

JEW-BAITERS ON THE SPOT by *Virginia Gardner*

NEW MASSES

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TO BERLIN!

**A REPORT FROM MOSCOW
BY ILYA EHRENBURG**

**HOWARD FAST, DANIEL FITZPATRICK, MAX
WEBER, JOHN HOWARD LAWSON, FLORENCE
ELDRIDGE MARCH, FREDI WASHINGTON on
Culture and the Future.**

**ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: Why America Needs Wallace, by The Editors;
Report on China, by Rep. Mike Mansfield; Who Fought for France,
by Nancy Cunard; Changing Hollywood, by Joseph Foster.**

BETWEEN OURSELVES

UNITY, or the expression of a common denominator of belief and action, was beautifully demonstrated at the NEW MASSES Cultural Awards Dinner at the Hotel Commodore on January 22. Men and women of varying political beliefs and crafts came together to enunciate a common hope in the future cultural fullness of our country. There were Daniel Fitzpatrick, cartoonist, of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*; Carl Van Doren, literary critic, teacher, historiographer; F. O. Matthiessen, of Harvard, distinguished scholar and critic, author of such classics as *The American Renaissance* and *Henry James: The Major Phase*; Max Weber, painter; Howard Fast, the titles of whose books need no recounting for NEW MASSES readers; Bill Gropper; Quentin Reynolds, *Collier's* foreign correspondent; and Norman Corwin, of radio fame. Others unable to accept an award in person sent either proxies or messages, asking to be regarded as part of the festivities. These included Paul Robeson, who is doing *Othello* for West Coast audiences; Fredric March, who was represented by his wife, Florence Eldridge; Lillian Hellman, en route from the Soviet Union, whose stand-in was Herman Shumlin, producer of Miss Hellman's plays; Lena Horne, who was proxied by Fredi Washington, one of the first serious Negro actresses ever to appear in films; and screenwriters John Howard Lawson and Lamar Trotti, who were unable to leave their work just now. Robert Rossen, a Hollywood colleague, accepted their awards. The last-named was chairman of the evening, and NEW MASSES hereby thanks him for a demanding job well done. Mr. Rossen, incidentally, is not only a leading screen writer, having authored some ten screenplays—including *Edge of Darkness* and the forthcoming *Walk in the Sun*—but was also instrumental in organizing the Writers Congress in Los Angeles in the fall of 1943, and the Hollywood Writers Mobilization, which he served as its first president. One of the most moving incidents of the program was the reading by Mrs. Stephen Vincent Benet of a little-known poem of her late husband's called "If This Should Change." This reading, serving as an acceptance speech for a posthumous award for poetry, expressed, perhaps as well as any comment, the purpose of the affair.

Thanks also go to Edward Chodorov, author of the play *Decision*, who told the audience of the pioneer role of NEW MASSES during that part of the evening devoted to the collection.

Announcement of the dinner brought the customary squealing and scurrying from Frederick Woltdmann of the New York *World-Telegram* (some day I'm going to force myself to look at his name

long enough to learn how to spell it), but he terrorized no one into retreating.

Coincidence with the NM dinner at the Commodore was one under the auspices of the New York State Publishers Association. Hotel employes greeted guests coming off the elevator with, "NEW MASSES to the right, publishers to the left." Chief speaker for the newsmen was Rep. Clare Booth Luce, perfume-schpritzer for the Republican old guard. All evening long, the publishers' men, trained presumably to track a shadow to its lair, kept confusing their dinner with ours. One group ate its way right through the NM menu without discovering its error. When the speeches came along they listened with baffled expressions. Said one of them finally to his pals, "These speeches are interesting, but

don't you think they're a little peculiar?" They finally tumbled to why NEW MASSES, of all the publications, was being constantly mentioned.

One of the awards, not advertised in advance, was a surprise—that to editor Joseph North for journalism. The dinner, incidentally, was notable also as a sort of send-off party for North, who is now on his way to London to report on the International Trade Union Congress.

THE collection, which came to \$7,100 and not to \$4,000 as advertised by the Hearst *Journal-American* with its customary flair for irresponsible reporting, marks the beginning of our yearly fund drive, of which you will undoubtedly hear more later.

OUR symposium on the question of outlawing anti-Semitism, which began last week and attracted considerable attention, will be continued in the next issue. J. F.

NEW MASSES ESTABLISHED 1911

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notifications sent to NEW MASSES rather than the post office will give the best results. Vol. LIV, No. 6. Published weekly by THE NEW MASSES, INC., 104 East Ninth Street, New York 3, N. Y. Copyright 1944, THE NEW MASSES, INC. Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Washington Office, 945 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 23, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions \$5.00 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico; six months \$2.75; three months \$1.50. Foreign, \$6.00 a year; six months \$3.25; three months \$1.75. In Canada \$6.00 a year, \$3.50 for six months, U. S. money; single copies in Canada 20c Canadian money. NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope. NEW MASSES does not pay for contributions.

JEW-BAITERS ON THE SPOT

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

In our January 9 issue, Miss Gardner turned the spotlight on the operations of American Action, Inc., an outfit engaged in subtly disseminating anti-Semitism and propaganda for a soft peace. She recounted her interviews with the two key figures in the organization, the Rev. Dr. Walter M. Haushalter, former vice chairman of the Baltimore branch of the America First Committee, and Eric Arlt, who had been instrumental in bringing Gerald L. K. Smith to Baltimore for two meetings. In her present article Miss Gardner reports on her further investigations—The Editors.

Baltimore, Md.

THE Rev. Gottlieb Siegenthaler, pastor of Baltimore's ninety-three-year-old St. Matthew's Evangelical Church, has resigned from American Action, Inc., because he could not stomach its anti-Semitism. He spoke freely of his former association with the organization, on whose board of directors he served, and although he did not at once mention anti-Semitism as a reason for his resignation, when he did, it was of his own volition and without my initiating the subject.

"It was really started," he said at the outset of the interview, speaking of American Action, Inc., "more as an anti-fourth term movement than anything else; at least that was why I agreed to go into it. The people decided otherwise, and we went down with the rest." This was highly interesting, as the Rev. Walter M. Haushalter, pastor of Christian Temple and one of two vice chairmen of American Action, Inc., had assured me there was nothing political about the organization. When it sponsored seven pre-election broadcasts it was not interested in electing Thomas E. Dewey or defeating Franklin D. Roosevelt, according to Haushalter, but only in subjecting candidates to a "screening" to see that they lived up to "Christian principles."

When I pointed out that the organization's two seemingly most active members, Mr. Haushalter and Eric Arlt, one of its directors, had told me that American Action was organized as

a permanent committee, Mr. Siegenthaler readily agreed that it was. He was one of three incorporators, and Arlt, who says he operates a wholesale hardware business, was a fourth witness to the signing of the incorporation papers.

"It sounds rather silly," Mr. Siegenthaler said at last, after we had discussed his own ideas on a fourth term, "to say that I went into this thing to help it. But the truth is that while I like Haushalter and I go along with him on some things, I knew he was anti-Semitic and I knew I wouldn't go along there. But I thought I could steer the committee clear of it." In formulating the "Statement of Principles" of AA, for instance, he tried to get a "more inclusive" point of view across. "What was the response?" he was asked.

"Well, Haushalter and Arlt just didn't respond. They both revealed their anti-Semitism," he said. "Then the laymen on the board of directors seemed to take the attitude that since the committee was principally clergymen, the latter should govern the policy."

"Do you know of any connection the committee has with Gerald L. K. Smith [head of the America First Party]?" I asked.

"Certain individuals have—Haushalter and Arlt—but not the organization," he said.

Mr. Siegenthaler tossed this information off with seeming lightness. I already had uncovered the fact that Arlt was responsible for bringing Smith to Baltimore for the first two of three meetings he addressed here during the campaign, and despite Haushalter's ardent denials that he ever had urged his congregation to hear Smith, I was not surprised at Mr. Siegenthaler's remarks. But I was a little taken aback that he appeared so casual about a relationship between the rabble-rousing Smith and the sparkplugs of AA, Inc.

I FOUND puzzling contradictions in this bright-eyed, ruddy-cheeked pastor of St. Matthews'. The idea of racial discrimination was abhorrent to him apparently, although, strangely

enough, he said he didn't believe in "the equality of the races." "I believe in the brotherhood of man. I couldn't stand up in my pulpit if I didn't practice it. Any racial bias denies it. That's why I got out of this committee. I just couldn't stand it—the anti-Semitism."

He talked about "the bureaucracy threatening our democracy," questioned the President's foreign policy, thought Sen. Arthur Vandenberg's recent proposals "just about right," and even thought Sen. Burton K. Wheeler, although "extreme," said "a good many things I'd agree with." Yet he thought FDR should be credited with "lifting the dignity of the human personality in a profoundly Christian sense."

"Would you say that you were a former pacifist and through such sentiments were led to join American Action?" he was asked.

"Well, I would want to do the pigeonholing of myself if any were to be done," he laughed. "In some ways I was, but not altogether."

"Do you agree with the fundamental position of the Allies in demanding unconditional surrender?" I asked at one point. His Wheeleresque reply was:

"I believe that the unconditional surrender policy prolongs the war and costs more lives. If we had a clear statement as Allies of what we are fighting for it could probably solve the problem now."

Occasionally Mr. Siegenthaler alluded to himself as a liberal. He had had a long association, from divinity school days, with Prof. Reinhold Niebuhr of the Union Theological Seminary, who is one of the pillars of the New York Liberal Party. Mr. Siegenthaler admires him greatly but does not go along with him in his anti-Communism. "Or with American Action, either, in its anti-Communism?" he was asked. "That's right," he said.

"There was one plank in the AA platform which seriously concerned me," I said to him. That was the last one, calling for cooperation with other nations after the "present" war "whether they are at present our friends or enemies in the current war (1944)." (Their parentheses.) "Would you say

the intent was that we should have a soft peace?"

Mr. Siegenthaler hesitated. "No, not a soft peace," he said. Then he launched into a discussion which I only partially was able to follow. It concerned "the preservation of moral values," and so on.

Mr. Siegenthaler had told me that he had sent a letter of resignation to American Action during the Christmas holiday week—the week after my investigation was concluded, it happens—but had had no reply. I had tried several times without success to reach the organization's chairman, one William G. Stockhausen. When I finally reached him by long distance telephone, and asked him if he were aware of Mr. Siegenthaler's resignation from the committee, he said he was, but that the committee had not met since December and so had not acted on it. He admitted there had been one other resignation, but when asked who it was, and again if it were a priest or minister, he replied to each question: "I prefer to withhold that information." Then he blurted out with apparent nervousness: "I feel it is going to dissolve shortly—the committee." "Is that just a feeling, or based on—" I began.

"I—" he coughed, then went on: "It's just a personal opinion. The fact is, it is just a small organization got together by some who thought they might possibly do some good and so forth, and they realized their forces are too small to be very effective."

Mr. Stockhausen said he was a contractor. Asked if he had a business address, he replied that that could not be of any public concern. He was "only a temporary head" of the committee, he said—although the letterhead lists him as "chairman." Other questions and answers in our phone conversation:

Q. Is there any connection of the committee, or members of it, with Gerald L. K. Smith? A. No, not to my knowledge.

Q. I understand that the underlying reason for Mr. Siegenthaler's resignation was the anti-Semitism of the committee. Is that your impression of the committee? A. Positively not.

Q. You had one public meeting only? A. That's right. (Mr. Siegenthaler had verified that AA sponsored one public meeting in the Alcazar temple in October, but said he was out of town and did not know who addressed it—but believed Stockhausen, Haushalter and Arlt—"no outsiders." Previously Arlt said AA held a meeting in the Alcazar October 2. Haushalter denied it was

addressed by Smith, and did not recall any meeting held there in October.

Q. Who addressed the meeting, Mr. Stockhausen? A. I don't remember.

Q. But you were present? A. Yes, I was present.

Q. There was nothing secret about the meeting? A. No, of course not. But I don't know what the policy of your publication is. If a magazine is being published it must be with some ulterior motive.

Q. Must it be ulterior, Mr. Stockhausen? A. Well, there must be some motive.

I suggested he buy NEW MASSES on Baltimore newsstands and see what he thought of the motive, and then asked again: "Do you care to reveal who was the speaker at that meeting?" "I don't know whether it was in October or September," he sulked.

Q. Well, Mr. Arlt told me there was such a meeting. A. Mr. Arlt? Oh, both Mr. Arlt and Mr. Haushalter can tell you more than I can. Mr. Arlt and Mr. Haushalter had meetings of this here committee long before I knew anything about it. Then they asked me to come in on it.

Q. Is it true Arlt ran on the Coughlin ticket at one time? A. Not that I know of. (Arlt did, however, run for Congress in 1938 on the ticket of the Union Party, a coalition of Coughlinites, Huey Long followers and Townsendites.)

On the subject of anti-Semitism, he said, "If it was ever brought up at a meeting I'd remember it, and it never was." "Mr. Siegenthaler says it was—that he brought it up. I don't know whether it was a full meeting of the committee, of course," I said.

"If it ever was, it was just the opinion of someone," he faltered. "You can go over those principles we adopted and not find a trace of anti-Semitism. Why, if there was any, how could a Christian gentleman subscribe to it?"

"Mr. Siegenthaler couldn't, I take it."

ON ONE of several trips to Baltimore to inquire about American Action, Inc., I called at the Park Avenue house of the wealthy ex-America Firster, Mrs. Theodore Forbes, who is on the letterhead of AA, Inc., as a patron. I never did get to see Mrs. Forbes, and my talk with her on the telephone was brief, but in the hour or more I waited in her home I had a most interesting discussion with her mother. I told her I was a writer, interested in learning about American Action, Inc. She knew nothing

about it. "My daughter is on so many committees and runs around so much for all these things, I can't keep up with her," said the mother, Mrs. John Chew, who is eighty-four. Mrs. Forbes is sixty.

