story is a lulu. His real danger, he would have you believe, was not the Allied armies but Hitler, and the papers print this garbage as though it were genuine news, without a remark or a noticeable reaction. He and his Luftwaffe boys, also presumably on the side of the angels, shot it out with Hitler's SS troops, and he thus escaped execution by his former pal who feared his rivalry. The story isn't even clever, but probably he figured that for us it was good enough. And how does this cock-and-bull fantasy square with earlier stories of his escape?"

I knew that the question was purely rhetorical, so I made no effort to answer. He went on. "What happened to all the art treasures that he so carefully looted all through the years and then took with him when he disappeared? The papers make no mention of them, only of the fact that he was congenially permitted to bathe, put on a new suit and all his fancy medals, tell the photographer to make it snappy because his pampered carcass required food, and that he was offered chicken, fruit, and all the amenities usually reserved for perfect gentlemen when invited to dine. But where *are* the art treasures? Did he leave them behind when the internecine skirmish took place, or did he carefully hold off the fireworks until he could arrange for their disposal? Perhaps each of his fighters lovingly protected with his own body, like true disciples of the higher life, a painting or piece of tapestry or a sculptured masterpiece, as he shot his way to "freedom" from the lair of the Berchtesgaden beast. The ex-air marshal, having cached the stuff safely, fully expects to dig it up and enjoy the fruits thereof at some future date. Certainly nothing in his treatment by his captors or the press gives him any inkling that his fate will be otherwise.

"The way these rats are handled by our news publishers it would not surprise me at all to see in some of our classier journals of reaction a sad lament over the fate of Hitler written in the manner prescribed by the high society of Ireland, Portugal and Argentina. I can easily imagine one of them moaning, 'Poor, unhappy Adolf. All his colleagues had an out that he couldn't avail himself of. They

could all, at the moment of capture, suddenly declare themselves as enemies of Hitler, but could the master turn anti-Hitler at the last moment to save himself? Obviously not. Goering could say that he was able to save himself for the Allies only by shooting his way through Hitler's guards, but who could Hitler say he shot his way through? He had to stay and take it. This champion of Christianity was doubly martyred, both in life and death. Poor Adolf? You think the printing of such solemn regrets far-fetched? Just wait until the war guilt trials start. I'll be around to see you often."

We like to hear our friend talk because his complaints are indicative of the nausea that took hold of the American people as they read how some of our generals shook hands with the repulsive Number Two Butcher of Berlin. In general, the tone of our press and the irresponsibility of some of our correspondents (the AP story on the surrender, for instance) is a tip-off

as to why the Red Army doesn't like American newsmen swarming over their lines. Without control, the results would be highly unpredictable.

As you will recall, the receipts of our Romain Rolland Memorial meeting, held on March 30 at Carnegie Hall, were to go to a French relief agency. We are happy to announce that arrangements to that end have now been completed. We print a letter from the American Relief for France, which acknowledges our donation as follows:

"Your wonderful gift of children's two-piece legging sets has been received at our warehouse. American Relief for France is most grateful for this generous gesture to the French people. This clothing will be shipped to France shortly, and we will let you know at a later date when it actually leaves.

"With renewed thanks for your generosity,

MRS. WILLIAM B. OLMSTEAD, JR.  
Director, Division of Overseas  
Relief Activities and Service."

J. F.

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# I SAW DACHAU

By JOSEPH NORTH

Paris (by cable).

I WAS in Dachau this morning. You get there via Munich, which is a desert of destruction. The *Bierstube* where Hitler met the unholy seven in 1921 and dreamed up the fascist party is a cool tomb today. We made our way through the streets where the Brown Shirts brawled their way to power with Krupp gold behind them—streets that are pyramids of dust and shattered brownstone. The Munich bus which bore us to Dachau wound its way through mountains of wreckage, past stone heads of Hitler that GI's had perched on posts, where they stood sentry. The countryside is pleasant on the way to Dachau. The fields are green and neat and the roads are of concrete. In the fields we pass tented camps of American troops looking like the pictures you saw of the Northern armies in the Civil War. Trees are flowering and the fields are rioting with dandelions; and then you come to Dachau.

Long wooden carts are lined up outside the walls harnessed to horses and bullocks. You look at them and then you get an idea, and later your idea is confirmed. Each cart has a capacity of thirty-five: thirty-five cadavers: a little later you see how they fit. They sprinkle us with a powder that kills the typhus louse. There is an epidemic inside; the camp, whose population is thirty-five thousand, has six hundred cases right now. We are warned not to shake hands with the liberated prisoners. "You can do so, but it is at your own risk," the colonel advises us. Three members of an American editors' delegation, he says, are in Paris hospitals now with chills and fever, and they hope it is only the grippe. Others who shook hands have scabies now. "I wouldn't shake hands if I were you," he repeats, "but it's up to you."

You understand the colonel when you see the prisoners. Most of them are scrofulous with prison rigors, but within half an hour you've forgotten the warning and forgotten the scrofula and typhus. Most of the prisoners you meet thoughtfully refrain from touching you, know-

ing they bear the disease. But when you see a man like Josef Hrdlicka, who had been the editor of *Rudo Pravo*, Communist organ of Prague, some five years ago before they brought him here, you grasp his hand and when you tell him who you are, his face lights up and you talk eagerly and before you leave he pulls a postcard from his striped prison blouse with a picture of two young daughters, one of whom he has never seen since she was born three months after they took him away. "I shall soon see them again," he says. It is because of men like Hrdlicka that you came here to see the war in Europe end. He, the Communist, with his comrades of all anti-fascist parties, peopled this camp since 1933. Dachau was built in September of the year Hitler took power. Here Thaelmann languished and perhaps died. Here men like the great liberal Karl von Ossietzky, and others, were tortured. This was the camp for political prisoners.

The sun is hot today and the men are out in the thousands. They drink freedom like wine. The sun beats down on them and they revel in it. A few yards on you see that this is more than a fine spring day, a week or so after liberation. It is the end of hostilities, and they have bedecked this place with flags. The red, white and blue of America, the flags of Russia and France hang over all the prison camps and they have painted slogans in all languages. "Peace Forever!" seems to be the one they like best. Next is "Long live the United Nations!"

A bugle is playing and drums are rolling. The men line up at attention. You walk down the files and look at them. Some are walking skeletons, some are covered with bandages, some are on crutches, and one man who had been brought here a few days before liberation from Buchenwald to be "exterminated" is carried to the parade grounds to see the ceremony. He had asked to be brought there, and his friends, scarcely less emaciated than himself, are carrying him in a litter.

You look at him and you see the precise form of a skeleton except that this skeleton's eyes are alight. He lies there watching the proceedings. He will be dead in a number of hours—you learn he is already past hope—but he asked to see this before he goes. The bugle is sounding and the drums are rolling and the hot Bavarian sun beats down on all; and above everything is a riot of color of the many flags which the liberating armies sent them upon their request. They are free men and this is what they lived for—and most of them died for. This is the day the fascist armies surrendered.

WE GO through the camp, which is divided into barracks by nationality. Each barrack has its own flag up today, and the slogan of its choice. We go through one of the barracks—number fourteen it is—and find here the men too weak to drag themselves to the parade grounds, thousands upon huddled thousands. They lie in their cramped bunks, two to a bunk about four and a half feet wide, shadows of men. A boy who could not be more than fourteen lies on a top bunk and he points to the floor. You look down and see a man crumple before you and lie there, his bony fingers outstretched, his eyes staring. He dies in front of you.

You find it hard to breathe and something in you is ashamed that you move about healthy and strong. These were men like you not long ago. They come from every country in Europe, some from Africa. I meet a young Negro named John Vosie of the Belgian Congo who had fought in the Belgian Underground and who has been here for three years. He is one of the lucky ones who can walk and hope, and he joins us as we continue through this hell.

Never shall I forget the look on the face of a lad who steps from the milling mass of men and asks me in Yiddish if I am a Jew. When I reply in Yiddish he says quietly: "My name is Schmulick Goldberg. I am eighteen



years old. I have been here six years. They burned my parents at Auschwitz. They shot my brother here. I am alone." And he steps back into the mass.

Some, of course, are irreparably broken. Those who had not found the strength of banding together with their fellows are dead men even if they have not fallen like the one I saw a few minutes ago. But most are not "alone." I talk with Waclav Vysholid of Klatoviy, Czechoslovakia, a young minister now serving as secretary to the head of the medical staff—the prisoners' own staff. His story is most typical. He had been approached by men of the Underground in April 1939, to work with them. He agreed. "I preached democracy from

my pulpit," he said. The Gestapo came for him in September. "I have seen torture," he says simply. When he told his captors he was a minister they beat him till he repeated after them "I am a swine." Then he tells how they worked in the Underground within the prison camp; how Berlin Communists smuggled books and literature inside for them to read. "Thus we saved ourselves from madness," he says. The SS laughed when he came in and rubbed their hands. "We will teach you discipline. We have been waiting years to do this." They beat him with leather thongs. "They tortured our bodies and sometimes our minds but we thought only of one thing—victory. We knew America and

Russia would come to our help. When Paris fell many leading men here lost their way, but even in those heavy moments I never lost my faith. I knew our cause was just and that we would win."

I talk with another priest: Peter Van Gestel of the Jesuit order, from Eindhoven, Holland. The number 29608 is printed on his sleeve. He was a tall, strong man and retains much of his look of strength. He speaks perfect English and he searches for a little worn notebook in his striped jacket and opens it. "I am chairman of the priests' barracks here, Barracks 26," he says. His notebook is filled with neat tiny numbers in which he has kept a secret record all the years he has been in. He tells you there are twenty-four nationalities of priests here. "Today there are eleven hundred priests and theologians. More than two thousand passed through the camp, and more than a thousand died. Most died of undernourishment and the diseases caused by it." He tells you of the hard work they did: up at four-thirty in the morning, standing at attention for an hour while roll was called, then forced to wash floors. "The SS said they would teach us hygiene," he says. "They taught us the adoration of the floor."

Many priests were used as human guinea pigs by the SS doctors. "They had to undergo experiments of malaria, typhus and phlegmona. They got ulcers and open wounds from the experiments. A third of them died."

I talk with a young Jewish doctor of Warsaw. Another typical story. When he was working in the prison hospital in Auschwitz in Poland, an extermination camp, he found some dozen children in his barracks from the age of four to ten. The Underground decided to rescue the children. "I drugged them temporarily so they wouldn't cry," he says. Then a comrade of his ("a Communist," he interposes; "I am not a Communist"), smuggled the children out in his knapsack. The Communist, being a technician, was obliged to leave the camp in the course of his duties and had an opportunity to meet certain peasants outside. The latter were part of the Underground. He would leave the children with them and they succored them secretly through the years of occupation. "Not one peasant ever refused to take the little ones," he says, "even though it was death for everybody concerned if they were discovered." Jews, he says, were practically all annihilated at Auschwitz.



Walking with us through all this is Louis Reyntjes of Amsterdam, a tall handsome lad of twenty. He is assigned to translate for us. "I ran guns from England," he says. "They captured me, sentenced me to death and sent me to the extermination camp, but because I am an engineer they decided they could use my abilities. I have been here for three years. I worked as a technician in Messerschmitt. We were up at 2:45 and worked till ten at night. Later they assigned me to an SS office here. I have seen men hanged by the hands to a tree till they died. Why? Because they stole a potato or they gave a Jew a piece of bread."

What do you want to do when you go home? He smiles faintly. "I will be a flier," he said. "I used to look at the sky from the prison and dream of flying. I will now fly."

Then we pass through the gate where I had seen the long, narrow carts and the champing horses and bullocks. And rounding a bush I come into full view of the quintessence of fascism's works. There the cadavers lie in the bright sun. They lie in heaps of eight to ten feet high. They are being taken from a room next to the crematorium, a room stuffed with death, stuffed so tightly that the arms of dead men hang through the windows. The Germans of the vicinity, with handkerchiefs about their mouths, are carrying them out on litters and laying them in piles. Neatly. Some of the delegation of journalists turn away. The foreign editor of a Madrid paper who had been flown here from London fishes a bottle of smelling salts from his pocket. He had written that he did not believe these stories of German atrocities. But he had come with a bottle of smelling salts. "On the advice of my ambassador in London," he tells me.

I go into the crematorium and through the gas chamber which adjoins. The gas chamber is what you have read, but now it looks as innocent as the YMCA gym. On the outside door a sign still hangs: "To the shower baths." I peer through the peephole where the executioner watched his handiwork. You could get a good view of what went on inside. The crematorium, too, has a sign in fine gothic characters: "Attendants must wash their hands for sanitary reasons."

Outside in the hot sun the bodies are being piled into the long narrow carts, and for some reason the horses are neighing and rearing about nervously. The Germans who are piling the bodies

(Continued on page 21)

# SANITY AT SAN FRANCISCO

By BRUCE MINTON

*San Francisco (by wire).*

THE security conference has settled down. The fireworks seem to be over. With the termination of the war in Europe, the heads of some leading delegations have left for home and the main work of drawing up a world peace organization has been speeded in conference committees. Some optimists hope that the final chapter will be completed within the next two weeks: certainly the delegates plan to leave San Francisco before mid-June. The accomplishments of the first two weeks of the international meeting were summed up by Mr. Molotov at his press conference two days before he departed for Moscow:

"A unanimity has been achieved which is essential for the success of the conference. The various committees and subcommittees in which representatives of all United Nations will consider numerous old and new proposals and amendments, have begun their work."

As I write, perhaps the most significant change of atmosphere is the slackening of the inspired anti-Soviet campaign. Secretary of State Stettinius' brusque statement on the arrest by Soviet military authorities of sixteen Poles accused of diversionist activities violated the minimum good manners of diplomacy.

The fact is, Mr. Stettinius yielded to Senator Vandenberg's demand that he "act firmly" without knowing the facts of the case and without considering the consequences of sounding off half-cocked. His statement made ugly headlines, but aside from violating the premises of the Crimea declaration, Mr. Stettinius succeeded only in placing the United States delegation firmly on the wrong side of the issue. He had listened once too often to the misrepresentations of Ignacy Matuszewski, the notorious Polish anti-Sovieteer and a leading figure of the reactionary pre-war Polish regimes, who is skulking about San Francisco doing the dirty work for the London emigres. To strengthen his case,

Matuszewski worked through two American Poles from the reactionary outfit calling itself the Polish-American Congress; his agents here are Charles Rosmarek, president of the Congress, and Frank Januzewski, the Republican publisher of a Detroit Polish daily, *Dziennik Polski*, and a close friend of Senator Vandenberg. Vandenberg took both these gentlemen under his wing and later sold them to the Secretary of State.

But for the past few days Mr. Stettinius has given every evidence that he now wishes passionately that he had exercised greater caution. He has avoided further comment on the arrest of the sixteen Polish agents; in fact, it is common knowledge that former Secretary of State Cordell Hull, bedridden in the Bethesda, Md., naval hospital, advised Stettinius to keep his shirt on lest he commit the most outrageous blunders. Mr. Hull's forthright long-distance lectures to the American delegation have done much to halt the irresponsible deportment of several of its members during the first two weeks of the conference.

Mr. Molotov threw a good deal of light on the Polish question at his press conference. He recalled the lengthy negotiations among the Big Three over the Yugoslav government, though in the end a solution was reached mutually satisfactory to the powers and to the Yugoslavs. The Polish issue, observed Molotov, will also be settled in due course by the Big Three in consultation with the Warsaw government. From this remark, it seems probable that since the Yugoslav difficulty was resolved by expanding the provisional government headed by Tito, the Soviet Foreign Minister foresaw a similar solution for Poland—that is, expansion of the present provisional Warsaw government. The problem of reconstructing the Polish government has been obtruded on this conference by those who hoped to disrupt friendly relations among the Big



# UNITED NATIONS CONFERENCE

## THIS IS GROPPER

CORRESPONDENT NO. 2321

## REPORTING

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Three. Most guilty, of course, has been Senator Vandenberg, who is said to be working closely with former Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles. Now British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden has again laid emphasis on the problem. Actually, the Western powers, and especially the British government, have reverted to a pre-Yalta position; their concern over the sixteen arrested Poles finds them stating a preference for the group of London Poles far to the right of former premier Mikolaj-

Entirely separate is the Soviet request, repeated four times at San Francisco, that Poland be invited to attend this conference. The seating of delegates from the Warsaw provisional government would imply neither recognition nor approval of Warsaw by the United States and Great Britain. The invitation involves nothing more than extending common friendship to an ally. When Argentina was brought in, refusal to admit the Poles underscored a loss of American prestige. The United States delegation is beginning to realize that petulance and sniping against a great ally can be costly.

