PETAIN'S STRANGE RETURN

A Cable from Paris by JOSEPH NORTH

MAY 8
1945

NEW MASSES

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SAN FRANCISCO

FIRST CHAPTER

Two on-the-spot reports of the United Nations Conference

by

BRUCE MINTON

and

RUTH McKENNEY

Also in this issue: **Birthday of the Future, by Joel Bradford; Emptying the Pockets, by Colonel T.; Teamwork in the Making, by Lewis Merrill; Greece's Slippery Royalists, by Demetrios Christophorides; President Truman and the Wishful Thinkers, by Virginia Gardner; The Ditch, by Pfc. David Gordon.**

BETWEEN OURSELVES

DR. BELLA V. DODD'S piece on Harry Gideonse, president of Brooklyn College, in the March 27 issue of NEW MASSES, has elicited a number of responses. We print one from a reader who has followed the caperings of this alleged educator:

"Dear Sir: That was a good piece on Dr. Gideonse. Do you know that this worthy man performs another notable act of doubletalk and double acting by being at the same time president of the Masaryk Institute and contributing editor of the *New Leader?* As president of the Masaryk Institute, Dr. Gideonse is for the integrity of Czechoslovakia, for its policy of friendship to the Soviet Union, against Red-baiting, etc. As contributing editor of the *New Leader*, he is proud to sponsor articles of Wenzel Jaksch, whom the Czechoslovak government openly branded as an enemy of Czechoslovakia and an ally of the traitorous Hitler-Henlein gang. —M. SILVERSTONE."

IN CONNECTION with our fund drive, editor Joseph North has written a letter from England to our readers (see back cover of this issue). Here is an answer from an Englishwoman living in America:

"Your letter moved me profoundly. I was born in England—the London that has been so much bombed. My family—brothers—other relatives, have been blitzed. A friend lost her eyesight, her brother, his wife. Their children and two refugee children were bombed to death. Four nephews, all brothers, were at Dunquerque. One, nineteen years old, was blinded—he was repatriated only a few months ago. I have been an American citizen since 1928, but I admire the land where I was born and educated, and its people who have stood up so nobly. I admire their real understanding of our Russian ally and of their need of Allied unity.

"For Louis Aragon I have had the deepest respect for many years. I have been moved by his books to a deeper understanding of the malevolent effects of the Two Hundred Families on France and the French people. I trembled for his safety, knowing his voice must be heard.

"Please accept this very small gift with the promise of another in five months. I want you to be able to tell the world what you see and observe.—MRS. R. W."

ODDS and ends: To our foreign editor John Stuart, who wrote such an able article in last week's "Primer on San Francisco," goes the credit for having edited the issue. . . . The television department of CBS recently arranged a program for the Frisco conference on the rise of anti-fascism in this country. Four NEW MASSES cartoons were included in the program. NEW MASSES was also one of the many national journals invited by the San Francisco *Chronicle* to airmail editorials and opinions for its daily newsletter designed for circulation among the delegates to the conference. . . . Paul Robeson, one of America's great singers and actors (and a contributing editor of NM), has been announced as the recipient of the thirtieth Spingarn Medal. Said medal is awarded annually by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to the Negro who has made the most distinguished contribution of the year. . . . Editor Joseph North, is now in Paris, seeing Louis Aragon, and others. The first of his pieces from that area herewith. . . . *France Forever*, associated with the French Provisional Government, will pay tribute to French labor on May 8 at Washington Irving High School in New York. Louis Saillant, president of the French Council of National Resistance and secretary general of the CGT, the largest French labor federation, will be the guest of honor and chief speaker. . . .

TO OUR discussion of some weeks ago on Mrs. Susan B., who cancelled her NM sub because she had no time to read, have come a number of responses. Here are a few that are typical. From R. H., N. Y. "With reference to the letter signed by Susan B., . . . I recently returned from an extended trip to the Southwest, with frequent changes of address, so my favorite newspapers and magazines could not catch up with me. Immediately upon unpacking, my NEW MASSES received earnest attention . . . otherwise I should feel as if I were cheating myself. . . ." From Gallup, N.M. "Not only do I read NM every single week, but I make sure that some of my neighbors do likewise. That way I insure my social life. . . ." And from a Bronx reader, "This is a renewal of a ten-year sub, which expired last year. In the interim, I've bought NM at the newsstand or waited for my husband to remember to bring it home (definitely not recommended). Contrary to the reader from Brooklyn who found the magazine piling up, I find an abysmal gap in my home when the magazine is not around. . . ."

Are you listening, Mrs. B.?

J. F.

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SAN FRANCISCO: FIRST CHAPTER

By BRUCE MINTON

The decision to admit Argentina to the security conference came as NEW MASSES *was on the press. A brief comment on the decision appears at the close of Mr. Minton's article.*

San Francisco (by wire).

THE preliminaries at the San Francisco Conference are over. For the first few days one could sense an undercurrent of nervousness in this beautiful city. No arriving delegate, newsman or commentator wanted to be considered naive. And so while words poured out, there was a tentative tone to everything said and written.

This conference is attempting something entirely new in history. It is called together to set up the forms of peace before the terms of peace have been arrived at. These terms will grow out of military victory; they will not be written at any such inclusive and ambitious conference as this. The theory, at least, of this meeting is that it shall concern itself only with the world security organization which shall enforce and maintain and adjust the settlements won on the battlefields. But life has already obtruded on the theory. For all the reiteration that San Francisco is not a peace conference, the forms being debated are affecting and must be affected by the actual peace terms.

Of course, no one arriving in San Francisco, no matter what his role, will admit being against a world organization. Furthermore, some kind of world organization will certainly result from these discussions. What makes for uneasiness among some groups is their suspicion that the form will lack content. Each nation, moreover, is wary lest the mechanism set up here be used against its particular national interests. "Peace" means many things: Will this "peace" be merely another armistice ending in world disaster? Will the San Francisco Conference amount only to a ceremony, a fruitless idealist gesture, or, in reverse, a cynical pretense?

The ability to prevent future war rests not alone in a world organization, no matter how perfect, as both Mr. Eden and Mr. Molotov stressed in their opening addresses to the first plenary session. Rather it rests in the agreements and adjustments which the world organization will be called upon to preserve. While all the delegates are aware that the terms of the peace cannot be determined at San Francisco, they nevertheless think of what they came here to do in relation to the problems most immediately confronting their nation. The French want economic restoration and security against aggression; they talk of automatic action to guarantee security—pacts that will function within hours against an enemy threatening France. The USSR wants security and leisure to build her socialist economy in a world where her Union of Republics is not periodically menaced by a hostile coalition. The Americans want full employment, expansion of trade, profitable enterprise, the maintenance of the United States' pre-eminent position in world affairs. The British want to rebuild their economy, to preserve their place in international trade. Smaller nations like Yugoslavia want to develop their newly won democracy and to industrialize their backward economy. China wants a chance to grow into a modern state.

The stakes of peace, therefore, have varied and complex meanings for every one of the forty-six participants at San Francisco. If the world security organization is to function meaningfully, these needs must be answered; at least the answer must be sought and the pattern must be acceptable to the great powers and to the majority of nations.

In one sense, this conference will ratify the Moscow, Teheran and Crimean agreements, and will set up forms to carry forward the ideas and the thinking expressed by the Big Three. Again, it is necessary to repeat that an organization will result—there is little doubt of that in the minds of anyone here. But how can the accomplishments of San Francisco be appraised? Obviously, in relation to the contribution made toward cementing the working unity of the Big Three already won during the prosecution of the war against fascism; and in gathering around this unity the other nations of the world. "I am conscious that a special responsibility lies on great powers in these days when industrial potential is so decisive a factor in military strength," Anthony Eden told the opening session. Secretary of State Stettinius expressed himself much the same way. The delegates are perfectly aware that the stability of the peace is not a matter of who sits where, or what are the official languages of the organization, or how many votes are cast in this or that committee by such and such groups. The delegates understand that the mechanism of world organization cannot take on a magic quality which will make the preservation of peace automatic. Only when disagreements over mechanism express the inability to work together do such problems have an ominous significance. The forms can only express the content. They must not be mistaken for the content.

THE problem, as I write, is the so-called Polish question. The disagreement over the seating of the Warsaw government is not a legalistic one, even though too often it has been expressed in legalisms. True, the misunderstanding has been magnified by the venal sections of the press and by attempts of hundreds of newspapermen to find something to write about while waiting for the conference to open. They needed a "dramatic" problem, an "issue" that would allow the wildest speculation. No doubt, the Polish issue will be solved—if not next week, then in the weeks thereafter. Mr. Molotov in his easy, pleasant press conference held just before the first plenary session, put the Polish issue in perspective. "Study the Crimean Declaration," Mr. Molotov said in effect, and he made clear that all canards about the Soviet walking out of the conference in a huff if the Warsaw

"You mean our word isn't enough?"

government were not immediately seated were just so much baseless fantasy. Later in the sessions here there will surely be other "issues" that will make the headlines. But like the present Polish dispute they will be of less intrinisic importance than the essential point they highlight.

There are two main camps at San Francisco and in the world today. These two camps conceive of "peace" in terms that are diametrically opposed. These camps are easy to identify. In our country they are: (1) the Roosevelt-Truman group which wants to fortify national security through full employment, international collaboration, and the maintenance of peace by extending the Big Three wartime alliance into the peace; and (2) the Hoover-imperialist groups which fear collaboration because they see it as hamstringing US expansion and as underwriting a dangerous tendency to give democracy its head. The second group worries that Big Three collaboration will limit imperialist opportunities in the future. The Soviet Union is the bogey man; "peace" to Hoover is incompatible with the continued existence of the Soviet Union.

So the Polish "question" is used as a wedge to keep alive the suspicions between nations. Poland is not represented at the opening of the San Francisco Conference. Why? Because Poland has no representative, democratic functioning government? Not at all. Because certain forces want to penalize the Polish people's insistence on a new kind of democracy and because Poland was liberated by the Red Army. Mr. Molotov implied as much in his press conference when he stressed the willngness of his government to abide by the specific agreement entered into by the Big Three at Yalta.

To be frank, among the delegates of the smaller nations there is a feeling of insecurity, based not so much on fear that the small nations will suffer within the world organization as on a lack of assurance that the small nations will get the necessary loans, food, machinery to reconstruct their economies after the war. The smaller nations do not fear the forms emerging from San Francisco; they do fear these forms may be barren.

The Hoover strategy attempts to magnify disparities between form and content. Neither Hoover nor his counterpart in San Francisco, Senator Vandenberg, is any longer concerned with the hopeless task of trying to prevent the San Francisco Conference from setting up a security organization. Their task is to shroud such an organization in suspicion and ugliness and innuendo. They hope to keep alive every cause of friction, every doubt. They hope to use legitimate questions of concern to the delegates in such a way that the questions will loom larger than the accomplishments. They hope to give the impression that the United States will enter the world organization with tongue in cheek. Perhaps the Senate will not even ratify. They hint that future administrations will renege on present commitments. Above all, they hope to keep alive the anti-Soviet virus, to nourish it for the future.

They are having their effectiveness. I talked to an internationally known editor of a liberal London weekly who, with all good will, had become so involved in trying to read what he considered the inscrutable mind of Mr. Molotov that he had completely lost sight of what the San Francisco meeting was about and was busy debating the character of Soviet foreign policy in terms suitable for a liberal forum of the late nineteen-twenties.

Many problems, many disagreements will arive before the delegates leave San Francisco. Some of the debates are easily anticipated: trusteeship of former enemy colonies and League of Nations mandates; problems of voting; relationships between large and small nations; the role of the "middle nations"—a specious point that will be blown up by a few malcontents in the Canadian delegation; the relation of regional agreements and alliances to the security charter. There is a rule of thumb that can be used in following daily reports of the conference in the press. Things will be going well so long as the results reached here abide by the spirit of Dumbarton Oaks proposals. That does not mean there will be no amendments—this meeting would not be held, Mr. Molotov remarked at his press conference, if the Dumbarton Oaks proposals were not to be discussed and amended. But amendments are dangerous only when they would defeat or block the acceptance of basic proposals worked out originally at Dumbarton Oaks.

Things will be going well—despite "inside" stories by irresponsible columnists and prognosticators—so long as the Vandenberg forces do not take over the conference or convert it. No doubt Vandenberg will have his "successes," but his victories will not be meaningful if the essence of the Dumbarton Oaks charter is preserved, and if the world organization is not misrepresented in such a way as to endanger ratification by the Senate. Things will be going well so long as the organization evolved here preserves and augments the Big Three's essential unity. Secretary of State Stettinius put it: "We began by seeking common understanding among the sponsoring nations on basic objectives and on the essential machinery for action. We proceed now by seeking agreement among all the nations, large and small, which have been united against the common enemy." By measuring what happens in San Francisco against Mr. Stettinius' words, one can judge how successfully the conference is going. The deliberations will last many weeks. There

will be many rumors during these weeks that will be reported as fact. The future looks complex, and difficult, and bright.

Postscript: After I wrote the above, the terrorist government of Argentina was admitted to the conference. Let it be clearly understood that there was no unanimity on this decision. There are many among the delegations to this world meeting who are convinced that a most serious mistake was made by Secretary Stettinius when he upheld the proposal of Ezequiel Padilla, the Mexican Foreign Minister, to seat the representatives of Buenos Aires. The Soviet Union's position as expressed by Mr. Molotov in a frank press conference has received widespread approval. Unofficially, and particularly among the Latin American groups in San Francisco, there has been the highest praise for Molotov's point that while Argentina aided the enemy she is admitted to the meeting and a country such as Poland, whose people have shed their blood against Hitler, is excluded. "Does Poland," he said, "hold a less important place among the nations than Argentina?" His approach to the whole problem was both reasonable and forthright. He cited statements of both former Secretary of State Hull and President Roosevelt which characterized Argentina as fascist. In other words Molotov was saying that no one need take his opinion of what the Argentine government was like; one had only to consult the observations of two American leaders. The irony of it all is that only last week the Argentine government promised that it would impose the severest penalties on those who dared celebrate the fall of Berlin or V-E Day.

There can be no doubt that the Argentine decision will have its effects on the meeting. Sections of the American press will use the decision to promote quarrels among the Big Three and to make impossible a solution of outstanding differences. It will be used also to isolate the USSR. I need not emphasize that in the long run these efforts will prove themselves futile, although I cannot for a moment deny that they make a smooth-running conference difficult to achieve. Let it be said for the record that at the Inter-American Conference recently held in Mexico City most of the American representatives were opposed to any reconciliation with Argentina. But they finally did submit, and having made a blunder there they blundered again at San Francisco. By allowing the reactionaries to prevail, American prestige decidedly suffers.

"It's getting easier and easier to bring in prisoners!"

WAITING ON HISTORY

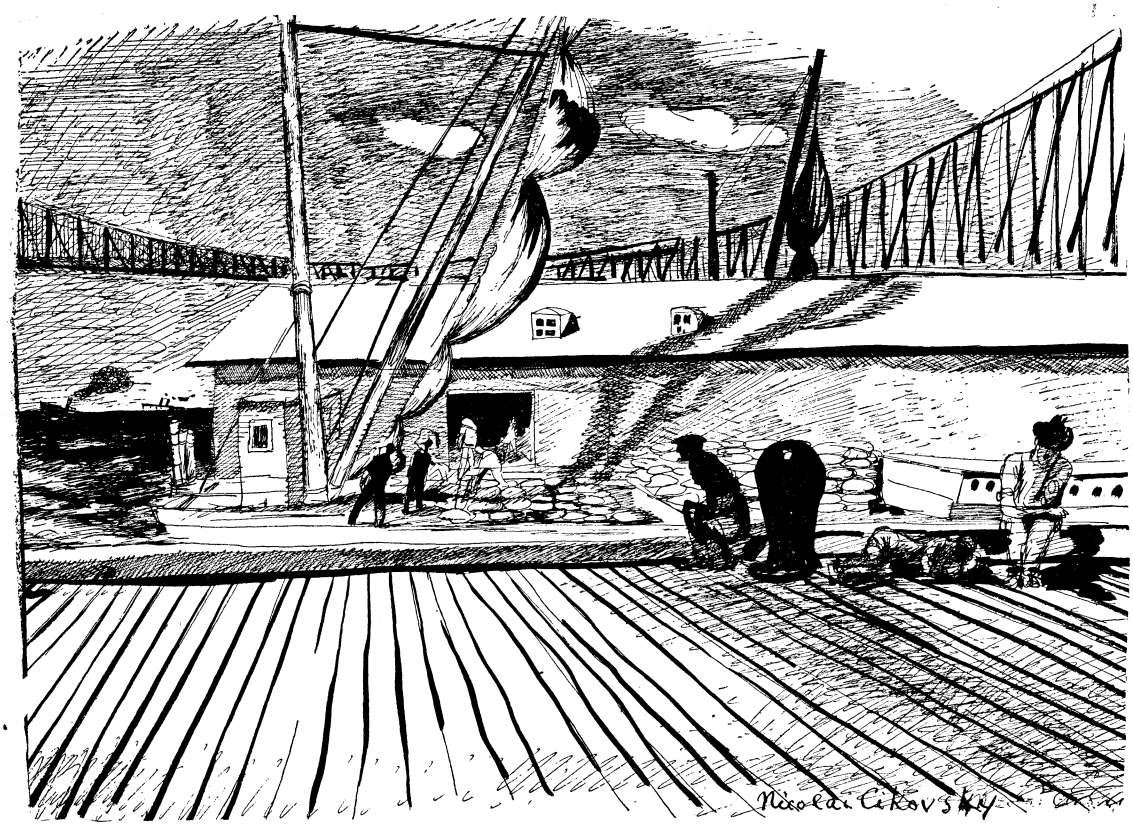
By RUTH McKENNEY

San Francisco (by wire).