Later I reached Mrs. Forbes by telephone. I told her I was with NEW MASSES and that I was writing something about American Action, and was waiting in her home. "I think Mr. Haushalter and the others are just wonderful," said Mrs. Forbes. "I really haven't given much money to the committee and I'm not very active, but I'll be glad to talk to you." I had to depart before she arrived home and several subsequent calls failed to reach her. But Mrs. Chew, who said she and her daughter thought alike, gave me an earful.

She was lying on a chaise-longue in an upstairs bedroom when a maid showed me in. Across her knees was a Chicago Tribune, and a pile of them lay nearby. "We just couldn't live without the Tribune," she said. "I was just reading about Senator (Gerald K.) Nye's farewell speech in the Senate," pointing to a top head, page one story. "Senator Nye is a very wise man." She sighed. "Of course we think Roosevelt's crazy. Don't you think he's the tool of a regular gang?"

"Do you mean gangsters?" I asked.

"Yes—that Communist—who is he? Oh, yes, I have it—Hillman." She went on, alternately stroking her dog and her latest copy of the Tribune: "Mr. Forbes thinks Mrs. Roosevelt is a Communist through and through. Of course I don't know what you think but I think anyone is just crazy who would vote for a man who is a cripple from the waist on down." She uttered the last words slowly, with apparent relish. Old age ("You'd never think me eighty-four, would you?" she said archly, and you wouldn't) had obviously produced none of the milder human sentiments in Mrs. Chew. Looking closely at me and noticing, I presume, some traces of the revulsion I felt at her words, she then said in amazement, "I guess you don't feel as strongly about the New Deal as I do."

"No," I said, "but I can see how you feel, reading the Tribune regularly." She agreed, and went on, "I think he's just in control of the Communists and that we'll all be fingerprinted and told what to do."

Did she mean as a postwar measure? No, just any day now. She glanced at the Tribune and mused: "I don't know

why our boys have to die for Poland.”
“For Poland?” I inquired. Yes, I had heard correctly. “Yes, it comes down to that,” said Mrs. Chew. “Britain got us into this war and she went to war over Poland.”

She told me she was the widow of Dr. John Chew, one of the founders of the Henrotin Hospital in Chicago. “Do you remember the house at Scott and Astor?” she asked when I told her I was from Chicago. “That was our house. I sold it for \$90,000, though it cost less than half of that. That Jew who lived in that block wanted it—so

I let him have it.” She laughed. We chatted of various residents of the Gold Coast. I didn’t tell her that I knew them through having been a reporter on the *Tribune*. “I forget names of my friends some times,” she said. “I’m getting old. Sometimes I just get out my copy of the Chicago *Social Register* and look it over and then all the names come flooding back, and whose grandchild married whom.

“My daughter is working most of the time now on the equal rights amendment,” she said later. “They think in Washington that no one can do any-

thing but her. I don’t know—” she smoothed her handsome white hair—“they’ve been working on it and talking about it for twenty-five years. I’m tired of it.”

When I returned to Baltimore I called Mrs. Forbes again. “You can reach her at the National Woman’s Party in Washington,” the maid said. But at party headquarters, where hope is high and funds plentiful for the attempt to put over the reactionary so-called equal rights amendment, it was said Mrs. Forbes was busy seeing Senators.

A SOLDIER’S SOLDIER

By Pfc. NATHAN GROSS as told to DAVID McKELVY WHITE

Pfc. Gross of New York is now home on a twenty-one day leave after thirty-four months of service in the Pacific theater—twenty-one of them in New Guinea. He is a veteran of the Spanish war for democracy, where he saw action for fourteen months as a member of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. David McKelvy White, former English instructor at Brooklyn College, is executive secretary of the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade.

WHEN I went to look up Herman Bottcher at Aitape in New Guinea in September 1944, I already knew that he was very much alive. A couple of months before, I had come across one of the men under his command and had asked him about the rumor that I had heard of Bottcher’s death.

“Bottcher dead?” he had exclaimed indignantly. “Where have you been? Don’t you know you can’t kill Bottcher?”

Apparently welcoming the opportunity to talk about his commanding officer, he had gone on to tell me how lucky the men of the Division Reconnaissance Troop considered themselves. What he said confirmed everything I had heard about Bottcher’s great popularity with his men and the reasons for their confidence and enthusiasm.

Captain Bottcher was a “soldier’s soldier” and a “soldier’s officer.” He had a remarkable ability to combine authority and friendliness. Never did I hear him spoken of with anything but the highest respect. Yet his men always thought of him as one of themselves. Whether in camp or in the jungle, he would not tolerate any form of favoritism. His men had confidence in the fairness and impartiality of his judgment and always felt free to bring their problems and disagreements and beefs for his decision. They were grateful, too, to an officer who would often sit down and talk with them and help them with his wide practical experience in the tricky art of jungle fighting.

I walked through the gathering dusk toward the tent where I was told I would find him.

There were five or six men in the tent. When I asked for Captain Bottcher, a rather short, stocky man stepped forward. His lean face was strong and self-assured, but his manner, even before he knew who I was, was open and friendly. When I introduced myself, saying that I also had served in the Lincoln Brigade in Spain, he grasped me

warmly by the hand and at once wanted to know how I was making out in New Guinea. At this point, the other men, who I now realize were his subordinate officers, announced that they were going to the movies. Bottcher interrupted my offer to return at another time, told the others to go on without him, and asked me to sit down.

Waving aside a cigarette with a smile and the remark that not smoking saved him “a lot of grief,” Captain Bottcher recalled the grim tobacco shortage in Spain. We found that we had fought not far from one another, but in different companies, in the very tough Sierra Pandols defense, toward the close of the Ebro action in the summer of 1938.

We must have talked together for two hours or more, over a wide range of subjects, but it was hard to get him to talk about himself. He would not speak at all of the famous Buna campaign, where he won his commission, his Distinguished Service Cross, and his world-wide renown. He regarded that as a closed chapter and seemed no longer much interested in it. He did talk some, with a quiet but deep satisfaction, of his patrols far behind the Japanese line, but most of what he said was in a more or less light vein. He remarked, for example, that his troop ate better in the jungle than they did behind our own lines, that often they had “bananas and cream for breakfast,” bananas from the jungle and canned cream parachuted from an occasional supply plane. It was not from Bottcher that I learned that the Japanese themselves could not live from the land through which he moved with such skill and that of the 60,000 enemy troops bottled up by the Americans, many thousands starved to death. Of one thing, however, Bottcher spoke seriously and with pride—of the phenomenally few losses in dead and wounded incurred on his frequent and dangerous reconnaissance expeditions.

America has lost a great soldier. In the five years he carried arms against fascism—two in Spain and three in the South Pacific—Captain Bottcher built up a rich fund of military experience. He was courageous and determined, and he knew why he was fighting. He will live on in the inspiration he provided for all our troops in the Pacific, for the example he gave the American people in his steadfast fight for freedom.

Perhaps, after all, the soldier in his command was right when he said, “Don’t you know you can’t kill Bottcher?”

TO BERLIN!

By **ILYA EHRENBURG**

Moscow.

A GERMAN woman, complaining to her husband about the petty vexations of life, wrote: "I sent Aunt Herda's frock to be dyed. When I got it back, everyone was in raptures. It was just like the good old times. But everything we have now is ersatz—and just imagine, a week later, instead of the lovely blue frock, it broke out all in spots, and what is worse, it began falling to pieces—so that I found myself practically naked in broad daylight. . . ."

I recalled Aunt Herda's frock when I read the press reports on the Germans' ersatz offensive in the West. When Rundstedt pushed the Americans back in the Ardennes, the Germans went into raptures of delight. They saw the waters of the Meuse, if only for a day, and the sight reminded them of the good old times. They already imagined themselves not only in Liege, but even in Paris. Although the fast is supposed to come before Christmas, the German fast came after the New Year. Aunt Herda's frock split and the Germans found themselves naked in broad daylight.

A fortnight ago Goebbels spoke of the force of German arms. Now he writes, "There are periods in war when the force of arms temporarily loses its power of conviction." The Fritzes in the West, and especially in the East, are scarcely likely to agree with that. The ersatz offensive in the Ardennes cost the Germans about 100,000 soldiers, and in a fortnight all they captured was a patch of Belgian territory where there are no factories and no large towns. Such successes, it cannot be denied, are very far from convincing.

In what, then, does Goebbels place his hopes, seeing that he has lost faith in Tigers—even in Royal Tigers? In the difficulties experienced by the liberated states, in discord among the Allies, in the cunning of the criminal and the naivete of the judge.

The best way to solve the German enigma is to take a glance at Madrid. On New Year's eve the Germans were still revelling in the rolling drums of their ersatz offensive. Hitler made a highly belligerent speech. But if the Fuehrer roars like a lion in Berlin, he coos like a dove in Madrid. The Madrid

newspaper *ABC* at once reacted to the Fuehrer's speech. It said that the German offensive had once more demonstrated Germany's strength to England and America, that Hitler had once more demonstrated his statesmanship, and that therefore what was necessary was a "stalemate peace."

IT is not improbable that in the eyes of the cretins who now rule Germany even the V-2 is an olive branch, and the wilting cannibal is yearning for the embrace of the "appeasers." Fond hopes! I will not say that the breed of "appeasers" has died out; they still exist. But they have grown astonishingly modest. These old courtesans now pretend to be innocent schoolgirls. They even lisp, "We are for victory." They can still be a nuisance, but they can't do any serious damage; they are impotent in the face of their peoples, who have seen with their eyes what fascism means.

It is vain for Hitler to bank on the morbid processes which are going on in one or another European state. In times of danger the human organism will cope with many diseases. The existence of Berlin is helping to weld together the French, and to weld other nations, too—no matter how deep their internal dissensions may be.

What else is Hitler banking on? On his opponents having fallen out among themselves, forgetting him. Only doltishness and the constitutional incapacity of the Germans to comprehend the mentality of others can account for such hopes. Nations are not children. Nations may discuss and argue as to which is the best road, but they know that all roads are equally menaced by the highwaymen. Members of a conservative club of Coventry will easily reach an understanding with a Komsomol of Smolensk when it comes to bridling incendiaries and assassins.

The citizens of the Soviet Union, America, Britain and France have different ideas of peace, but they are all one in their love of peace, in their hatred of war, and the hotbed of war—marauding Germany. Britain has a grand old culture, America has brilliant mechanical genius, the ideals of liberty

proclaimed by France are immortal. We are proud of our friends, as other honest nations are proud of us. Our friendship will stand the test, for it is based on something which is both complex and simple—the longing to shield from evil storms the torch of civilization and the breath of a child.

Goebbels' strivings are in vain. And in vain are the Munich sofas being made ready in the Madrid house of assignation. The only convincing thing in war is the force of arms, and arms are deciding the fate of Germany. The pledge of this is the new and remarkable Red Army offensive.

Now, as formerly, the Red Army finds itself facing Germany's main forces. The battles in the Ardennes and the Vosges look like skirmishes when compared with the battles of the Eastern Front. The courage and resolution of Russia is the pledge that together with the Allies she will bring Germany to her knees.

The Germans say of our latest offensive that "it was precluded by hurricane fire of gigantic power." Yes, it is not for nothing that we celebrate Artillery Day. We know that war is war, and not a miracle of pyrotechnics. We do not try to destroy Koenigsberg or Breslau or Berlin from a distance. We know we are going to get to these cities. We don't want to talk to them from afar; the talk must be at close quarters. We are not interested in V-weapons, but in artillery, which by demolishing German defenses saves the lives of our soldiers and opens the way for our infantry into Germany.

To finish off the Germans will be no easy matter, and we don't imagine that getting to Berlin will be a promenade. We speak frankly of supreme difficulties, for we know that we will cope with them and that we will get to Berlin. All Europe knows it. The Germans know it, too. And it is precisely for that reason they are resisting so desperately: the furnace stokers of Maidanek are terrified at the thought of retribution.

The war has receded far from our country, and there may be people in the rear who three years ago suffered from pusillanimity and are now suffering from equanimity; who think the war is practically over, and that one may revert to the affairs and concerns of peacetime. There are not many such, for our people know the cruel ordeal is continuing; they know there are not two wars, but only one—that in Budapest our soldiers are fighting for the fields of the Ukraine, and that in East Prussia they

have the scars of Leningrad before their eyes. In Hungarian cities where everything is strange and foreign to them, the Red Army men yearn for our fields, our streets and our girls. And each of them knows that in bringing liberty to the oppressed and death to the oppressors, he is fighting for the field, street and girl he left far behind him in the East.

AN ENGLISH newspaper correspondent reported the other day that the Germans in Crete are belligerent-minded, although actually they have nothing to hope for. That does not surprise me; I have always held that the Fritzes are not amenable to correspondence courses. They are belligerently-minded in Crete because nobody is molesting them; the military operations in Greece have affected everybody but them.

What are the Germans in Crete hoping for? Just what the Germans in Berlin are hoping for. One of the latter writes to his brother: "Formerly we used to cross each day of the war from the calendar with joy; that was another done with. Now we regard each day that passes with regret, for things may be good or bad, but we are still alive, whereas ahead there is nothing but a void." They are not hoping for anything; they are simply striving to postpone the hour of reckoning.

Victories do not come easily. Let each of us, when he hears the thunder of the salutes, think of the sacrifices. We are advancing not because it is easy to advance, but because we have raised up the tree of victory and watered it with our blood. We never entertained an idea of coming in when it was all over and just shaking the tree, when the fruit is overripe.

The German army today is not the army which stormed Stalingrad, but let nobody underrate the strength of German resistance. We know that in 1918 Germany was exhausted, corroded by doubt and bled white; yet she undertook a gigantic offensive, reached the Marne and threatened Paris. But five months later she collapsed.

The German is an automaton. He marches, shoots, and then the spring runs down and he stops. I am convinced that even Germany's death agony will resemble a military operation.

We have advanced from Vladikavkaz to Budapest. Who then can doubt that we will get to Berlin? In war, not to complete a thing is not to do it at all; and we have suffered much too much for us to stop without reaching our

final goal. We must get to Berlin because the Germans were in Stalingrad. We must march through Germany because we have seen the "desert zone." We must find the assassins. For which of us has not a grave where a dear one lies?