Mr. Molotov took public stands on three vital problems that enhanced the Soviets' moral leadership. (1) He urged the inclusion of labor representatives as advisers to the security organization. This was opposed by Great Britain and the United States. (2) He asked that the statement on the security organization's purposes refer to the right to work and the right to education "as some of the most important human rights." It was considered inadvisable by the other sponsoring powers to mention specific rights. (3) He urged that "from the viewpoint of international security we must first of all see to it that dependent countries are enabled as soon as possible to take the path of national independence . . . the Soviet delegation will take an active part in the consideration of this problem in its entirety." This was opposed by Great Britain in particular, and aroused little enthusiasm among the United States spokesmen. It is quite clear now that the anti-Soviet campaign has boomeranged.

**A**T THIS point (May 11) it is possible to sum up conference results so far—the important achievements, the shortcomings and the problems still unsolved. On the positive side, the conference has already accomplished a great deal:

1. Agreement has been reached by

the four sponsoring powers on all amendments to the Dumbarton Oaks Charter to be submitted by the Big Four. On the whole, the amendments have strengthened the original charter.

2. The principle of self-determination of nations will be written into the charter. As Mr. Molotov put it, the charter "will draw particular attention of the populations of colonies and mandated territories" to the principles of justice and self-determination and "this will help realize the sooner these great principles which are so vital." Moreover, there is insistence in the charter on respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, language, creed or sex. "Such a program," said Molotov, "is incompatible with the membership of fascist countries in the organization of international security. But then this is quite natural. For fascist countries are known to be not only centers of sinister reaction, but of war as well, and so they cannot serve the cause of peace and security of nations."

3. The requirement demanding two-thirds approval by the conference of any proposal other than procedural has been adopted. It will be more difficult for any nation to organize a bloc of votes, as happened on the question of admitting Argentina, to dominate the conference.

4. It is fairly clear that the attack on voting procedures within the Security Council, as agreed upon at Yalta, has failed, and the major responsibility for world peace will remain where it belongs—with the great powers. Amendments have been offered by Australia and the Netherlands attempting to waive the unanimity rule of the five great powers in the special case of certain regional agreements. But the "small nations" issue, so highly touted before the conference, seems likely to be kept from the floor of the plenary sessions, with objections taken care of in committee—an important victory for the unity of the conference.

5. Senator Vandenberg has practically admitted that his attempt to write Hoover's ideas into the charter to permit revision of wartime treaties (including the peace treaty itself) has fizzled. Vandenberg wanted all settlements subject to review. "Naturally, the idea of revising treaties was rejected as untenable," said Molotov. Senator Vandenberg has publicly affirmed this interpretation. Vandenberg has not been able as yet to wreck the Dumbarton Oaks Charter. The amendment on which he placed most reliance has been



**YOUNG AUTOGRAPH-HUNTERS  
CATCH ANTHONY EDEN**

transformed into something quite different.

6. On regional pacts, the four sponsoring powers specifically agree that wartime treaties directed against enemy nations (the Soviet pacts with Britain, France, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia) shall function outside the world organization until such time as the Security Council, with the consent of the nations concerned, takes over the administering of these agreements. This is another victory for a hard peace, and gives particular satisfaction to the liberated nations of Europe.

THE above gains, if finally approved by the conference, assure a meaningful and effective world security organization. Of course, many problems remain unsolved. Among these the most pressing are: the authority of the General Assembly; the functions of the Economic and Social Council; the sifting of amendments offered by nations other than the sponsoring powers; and, of major importance to the United States, the integration of regional agreements, other than those directed at enemy nations, within the world organization. The United States is searching for a formula which will permit fulfillment of the second half of the Act of Chapultepec adopted at the recent Inter-American Conference, at Mexico City without inviting similar regional agreement in other parts of the world. The desire among the Latin American delegations and some members of the United States delegation is to allow the Americas a free hand in this hemisphere without permitting regional groupings elsewhere to weaken the security organization. In one sense, the countries of the Western Hemisphere want to eat their cake and have it too. The problem is complex. No satisfactory solution has yet been found. Finally, the organization of the World Court has not, as I write, been agreed upon. Compulsory jurisdiction is seemingly eliminated, since only China of the sponsoring powers favors granting the Court a power which would undermine the authority and responsibility of the Security Council. It is also fairly certain that the Court will be included as a part of the world security organization and that it will be a new court, not merely a reconstruction of the old World Court. So much for the main problems still to be resolved.

The security conference has already revealed the following shortcomings:

1. The powers have failed to give

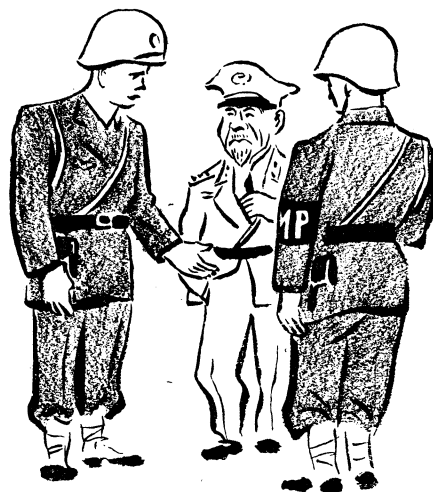
any recognition to the new world labor organization. In the security organization, as mentioned above, they have also rejected the proposal to include President Roosevelt's Economic Bill of Rights in the Charter. Only Mr. Molotov stressed the former President's desire to include the basic rights to work and education. The United States delegation failed to support this Roosevelt policy.

2. In its approach to colonial and dependent peoples, the conference has shown a lamentable weakness. It is now fairly certain that though no final formulation has been made, and though the British and United States plans for colonial trusteeship are still being debated, the security conference will in the end compromise principles once again and disregard the desires of President Roosevelt. The Soviet Union urged provisions enabling dependent countries "as soon as possible to take the path of national independence"; Molotov wanted the United Nations to "act with a view to expediting the realization of equality and self-determination of nations." The failure to outline general principles to advance the national liberation of dependent peoples only postpones a problem that must be solved if peace is to be secure.

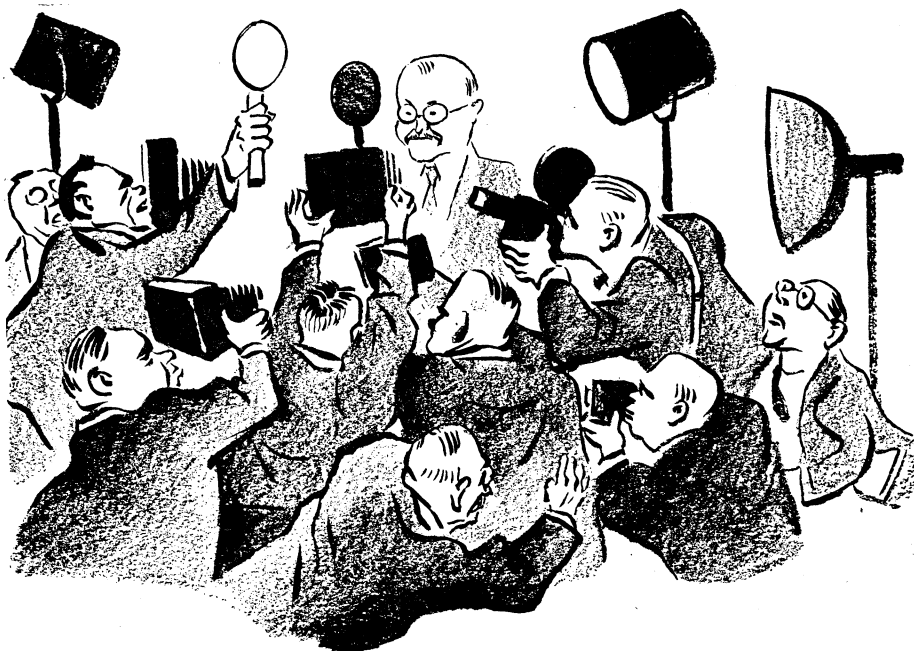
It seems that nothing of any value will be accomplished here on the issue of colonies and mandates. The United States won the right to take over islands formerly mandated to Japan, which are considered by military and naval authorities essential for national security. But the difficult questions of representation of native peoples on the mandate

authority, administrative practices, and eventual independence are side-stepped. The only advance in sight is the possibility that the United States provision for investigation of and reports on administration of mandates may be allowed.

3. After the subcommittee discussing organization of the Economic and Social Council had agreed to admit an observer from the World Trade Union Conference to committee meetings, Mr. Stettinius announced that the Steering Committee had reversed this decision and had decided to exclude the representatives of international labor. This failure reinforced the hand of William Green and the AFL Executive Council, opposed to world labor organization, and gives comfort to the anti-Sovieters. Moreover, the Steering Committee included the League of Nation's advisers



SHOW YOUR PASS AT VETS BLDG.  
FIELD MARSHAL SMUTS LOST HIS-



COMMISSAR MOLOTOFF HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE --



**SOMEBODY ALWAYS GIVES A PARTY FOR THE DELEGATES AND THE PRESS**

among those invited to send observers to the executive meetings, thereby providing a loophole of the admission of spokesmen for such "neutrals" as Spain, Switzerland, Portugal and Sweden.

The conference has heavy work ahead. No doubt difficulties and disagreements will develop. But the anti-Sovietism which endangered the conference in its first week is generally subsiding. There will be attempts to revive the hysteria, but except for flurries, the worst disruption menacing the coalition seems to have stopped.

• **A few notes:** William Green called a press conference where he irrevocably, unconditionally and finally refused to have anything to do with the World Federation of Trade Unions. Mr. Green considered the membership of the Soviet trade unions in the world labor organization proof enough for the AFL Executive Council that no good could come of it. Mr. Green tore his sparse hair over what he called "slave labor"—

that is, the use of German manpower to rebuild devastated countries. He could not say why he called such labor "slavery," except that the Russians were involved and that was enough for him. I asked Mr. Green whether he refused, despite the policy of the United States government to collaborate with the Soviet Union, to participate in any organization in which the Soviet trade unions also took part. He answered that he had appeared before a security conference committee in the same room and at the same time with a CIO representative. Which is an irrelevant answer—take it or leave it.

• The reactionaries flock to San Francisco like ants to jam. Adolph Berle's dapper protege, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, is here with his fancy plan to reorganize middle Europe into a Catholic bloc of small states under leadership hostile to the Soviet Union. He is also peddling Mr. Hoover's plan to abandon the world security organization in favor of regional spheres of influence.

Constantin Fotich, the former Yugoslav ambassador to Washington, is here reviling the Tito government and praising Nazi collaborationist Mikhailovich.

Gerald L. K. Smith also roared into town with plans for America First meetings. At a press conference in the Palace Hotel, Smith stated: "I am preparing a confidential report for six members of the Senate and seventeen members of the Lower House—upon their request." He refused to name his friends. He did say: "I prophesy that the two men who will eventually be responsible for its (the world security organization's) defeat will be US Sen. Burton K. Wheeler, and US Sen. Arthur Vandenberg. Mr. Vandenberg is basically a nationalist, recent statements notwithstanding. His conscience will not permit him to support a peace founded on injustice." I asked Smith if he had Vandenberg's permission to make this statement and he

naturally said he hadn't. To my question why he made the statement, he explained that Vandenberg was coming up for reelection, and that the Polish vote in Michigan, plus the America First vote, would defeat Vandenberg unless the Senator fought the world organization in the Senate.

Later a correspondent asked Senator Vandenberg what he thought of Smith's statement, and Vandenberg first laughed it off and then, while glowingly pledging his devotion to peace, admitted that "I am reserving my judgment on this charter until it is concluded. . . . I hope the ultimate result will permit me to play my full part not only in support of the net result on the floor of the Senate, but in assisting in the creation of the necessary two-thirds vote to ratify it."

• I asked a conservative French journalist his reactions to the conference. He said he was astounded by the virulence of the anti-Sovietism in the press. He was also surprised that the press did not realize the role played by the Red Army in winning the European war and, therefore, the friendship felt by European peoples towards the USSR. He was further overwhelmed by the fact that William Green was more like what he had heard William Green was like than he expected. This same journalist went up to Robert Watt, an AFL official, after Green's press interview and told Watt, "If your mother, your family, your friends, your village had suffered under German fascism, you would think differently about the Soviet Union." To which Watt replied that the AFL would agree to German labor rebuilding devastated sections of France when the Russians rebuilt Finland and when Maurice Thorez, the French Communist leader, was tried as a war criminal. The French journalist thereupon lost his temper which surprised Watt and caused William Green to twitch.



# FRANCE WILL NOT FORGET

By YVES MOREAU

Paris, May 7, 1945 (by cable).

NEWS of the German capitulation spread through Paris like a train of gunpowder. Aroused by the unusual liveliness of the streets, I went out. Passers-by snatched the last edition of *Ce Soir* from newsboys riding bikes adorned with placards announcing the good news. A woman stood at the subway exit on the avenue selling the gay sprigs of lily-of-the-valley which Parisians always buy around the first of May, particularly on holidays like this one. Holding her basket out, she cried: "The *Boches* have surrendered! Buy a flower! The *Boches* have surrendered!" And groups of American soldiers, walking arm in arm up the steps of the Opera, were greeted with cheers from the crowds who kept in step with them and sang.

In front of newspaper stands and Resistance headquarters loungers gathered, waiting for further news to come over the loudspeakers. Everybody laughed and sang and hugged each other. A French sailor, his red pompom bright on his hat, climbed on a jeep and led songs of the Allied nations and the crowd joined in. Immensely happy groups assembled in front of store windows where life-sized effigies of Hitler and Petain hung from gallows.

When the announcement came that the Soviet parachutists had arrived in Prague to support the insurrection of the Czechoslovak patriots, a wild shout went up from the crowd: "Long live the USSR! Long live Stalin!"

It was past midnight by then, and the subway had stopped running. Just a year ago, in May 1944, the streets of Paris had been deserted. A year ago, at this same hour, we Parisians heard under our windows only the noise of the marching feet of German patrols, and an occasional gunshot disturbing the silence of the night. Today in free victorious Paris there is again the atmosphere of the July 4 celebrations before the war.

Later I crossed the gigantic *Place de la Bastille* where people lingered and shouted the *Marseillaise* joyfully. We shall no doubt dance at this spot two months from now, as before the war, where we have always commemorated the first great liberation, the great victory for France and for mankind that took place in 1789. And we shall re-

joice that the Nazis did not succeed in wiping out our history. How great is the gratitude of the people of France toward the architects of today's victory! —to our underground fighters of the Resistance, and our soldiers of the French army; to our great American and British allies; and to our heroic Soviet allies, who turned back the tide alone at Stal-



Aime.

ingrad two and a half war years ago, and have marched now into Berlin, delivering the final blow to the Hitler beast.

IT is impossible for me not to think time and again tonight of my very dear friends who gave their lives for this victory . . . my school friends and fighting friends Pierre Lamande, agricultural engineer, a lieutenant colonel of the *Francs-tireurs* and *Partisans*, arrested by the Petainist police, delivered to the Germans and shot; Jean de Neyman, young physics professor, organizer of a *groupe d'action*, taken prisoner in the *Maquis* with firearms on him and horribly tortured, without the executioners being able to make him say a word, and led away, still silent, to the stake and shot; Yvon Djan, Sorbonne student, arrested, assassinated under unknown circumstances and buried in a cemetery on the outskirts of Paris. And there are many others whose names and faces are unknown but whose deeds live forever in our memories. There are those of whom we know nothing, except that they were deported to German death camps; their stories will never be completely pieced together. Jacques L., arrested by the Vichy police, whose cell at Montluc prison in Lyon I shared for

a long time, was liberated only to be arrested again some months later, when the Germans searched a train and found him carrying a poem in his own handwriting which sounded bad on Nazi ears. He was deported. Albert, a young peasant organizer of a Resistance group, who hid me on his farm after my escape from Montluc, was deported. There are many, many more.