ON A clear, lilac-smelling, sunlit morning last week—a few days after the formal opening of the great United Nations Conference at San Francisco—a small-worried man in blue silk gaiters buttoned up the sides with large, real diamonds, stood in the center of the Fairmont Hotel lobby, savagely biting his fingernails. He was a frail man, with horn-rimmed glasses occupying a very large part of his pinched, haggard face. He had come from Bombay, India, in an airplane—a long, difficult journey for a man who was afraid of airplanes. He had flown across hazardous oceans and endured much, with the sole purpose of seeing history made for generations of unborn children. Now he stood, hearing with his own ears the voices scholars would, in centuries to come, record in the massive annals of mankind, seeing with his own eyes the veritable faces of the men who spoke for the hopes of untold millions. The small, worried man in the diamond-buttoned blue silk gaiters stood in the lobby of the Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco, California, USA, April, the year 1945—he stood, and he bit his nails, slowly, and ferociously. He was here. Where was history?

It may as well be admitted that the United Nations Conference opened here in San Francisco last week without any high, bold, poetic, or triumphant drama. The historic gathering of delegates from forty-six peace-loving nations began nervously, in troubled confusion and on a muted, irritable minor key, while men in blue gaiters bit their fingernails in hotel lobbies and foreign ministers huddled suspiciously behind barricaded conference doors, worrying about what this perhaps well known? perhaps authorative? American radio speaker,—the name is Winchell Walter, yes?—said concerning the—can it be wholly possible?—absolutely authenticated last words of the late President Roosevelt concerning the American position on trusteeship of Pacific Islands.

The restaurants glittered with beautiful ladies wearing



Pen and ink sketch by Nicolai Cikovsky.

without doubt historic and authoritative hats. And in a grocery store two blocks past the St. Francis Hotel, a young five-foot-eight French currency expert cried when he saw all the food. An unfortunate gentleman wearing a rented costume-ball Indian suit with home-made fringe and a little boy's Christmas-stocking feather headdress distributed tracts demanding an international peace-pipe for the Iroquois nation. He was considered harmless until an American protocol officer could not restrain the Saudi Arabians, in their handsome, flowing white robes and dramatic veils, from embracing the person, if not the cause, of the beleaguered Sioux, whom owing to difficulties of translation they took to be still embattled, in some mountain fortress, awaiting the peace settlement they were cheated of in the treaty of 1763. The Saudi Arabians were eventually calmed of their fears for the brave Iroquois. But no American protocol officer could explain either Senator Vandenberg or the antics of the dizzier section of the American press to tired, nervous, troubled men who never stopped hearing, not even in the midst of the fat, rich American plenty, the wails of starving babies and the cries of children, searching bits of bread in garbage pails. The reporters struck the European delegations as incredibly frivolous; four Red Army officers ate breakfast in a local cafeteria while a bleacher section consisting of five photographers and seven reporters solemnly, seriously, kept score on the corn flakes.

And yet even the American press, right down to a lady writer covering the "Hollywood angle of the conference," believed with all their hearts in the United Nations Conference. San Francisco was troubled and confused, but it was desperately, passionately, in earnest. There were very few cynics at the United Nations Conference, last week—even the two London Poles disguised as newspaper reporters did not dare display their sneers in public. Some delegates laughed a little, anxiously, when the Canadians invented the "middle nation" and overnight the conference bloomed with growing pains. Within twenty-four hours the only small nation left at San Francisco was Haiti, and the reasons why Haiti persisted in being small rather than middle were most obscure, a matter of considerable speculation of a witty nature.

But if delegates smiled, they smiled with still-worried searching, troubled eyes. For the 1,100-odd delegates and advisers, the 1,400 press men of the United Nations Conference all but unanimously agreed that the eyes of the world and of history itself were implacably fixed on this city of San Francisco. All but the inevitable fringe of scoundrels and crackpots felt the heavy weight of responsibilities for this hour which had been so long and so passionately awaited by the anguished peoples of the whole world. The tormented cries of tortured children, of starved and beaten prisoners, were heard in the hearts of nearly everyone who came to San Francisco for this day of destiny. Archibald McLeish's poem appeared on the front page of a newspaper here—"*We are the young dead soldiers: Remember Us.*" Diplomats in shabby silk hats left over from Versailles, the snap-brim reporter crowd, hard-bitten photographers and the ladies of the exquisite, expensive hats—all, alike, clipped out the poem and carried it about in worn-out wallets, and in the pockets of striped morning pants, pasted it on battered portable typewriters and slid it under monogrammed bill clips, next to the crisp twenties and the crispier fifties. "*We are the young dead soldiers: Remember us.*" People in San Francisco did remember, last week, with all their hearts. Indeed, it was the very memory of suffering beyond words to describe it, the very responsibilities of millions upon millions of young dead soldiers, which troubled these handsome marble halls of the United Nations Conference, challenging diplomats and reporters alike. The sense of being weighed, not in the trivial scales of today, but by the measure of history itself, made the opening of this conference deadly, passionately earnest—and the nervous irritable, shaken by shadows, obsessed by whispers.

THE ceremonial opening session, on April 25, merely underscored the prevailing atmosphere of stage-fright and anti-climax. This great event had been anticipated with almost religious fervor: the plain working people of San Francisco made the most desperate and touching efforts to secure tickets, not for themselves, but for their schoolchildren who must be present in order to remember, and tell

their own children's children. The sophisticated section of the press, even the blase Washington journalists, showed up in the beautiful opera house galleries promptly at three o'clock, waiting without complaint for an hour and a half. The delegates themselves took their main floor seats not long after three—they could not risk missing the historic moment. The whole enormous white-and-gold hall was crowded to the doors with standing, kneeling, craning, patiently waiting people from all lands—a full hour before the ceremony. The audience was hushed, subdued—not restless, even though many had to stand all during the long wait.

Men looked down from the upper tiers into the beautiful stage setting, a permanent fixture of the conference sessions, arranged with a lovely and impressive simplicity. Finally, at 4 PM a band, stationed behind the semi-circle of flags on the deep stage, sounded a flourish. The great crowd rose instantly to its feet, silent: men wet their lips, women rolled handkerchiefs into tight balls between sweating palms: at which point the band played "The Moon Is Down," a sentimental love song from a wholly undistinguished American Broadway musical comedy. The audience looked around sheepishly; foreigners were bewildered and inquired in anxious accents if the song were perhaps of the American patriotic history. Yes? No, the Americans said, rather gruffly, as people straggled back into their seats.

The band music at the ceremonial opening of the United Nations Conference continued for half an hour, during which "Stout Hearted Men" alternated with "The Moon Is Down" and "Lover Come Back to Me" as a serenade to mankind's most solemn hour. At 4:33 President Truman's voice came through amid the most profound, tense silence. On the stage a line of young Americans, boys and girls in the uniforms of the various armed services, stood stiffly at attention. For the first few moments of the speech the audience listened with passionate attention. But the loudspeakers in the immense opera house did not function well; President Truman's voice seemed distant and weak. After President Truman had concluded, there was polite but brief applause.

A few other short speeches followed, of which—a fact which surprised the New York reporters, insular as always—Mayor Lapham of San Francisco gave by far the most compelling and moving. And then the audience filed out, looking very dispirited. Diplomats shrugged. Reporters raised eyebrows. A small crowd, perhaps two or three hundred strong, waited down the block to watch the famous delegates fill the long black limousines. And that was all. Except for the postmortems. For instance, it was rumored the band played "The Moon Is Down" for fear of infuriating sensitive delegates who might object to playing national hymns in anything but strictly alphabetical order. The rumor was rejected, a lame-duck. After all, if American musical comedies are protocol, why not Beethoven? And of course we're in mourning for the President the whole world will never forget, but he would have been the first to put a little feeling in a ceremony people all over the face of the earth waited to hear and know about.

The opening ceremony at the San Francisco Conference was, to put it bluntly, a let-down; but the morning afterwards the nervous gloom abroad in the big hotels began to fade away. The delegates, too long cooped up in lonely rooms, fearful of the future and each other, settled down for much-needed practical work. The tension did not evaporate, but distinguished foreign ministers and really important delegates no longer stood first on one foot and then on the other, in hotel lobbies, actually inquiring with timid anxiety of equally harassed newspaper reporters where Mr. Molotov was right now, and what he was doing.

Mr. Molotov himself helped to improve the tone of the opening conference days. His first press conference was a roaring success, attended by the press of high and low estate, some 400 strong. Mr. Molotov was in fine, calm, cool, and energetic spirits, presenting the interesting picture of an important diplomat in San Francisco without, apparently, any nerves. He answered questions with wit and even considerable gaiety: if he was surprised by the shocking frivolity of some American reporters, he did not say so by more than a raised eyebrow.

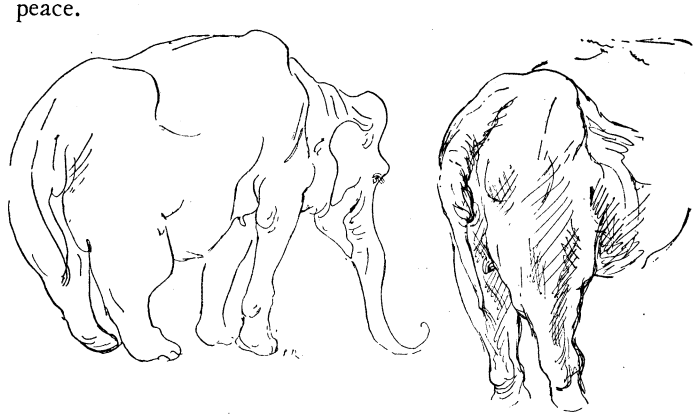
Press conference incidents have been fascinating restaurant gossip in this city for ten days. An English journalist, reported by his shamefaced colleagues to be a little on the eager, earnest side, first electrified and then outraged a press conference with Clement Attlee, the British delegate, by reading three entire pages from the collected works of Ruskin—apropos of denouncing the startled Mr. Attlee who, in his youth, confessed a fine enthusiasm for the long-winded English author. Ruskin pales, however, beside the American journalist who interrupted the foreign minister of the USSR as he discussed the policy of his government on Poland. "Mr. Molotov," gruffly barked this untrammelled lion of the headlines, "hey, Mr. Molotov!"

Mr. Molotov left off talking about democracy and Yalta, turning politely to his heckler.

"Mr. Molotov, how do you really pronounce *vodka?*"

Probably this reporter's wife calls him "Scoop" in sentimental moments, but vodka is by no means the $64 question in harebrained San Francisco circles. There are always the anti-vivisectionists, who are attacking the problem of addressing a session of the United Nations delegates with stealthy, subtle, cunning methods: it is said they are planning either on having one of their little band jump from the top of the opera house to land smashed, as a practical demonstration of what wicked scientists do in the name of science, or, if this ruse fails to work, they may resort to commonplace picketing, but with pictures.

This is the greatest, most amazing, most solemn, most exciting, most beautiful event on earth, this San Francisco Conference. And if the anti-vivisectionists and the nail-biters stand on the fringe of the United Nations meeting, it is only to bring into brighter relief the good and beautiful and sincere and passionately honest, desperately determined men who remember the young dead soldiers and in their name hope and pray to make this historic conference a just and lasting peace.



Philip Reisman.

PETAIN'S STRANGE RETURN

By JOSEPH NORTH

Paris (by cable).

WHEN the train pulled into the *Gare du Nord* at dawn, the first thing your eye met as you eagerly scanned the street was the tricolor. All over the city it flies, and you get the feeling that people revel in it, still revel in it after bitter winter months without warmth, with little to eat save bread.

Today's spring sun brings warmth—though nothing compared with the glow the war news brings. But bellies are still empty. And on many streetcorners, where the buildings are pocked and scarred with pits that mutely tell the great story of the Liberation, are mounds of flowers kept fresh in honor of those who fell in those days. "Marcel Dornier, twenty, student of pharmacy, died gloriously on this spot for France," reads a typical sign above a bunch of red roses at the Place de la Concorde. So it is on hundreds of street corners throughout this eternal city of light.

"OUR TROOPS NEARING AUSTRIA," headlines in tonight's "postage stamp" newspapers say with pride. That infinite French pride glows with the communiques that describe their men locked in battle with the hated Boche — *"Les Nazis."* And this, I gather in my first impressions after forty-eight hours here, is the essential reality. It dominates all others—the stark hunger, the painfully slow upward climb of the economy, the continual sniping of that battery of treacherous men carefully left here when the Nazis departed—those Munichmen who had lived to batten during Vichy and the occupation, and who live today confidently expecting to continue their normal, fat ways uninterrupted.

You get the impression that this great capital, reviving from its half decade of torture, is a giant shaking the blood from his eyes. I happened to come to France on a Channel steamer that carried some scores of gaunt French ex-labor slaves who had escaped to Sweden and made their way to London and were now en route home. The eagerness with which they scanned the horizon as the French shores neared was extraordinarily painful, and when the cliffs of their native land appeared in the distance they could no longer hold back their tears. And when the train left the Channel port for Paris, they roared their songs that they hadn't dared to sing for so many years. When little urchins in their long blouses climbed the train for a few *sous*, a handful of candy or that eternal cigarette *"pour mon pere,"* the deportees flung everything they had on them to the children, their children, hungry tattered children devastated by fascism.

These men, and there are still some millions to come home, are determined that there shall be a prosperous, happy France. One who spoke to me as we stood at the train window, watching towns pass on our way to Paris, said thoughtfully, *"Non, Monsieur,* it shall never happen again." We talked of *Les Allies,* of international cooperation, of San Francisco, and I saw that it isn't necessary to gild the lily talking to a Frenchman about global teamwork; he knows the meaning, the essence of that. And woe to those who seek deviously to forestall and denigrate the potential of a world organized for peace and prosperity.

SAN FRANCISCO is big in the headlines today, vying with hour-to-hour details of the Red Army's progress in Berlin. At one of the leading cinemas tonight Ambassador Bogomolov is being honored at the showing of a Soviet film, *Wait for Me,* a story of returning prisoners, and a documentary *Maidanek,* which accompanies the feature film. An effort has been made to prevent the showing of *Maidanek* as "too horrible" —but public pressure has scotched that. It was hard to prevent the showing with the big newsbreak of new torture camps, which for a number of reasons seems to have fallen like a bombshell here, in this city where people knew at first hand the fathomless bestialities of the Gestapo.

And with that characteristic Gallic flair for the *mot juste* in every conceivable circumstance, they are speaking of the latest V-bomb that Hitler has unleashed; that V-5 bomb called "Petain," as one paper said this evening. Today's French press, which has evidenced many disagreements in past weeks, is as one in assailing the "surrender" of Petain. They make no bones about its significance; it was one more trick up Himmler's sleeve, they say, one more effort to sow dissension among the democratic countries. "Another Hess flight," a right-of-center paper says. Albert Bayet, President of the French Press Federation, which numbers all Paris journals, demanded editorially that nothing be allowed to prevent Petain's scheduled trial and due punishment. Georges Cogniot, editor of *L'Humanite,* says: "Petain-Bazaine must be quickly sentenced to death"—Bazaine being the name of a French general who betrayed his country to the Germans at Sedan in 1871.

Petain's return is diabolically well-timed. He returns a few days before his scheduled trial on May 17. And there are those in France who wish that his return delay that trial, that his return be a rallying point around which the hosts of reaction may gather. The ancient traitor crosses the border too on the eve of municipal elections—a week from Sunday—when many dubious characters hope to strengthen their positions. For after all, millions of "slaves" are still away from home, the army is not voting, and women unaccustomed to political life, particularly those in rural areas, are voting for the first time.

Many are disturbed at the fact that official negotiations took place between the government and the Swiss for Petain's return. There is speculation now that perhaps Leopold, the Belgian king, will be sent back to Brussels to effect a bit of dissension there, now that things have taken a turn for the better.