Every country has something it prides itself on. Our pride is not Neptune's trident, nor the elegance of the Graces, nor the gold of Croesus. Our pride is the Russian conscience. Whoever knows this, knows that we will get to Berlin. We cannot betray our dead or forget the lofty sacrifices of heroes, of the blood of infants. Can the stones of burned-down Smolensk stand still in their places? No—they are being impelled towards Berlin.



Karlin

WE UNDERSTAND what Hitler and Goebbels and the furnace stokers of Maidanek, and the most indifferent of Fritzes, who in a most indifferent and matter-of-fact way killed a fair-haired little girl in Byelorussia, are reckoning on. They are reckoning on eluding justice, procrastinating, getting off lightly, and then returning to their old game of inventing new retaliation weapons, rocket-propelled Tigers or something similar, and then twenty years or so hence, issuing the command, "A quick march to the East."

But that will not be—either now, or twenty years hence, or 100 years hence. We will put an end to them for good. Can we rebuild Chernigov, Gomel or Vyazma, if we know that Germany is manufacturing lethal weapons under the guise of sewing machines? Can we rear children if we know that the inventors of "murder vans," having changed their passports, are sketching plans for gigantic death factories? We love our children too dearly not to go to Berlin.

The Germans reckon on our forgetfulness in vain: the chronicles of suffering are written in blood, not ink; and they cannot be obliterated with an eraser. We must get to Berlin. Our conscience demands it. It is we who will judge our torturers, and we shall not make over the right to anybody. We fall asleep and wake up with the thought of Berlin. When we are silent, we think of Berlin, and we do not forget it in our sleep.

Man was not made to go on reconnaissance, or to pierce the enemy's defenses, or to knock out tanks. He was

made for something else, for wheat-ears, for the play of the imagination, for love, poetry and happiness.

The Germans tore our people from their constructive labors, from their families, and from the land. They compelled them for so many long years to press cold steel instead of the warm hand of a loved one, and that was a sore trial for our people.

We are fed up with the Germans. We do not consider the destroying of fascists the pleasantest of occupations. But that is just why we want to destroy them. That is just why we are in a hurry to get to Berlin.

Abroad we were often depicted as many-sided but diffuse, as broad-natured but scatter-brained. That is not true. We can be so, we can think of many things, love many things and treasure variety. But we can also compress our hearts, fasten them with steel hoops and live for only one thing, think of only one thing, and want only one thing.

In the bitter days of 1941 and 1942 we repeated the words "Stand firm" as something dear and precious and unique, but now we want to hasten the end, to accelerate the hour of happiness—and we keep repeating: *To Berlin!*

Oh, of course, the days of the Vistula offensive do not resemble the days of Stalingrad. Houses are being built in Orel, refugees are returning to Minsk, the surface of life in the rear seems to have receded from the war, since the war has receded from it. But that is only on the surface.

Can the mind of a wife be absorbed by anything else than the letters of her husband, can the mind of a country be absorbed by anything else than the Orders of the Day of the Supreme Command?

The fourth year of the war is a severe one, but words cannot describe the courage of the rear; of the workers of the Urals, of the miners who are rehabilitating the pits, of the collective farm women, arsenal workers and tillers of the land. What enables them to stand the hardships, the worry for their dear ones, and the grief of bereavement? Only one thing . . . the knowledge that we are moving on to Berlin; that the blood of our finest was not shed in vain; that there will be retribution, and that there will be peace; a firm peace, a good peace, not the ersatz peace the Germans are anxious to fabricate, but a genuine peace. Not a German peace, but a human peace. For that peace and the happiness which are near, we say: *On to Berlin!*

REPORT ON CHINA

By REP. MIKE MANSFIELD

The following are extracts from a report, hardly noticed in the newspapers, made by Rep. Mike Mansfield (D., Mont.) to Congress on his recent trip to Chungking. While we do not see eye to eye with everything Rep. Mansfield says, his stress on the need for Chinese unity is of the greatest importance and serves to underscore the same plea made last week by Undersecretary of State Joseph C. Grew.—The Editors.

I AM presenting herewith for the consideration of the House a candid report of my findings as a result of my mission to China in November and December 1944. I have tried to look at China's problems realistically and sympathetically because I wanted to get the clearest possible picture. This is necessary if we are to understand our gallant ally, for not to do so would hamstring the possibility of a sound peace in Asia and the Pacific. . . .

On arriving in India, I called on Maj. Gen. Frank Merrill at the headquarters of the India-Burma theater in New Delhi and had a long discussion with him concerning the situation in China. He said that the Chinese soldier was very good, if he was given enough to eat, the proper training, adequate materiel, and competent leadership. In his opinion, many of the difficulties of the Chinese armies could be laid to the incompetency of the field commands. When asked about the Chinese Communists he stated that, in his opinion, they were not allied to Moscow but were primarily a Chinese agrarian group interested in land and tax reforms. . . .

After leaving Myitkyina we went south to Bhamo and circled the town while American P-51 Thunderbolts came in low and dropped their bomb loads and made some good hits. Then we went over the Hump at 14,000 feet to Kunming, where I stayed with Gen. Claire Chennault. He expressed great confidence in the Chinese. He stated that the tactical situation looked bad due to the loss of our advanced airfields, but that the over-all picture was good as he had engaged 350,000 Japanese with his Fourteenth Air Force and he hoped to draw in 150,000 more. He notified me that he was still maintaining a number of American-operated airfields behind the Japanese lines and that while it was a difficult proposition he was continuing

to supply them all. In his opinion Japan is moving a great deal of her heavy industry to the Chinese mainland and he further stated that a China landing is necessary if the war is to be brought to a successful conclusion in that country. He rates the Communists highly as fighters, and declares there is no connection between them and Russia, a conclusion which was borne out in my conversations during the rest of my stay in China. He is, however, sympathetic to Chiang Kai-shek in his dealings with the Communists and thinks he is the one man who symbolizes an aggressive China. He has nowhere near enough planes and neither does Chiang Kai-shek have enough supplies even though they have been promised them time and time again. . . .

I have been able to arrive at some conclusions on the basis of my few contacts to date. Under the present system, being conscripted into the Chinese Army is like receiving a death sentence because the soldier receives little training, food and equipment. He is starved and poorly equipped because of graft up above. The commanders hang on to much of the stuff they receive and then flood the black markets and enrich themselves. The administration of food supply on an equitable basis is necessary or the Chinese Army will not be able to fight as it should.

During my stay in China I noticed many conscripts but I did not think they were being handled very well. Many rich men's sons have bought themselves out of being conscripted into the army for as little as \$50,000 CN [Chinese currency]. I have been informed that \$500,000 CN will make one a regimental commander. Surely no sound type of soldiery can be created on this basis.

On November 26 I left Kunming for Chungking. When I started on this mission I thought that the Chinese problem was supply, but now I feel that the most important factor is cooperation among the Chinese themselves and that this has been the case for some time. Conditions in China are really bad. For example, some people working for the Chinese Maritime Commission can work only one-half day because they cannot get enough to eat, and many soldiers die of malnutrition. . . .

In Chungking Maj. Gen. Pat Hurley informed me that the United States

objectives were, first, to keep China from collapsing, and second, to unify, replenish, and regroup Chinese military forces for the purpose of carrying on the struggle and thereby saving American lives. There was some talk at that time that General Hurley would be appointed Ambassador, and later, when that news became definite, there was a feeling of relief on the part of all hands. No better choice could be made for this very important position. General Hurley tried, and is trying, to get the different elements in the country together so that a unified China will result and a greater degree of cooperation will be brought about.

THE Communists are a force to be reckoned with in China. They have approximately 90,000,000 people in the territories under their control and they seem to have evolved a system of government which is quite democratic, and they also are strong enough to have their authority recognized in the areas they rule. They make their own laws, collect their own taxes, and issue their own paper money. The Central Government has somewhere around 300,000 troops in the Communist area and the result is that the Communist and Central Government troops that could be used in fighting the Japanese are being used to blockade one another, and consequently the rift in China remains quite wide. The biggest single problem in the country today is this disunity within China itself. Our military and diplomatic representatives are doing all that they can do to close this breach and to bring greater cooperation among the Chinese. This is the crux of the whole Chinese picture, and much will depend on this gulf between these two elements being closed.

The Communists are well disciplined. They teach their young boys and girls how to use hand grenades. They have developed small cannons out of bored elms, which they set off by a fuse or a matchlock. For armament they use captured Japanese guns, and when they do not have guns they use spears and clubs. Japanese steel helmets, telephones and wires are other things which they have captured and used.

The Communists have gone into villages which they captured, told the people they were spreading democracy,

asked how many were in favor of reducing land taxes, interest rates, and so forth, and then allowed them to vote. Young girls go in and propagandize the women, getting them to make rugs, blankets and so forth, which the Communist army buys, and thus they are given a better economic standing. Then they form ladies' societies of various kinds and in this way help to lift themselves out of the rut they have always been in. The Communists at this time look upon the United States as their great ally because they know that we are really fighting their enemy, the Japanese, and every time a B-20 flies over their territory, they know it is an assurance that we are their friends.

The Communist Party is the chief opposition group in China. They are not Communists in the sense that Russians are as their interests seem to focus on primarily agrarian reforms. Whereas they used to execute landlords and expropriate their estates to divide up among the peasants, today they try to cooperate with landlords or anyone else who will help them in their fight against Japan. They are more reformers than revolutionaries and they have attacked the problems most deep-seated in agricultural China—namely, high rents, taxes and interest rates—and they have developed cooperatives and a system of local democracy. They are organized effectively in the region under their control to carry on the war and to maintain their own standing. There is a theoretical agreement between them and

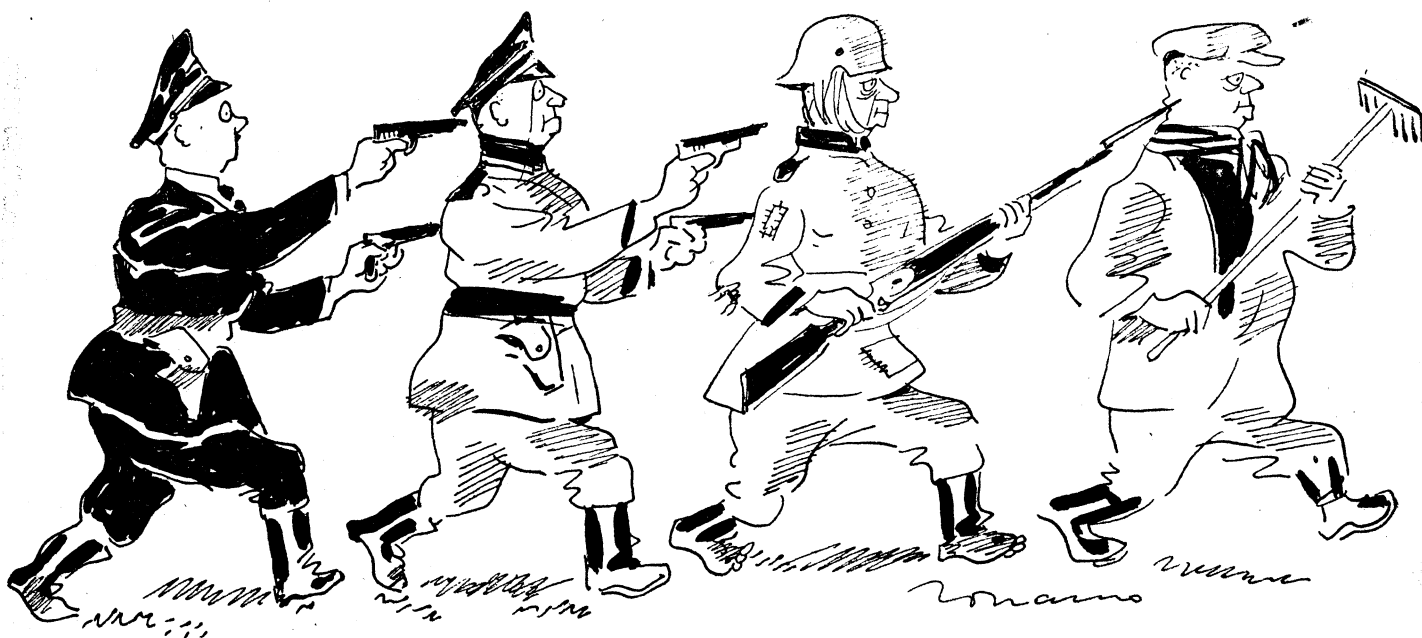
Chiang Kai-shek wherein their armies—the Fourth and Eighth Route—are under Chungking, but such is not the case and the result is that they maintain their separate status militarily, economically and politically. The Soviets send in no aid to them. Consequently they are dependent on their own resources and what they capture from the Japanese. The Generalissimo looks askance at the Communists because he feels that they are too strong, that they will extend their influence wherever and whenever possible and if allowed to continue unchecked they might supersede the Kuomintang. While there have been incidents between the Kuomintang and the Communists there has probably been no civil war. We do not know all that has gone on between them because of the rigid censorship which exists, but we do know that negotiations have been carried on looking to a settlement of their differences; that Chou En-lai has made many trips to Chungking to discuss matters with the Central Government, and that at the present time a small amount of medical supplies—two percent of a twenty-ton American shipment—has been sent to Yen-an.

American influence has been to try to get the divergent elements in China together. This is important and necessary to prevent a possible civil war; to bring about as great a degree of unification as possible to carry on the war; and to help the Chinese to help themselves in settling their own internal problems. There is a bare possibility that the pres-

ent crisis which confronts China may be a means of bringing these two groups together. . . .