The length of this sad list, which each Frenchman like myself has had to draw up today as his personal account of the quality of our sacrifices, does not permit the people of France to celebrate this victory with a carefree spirit.

The sacrifices of so many of us, suffered in limitless numbers and endured everywhere throughout our country in the course of nearly six years of war, four of which were under Hitler, would be in vain if we allowed to exist in the world and in France the least possibility of the return of a fascist era, the least menace against a national independence and peace so dearly bought. The suppression of the trusts by government control of their enterprises, the unmerciful punishment of all traitors, and the establishment of a *real* democracy are the conditions of France's rebirth. To render justice, to restrain and exterminate all future attempts at fascism, for the security of the coalition of all democratic forces in the world whose cooperation in the war earned this victory, is the durable condition for peace. Wasn't it with this in mind that Paris and all of France received this evening's tremendous news?

The results of the first round of the elections and the tumultuous demonstrations on May 1 serve as witness that these changes are necessary. And isn't it only as a stop along a road which can and ought to be splendid that a joyful people salutes this victory? Ask the liberated prisoners whose passage on the large, flagdecked wagons so moves the living; ask those Parisians who are surrounding the soldiers, all soldiers—our own and British and American soldiers—and who pat them on the back, hold them in their arms, kiss them out of gratitude and confidence; ask each shout, each movement, each song, each look of the crowd; ask the radiant, smiling lily-of-the-valley vendor who is hoping for happiness.

# THE SAME OLD DEWEY

By MAX GORDON

THERE is a myth going the rounds that Dewey isn't Dewey any more. The basis for it is the fact that the recently-concluded session of the state legislature enacted some progressive measures, by far the most notable of which was the Ives-Quinn bill to establish a permanent Fair Employment Practice Commission.

To those who were in Albany during the three-month legislative siege, however, it was quite evident that: (1) much of what went on there had the familiar Deweyan touch; and (2) the progressive character of the session was due not to Dewey but to an advance in popular political alertness and activity that was remarkable even for this highly vocal state. About the most that can be said for the governor is that he reluctantly yielded to this activity and in a few cases allowed it to carry him with it. Any other course would have been suicidal for a man with his political ambitions. At the same time he did not identify himself with the progressive elements in his party.

What created the illusion of a change on the part of Dewey was the passage by a Republican administration and a Republican-dominated legislature of a law setting up a commission to act against discrimination in industry—the first permanent state FEPC in the country. This was a case, however, of being swept along by an inexorable tide. After the costly blunder he had made last year in shelving similar proposals, Dewey recognized that his fortunes in 1946 and 1948 could not withstand the repetition of a similar tactic.

In one significant respect Dewey revealed his basic ties with the Hooverite crowd in control of the destinies of the national Republican organization. This was in his cold and cautious approach to the Crimean conference and to the San Francisco conference of the United Nations. When Commander Harold Stassen came to Albany not long after he had been designated a delegate to the World Security Conference, he and Dewey held a press conference at the governor's mansion. Most of the questions were directed at Commander Stassen, but a single question was thrown at the governor: what was his reaction to the Crimean conference decisions, about which he had, as yet, said nothing? His answer was a sneering remark to

the effect that when he knew more about what went on at Yalta he would give his opinion. This, mind you, was after the basic decisions had been discussed in great detail in the press, had been hailed or criticized in editorials and public statements throughout the land, had been reported on by Churchill and unanimously approved by the British Parliament.

The implications of Dewey's remark were clearly obstructive. Other developments both in Washington and in the course of the legislative session reflected a similar attitude. To take Albany first, the most direct measure bearing on the war effort during the session was a bill introduced by Sen. Thomas C. Desmond, a sort of maverick Republican from Orange County, designed to strengthen state and local activity in the enforcement of OPA regulations. As matters stood then, and stand now, state and local authorities were empowered by the State War Emergency Act to move against violators of federal price and rationing regulations. But the only penalty involved was the general one for infractions of the Emergency Act: five days in jail or a \$25 fine or both. No non-federal judge could impose a higher penalty. OPA officials, judges and Mayor LaGuardia all complained that such a penalty was practically an invitation to black markets in view of OPA's enforced dependence on the assistance of local authorities to combat them.

Senator Desmond, who heads a special legislative commission on health and nutrition, had introduced his bill to correct this by stiffening state penalties. The measure came as a result of an investigation by his commission. Constant pressure from the governor's aides on the State War Council and from Senate Republican leaders compelled Desmond to

water down his measure considerably in order to get it through the Senate. Even that didn't help, however, for it was finally allowed to die in the Assembly Rules Committee after the governor's office had turned thumbs down.

MEANWHILE, in Washington, Dewey's man Herbert Brownell, who heads the GOP national committee, has been loading the Republican apparatus with well known isolationists and has been gearing it to work in close harmony with the congressional GOP leadership, whose policies need no elaboration here. Brownell has appointed as the committee's congressional aide and liaison man ex-Senator John A. Danaher, who was defeated for reelection by the people of Connecticut and who has an imposing record as an arch-foe of Roosevelt's foreign and domestic policies. He has put in charge of the national office Edward L. Bacher, an associate of Col. Robert R. McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune*. Brownell, an intimate friend and associate of Dewey from way back, was the governor's handpicked choice for the national chairmanship and is a very frequent visitor to Albany. It is scarcely conceivable that these moves could have been made without consultation with the governor.

Those of us who have followed closely the course of legislation as it went through the Albany mill know that Governor Dewey, far from being responsible for some of the progressive measures enacted, had to be bludgeoned into accepting them. For instance, aside from the permanent FEPC, the three pieces of legislation generally cited as indicative of the enlightened nature of the session are the amendments to the unemployment insurance law, the setting of commercial rent ceilings and the revision of the Friedsam Formula governing state aid to education.

The battle on the unemployment insurance law revolved around the attempt of certain sections of big business to introduce the so-called merit rating principle. This would drastically cut employer contributions to the unemployment insurance fund for those industries that have stable employment. The fight on this has been raging for years, with labor and seasonal industries bitterly opposed and a small group of utility and big manufacturing concerns battling for



Kruckman.



it. Labor has argued that besides cutting down the fund, merit rating tends to stabilize employment at the lowest possible level. It also gives employers an incentive for chiseling workers out of their unemployment benefits, since reduction in contributions would be in inverse ratio to the number of their workers who collect benefits.

In his legislative message the governor urged adoption of the merit rating principle. He also suggested, in passing, liberalization of benefits, but clearly indicated he was most concerned with the first feature. A special legislative commission on labor and industry, headed by Assembly Majority Leader Irving M. Ives, had been studying the problem for months and had come to the conclusion that labor was right in its objections to the merit rating principle. Taking cognizance of the large surplus that had accumulated in the fund, however, the Ives committee recommended a complex formula of rebates to employers which would take into account various factors in employment and which would automatically protect the size of the fund. The proposal also included benefit liberalization features partially meeting labor's demands.

The labor movement accepted Ives' compromise bill. Since it was sponsored by the Assembly Majority Leader, it was generally believed the measure would have smooth sailing. Almost without warning, however, Senate Majority Leader Benjamin F. Feinberg upset the apple cart one day by thundering that the Ives-sponsored measure would not be passed by the Senate majority. Feinberg demanded, instead, passage of the merit rating plan. It subsequently developed that Feinberg's defiance was based on private encouragement from Dewey. Legislative leaders were thereupon summoned to a conference with the governor. A few hours before the conference took place, however, Dewey was visited by the top leaders of the State AFL and CIO bodies and told in perhaps slightly polished terms that he would be a dead duck politically if he continued to back merit rating. What emerged from the conference was an almost exact replica of the labor-backed measure, slightly altered to save Senator Feinberg's face. To give the governor credit for this law is certainly stretching a point considerably.

ON THE question of commercial rent ceilings, though a legislative committee had proposed ceilings for lofts and stores at fifteen percent above March 1943, levels, the Assembly, under pres-



"Don Pasquale," by Doris Rosenthal. At the Midtown Gallery until May 19.

sure of the real estate lobby, drew up a new bill setting ceilings at twenty-five percent above the March 1943, levels. The Senate was all set to do likewise when suddenly a message came from the governor. The GOP leadership immediately and ludicrously reversed itself and the fifteen percent figure was adopted in both houses. What happened was that Dewey, who had originally approved the twenty-five percent measure, was persuaded by close associates, including some real estate men, that a scandal was brewing in the machinations behind the higher ceiling. The governor decided to mend his political fences.

The revision in state aid to education, which added about \$12,000,000 to the amount the state spent for that purpose last year, was achieved as a result of a vigorous pressure campaign during the 1944 legislative session which forced Dewey to make some temporary adjustments in the final days of that session, with the promise of permanent adjustments this year. This, plus the fact that virtually all elements in the state, including conservative taxpayers' groups, were clamoring for increased aid, made the upward revision inevitable, though the sum added is still inadequate.

As far as the permanent FEPC measure is concerned, there is not the slightest basis for believing that the governor played any positive role in getting it enacted. The bill was framed by a legislative committee headed by Ives after extensive public hearings. It was steered through the Assembly by Ives and it was

snagged in the Senate until the historic public hearing in February when spokesmen for ninety-five percent of the people of New York organized one of the greatest demonstrations on behalf of a legislative measure ever seen in the state. The governor spoke up once for the bill, just a few days before the hearing, after he was visited by a committee of prominent New Yorkers. Observers on the hill conceded that his belated support would throw about six votes its way in the Senate. Nevertheless, the Senate leadership still wavered after he spoke up. It was convinced by popular pressure and by nothing else.

One of the important results of the legislative session is the weakened position of Dewey within his own party. Compelled to bow to the powerful progressive sentiment of the people of the state, particularly in view of the 1946 elections, the governor inevitably antagonized certain reactionaries in his own party who refused to reconcile themselves even to expediency. At the same time he failed to emerge as leader of the GOP liberals.

I do not mean to imply that Dewey is going to be beaten or even challenged in seeking the Republican nomination for any office he may choose to contest in 1946. There is no doubt, however, that he is no longer able to dominate the party with the thoroughness and ruthlessness of a year ago. He has opposition now from both directions, and it may soon make itself felt in one form or another.



## HERO AS STATESMAN

Tuesday, May 8, 1945: V-E Day.

ON THE twelfth of April, at about six o'clock in the evening, we turned from our radios with the ghastly interrogative, "What's to become of us now?" The anguish of those hours lengthened into an anguish of days. How time passed, or what time signified, I can no longer tell. I remember that the world lay golden under the setting sun, and I remember that my heart was lead.

Next morning I began to find, as I think we all found, the answer. We found it in one another. At a memorial meeting I stood among hundreds of people brought together by no other force than personal need, and into sorrow there began to come a warmth of pride, as every distinction of age, race, faith and opinion was obliterated in the common grief. Grief shared is grief endured.

The years of Mr. Roosevelt's presidency were tremendous years full of crisis and struggle and hope. They embrace the rise and the defeat of fascism, the collapse of the old League and the building of the United Nations. The civil bitterness of 1933 slowly gave way to a unity of national purpose shaped in the fire of war. These were great events, and their happy issue bears, almost as a copyright, the mark of Mr. Roosevelt's genius. For we were fearful, and he made us brave. We were blinded, and he gave us sight. We were broken, and he made us whole.

In such an epoch the commonplace becomes heroic, and the heroic commonplace. We grow to be the familiars of great men, whose company we daily share and whose wisdom we cordially trust. Only the death of one of these can restore the half-forgotten sense of our level and of his height. Then we recognize as priceless what we have thought to be merely good.

The hero, I suppose, is a man of excellent genius, steadfast, patient, and acquainted with victory. He has found in himself and in his fellows the strength to shatter obstacles, and he has led men toward the envisioned goal despite all enemies without the ranks and all waverers within. He is at once creator and the instrument of creation. He makes history, because he enables history to be made.

I describe, of course, the democratic hero, and indeed I am unwilling that that magnificent noun should ever wander far from its proper adjective. Men of fame may very well be tyrants and have their pestilential presence rumored throughout the world. All Caesars, in whatever language named, I leave to the curiosity of historians. They are not the objects of *our* love, and the murmur of their passing marks a lightening of the burdens of man.

If the hero, truly styled, is thus a vehicle of history, it is as statesman that he manifests his most admirable traits. He becomes the voice and body of popular aspirations, the brain which shadows out a fairer future, the arm whose power is to set men free. He marches with the whole people, forward enough to lead, yet close enough to be intimately their own.

Such a man was Mr. Roosevelt. History exhibits leaders

who imposed an admiration born of fear, and others who gained but slowly upon the affections of mankind. Seldom will you find a leader who, like Mr. Roosevelt, was loved with a comparable enthusiasm from the beginning to the end. Seldom will you find a leader who understood so precisely the mind of his people. Polls of public opinion ("contraptions" he once called them) might have saved their breath. For what the public thought was always to be found in Mr. Roosevelt's latest speech.

Yet all these great deeds were enacted amid a monstrous clamor of opposition. For twelve long years the hacks were never silent; the paid traducers and men of deep iniquity displayed their graceless antics under the vault of heaven. They are silent now. The mouths are mute that loved the gainful lie. And in this silence they may take the foretaste of a later time, when their poisons are at last dispersed, their ink run dry, and they write no more forever.

A crisis renews the life in platitudes: the flat and level word turns out to be a tableland among the hills. And so I cannot forbear reflecting upon the awful impartiality of death, which takes from us the good as readily as the wicked, which will not stay its coming for any human need. Against such ravages we have only our united strength. We could not afford this loss, yet we must bear it. We must somehow transform it into a source of comfort and power.

Perhaps on that Thursday Mr. Roosevelt heard the voice that spoke to Moses: "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither." See it he certainly did, the promised land which we are now entering: "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." That prospect, we must suppose, brought him a special joy, the joy of one from whose sight it had never been wholly absent. There let us bring him, then; there let him ever dwell, the new earth his habitation and our hearts his home.

For he belonged to all of us. He was our man.



# LISTEN TO THE RUMBLE

By LUCIUS BALLINGER

“OH, LISTEN to the rumble, the jingle and the roar . . .” sang the GI softly as our train crossed Virginia, whistled into North Carolina. He never sang more than just those two lines of the “Wabash Cannonball,” but he sang them continuously. An overseas veteran going home after twenty-six months in foreign lands, singing a song he learned from Roy Acuff’s “Grand Ole Opry” hour Saturday nights. Finally he said, “Yuh like the South?” We said we did. “Funny,” he said, “not many fellas from the North do. On the ship goin’ over fellas from the North and fellas from the South were always fightin’. Jeez, jest one li’l ole fight after ’nother, some of ’em big fights too. It was awful, the way some carried on, jest lookin’ fer fightin’. Sure made me feel bad. Thet war’s been over almost a hun’red yeah. But hit was diff’rent once we landed, everyone could see then that ole Hitler was our enemy and we shouldn’t be fightin’ ’mongst ourselves. Wasn’t no more of thet stuff. Ain’t goin’ to be no more.”

THE bus got into Jackson, Miss., late. “Let the colored on first,” said the driver, and everybody stepped back and let a solemn-faced Negro staff-sergeant enter the bus first so that he would not brush against them if he entered last. We followed and got seats. But eleven men and women were left standing. Among them were two women with big floppy hats and shopping bags and a scattering of farmers and a burly Irish-faced corporal. Yet the Jim Crow section of the bus was occupied only by the solemn Negro sergeant, although it contained seats for nine.

The bus rolled down the highway toward Natchez. The corporal shifted his weight from foot to foot for a mile or so, then pushed past the women in the flouncy hats and walked straight back to the empty seats in the Jim Crow section. A restraining hand touched his sleeve. “That’s the colored section, son,” said a businessman.