So you see, the world will get nothing on a silver platter. It will require endless exertion and boundless vigilance to see to it that the ideals of Crimea are fully realized. One can never forget that mankind's movement toward progress finds a countermovement in those who strive for reaction. Both in Britain and during the first few days here I found that the vast majority wish and work for the consummation of international cooperation, but a strong and perilously wily minority continue operations. The incessant process of enlightenment and organization is at the top of the agenda for all men of good will. Those men who looked at France from the decks of that Channel steamer would agree to that.

Next week Joseph North will write from Paris on the significance of the French municipal elections.

CALIFORNIA HERE I COME..

I GET AN URGENT CALL FROM THE NEW MASSES, THEY WANT ME TO COVER THE FRISCO CONFERENCE AND VISIT HOLLYWOOD —

I MUST DROP EVERYTHING!

1.

-MY GOD! HOW CAN THEY DO THIS TO ME, WITH AN EXHIBITION ON MY HANDS, THE FREIHEIT, THE WORKER, THE NEW MASSES PAGE, AND THE RED ARMY IN BERLIN! —

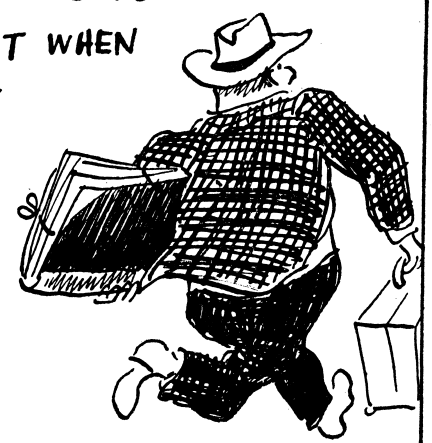
2.

SO, TO MAKE IT DIFFICULT, I TELL THE NEW MASSES, I AINT GOIN' WITHOUT OFFICIAL CREDENTIALS —

IMAGINE, AT A TIME WHEN THE YANKS AND THE RED ARMY MEET IN GERMANY! —

3.

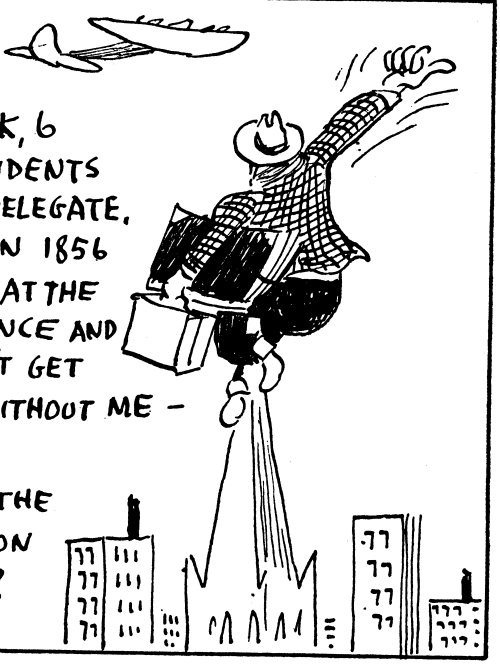
CAN YA BEAT IT! THEY'VE APPLIED FOR MY CREDENTIALS, AND I MUST BE READY TO FLY AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE — JUST WHEN PETAIN GAVE HIMSELF UP TO FRANCE FOR TRIAL!



4.

JUST THINK, 6 CORRESPONDENTS TO EACH DELEGATE, MORE THAN 1856 QUIZ KIDS AT THE CONFERENCE AND THEY CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT ME —

WHAT'S THE LATEST ON HITLER?



5.

THE WISHFUL THINKERS

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN to date has probably disappointed a good many of the groups who hoped that he was going to be their man. The Connecticut Manufacturers Association, for instance, admits in its *Connecticut's Observer in Washington,* of April 23, that it is sad but true that Truman is following in Roosevelt's footsteps: that he has "disappointed powerful factions on Capitol Hill by promptly endorsing three Roosevelt projects": e.g., Bretton Woods legislation, the reciprocal trade program and the creation of a Missouri Valley Authority.

Others have not admitted disappointment as yet but have gone way out on a limb in anticipating a harmony which would be quite another thing than national unity. It would be a watering-down of the Roosevelt program. In foreign policy President Truman has failed entirely to bear out the hopes of the McCormick and Scripps-Howard press. On April 17 the Chicago *Tribune,* commenting on the President's speech before Congress, paid lip service to his uncompromising opposition to a soft peace, and then said: "It remains to be seen, of course, whether Mr. Truman will feel bound to carry out every private arrangement which his predecessor may have accepted at Yalta and in previous conferences."

And the Scripps-Howard Washington *News* on April 16: "the President is handicapped somewhat by the necessity of picking up in the midst of delicate foreign negotiations at a most critical moment in world affairs. . . .

"But this is not as severe a handicap to Mr. Truman as it may appear. Indeed, it has great advantages. It gives Mr. Truman a freer hand. He is not bound by the off-the-record personal understandings of his predecessor."

However, Truman's first act was to announce that San Francisco would not be postponed. And in his speech to the conference he underlined the fact that he had the utmost confidence in the delegates appointed by President Roosevelt. Moreover, he instructed the American delegation to live up to President Roosevelt's commitment at Yalta to support the Soviet request for the admission of the Ukrainian and White Russian Republics as founding members of the new world security organization.

It is perfectly natural that the solid citizens in the Gridiron Club, those Washington correspondents who have all the independence of mind of their front offices, have been anxious to fill their papers with quotations from their favorite Congressmen on Truman. Thus we have been regaled with mellow moments with Senator Taft as he leaves the White House and recalls he hasn't visited it in twelve years. We see that equally unappealing Senator, Chapman Revercomb of West Virginia (R), with an equally dismal record on foreign and domestic policy, quoted as saying hopefully but cautiously after Truman's speech: "It is my belief that if he follows his own views he will make a great American leader."

FOR your benefit I went to see one of my favorite Congressmen, Rep. Vito Marcantonio of New York, and this is what he said: "President Truman is doing a good job. He is reaffirming the faith of the people by following the Roosevelt policies. Talk to taxi drivers, talk to union delegations. The people are uniting behind Truman."

Marcantonio points out that a study of Truman's record shows more about the man than all the newspaper columns being written. "He voted for cloture," he said (cloture is the vote to close debate, that is, to end a filibuster; it requires a two-thirds vote) "on the anti-lynch bill and the anti-poll tax bill." And that, after all, "in the Senate—one of the nation's best clubs—where his best pals socially were poll taxers," Marcantonio said. "It was taken on an issue which hurt them most and on which they were most bitter."

"The same forces which opposed Roosevelt are going to oppose Truman. For many of those people the honeymoon already is over. Reciprocal trade is a question in point."

Truman's voting record supplies the stark facts of the man's faith. But here are the beautiful words this generally plain-spoken man used on June 15, 1940—note the date; it was long before he became a national figure:

"I believe in the brotherhood of man: not merely the brotherhood of white men, but the brotherhood of all men before the law. . . . I believe that in giving the Negroes the rights that are theirs, we are acting in accord with our ideals of a true democracy."

Obviously President Truman did not solicit the support of such characters as Rep. Clare Hoffman (R, Mich.) and Rep. William Lemke (R, N.D.). As a matter of fact, it was a restricted support that was offered, as it was in the case of many other wishful thinkers. Hoffman said on April 17, "Senators and Representatives who know him are convinced that he believes in and, if left to his own inclination will, as President, follow a course which will restore constitutional government to the people." He paid tribute to Truman as "another Calvin Coolidge," modifying it only by the phrase, "in some respects."

But there is no hedging, no "ifs," no ultimatum hinted, in an editorial inserted in the *Congressional Record* April 19 by Rep. Albert Thomas of Texas, which says, in part:

". . . In simple, eloquent words he [Truman] envisaged, too, the immensity of the opportunity that beckons—the opportunity to bring the war to a triumphant culmination, to establish a coalition of the United Nations for lasting peace, and, finally, to guide the nation successfully through the reconversion and reconstruction periods.

"How successfully this opportunity will be grasped will depend largely upon the support and cooperation of the American people. Mr. Truman has the ability, the experience, and the temperament for the job. . . . His sudden accession to the presidency is a ringing challenge to every good American to get behind him—Democrats and Republicans, New Dealers and anti-New Dealers, liberals and conservatives. No class or group has it in for him; Republicans and Democrats in Congress like and have confidence in their former colleague; every indication points to their cooperation, which he frankly told them is essential to the completion of 'one of the greatest tasks ever assigned a public servant.'"

There is no hedging, either, in the resolutions from trade unions, both AFL and CIO, memorializing their fallen leader, President Roosevelt, and pledging to carry forward their support to President Truman.

the universe as static and change as an illusion.

2. Change involves a passage into novelty. The interacting elements produce a new situation, that is to say, a situation qualitatively different from that which existed before the interaction occurred. This view demolishes mechanism generally ("the world is a repeating machine") and in particular demolishes all cyclical theories of history. It also forbids extending into a new epoch the tactics adapted to an old.

3. The new situation contains elements of the old, and is limited by the fact that it so contains them. Thus the collaboration of capitalist nations with the Soviet Union is a situation historically new as compared with their previous antagonism. Nevertheless, the capitalists still have to export capital, while the Soviets don't. But the predominance of collaboration over conflict enables the export of capital to go on in a way quite new and much more to the benefit of the borrower. Because of its old elements, however, the new situation does not permit immediate extension of socialism throughout the world, for this would destroy collaboration and inaugurate an epoch of civil and international wars. The social strategist must then choose between the advantages mankind can gain from the collaboration of the great powers and the advantages (if any) to be gained from strife among them.

THE principle of Interaction is joined with a third postulate, which may be called Objectivity. This postulate asserts that the universe exists independently of anyone's consciousness, that consciousness, so far from being a support of the universe, is in fact only one of its many products. Thus independent, the universe has its own nature, discoverable by us, the knowledge of which is the essential source of human freedom.

Men, for example, are not biologically equipped to fly; but their knowledge of the laws of flight enables them to build aeroplanes. Men are not biologically equipped to lift enormous weights, but knowledge enables them to construct machines which will do the lifting for them. In each of these examples there is a gain in freedom, a human triumph over human limitations. There is no reason to doubt that, just as natural science liberates man in his relations with the physical universe, so social science can liberate him in his relations with his fellows.

There can be no such liberation unless the independent existence of the world is granted. All retreats into mere thinking, mere contemplation, mere mysticism are flights from the facts, not control over them. "Social life," says Marx, "is essentially *practical*. All mysteries which mislead theory to mysticism find their rational solution in human practice and in the contemplation of this practice." (*Theses on Feuerbach*, No. 8; Marx's emphasis.)

Thus the principle of Objectivity suffices to show the true relation of theory and practice. Theory makes practice intelligent, and practice makes theory applicable. Our knowledge of the forces operative in history enables us to analyze a given situation and to prepare a plan for action in it. The success of the plan in achieving its intended results will be in some measure a test of the theory which produced it. Truth is therefore not only a comparison of what we say with what we see, but also a comparison of what we wish with what we get.

IN TERMS of the three previous postulates, society is understood by Marx to have a definable nature, to be a system constantly changing, yet subject to man's control. We have now to add a final postulate: that the causes operating in society have varying degrees of power, and that among them the economic causes are most potent of all. Men have to be clothed and fed and housed before they can develop arts, sciences, or philosophies. Accordingly, the relations which men set up in the production and distribution of economic goods have a decisive influence upon the course of history. These relations have to be understood, or everything becomes unintelligible.

Eugene Karlin

Once understanding prevails, however, it is possible to see that society contains certain large groups which derive their nature from the place they occupy in the productive process. And here the chief question is, in what group does the control of production lie? Only by first answering this question can we proceed to describe the relations existing among all the groups. And only when we have achieved this description can we ascertain the effect of economics upon the other social causes, or the effect of other causes upon economics. These "other causes" (political, military, personal, and the like) are often of tremendous importance.

Applying the postulate, now, to the current scene, we can at once infer that the possibility of international collaboration rests upon the possibility of economic collaboration—specifically upon Bretton Woods. If this plan fails of adoption, or, being adopted, fails of proper implementation, then the hope of social peace is dark indeed. For this reason enemies of Bretton Woods are also the enemies of peace, and with them we must place, as reluctant allies, all waverers and skeptics. For, however much one may debate the abstract merits of an idea, one cannot escape the social consequences of believing it and acting upon it.

From a consideration of these postulates we should learn, above all things, that analyses, programs, and actions need constant study and criticism. In most of our generalizations we dare not risk a confidence too robust, for dogmatism is at war with novelty. The dogmatist certainly deceives himself and may deceive others, but he will linger in history as a rotting stump, where once a tree fell blindly before the wind.

Marxism has many lessons which men have yet to explore. It teaches us to recognize adversity and meet it, to set our strength at the place where strength is wanted, to merge our solitary wishes with the common needs of men. It teaches us to hope when hope is difficult, and, when fairer prospects open, not to fear joy.

Anyone can live in the past, and everyone lives in the present. To Marxists is reserved a special grace of living in the future which they build.

GREECE'S SLIPPERY ROYALISTS

By DEMETRIOS CHRISTOPHORIDES

On April 7 the Greek government of General Plastiras resigned and a new government was formed under the premiership of Vice-Admiral Voulgaris—a government avowedly unrepresentative of any political forces in Greece except the royalist.

The Plastiras government collapsed under the disclosure by a monarcho-fascist newspaper, *Hellenikon Aema* (Greek Blood), that Plastiras in 1941 wrote a letter in which he advised the acceptance of German mediation to end the Greco-Italian war. There is no doubt that General Plastiras was involved in collaborationist dealings in France and when the British government decided to bring him back to Athens it most certainly knew all about him. Yet the fact remains that the Greek royalists who used Plastiras' past collaborationist activities against him are and have been themselves master collaborationists even more than Plastiras. There is, for example, the evidence, revealed at the trial of General Tsolacoglou, that King George's general staff ordered the surrender of the Greek army to the Germans. There is also abundant evidence that the monarchists would have surrendered the Greek fleet as well had it not been for the resistance of sailors and some petty officers.

Yet Plastiras was compelled to resign the premiership because of the charges of collaboration made by these same monarchists. The question is why did the monarchists choose this moment to attack Plastiras when until now they ardently supported him?

As I understand it, General Plastiras outlived his usefulness as a puppet premier of the British Foreign Office when it decided to change its policies towards Greece and to readjust them to the Yalta decisions of which the Varkiza agreement ending hostilities between the Greek government and the EAM was a by-product. In addition, it seems that Plastiras was somewhat influenced by such independent political leaders as Themistocles Sophoulis, leader of the Liberal Party, and George Kaphantaris, leader of the Progressive Party, as well as by Foreign Minister Sophianopoulos. This influence apparently increased in proportion to the violence of the royalist attacks against him, who even accused Plastiras of affiliation with the EAM.

In any case, the chief reasons why the royalists hastened the fall of Plastiras by publishing the letter he wrote in 1941 were:

1. They do not want the Plastiras government to conduct the plebiscite and elections, since they cannot be sure that the cabinet, which includes Minister of Justice Kollyvas and Foreign Minister Sophianopoulos, will favor the king. It is true that the Plastiras government was anti-EAM, but it was not entirely royalist in composition.

2. The royalists did not like the manner in which the trials of the collaborators were being conducted. Although Minister of Justice Kollyvas confessed that the trials had degenerated into a comedy and that the accused were gradually becoming the accusers, the royalists still were not satisfied. While the trials are largely ineffective, they did bring to the surface damaging facts not only about the accused themselves but also about the king and his ministers and functionaries in exile. The royalists, therefore, intended to stop them because they were strengthening the EAM.

3. The royalists want to hasten the date of the plebiscite because they sense that international political developments after the fall of Hitlerism will not be favorable to them.

In the meantime, to judge from the strong criticism by Sophoulis, Kaphantaris, the EAM leaders and other elements, there is now the opportunity for all democratic elements of Greece to unite and to form an even broader front than that of the EAM.

Even Mr. Sophianopoulos, who remains in the Voulgaris cabinet as foreign minister, stated to the London correspondent of the Greek-American *Tribune* that he accepted the post with the understanding that the Varkiza agreement would be enforced.

Another important factor in the Greek situation coincidental with the new government crisis is the important development arising from the Greek trade union elections with results overwhelmingly in favor of left-wing leaders. The elections are a rebuke to certain labor leaders in Great Britain who have attempted to restore to Greek trade union leadership elements of the Metaxas dictatorship and the quisling regime.

The question arises naturally whether or not the British are partly responsible for the change of government in Greece. My own opinion is that when Mr. Churchill, after the Yalta meeting, visited Athens together with Mr. Eden, he intended his visit as an occasion to persuade his Greek friends that deep changes had taken place at Yalta and that henceforth the criteria of their policy, generally speaking, would be the Crimea decisions. It is also my opinion that in his desire to disentangle himself from the Greek imbroglio, Churchill must have discouraged thoroughgoing trials of the collaborators, fearing unpleasant disclosures concerning the machinations of the British Tories. It also seems to me that he advised some sort of unity among the anti-EAM elements in order to defeat the leftists by constitutional means.