I HAD a conference with Dr. Sun Fo, son of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who told me that there used to be a connection between Yen-an and Russia, but since the dissolution of the Comintern it has disappeared, although it might rise again as there is an idealistic bond between the two. Dr. Sun Fo said that the Generalissimo is now becoming more realistic; that previously he did not like to hear bad things, saying it was enemy propaganda and his subordinates, therefore, told him only the good things and consequently conditions went from bad to worse. Finally, the Generalissimo set out to find what was wrong and sent his two sons out to investigate the conscription policy. When they came back with their story of ill-treatment, graft and corruption he made a personal trip to the conscription center in Chungking, saw what they had told him was true, and jailed and courtmartialled the administrator in charge. Sun Fo told me that about 100,000 of the 250,000 to 300,000 troops under General Hu Tsungnan in the northwest area have been shifted to the Kweichow-Kwangsi front and that the old "sit back and let the United States do the job" attitude is changing. Sun Fo said the Generalissimo was the one man in China capable of bringing all elements together because of his ability and prestige. . . .

The Kuomintang is disliked more



Volksturm to the Front!

Soriano

every day and this is due to fear of the army and the attitude of tax collectors; and is proved by the revolts of the peasantry, the party criticism by provincial leaders, and student revolts against conscription. It speaks democratically but acts dictatorially. The Kuomintang is afraid of the will of the people, has lost much of its popular support, and will not allow any of its power to be used in the way of agrarian reforms. However, the Kuomintang is still *the* party in China. It has its leader in the Generalissimo who has the franchise in the war against Japan. It has a powerful army. The middle class leans toward it and it still has the support of America. . . .

I had a conference with T. V. Soong, Chinese Foreign Minister, on Friday, December 8. He informed me that he and the Generalissimo were in full accord and also that the condition of the Chinese soldiers, who were ill fed and ill cared for, is being attended to. T. V. Soong is probably the best known of China's leaders abroad. He does not have a large following in China but he has great personal prestige there and among Americans. He is modern in his outlook, understands China's needs, and now that he is acting president of the Executive Yuan, he can, I believe, be depended upon to do his utmost to see that the necessary reforms are administered. Politically Dr. Soong informed me that the government was making at long last overtures toward the Communists. He was quite hopeful some solution could be worked out. He said China would have to unify internally to win the war and to have a strong position at the peace table. Economically, he admitted the situation in China was bad but one of his policies is going to keep inflation from spreading. He said that the Generalissimo had too much to look after personally, that there were too many "yes men" around him, that bad news worried him, but that now the Generalissimo was going to take a more active interest in military affairs and that he, T. V. Soong, would help him in administrative affairs. . . .

I HAD a conference that same day with one of the Generalissimo's closest advisers, and he informed me that the recent cabinet shake-up was demanded by groups in China long before it took place. The Generalissimo refused to accede to these demands until he was ready to make the move, and then he wanted to make it appear that it was his own doing. This, of course, was a matter of face, and is a factor of great importance in comprehending the Chinese

situation. This adviser realized the great need for food, training and leadership in the Chinese army, and he has made it a point to stress these lacks to Chiang Kai-shek from time to time. He made a report on the bad conditions in the army in Hunan and Kwangsi, sent a memorandum to the Generalissimo, who visited these areas and confirmed what he had found. He stated that his report and the Generalissimo's visit was in part responsible for the removal of several cabinet members. . . . Later in the day I spent an hour with Mme. Sun Yat-sen, who said that the only solution to China's problem is a coalition government. She is not unfriendly toward the Communists but thinks that the Generalissimo will not have anything to do with them. She further stated that China, to be a great power, must form such a government, and she thought that such a move would in reality strengthen the Kuomintang rather than weaken it. She made the statement that all factions of Chinese are "very much pleased with America's disinterested attitude" and that they realize that we have no ulterior motive in their country. Before leaving Mme. Sun Yat-sen, she told me that many people were very much worried and wanted to get out of Chungking, because they felt that the situation could not be saved.

Later in the afternoon [December 11] I talked to Ambassador Hurley and he told me that the Generalissimo had offered the Communists the following proposals: (1) Recognition as a legal party; (2) Equipment of their armies on the basis of equality; (3) Participation in the government. The Communists would not accept these proposals because they feared their participation in the government would be very limited and their armies would be wiped out. They therefore turned down the Generalissimo's three-point program.

That evening I saw the Generalissimo for the third time and spent an hour and a half with him, and at his request, gave him a frank recital of my findings. I pointed out the full extent of our lend-lease support to him and emphasized that in an effort to assist China we have done everything humanly possible and some things which were thought impossible. . . . We have done all within our means to assist China because we want to see her use everything she has to bring the war in the Far East to a successful conclusion. We want to see China a great power because we feel that as such she will be a decided factor in maintaining the peace in the Orient. We want to get out of China as soon as

victory is won. Last but most important, every move we have made and will make in China is dictated by one primary consideration and that is to save as many American lives as possible. Everything else—everything—is predicated on this.

I told the Generalissimo that he had had and would continue to have our full support, but that he should take the necessary steps to bring about the needed internal reforms in his civil, military and economic administration, and I also mentioned several times our lack of any designs on China. I further stated that my opinion of the Chinese situation had changed from one wherein supplies to China was most important to one which stressed the need of cooperation among the Chinese people themselves. He replied by saying America did not understand a country in revolution and he compared China today with its dissident elements and the Kuomintang to the dissident elements and the revolutionary soldiers of George Washington's time. He stated that he would continue to try for a settlement with the Communists in a political way. . . .

CHIANG KAI-SHEK is a dictator in name only. It is true that he is president of the republic and commander-in-chief of the army, but his power is limited because he has to recognize all factions within the Kuomintang—and some outside—with the result that he serves as a balance wheel and has to resort to compromise to keep a semblance of unity. No one would acknowledge this more quickly than Chiang himself. Though constantly subject to pressures he has shown great skill in maintaining the stability of his government over the years he has been its head. He has been a remarkable leader, and today he is the one man in China with sufficient prestige to carry her through the war. He has had to be a politician primarily, a military leader secondarily. To maintain himself in power he has had to manipulate these groups as the occasions demanded. The results have been a hodge-podge of policies which the western mind finds hard to comprehend. The disastrous results of this maneuvering have been manifested in many ways: (1) He has used something like sixteen divisions to blockade the Communists and has thus lost the use of large numbers of troops to fight Japan. (2) He has allowed Chinese military strength to deteriorate in other ways through his inability to mobilize China's resources, to conscript the college students and the

(Continued on page 26)

CULTURE AND THE FUTURE

NEW MASSES' cultural awards dinner, held last week, was a memorable event. It expressed a comprehensive unity which is a distinctly new phenomenon in our cultural life. Not only on the platform, but among the audience were noted figures in the cultural world. Their presence was a fitting answer to the attempts of Roy Howard's man, Frederick Woltman, to Red-bait the dinner in the New York "World-Telegram" and sneer away the awards as "Browder Pulitzer Prizes." And the program articulated the faith that, in the words of NM editor Joseph North, "we stand on the threshold of a great renaissance of culture in America." The role of NEW MASSES itself in furthering that culture and providing the social and political vision that the times require emerged clearer than ever. Throughout the storms of the past few years the magazine has held high two important values, the worth of culture and the worth of American democracy. And it chose the recipients of the awards on the same basis—men and women whose contributions and work have served these two values.

One important feature of the awards was the recognition accorded to the educational and cultural activities of organizations and institutions as well as individuals. Awards were given to three trade unions, the United Automobile Workers-CIO, the National Maritime Union, and the International Fur and Leather Workers Union, to the International Workers Order, and the 135th Street (Harlem) branch of the New York Public Library.

A detailed account of the dinner will be found in the "Between Ourselves" section of this issue. We present below the speeches of Howard Fast, author of "Freedom Road" and other novels; Daniel Fitzpatrick, cartoonist of the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch"; and Max Weber, noted painter; the statement of John Howard Lawson; the messages of the dinner's two co-chairmen, Senator Elbert D. Thomas of Utah and Paul Robeson; and the brief remarks of Fredi Washington, who received an award in behalf of Lena Horne, and Florence Eldridge March, who accepted in the name of her husband, Fredric March. The speeches of Quentin Reynolds, Carl Van Doren, Joseph North and others will appear next week.

Howard Fast

I DON'T recall when I first began to read NEW MASSES; it was always there. In those times, a decade and more ago, people were as puzzled as today, and about many things too, and it was good to have some barometer of unequivocal truth. So in accepting this award, in as wonderful a company of dinner companions as I have ever sat with, on what is for me a very proud and splendid occasion, I would like to acknowledge my indebtedness to the people who are giving it, and I would like to say that without them, without the whole long struggle of so many men of

good will and good hope, I could not have written a line that would have meant anything to anyone.

It was suggested that in the five minutes allotted to me, I talk about the novel—and some of the five minutes are gone. And there's a great deal to say about the novel.

I won't try to cover the ground. But I will say this—that I love the novel, and that I think, far from being in a decadent stage, the novel is only now coming from its infancy. Of all the art forms which the written word has taken, I believe this to be the most flexible, the most capable of endless evolution. We are at the birth of a literary era, not at the end of one. Or a rebirth, you might call it. Hawthorne and Melville and Twain, Frank Norris, London, Sherwood Anderson, Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis—they're not forgotten, nor is their work for nothing. Only by virtue of the fact that we stand on their shoulders can we do what we are doing, and if we tend to fumble not a little, it's because our possible canvas is vaster, our hope and future unlimited.

From the Co-Chairmen

Washington.

At a time like this when reason has gone smash, how can we get back to a reasoning world without the leadership of men who are able to use their heads? For this reason I am deeply sorry I could not attend this splendid gathering doing honor to men and women who merit the thanks of their fellows for their championship of a democracy. We need their continued work: we need them to help guide a generation of men and women to believe in their democratic ideals. My warmest tribute to those being honored and those here tonight who are honoring them. Were it not for the press of unavoidable duties just now, I would have been honored to attend in person.

(Sen.) ELBERT D. THOMAS.

Los Angeles.

Only the fact that I am on the West Coast with "Othello" prevents me from being with you tonight and helping my favorite magazine, the NEW MASSES, honor quite a few of my favorite writers, artists, actors, etc. Some fight fascism with guns. Some fight it with the labor of their hands. Others fight it with words and song and brush. But all of us who want to live as free men and women, no matter what the color of our skins, or our religious belief, or our politics, must fight it in some way—fight it to the death. And we must make a peace in the image of that fight, a peace which shall wage war against every vestige of second-class citizenship, of subject nationhood, of the hateful oppression that the peoples of the world have sacrificed so much to destroy. I have faith that America will play its part; I have faith in its people, black and white; I have faith in our great President. This dinner tonight is a symbol of that unity out of which a new world will come.

PAUL ROBESON.

For my own part, I have been fortunate, for I came at a time when people were beginning to think about and remember the brave good men who made American democracy. Mr. [Carl] Van Doren here has written not a little about them; so have many others. I put them into novels as I believed them to have been, and if the books were successful, it was because the people were hungry for truth and hope and sick of the cascade of mud with which reaction tends to dirty everything and anything which is for America, for people, and for democracy.

I am very happy and very proud of this award. I feel as one of the other persons at this table did, when he discovered he was going to receive an award tonight. He said, "It means more to me than any award I ever got—because it comes from people who, I know, understand what I am trying to do."

Daniel Fitzpatrick

THE modern cartoon is a specialized branch of pictorial expression which is as basic as language or the drawings of the cave men. Over the years mechanical inventions and the necessities of society have altered methods and techniques, but there is still a close kinship between the present-day cartoonist and the cave-man artist—some people may even say they are blood brothers.

Certainly there is a continuing thread of relationship in the great names of the past. Goya, Daumier, Hogarth and Art Young are examples of men with great skill, living under vastly differing conditions, who were conscious of the problems of their times and wished to do something about them. Hogarth, for example, was a sort of pictorial Savonarola. His crusading evangelism in eighteenth-century England would have fitted in very well with the Bryan era of our own Middle West. His famous "Beer Street" and "Gin Lane" were aptly described by David Low as showing the dreadful squalor and misery of Gin Lane in sharp contrast to the equally dreadful happiness of Beer Street.

Goya, while officially a court painter, evidently had contempt for his royal subjects. Had the royal family known how to analyze what he was doing, they would have found to their horror that he was being cruelly frank and, actually, was commenting cynically on the decadence of the court. He broke away from court portraiture between 1776 and 1780 to supply some twenty cartoons for tapestries. He broke with tradition and chose as his subject matter the ordinary life of the fields, villages and the street. These cartoons not only opened a new chapter in decorative art, but establish Goya as a man whose deep interest lay in the life of the people. Later he turned out the famous etchings which pilloried the foibles, superstitions, and extravagances of his time.

WE MODERN cartoonists recognize Daumier as the father of our craft. He worked on stone and his lithographs were published in French publications like *La Caricature*. Daumier once got six months in jail for his daring pictorial attacks upon the foibles of the bourgeoisie, the corruption of the courts and the errors of a blundering government. Jail is an occupational hazard of cartooning but the most I ever got for an attack upon the courts was ten days, and I did not even have to serve this.

A good many of us here knew and loved Art Young,

whose broad sympathy for humanity was his guiding star in a turbulent period of American life. Young was a plain GI Wisconsin boy who was able to sense the currents of the violently changing time in which he lived. Like Daumier, Art fought the evil men and evil things of his times, and, though he lived to be an old man, he never lost his youthful courage and forthrightness. His piercing pictorial commentaries on the social scene were often leavened by his sense of pure fun.

Goya and Hogarth were their own engravers, printers, publishers and circulation managers. They simply sold prints as separate items unconnected with any periodical so there was no question of advertiser influence in their cases.

OVER the years, with changing conditions cartoonists, like everyone else, have had problems to face whether they published their own work or contributed to a modern large circulation newspaper. My personal opinion is that cartoonists are restricted not so much by editors and advertisers as they are by the peculiar necessities of the trade. First, the cartoonist should be skillful as an artist. Second, he should be familiar with history, literature, politics, economics and current events. Third, he should feel deeply about these things and have an urgent desire to translate his ideas into pictures. Fourth, he should be able to work six or seven days a week and show up sober on Monday mornings.