“Don’t worry, I know it,” said the corporal without stopping. He sat down in the Jim Crow section. Heads turned to look at him and he stared right back at them. Finally he laughed, laughed hard and turned to look at the Negro sergeant who was looking solemn-faced out of the window. Someone told the

bus driver what had happened and he stopped the bus and pushed back through the crowded aisle.

“You can’t sit there,” said the bus driver. “That’s reserved for colored.”

The corporal looked the bus driver up and down and said, “Lissen, bud, you see this uniform?”

“I know,” said the bus driver, “but . . .”

“Well, I take orders from Uncle Sam, not from you.”

“Look, I’m not giving you orders. It’s the law in Mississippi.”

The corporal grinned. “Aw right,” he said, “have me arrested.” The bus driver pushed his cap back on his sweaty brow and looked around the bus. The tension in the bus was strong enough to lean against but the bus driver didn’t know what to do. A man in the front of the bus shouted, “Hey, c’mon, yuh losing time. Let ’im ride with the niggers.”

That settled it for the bus driver. He pushed back through the crowded aisle. The corporal laughed softly. He began to harangue the standees, kidding yet sarcastic. “Oh, you people are so dopey you oughta be in a book, in a comic strip. I’d never believe it if I didn’t see it with my own eyes.” The people who were standing began to turn red in the face and make remarks to one another like “I haven’t far to go” and “We should be there soon.” They never looked back.

The corporal didn’t let up. He was having a good time. “What are you people doing, standin’ on your pride or sittin’ on it? Standin’ all the way to Natchez. I’m gonna send it to Ripley.”

A sunburnt, leathery-faced man turned around and snapped, “Yuh’d never git away with this ef yuh weren’t in uniform.”

“Shall I take it off in the presence of these fine Southern ladies?” taunted the corporal. The ladies blushed. “Ef my boy in the Ahmy was here yuh wouldn’t talk like thet,” answered the man angrily.

After that the corporal was silent for a while. Then he asked, “Where’s your son?”

“In Germany, fightin’ them Nazis, where you oughta be,” snapped the man, jerking his head around.

“Just got back from there myself,” said the corporal. He flicked his ribbons

with his thumb. “Africa, Sicily, Anzio, France, and Germany. Twenty-one months, a Purple Heart. Saw Rome and Paris too.”

“I didn’t mean nothing,” said the man. “Yuh a good boy. Ah take it back, what Ah said. Yuh all right, boy. Yuh not like some. Except yuh in the South now, boy, yuh gotta respect our laws and customs.”

“In Rome do as the Romans do, huh?” said the corporal.

“Thass right,” said the man.

“’Cept when I was in Rome I didn’t do as the Romans did. I acted just like an American in America, same as I’m doing here.” He paused but the man did not answer. He went on. “A custom has to be judged. Some customs are good, some are mighty foolish, some are stupid and some are good, real good. It may be foolish to tip your hat to a lady but then it doesn’t hurt anyone and it makes the women feel good, so I guess it is all right. But now this here custom of standin’ on your pride in refusin’ to sit on a seat that’s been used by colored people, well, that is just downright stupid, that is not even foolish, that is just stupid. I hate to see Americans being stupid.”

“Well, that’s not the way we figure it,” said the man.

“You can’t give me a good argument for standing there,” said the corporal. “Not one good reason.”

“Yuh jest doan know the South, boy,” said the man, shifting his weight. “We got a problem down here. Yuh doan know what it’s all about.”

“I know,” said the corporal. “You’re high and mighty white folks. Are you provin’ you’re a superior race, standin’ there mile after mile? No, you are just provin’ you are stupid, just a bunch of jerks. Bustin’ your arches provin’ you’re the high and mighty white folks.” He paused, and when he spoke again his voice had lost its light sarcastic tone. “Brother, come back here and sit down. You’re too old to be foolish and it’s too hard on the feet. I can take it better than you can and let me tell you it’s not worth it. You paid for a seat. Here it is, sit in it, and let me tell you, you won’t feel like a jerk. Just try it for a mile. Then, if you think you’d feel more superior standin’ up bustin’ your arches, then you can stand up again.”

The man did not answer. The whole

bus had listened to the soldier's remarks. Some passengers had pretended to sleep and others tried to make chit-chat. But there was nothing they could do but listen. Now the question was up to those who were standing, red-faced and aching. Nobody looked at them except the corporal, who grinned. "Boy," he said softly, "this is a great country." Then a woman standing in the middle of the bus, gray-haired and big-boned, pushed past the ladies with the flouncy hats and the man to whom the soldier had addressed his remarks. She said, "Mah boy, yuh've said the first common-sense Ah've heard in Yazoo County in fifty yeah. Ah was raised by a black mammy, Ah've worked with them, been nursed by 'em, and now by gum Ah'm gonna sit with them." She pushed past the corporal and sat down. The man with the boy in Germany stepped back and sat down with the Negro sergeant. Others followed until the seats were all filled. But the ladies with the flouncy hats stood—all the way to Natchez.

**I**N PRENTISS, Miss., a California lady whose husband is in the oil business rented what was supposed to be the best home in town. She was horrified to find the kitchen had never been painted. "Why," said the agent, "nobody uses the kitchen but the niggahs, ma'am."

"Well," she said, "that's where my food is prepared. I want it scrubbed, linoleum on the floor, and then painted a light cream color. You people have got to learn you're living in the USA, not the South."

"Yes, ma'am," said the agent.

**A** MEMBER of the Mississippi state legislature said, "Have you ever seen a lynching? Well, Ah have. And Ah don't care what you say, a man can't see a lynching and not be affected by it the rest of his life. Ah saw one when Ah was a li'l chit of a boy and Ah've never been able to get it out of mah mind. But Ah never did anything about it. But one night last winter in Jackson Ah was going home to the rooming house and Ah stopped in the drugstore and Ah picked up a li'l book called *The Ox-Bow Incident*. It's about the lynching of some white men; heard they made a movie of it but Ah never did see it. But that book set me to thinking about how we could get a good anti-lynch law in ole Miss'. Now that's political dynamite down here. By God, if Ah was to come out for it, Ah'd be lynched. But Ah know a thing or two, so Ah gave that li'l ole quartah book to some

other fellows in the legislature. So they read it and now there's four of us, all just a-settin', bidin' our time. We've worked up an anti-lynch bill with teeth in it and by God one of these days when we're ready, we're going to jam it through. A lynching's a no-good thing."

**T**HE white-haired editor had a sad face, sagging jowls and huge blue bags under his eyes. He had been fighting Senator Bilbo of Mississippi for many years. "You fellows from the North can scream all you want to, but you are never going to beat Bilbo," he said in a tired tone. "You fellows are helping him. I guess he's in for life. It isn't a question of the poll tax. Bilbo could be licked if his record could be exposed. But that's never the issue. Instead, just before election Bilbo gets up in the Senate and says some textbook used in some Mississippi school is teaching pupils that whites and blacks should intermarry. Bang, that's all you fellows in the North need because the book says no such thing. So all the Negro papers in the North, and *Time* and *Life* and the other big magazines jump up screaming Bilbo hates Negroes. Does he care? No sirree, that's just what he wants. He campaigns with a pocketful of clippings from Negro and Northern papers, reads from them and preaches white supremacy. His true record, the fact that he is not looking after Mississippi's interests in the Senate, never gets into the limelight. You'll never lick him in a million years. The people who vote down here love him because he hates Negroes. You show him he's selling them short, as he is, and he'd be out in no time. Personally, I think he's in for life."

**M**ARCH is a fictitious name. March's department store has grown enormously under the impact of thousands of new shipyard workers, mostly Negroes. Mr. March is a quiet, well-educated Southerner. "We Southerners have been kidding ourselves," he said. He sloshed the ice cubes around in his highball and waited for the Negro butler to leave the room. "We have been patting ourselves on the back for years about how well we've licked the Negro problem. The truth is, we didn't lick the problem. We licked ourselves. We held back the economic development of, say, fifty percent of our people. Well, we kept the Negro in poverty and ourselves in 'too. This war has changed a lot of thinking down here. You can't begin to imagine what that allotment for soldier's wives has done."

**I**N THE lobby of the biggest hotel in Shreveport, La., we got into conversation with a Gulf Oil man. He was a little wiry man from Arkansas, with a thin waxed mustache, wearing a clean white shirt, a leather jacket and khaki pants. He was a "title chaser," his job being to clear up the titles to oil lands. "Come along," he said. "Ah have to turn over some papers to an old niggah gal," and we went. "Lots of these niggahs gettin' rich off oil," he said, "gonna cause a revolution down here. Some of them kin already buy and sell the richest white folks. And let me tell you hit's makin' things mighty touchy. 'Course, there's nothin' yuh kin do about hit. Oil's found on their land and hit's theirs. But man, you can't hev niggah millionaires runnin' around down here without hevin' trouble. Hit's jest gonna knock the ole South for a loop."

We finally drove up to a sagging, weather-beaten shack a mile off the public highway. Three or four Negro children playing within the wrecked body of an old model T stopped to watch us. We started to get out but our friend hissed. "Don't get out. Make 'em come to you," and then called out "Lizzie Bird 'round?" A tall Negro woman in her bare feet wearing a loose red wrap-around came to the door, looked at us and disappeared again. "Wouldn't mind having a piece of thet myself," said our Arkansas man happily, slapping the wheel. Then the tall Negro woman reappeared with an old, bent white-haired woman who walked with a cane. They came down to the car. Our friend went into the details of his business; all he wanted was the old lady's signature and was ready to pay for it with first twenty-five green dollars, then fifty, then a hundred. The old woman shook her head. Our friend said, "Mammy, yuh gonna be sorry 'bout this." The tall Negro woman who stood by her side said, "We done told you before. We sign nuthin' 'til we gets us a lawyer. Jest nuthin' doin' till then." Our friend said, "Yuh be sorry. I may not come back. Thass when yuh'll be sorry." Both women shook their heads slowly. "Okay," said the Arkansas man and put the car in gear. "See what I mean?" he said. We said we didn't. "Well, there they are, a bunch of ignorant niggahs. You offer them money 'n they won't take it. Before the wah, they would hev taken five dollahs and been happy. Now they want a lawyer. Lawyer isn't going to change anything. But they want him, so we have to have him. Goddamn niggahs are gettin' real uppity."

(Continued on page 22)

# WHAT LATIN AMERICANS WANT

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

ONE of the paradoxes of the San Francisco Conference is that while Secretary of State Stettinius and the Latin American countries as a bloc engineered the inclusion of Argentina as a participating nation, the man who symbolizes most prominently the overwhelming anti-fascist, pro-United Nations sentiment of the Latin American masses sat just outside the conference halls boiling with rage.

I know he was enraged because in his cool contained way he was boiling mad when I interviewed him here en route to San Francisco, when he predicted that as a result of the Act of Chapultepec, Argentina would be asked to participate. I speak of course of Vicente Lombardo Toledano, president of the Confederation of Latin American Workers (CTAL). The first part of my interview with Lombardo, dealing with Argentina, was reported in the April 24 **NEW MASSES**.

But Lombardo also talked about the economic problems facing the Americas in the postwar world. Representatives of the new World Federation of Trade Unions at one point were invited as observers to the meetings of the committee to set up the Economic and Social Council—after the Soviet delegation pleaded for their participation. But even this slim recognition was withdrawn and they now have nothing beyond a chance to needle international delegations.

But whether they are discussed by the council committee or not, certainly this country's relationships with Latin American nations in the postwar economic world are a part of the as yet unsolved problem of Anglo-American trade rivalry, apparently the basis for so much of the political jockeying for position which has muddied the waters of the conference.

Until key US industrial interests and US officials recognize that to survive Britain must be assured an adequate share in postwar trade, British diplomacy may be expected to follow the line it has taken at San Francisco. Even Drew Pearson, as unreliable as his comment has been on the San Francisco Conference, put his finger on the role Anthony Eden has played in attempting to become the arbiter between the Soviet Union and the United States. Thus Britain, having played second fiddle, as

he pointed out, to the United States in recent years while Roosevelt lived, now hopes to gain the initiative over the USA. What he did not point out is that this is dictated by her fears of economic warfare in postwar years.

In Latin America US industrialists, whose policy was followed by the State Department in the Chapultepec agreements, despite some disagreement in the US delegation, hope to industrialize Latin America for their own benefit and end British influence, which largely has operated to keep Latin America on the level of a feudal agrarian economy.

Thus while Lombardo disclaimed Anglo-American rivalry as a major factor in bringing about the recognition of the Peron-Farrell regime in Argentina, his remarks on the future of US-Latin American relations are of particular interest now.

The proposals sponsored by Assistant Secretary of State Will Clayton at Chapultepec produced violent protests both within the conference and outside it, Lombardo said, particularly among the Mexican workers and Mexican industrialists. Within the conference many nations expressed themselves against the plan, to such an extent that it was modified somewhat.

The proposals were two: the removal of tariff barriers in the Latin American countries and the promise to facilitate investment of foreign capital without the imposition of any restrictions on invested capital by the South American countries. "If these two points were accepted it would mean Latin American countries would lose all possibility of industrializing by themselves," said the labor leader. "US investment would be increased solely for advancing the interests of US

trusts and monopolies. Without protective tariffs the existing industries in Latin America would disappear, and it would be impossible to construct new industries. They would be unable to compete with the tremendous industrial output of the United States with its low costs and high technical skills." Without some kind of restrictions imposed on invested US capital, it would be impossible to develop a harmonious plan and the coordinated development of Latin American countries. US industry, said Lombardo, would meet only its own selfish unilateral needs.

The Clayton plan was modified in respect to protective tariffs, but not in regard to restrictions on invested US capital. "This question remains open," he said, "because in June, proceeding to October probably, a technical committee will meet here whose task will be to work out these economic proposals. But already the Latin American countries have developed a great lack of faith in the solution of these problems."

Lombardo made it clear that Latin America "must not be inspired by regional needs," however, but as part of a world plan, "because we of Latin America have not forgotten we are part of the world. And in addition to relations with the United States we have had and intend to have economic relations with the rest of the world."

The labor-management charter then but recently undertaken and now endorsed by the AFL, CIO and US Chamber of Commerce was nothing new to the CTAL head. He told of the results of his own work of more than a year's duration—a most dramatic public meeting of all the leading industrialists and the trade unions of Mexico, at which they solemnized a pledge of unity in the postwar. Thirty industrialists and thirty trade unions took part, including in addition to all important industrialists, all the bankers. The project, he said, will be duplicated in various South American countries.

Lombardo was enthusiastic about CIO President Philip Murray's recent proposal to explore seriously holding a hemisphere labor conference. He foresees at such a conference the hammering out of an economic program for the hemisphere based on the principle of mutual benefit and reciprocity.



Helen West Heller

# TARGET: JAPAN

By JOHN STUART

THE remaining target is now Japan. Towards Tokyo we shall be hauling the veterans of the European campaign to supplement the battle-hardened fighters of the Pacific. Courage will be added to courage and experience to experience. The total will be an aggregate of power such as was impossible to deliver under the conditions of two-front war. The only questions that remain are the politics that will shape the Pacific battles. For political strategy has a way of impinging on the military, either arresting or hastening its growth, either speeding or retarding it, and in the long run determining the cost which victory will exact. The road to the defeat of Nazidom was paved by a military apparatus directed by a coalition of powers. In the Pacific any alternative to what assured the destruction of the Wehrmacht is an alternative that spells protracted warfare. Beating Japan may require different forms and approaches but the goal can only be reached by the continued unity of the great powers, by a common political policy.

All the leading powers, whether they are actively at war with Japan or not, have large and fundamental interests in the Far East. Their decisive interest, however, is the maintenance of universal peace and the elimination of Japan as a center of aggression. That is the common bond that should override a host of touchy issues. At this stage the Soviet Union is not a belligerent in the literal sense but neither is she a neutral. Her diplomacy has, in fact, deepened Japan's internal crisis just as the major military burden that the USSR carried against the Wehrmacht made it possible for American forces to take steps to halt the Japanese offensive and hurtle it back almost to the home islands. It is, therefore, a simple mind indeed that considers the Soviet Union not entitled to participate in shaping Asiatic policy because her troops do not now fight on Asiatic fronts. If this war is seen as global in scale and if victory is attainable only by a global entity of powers jointly making policy, then there is no gainsaying the Soviet Union's place in finding solutions to the hundred and one problems arising from this phase of the struggle.