Another question: since the Yalta decisions make the settlement of all Greek internal affairs a joint responsibility of the Allies, how do the British manage to exercise their influence? The answer is that the British decided long before Yalta to replace the tank and airplane method of intervention with the royalist regent, Archbishop Damaskinos. He is the man who is really responsible for all violations of the Varkiza agreement between the government and the EAM. That agreement provides for full political freedom, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, for complete disarmament of all guerrilla units including the Mountain Brigade, for the purging of the *gendarmerie* and the city police of all fascist elements, and finally for a free plebiscite on the question of the form of government and for free elections for a Constituent Assembly. It also provides for the amnesty and release of all political prisoners, including the so-called hostages. There is also a provision for the invitation of Allied observers to verify the genuineness of the elections.

While the EAM has complied with the agreement, demobilized the ELAS and placed its arms under the custody of its own guards, for the last two months the government has been violating almost every one of the agreement's provisions. The EAM submitted memoranda to the Allied embassies, to General Scobie, to the Regent and to Premier Plastiras citing concrete cases of such

(*Continued on page* 21)

THE DITCH

By Pfc. DAVID GORDON

LATE in the afternoon the column moved out of the forest on the way to the front. It was a clear day. The rains had muddied the roads. The grass, shrubs and tree leaves were heavy with water.

The men slogged onward, at proper intervals from each other to minimize loss should enemy shells fall. The column moved jerkily. Now and then the hand sign to halt was relayed back from the head of the line.

Another column joined the first, on the road. Soon two more columns were snaking their way through the woods, one on each side of the road. They were moving into attack.

Were the Germans in strong number? Where were their positions? What sort of terrain would the Americans have across which to launch their attack? Who would come out of it whole?

"How're you doin', Mac?" One man greeted an acquaintance.

"Okay, I guess."

Cigarettes were lighted. They pushed onward. Beeps passed: Engineer beeps, beeps with officers from higher headquarters, beeps dragging trailers filled with rations, ammunition, water. A few tanks and tank destroyers joined the column. Each time a vehicle went by, the column would give way into the muddier shoulders of the road.

When the columns halted for a few minutes, some men pulled out extra rations. They ate. Banter went around.

"Keep a sharp lookout on our route. You'll have to remember it when you start running back."

"If I get hit, I want it to be bad enough to keep me out for the duration, but light enough so I'll be like I am now."

"Just like now? I'd rather be dead than be like you are now."

"Gosh, Kansas would look good this minute!"

"I wouldn't be choosy. Give me any spot in the States for this, even New York."

The columns moved forward. Near the edge of the woods one column swung right, the other to the left. The men were alloted bivouac areas. Dusk was falling. The squad leader passed out the word: "Dig in, if you want to."

Some men began digging. Others rolled themselves in their raincoats, lay down where they stood, and instantly dozed off.

An hour later the order was whispered from man to man: "Get your gear on. We move in five minutes."

The men swore. "Depend on it—dig yourself a hole and you get yanked out before you can rest."

"Well, what the hell's it going to be now?"

The sign and countersign were passed down the line—in whispers.

"We don't want any noise," said a non-com. "No coughing. We're moving to the ditch right outside the woods. Each squad will have a guard—one hour watch. It'll work right down the line. If you haven't watches with luminous dials, you'll have to guess when your hour's up. Then wake the man next to you. And easy on the noise. Jerry isn't far away."

There were many new men in the outfit; they slept fitfully in the chill, damp night. A few snored loudly.

"Turn that guy over. He sounds like a boiler factory. They can hear him in Berlin."

A German machine-gun opened up, firing tracer bullets. Sleep vanished. Everyone turned over on his belly and pointed his rifle at the enemy. Silence filled the sector.

Five minutes went by, with no enemy fire. Wearily, the men turned over again and bedded down. The sleepy guards tried to stay awake; the others struggled for sleep against the consuming dampness, the exciting thoughts of the morning attack. One by one they dozed off.

THIS morning dawn was not dawn but mist and the final alert before battle. The men awakened; there was time for breakfast. Rations were opened. Ammunition belts were adjusted; rifles were given a hasty inspection.

The morning light revealed a flat field with few shrubs and very few small trees scattered about. The heavy mist obscured vision beyond a hundred yards.

The signal to move was given. The men eased forward. Slowly, the line extended to right and left, grateful for the shielding mist. The first open field was cleared. At the end of it was a water-filled ditch; it was hurdled.

Ahead lay a hill; on top of it stood a forest. In the forest was the enemy; and before the forest there was nothing but low grass and short shrubs.

Suddenly the quiet was brutally split by a cascade of fire. German mortars, rifles, 88-millimeter guns and machine-guns, threw their projectiles in crossfire, raking the hill with death.

The men moved forward slowly. Some were hit. A soldier saw his buddy drop; he shouted for the medics. Enemy bullets struck the earth and spat dirt into the soldiers' faces. Shells landed close; the earth quaked.

The mist had been rising slowly. Enemy observation was improving. In that open space, the men felt naked.

One nervous man fired a rifle grenade toward the forest. He aimed incorrectly, and the grenade exploded fifteen yards from some fellow soldiers. They swore; he fired again, with the same result.

"You dumb son-of-a-bitch, raise your rifle or stop firing those grenades!"

The man raised his rifle. The grenade found its way into the forest.

The Americans were closing in on the woods. The machine-gun crossfire was the ugliest of the materiel thrown by the Germans. The advance inched on.

Hand grenades were hurled into the edge of the forest. One man felt he couldn't throw his grenade far enough. He crept fifteen yards to his platoon sergeant, and said:

"How's about throwin' it for me? I can't throw worth a damn."

"Okay."

The bullets were kicking up the ground everywhere. The high ones whistled their unpleasant monotone as they whizzed by. The mortar shells fell without the prior warning of a muzzle blast. When rifle and machine-gun fire ceased for a moment, one could hear the dull thud of a distant eighty-eight discharging its vicious load.

A sudden spurt—and men were holding the ditch at the edge of the forest. The enemy was out of sight behind the trees. At the extremes of the flanks, the German machine-guns kept speaking, and from the woods came rifle fire.

A corporal among those in the center who had gained the forest's edge worried about the flanks. "If they make it, we can probably push on. If not, this is one hell of a spot to withdraw from." The platoon sergeant told a man to go back and call the medics for two soldiers who had fallen nearby, and the man left his safe place in the ditch reluctantly to dash back across eight hundred yards of ground torn by shells and swept by bullets.

A group of medics, their helmets marked front and rear with red crosses on white backgrounds, moved toward

the wounded. As always, they were unarmed. They did not deploy. They did not seek cover or concealment. They merely kept gaps of a few yards between one another. They were medics; their task was to aid the wounded, friendly or enemy.

As soon as they began to climb the hill they were combed by machine-gun fire, and they had to stop to tend to two of their own wounded.

This was observed from the ditch on the hill and by others high up near the edge of the forest; and every soldier who saw it felt a personal and passionate hate for the enemy.

THE men in the ditch had to spread themselves thin. Off to the left some German soldiers approached with bayonets fixed. A volley created gaps among the Nazis. The unhit continued forward. More Nazis joined them. They were met by volley following volley. In the face of the hell let loose, the enemy fled.

To the right, another group of Germans appeared in the rifle sights of our soldiers.

A new American replacement had an automatic rifle. He was terrified at the sight of the Nazis and dropped flat to the bottom of the ditch over his weapon. The squad leader and platoon sergeant yelled to him, urging him to fire. It was impossible to get to him, to take his weapon, without fatal exposure. So they themselves had to take care of the approaching enemy.

Wave after wave of Germans attacked, and were shot down.

Before it was over, just a handful of doughfeet were fighting. The wounded had crept away or were carried back. Two of our boys alone had killed thirty Germans.

Withdrawal became inevitable. Again through enemy fire, our men fell back to a road a few hundred yards from the ditch by the forest.

There a man rose from the ground, observed ahead intently, and began moving down the line. He turned off, going in the direction of the enemy, along a row of small trees which offered some slight concealment.

"I think I see someone I know. I think he needs help," he called out. "I'll let you know if I'll need help to bring him in."

He was soon out of sight. Before long he reappeared with someone leaning on him. The wounded man's face was brutally slashed open from the corner of his mouth back more than half way across his cheek to his ear, on the right. His stomach had been torn open. He was holding up his guts with his hands.

A carrying party of four riflemen was formed. They had to travel across the last flat, open field to the American-held forest—one hundred and fifty yards under enemy observation.

The load was heavy, some two hundred pounds on four weary shoulders. The pace was slow. Mortar shells began to fall near them. One shell after another blew up near them. The concussion shook the ground under them. But the sweating litter bearers thought chiefly of their load, of getting the wounded man to the aid station.

Two hundred yards deep in the forest the men halted a moment and changed positions. The wounded man began to talk about how he got hit: the stomach wound came first. It was on his way back that he received the face wound from a Nazi sniper. He wanted to talk more, the man who found him told him to take it easy, to keep quiet, to save his strength. He fought back the tears.

There was anguish and anger on the face of another litter bearer. He, too, was an old friend of the wounded soldier.

There were two new replacements in the group. One, an older man, had seen war before. The fourth, a youngster, was jumpy, unnerved by the sight of the wounds. Everyone's surface calm, including that of the wounded man, helped steady the boy somewhat.

After a brief rest they continued along the trail until they met the battalion medics. They placed their charge in a beep.

"Take it easy. You'll be okay."

"Yeah. Be seeing you."

The wounded man was given a sedative and driven away.

"Wonder if he'll pull through," said the soldier who had found him. The other men shook their heads and swore at an enemy who shot up the wounded and medics.

The shooting from the hill was still going on and our men were returning the fire; but this was not our day.

THE next day was fairly quiet. Our tanks, artillery, mortars, planes were busy softening up the foe in the forest. Our aircraft was upsetting enemy supplies and communications around the forest. From the sky it was noted that the Germans were planning retreat. It was clear the Nazis had been hit hard.

On the third day, the company was in support of other units which broke the enemy defenses. The company now moved out across the quiet, open valley and up the quiet, open hill.

They reached the ditch. This time they did not stop there.

On and on they moved through the former enemy forest. They patrolled their sector of the wood, scouting. All they met were the dead Germans, German graves, abandoned equipment, abandoned positions.

The patrol ended by nightfall. In the dark they marched to a new bivouac area. They dug in. They munched their rations.

That night everyone slept hard.

Private Gordon is a former member of the executive board of Local 1225 of the United Radio, Electrical and Machine Workers-CIO, a veteran of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade of the Spanish Civil War and a holder of the Purple Heart in World War II.

F. D. R.

Since the people of America will be working hard for many days to come to realize their hopes for civilization, and since Franklin Roosevelt gave a voice and a plan to those hopes, NEW MASSES *will reprint a brief excerpt from Mr. Roosevelt's speeches and public papers from week to week. This week the excerpt comes from his Fireside Chat of December 24, 1943, a message to the armed forces of the USA.*

Britain, Russia, China and the United States and their allies represent more than three-quarters of the total population of the earth. As long as these four nations with great military power stick together in determination to keep the peace there will be no possibility of an aggressor nation arising to start another world war.

But those four powers must be united with and cooperate with the freedom-loving peoples of Europe and Asia and Africa and the Americas. The rights of every nation, large or small, must be respected and guarded as jealously as are the rights of every individual within our own republic.

TEAMWORK IN THE MAKING

Mr. Merrill's column was written before President Roosevelt's death and was scheduled to appear in our April 24 issue. Because that issuely was largely devoted to the President's death and was followed by a special issue on the San Francisco Conference, publication of the column had to be postponed until this week.

WE HAVE lived for a long time under conditions of war or the threat of it. Now, with the collapse of the Nazi armies and the military disasters being showered upon Japan, there is a fresh breeze blowing 'round the world. We are learning to talk easily of freedom and prosperity and peace. For some, however, they seem to be concepts hard to grasp. I cannot share their gloom and foreboding.

There are going to be plenty of fights in the future but they are not going to be fought in the same old way or for the same old things. If it's winning we want and not just fighting for the old school tie, then we'll have to discard hackneyed methods and the worn slogans of yesterday's battles.

Very well and very good, but where do these new methods and ideas reside? Personally, I think that Philip Murray, William Green and Eric Johnston, in signing the new labor-management agreement, have at least given us the address.

What the labor-management agreement says, at least in part, is that the democratic national coalition built around President Roosevelt can be relied upon as the main vehicle for the achievement of the basic aspirations of the people. As a matter of fact, in itself it is evidence that the coalition is strong and getting stronger.

The agreement can be as significant as we make it. It is the articles of agreement for a partnership made possible by wartime cooperation. Whether the partnership is going to do any real business or not is going to be decided by the kind of investment that is made. In my opinion, one of the main assets labor brings to the partnership is its active participation as an independent force in our political life.

Because the agreement is the product of so many vital aspects of our country's experience, it's more than this space can stand to explore it fully. But it seems to me that labor's political activity has contributed so much to achieving the agreement that it is well for us to understand that it will take more of the same medicine if the agreement is to be fulfilled.

During the war, labor has emerged with new influence and power. Its genuine role in the nation has become clarified not only to the people but to labor itself. The nation has learned to rely on labor. Its general adherence to its voluntary no-strike pledge, its fidelity in serving the national interest, has earned labor new opportunities to broaden the scope of its leadership on all public questions. Its leadership and initiative in the past on issues of national concern have given labor a new "independence." This initiative has meant frequently doing many things in the first instance *by itself* but eventually *with* other groups and *for* the people as a whole.

In the last election, labor was able to win a larger degree of employer support for the President than would otherwise have been forthcoming. In its program and activities, the CIO Political Action Committee provided live evidence that through Roosevelt and for the national aims he put forward, the employers would find in labor a powerful ally. Incidentally, labor's ability to provide this kind of political evidence was due in no small measure to its no-strike pledge. It is no accident, we can see, that those labor "leaders" who reneged on PAC are also the ones who call for abandonment of the no-strike pledge. The labor-management agreement gives them a poke in the eye they'll long remember.

The commitments entered into by management in this agreement are truly extraordinary. For the first time in our history the employers are assuming responsibility for the social results of their ownership and direction of industry. They pledge expanded production to take advantage of new world trade opportunities and to raise drastically the standard of living here at home. They support the policy of high wages and full employment. Thus, the Economic Bill of Rights and durable peace move another step closer to reality.

These are no two-bit commitments. Labor, therefore, has agreed to collaborate in helping to ensure high standards of working efficiency because the fruits of increased productivity will be measured not alone in the profit columns of the employers but in the well-being of the country and in the rosy cheeks of its people.

Whether or not there will be enlarged support for the agreement among the employers, particularly those accepting the lead of the National Association of Manufacturers, will be partially decided by the effectiveness with which labor organizes additional political support, on a day to day basis, for the President and the national coalition he represents.

It is the national coalition which is godfather to the agreement. It is the national coalition which makes realizable the basic economic objectives of the entire labor movement. It's certainly time for the AFL and CIO to unite in strengthening the coalition and it can do so best in fighting for support of the San Francisco Conference, the Bretton Woods agreement and in popularizing the labor-management agreement. A broad national campaign for these ends directed to all sections of the people would be a genuine political service by labor that would advance it in all its enterprises. Labor should promptly slough off the influence of those who palpitate with anxiety and uncertainty, and plunge boldly into a fight to win every election precinct in the country in active support of the President. If labor meets the test in the country, then the President will win in the Congress. And if he wins in the Congress, labor will have unprecedented organizational and collective bargaining opportunities in every industry.

It's good to be able to buck the line. But it's also necessary to know how to handle a lateral pass.

THE WISHFUL THINKERS

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN to date has probably disappointed a good many of the groups who hoped that he was going to be their man. The Connecticut Manufacturers Association, for instance, admits in its *Connecticut's Observer in Washington,* of April 23, that it is sad but true that Truman is following in Roosevelt's footsteps: that he has "disappointed powerful factions on Capitol Hill by promptly endorsing three Roosevelt projects": e.g., Bretton Woods legislation, the reciprocal trade program and the creation of a Missouri Valley Authority.

Others have not admitted disappointment as yet but have gone way out on a limb in anticipating a harmony which would be quite another thing than national unity. It would be a watering-down of the Roosevelt program. In foreign policy President Truman has failed entirely to bear out the hopes of the McCormick and Scripps-Howard press. On April 17 the Chicago *Tribune,* commenting on the President's speech before Congress, paid lip service to his uncompromising opposition to a soft peace, and then said: "It remains to be seen, of course, whether Mr. Truman will feel bound to carry out every private arrangement which his predecessor may have accepted at Yalta and in previous conferences."