Usually if he meets the first requirement—that is, is an artist—he is automatically difficult. If he lacks knowledge of the world and its problems he must depend on others for his ideas and they are bound to be diluted in transmission. If he is unable to endure the grind of modern journalism it won't matter what other ability he may have.

The most powerful cartoonist America has produced, and



Honore Daumier on the Art Critics.

who had all those conflicting requirements, dropped his crayons at the peak of his career to take the stump and face his audience directly—and why anyone ever wishes to face an audience I could never understand. His name is Robert Minor.

Perhaps the solution of this queer problem has been discovered in Soviet Russia where three men, working together, turn out a cartoon signed Kukriniksi, which is, I believe, a combination of their names—and probably, if spelled backwards, spells cartoons.

The influence of such men as Goya, Hogarth and Daumier was great, even though their pictorial commentaries reached no wide audience. In times like these, with mass production of newspapers, magazines and books, reaching millions of peoples all over the world, the cartoonist has a greater opportunity than in all history to make his force felt in the common good. If this age could produce such giants as have functioned in the past, there is no doubt that the cartoon could exercise a profound and, in many individual issues, a decisive influence on public affairs and on the problems of mankind.

Max Weber

IT WAS a long time after my first exhibition in this country before I received my first gold medal and a cash prize. I never looked for prizes, never began my career with that view and I have received, I am proud to say—yet humbly said—a good many since, and what they call important awards, from the museums and the art authorities. But believe me, from the bottom of my heart, I tell you that no prize in the past or perhaps no prize in the future has given me or will give me as much spiritual return for my efforts as this. No prize has meant as much to me since Mr. North informed me that I was to be the recipient of this from the **MASSSES**.

I was asked to write a little paper and tried my very best to stay within the limits of time allowed me. But Mr. North said I could use a little more time. However, when I saw that time was going to be an important consideration I decided to leave off my first page. The other speakers indulged in long speeches, so now I am not going to leave it off. If I speak five, six or seven minutes, you will not take my prize away.

I took time to write it, more time than I thought it would require, only because at this time it is important to write of what art should be, because my understanding—my contact with the life currents—much of it is due to the men and women who have given their lives to work on the **NEW MASSSES**. I have read it for many years. It has kept my imagination clear and I was on the right track.

Many people come to me and say: "You told us so." And I invariably reply that it was not my genius but was something that the people on the *Daily Worker* and the **NEW MASSSES** wrote.

The elements and time are natural and inevitable causes of demolition and decomposition of works of art. We reconcile ourselves to the destruction of Pompeii by the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D., the destruction of the Parthenon, and the Forum Romanum, and we accept the losses of great sculpture, painting and mosaics as we do the destruction and losses caused by earthquake, hurricane, flood or fire, but the wanton destruction of art by the German

hordes in this war is unparalleled in the history of civilization, ancient or modern. Excavation or restoration, however ingenious, or dexterous, is artificial and abortive. Trees that are uprooted by wind or storm can be replanted or replaced, buildings and bridges wrecked by flood can be rebuilt, but works of art—particularly those of the ancients—can never be replaced.

On their military maps the Nazi brigands marked for destruction the museums, churches, universities, libraries and scientific laboratories. Their object was to extinguish the light that culture keeps burning and in which the creative spirit glows and grows strong, inventive, and ever more eloquent. The mere mention of the word "culture" throws the fascist into convulsions and puts him to flight for a gun.



Max Weber

Seldom before this conflagration has it been revealed as much as now how indispensable the artists, the musicians, the poets and all other cultural workers are in modern civilized society. In view of this, the artist must seek to accelerate his effort and augment his contribution to the spiritual and cultural welfare of the people. In the struggle to save civilization we must bear in mind that exhibitions, musicales, and plays form a bastion our enemy fears as much as he fears the most powerful military garrisons. Our art is our ammunition—the more the better.

The Nazi menace makes it incumbent upon the artist to abandon the Ivory Tower. Isolation and aloofness make a kind of featherbed of escape in which many a talent has smothered and perished for the lack of social vitamins. The more the artist attaches himself to the people, the more he takes part in their struggle, their hopes, their joys, their victories over tyranny, the more powerful and prolific he becomes. The artist should cling to the people as a child clings to its mother, for in the people he will find the meaning of life and the purpose of art. They are his best model. They afford an inexhaustible mine for interpretation and of motive.

This is not the time for cerebral escapades or ramblings in obscure, confused and vague channels. Technical experimentation in art is admirable and should be encouraged. It keeps the creative spirit fresh and questful, but as an end in itself, be it ever so clever and startling, it is apt to lead and more often than not does lead, to cynicism and abysmal impasse. In our endeavor to find the right path, I most humbly suggest more profound study of the work of the ancients. In our speed and dynamics we lost sight of the austerity and simplicity, love and epic grandeur that gave their art eternal life, and untarnishing universal beauty and youth. Pilgrimages to the antique and communion with the authentic archaic and the primitive is as refreshing as a cool drink from an oasis in the desert. The ancients afford us an endless source for the study of the most superb craftsmanship, logic and law of design, structure of form and use of color.

The reconstructive character of our era makes it also incumbent upon the artists of the democratic countries to unite. The organization of an International League of Artists for the purpose of periodically exchanging exhibitions of painting, sculpture and allied arts and crafts is timely and imperative—the establishment of the artists' own sentinels, as it were, to protect art and artists from saboteurs, and

avenues of culture in their respective countries and the creation of means for promulgating and protecting our great world spiritual and cultural legacy. Active membership with legal formidable and proportionate representation in the United Nations about to be formed is equally imperative.

The world must be made to recognize that artists have a definite and inestimable spiritual contribution to make to the Teheran milestone in the history of civilization. Let us hope that this contribution will be incorporated in the design for durable peace, progress and happiness.

Mrs. Fredric March

IT GIVES me great pleasure to receive this award for my husband. I wish, as I am sure you do, that he was able to speak here in person. I think perhaps he would have liked to say that this award should be extended to include John Hersey and Paul Osborne, who wrote *A Bell for Adano*.

In this day when grown people are not completely satisfied to make-believe on paper or canvas or stage, an actor is perhaps in a less fortunate position than workers in other creative fields. The nature of his work is such that he must sit by and wait until he can express his own convictions and ideas in the work of another artist. My husband has found such a play, and *A Bell for Adano* pleases him most when it brings from the audience a warm response, especially when that warmth and response is directed toward the dream of what Americans could be and what America can be in the world about us and in the world that is to come.

Fredi Washington

I AM not going to make a speech because I am not a speechmaker. But I would like to accept this award for Lena Horne in her absence in behalf of not only myself but Negroes everywhere. We are very proud of Lena and we are proud to know that the NEW MASSES has chosen her for this award. Lena went to Hollywood and like all Negroes who go to Hollywood she had a great deal to overcome. She has overcome that. She has not only made us proud on the screen but in our personal lives and in our fight against Jim Crow and for a better world for all of us.

John Howard Lawson

I FEEL deeply honored that NEW MASSES has selected my work for an award in the field of motion picture writing. A promising aspect of our contemporary culture is the increasing interest in various prizes and distinctions which provide wider recognition of the artist's function, and which also help to define his social and aesthetic responsibilities. A prize in money or a trophy in gold may flatter the artist's vanity and contribute to his prestige or his pocketbook. But the intrinsic value of any award depends upon the authority of the donors and the scale of values that determines their choice. It therefore seems proper to consider the present occasion in the light of what the NEW MASSES has accomplished and the standards of criticism which underlie these awards and give them specific meaning.

It is not my purpose to review the long and distinguished history of the magazine. But I wish to stress the unique service it has rendered during the ten years of its existence

as a weekly. Throughout this decade of decision, it has performed three tasks with extraordinary skill and wisdom: it has done a job of consistent reportage that includes such service to the security of the nation as the detailed revelation of Axis conspiracies and the plans of Hitler's American accomplices; it has presented political comment and interpretation that awakened the vigilance and strengthened the unity of the American people; it has also exerted an invigorating influence on the arts, combining sound technical criticism with insistence on enduring social values.

The crisis of our time is a crisis in culture. One of the most subtle and effective methods by which the enemies of democracy seek to undermine our unity is through what may be described as cultural infiltration—through the systematic use of divisive obscurantism and intellectual defeatism. When denial and despair wrote their message on slick paper and in volumes of pseudo-scholarship in the dark days of the later thirties, the NEW MASSES held to its sure faith in a democratic culture. Looking back over the pages of the magazine, one finds affirmation and foresight—and grim warning of the dangers that lay ahead. The NEW MASSES reported the truth about the American people, in factories and on farms and in the thin unwavering ranks of the Lincoln Brigade. And it reported the truth about American culture, its deepening consciousness of social purpose, its re-discovery of an undying tradition.

The historian of the future will turn to the NEW MASSES for an accurate record of these stormy years. He will also turn to it for an accurate portrayal of the American spirit, for the roots of the moral purpose and conviction that flowered at Bataan and Tarawa and the Belgian battlefields, for the continuity of thought and feeling that links our American past with the great tasks and limitless opportunities before us.

I have written these things, because this is what an award from the NEW MASSES means to me, and what I believe it means to other writers and artists. It is an award that is actually a challenge, a call to action, a demand that we rise to the stature that such an award confers upon us.



"My fields are pillaged, my horse carried off, my money stolen—that is what they call patriotic." Honore Daumier sympathized with the people in wars of conquest.

AIR AND SUNSHINE

By HENRY SCHUBART

ZONING" is a peculiar word. It would seem at first glance to have little relation to our future welfare. It has a legalistic sound, and doesn't seem to have much to do with the air we breathe, and the sunshine and light that sustains us. But it is a term with which we will all have to become familiar. It carries with it a promise of city living that will be a pleasure, instead of the smoky, crowded and dismal compromise made to enjoy the benefits of our highly centralized activities.

In itself, zoning is not a goal. It is no more than a method by which we can gradually and rationally adjust our congested urban centers to meet our present-day needs. Its relative importance will increase as we develop our postwar plans to build anew out of the present-day welter of steel and stone. It is time that we understood this tool, learned the feel of it. It is one of the primary instruments by which the people can direct the planning of their cities.

City planning, in terms of our modern metropolis, is still in the diaper stage. Nine years back, the first working method of achieving an over-all plan for a great city was enacted into law as an integral part of the new city charter of New York. This new charter called for the organization of a six-man City Planning Commission to be appointed by the mayor to ". . . prepare, and from time to time modify, a master plan of the city . . . which will provide for the improvement of the city and its future growth and development, and afford adequate facilities for the housing, transportation, distribution, comfort, convenience and welfare of its population." The master plan indicates the direction which the reshaping of the city is to take. Zoning is the legal, the police power of the city to see to it that only structures of the proper size and type to conform to the master plan are built.

The problems that city planners face must be clearly understood. City planners are like surgeons. They do not have an empty space in which to build a brand new shining city. They inherit the anarchy of early city growth, as well as the obsolescence and decay of the past. Like a plastic surgeon who must cut away tissue before building a new face, the city planner must perform major operations in the skeleton and muscles

of our city to make room for its future pattern. But the new itself must conform to an all-over pattern. If old factory buildings in a specifically residential area are torn down, it is essential that no new factory buildings be constructed in their place.

The development of the master plan of New York City and the intricacies of its application can be left for a later article. But the general workings of a master plan need to be understood. It is the function of a master plan to establish which areas are to be zoned for residential areas and which for factories, which areas should be densely populated and which should be suburbia. The master plan lays down the law. The zoning ordinance assures adherence to it by exercise of separate municipal powers such as condemnation proceedings or other legal provisions. The master plan, in other words, establishes which of our existing highways, industrial areas, residential areas and other facilities shall remain in their present locations and be incorporated in the future plan of the city. It also defines which areas of the city shall be rebuilt and replanned for other purposes than those which they now serve. In order to partition the city satisfactorily according to such a plan, the city is zoned. And each zone will limit the land use, the height and bulk of the structures, to conform with increasingly rigid standards for light, air and open spaces.

The standards will change. As people become better educated to the problems of zoning and force the application of more rigid standards, zoning ordinances can be further amended.

The master plan itself must also be flexible enough to meet new demands, and changing ways of living. More or less people, more or less traffic, more airfields, fewer railways, new modes of living that we cannot perhaps at present visualize. We certainly cannot sit down and replan our city as we would imagine it fifty years hence. For in 1995 our standards will have changed and our present-day Utopia will have become a latter-day obsolescence. We must therefore allow for a gradual change toward a goal as well as a change in the goal itself. One of the chief mistakes in city planning of the liberal-utopian type has been the development

of attractive but static plans—and cities are never static. An organic master plan must be a variable guide for our contemporary face-lifting. In fact, a better term than "master plan" is one urged by certain planners, a "pilot plan," or "guiding plan." There is a once-and-for-all quality in the term "master plan" which has led to a great deal of theoretical confusion.

ZONING in New York City is already in effect, and has been since 1916. But whereas zoning in the past has been a restrictive measure to assure a minimum of light and air, it now becomes a creative measure to force all new construction in the direction indicated by the master plan. Through zoning we can abolish building anarchy, and guard the good of the many against the depredations of selfish real estate interests and land boom profiteers. We need to become as familiar with the building zones as motorists have become with no-parking zones. They are very much alike, except that it takes more than a traffic cop to move a twenty-story building.