This point needs to be underscored because there is now developing a trend of thought in the United States to exclude the USSR from the currents of

Far Eastern affairs. In reality that is about as possible as shouting at the sun either to rise or set. But if this infantile opinion persists it can do very serious harm. Our national interest and our military campaigns are, of course, not served by it. Moreover, it encourages the enemy to seek, as Japan has in recent months, a conditional surrender which for us means a conditional victory. The Japanese peace offensive, quietly carried on through neutral sources, is possible only as long as her imperialists feel that they can be successful in selling themselves as the means of holding back the "Bolshevik menace" from flooding the Asiatic continent; it is an assumption based on the idea of preventing the formation of a coalition in order to obtain a compromise peace.

When Hanson Baldwin, the military commentator of the *New York Times*, writes that we do not need the USSR in the Far East and when the *United States News* reports that some Washington people concur in that opinion, they are aiding the Japanese by tipping them off that there will be no coalition policy in Asia and that the *zaibatsu*, the Japanese monopolists, can hope to retain their essential power if only it will be used in good time against the USSR or colonial peoples who insist on their independence.

NOR is it Americans alone who hold to this view. Mr. Baldwin has his anti-Soviet counterparts in Chungking. There it expresses itself not only in a deep-rooted and venomous anti-Soviet bias and therefore opposition to global coalition in which the Soviets participate, but opposition also to internal Chinese coalition—to a union of all anti-Japanese forces operating through a representative government. The argument is that collaboration with Communists under the "guise of national unity" is the vehicle for the propagation of Communist ideas and Communist institutions. If Chungking's censor were not so efficient, there would be no need to emphasize for Americans that the Communists of China are not the only ones demanding a coalition government in Chungking. But it is a matter of common knowledge within China that groups inside and outside the Kuomintang demand a unity government. These groups in fact do not insist on terminat-

ing Kuomintang leadership. They aim simply at the ending of the oligarchy. Nor does Chungking permit it to be widely known that last January the Chinese Democratic League, comprised of a number of political groupings in Kuomintang China, issued a declaration calling for the "immediate termination of the one-party dictatorship and the establishment of a coalition government." The League has the support of a number of important military leaders (Marshal Li Chi-shen, Generals Yu Han-mou, Lung Yun, Teng Hsi-hou among others) as well as of personalities of varying political beliefs and with no ties whatsoever to the Chinese Communists.

The tragedy of it all is that the propaganda to keep the Soviet Union out of a United Nations coalition in the Far East fortifies the Chungking diehards to continue fostering the policy of rule or ruin. It has also had its effects on American policy towards China—a policy that is beginning to deteriorate because it is not realistic and is tending more and more to be unilateral in conception and in practice. While General Stilwell was in command and Clarence E. Gauss was the American ambassador to Chungking it was our policy to press Chiang Kai-shek to collaborate with the Communists and guerrilla armies in the belief that our own Pacific campaigns would be aided immeasurably, particularly if we landed on the China coast where guerrillas are operating in certain areas. But last month Ambassador General Patrick Hurley announced that the United States would restrict its aid to Chungking and not help the Chinese Communists. At this point, then, American policy begins to collide with the efforts made in the past year to increase China's contribution to the war by prevailing on Chungking to democratize itself, take measures to halt the skyrocketing inflation, and reduce the influence of the feudal elements. We now seem to be satisfied with Chiang's recent and meaningless reshuffling of his cabinet and we are failing to use our moral prestige in China derived from our military and financial assistance to alter Chiang's headlong plunge toward civil war. The Japanese, are, of course, delighted. There could be nothing better to help them project their peace offensive.

American policy as it has unfolded in the last few weeks may be based on the opinions of certain leading American naval figures that in view of what we have been able to accomplish in the Pacific without China, then perhaps China's contribution is no longer vital for final victory over Japan. There are such plans in several private pockets. They are as dangerous as the belief that

Germany could have been pressed back solely by airpower and without help either of infantry or the resistance movements of Europe. This is one way of perpetuating the Chinese crisis, of destroying the coalition and of leaving a large and powerful body of Japanese troops within China itself.

The fact of the matter is that no quick victory over Japan is possible nor will

the victory be final and irrevocable unless it is derived from a common policy prepared by China, the United States, Great Britain and the Soviet Union. Jointly many problems can be solved; separately the problems become more severe, and increase in number. This is what we learned in Europe. And the summit of wisdom is the fruitful use of experience.

# NM SPOTLIGHT

## After V-E Day: Home Front

THE report of Fred M. Vinson, Director of War Mobilization and Reconversion, contains the spirit and the substance of Franklin Roosevelt's program for final victory and a prosperous postwar America. With emphasis on war production to defeat Japan, it provides for the first practical and flexible steps for reconversion. War output for the Pacific theater of operations will be reduced only fifteen percent below the present levels during the next six months. The forty-eight-hour-week will be maintained in all war plants. Reconversion to civilian goods manufacture will proceed as rapidly as the needs of war production make possible.

Between now and victory over Japan virtually the entire structure of controls over industry, materials, prices and wages will remain, thus assuring a gradual and planned transition to peace economy. New civilian production will gradually introduce the forty-hour-week. While Vinson properly emphasizes as a major problem the prevention of inflation after V-E Day, it seems to us he does not fully appreciate certain deflationary pressures which can be just as dangerous. His statement that "the War Labor Board has the power to set floors under wages as well as ceilings over them" is a welcome new note that shows a recognition of the importance of maintaining purchasing power. In other words, the WLB will be able to play a key role in stemming attempts to cut wages. At the same time Vinson declares that with the decline in overtime "it will not be possible to assure every worker that his take-home pay will remain unchanged." This seems like a departure from the policy enunciated by President Roosevelt earlier this year that

upward adjustments ought to be made in basic wage-rates to prevent any reduction in take-home pay. Naturally, such upward adjustments cannot be made if the Little Steel formula is treated as a sacred cow.

The maintenance of purchasing power becomes all the more important in view of the fact that we are bound to have some temporary unemployment during the reconversion period. Vinson estimates that within a year there will be from one to one and a half million more workers out of jobs than at the present time. Congress has thus far made no adequate provision for these workers, nor does the Vinson report recommend any measures. The fact is that this unemployment estimate may be too conservative. *Business Week* predicts 5,000,000 unemployed over the year, and the estimates of both the AFL and the CIO are higher by several millions than Vinson's.

Ours is a very sensitive economy. Any decline in consumers' income is reflected in a decline in production and creates the imminent danger of a downward movement of the entire economy in the direction of a depression. The question of take-home pay and adequate unemployment insurance is therefore not a special concern of American workers, but a common concern of the entire nation.

THE reconversion process lends new significance to the labor-management charter recently announced by Eric Johnston, president of the US Chamber of Commerce, President William Green of the AFL and President Philip Murray of the CIO. The charter, which calls for postwar cooperation

to assure high employment and expanding economy, has now been endorsed by the executive bodies of all three organizations. And so favorable has been the response in both labor and management circles throughout the country that even Ira Mosher, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, who at first sulked and refused to have any part of the charter, has adopted a more conciliatory attitude.

The labor-management charter needs to be implemented in every community and on a nationwide basis. One of its tests will be the development of a postwar wage policy that will reduce to a minimum sharp conflicts between employers and workers over this issue. During this initial reconversion period the administration could further the collaboration of capital and labor by calling a national conference of representatives of the two groups, as well as of government, to discuss all aspects of reconversion and of postwar wage policy in the light of the needs of a full production, full employment economy.

In the last analysis the chief problem of reconversion is finding new markets for the vast productive capacity developed during the war. These markets must be found both at home and abroad. At home this can be done only by increasing the purchasing power of the people; lower unit costs of production as a result of labor's higher productivity make possible a substantial increase in consumers' real income that will benefit all classes in our population. Expansion of the home market alone, however, will not be sufficient. Before the war the problem of foreign markets was a relatively minor one for the United States and engaged the attention of limited sections of our industry. In the postwar world it becomes a major prob-



lem for ourselves, as well as for the nations that will require our goods in order to build a healthful economic life. Joint efforts of labor and management should be extended to include support for such measures of a cooperative world economy as the Bretton Woods proposals and the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act.

## Freedom to Jeopardize

FINALLY, four days after it occurred, and after a strong condemnation by General Eisenhower, the Associated Press made a public apology for the "newsbeat" that it had earlier gloated over: its betrayal of confidence in prematurely breaking the news of Ger-

many's surrender. With almost equal reluctance newspapers generally, after first invoking a "freedom of press" defense of AP, veered to censure.

Two things stand out in this incident in which big press journalism stands nakedly self-exposed. One is the attempt in comments like those of the *New York Times'* Harold Callender to imply that it was Soviet unreasonableness that caused the trouble. Since the Soviet Union, even more than any other of the United Nations, had its men jeopardized by Kennedy's jumping the gun, this is a case of putting the blame upon the chief victim. The second consideration is the scoop psychology which, like the worst phase of profit psychology, puts ethics and the public good

far behind. Of the dangerous irresponsibility this can lead to, the Kennedy outrage is a lurid example.

Some time ago Mr. Kent Cooper of AP, in a speech in New York, among other higher flown extensions of press freedom called for diplomatic immunity for foreign correspondents. Mr. Kennedy might conceivably look handsome in striped pants and silk hat, but in no other sense has he shown any fitness for the role. American journalism has still to learn the basic lesson of the responsibility that alone justifies freedom. On that score it has many counts against it. Largest is its handling of Soviet news. When there is chafing over alleged Soviet touchiness, the Kennedy case might be remembered.

## The Junkers' New Chorus

Two weeks after the surrender of the Wehrmacht, the outlines of the plan whereby the German imperialists will attempt to resurrect themselves become clearer and clearer. There were the speeches of Count Lutz von Schwerin-Krosigk; there were the remarks made by the military criminals of the German high command; there were the clever insinuations of the German industrialists. And all of these outpourings strike a single ominous note: to divide the Allies, rupture the coalition, and to take the present defeat as merely a temporary reverse. In its largest aspects the German strategy is not new. Hitler followed it throughout the war but failed. Now those who carry on his evil work use his approach with greater finesse. They appeal for "sympathy" and "understanding." They dissociate themselves from the Nazis. It was all Hitler's fault, they say. What could they do if the Nazi chieftains refused to follow their advice? And underlying all this is the appeal to Great Britain and the United States not to weaken their authority or strength in order that Germany be used as the means of checking the spread of "Bolshevism" and as a balancing force against the Soviet Union in Europe.

What the defeated Nazis are aiming at, of course, is to prevent a joint Allied settlement of Germany based on the Crimea agreement. If they cannot hope for total success, they can at least hope that the remains of their power in industry and politics will be left intact. Now that the war in Europe is over, now that military necessity no longer rules, the alliance, they hope, will fall apart and certain circles in the west will "come to their senses." This campaign for a soft German settlement has its abettors here and in England. One need only glance through recent issues of the London *Economist*, for example, to see how the appeals of the German imperialists are not falling on deaf ears. The *Economist*, an influential weekly widely read by British financial groups, has several times insisted that the only real

policy for the Allies would be to leave the Reich substantially unchanged even though it may be necessary to prohibit the manufacture of armament. "What reason is there to believe," writes the *Economist*, "that those countries with such divergent economic policies as America, Britain and Russia would agree on the purposes [of controlling German industry] other than the enforcement of disarmament for which control is to be exerted?"

To speak in this way is to speak against rubbing out the power of the Reich's monopolists and the cartel system that enveloped and corrupted European life and gave rise to Hitlerism. Let it be understood that the Nazi party and German militarism were the offspring of German finance and semi-feudal Junkerdom. It will be relatively easy to punish war criminals. Their names are known, their crimes are evident. But that will only be part of making it impossible for Germany ever to commit another act of aggression. There are the men in Berlin's counting houses who pushed the buttons, financed the Wehrmacht and the Nazi party, and who are as responsible for the outbreak of the war as was the German general staff and the Nazis in carrying it through. The Krupps and the Thyssens have been part and parcel of the war apparatus and they must be punished and their power destroyed.

The settlement of the German problem is the fundamental condition for the peace of the world. Agreement on that settlement among the Allies is as crucial as was their agreement to defeat Germany. The Crimea accord points the way for a German settlement in which disputes among the Allies will not overwhelm the broad area of agreement. For it is only if the potential differences over the German settlement are permitted to divide the Allies, that the monopolists and Junkers will find the strength for another attempt at world war. The permanent unity of the Big Three is the only assurance that fascism will be permanently defeated.



## Hang Goering and Co.!

AMERICAN occupation troops have received a *Pocket Guide to Germany*, which has pasted on the cover a slip of paper warning that "nothing contained herein should be considered a relaxation of the non-fraternization policy. Keep faith with American soldiers who have died to eliminate German warmakers."

We suggest that this warning ought to be required reading not only for soldiers but for generals. Yes, especially for generals. Millions of Americans have been filled with revulsion and anger at the spectacle of two American generals treating the Number 1 war criminal, Hermann Goering, as if he had been an opponent in a tennis match, saluting him, shaking his hand, lunching with him, permitting him to bathe and pose for photographers and transporting him to spend the night comfortably at the castle of friends. Something is radically wrong when military etiquette can thrust aside the deepest realities of this war, branded into the memories of mankind by all that Buchenwald, Dachau and Oswiecim signify.

The Goering episode is not exceptional—that's what makes it so alarming. Field Marshal Albert Kesselring is captured and graciously permitted to set aside "my custom of never granting interviews to the press." In the course of the interview in his private train he describes Hitler as a misunderstood genius, and he tells the American reporters: "We are similar races—the Nordic type—and it is senseless to beat one another to death." There have been similar interviews with German industrialists who have been at pains to ingratiate themselves with their American captors and express their readiness to cooperate in saving European civilization—from the Russians, of course.

It is bad enough that these monsters in human masks are not at once arrested as war criminals, but under what code and by what logic do we provide them with the means of carrying on their poisonous propaganda? It is good that General Eisenhower has acted to end the coddling of people compared to whom ordinary murderers are saints.

The Norwegian government evidently suffers from no such softheadedness. As soon as it returned to Norwegian soil it lost no time in throwing into jail and placing on trial the infamous Vidkun Quisling. If we want to stamp out Nazism for all time, we must be no less firm. Every leading Nazi, every member of the German High



Another "scoop."

Command, every big industrialist is a war criminal and should be made to pay the penalty.

### Apostle Pound

IN AN interview with Edd Johnson of the *Chicago Sun* and *PM*, Ezra Pound, propaganda broadcaster for Italian fascism and now an American prisoner under indictment for treason, said: "Hitler was a Jeanne D'Arc, a saint. He was a martyr. Like many martyrs he held extreme views."

Pound does not expect to be put to death, relying, he said, on the "American sense of justice." In his mouth it was a cynical euphemism for what he really relies on—the gullibility, legalism and immature concepts of the social status of the artist in certain American circles.

The National Institute of Arts and Letters, of which Pound is still a member, last year gave him cause for such faith by continuing his membership. Its

pretext was that it could not prejudice him and must wait on the outcome of the treason proceedings. Behind this alleged reason, which refused to take into account Pound's fascism and propaganda services, which included writing articles for Japan, lay the reluctance to admit political responsibility on the part of the artist.

In Johnson's interview the fear was reiterated that Pound might be passed off as nuts. Johnson must have had in mind, if not the specific antics, the attitude toward the artist disclosed in the congressional objections to the appointment to government posts of the poet, Archibald MacLeish, who is politically and morally at the opposite pole of Pound. The Pound case therefore, along with its other significances, is an illustration of the immature concept of the social role of the artist. The Institute's ivory tower and Representative Rankin's gutter combine to preserve the myth of the artist's irresponsibility.