And the Scripps-Howard Washington *News* on April 16: "the President is handicapped somewhat by the necessity of picking up in the midst of delicate foreign negotiations at a most critical moment in world affairs. . . .

"But this is not as severe a handicap to Mr. Truman as it may appear. Indeed, it has great advantages. It gives Mr. Truman a freer hand. He is not bound by the off-the-record personal understandings of his predecessor."

However, Truman's first act was to announce that San Francisco would not be postponed. And in his speech to the conference he underlined the fact that he had the utmost confidence in the delegates appointed by President Roosevelt. Moreover, he instructed the American delegation to live up to President Roosevelt's commitment at Yalta to support the Soviet request for the admission of the Ukrainian and White Russian Republics as founding members of the new world security organization.

It is perfectly natural that the solid citizens in the Gridiron Club, those Washington correspondents who have all the independence of mind of their front offices, have been anxious to fill their papers with quotations from their favorite Congressmen on Truman. Thus we have been regaled with mellow moments with Senator Taft as he leaves the White House and recalls he hasn't visited it in twelve years. We see that equally unappealing Senator, Chapman Revercomb of West Virginia (R), with an equally dismal record on foreign and domestic policy, quoted as saying hopefully but cautiously after Truman's speech: "It is my belief that if he follows his own views he will make a great American leader."

FOR your benefit I went to see one of my favorite Congressmen, Rep. Vito Marcantonio of New York, and this is what he said: "President Truman is doing a good job. He is reaffirming the faith of the people by following the Roosevelt policies. Talk to taxi drivers, talk to union delegations. The people are uniting behind Truman."

Marcantonio points out that a study of Truman's record shows more about the man than all the newspaper columns being written. "He voted for cloture," he said (cloture is the vote to close debate, that is, to end a filibuster; it requires a two-thirds vote) "on the anti-lynch bill and the anti-poll tax bill." And that, after all, "in the Senate—one of the nation's best clubs—where his best pals socially were poll taxers," Marcantonio said. "It was taken on an issue which hurt them most and on which they were most bitter."

"The same forces which opposed Roosevelt are going to oppose Truman. For many of those people the honeymoon already is over. Reciprocal trade is a question in point."

Truman's voting record supplies the stark facts of the man's faith. But here are the beautiful words this generally plain-spoken man used on June 15, 1940—note the date; it was long before he became a national figure:

"I believe in the brotherhood of man: not merely the brotherhood of white men, but the brotherhood of all men before the law. . . . I believe that in giving the Negroes the rights that are theirs, we are acting in accord with our ideals of a true democracy."

Obviously President Truman did not solicit the support of such characters as Rep. Clare Hoffman (R, Mich.) and Rep. William Lemke (R, N.D.). As a matter of fact, it was a restricted support that was offered, as it was in the case of many other wishful thinkers. Hoffman said on April 17, "Senators and Representatives who know him are convinced that he believes in and, if left to his own inclination will, as President, follow a course which will restore constitutional government to the people." He paid tribute to Truman as "another Calvin Coolidge," modifying it only by the phrase, "in some respects."

But there is no hedging, no "ifs," no ultimatum hinted, in an editorial inserted in the *Congressional Record* April 19 by Rep. Albert Thomas of Texas, which says, in part:

". . . In simple, eloquent words he [Truman] envisaged, too, the immensity of the opportunity that beckons—the opportunity to bring the war to a triumphant culmination, to establish a coalition of the United Nations for lasting peace, and, finally, to guide the nation successfully through the reconversion and reconstruction periods.

"How successfully this opportunity will be grasped will depend largely upon the support and cooperation of the American people. Mr. Truman has the ability, the experience, and the temperament for the job. . . . His sudden accession to the presidency is a ringing challenge to every good American to get behind him—Democrats and Republicans, New Dealers and anti-New Dealers, liberals and conservatives. No class or group has it in for him; Republicans and Democrats in Congress like and have confidence in their former colleague; every indication points to their cooperation, which he frankly told them is essential to the completion of 'one of the greatest tasks ever assigned a public servant.'"

There is no hedging, either, in the resolutions from trade unions, both AFL and CIO, memorializing their fallen leader, President Roosevelt, and pledging to carry forward their support to President Truman.

NM SPOTLIGHT

The Press at San Francisco

A LESS pleasant side of writing an editorial is having to wade in the endless stream of reports, dispatches, communiques, bulletins, columns, press releases and whatnot that go into its making. This past week the stream became a raging torrent issuing from San Francisco and rolling over every inch of the earth. We are heartsick over much of what is being written about the conference by Americans. It is on the whole dishonest and while the reader senses that some correspondents are trying to rise above their narrow training, even they often run with the howling pack. We sympathize with those reporters who bring no better preparation to the meeting than the experience of a police beat or the humdrum business of trailing a legislator. It isn't simple to feel at ease in an assemblage where many languages are spoken, where the hopes of mankind express themselves in a dozen different political ways, and where more than an elementary knowledge of what makes the world tick is necessary. Those who do realize that they have special responsibilities in presenting an objective picture, because it is through their eyes that the country is seeing San Francisco, not infrequently have their stories distorted back home by prejudiced editors.

There are always, of course, the outright stupid and mean correspondents. And we herewith give the booby prize to the fool who asked Mr. Molotov how "vodka" is pronounced in Russian. Then there are the saboteurs like the New York *Daily News'* John (Goebbels) O'Donnell, who needs no instructions from his boss, Captain Patterson, to sling mud and single-handedly try to wreck the conference. Hitler couldn't do it; neither can O'Donnell. But several honest reporters were affected to a large degree by the O'Donnell anti-Sovietism. For a few days, the less wary among them were susceptible to all the contrived nonsense that the USSR was obstructing the meeting. Mr. Molotov is a big, bad, mean Russian, they said. The Russian bogey is an old plaything when there isn't much else to write about. It isn't employed as often as it used to be, but we do wish that when the temptation is strong, decent newspaper people would count up to fifty before they begin fabricating fantasies. It's simple to figure out: if we couldn't win the war without the Russians, the peace can hardly be preserved without the Russians either. If the Russians make suggestions at San Francisco then why assume that it is all a dastardly plot? A dozen other delegations are making suggestions and no one gets hysterical about them.

We are also sorry to see one of the country's best reporters, I. F. Stone, write an absurd piece in *PM* certain to dampen enthusiasm for San Francisco. Mr. Stone has many creditable things to his record but his story of April 26 is on the debit side. He decries the absence of Litvinov, forgetting, of course, that Litvinov's chief for many years, Molotov, is heading the Soviet delegation. He finds several figures at the conference who before the war did not have a simon-pure record. That is undoubtedly true, but a good many of them have changed with the times and have learned a thing or two from the past. If the past lingers at San Francisco, Mr. Stone does not help eradicate it by throwing a wet blanket over something that is essentially fresh and different. By now he should know that the new is born out of the old.

Lessons of Buchenwald

INDIGNATION sweeps the country as the German prison camps are liberated and the Nazi bestialities are unbared to Americans as they had already been unbared to the Russians. It would be well, however, for that indignation to be chiefly directed at the source of the horror, Nazism. The Germans have a great burden of guilt for having taken up Nazism—but not because it is "a German trait." Let it be remembered that the Nazis had announced their program of extermination against "inferior" races and were carrying it out, that Buchenwald was already known and the knowledge of it suppressed, when those who preferred to try living side by side with fascism rather than with a socialist state, negotiated the infamous "peace in our time." Nazism made the German people its first victim, its first puppet nation and its chief accomplice—with too many Germans abetting. Let us, however, concentrate on the destruction of the Nazi hierarchy, Nazi institutions and Nazi ideas, together with their economic roots. The Soviet Union, which has been the greatest sufferer from German brutality, while insisting that the German people bear some responsibility for Nazi crimes, has made it clear that it neither sought nor considered possible the destruction of the German people.

A group of American and Canadian psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists, anthropologists and educators, who have been holding conferences at Columbia University for several months on this question, have just made similar conclusions public. Aggression and brutality, they insist, are not inherited characteristics but are acquired by training and education. Germans must be re-educated and their institutions remade. These scientists also warn that Nazi plans for the next war have already been laid and that the next move "will be an underground campaign through activities in the United States and South America." They advocate segregation of all continuing Nazis from the rest of the German population through their employment in labor battalions both inside and outside Germany.

The air is thick with rumors of negotiations for the unconditional surrender of Germany. Should such a surrender actually materialize by the time this issue of New Masses reaches our readers, we ask their indulgence for the fact that we went to press too early to carry any comment on it.

At France's Polls

AS WE write the final results of the French municipal elections have not been computed, but early reports—particularly those on Paris—indicate a

"I saved them from Bolshevism!"

strong trend towards renewed support of all those political figures who were in the leadership of French Resistance and of her liberation. While the voters did not include the armed forces or most of the prisoners of war, the elections are significant inasmuch as they undermine the impression given by many American correspondents, especially the notorious Harold Callender of the New York *Times*, that France would repudiate the Communists and all those ardent democratic circles who have been pressing for national reforms, the quick elimination of the Vichymen from public life, and the speeding of trials of collaborators and quislings. In Paris first returns definitely showed that Communist candidates had a commanding lead. That was true also of other key cities where in addition to the Communists the Socialists ran well ahead of the center and right parties.

The arrival of Petain undoubtedly had its effects at the polls in that it made Frenchmen all the more determined to register their deep dismay over the official negotiations that preceded his crossing over from Switzerland. One undeniable interpretation of the election results thus far is that it will hot up the fires under the go-easy-and-go-slow figures in the government who love the past too much to exert themselves in quickly solving France's critical economic problems. The fact that women did much of the voting—they were given the franchise for the first time—and voted on the whole for progressive candidates is proof once more that the daily quest for bread is uppermost in French affairs. The women have felt the hunger of their families and marched in tremendous numbers to the polls to pass judgment on indecisive official policies.

Gangster's End

SAWDUST CAESAR is dead. The strutting tyrant with the jackal heart lies bosomed on the corpse of his mistress in a square of the city where fascism was born, Milan, while Italian patriots trample him under foot. There may be some who will demur at the swiftness of his execution and regret that he was not given a more formal trial, but most Americans, and most of the decent people of all countries, will feel that never was justice more fitting. To be caught by his own countrymen while trying to escape, to be tried and shot by the brave partisans who are doing so much to liberate Italy, to be transported in a moving van and then thrown into the gutter where the anger of the Italian people pursued him even after death—this ultimate shame is indeed all too meager retribution for the shame he brought upon Italy during twenty years, for the crimes he committed against all mankind.

It is difficult to believe that this clownish man was once taken seriously by responsible leaders of our own and other lands. It seems incredible that in the early years of Mussolini's gangster rule, so great was the fear in conservative circles of popular democracy and of its new flowering in Soviet Russia that Mussolini was hailed as a statesman whose "stabilizing" role was considered worthy of emulation. His ignominious death comes as an appropriate symbol that an ignominious era has come to an end and that the forces of world democracy, capitalist and socialist, stand united in the construction of a new era of peace, freedom and well-being for all peoples.

Eleanor Roosevelt

THROUGHOUT the formal and informal ceremonies of national mourning following the death of President Roosevelt, the tall, erect figure of Eleanor Roosevelt moved with a strength and calm that deeply touched the American people. Her first words to President Truman on his asking her what he could do to help, "Tell us what we can do for you," could have come only from one who completely understood how much the needs of the world overshadow any individual grief. She reminded us that there was no room, no time in history to indulge our grief, and that the shock, the sudden emptiness, the momentary fear for what this meant to the world must be quickly conquered. We watched her quickly pack up the things with which she and Franklin Roosevelt had made the White House home for twelve years and we felt a double loss. But she has already resumed her tasks. "Our job," she wrote on the eve of the San Francisco Conference, "is to build an atmosphere in the country as a whole that will reassure the other peoples of the world as to our firm intentions to live in a peaceful and democratic world. Above everything else we should let our delegates know that we are keenly following every move at this historic meeting." We may be sure that Eleanor Roosevelt understands what she will need to do, and in the months to come, as she is free again, she will play an important role in carrying on the work she so ably shared with her husband.

Here and There

LIKE Luce's Bullitt who fired against the Soviet Union and United Nations unity through alleged and unnamed Italian "spokesmen," so the New York *Times*' Harold Callender is dropping verbal bombs from Paris on the same targets through similar unnamed French "spokesmen."

• Taking Senator Chandler out of the Senate into baseball improves national politics but smells up the national game; this strategem of the major league reactionaries to counter public pressure against Jim Crow in baseball should be defeated by wide public support for Rep. Vito Marcantonio's resolution to direct the Secretary of Commerce to investigate discrimination in the big leagues.

First Order of Business

WHILE V-E day will be tempered with the great responsibility of intensified production to defeat Japan, it will also usher in with new urgency the all-important problem of reconversion. The responsible war agencies estimate cutbacks in war production up to twenty-five percent within three months after Germany's defeat. Already preliminary cutbacks are taking place in armament and shipbuilding industries in a number of localities. Workers are being laid off and uneasiness is being felt in the affected communities.

The administration, through the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, has worked out plans to carry the national economy through the difficult and dangerous reconversion period. Unfortunately Congress has altered these plans, especially on the vital question of adequate and uniform unemployment benefits and government aid in transporting workers and their families from the war production areas to their original homes. James F. Byrnes, former director of the OWMR, in his last (April 1, 1945) report to the President and Congress, once again recommends that unemployment benefits be revised upwards to meet increased living costs. His recommendation demands speedy action. There are also a number of other problems that have been neglected in recent months and now call for immediate attention if the transition to a peacetime economy is not to be jolted by a sharp decline in the people's purchasing power.

Postwar prosperity and 60,000,000 jobs are by no means an automatic certainty. They can be achieved only by careful planning and timely measures designed to maintain the highest level of production and consumers' income during the reconversion period. Maintenance of purchasing power during reconversion and the initial years of peacetime production is the key to a prosperous economy. Mr. Byrnes' report records that early this year 52,000,000 were employed. V-E Day cutbacks will reduce this number by several million, with a proportionate reduction in consumers' income and purchasing power. The chief danger, however, lies in the general reduction of the take-home pay of the employed population with the end of overtime and other special payments. The late President Roosevelt recognized this danger and on several occasions affirmed the administration policy of maintaining the present take-home pay during the reconversion period. We are confident that President Truman, who as a member of the Senate fought for an adequate reconversion bill, will continue this policy. Any serious reduction of purchasing power during the partial reconversion period, beginning with V-E day, may start such a downward spiral of the total national income as might be a grave obstacle to full production and full employment after the war is over.

The War Labor Board, in refusing to revise the Little Steel formula before V-E Day, nevertheless was aware of the critical problems inherent in reconversion and recommended that an industry-labor conference be held to discuss post-V-E Day wage policy. About a month ago the CIO urged that the proposed conference be called as soon as possible. This conference is an urgent necessity. While the most pressing problem of such a conference will be the reconversion wage policy, it should also concern itself with other major problems indicated by the CIO. Chief among these is the establishment of a National Production Council, linked with the War Production Board, which would continue the magnificent wartime unity of effort into the reconversion and the postwar periods. Only through a National Production Council or a similar setup embracing industry, labor, agriculture and the government, will it be possible to solve the problems of wages, agricultural prices, general price regulation, unemployment and all other critical transition problems.

• The election of Communist mayors on National Front tickets in liberated Bologna and Modena demonstrates the popular faith won by the Communists for their part in the resistance activities; and the approval of these mayors by AMG demonstrates a growing democratization of Allied authorities in Italy.

• The Supreme Soviet of the USSR opened its current sessions with a moving tribute to the late President Roosevelt.

• We call the attention of our readers to an effective rebuttal to W. L. White's *Report on the Russians*—a pamphlet just issued by the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship under the title *The Book The Nazis Like.*

FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

EMPTYING THE POCKETS

THERE are times when a climactic war development is so great and poignant that even a cold-blooded reporter of military operations can't help unbuttoning his professional self-imposed straitjacket. Such a climax came last week when American and Soviet forces met at Torgau on the Elbe a few hours before the delegates of the United Nations met at San Francisco. Even the staunchest materialist cannot but feel that the spirit of Franklin Delano Roosevelt must have been present over both scenes.

Up to that fateful Wednesday, April 25, 1945, we all had a common goal, a common purpose and a common enemy. At Torgau a common front in the physical sense was created. At San Francisco a common security front is bound to be created, even if the Nazis and Japanese and their cronies yell: "No!"

The meeting of American and Soviet troops took place in the geographical center of Germany. Torgau is approximately 275 miles from Emden on the Dutch border, Karlsruhe on the French, Rosenheim on the Austrian, Beuthen and Butow on the Polish border, and Flensburg on the Danish border. American and Soviet troops had thus a rendezvous with fate in the heart of Germany, and kept it.