The first attempt to apply zoning to the fast-growing beehive that was then New York was the passage, in 1916, of the first City Zoning Resolution. This set up four essential restrictions. It defined "use" districts, marking those areas to be used for residential purposes, those for retail stores, those for manufacture, and those which should be unrestricted. It mapped out height districts, limiting the height in a given district according to the width of the street on which a building faced. It regulated setbacks also according to street width. It limited the amount of land in any given area which might be covered by building structures: i.e., it prescribed the minimum areas in a given zone for courts, yards, and open spaces. The resolution was a tremendously progressive step, as it marked the assumption by the people of responsibility for policing the type, location, and size of all structures to be built after that date. Beyond this broader aspect, there was little to recommend in the measure itself. It was too lax a safeguard in its final form to prevent the type of abuse that has characterized building in New York City in the last twenty-nine years. It did not prevent the widespread growth of dingy back yards, dark nar-

row streets. Quite the contrary, it permitted the tremendous expansion of overcrowded neighborhoods, the growth of the skyscraper, the extension of slum standards for light and air, and did nothing to ameliorate the fantastic congestion of people and traffic. In fact, if the city had been fully built and occupied to the maximum allowed by these early standards, it would now be populated by some 77,000,000 people—almost the total population east of the Mississippi River!

In the main, however, the early passage of the Zoning Resolution accomplished one important thing. It legally established an administrative unit with the right to regulate and restrict the use of privately owned land. It gave the municipality the right to say to a landholder, "You may not build on your land to the detriment of your neighbors or the city as a whole." In the intervening years the rights of the people have been sustained. Zoning restrictions have been consistently upheld by the state and federal courts as being constitutional and in the basic interests of the health, welfare and safety of city denizens. This is important, as the original opposition to zoning based its contentions on those too-familiar premises, illegality and unconstitutionality. The regulation was protested violently as an encroachment on the right of private property and there were vigorous attempts to emasculate it. But this one hurdle our forebears cleared for us. There are many still ahead.

IN 1940 a new "Battle of the City" was joined when open hearings were held on a proposed master plan by the New York City Planning Commission, whose chairman at that time was Rexford Tugwell. Tremendous pressure by reactionary groups prevented the adoption of the over-all plan. The only part of the program which was enacted was that part dealing with main highways and other technical elements of city planning. The important issue of land use was left dangling. The people didn't appear on the battleground. Most of them didn't know their future sunshine was being rationed. Still too few know that zoning and sunshine are almost synonymous.

To a certain extent these events were paralleled recently when open hearings were held on important amendments to the 1916 Zoning Resolution proposed by the City Planning Commission. These amendments consisted primarily in an upward adjustment of the 1916 Resolution. The height of buildings, for instance, was reduced from an equivalent

to the street width to seven-eighths in areas that had been so zoned; setbacks were reduced comparably and the coverage of land in certain districts was further reduced. The amendments were designed to meet the urgent need for plugging some of the loopholes in the old resolution before the flood of postwar building should further congest the city and put off still further into the future the realization of a rational city plan. These proposed amendments, like the proposed master plan before it, were not designed as fixed ends in themselves. They were but the first steps to meet the most urgent needs of modern regulation. And they encountered the same tough resistance by the same groups that placed themselves above the general welfare in 1916.

The proposals were not radical. As a matter of fact some of the opposition that developed was based on the premise that the amendments were not far-reaching enough and should be greatly tightened. This was the position taken by the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects which, insisting that the proposed amendments were unscientific and required further survey, consequently aligned itself with the opposition. It must be stated, however, that a considerable group within the profession felt otherwise. Let it be said too, to the credit of the Real Estate Board of New York, that in general they upheld the proposed zoning amendments.

The New York City Building Trades Council also appeared to speak against adoption, claiming that a limitation of construction might result should the proposed amendments be passed. The Commission answered such arguments effectively: "There is no reason to believe that private construction will be deterred. The slightest thought will show that this claim has no substance. Public housing construction, redevelopment projects such as those sponsored by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and projects guaranteed by the FHA certainly would not be affected or impeded in any way by these zoning amendments, since they conform to standards much higher than those proposed. These projects run to a total of more than \$200,000,000. The building trades have everything to gain from a prompt determination of the standards under which future plans shall be made, and building shall proceed."

The present amendments are frankly characterized as "interim zoning" and the commission asked that they be accepted in the emergency pending the

development of more advanced methods. No amount of wrangling over theoretical or technical matters of how zoning is to be applied should excuse the opposition. Nor should the people fail to recognize "pluperfectionist" tactics for anything but what they are, sabotage of our future city.

Nor is zoning a threat to profits. The realities of sound business enterprises such as Parkchester in the Bronx, New York, whose standards for land coverage and height far outdo the most radical sections of any existing or proposed zoning statute, are proof enough. Moreover, "overbuilding the land is a money-losing operation in the long run," as Edward Bassett, chairman of the 1916 Commission, observes. "More light and air for buildings mean better prices and better rents. The prevention of future blighted districts might be one result."

The single most important reason for failure to secure action on this critical measure has been the lack of sufficient pressure from the people. Zoning is not such a technical matter that the trade unions and progressive organizations need shy away from committee hearings. A number of organizations such as the Citizens Housing Council, the Citizens Union and United Neighborhood Houses acted forthrightly in urging embodiment in law of the interim amendments.

The amendments have been passed by the commission, and also given the stamp of approval by the Board of Estimate required by law. In its final form, the resolution included an important retroactive clause setting the date for the new zoning standards to take effect as being the date of the first open hearing on the measure. This was to stop those entrepreneurs who tried to slip in plans for approval under the wire—before they would have become subject to the more stringent restrictions imposed by the new amendments.

In the words of the commission's final report: "There is no task before the commission . . . which is more vital and more serious than that of establishing the rules under which this great city will soon be expanded and rebuilt. We have approached this responsibility with a full realization of its nature, distinguishing the opposition of a small group of influential promoters, and those in one way or another dependent on them, from the welfare of inarticulate citizens and their children who will live under the conditions we help to create. In consequence, we are convinced of the merit of these amendments, and of the desirability of their adoption."

THE

Henry A. Wallace slipped out of the side door of the Hotel Astor early last night aware of the fact that he had been named by a Senator to be the first vice in the cabinet. He was talking to many people on the subject.

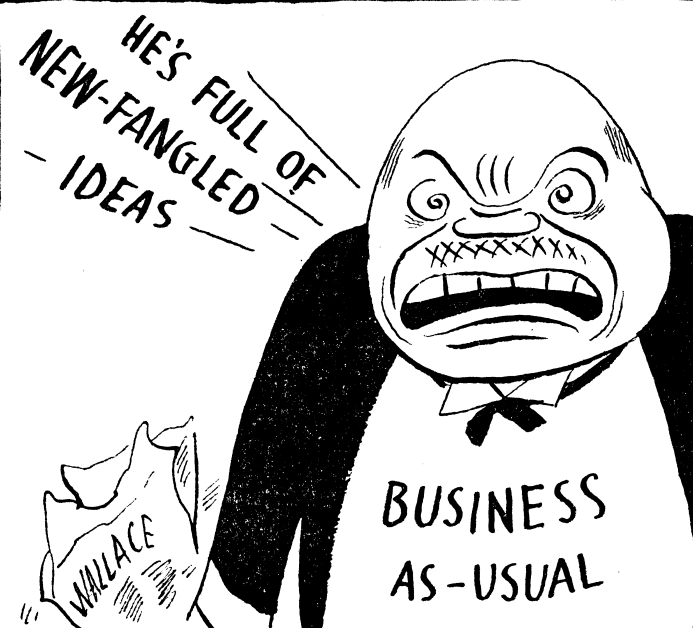
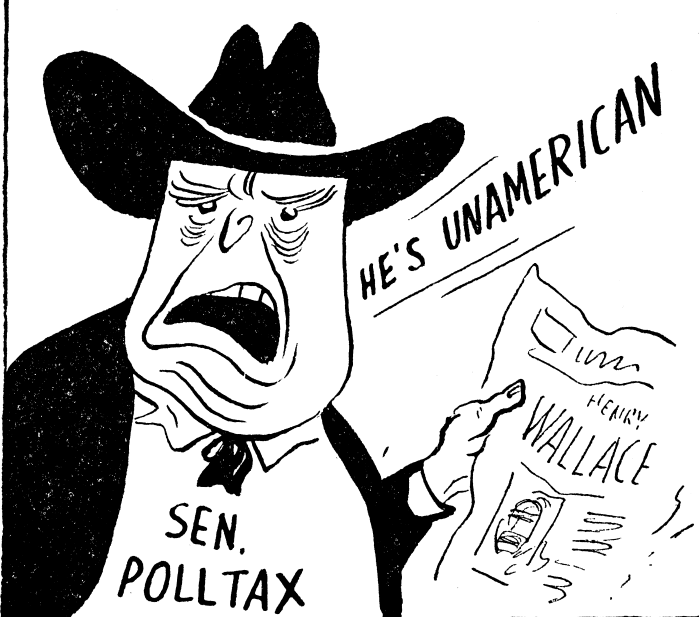
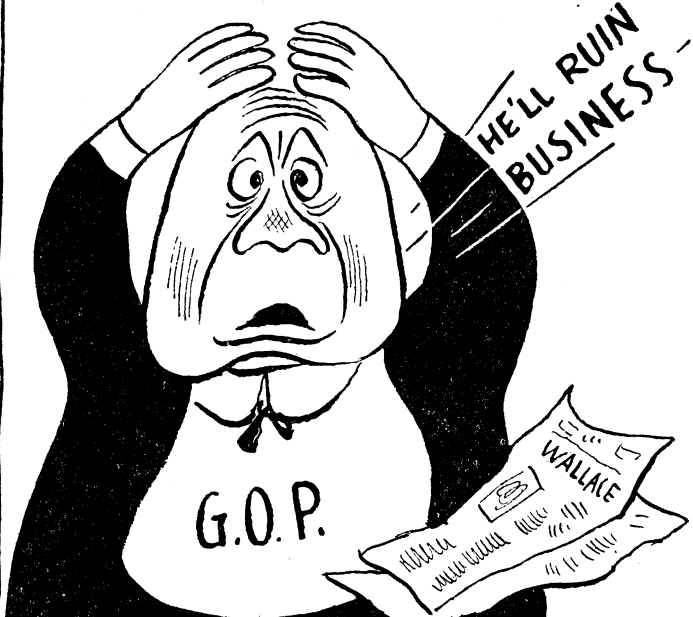
The former Vice President was seen by newspaper men of the Washington while he was being embraced by the President. And to the democracy the proposal of the principle of government Wallace has no practical "dream" eight

THE MAN OF THE WEEK

Wallace quickly dismissed the nonsense about his lack of experience and qualifications. These people Wallace was

residing in the White House. The men who are devoted to the struggle against the public enemy. The National Businessmen's Committee for Mr. Wallace, which was organized Thursday night, is headed by James McGill, president of the McGill Industries of Valparaiso. Other members of the committee include Andrew J. G. S. of New Orleans, Cyndie of Cleveland, Ohio, J. Louis, Inc., Clarence Avildsen, publican, Mark ve da Co pr gra vr a) ill and Tool Company; Mark thridge, publisher of The Louis Courier Journal; Josephus blisher, of Raleigh, Warburg of New rge Seedman, an Busi-

HE WANTS TO COMMUNIZE THE COUNTRY



NEWSPAPERS

Wallace Plans Post-War Prosperity 60 Million Jobs

GR012579

NM SPOTLIGHT

Why America Needs Wallace

“THIS is not any petty question of personalities,” said Henry Wallace in his statement before the Senate Commerce Committee. “This is a question of fundamental policy. It is the question of the path which America will follow in the future.”

All that is necessary is to compare the testimony of Mr. Wallace and Jesse Jones and it is clear that these two men are proposing two different paths for America. The path of Wallace is the path of Roosevelt—the path which the majority of our people endorsed in the recent election: full production, 60,000,000 jobs, expanded international trade, an economic bill of rights, a vigorous, growing private enterprise system capable of adapting itself to the vast transformations taking place throughout the world. As against this, set up Jesse Jones’ plaint about “careless experimentation,” about jeopardizing “the country with untried ideas.”

The United States of America was an untried idea in 1776. The abolition of slavery was an untried idea (for us) in 1861. The Social Security Act was an untried idea in 1935. The Dumbarton Oaks plan for a world organization is an untried idea today. The automobile, the airplane, the electric bulb—the host of technological inventions that have made America great—were at one time bold experiments, untried ideas. Even the Republican *Washington Post*, which is opposing the Wallace appointment, admits that Jones “was thoroughly unfit as a wartime administrator.” We can add that any man who isn’t willing to try realistic untried ideas in meeting the gigantic problems of the postwar period is unfit to be our future Secretary of Commerce and Federal Loan Administrator, or to hold any other post of major responsibility.

Just what is Mr. Jones’ program, apart from sitting on the Reconstruction Finance Corporation’s \$14,000,000,000 of lending power and making sure that no city slicker gets his hands on any of it? Yes, Mr. Jones told the Senate committee, he has “a very broad program for the Department of Commerce postwar. . . . We have talked about it between ourselves, and discussed it, and we have got a nice program. It has been

available for a month, and we discussed it.” But what is this “nice program,” Mr. Jones? His testimony was all about what the RFC had done in the past and what it ought not to do in the future. There was nothing in it that spelled out the kind of positive program that President Roosevelt has projected.



For that program, garbed in flesh and blood, one has to go to the statement and the testimony of Mr. Wallace. His are heart-warming and hard-headed words. They are the words of a man of practical vision—not an empty visionary. No businessman, big or little, who understands what is happening in the world can fail to appreciate that Wallace, and not Jones, represents his interests, and that only the Wallace program can make our capitalist economy work. That is why businessmen throughout the country have organized a Businessmen for Wallace Committee under the chairmanship of James McGill, head of McGill Industries of Valparaiso, Ind. And the Wallace program is no less in the interests of labor and the farmers, as attested by the support given the former Vice President by the CIO, outstanding leaders of the AFL and Railroad Brotherhoods, and the National Farmers Union.

Mr. Wallace’s statement expresses this common interest succinctly: “The interest of the American people lies in using the resources of the country to achieve a prosperous America, prosperous for all business, large and small, and for all the people.” That is the spirit in which this whole fight, whose stakes are so large, should be waged. Certain anti-Wallace newspapers distorted his statement as posing the issue of big business versus little.