## Lddy in the Dark

THE writings of Dorothy Thompson are more famous for heat than light. And her opinions are more noted for their intensity than their duration. But if in the past Miss Thompson could be described as an intellectually unstable lady with liberal leanings, the time has come to note that in recent months her thinking has acquired a new and ominous consistency. She has become spokesman for those in this country who want to rescue Germany from the full consequences of its crimes. Hence she rails against using German labor to rebuild devastated countries. And she finds in the German people an anti-Nazi militancy which none of the Americans who are actually on the spot have been able to discover. In her column of March 12, for example, she criticized the non-fraternization orders issued to our troops and assured her readers that "as the Nazi grip relaxes, we shall find an ex-

tensive underground anti-Nazi movement in Germany."

There is a logical counterpart to this "soft" approach to Germany: it is the "hard" approach to the Soviet Union. For the reconstruction of German power in Europe can never be achieved so long as the victorious Allies remain united—and though Goebbels is dead, no one has yet improved on anti-Sovietism as a divisive technique. And so Miss Thompson celebrated V-E Day by cabling two columns from Jerusalem (of all places!) expressing grave concern that "Knocking out Germany now leaves the Soviet Union without rival or balance of power on the Eurasian mainland." She tells us that "now that Germany is smashed, and Goebbels and Hitler are officially dead, it is high time . . . to weigh the evidence" as to whether Russia will embark "upon a course of attempted world domination." It must be said that Miss Thompson weighs the evidence in a spirit most respectful to

the memories of the two gentlemen who are "officially dead." Even in the greater freedom given the Russian Orthodox Church in the USSR she finds a dark design of world domination.

Of course, Miss Thompson's memory deceives her when she states that she waited till Germany was finished before taking up where Hitler and Goebbels left off. It was at the height of the Nazi offensive against our armies in Belgium, on last December 22, that she gazed into the future and wrote gloomily about the time when American and British troops would be withdrawn from Europe and "Germany will be as dependent on Russia as Finland." But when more recently, on March 21, she compared Dumbarton Oaks to Munich, it became evident that the policy she advocates, whether she fully realizes it or not, is that of making Russia *and* America *and* Britain *and* every free nation as dependent on imperialist Germany as Finland recently was.



## FRONT LINES

by COLONEL T.

# LOGISTICS OF THE PACIFIC

SOMEWHERE high on the Bohemian Plateau, near and around the town of Hradec-Kralow, the last formations of von Schoerner's Army Group are being rounded up by the tanks and Cossacks of Marshals Konev and Malinovsky and General Yeremenko. Three days after the deadline of the capitulation, i.e., on May 11, Schoerner and what was left of his men were still trying to flee from the Red Army in order to surrender to the western Allies where Nazi generals and field marshals, industrialists and bankers, diplomats and quislings could grant grandiloquent interviews, make little speeches, take comfortable baths and eat good dinners, so unlike K-rations, until General Eisenhower put his foot down on this fantastic nonsense.

The locale of the last gasp of the Wehrmacht brings to mind a quotation from *Ecclesiastes* which we render here from memory, without attempting to be literal: "The wind blows south and then veers to the north. The wind twists on its way and then returns upon its original circles." I am far from being a believer in the fatalistic philosophy of

the author of *Ecclesiastes*, but it does seem to me that while this principle of the circle does not and cannot apply to the good, it is sometimes a reflection of the fate of things evil. To be more specific. When Bismarck was forging the first links of the German empire in the seventh decade of the past century, he waged what is sometimes called "Bismarck's trinity of wars." The first attack was directed north against Denmark. It reflected small glory on Prussian arms because Denmark was almost defenseless. But the second attack, the one directed south against Austria, was a big affair where half a million troops were involved simultaneously on both sides. We refer to the Battle of Koenigsgraetz (or Sadowa), July 3, 1866, where Moltke the Elder roundly defeated the Austrians under Benedek.

Koenigsgraetz was the real debut of Prussian arms in the field of aggression which brought the German people through a chain of military triumphs and one defeat to the final catastrophe. The wind blew north and veered south, and then west and east and then returned to its original circles, for on a modern map

of Bohemia you will not find the name of Koenigsgraetz. Instead you will find a place called Hradec-Kralow which is none other than Koenigsgraetz. Here under the blows of the Red Army the Wehrmacht breathed its last gasp, precisely where its ancestor, Bismarck's Prussian army, won its first triumph.

From the Bohemian Plateau, around all Europe, to the North Cape and the Nile Valley, to the Atlantic and the Volga the evil wind blew in squalls, carrying on its wings Bismarck, Wilhelm II and Hitler, and came back to die on the very same Bohemian Plateau, not as a conqueror but as a sort of "undesirable alien," stifled, deflated and, let us hope, having lost its breath forever.

All the United Nations have a share in this victory, but the American people must remember that it is to the Red Army and the Soviet people that they owe the blessed fact that it cost them about 150,000 graves to subdue the ill wind—ten times fewer graves than those of little Yugoslavia and better than a hundred times less than those of the Soviet Union. Proportionally counting, probably more than five mil-

lion American mothers can bless their God and the Red Army for the return of their sons, alive. Lend-lease to the USSR, and friendship, and alliance in war worked very well. It should, it *must* work in peace, too, lest the evil wind start again upon its circles.

**T**HE military job in Europe is done and well done. We turn now to the unfinished business in the Far East, the first colossal problem being to shift our forces from Europe to the Pacific area. In assessing that job it should be borne in mind first of all that where one ship is needed in crossing the Atlantic three ships are needed in the Pacific. So the general index of our Pacific logistics is three in comparison with Europe, putting it in the simplest way.

During the next months we will have to return 7,000 men per day from Europe to the United States. Some of them will stay for good (probably a million to a million and one-half), others will be retrained, reconditioned and shipped to the Pacific.

An extensive program of converting Liberty and Victory cargo ships into troop ships is already well under way. The actual movement of troops direct from Italy, for instance, to the Pacific is reported already in progress. The stupendous amount of material requiring ship space can be gauged by the fact that a typical American armored division (these figures are gleaned from Mr. Hanson W. Baldwin's writings) contains about:

Tanks .....	269
Self-propelled guns .....	89
Trucks .....	639
Trailers .....	602
Half-tracks, armored cars and tank recovery vehicles .....	555
Jeeps .....	471

Total vehicles ..... 2,625

This tremendous agglomeration of machines runs *seven feet* on one gallon of fuel, or one mile on 750 gallons. An armored division requires for its tanks alone a total of 600 freight cars of various parts for a year's maintenance.

Figures on the requirements of Superfortresses are still a military secret, but for the sake of comparison let us take the much smaller B-17's. The initial requirements of 1,000 B-17's are: 1,000 tons of ammunition, 15,000 tons of bombs, 30,000 tons of gasoline, 700 tons of oil and grease, and 44,000 tons of miscellaneous supplies. For a month of operation the requirements are about 150,000 tons of various supplies.

A ship the size of the *Queen Mary* can move an entire division of infantry. This means that about ten average ships are needed to move a division. Assuming that we will want to move at least 100 divisions to the Pacific theater, this would mean 1,000 ships. The round trip of a ship in the Pacific takes no less than sixteen weeks. For every man landed in the new theater six tons of stuff are required initially plus one ton per month of current supplies.

Such are the terrific logistics of our Pacific war. It must also be remembered that the more materiel, weapons, ammunition, etc., the less blood will be required. "Those who sweat more today will bleed less tomorrow."

May 18 was the third anniversary of the Battle of the Coral Sea which, with the Battle of Midway, was the turning point of the Pacific war, a sort of Pacific Stalingrad. These two victorious battles were followed in the end of the summer of 1942 by our first offensive steps. We landed on Guadalcanal. From there in thirty-three months we have come to Tarakan, the Philippines, Okinawa and Iwo. From there our air power blasts everything from Java to Honshu. Our planes sink Japanese shipping in the two strategic straits of the Japanese Imperial line of communications—Tsushima and Formosa Straits. The South China and East China Seas are no Japanese lakes because we roam them in planes, submarines and surface vessels. From Tarakan we threaten Borneo and the Dutch East Indies. From Palawan and Luzon we threaten Saigon and Hong Kong, Hainan and Formosa. From Okinawa we threaten Formosa and Kyushu, Shanghai and Nagasaki.

In moving to these outposts of the Japanese loot empire and Japan proper, we have come about 4,000 miles from the Ellice Islands. We have by-passed, isolated and left behind to dry-rot countless enemy bases and strongholds, such as those in the Solomons, Marshalls, Carolines and Marianas. Having overwhelming naval and aerial superiority we could afford the luxury of planting our air bases here and there and leaving the Japanese infantry sitting in those isolated places without fearing a stab in the back. The Japanese on Truk, Rabaul, Jaluit and Rota, let us say, have nothing to stab us with. This action has certainly isolated a quarter of a million Japanese (perhaps more). It is most probable that the Soviet Far Eastern Armies are pinning down another million Japanese troops (and of the best) on the border of Manchuria. In Burma

the Japanese have lost all strategic positions and the best part of two small armies. The time is not far when the British will move toward Thailand and Malaya. After that the Dutch East Indies will be completely isolated and useless to the Japanese.

Thus by the time our landings in China come, about half of the enemy army will have been either isolated, destroyed or pinned down. We will have to deal probably with not much more than two million Japanese troops in China. But be this as it may, being the ones who make the landing, we will have to deploy not less than an equal number of troops. This is why our task in the Pacific is so great. Maintaining two million men at the end of a 7,000-mile line is in fact more of a job than maintaining four million at the end of a 3,500-mile line. The fact that we are on Okinawa points to a climax in the Pacific war. This climax will probably come in the fall when the basic part of our redeployment will be completed.

## I Saw Dachau

(Continued from page 5)

into the carts under the watchful eyes of the American troops are impassive. Nothing shows in their faces and some of them look at you with perhaps a trace of curiosity; nothing more.

**T**HIS, briefly, is Dachau on the day hostilities ended. I looked at these bodies rotting in the hot May sun. These were men who had fought long and well for this day of victory; some had fought fascism from before '33. Here they lay, nameless cadavers. In New York, in London, in Paris, in Moscow, in all the capitals where free men live, rejoicing reigned today. Fountains were playing again on the most beautiful square in the world, the Place de la Concorde in Paris. Boys and girls romped through the boulevards of Paris locked arm in arm, singing the *Marseillaise*. The ticker tape was flying through the windows of Broadway. In Dachau the big blue flies were buzzing over the bodies of the long dead, the bodies of heroes, anonymous soldiers who had died to make this day a reality.

When we returned to Munich I looked at the faces of the people. How much had they known of this horror? How much had they condoned? I encountered a civilian on the street while waiting for our bus to start and got into a conversation with him, using my Yiddish to match his German. He was wary in all his answers and I could get

## F. D. R.

WE MADE it clear again at Yalta . . . just what unconditional surrender does mean to Germany. . . . It means the end of Nazism and of the Nazi party—and all of its barbaric laws and institutions. It means the termination of all militaristic influence in public, private and cultural life of Germany. It means for the Nazi war criminals a punishment that is speedy and just—and severe. It means the complete disarmament of Germany, the destruction of its militarism, of its military equipment; the end of its production of armament; the dispersal of all armed forces; the permanent dismemberment of the German General Staff, which has so often shattered the peace of the world.

It means that Germany will have to make reparations—reparations in kind for the damage which has been done to the innocent victims of its aggression. By compelling reparations in kind—in plants, in machinery, in rolling stock and raw materials—we shall avoid the mistake that we and other people made after the last war, the demanding of reparations in the form of money, which Germany never could pay. We do not want the German people to starve or to become a burden on the rest of the world. Our objective in handling Germany is simple—it is to secure the peace of the rest of the world, now and in the future.

*From President Roosevelt's address to the Congress on the Crimea Conference, March 1, 1945.*

little from his responses except a cautious attitude. He asked me toward the end of our cold talk where I learned my German. I told him I don't know German; this was Yiddish I was talking. "Ich bin an Amerikanische Yude." He stared at me. "Yes," I asked, "and what has happened to your Jews?" He continued to stare at me. "They have been liberated," he said. "Freigelassen." "Liberated?" I repeated. "Liberated?"

He looked me in the eye, and finally dropped his gaze.

## Listen to the Rumble

*(Continued from page 14)*

"Really," we said, "after all, we'd want a lawyer too before signing an oil lease." "Yeah, but that's diff'rent," said the Arkansas man. "Niggahs never wanted a lawyer before this wah. Hit's the wah. They got us where they want us and they givin' hit to us sure. Jaevah heah o' the niggah underground?" We hadn't. "Well, he said, "them niggahs got a real underground moo'ment. They fightin' for they freedom jest like in Europe."

▲ MAN visiting Memphis from a northern Mississippi town where he has been a regular Democratic party boss said it was too late to do anything about

conditions. "Theah have been two mistakes and hit's too late to correct them now. People jest wouldn't stand for hit. The fust mistake was to edjucate the niggah. Edjucation has ruint them. Hit has made them the unhappiest people in the world. Sure, I know hit made some of them up North doctors and lawyers. But hit has made all of 'em unhappy. They think they'ah gittin' some place when they go to school but they really ain't. They jest can't make good servants after that. An edjucated niggah is an unhappy niggah. The second mistake was to let 'em go in the Ahmy. Yuh can't give a man a gun 'n tell 'im to fight fuh his country 'n then tell 'im he can't vote. So now they'ah fightin' for us 'n we gotta let 'em vote. They's nothin' else yuh can do, yuh gotta let 'em vote. 'N down hyeah they count for over fifty pehcent o' the people. We'ah licked before we start."

WHEN we met the wife of a Texas millionaire cattleman we said to ourselves, "Here is Cindy Lou," for she was beautiful and fluttered her eyelashes and was so dizzy with her charm. Later we went driving with her and her husband in their limousine and the Texas millionaire explained, "We love ouh niggahs. We look after 'em, feed 'em, see that they have clothes on their back and a roof oveh they head."

"Well, puhaps we doan love 'em enough," said Cindy Lou.

"What do you mean, hon?" asked her husband. We were driving into Louisiana, passing occasional Negro shacks plastered with Bull Durham and Pepsi-Cola signs, windowless, doorless, unpainted little shacks with torn tarpaper roofs.

"Well, Ah mean the sa'vant prob-'em," said Cindy Lou.

"Lord yes," said the millionaire. "Why, we haven't been able to keep a sa'vant for oveh a year. Hardly get one and off she goes to a wah plant. Mah wife has to do all ouh cleanin' and cook-in' hursself." He turned from the wheel. "And Ah want yuh to know she neveh did before in huh life," he said solemnly. "Neveh hadda lift a fingah."

"But that's not what Ah mean," said Cindy Lou. "We get along all right. But what Ah mean is, something must be done for these pooah niggahs."

"Why, hon, we've done ev'rything could be done for 'em and now they've jest walked out on us. That's how li'l gratitude they hev. Can't neveh trust a niggah," he said.

"No, we haven't," said Cindy Lou. "Something must be done about theah health standards, living conditions, theah food, and theah schooling. All those things are tuh'ibble. The niggah has to hev bettah housin' with plumbin' and sanitation. We can't make anything o' them till they get that 'n some school-in'." She waved at a broken-down shack swarming with kids. "That's the kind o' place every gel Ah eveh had came from. Why, Ah told that last gel to clean my house and when Ah came back nothin' had been done, not even the dustin'. Ah asked why, 'n she said, 'Why, ma'am, ev'rything is all clean.' Yo can't get a decent sa'vant from a shack like that 'n Ah am jest sick o' worryin' my li'l ole head about hit. The niggah has to hev good housing, good education, and a chance to live. Otherwise, they'ah jest goin' be ev'rything you say—wo'thless, shiftless, no account, ungrateful niggahs. Yo hev to do somethin' for them before they can be grateful, and the more Ah see of hit the more Ah see we hev'n't done for 'em."

"Why, honey," said the millionaire in surprise, "we love ouh niggahs."

"Well," said Cindy Lou with a giggle, "yo know yo cain't live on love."