The historic meeting marked a momentous strategic transformation: the German Western and Eastern Fronts both bent in the center toward each other, met, and disintegrated into something which looks like a Northern Front and a Second-Southern Front—the original Southern Front being the one in Italy. The transformation means that the barrier between Western and Eastern Allied Armies is no more. An Allied automobile today can drive unimpeded from Paris to Moscow, via Cologne, Leipzig, Kottbus, Posnan, Warsaw and Minsk. In a few days trains will probably run right through—with a change somewhere on the way because of the difference in gauge.

The meeting of the Western and Eastern Fronts, which have now established a common sector—or rather a corridor—of about fifty miles, marks the final shredding of Germany into a dozen or so pockets. Here they are arranged approximately according to their territorial size:

1. The Germans are cut off in the north in Norway, Denmark, Schleswig-Holstein and Mecklenburg. Here they are stretched out precariously from the North Cape to the Emden-Swienemuende line which might by a certain stretch of the imagination be called their Northern Front. The Canadians are before Emden, the British are advancing on Hamburg and Marshal Rokossovsky has by-passed Swienemeunde and is advancing fast through lakes and marshes and across canals toward Rostock, Schwerin and Hamburg to meet the British and establish another junction somewhere in Mecklenburg. Here the Germans are being pushed out of Germany into Scandinavia.

2. The Germans are surrounded in Austria and the region of the Alps. The American Sixth Army Group under General Devers has taken Munich and the entire northern Austrian border and is now approaching the northern *glacis* of the Alpine Redoubt. Marshal Tolbukhin is approaching the eastern *glacis* of the Redoubt and only a bare seventy miles now separate Patton near Linz from Tolbukhin at Sankt-Poelten.

ALLIED troops in Italy have broken down the German defenses completely and have captured almost all the fortresses defending the road to the Brenner. In fact, there seem to be no more German defenses short of Bolzano. By a thrust to the Swiss border near Como, Allied troops have cut off all the Germans in the Turin-Milan area of Italy. Inside Italy northern Partisans appear to be in control of many large cities and industrial centers. French troops have crossed the Maritime Alps from France and are advancing on Aosta, Turin, Saluzzo and Vievola. Marshal Tito is fighting for Fiume and is bearing down on Zagreb and Ljubljana.

3. The Germans are almost surrounded in Bohemia and Moravia. General Patton is stabbing into Bohemia from west and southwest. Marshal Malinovsky has captured Brno (Bruenn) and is advancing on Prague from the east, while General Yeremenko is bearing down on Moravska-Ostrava and Olmuetz.

4. In Brandenburg the German central group is being cut up into fragments in and around Berlin. This group is pressed together between Anglo-American troops on the Elbe and Marshals Zhukov and Konev who are annihilating Berlin, have reached the Elbe south of it and are about to reach it north of the capital. The Germans are reported to be withdrawing all the troops facing the stationary American Ninth Army and rushing them to the relief of Berlin which is undoubtedly about to succumb. The German idea is not to save Berlin, which is beyond redemption, but to crack open an escape corridor for its garrison to the west through which said garrison could slip out and surrender to the Americans.

5. In Latvia German troops remain hopelessly cut off, some 250 from the nearest German-held port. The Soviet Command obviously does not feel they are worth wasting lives on. They will surrender of themselves.

6. The Germans are surrounded in the Harz Mountains and here too the Allied Command does not seem to think they are worth exterminating at this time.

7. In Holland the Germans still hold the Amsterdam-Utrecht-Hague area and have but a tenuous line of communications between the Frisian Islands and the mainland, to Emden and Cuxhaven.

8. The Germans have a division or so in Crete and some small garrisons on certain islands of the Aegean Sea.

9. German garrisons totaling about 50,000 men hold a number of French ports: Lorient, St. Nazaire and others.

10. There are some Germans still left on the tongue of land which stretches between Elbing and Pillau, off East Prussia.

11. In the marshes of the Vistula estuary a few German troops are holding out.

12. Finally, the German garrison of Breslau is still alive, fighting back stubbornly.

This "scalloping" is the result of the insane German strategy which willed it so that the bulk of the remaining German troops is from 100 to 1,500 miles from the heart of the country where Potsdam, the shrine of Prussianism and Munich the cradle of Nazism has fallen or is about to fall. The sire and offspring of German imperialism—German militarism and German fascism—have been robbed of their sacred altars. Meanwhile what remains of the armed section of the "master race" is being pushed out to die abroad, for there is practically nothing left of Germany proper, except the region of the northern ports, a piece of Bavaria and a shred of Saxony and Silesia.

At this fateful moment when anything can happen, it is a most trying task to write something which will appear only five days hence. Suffice it to say that even if a total collapse has not occurred by May 1, of all the above pockets of resistance only the Alps and the Danish-Norwegian area can still hold out for some time. The other ten can be the object only of a mopping-up operation when the signal is given by the hoisting of the Soviet flag over what will be left of the Brandenburg Gate. To all practical military intents and purposes the war against Nazi Germany is over.

It must be noted that the German official communique of April 28 contained a phrase which, as far as we know, has no precedent in a war against a coalition of powers. That communique actually said this: "While the German capital is defended in a tremendous struggle, unique in history, our troops on the Elbe have turned their backs on the Americans to open an attack for the relief of the defenders of Berlin." This means that the Germans have quit fighting the Western Allies and are fighting only the Red Army. Thus it is probable that the same "tactics" will prevail in Mecklenburg, where the Germans will quit fighting for Hamburg and Kiel and will rush to the defense of Rostock and Stralsund against Marshal Rokossovsky. The same thing will probably take place along the Danube. In the south the same tactic is being pursued: Marshal Tito along the Fiume-Ljubljana-Zagreb line is repelling fierce German counter-attacks while in Italy Allied armies advance at will and simply enter great cities and defense centers like Brescia, Verona, Venice, Milan, etc.

Thus it is permissible to expect that the last gasp of the war will be fought against the Red Army alone—around Berlin, in Latvia, at Breslau, in Czechoslovakia and in Eastern Austria, and against Marshal Tito's army in Croatia and Slovenia.

Greece's Royalists

(*Continued from page* 12)

violations. A few days ago, Mr. Sophoulis and Mr. Kaphantaris protested the continued persecution of the Leftists (as they call the EAM and the Communist Party); and these two leaders are not by any means sympathetic towards the EAM or the Communists. The EAM also officially denounced Damaskinos during the British-ELAS war as acting not as the impartial highest executive of the country but as acting as the head of the rightist forces.

Indeed Damaskinos, who could have helped form a broad, representative, democratic government, which the Yalta decisions expressly demand, shows that by tolerating acts of violence he is using his office to serve reaction. His synod has deposed two of the most progressive *Metropolites* (Bishops)—the *Metropolites* of Kozani and of Helias—for participating in the struggle of the EAM and for denouncing the king and all reactionaries.

The new government of Admiral Voulgaris is very narrow and does not even have the support of the Liberal and Progressive parties which supported Plastiras. It cannot survive for long because it is too weak to stand on its own feet. Nor can it begin to deal with the Greek economic crisis. The fantastic currency situation is evidence of how firmly entrenched in politics are the speculators, the financial sharks and those who operate the black market. As regards the basic economic problem, the narrowness of the Voulgaris government precludes any fundamental economic changes that could bring into the national economy the productive forces of the people. Unless the productive resources of the people and of the land are released, economic stagnation and starvation will continue unabated.

The EAM in its struggle for a rational economy is becoming even stronger than before. It seems to me also that under the impact of internal and external developments, a process of realignment of political and social forces is taking place. The EAM stated on March 30: "The Central Committee of the EAM has discussed questions of readjustment of the future action of its component parties to the new problems and to the new form of the anti-fascist struggle." Other progressive forces may join the EAM, and even its name—National Liberation Front—may be changed. Let us not forget that the EAM had a membership of 2,000,000 and nothing has happened to reduce that number except the loss of those killed during the British-ELAS struggle. The EAM will cooperate, of course, with Sophoulis Liberals and Kaphantaris Progressives in the plebiscite, since both these leaders have declared themselves against the return of the king. Perhaps, under the conditions of the post-plebiscite period, they may think of further cooperation in the general elections. We must remember that Sophoulis was the man who told British Ambassador Leeper that he is a friend, not a slave, of England. Though he is not a friend of the EAM, neither is he a foe.

It is worth mentioning also that Greek royalist propaganda, operating under the banner of a "Greater Greece," is pressing a vicious campaign against the Soviet Union and against Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia and is supporting the Polish group in London as well as the Serbian nationalists. Greek royalists are also trying to reach Greeks in the United States. Royalist organizations are flooding the United States with outrageous material through the chain letter method. These letters are sent from abroad and bear all the marks of having been written by Greek collaborators of the Nazis.

Mr. Christophorides is the editor of the "Greek-American Tribune."

READERS' FORUM

A GI on Roosevelt

TO NEW MASSES: I think I'd almost become personally identified with President Roosevelt. He was progress. He *was* the New Deal. He was our leader in the fight against fascism, in the struggle for a decent peace. And he was to be our leader in the quest for 60,000,000 jobs.

Perhaps way down, we thought he could never die—at least not till his work was successfully on its way. That's why to so many of us the shock was so terrific, for now, at the hour before midnight, he's dead.

Germany will soon be out of the war; the conferees are assembling at San Francisco—but Roosevelt, our greatest hope for decency and sanity, is gone.

I don't mean for us to give up in despair, and run wailing into the wilderness. It's just that our President meant something we can't replace. But ideals, the fight in this world for justice, are eternal—and there will be the price of many great men's lives to pay before the brave new world is achieved. And though we lose our leaders, new ones will grow, for the vast democratic tradition of our nation is the potential for that growth.

Today we look down in sorrow for the death of a great man—tomorrow we will raise our heads and pledge our support to new leaders who will take up the fight for Roosevelt's ideals.

San Antonio, Texas. CPL. MARTY SOLOW.

The Cross and the Arrow

TO NEW MASSES: The increased popularity of Albert Maltz's *The Cross and the Arrow* and its recent selection by the United Automobile Workers (CIO) book club emphasizes its importance.

It seems to me that the effort of any politically mature author to deal with contemporary conditions can only be judged in relation to its effect on the war effort and in its historical accuracy. In this novel Albert Maltz treats most of his characters sympathetically. The Nazi murderers as well as the anti-fascists are all human beings capable of human emotions. Indeed, it is because of this human warmth that Maltz lends to his characterizations that I question whether he understands the Nazis and the German people as do the people of the occupied countries. . . .

In addition, Albert Maltz is guilty of giving the reader a hope for the sudden awakening of a strong anti-Nazi force in Germany. A review of the characters of the book discloses a large active group of anti-Nazis who are possessed of a great potential virility capable of erupting at any moment. This certainly is not historically accurate, nor is it the situation that necessitated the Yalta decisions about occupying Germany. To my knowledge the German underground is pitifully weak, and the continued cooperation of the German working class with the Nazi government indicates its demoralization. The effect of this book on the average reader can do no more than to confuse his ideas about the need for a total victory. It lends no clarity as to the nature of fascism. . . .

I am afraid Albert Maltz is too far removed in Hollywood to touch the reality of the situation. I feel *The Cross and the Arrow* is politically irresponsible because of its historical inaccuracy and its deleterious effect on the understanding of the American people in this critical period.

New York. DR. ARNOLD M. GEIGER.

TO NEW MASSES: I just received a letter from a soldier who is recuperating from a wound in an Army hospital somewhere in England. You may be interested in reprinting what he says about Albert Maltz's *Cross and the Arrow*.

". . . finished Maltz today and am circulating it in the ward. A magnificent, purposeful job. . . . Frankly, I approached the book skeptically. . . . For I have seen my comrades die at my side; I have seen Germans beguile with the white flag of surrender men whom I had learned to love, only to trap and murder them; I have seen Germans march civilians in front of them at guns' point, using them as shields while firing at us; I have seen a France denuded of production and young men; and I have seen German prisoners cringe and grovel and quiver and weep in stark, all-consuming fear before me, moaning that they were not Hitlerites, that SS men were making them fight.

E. Miller.

"You can't see all that, and feel all that, and still be prepared to discuss dispassionately a 'soft vs. hard' peace, whether or not the German people are guilty . . . and I was afraid that was what would be in Maltz.

"You can understand, then, what deep satisfaction it was to learn that the essence of *Cross and the Arrow* was the guilt of the German people as a whole. ('He [Wegler] too had done these things by complicity, by his work, and by his silence—he too was stained with guilt'); how thrilling it was to observe the conviction, skill and artistry by which that guilt is shown to stem from the socio-economic conditions besetting the German people ('There is no fixed destiny to any people . . . can you show me this destiny in the German bloodstream?'); how stimulating to view with clarity the paths ahead, the destruction of those socio-economic factors by force before a new German nation could evolve. ('Words might be useless with this lad and his kind, but . . . this youth, this German multitude would finally and painfully learn through catastrophe').

"I know now that I, as a combat soldier, *needed* Maltz. For in the heat of many battles I was, unwillingly and unconsciously, beginning to lump the German people into a common denominator of national cowardice, deserving only national suicide. Would that every fighting man could read Maltz's textbook to the future."

Cleveland, Ohio. REGINA SOKOL.

On Military Training

TO NEW MASSES: Before reading Mr. Limbert's article on military training [NM, April 3] I had a vague idea that there were many good points in such training, with some faults and dangers; but that the good points outweighed the others. After reading Mr. Limbert's article my point of view was reversed: that there are more dangers than I thought and that what good there was in it might better be achieved in other ways. After reading Carl Ross' article, I felt a real disappointment. I wanted to believe in it but it seemed that much of the logic was childish, and one is continually asking himself the question: postwar military training for use against whom? We are pledging ourselves now to end all future dangers from Germany and Japan *before* this war is over. That, I take it, is the meaning of *unconditional surrender*. If there is any sense in the world—and most of us believe there is—the world will be war-weary as never before. Consequently: against whom?

And now, after going this far, I feel inclined to say: let us not be foolish, utopian, or inclined to wishful thinking about this problem. There is one great benefit in a peacetime draft of youth: this is the fusion of youth together, the social, collective experience they now get and would continue to get in a peacetime draft under good conditions. In my opinion, this is the true point to consider; and it is possible it might be worked out by voluntary means, say five years from now, better than by compulsory. I think Mr. Limbert has cancelled any argument about the *technical* value for use in war of a peacetime draft. I think so with the more assurance because I was in the Army when the CCC was organized—and saw the good it did to our youth, the trouble the work was to us soldiers, and sensed the uselessness of any such organization for military purposes. Above all—let us not expect to know, today, *everything* that will be best five years from now.

E. Pepperell, Mass. AL AMERY.

HOW NOT TO TRANSLATE

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

THE fun artists once got out of shocking the bourgeoisie seems to have ended in that philistine climax, the Coolidge boom. The bourgeoisie proved to have a tough hide; it merely arched its ponderous back in gestures demanding, "tickle me some more!" It even converted the shocks into profit, turning out "shoppe" fronts which it strewed over the land from the realtors' paradise in Washington Square to its counterpart in Hollywood.

The shocks have long been formalized into conventions. At this moment in American cultural history the *avant-garde* magazines are mostly published at universities. The most "accepted" and best endowed museums are devoted largely or entirely to "abstract" or "nonobjective" art. In a word, the "modern" has become the academic.

The new academicians, like the old, so far as they acknowledge any life outside the studio, continue the traditional hostility to progress. Where their shock-administering organs have not completely atrophied, it is upon the left that they keep up their sputtering.

One of the most active of the shockers is the jauntily decadent Vladimir Nabokov. A bilingual writer, using Russian and English with almost equal glitter, he is the literary star of the second generation of White Guard Russian refugees. He has written an euphuistic novel, *The Journal of Sabastian Knight,* unreadably rich in "fine" writing; and a study of Gogol that denies his significance and power as a satirist to mount him, instead, on a surrealist pedestal, towering in the microcosm of miniatures to which Nabokov reduces the world. He has now issued translations of some twenty Russian poems, some of them long passages from poetic drama.* And he has written numerous reviews and articles where, as in his book on Gogol, his references to the Soviet Union reach eccentric extremes of violence for which that comparatively circumspect Soviet-hater, Edmund Wilson, has seen fit to chide him.

His study of Gogol is remarkable for its perversity. To make Gogol fit his notion of an artist as a man purged of social purpose, and of art as a human activity devoid of social significance, Nabokov snaps his fingers at history, ignoring the vast stir caused by Gogol's masterpieces and misrepresenting the effects on Gogol himself, making him appear to be a victim of sociological busybodies who sought to *force* satire on the great satirist. According to Nabokov, Gogol was not a satirist at all, but the most gifted of all fantasists, the one with the greatest talent for making a nightmare real. To be a preserver of nightmares is for Nabokov the major function of the writer; and that is the greatness he would attribute to Gogol.