There is, however, no reason why liberals who back Wallace should assist these reactionary distortions. We welcome *PM*’s vigorous crusade in Wallace’s behalf, but when this newspaper—which so recently was allied with some

leaders of the hate-Wallace brigade in opposing the President’s State Department appointments—tries to depict this battle in terms of big versus little business, it helps only the enemies of Wallace and of FDR’s full employment program. Men like Henry Kaiser and Andrew Higgins—both for Wallace—are hardly representative of little business, though it is true that much needs to be done to convince many big businessmen to discard moldy prejudices and to see Mr. Wallace, sans horns, for what he is: a member of a cabinet team that will tackle postwar problems constructively and imaginatively in an effort to help private enterprise provide the jobs and the goods on which our and the world’s prosperity depends.

Yes, in the words of President Roosevelt: “America, its people, and its government need Henry Wallace now more than ever before.”

P.S. Tell your Senators not to sell America short: get them to vote *yes* on Wallace and *no* on the George bill that would emasculate his powers by taking the RFC out of his jurisdiction.

Flanking Maneuvers

“THE clash with the Rooseveltian Democracy will be fundamental at home,” writes the New York *Herald Tribune* in its glowing approval of the retention of Herbert Brownell as chairman of the Republican National Committee, at the committee’s meeting last week. The *Tribune* unintentionally suggested an interesting historical analogy to the earlier struggles of vested reaction against the American people in the period of Jeffersonian Democracy. The analogy does not lose its significance because Brownell is draped in the verbal mantle of a “progressive.” His selection to head the Republican opposition to the President’s postwar program is a warning that the achievement of a stable peace with full production and full employment will not be had without bitter and sustained struggle. The first round is now being waged over the appointment of Henry Wallace as Secretary of Commerce, as the *Herald Tribune* correctly points out. Senator Vandenberg’s anti-Dumbarton Oaks speech, accepted by Brownell as the GOP guide to foreign policy, represents a flanking move-

ment against the President's mandate to secure world peace.

Chairman Brownell is the personal choice of Governor Dewey and represents the dominant forces of reaction in the Republican Party. He was the chief promoter of the "Clear it with Sidney" slogan with its anti-Semitic overtones, as well as of the Red-baiting policy which marked the election campaign last year. Neither the Republican leadership or their basic program has been modified in the direction of the Willkie adherents. But it cannot be denied that the GOP high command has learned some lessons in cunning and tactics from the election campaign. Vandenberg's speech is a striking example of the new tactical approach. The effect of the speech has been extensive, and not only among the 22,000,000 who voted for Dewey. The Red-baiting formula also will no doubt be used more cunningly against the President's economic bill of rights, Senator Murray's right-to-work bill and the efforts to assure 60,000,000 jobs.

Brownell disclosed that foreign policy will be left to the Republican Senators to formulate, while domestic policy will be determined by the Republican members of both houses. This will keep the Republican program safely in the hands of the reactionaries, who greatly outnumber and out-influence the progressive Republicans in Congress. And on many issues the GOP hatchet-men will receive support from the southern fifth column in the Democratic Party.

In view of this line-up it is well to recall the spirit and substance of that older conflict in the early years of our Republic. President Roosevelt, like Jefferson before him, represents the best interests of all the people, and his constructive program for the future, like that of Jefferson, is of enduring benefit for the entire nation.

Plea in a Vacuum

IT is good to see Kent Cooper, executive director of so powerful a news gathering agency as the Associated Press, speak up on behalf of a free international exchange of information as one means of maintaining peace. There is no doubt that the stability of the postwar world will in great measure hinge on accurate knowledge of our Allies. In our belief, however, Mr. Cooper is mistaken if he thinks that the kind of freedom of the press practiced in this country can, as he implies, be a model for every other country. It is also a dangerous business for Mr. Cooper to say that unless other

friendly states accept his private views, as expressed in his Temple Emanu-el address, they will be barred from American aid in the future. There is in addition an overtone of self-righteousness in his remarks which makes him forget the evil methods of a Hearst, a Colonel McCormick or a Roy Howard. Nor does Mr. Cooper look inward when he tacitly exonerates his own organization, which has frequently poisoned the field of public information. When Mr. Cooper pleads for a world-wide free press, he should plead for it not in a vacuum. He should hasten to add that freedom without responsibility to the people's interests is a fruitless concept leading to such spectacles as a press which for the most part stumped for Thomas E. Dewey while the election returns showed something else entirely. And on an international scale, there are a hundred examples in any given month to prove that American wire services, as well as certain individual reporters working abroad, cater more to their and their publishers' private prejudices than to the truth.

Mr. Cooper believes that part of the solution lies in granting foreign correspondents diplomatic immunity as the guarantee of a free press. But would Mr. Hearst's foreign representatives write differently if they had passports giving them the protection accorded diplomatic agents? They would not. The issue is more fundamental than the employment of devices easily abused for purposes other than news gathering. It is an issue covering a newspaper's or news agency's policy—whether it really believes in the promise of Dumbarton Oaks, whether it sees the grand alliance not as an accidental combination of forces but as a permanent and mutually advantageous arrangement without which the United States would be tossed on the stormiest seas. It is along these lines that Mr. Cooper should ask many of the AP's member newspapers some serious questions.

The Way Back

THE armistice granted Hungary by the leading Allies can be quickly described as just and generous. As Hitler's most obstinate satellite, the terms given her might have been more severe. They were not because Hungarians finally did turn their guns the other way and now they have the richest opportunities to begin their passage back with dignity and honor. As for the terms themselves, they cover a wide area of problems which form the foundations of a permanent settlement. Taken together

with the Bulgarian and Rumanian armistices, the Hungarian agreement helps solve several thorny territorial questions which have always been a source of friction. Czechoslovakia has returned to it all the territory stolen by the Munich thieves. Rumania will retain Transylvania. The reparations clauses take into account Hungary's declaration of war on Germany and the amount involved, \$300,000,000 to be paid in goods, represents a reduction from what it would have been had Hungary continued her Nazi alliance. Persons accused of war crimes are ordered punished and all fascist organizations, whether military or political, are to be dissolved. And as a concomitant of that provision Hungary must release all those imprisoned because of their United Nations sympathies. Jews and stateless persons are to be accorded the same protection and privileges granted Hungarian nationals. And preeminent is the fact that Hungary will provide at least eight divisions for use by the Allied High Command.

The Hungarian armistice is an outstanding example of Allied unity and practical cooperation. Our government was involved during every step of the negotiations and the final terms were signed by Marshal Voroshilov on behalf of the United States, Great Britain and the USSR. The armistice serves to underscore the hollowness of the complaints that the future of Eastern Europe is being decided singlehandedly by the Soviets. It serves also to underscore the dangerous character of Senator Vandenberg's recent proposals wherein Allied decisions made now are to be revised after the war. If the Vandenberg dictum were followed, then the Hungarian armistice would be a worthless piece of paper and the Hungarian people would have just cause to wonder whether our word can be depended upon. Their own plans for a democratic reconstruction of their country would of necessity have to be held in abeyance, thereby retarding the political rehabilitation of all of Hungary's neighbors and giving their internal enemies an opportunity to come back five or ten years hence.

All the King's Horses

EVEN from a king one expects better manners and we are delighted to see that Premier Subasitch has ignored Peter's dismissal notice and is instead teaching the adolescent monarch a thing or two about proper behavior. The premier has justifiably disregarded Peter's efforts to interfere with the establishment of a provisional unity government

sances they have been these past few weeks.

Stilwell Road

HAD it been possible, it would have been fitting for General Joseph W. Stilwell personally to lead the hundred odd trucks and jeeps which recently moved over the newly completed road connections between the Assam railhead, Ledo, and the old Burma Road and thence on into China. For the courage and strategical vision of the North Burma campaign, resulting not only in a remarkable engineering job but in the freeing of the whole route from the enemy, must be credited to him. In the face of every conceivable obstacle General Stilwell persevered and we now have an achievement which will substantially strengthen our Far Eastern campaign.

Nor is the new land route the only accomplishment in this theater of war. Already the air route over the Himalayan "hump" is delivering a far higher tonnage of war materiel to our Chinese ally and to our own forces stationed in China than the old Burma Road ever carried. And alongside the new land highway there is being completed an oil pipe line running all the way from Calcutta across Assam and Northern Burma, through the Shan States into China. These three supply routes will carry into China something like 100,000 tons of supplies a month. Even that estimate may soon have to be raised if the campaign now coming to life in central and southern Burma frees the railway, road and river supply channels from Rangoon to Mandalay. From the latter center a railway line supplements the old Burma Road to Lashio, well in the mountains, from which connections with the new land routes can easily be made.

The opening of the back door to China emphasizes the urgent need of solving China's political and economic crisis. Now that it is becoming possible to bring into China more substantial military supplies, the question of the effective use to which they are to be put becomes one which cannot be delayed.

Treason

A DEFIANT old man stood before the Assize Court in Lyons accused of treason, collusion with the enemy, of denouncing French patriots to the Germans. Unashamed, unregenerate, he answered his judges with the same cold impertinence we have come to expect of the young Nazi soldier: "If I had it to do again, I would." At seventy-six



in Yugoslavia. Of course, Peter is not acting for himself. The boy knows more about racing cars than about affairs of state. Surrounding him are several advisers attempting to pull another Mikhailovich, and unsettle what has already been settled. We should not be at all surprised if among those whispering into Peter's royal ears are such unlovely gentlemen as Constantin Fotich, the ex-Yugoslav ambassador to Washington. Fotich made quite a career of blinding many in this country to the South Slavs' liberation movement and its great leader, Tito.

If Peter wishes to behead himself politically no one will stop him, and the best way he can do it is to continue

thwarting the will of the Serbs and Croats and Slovenes. They want him to be comfortable in London until they decide whether they want him around at all.

In the meantime one should be on the lookout here against the so-called protests of so-called Yugoslavs now beginning to make a great to-do about the "Bolshevik menace" and "Communist domination": all prattle at which reactionary Poles have become expert. We often wonder also whether if there had been no Greek tragedy and if the Warsaw Provisional Government were recognized by London and Washington, Peter and the little wolves around him would have dared to become the nui-

this engineer of Vichy terror admitted his crimes with the same cynical self-possession with which he committed them. He was no weakling who had succumbed to the pressures of misfortune. Charles Maurras, editor and founder of the leading royalist French newspaper, *L'Action Francaise*, planned for Vichy long before the Wehrmacht smashed through a disarmed France to overwhelm her. For forty years he had been the spiritual and literary leader of an openly anti-Semitic French nationalist movement, the inheritor of the persecutors of Dreyfus. He made his own

special contributions to the ruin of the French Popular Front: among them a demand that "We must sharpen our kitchen knives for Leon Blum," which signally preceded by a few days the attack on Blum made at the time of the funeral of the monarchist Jacques Bainville. Blum was beaten up by *Action Francaise* hoodlums. Maurras was an open French fascist three years before Hitler became Chancellor of the Third Reich. He was a brilliant, talented, classical stylist. And in his beautiful French he denounced and publicized the whereabouts of ten French patriots

who were arrested, tortured and deported to Germany. A Catholic (absolved of earlier sins and taken back into the Church in 1940), he denounced the French Catholic poet Paul Claudel, once ambassador to the USA. The court found him guilty of treason and sentenced him to life imprisonment.

There are words no less dangerous than those of the polished editorials of *L'Action Francaise* rolling daily from the presses in the USA. If we look long and carefully at the history of Charles Maurras we will need no Sedan to teach us what to do.



FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

SOVIET HAYMAKER

THE last phase of the war is at hand. It is the phase of the final crushing of Germany in the Allied vise. At this writing (January 29), the eastern jaw of the vise is in full action, while the western jaw is getting ready to swing into action.

The present phase of the war started on or about January 12, when the first two of the five current Soviet offensives started rolling in eastern East Prussia (General Chernyakhovsky and his Third Byelorussian Front) and in the Vistula bridgehead (Marshal Konev and his First Ukrainian Front), to be quickly followed on January 14 by the offensive against East Prussia from the south (Marshal Rokossovsky and his Second Byelorussian Front) and the "bulldozer" push of Marshal Zhukov along the Warsaw-Posen-Frankfurt-Berlin line. Next day, January 15, General Petrov swung into action in the mountains of Slovakia to threaten the entire German position east of the Morava River.

In the first two weeks of this combined offensive, the like of which military history does not know, the Red Army cleared 68,000 square miles of territory in Poland, Germany, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. The following losses were inflicted on the Germans:

	Killed	Prisoners
1st Byelorussian Front	80,000	37,700
2nd Byelorussian Front	65,000	5,500
3rd Byelorussian Front	60,000	4,000

1st Ukrainian Front	70,000	31,900
4th Ukrainian Front	20,000	7,200

This makes a total of 295,000 German officers and men destroyed and 86,300 captured. Add to this the 100,000-odd encircled and being exterminated in Budapest, the divisions cut off in East Prussia as well as those cut off in Latvia, and it will become clear that as the result of Red Army operations this winter the Germans have lost at least one million men permanently and irretrievably knocked out of the war. The enemy lost 442 planes destroyed and 150 captured, 2,137 tanks destroyed and 875 captured, 3,490 guns destroyed and 4,424 captured, as well as 25,000 motor vehicles and trucks.

It is being reported from both Allied and Soviet sources that the Germans are pumping troops out of the West and are shuttling them over to the East. Before the Soviet offensive started, the Germans had about seventy divisions in the West and about 200 divisions in the East. Thus now the ratio must be 1:3 or "better" (better as far as the Western front is concerned). Thus it is clear that the time to strike with full force in the West is anything but early.

So far the Allied operations in the West—since the day when the von Rundstedt counteroffensive was halted—have taken the shape of a peripheral squeeze against the bulge. The incisions on both flanks, designed to encircle at least part of the enemy shock troops in the western

tip of the bulge, have not been entirely successful and Rundstedt has managed to save the bulk of his troops. However, it must be noted that in their flight through the last gap at St. Vith, German columns have suffered very heavily from the Allied Air Forces which destroyed a total of more than 7,000 motor vehicles and railroad rolling stock of all kinds in ceaseless low-level attacks.