*America is speaking its mind in many states these days, often without benefit of press. We invite those all over the Union who also listen to the rumble to write NEW MASSES what they hear.*



## THOUGHTS AFTER V-E DAY

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

ON THE morning of the surrender of Germany a mother received the dreaded official envelope from the War Department and thus, for her, the war was tragically over. There was no time for personal condolence or public memorial tributes to help her sublimate her grief. Whoever has been in the presence of such grief has felt the utter criminality of those who could plan or take honor in inflicting it.

I think that the general awareness of this criminality is one of the great realities of our time. It has changed the nature of war as much as the mechanization of armaments. By regressing to the older concept of military aggression as "noble" the Germans, for all their tanks and planes, handicapped themselves with an anachronism.

That anachronism sounded in the idiotic valedictory of the German General Jodl as he signed the surrender pact—his statement that the German people "have achieved and suffered more than perhaps any people in the world." What *civilized* people would care to have such "achievement" on their conscience?

Projects of aggressive war have, in our time, become possible only to criminal minds. The Mussolini gang and the Hitler gang who organized aggressive war in Europe, the Imperial highwaymen who organized it in Asia, announced their criminality. The over-clever dismissed the plain evidence as only a "gag" or thought they could take advantage of it. *Mein Kampf* and numberless other Nazi and fascist pronouncements that foretold Maidanek and Buchenwald were laughed, or shrugged away.

One of the few Nazi novels, if not the only one, to be translated in this country was Ewers' *Alraune*. I remember how little its significance was understood. Reviewers brushed it aside as "fantastic" or "morbid," as if it were merely another obscure volume in the special literature of evil like the Comte de Lautreamont's *Maldoror*. They saw no special significance in the fact that the author was a Nazi laureate.

*Alraune* is worth a backward glance

as an example of what went into the German mind. To make it historically palatable, Ewers gave it the background of the Allied occupation of the Rhineland. *Feme* murderers were its heroes. Murder was exalted into an act of patriotism. The book was also highly and perversely erotic but with women figuring only in a degraded status. They were scorned for the danger they offered of domesticating the Aryan warriors. The supermen spurned them to ascend the higher plane of campfire homosexuality. *Alraune* ended with the snaring of a German girl sentenced for the crime of loving a Frenchman—"race pollution." Her own brother set the trap, and joined in stripping her naked and flogging her to death. On this scene, which might have come out of the case histories of *Psychopathia Sexualis*, the Nazi epic came to its lurid climax.

Readers who could be persuaded or taught or bullied into saying "yes" to such literature would obviously end by saying "yes" to the crime of aggressive war and "yes" to Dachau and Oswiecim. To fight such a war the German people had first to be so corrupted.

On the side of the United Nations the war has, on the whole, been fought with the sober absorption of a medical unit cleaning up a plague area. It was not so in the last war when the drums continually throbbed, there was a parade a day, chorines draped themselves in the flag, and the rhetoric of glory

flowed like soda pop. The bedraggled relic of the ancient tournament tableau of war was so wrong that one remembers it with a shudder of distaste. No doubt it was one of the irritants that produced the literature of disillusion that followed the war.

I think there will be no literature of disillusion following this war. The fascists made their criminality too clear, their attack on civilization too obvious. Who could feel cheated by a victory over the murderers of Maidanek?

THERE is another aspect of the war for writers to consider. Together with and long before the military battles there were the battles of propaganda, the battles of words.

Primitive people recognized the force of words by assigning magical powers to them. Modern psychology has confirmed this power by revealing the role of words in fixing and directing states of the unconscious. But we, in modern America, seem to have lost the sense of their power.

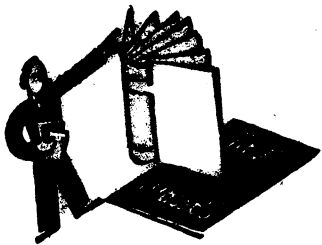
Partly it is due to the cheapening of words through the commercialization of the channels of communication. It is not easy to respect what we see basely manipulated, what we see made so ambiguous and used so irresponsibly in yellow journalism, advertising and radio.

Partly it is due to literary and philosophic trends that have put the very processes of communication through speech in question. Semantics has had an immediate effect, no matter what its ultimate effects may be, of encouraging anarchic attitudes toward the ways of thought and speech. The surrealists have attacked meaning itself as a vice. To make sense has been made to appear foolish.

These are significant of a sort of general dissolution of the sense of social responsibility. We could lose our sense of the power of words because our sense of social responsibility was weak. We have painfully and only partially recovered it in the course of the war. The fascist enemy took us by surprise by making use of a power we had virtually discarded—the power of words.



Eugene Karlin.



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Fascism's first attack was with words, and fascism won the battle virtually without opposition. We let them win because we underestimated the power. We did not realize that it was gaining fascism the strength to arm and organize aggressive war against us which they did right under our noses. Until the guns spoke we thought we were only hearing words; and words were harmless.

Now we know the power of words and we must use that power; for, despite V-E Day, and even after V-J Day, the fight will not be over. Let us not underestimate our victory but neither let us underestimate the battles still to be fought. Whatever forms it may take in foreign relations we know its forms at home. They are made clear by such statements as Congressman Schwabe's who would turn the other cheek to the Nazi and lay all our future difficulties to the "vengefulness" of the Jews.

We have aggression in America. Even in its inactive forms, race superiority toward Negroes, Jews, Irish, Mexicans, Hungarians or whoever, is spiritual aggression; and it would take but a small incitement to turn it into physical aggression.

In facing such dangers let us never again be foolish about the power of words. Just because they are spoken with blind passion, just because they defy reason, they are too dangerous to be dismissed as ranting. Let us meet the danger by using the power of words for good; let us beat the fascists on this battlefield and not wait again for the battlefields of war.

History is with us, it is true; but it is within the reach of evil, if we let it come to that again, to line the path of history with corpses.

## Lenin in 1918

COLLECTED WORKS OF V. I. LENIN, VOL. XXIII.  
*International.* \$2.75.

"WE WANT to take a new road. It is one which demands of us and of all the people a high level of enlightenment and organization; it demands more time and involves graver mistakes. But we say that only those make no mistakes who attempt nothing practical."

These words of Lenin at the Fifth Congress of Soviets in July 1918, are part of a report which is one of the many fresh highlights for American readers in the new volume (XXIII) of his *Collected Works*.

Eight months earlier the new Soviet Republic had been created by the Russian people. Then by the humiliating Treaty of Brest-Litovsk they had stopped the German enemy. The way was clear, temporarily, for building their socialist world.

It is a great experience to follow Lenin's mind, step by step, through those turbulent months of creative effort, of struggle against doubters and reactionaries at home, and of military defense against attacks from Russia's former allies. Lenin's sense of the primary focus for common effort at each step of the way might seem in retrospect to have been obvious and simple. Actually it expressed his unerring analysis of class interests and his deeply rooted faith in those who do not live by exploitation of other men.

Not that Lenin glorified the working class. "It would be ridiculous to expect, and foolish to think, that a complete appreciation of the inevitability of socialism and an understanding of it could spring at one stroke from capitalist society based on exploitation. That cannot be. This appreciation comes only gradually, only at the end, and only by the struggle which has to be waged in this painful period."

But Lenin knew the effectiveness of the workers' vanguard. "And it has frequently happened at critical moments in the life of a nation that even small advanced detachments of advanced classes have drawn the rest after them, have fired the masses with revolutionary enthusiasm and have accomplished tremendous historic feats."

In the breathing spell after Brest-Litovsk, Lenin's first point of attack was the shortage of food, approaching the seriousness of famine and threatening to undermine the mass support by which the Revolution had been achieved and defended. How the grain held back by the peasant employers—the kulaks—could be brought out of hiding; how profiteering could be prevented; how the workers could be fed: these were the immediate problems. "It is a million times easier to defeat the resistance of counterrevolution than to succeed in the sphere of organization."

The fight for a socialist victory over the famine would be full of difficulties, but Lenin set forth three guiding principles for that immediate struggle: First, "uniting everybody for the performance of the common task." Then, "we must prove that we are in earnest and not give way to despondency. . . . If we could unite the forces whose only sin



## Jacques Roumain

JACQUES ROUMAIN was one of the spiritual discoverers of the Haitian folk. With a passionate patriotism, tempered, however, with cosmopolitan perspective and insight, he clearly saw that Haitian culture was a historical juxtaposition of two diverse cultural traditions—a strong, virile, primitive culture stemming from Africa and a sensitive, sophisticated European culture stemming from France. He realized that, as yet, complete fusion of the two was lacking. Indeed, in spite of frequent efforts to bridge this cultural divide, this remains for the educated Haitian the grand dilemma of his spiritual and cultural life, and for many is an unanswerable riddle, solvable as only an inevitable choice between the two.

Roumain's formula of solution was to honor culturally, so to speak, both thy father and thy mother, and thus to insist that the truest and most characteristic culture for Haiti must arise from a further, future marriage of the folk culture with the adopted culture of the elite. Other Haitian writers and scholars, it is true, had proposed such a union, and in tentative ways tried to bring it about. But Roumain's greatest insight as well as his boldest radicalism was the constructive assertion that a mass culture alone could merge the two class cultures of Haiti, and that this and only this would be the truly distinctive and fully representative culture of his native land. Beginning with the doctrine as a literary formula in such books as *La Montagne Enorcelee*, Roumain carried this conviction logically through to his program for education, for historical research, and finally for social reform, and in so doing became more than an amateur of the people. For thus he became what he most significantly was, a pioneer champion of the Haitian people, an ardent advocate of the equal rights and status of the folk culture, a spiritual architect of the New Haiti. And as such his friends and posterity will remember, recognize and honor him.

ALAIN LOCKE.

*Canada Lee will take part in the tribute to Jacques Roumain, the great Haitian poet and at the time of his death charge d'affaires for Haiti in Mexico, at the meeting to be held at New York Times Hall, May 24. Mr. Lee will read poems by Roumain dedicated to the liberation of the Negro people of the colonial countries. Earl Browder will speak, and the noted liberal William Jay Schieffelin will be chairman.*

at the present moment is their lack of faith, the fight would be considerably easier." And third, "we must reject any kind of service from the black market petty profiteers . . . for in the struggle against the famine, too, we rely on the oppressed classes."

Today we face a wholly new world situation of peaceful collaboration between a democratic socialist power and democratic capitalist countries, which even Lenin's superb understanding could not foresee. But everyone who seriously desires peace and abundance for all in this new period can learn much from Lenin's analysis and leadership in the ever-changing situation of the months from May 1918, to February 1919.

ANNA ROCHESTER.

### "Socialist" Childhood

DASHA, by E. M. Almedingen. Harcourt Brace. \$2.50.

IF "DASHA" were a novel about a crippled American slum girl who spent her childhood at a Warm Springs sanitarium and then went back to ordinary living cured, but with a tendency to live in a dream world, we would dismiss it as more interesting to its author than to the reader. But *Dasha* is about a Russian girl whose early childhood memories take her back to the Civil War period; and its author, according to the jacket, was born and reared in Russia—yet, it would seem from internal evidence, she has spent too many years away from it.

The general press is making quite a

to-do about *Dasha*, as it did about Miss Almedingen's *Frossia*. In that earlier novel, the author's theme was that eternal values would triumph over such temporary values as those introduced by the Soviets, surviving them as one weathers a storm. In *Dasha* Miss Almedingen seems to have reconciled herself to the fact that the Soviets are here to stay and people can achieve happiness under the new system. But she makes little attempt to understand that system.

In other words—and here is the pity of it—*Dasha* is a well-intentioned book which falls very flat. It suffers, among other things, from wide-eyed, breathless vagueness. The heroine is a crippled child who, at twenty, returns from a Crimean sanitarium, cured. The cure is considered a "miracle," and she is photographed and feted. But what was wrong with her to begin with we are never told.

*Dasha* sculpts little figures from wood and is supposed to have great imagination and talent. She also longs to find her place in society, for everywhere she has heard the slogan, "He who does not work shall not eat." Her artistic temperament and her conscience are in conflict. Her mother, married to an insufferable little bureaucrat with old-regime tendencies, does not understand her. Eventually there are the intellectual young men among whom, in due time, *Dasha* finds her love. There is marriage and work and talk, much talk, and eventually the war. Miss Almedingen attempts to paint in the new Russia as background but the characters and plot could evolve just as well in a vacuum.

This is so because the author arbitrarily endows her people with whatever qualities she considers proper; they remain puppets. Those readers who can also conceive a Soviet child who in some ten formative years is not touched by socialist ideology, those who believe that *Dasha*, at twenty, would be going home without having given a single practical thought to her own future, may find the book imaginative, possibly absorbing. To others it will seem merely naive.

JEAN KARSAVINA.

### All but the Right One

WAR AND ITS CAUSES, by L. L. Bernard. Holt. \$4.25.

FOR this effort to solve a problem pondered over for centuries several hundred books and authorities were consulted and scores are quoted at length.



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Every conceivable explanation, with one exception—the Marxist—of the causes of every kind of war from tribal conflicts to world wars are cited, some critically, others approvingly, but most without comment, making it difficult to ascertain the author's views.

Of the 450 packed pages of this book only the last nine are devoted to proposals to end wars. The book leaves the impression that "war as a social institution" is so deep-rooted, persistent and invulnerable that little hope exists for its early elimination. Even the seven proposals considered in this pessimistic book are written more as a matter of record than in the conviction that they are realizable.

The Teheran conference is mentioned in passing but it leaves the author unimpressed. Since the book was published the Bretton Woods, Dumbarton Oaks and the Crimea conferences have taken place, and now we have San Francisco. If the author accepts their promise for lasting peace and world economic cooperation, he should find it necessary to rewrite his book and repudiate many of his authorities.

Among the several hundred authorities mentioned or cited, the reader will not find the names of Marx and Lenin or of any Soviet writer. Is it possible that so well-read a professor has not come upon their views on war and peace? Is it a mere oversight on his part to ignore the views of a nation of 190,000,000, which happens to be one of our allies? This explains perhaps why Professor Bernard's outlook is so dark, why his perspective is so bent under the weight of centuries of outworn opinion. Events have relegated this book to the past even while it was being printed. Writers may afford to ignore Marxism but those who fashion history today do not.

RALPH BOWMAN.

**Worth Noting**

FREDERIC MARCH will be master of ceremonies of "Broadway United For Dumbarton Oaks," an evening of international entertainment to be presented by the Independent Citizens' Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, Sunday evening, May 20, in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Astor. Participating will be Irene Bordoni representing France, Voskovech and Verich representing Czechoslovakia, Margo representing Mexico, Xavier Cugat representing South America and Zadel Skolovsky representing Russia. North American stars will include Myrna Loy and Zero Mostel.

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## FILMS OF THE WEEK

Reviewed by **JOSEPH FOSTER**

"**T**HE VALLEY OF DECISION," adapted from Marcia Davenport's novel, is in the MGM snob tradition but somewhat better than its predecessors (*White Cliffs of Dover*, *Mrs. Parkington*, etc.). The very rich still do their best to make up for our vulgar lack of a peerage, and for Greer Garson, daughter of a crippled steel worker, dreamboats are piloted by the sons of the steel magnates who live in elegant mansions on the hill. The superiority of this film over such other love classics lies in its favorable attitude towards labor unions and in the occasional interruptions of the ogling exchanges and trembling kisses with a sharp reminder of the world around us.

Naturally, since the hero represents management, not only are the labor unions fine but the steel tycoons as well. As a proper note for the day of the labor-management charter, this is a pertinent contention, but since the film is laid in the eighties it becomes necessary to reconcile such amiability with the historical struggles in steel. To do so the movie (or possibly the book, which I have not read) invents a number of incredibly fantastic explanations.

The Elder among the Raffertys (Greer Garson's humble family) has lost his legs in a mill accident. When one of the women says it is his own fault for having backed into a piece of machinery, the old man explains that his eyes were full of sweat at the end of ten or twelve hours of hard work. His explanation is a first-rate summary of working conditions and its hazards in the early days of steel, but the rest of the family pooh-pooh his explanation. When he talks that way the madness is upon him, they say. Mary Rafferty gets a job as a maid in the house on the hill, and from the moment she and the son of the house see each other they are a couple of gone geese.