Nevertheless, the book contained some saving perceptions into the characteristics of Gogol's style and into his image making; it contained, above all, some translations, by way of example, that were so remarkably good that it seemed to me here at last was that rarity, the talented bilingual writer who, as translator, could at last make Russian literature read like literature. And I wished for a guardian angel who might persuade Nabokov away from futile perversites, in which he only succeeded in being more dramatically silly than others, and to use his talents on translations from the Russian, particularly the poetry, which has been served infinitely worse than the prose.

Consequently it seemed to me like a prayer answered when his little book of translations from Russian poetry was announced. I secured a copy and read it eagerly and, for a few pages, with delight, for the translations are deft and vivid. Then came bafflement. I felt lost in a literary back alley. And gradually it came clear to me. Nabokov was, of course, selecting poems to his taste. It was the same taste that had led him to transform Gogol into Dali. Here was another product of a concentration on whatever put violence to decorative use, whatever in these poets could be made comformable to Nabokov's sophisticated romanticism; and here, finally, was another product of the rejection of the social role of Russian poetry. Had these translations been from the Russian decadents of the turn of the century, Nabokov would have done no violence; but he chose three of the major Russian poets.

And so it turns out that a bilingual talent is not enough. There is needed, in addition, a mind responsive to and respectful of the social realities in Russian literature. No modern literature has been so socially conscious; to deflect or ignore that aspect of it is to misrepresent it; and misrepresentation can be as serious as mistranslation.

* THREE RUSSIAN POETS, PUSHKIN, LERMONTOV, TYUTCHEV. *Translated by Vladimir Nabokov. New Directions. $1.*

Pot Calls Kettle White

"Now what impressed me most strongly on reading the book was the author's patent honesty of approach."

William Henry Chamberlin in "W. L. White and His Critics" in the American Mercury.

Asia Won't Wait

SOLUTION IN ASIA, *by Owen Lattimore. Little, Brown. $2.*

OWEN LATTIMORE has spent a lifetime in Asia, in business, in newspaper work, in research and finally as a political adviser to Chiang Kai-shek. Others have had similar experiences and know the facts as well as he does. But while many wore blinkers, revelled in the colonial paradise, developed superiority complexes or were blandished by official presentations, Lattimore kept a cool head and a warm interest in watching a great historic event unfold before his eyes—the emancipation of Asia's millions. *Solution in Asia* is therefore a most timely, readable, concise little volume. The author does not generalize. His charges are pointedly precise. He illuminates one by one the essential elements

of the case and fits them together into an eminently logical and comprehensive picture. It is at once a challenge, a postwar program for economists and a primer for every thinking person.

Lattimore starts with the American "experts" who "through patient adherence to habitual thinking" had "developed a portentous technique of seeing through brick walls and no aptitude for seeing through glass." His general assumption is that Asiatic problems can be understood by anyone who can understand any other kind of problem. Then he examines Japan, the exponent of cut-rate imperialism; revolutionary and nationalist China; developments in Britain's colonial empire; the emergence of Soviet Russia, and America's policies. He sees the beginning of a new era and notes the new balance of forces to be struck. And he lists them as the retentive power of imperialism, whose age is almost over, the spread of Western capitalist democracy in some countries and a comparable spread of Marxist democracy in others.

Having lived among them, Lattimore has an intimate knowledge of most races and tribes in Asia. "To all these peoples the Russians and the Soviet Union have a great power of attraction," he says. ". . . the Soviet Union stands for strategic security, economic prosperity, technological progress, miraculous medicine, free education, equality of opportunity, and democracy: a powerful combination." Russia is not a threat but an example. Her action will be determined by the American approach within the United Nations. Asia's people know that political and economic, not merely military, security is the only solid foundation upon which the United Nations organization can be built.

Mr. Lattimore then points to the Dumbarton Oaks Charter as an encouragingly realistic document but cautions soberly: "We cannot count on a breathing space at the end of the war in which to pick our economic opportunities and decide on the political programs. . . . We cannot . . . decide how far we want to go toward emancipation or how fast. Russia will not stand still. China will not wait. The rest of the freedom bloc will press for change. If we stand still, the colonial peoples will begin to pull away from us and to gravitate toward the moving forces. In most parts of the world the idea of a cooling-off period is foolish. In Asia it is an invitation to disaster. We must have a policy now."

Japan, like Germany, must be deprived of the power of resorting to aggression, but industrial demilitarization should not be confused with deindustrialization which would cause famine and breed conflict. The provisions of the Cairo Conference, a policy of channeling Japan's industrial output toward the rehabilitation of devastated areas, a strict Allied control over the holdings and giant combines of her political masters are the first steps to be taken. As a matter of political prophecy, Owen Lattimore believes that the Japanese people are likely to overturn the throne unless we prevent them. "I think we should make the worst possible mistake in trying to use for our own purposes either the present emperor or a successor nominated by us." He also warns against a "soft" dealing with the old-school-kimono "liberals."

"Our China policy must be brought into proper liaison with our Soviet and British policies," as there is at present the danger of China becoming a Poland in Asia, with America eventually identified as the "not-too-enthusiastic backer of a 'legitimist' group with too many Chinese 'Polish colonels.' "

As far as the colonial peoples are concerned, Mr. Lattimore believes the best solution would be to set a date for their political independence and to make it the responsibility of the ruling power to prepare the people for it. To counteract the economic practices of colonial powers, the author suggests a general policy of expanding investments and markets through the Bretton Woods organs to raise the standards of living and contribute to education and to political maturity.

Mr. Lattimore concludes: "Failure in Asia would doom our hopes for a cooperative world order. Success in Asia would prove the survival value of the postwar world order toward which we are working. The time has come to give Asiatic policy a top priority in America's relations with the world."

Solution in Asia is a *must* book not only for our San Francisco delegates but for every one of us.

ILONA RALF SUES.

Capitalism in America

CAPITALISM AND PROGRESS, *by Anna Rochester. International Publishers. 40c.*

THE closing stages of the war has brought a shift of interest from military problems to the more prosaic and difficult problems of political economy. Reconversion, 60,000,000 jobs, tariffs, Bretton Woods and world economic collaboration call for our attention. Most pre-war standards of values and measures of appraisal must be altered to fit a new world situation in which the socialist and capitalist social-economic systems will work together. The new postwar world will confront us with many novel problems and situations that call for a reliable means to estimate social-economic forces and the direction of their movement.

Of all the existing social economic theories Marxism alone emerges from this war suitable for such a purpose. The Marxist science of society (historical materialism) maintains that the mode of production of any given historical epoch is the only guide to its social, economic, political and ideological relations and conflicts. Hence the study of the laws of political economy is indispensable to the correct appraisal of events, problems and perspectives that lie before us.

Miss Rochester's small book is a Marxist study of the laws governing the development and operation of the American capitalist system of economy. The core of this work is a popular presentation of the chief elements of Marxist political economy. The book is also a brief history of American economic development from early colonial days on through the main stages of its growth to the present period. The historical review helps to make clear the evolution of our economy and to reveal the progressive role and constructive contribution of the capitalist mode of production under the unique conditions of a country without the feudal traditions which retarded the development of productive forces in most European nations.

Against this historical background Miss Rochester examines the economic nature of capitalism, production of values, generation of surplus value (profits), accumulation of capital, economic crises and the monopoly (imperialist) stage of capitalism in which we live today, and reaches the conclusion that American capitalism played an overall progressive role despite its negative aspects, setbacks, crises and depressions. In her chapters on postwar perspectives she examines the new factors arising from this war—the defeat of fascism, the growth of democratic forces and the peaceful cooperation of the Soviet Union with capitalist democracies—that hold the promise of another long period of socially useful existence of capitalism in this country.

From the foregoing it is clear that

"Teheran," by Sara Berman-Beach. At Artist Associates Gallery through May 31.

this little book covers an enormous range of problems, far too many for adequate treatment. Nevertheless, it serves as a valuable introduction to Marxist political economy. The carefully selected list of sources and references serves as a guide for further study of the subject here so ably condensed and summarized.

RALPH BOWMAN.

Tough Vines of Liberty

PATRICK HENRY AND THE FRIGATE'S KEEL, AND OTHER STORIES OF A YOUNG NATION, *by Howard Fast. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.50.*

". . . AND none of them could remember who brought the spirit of liberty to America." The first story of Howard Fast's book opens, and all these twelve stories which have appeared in past years in popular magazines, answer that question. They are warm stories giving that sense of people and history moving into us, in the present, which has been the greatest living gift of Fast to our day—and to the art of historical fiction. He seems to do this not with a mass of trappings and detail but in the deft and subtle speech and the work of the people, so they move into our day, stand beside us, make us feel that all our ancestors are living.

The book expresses this sense of the immediacy of liberty, our heritage of freedom, its strong roots, its beginning like tough vines in the new hearts of many anonymous people in a new nation when it was hard to bear the newness, the largeness, the loneliness of having to be courageous in an unprecedented event. This sense grows in all the stories in this collection: the fine title story, which tells how Patrick Henry sat down on the frigate's keel and the spirit of liberty went out of him and into it, so that afterward men heard it humming far in the depths of the body of the good ship *Constitution;* the story of pirates who fought for the Yankee General Jackson; of old pioneers full of vinegar; of women who looked from the chinks of log cabins down the barrel of a gun for days, then said that what they had endured was not "too hard"; of women who fled from the terror of a new life and then were drawn back with their children to fight it out; of the Jew who built and manned a ship and fought for the new world; of the new nation bursting the small feelings of a boy, in a hot circle of sun, who felt the nation grow and break the sinews of his heart.

So while these are twelve separate stories they are one, freedom binding together the people of that time and the democratic spirit they nourished, and binding them to us. It makes us curiously conscious, in an almost physical way, of the deep, germinal strength of our heritage. History becomes useful to us as a tool—an earth auger, a strength for the day, a leverage of tomorrow. This is Howard Fast's good invocation of life—good history, and anyone from the kids up will be warmed by it.

MERIDEL LE SUEUR.

Logic and the Universe

A PREFACE TO LOGIC, *by Morris R. Cohen. Henry Holt. $2.50.*

THIS volume of essays, in the words of the author, ". . . does not purport to be a treatise on logic. . . . What is attempted is an exploration of the periphery of logic, the relation of logic to the rest of the universe, the philosophical presuppositions that give logic its meaning and the applications which give it importance." One must not, however, jump from the last phrase to the conclusion that by applications is meant something more or less consciously connected with the improvement of man's material environment or his social conditions. Cohen actually defends a sort of truth-for-truth's-sake theory: "If the vision of beauty is its own excuse for being, why should not the vision of truth be so regarded?" He also argues against

the proposition that "philosophy should justify itself, not as an intellectual pastime or as an emotional indulgence, nor yet as an escape from the unwelcome realities of our present existence, but by its bearing on human weal and woe." He suggests that he is in favor of an ideal of contemplation, and warns against "an unwise fear of otherworldliness."

At the same time a good part of the book is devoted to a very cogent attack upon certain trends of thought on the ground that they evade their proper responsibilities and do not make conscious and organic connection with the actual world. For example, logicians who hold that logic is only about marks on paper, marks that have no relation to the real world, are taken to task; in general, those who refuse to see any connection between logic and ontology are criticized. Social scientists who shy away from value considerations, and writers on ethics who make everything subjective are also sharply attacked. Thus the author sometimes gives the impression of wanting to commit others, but of refusing to commit himself.

Cohen insists that the principles of formal logic are not, as many logicians maintain, mere arbitrary rules of an interesting intellectual game. "If logic were indeed only a manipulation of symbols it would be as devoid of philosophical significance and scientific utility as chess or tick-tack-toe." The principles of correct inference, he holds, express the generalized conditions of the world of actual fact. Yet he cannot break himself of the habit of thinking of the realm of possibility as logically superior to the realm of actuality: "Science, like art and practical effort, liberates us from the prison house of the actual and enables us to penetrate beyond to the region of the possible."

He is a justifiably caustic critic of the superficialities of logical positivism but apparently does not see its core of value, probably because of his constant underestimation of the empirical aspects and over-estimation of the mathematical aspects of science. This tendency is carried to an absurd extreme whenever he speaks of Francis Bacon. Cohen seems to have the fixed idea, which he expresses in several different essays, that Bacon made no place in his program of scientific method for hypotheses or "anticipations." It seems difficult to believe that a man of Cohen's scholarly grasp could miss not only the fact that Bacon designated one of the six parts of his "Great Instauration" by the very term anticipations, but that what we call hypotheses are a central part of his method. Bacon clearly wanted to organize the formation of hypotheses, not dispense with them.

Cohen's strong points, and they are many, are abundantly evident in this interesting volume, composed partly of reprinted and partly of new papers. The wide range of learning, the polemical vigor, the occasional saltiness of language and piquancy of style so characteristic of him are all to be found here. One admires again the uncompromising honesty (shown also in his acts as a citizen) which has contributed to his stature. Yet the total impression is of one who sees very clearly, even intensely, many leaves and many branches, but does not see how they join a trunk that has its living roots in the soil.

PAUL MILLER.

Life in Germany

GERMANY: ECONOMIC AND LABOR CONDITIONS UNDER FASCISM, *by Jurgen Kuczynski, with an introduction by Albert Norden. International. $2.50.*

CIVIL LIFE IN WARTIME GERMANY, *by Max Seydewitz. Viking. $3.50.*

GERMANY, A STUDY OF PROPAGANDA AND WAR GUILT BETWEEN TWO WARS, *by Lindley Fraser. Oxford University.*

JURGEN KUCZYNSKI is a well known German economist, now living as an exile in London. In the first part of his valuable book he deals with the general structure of German fascism, indicating its monopoly-capitalist character. The second section analyzes the economic policy of German fascism since its advent to power, the development of German war economy under fascism and the dominant role in it of German heavy industry.

The chief contribution of this book is to be found in the third section dealing with labor conditions in Germany from 1933 to 1943. It is the first time that, on the basis of official German material, a scientific investigation has been made of the systematic deterioration of the living conditions of the German worker up to 1943 under fascism. It shows that the German worker has been reduced to a status similar to serfdom. Since 1943, there has been an accelerated deterioration. Yet these were "aristocratic conditions" when compared with the conditions of the enslaved foreign workers which Kuczynski summarizes as follows: "The fascists

treated them as the Romans treated their slaves during a period when slaves were still available in large quantities and when a rich Roman did not mind occasionally cutting up a slave in order to feed his goldfish. . . . More than every fourth worker in Germany is working under slave conditions, just kept alive, if he is a skilled worker, doomed to death if he is an unskilled worker."

Kuczynski's book should be read particularly by those who see dangers of enslavement for German workers. The victory of the Allies may mean the suppression of the ruling sections of monopoly capitalism—at least we may hope so—but it cannot bring anything else than liberation for the German workers.

"CIVIL LIFE IN WARTIME GERMANY" combines an excellent analysis of German fascism with the record of the events and developments in Germany, especially in the first four years of the war. It is the first serious attempt I know of by a German writer to provide a systematic record of the struggle of the German underground. So far as such a story can be told from the outside, Max Seydewitz has done it. He establishes the existence of a German underground and the large part played in it by the German Communists, whom he characterizes as the most active and persistent underground fighters. He describes the opposition developed in religious and other groups. However, since the completion of this book life has proved that Seydewitz underestimated the hold of fascism and overestimated the strength of the anti-Nazi opposition in Germany.

Despite these weaknesses this former Social Democrat deputy, who broke from his party because of the reactionary policy of its leaders, shows an excellent knowledge of his country and the reasons for its downfall. First as an exile in Prague, and after Munich in Sweden, he was able to watch Nazi Germany closely and his observations are thoughtful and discerning.

IN HIS *Germany Between Two Wars* Lindley Fraser presents the main propaganda themes of official Germany from 1918 till today, used to excuse her defeats and defend her policy. These explanations are pivoted on the "treason" of her own people or on the policy of other nations. Mr. Fraser tests this propaganda and refutes it point by point. The book would be even more useful had he analyzed not only the propaganda of German reaction and fascism but also that of the German Social Democrats and of many German Catholics, which smoothed the path for fascism. Mr. Fraser's analysis enables us to anticipate the forthcoming propaganda themes of beaten German Nazism. And again this propaganda is being helped along by sections of German emigrants, from the "left" Socialists like Paul Hagen to the reactionary Social Democrats like Friedrich Stampfer and the reactionary German Catholics, who are already piling up excuses for the attitude of the German people during the war.

HANS BERGER.

Brief Reviews

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA, *by Alexis de Tocqueville. Knopf. $6.*

A NEW edition of one of the classics of sociological literature. Written at a time when it was fashionable for European observers to disparage the new American democratic society, it made a calm, just, penetrating and vividly detailed study of what was then "the new civilization." It served a similar purpose to the one served by that comparable sociological masterpiece, the study of the new Soviet civilization and its extensions of human democracy, by Beatrice and Sidney Webb. A valuable addition to one's library in any day, De Tocqueville's great work is particularly timely in this decisive and triumphant testing period of the principles of democracy.

PAUSE TO WONDER: Stories of the Marvellous, Mysterious and Strange, *edited by Rolfe Humphries and Marjorie Fischer. Messner. $3.*

SETTING out with the intention of selecting out of the vast literature in the fields noted in the subtitle that which is good writing and enjoyable reading, the compilers have succeeded in putting together an interesting anthology which includes a number of "discoveries."

Worth Noting

A MEMORIAL meeting honoring the late Jacques Romain, the noted Negro poet and Haitian political leader, will be held in New York *Times* Hall May 24.

Earl Browder will be the chief speaker; his topic will relate to the Negro people and their prospects for greater freedom, in the light of the San Francisco conference. Max Hudicourt, former editor of *La Nation*, will speak,

as will Councilman Benjamin J. Davis. May is also the month of Haiti's Flag Day.

RACIAL minorities are the subjects of the two winners of the literary fellowships offered by the Houghton Mifflin Company. The fiction award was won by the young Negro writer Ann Petry, whose novel, *The Street*, deals with life in overcrowded Harlem. The non-fiction award went to Beatrice Griffith, who deals with the Mexicans in the United States, our fourth largest minority group. Miss Griffith worked with the California Relief Commission and supervised a number of projects for the National Youth Administration.

ON BROADWAY

THE line forms on the right for *Carousel*, Richard Rogers' and Oscar Hammerstein's new Theater Guild musical. It will be a long line and deservedly so. The show is at once bright and blue, laughing and verging on the tear. If its songs are not as catchy as those in *Oklahoma* one of them, at least, is to my ear, better music.

The story, as you know, is that of the play *Liliom*, of the irresponsible young carousel barker whose robust egotism leads him to self-destruction but, in the end, to a return from heaven to do a good deed. As in *Oklahoma*, the attempt is to bring an aggressive, native rural and often primitive spirit to the stage; and, to warrant this kind of treatment, the locale of the play has been transferred from Hungary to old New England.

But the show, as a whole, left me uneasy. The first-act mood of robust joy, in which Liliom has fallen sufficiently in love to marry, changes in the second act to one of introspective analysis. Liliom neglects and hurts his wife and, finally, kills himself. In heaven, he sees his daughter suffering on earth for his sins, and descends to set things right.

Obviously this darker side of Liliom does not lend itself to square dancing and the hog-calling kind of song, but the first act has led one to hope for a continuation of that carefree mood. Instead, the show spasmodically comes to grips with Liliom's psychological problem and that of his family, and from then on there is no memorable song. The main second act ballet, though excellent in itself, is a dramatization in dance of his daughter's social ostracism.

The significant fact about this "American" kind of musical show is the choice of the relatively distant past as the time of the action and the use of rural characters and locales. These offer opportunities for lusty outdoor emotions and full-throated singing—ample room for America's extroverted side. But in *Carousel* its limitations become obvious. For when a man is driven to suicide by his irresponsible egotism, one cannot bring on a hog-calling chorus, and one should not lead the audience to expect it. More important, if one is going to kill one's hero in the second act, it seems necessary to infiltrate the first act with a foreshadowing mood of appropriate weight.

Either *Carousel* should not have waved the dungarees so violently in the first act or it should have continued waving them in the second. The second half of *Carousel*, however, throws a beam toward the future, toward musical plays of serious intent. And I think that Rogers and Hammerstein may well be the men to introduce them.

Part of this splitting of the play is due to John Raitt's portrayal of Liliom. Where he should be devilish he is merely boastful, where he should be impish he is heavy-footed, and where he should have brought joy into the second act he intensifies a mood of sentimental sadness. Mr. Raitt's singing, however, was excellent and the rest of the playing and singing was almost uniformly good. My favorite is Murvyn Vye as Jigger, the rogue who leads Liliom astray. Out of a cast of thirty it is impossible to single out individuals for special praise without slighting others, so we'll let it go at that.

I found the ballet numbers variable in value. The dance describing how "June Is Bustin' Out All Over" catches spring's breath and joy, but the hornpipe number never rose above the cliches of similar Radio City numbers. The opening pantomime around the carousel seemed a little over-confused due to Reuben Mamoulian's unsteady direction. People in mobs do know where they want to go, but this mob simply milled around. The settings by Jo Mielziner reflected the schismatic dislocation of the play. Although uniformly colorful, their change of attitude is disconcerting. A realistic depth of perspective was suddenly succeeded by a flat-

tening of the stage to a stylized platform.

As a whole, though, *Carousel* is a good time and for the most part satisfying. I think it a halfway house on the road toward a form that will allow for subtle themes set to music, theatrical ideas that will expose America's thought as well as her shout. MATT WAYNE.

Notes on Music

AMONG New York's musical critics, Virgil Thomson stands out for his honesty and straightforwardness, his catholicity of taste, freedom from snobbery and for his serious concern for the good estate of music in America. That is why a reprint of his reviews, covering the years from 1940 to 1944, is welcome and deserving of attention.

The Musical Scene reflects more clearly than the writing of most specialists the quandary of the modern musician in the face of the hostility manifested toward him and his work by certain well-established institutions.* As a practicing composer, Thomson can speak of this with some authority. Thomson is a modernist who correctly recognizes that you cannot build a sound musical life in this country on repetitions of accepted classics. The contemporary American composer is at a fatal disadvantage even before he begins: orchestras are reluctant to pay him royalties; rehearsals are expensive; it is easier and more profitable to ride the old war horses of the concert stage or the opera; and a number of distinguished conductors are avowedly hostile to modern music, and American music in particular. Thomson holds the New York Philharmonic and the Metropolitan (and he might have added the New Friends of Music) especially responsible for this condition in New York, and this is the basic reason for their failure to play a significant role in New York's cultural life at the present time.

The things that Virgil Thomson asks for are simple and worthwhile: "the building of an audience for American music and the building of an American repertory for that audience." There are plenty of very talented composers now at work in America; but only Hollywood and, to a lesser extent, the radio, seem to be aware of that fact. There is a healthy and widespread hunger for good music; and I agree with him in believing that modern music is as easily comprehensible to the average American audience as the standard classics. What is required is *performance;* performance that is honest, capable and sympathetic. You cannot build an interest in a new composition by constantly setting it off, as so frequently happens on programs, against established "masterpieces." Roy Harris can't very well stand up against Beethoven, or Blitzstein against Bach. And you can't expect audiences to forego the temptation to draw invidious comparisons, if that's the way your programs are constructed.

I am glad Thomson recognizes the wonderful contribution to American cultural life made by the WPA. There was more living and exciting American music performed during the brief life of its musical projects than had been the case in America in all of the previous decade. There were new audiences for these concerts; there was interest and enthusiasm. Not all the music performed was good music; but much of it was very good. And when this, and the other federal projects were killed, something went out of American cultural life which has not yet been replaced. Blitzstein was a product of that period; and Thomson gives due praise to his remarkable and fresh talents.

It's a little unfortunate that Thomson does not think his problem through. He recognizes that the failure to create an American audience for American music is not due to absence of interest or to stupidity. Americans want music, want it badly. Witness their interest in ballads; witness their reactions to the popularization (not always most fortunate) of so-called classical music. What Thomson fails to note (though perhaps he sees it) is that the primary flaw lies in the failure of some of our major organizations to involve the interest of large segments of our people, especially trade unions. Out in San Francisco, Harry Bridges and the labor unions are officially connected with the orchestra. The Philharmonic of our own city and the Metropolitan Opera House could profitably copy that example. The New York City Center is showing the way to a more democratic musical life. It seems to me that men like Thomson, sensitive and clear-eyed, could wield an incalculably beneficial influence if they turned their attention to this aspect of the problem. So far as the future is concerned, it is sad to see how little attention is being paid to postwar planning in the musical field. I can think of no more worthy cause to engage the energies of the author of *The Musical Scene.*

There is much, then, in Thomson's book that I agree with. At the risk of being thought captious, I would just

* THE MUSICAL SCENE, *by Virgil Thomson. Knopf. $3.*

like to register my displeasure at (1) his nostalgic loyalty to the Left Bank and its *enfants terribles* of a past dead age, Erik Satie and George Antheil; (2) his ungracious and unjust judgment of Shostakovich; (3) his amazingly flippant and superficial analysis of Mozart; and (4) his ill-tempered appraisal of Beethoven's liberalism.

WANDA LANDOWSKA's recent concert at Town Hall was extraordinary. Entirely devoted to Polish composers and compositions affected by Polish influences, most of the music was new, a timely commemoration of the best of Poland's old cultural contributions at the moment of her complete liberation. But it was music that could also stand on its own intrinsic qualities.

Miss Landowska is a very great artist and at no time within my recollection has her musicianship stood out with greater dignity and lucidity. Many of the numbers were the products of her own researches and transcriptions, further revealing in the performance her tact and mastery. The harpsichord is a difficult instrument to listen to at length but the character of this recital was such as to make for almost continuous excitement and surprised pleasure. Joseph Fuchs, William Kroll and a very capable chamber music group assisted her in the program, of which the following seemed to me to be the outstanding compositions: An exquisite early eighteenth-century sonata for two violins and harpsichord by Szarzynski; a brilliant *Gagliarda* by Jacob Il Polone; the striking *Volta Polonica* (anonymous); and the touching ballade of the journeymen tailors. Miss Landowska's arrangement and performance of Polish folksongs and folk dances were particularly noteworthy.

WAGNER is not among the masters who stand up well in the course of years. A perfect Wagnerite myself in the past, I must now confess to the heresy of preferring some of his earlier works to those of the later Teutonic-metaphysical period. In *The Flying Dutchman,* which the intrepid City Center produced, Wagner was still under the spell of Weber and the romantic school and not averse to melodies, sentimental ones at that. He was, however, already magnanimously glorifying woman's self-abnegation and self-immolation and proclaiming salvation through love. But *The Flying Dutchman* is good drama and good music and filled with excitement and mystery. Senta (Doris Doree) mooned over the blighted Dutch mariner with great emotion and a beautiful voice; the Flying Dutchman, in the person of Frederick Destall, acted and sang the part well, and the faithful lover Erik, found in William Horne a magnificent interpreter. Mr. Halasz conducted remarkably well considering the difficulties: the orchestra was too thin in the strings, the tuba player unduly self-assertive and the male chorus distrustful of both the orchestra and Mr. Halasz's beat.

MUSIC to hear in New York: May 12-14, Festival of Contemporary Music, Columbia University. . . . May 16-27, opera, the City Center. . . . May 25, Gabriel Faure Commemoration (Casadesus, etc.), Museum of Modern Art. FREDERIC EWEN.

Royal Twaddle

IF YOU could get producer Ernst Lubitsch or director Otto Preminger into a corner, they might tell you what *Royal Scandal* (Roxy) is supposed to be about, but you will still wonder why it was ever made. As satire or even burlesque on palace revolutions, it is as flat as stale beer. It has no more to do with history than spitballs have to do with heavy artillery. Maybe, having got hold of Tallulah Bankhead to do Catherine, they expected a successful furtherance of the hip-movement school of statesmanship. If so they have done no better than Mae West, who has been failing at it for years.

"BETRAYAL FROM THE EAST" is a dismal and slipshod, if earnest, attempt to warn the country that complacence means disaster. The earnest note comes from Drew Pearson, who appears in prologue and epilogue to vouch for the film's accuracy. Mr. Pearson's gesture notwithstanding, the movie is a grade-X spy-meller, wherein the G-men tip their mitts to the Japanese spies with alarming ease. There is, of course, the beautiful heroine who, here, expires in a steam bath, and the diligent hero, who brings a whole boatload of Japanese connivers to heel. At the last minute Army Intelligence comes to his rescue; boarding the Japanese vessel with guns a-spittin'—and this, mind you, before Pearl Harbor when Japan was still, pardon me, a friendly nation.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

Movie Check List

Affairs of Susan. Don't hurry dinner.

Battle of Iwo Jima. Thrilling newsreel account of bloodiest battle of Pacific.

Between Two Women. Van Johnson, who used to be a sailor between two girls, has switched professions. He is now Dr. Kildare, between you and me.

Colonel Blimp. How the watchdog of Britain's imperial holdings behaves from the Boer War to the present. Gets his lumps with a little humor and much affection.

Corn Is Green. Starts off as a serious film on education in rural nineteenth-century England, changes its mind part way, and ends up as a "will-he-make-it-or-will-he-not?"

God Is My Co-Pilot. Atheism gets the bums' rush. Chennault's Flying Tigers engage in dogfights and special missions without further worry over their souls.

I'll Be Seeing You. Labored and sentimental effort to match a prison-stained gal with a shell-shocked soldier in the hope that you will understand them and make them feel at home.

Keep Your Powder Dry. A purported story about WACS. The RED CROSS can use the price of admission.

Murder, My Sweet. A murder melodrama whose story will baffle you. Made interesting by fine direction, dialogue and characterizations.

Objective Burma. Fine film adventure of a group of Americans behind the Jap lines in Burma. Best action war film produced by Hollywood.

Picture of Dorian Gray. Banal attempt to translate Oscar Wilde's novel to the screen.

Practically Yours. The slick comedy producers at Paramount overreach themselves by making the supposed death of a hero the subject of their questionable humor.

Princess and the Pirate. Bob Hope in his corniest routines to date.

Silver Fleet. Like *Colonel Blimp*, a Pressburger-Powell British release. Well-made account of underground activities in a Dutch port.

Song To Remember. Fine musical film on Chopin. Deals with place of artist in society.

The Three Caballeros. Inept Disney.

Thunderhead, Son of Flicka. Pleasant picture of horses and scenery. A weak second to *National Velvet.*

Tomorrow The World. Adult film showing the effect of Nazi ideas on a democratic community.

Tonight and Every Night. Boy-girl adventure wrapped in war slogans. Extravaganza amid the ruins of London, 1940-41.

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn. Synthetic study of a drunken father, an overworked mother, a literary daughter trying to get along in Williamsburg.

Without Love. Ingratiating and humorous film with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, on matters of total unimportance.

Zoya. Film version of what went into the making of Zoya, heroic eighteen-year-old guerrilla executed by the Nazis. Not helped by tacked-on English narration.

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March 10

JOE NORTH

Dear Reader:

I am writing this from London, a magnificent capital whose heroism has been described, but, as I see now, never fully understood back home. You have to be on the spot to really grasp it. My hat's off in humble reverence to the people of our gallant ally, a people whose tribulations and whose war contributions are not fully understood in the States. I wish you could see how these gallant men and women, and children, go about their wartime duties without heed to the bombs that continue to sow death in the whole great populous area of southern England.

Many of you have probably read my dispatches from here; there is much more to be said, some of which I will cable or airmail from here, some of which remains to be told after I return for it is impossible to tell the full story via cable, at five cents a word press rates. And airmail is generally unsatisfactory due to long-time delays. In fact the whole process of exchanging information between the Anglo-American allies--imperative for full understanding of each other-- is a dreadfully expensive and difficult one. If you saw the size of the papers here, reduced to a quarter of their pre-war scope, you would treasure the fact that we in America could maintain a magazine like ours throughout the war. True, we too have had to keep within quota limits, but it is incomparably better than the difficulties suffered here.

I am proud to report that NM is not only well-known and admired in London; but in my travels throughout the island--along the great, teeming Clydeside and through the valleys of Wales--the magazine is no stranger and the greetings given its representative would have warmed your hearts. I shall never forget the evening in the Rhonnda mountains (the true scene of How Green Was My Valley, they told me) where the coal-miners feted me because I was from New Masses, sang me their inimitable Welsh songs and plied me with questions about international cooperation and about a better world. They, like all people here, realize that Anglo-American rivalries are the greatest danger to the postwar world and they are resolved to end those rivalries. Unity is their password. And they know NM champions that unity. Yes, the knowledge of NM's position has spanned the ocear reached even into the remote valleys of Wales; likewise on the Clyde, likewise in Birmingham, in Manchester.

And when I talked with Aragon, the great French writer who happened to be in London this week, he asked me a thousand and one questions about the magazine, its progress, its problems. We talked shop, exchanged views about journalism, and he told me proudly how Ce Soir, his publication, today has the largest circulation in Paris. He described the tireless efforts Ce Soir's readers make for their paper, and I was happy to be able to match him regarding NM. You will rejoice with me that he agreed to be our Paris editor.

I shall know in the next few days whether I can get to France and give you some first-hand reports of that land. Meanwhile I know you shall give NM the support it requires; you will not fall behind the examples of the British and French heroes. Our press, they say, is a vast battlefield in which much of the struggle for Crimea's goals will be waged; and their praise of NM makes all the more worthwhile everything you have done to keep our journal in the frontlines of the battle for truth. Meanwhile, au revoir,

Joseph North

TO YOU