Now comes labor trouble. The union wants a pay raise, machine safeguards and a closed shop. Some workers, not union men, mind you, heave some rocks through the windows of the manse, and the second son (a mean guy who hates

steel and only want to play around) persuades the old man, a fine upright paternalistic gent, to send for the Pinkertons. There is some tepid talk of strikebreaking and rough-house, but the counsel of the mean son prevails. In the meantime Mary dashes back and forth between the First Family and the union leader, who also loves Mary, to effect arbitration. Both sides agree to meet halfway. A third son—goodnatured but irresponsible—is dispatched to head off the plug-uglies at the station. But the train is late, and the boy has a few quick ones. Just as the head of the mill is recognizing the union, the Pinkertons come on the scene. Rafferty the Elder denounces the boss, pulls out a pistol and lets him have it. That starts the shooting, and when the smoke clears old Rafferty and the union head are dead as well.

Thus but for some unruly workers, a crackpot with a personal grievance and an irresponsible drunk who failed to deliver a note at a train depot, the union would have been recognized in 1888, there would have been no Pinkertons and no violence. There were no anti-union steel producers, only good men cursed with soft offspring. How the

film's labor situation is to be settled ceases to be its problem, for by this time the ruckus has forced the romance to come loose at the seams. The balance of the film is devoted to stitching it up again.

**R**OBERT WALKER and Judy Garland play a GI on a forty-eight-hour pass in New York and a stenographer who occupies his time. They do it with an honesty and directness that fills *The Clock* (Capitol) with much charm and humor. The background of the film is composed of shots of Penn Station, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the lobby of the Astor, Fifth Avenue, Central Park, Brooklyn Bridge and a varied assortment of streets, some real, some studio-made. The writers—the Gallicos, Robert Nathan, Joseph Schrank—have all lived in New York and know the city and the people within it. The incidents they have contrived have an authentic core. The same might be said of Vincent Minnelli's occasionally inventive and witty direction.

But I suspect that what the makers were after was not only charm and good feeling but a touch of realism as well. Otherwise why all the trouble to process the backgrounds or keep Judy Garland from singing, a chore she excels in? Yet despite all the good material that is poured into the hopper, what comes out misses the mark. This lack of realism might be the fault of the writers, but it strikes me that the director is probably to blame. His fine touch is exercised mostly within established movie tradition: that is, it strives more for effect than for veracity. Each scene is overdrawn, and although the story is kept simple, the details of each act are piled high. Thus, the boy and girl just make marriage by the skin of their teeth, after every technical reason that could be thought of is thrown at them to enhance the movie value of delay. The heroine's prattling roommate talks a blue streak all the time she is on the screen. Her boy friend is not only timid—he is not permitted to say a word, until he can reappear alone to utter one rounded goodbye—and all for



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the laugh that follows. Keenan Wynn is not only an engaging and skillful drunk, he is a five-minute vaudeville turn. The milkman not only gets a black eye from Wynn's wild-flung fists, he must be laid low all night so the young couple can drive his wagon and deliver the milk, etc., etc. At that, any one of these scenes might, by stretching a point or two, be regarded as plausible, but taken all together, in one film, they make the proceedings highly improbable, no matter how diverting.

"IT'S A PLEASURE" (Palace) is better than previous Sonja Henie pictures but the plot, involving a love-lorn dancing star and a hockey player who hits one referee too many, is still dehydrated corn. I do not know if Michael O'Shea, who plays the hockey star, can really skate, but since the writers invent enough misdemeanors to keep him off the ice, it doesn't matter. A friend of mine who is a dancer thinks that Sonja Henie's first pictures were her best, because then her skating was full of *arabesques*, leaps, bends and extensions, whereas now she concentrates on the whirl and the pirouette only. Maybe so. But for myself, I find that even today she cuts a skillful figure, and if she exchanged substantial gobs of plot and dubious acting for more skating, her pictures would be considerably less of a strain.

THE most tedious musical I have seen in many a day is that trillion-dollar production, *Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe*. Betty Grable shows her shapely legs and sings one song, then becomes involved in some action in which she is supposed to keep a father from his son so her friend can marry the father. She is promised a mink coat for her trouble. Every morning she is ready to quit but every night she looks at the mink coat on the wall, and the film keeps looping. I don't know if she ever got the coat, since after a half hour of this, I found it too much to sit through, even for another glimpse of La Grable's legs. My scouts tell me that in the finale the chorus girls parade through the aisles dressed as desserts. I'm sure my dreams are less troubled than my fellows' who stuck it out to the bitter end.

## The Ballet Theater

A FEATURE of the recent Ballet Theater season was the premiere of Antony Tudor's "psychological

murder" ballet, "Undertow." A more puzzling work would be hard to find on the ballet stage. Heavily freighted with an allegorical cast of characters culled from Roman and Greek mythology, and as weighted with more covert Freudian implications, the "story" tells of the Transgressor from some unearthly realm (the world of the spirit, perhaps?) who visits a slum street in a big city (the real world?), witnesses the attempted assaults by its sordid inhabitants (Sileni, Satyrisci, Bacchantes, Ate, Volupia) on Aganippe (nymph of the fountain sacred to the muses) and endures violations of his own spirit until, overwhelmed by madness, he murders (or does he really do it?) Medusa (who might have turned him or his spirit to stone).

Don't think the parentheses or question marks supererogatory! The use of mythological *dramatis personae* in a contemporary setting certainly imposes on a conscientious reviewer some sort of detailed exegesis. It is only fair to state that there have been as many versions as there are reviewers.

The ballet is spotted by brilliant dance episodes, notably the murder scene and the marriage scene of Hymen and Hera, presented as a typical bourgeois giddy pair. But in a way, this is almost a secondary matter. Tudor is an artist of such stature in his field that it becomes as relevant to discuss the creative impulses that led him to expend his talent on such material as it is to praise his brilliant choreographic mind.

The allegory seems to crystallize into this anti-social philosophy: relations between men and women in the everyday world are a violence to man's spirit. The world (the street depicted in the ballet) is peopled with the sordid and lustful. The men are drunk Sileni or debauched satyrs; the women (Ate, Volupia, symbols of infatuation and sensuality, and Medusa who destroys men with a look) are predatory. Marriage, as epitomized by the Hymen-Hera episode, is a philistine institution. Aganippe, the source of inspiration, must be defended by the Transgressor against defilement.

Well, it's one thing to assert that, in a particularized experience, man's spiritual and moral fibre may constantly be assaulted by women's predatoriness. It's quite another matter when the experience is raised to the level of an all-encompassing allegory, for that puts us in the realm of conscious misogyny (in truth, misanthropy) and we are uncovering an attitude towards humanity as anti-social as it is psychopathic. I am by

# NEW MASSES

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### NEW MASSES—BACK ISSUES

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no means establishing this thesis as a definitive estimate of Tudor's thinking; I am trying to indicate a trend which is inherent in his subject-matter. I'll admit to a certain amount of reading-into the theme, but isn't that what Tudor wants one to do, by his nomenclature for his character-dancers and by his calling this a "psychological" ballet and, as such, inviting interpretation?

At any rate, until further showings reveal a quite different slant "Undertow" is a revelation of one facet of Tudor's experimentation with ideas in ballet which warrants analysis and discussion on the part of all his friends who are eager to see him move into the open-air arena of affirmation of human values instead of their negation.

The dancers themselves gave outstanding performances in "Undertow." Hugh Laing as the Transgressor projected his tense and tortured role with great power. Nana Gollner as Medusa infused her part with a dramatic over-tone rare in ballet characterizations.

The music of William Schuman, the first commissioned music used by Tudor, deserves rehearing before comment is essayed. I confess to such concentration on the ballet that I overlooked its musical setting.

The one other new work I witnessed was "Harvest Time," a pastoral ballet by Bronislova Nijinska to Wieniawski's music. Like all such traditional works, its pastoral background is established by calling the male dancer a shepherd instead of a prince; the corps de ballet peasant boys and girls, and so on. It is a series of group dances, some in the Polish folk manner, soli and pas de deux, well danced, particularly by Tamara Toumanova and John Kriza. Nijinska has certainly left far behind her the period when she produced such great masterpieces as "Les Noces," but there is no gainsaying her choreographic competence and her feeling for design.

FRANCIS STEUBEN.

## Music of Modern Cuba

THE program of Cuban music recently sponsored by the Cuban-American Music Group at the Museum of Modern Art was for the most part disappointing. Though it reflected many schools and idioms and made use of an interesting variety of chamber combinations, it was short on originality. There was technical skill and facility—as for example in the adroitly scored and ambitious piano quintet of Joaquin Nin-Culmell. But this work could very well have passed as the product of a French-

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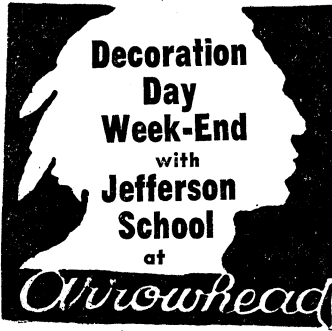
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man or an Italian writing in the best of modernist academic traditions. The Iberian-inspired suite of Pedro Sanjuan was well orchestrated and melodious, but it had nothing particularly new or valuable to say. To my mind the most original composer represented was the late Amadeo Roldan, whose song cycle, *Motivos de Son*, I should like to hear as a whole. Three examples, sung by Carolina Segrera with a chamber orchestra accompaniment, sufficed to convince one that here was an extraordinary talent. What differentiated these pieces from the others was the conscious use of popular themes and rhythms. The poly-rhythmic effects, obtained in part through a very bold use of percussion instruments, were stirring and original. The music sounded more native and inventive than anything else on the program. There is, of course, no immediate way of telling to what extent this particular group of compositions is representative of the best that is today being written in Cuba. But Roldan's work certainly appeared to be headed in the right direction; as a portent it holds out much more hope for a creative school than the facile eclecticism of some of the others.

**WHAT** to hear in New York: Through May 27, opera, New York City Center. . . . May 18, American Youth Orchestra, Dean Dixon, Conductor, Carnegie Hall. . . . May 25, Gabriel Faure Commemoration, Museum of Modern Art. . . . May 25, Jefferson School Concert, Town Hall. . . . May 27, New York premiere of *The Quiet Don*, Soviet opera based on the Sholokhov novel, Carnegie Hall.

FREDERIC EWEN.

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zurka in B Flat," two waltzes and the "Fantaisie Impromptu" are played neatly and with lushness. (Victor "Show-piece" Album, Sp 4.) Lauritz Melchior in a "preview" of his forthcoming vehicle, *Thrill of Romance*, sings a variety of numbers, ranging from the Schubert "Serenade" to "Please Don't Say No." (Victor, M990.) This is an agreeably sung set, well recorded, realistically rendering Mr. Melchior's typical nasal style.

**R**OSSINI is Toscanini's meat (and mine too); so I find the performance of the *William Tell Overture* by the NBC orchestra (Victor DM 605) excellent.

**J**AMES MELTON, Eleanor Steber, John Charles Thomas and a chorus and an orchestra perform the most popular numbers from *Oklahoma*, among them "Surrey With the Fringe on Top," "Out of My Dreams," "People Will Say We're in Love," and, of course, "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'!" and "Oklahoma." (Victor M 988.) All well sung, and well worth getting.

**F**INALLY, every jazz collector will want to own the new series of *Hot Jazz* classics newly released by Victor. The first three albums which have come to hand are those of Louis Armstrong (HJ 1), with recordings made between 1932 and 1934; Lionel Hampton (HJ 2), 1937 and 1938; and Benny Goodman (HJ 3), 1935 to 1937.

F. E.

**Art Calendar**

*Associated American Artists*, 711 5th Ave. Recent paintings of Arnold Blanch.

*American Contemporary Artists*, 63 East 57. Arthur Zaidenberg. Through May 26.

*Downtown Gallery*, 43 East 51. Annual Spring Exhibit.

*Marque Gallery*, 16 West 57. Murry Hantman. Paintings. Until June 2.

*Midtown Gallery*, 605 Madison. Doris Rosenthal, paintings of Guatemala. Until May 19.

*RoKo Gallery*, 51 Greenwich Ave. General group show.

*Salmagundi Club*, 47 5th Ave. Seventy-fifth annual exhibit. Through May 29.

*Bertha Schaeffer*, 32 E. 57. Recent paintings of Robert Barrell and Lillian Orloff. Through June 2.


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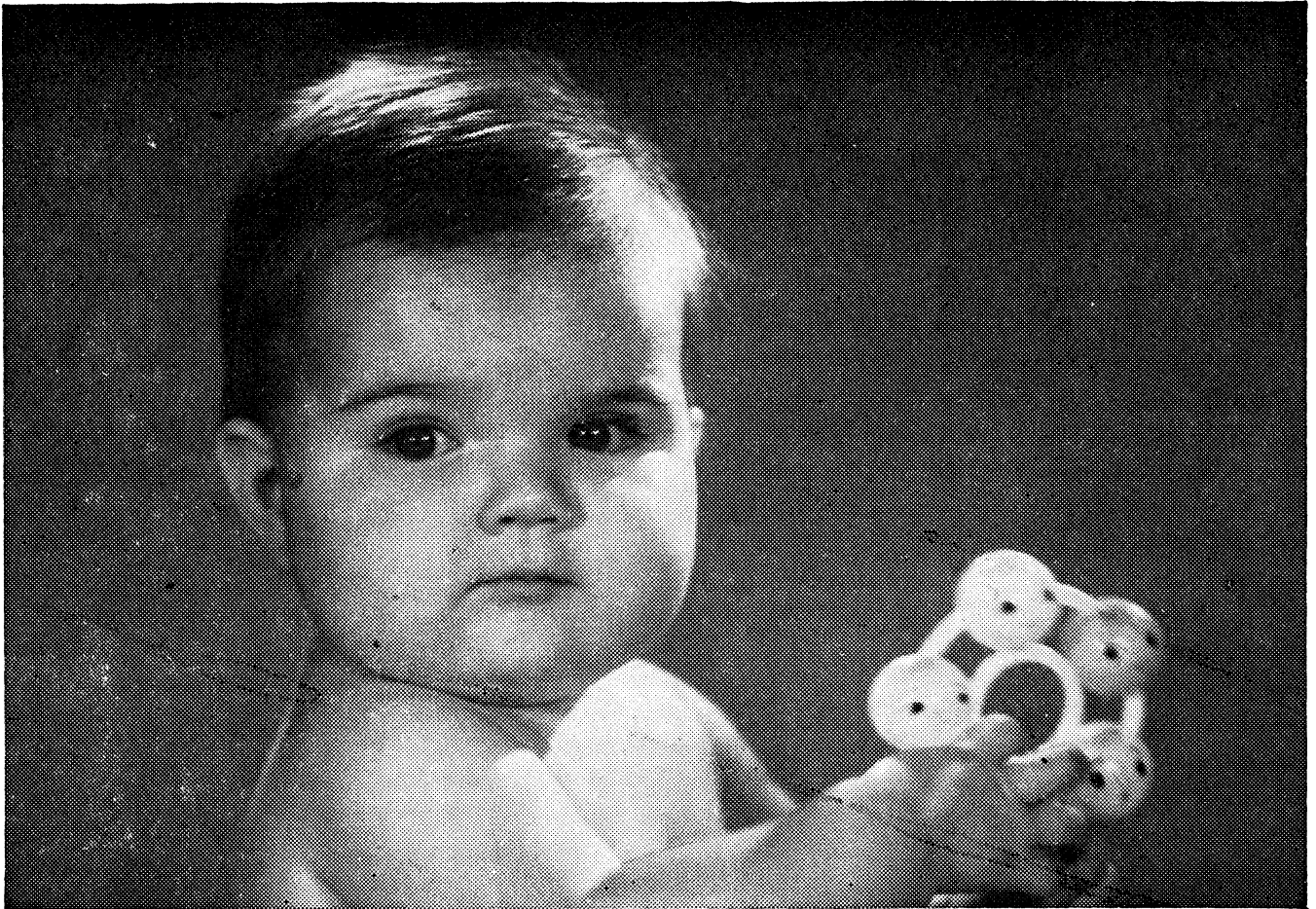


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