THE strategic and operational pattern of the Soviet offensive has no equal in magnitude, ingenuity and boldness. In a dispatch from Washington the *New York Sun* wrote last week (January 25) under the headline "Red Strategy Called Classic": "The current Russian offensive is being hailed by military observers here as one of the best planned military actions in many a day, and some experts today feel that the plans for this campaign in the East may well become a classic in the textbooks of war which are yet to be written. As the Red advances continue the scope of the plans become more obvious and the unlimited vision with which they were conceived and executed become more apparent. The care with which the various pushes were planned and the foresightedness with which they were directed are still leaving the best military minds in Washington gasping.

"In the first place each of the drives, and there are at least nine of them, was planned to make certain gains along the front. At the same time each drive was so planned as to be able to act as flank

Oumansky

Not only the Soviet people but the peoples of all the United Nations have cause to mourn the death of Constantine Oumansky, ambassador to Mexico, killed in an airplane accident in the Mexican capital on January 25. Few have worked so hard and so effectively for the unity of the democratic peoples of the world. He was one of the Soviet diplomats in the Litvinov mission which negotiated the resumption of Russian-American relations. As ambassador to this country during the difficult first years of the war unleashed by Germany, he prevented American-Soviet relations, assailed by the forces of reaction, from being driven to the breaking point. More recently, as ambassador to Mexico and to several other Latin-American nations, he achieved remarkable successes in forwarding Soviet-Latin-American relations. These achievements were attacked by the Soviet-haters; but no patriotic American begrudged them, for Soviet "influence" had only one purpose, the common interest of the United Nations.

Primarily these successes were due to Soviet policy as a whole. But Oumansky's personal contribution was a large one. Dynamic and young—he was only forty-two at his death—he brought to his tasks intelligence, alertness and energy. An index to the qualities of the man is the fact that when he made his first public speech in Mexico he apologized for not yet speaking in the language of the country and promised to be able to do so on a later occasion. He kept that promise.

Such a man could have contributed much to the tasks ahead.

protection for other drives, and the set-up was so thought out that if German moves made it necessary, almost all the drives could quickly be coordinated into one big offensive." May I add to this that the last "could" sounds strangely out of date when the Russians are on the Baltic, near the Obra and most probably across the Oder.

At the end of the first week of the Soviet offensive, i.e., around January 20, it looked as if a huge hand were advancing toward Germany from the East with five fingers spread out and pointing at Koenigsberg (Chernyakhov-sky), at Danzig and Elbing (Rokossovsky), at Posen (Zhukov), at Breslau (Konev) and at Bratislava (Malinovsky and Petrov, forming the "thumb" of the hand).

At the end of the second week we see that the little finger and the fourth finger (Chernyakhovsky and Rokossovsky) have almost crushed East Prussia between them, with the little finger nearing its objective, Koenigsberg, and the fourth finger stabbing through to the

Baltic east of Elbing. Between the two fingers the great strongholds of Lyk, Loetzen, Rastenburg, Insterburg, Allenstein, Marienburg have been pulverized and the twenty-odd German divisions in East Prussia have been herded into a small area around Koenigsberg. So far few prisoners have been taken here. The probable reason is the ferocity of the fighting on Prussian soil and the fact that the liquidation of the bag has not yet been completed.

The fourth, third and index fingers of the hand have now merged into a sort of set of "brass knuckles" which is pushing relentlessly into Pomerania, Brandenburg and Silesia on a 300-mile arc, from Graudenz (Grudziendz) to Posen, to Breslau and Kattowice. These brass knuckles are aimed at the last possible line on which the Germans can defend Berlin and Northern Germany in general—the Stettin-Kustrin-Frankfort-Goerlitz position. It is 170 miles long between the Bay of Stettin and the Riesengebirge, or the Mountains of the Giants, forming part of the northern

border of Czechoslovakia. This position is based on a 100-mile stretch of the Oder from its mouth to above Frankfort and from there on—on the Neisse. Such a defense position would run about thirty-two miles east of the suburbs of Berlin. Furthermore, it seems futile to base positions on rivers like the Neisse and even the Oder against an army which has taken the Dnieper, Dniester, Vistula and Danube in its stride.

The German position is grim indeed. They have lost a huge army in the Battle of the Vistula-Warte. Another army is being annihilated in Budapest. A third is locked up in East Prussia. A fourth one is hopelessly locked up in Latvia. The Germans have lost the "Ruhr of the East"—Silesia—with its mines and armament plants. They have lost the industries of Poland. The granaries of Hungary, Rumania and East Prussia are gone. Czechoslovakia is seething with imminent revolt, which will start the moment the sound of Russian guns echoes through its valleys.

Only six months ago Soviet soldiers in Byelorussia were 1,400 miles away from their British, Canadian, American and other comrades in Normandy. Today the distance between them is just 400 miles. The Third Reich, which stretched out two years ago from Grozny and Stalingrad to Biarritz (and in fact to Gibraltar and Lisbon), a distance of 2,500 miles (and more through Spain), is now crowded into a "cell" barely 400 miles square.

The "Master Race"—and this week, by the way, marks the twelfth year since Hitler came to power—which spread out over 2,000,000 square miles of Europe only two years ago is now crowded into little more than one-eighth of that space, with a terrific refugee, housing, food, fuel and general administrative problem on its hands. Of the 24,000,000 fighting men available to Hitler four years ago probably 20,000,000 have melted away, one half through battle losses and one half through the defection of all his satellites. Of the remaining 4,000,000 hardly more than half are first-class fighting men, capable of putting up any sort of a fight against the first-class armies which are advancing on a 1,000 mile front today and will be advancing on a 1,500 mile front when the Western offensive gets under way. Two thousand men per mile, including tactical and strategic reserves is not much. But 1,300 men per mile of front is catastrophic, especially when this happens in the last, desperate phase of the war in Europe.



WHO FOUGHT FOR FRANCE

By NANCY CUNARD

NEWS of some of the writers of French Resistance, and of the collaborators, is at last beginning to come from liberated France. Here are some brief notes compiled from personal information, articles in French papers (*Les Lettres Françaises*, *Carrefour*, *L'Humanite* and others) and reports from people just returned from Paris.

On September 9 appeared the first number-in-freedom of the heretofore clandestine *Lettres Françaises*, now an impressive eight-page weekly paper. Its front page carried the *Manifesto of the National Committee of Writers*, "... united in victory and liberty as we were united in sorrow and oppression. Let us remain so for the resurrection of France and the punishment of the impostors and traitors." It is signed by sixty-five writers, among whom are these three members of the *Academie Française*: Duhamel, Mauriac and Paul Valery; Paul Eluard, Vercors, Jean Guehenno, Claude Roy, Rene Blech, and Rene Maran, the African author. Some of the southern group are: Aragon, Malraux, Julien Benda, Jean Cassou, Roger Martin du Gard, Leon Moussinac. In all, the broadest possible field of French anti-fascists.

Louis Aragon is back in Paris. A poem of his, *Paris*, was published on the front page of *L'Humanite* on September 28, under the banner head calling him "the poet of the Maquis." Here is as much of the story which earned him that title as I can piece together.

At the time of the armistice he was demobilized in Lyons. Where he was immediately after this is still a mystery. But he was soon exerting a preponderant influence over the letters and poetry of the southern zone; and it was thanks to him that the intellectuals of Resistance came together a little later on. It was he who wrote the account of the Martyrs of Chateaubriant, which reached England, and which he himself heard read on the air from London.

With the aid of Georges Sadoul (*alias* Claude Jaquier of *Confluences*) he founded the National Committees of Writers and Journalists in the southern

zone, and also the National Front Committees of Professors, Teachers, Doctors, Lawyers and Musicians. The clandestine organ of these seven committees was *Les Etoiles*, which he founded and which is now appearing legally. Seventeen numbers of it were published during the German occupation; and from now on it will become an important weekly, published in Lyons. In spite of all this activity, the writing of poetry was always an integral part of his work.

To one who knows him as I do, no activity surprises. He is undefeatable by danger of fatigue, a welder of disparate elements into operative cohesion, as stimulating as inspired. Aragon is unique, the embodiment of all that France has been again and again in time of stress and danger in the defense of human liberty. We know two volumes here of the poems written during the soldier-tragedy of '39 and '40; but there are many more to come to us, written during the spiritual and physical miseries of the occupation years.

"The little village of Saint Donat (where Aragon lived with his wife, Elsa Triolet), was set on fire by the Germans and their agents—its women were raped, its men murdered. Aragon and his wife were able to escape and resume contact with the Maquis. During two months they published *Le Drome en Armes*, the Maquis paper of the region of that name, and they took part in its battles." This is taken from an article by Claude Roy in *Le Figaro* of September 20.

French and Allied information services, acting on plans made in North Africa before the landings in Southern France, fetched Aragon and Elsa Triolet from St. Donat and took them to Lyons, where Aragon worked with Franco-Allied Information and did broadcasting. He was precious to Resistance and liberation in the south, but also needed in Paris. *Ce Soir*, the paper founded by him with Jean-Richard Bloch in 1937, appeared again at the very moment of the freeing of Paris.

From the same article by Roy quoted above comes this piece of information.

Roy had been talking to another Maquis writer who said: "Publishing in the Maquis, we had the sub machine-gun and its cartridges right by the press, and we got to work on producing the FTPF (*Francs Tireurs et Partisans Français*) editions on field-presses. In this manner we published some writing by Aragon, Eluard, Cassou, Vercors. These little books were sold very cheaply, and had an immense success, and all the Maquisards knew Aragon's *Le Musée Grevin* and Eluard's *Liberte* by heart."

PAUL ELUARD occupied himself incessantly with underground publishing and getting numerous clandestine works distributed. When one realizes that the Gestapo was liable to detain anyone with a parcel under his arm, one can assess the particular danger of this kind of work. He travelled constantly from one zone to the other, taking work to this or that small printer in the provinces. At one time he spent weeks in hiding in a lunatic asylum in a remote part of the country. The man who wrote "Liberty, I was born to name thee" came and went defying all dangers throughout these interminable four years with forbidden proofs and manuscripts under his arm.

Jean Cassou, author of "*Les Massacres de Paris*," a great work on the Commune, a leading spirit in the pre-war *Maison de la Culture* in Paris, and an authority on Spain, with much work done for the Spanish Republicans, took an active part in the fighting which liberated Toulouse on August 18-19. He was left for dead by the Germans in a street attack, and reported dead in the press. Now it is known for certain that an operation has saved his life.

Jean Richard Bloch, co-founder of *Ce Soir* with Aragon, lived for months in France under the occupation and only escaped the Gestapo a few days before Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union. He arrived then in Moscow. From there he has sent a message to *Ce Soir*, liberated from its five-year silence.

Of Andre Malraux it is known, briefly, that he fought in the Maquis,

was a colonel, captured some German tanks which he used against their owners, was wounded, feared killed, captured by the Germans, imprisoned at Toulouse, but escaped to fight again with the Maquis.

Poulenc has written a symphony based on poems by Aragon, and together with Auric made secret recordings of Resistance writers' poems and banned music inside a German-controlled wireless station.

Pablo Picasso has been very productive during the war years. At the first Autumn Salon in Free Paris (opened on October 6) Picasso had a large room to himself. A friend who saw him there described his paintings as finer than ever; there are seventy-four of them, and four sculptures. I know how this great artist worked in solitude, keeping to the long, straight line of art, saying "no politics." But now Picasso has joined the Communist Party, as have Professor Langevin and Francis Jourdain, great veteran fighters in the cause of democratic freedom, the one a famous scientist, the other an architect and president of the League Against War and Fascism in 1936.

Picasso is Spanish, but he is preeminently France's, the world's, greatest living painter, too, and has lived in Paris for something like thirty years. Of his entry into the Communist Party he himself said, "Now I have found my true country."

SOME OF THE DEAD

MAX JACOB, one of the most inspired of the older poets, and a beautiful stylist, taken to Drancy concentration camp (for the crime of being a Jew) at the age of sixty-eight, from his country village, in good health, in March 1944. Fifteen days later he was dead.

Saint-Pol Roux, veteran poet, towards the beginning of occupation. Put to death by the Germans after having been made to witness the rape of his daughter.

Benjamin Cremieux, the critic, reported killed "in circumstances not yet clear."

Jean Prevost, young and brilliant author, a captain in the French Forces of the Interior; distinguished himself as a leader in Maquis strategy, fought in the Vercors; killed by the Germans, August 3, 1944.

Jacques Decour, writer and Resistance organizer. Tortured and killed by the Gestapo.

IN CONTRAST to Picasso's attitude is that of the French painters, Derain and Segonzac, both of whom, with several others, went on tour in Germany immediately after the Armistice, Segonzac writing a series of articles in the *Pariser Zeitung* in praise of the Reich.

Despiaux, the sculptor, also collaborated.

Charles Maurras, famous director of the ever-fascist *L'Action Francaise*, prop of Vichy and the Nazis. (See page 20.)

Abel Hermant, famous writer and member of the *Academie Francaise*. Expelled from it and arrested.

Sacha Guitry, the well known actor, whose protest on arrest was that an actor has the duty to his public of appearing before it in no matter what conditions, Nazis ones included.

Georges Claude, scientist, member of the *Academie Francaise* and expelled from it. Stated on arrest that he is the inventor of the flying bombs and that he sold his invention to the Germans.

Drieu La Rochelle, a member of the earliest of the surrealist groups but becoming progressively pro-fascist, even before 1934. Editor under the Nazis of the *Nouvelle Revue Francaise* which became moribund in his hands. Reported direct from Paris to "have tried to commit suicide twice unsuccessfully" when Paris was freed.

Pierre Benoit, author of famous spectacular novels. Arrested.

Henri Beraud, described as a "furious collaborationist," author of "Should England Be Reduced to Slavery?" in leading fascist weekly *Gringoire*. Arrested and sentenced to death.

Jean Cocteau, great admirer of the Germans throughout occupation and trying to pass as pro-Resistance as soon as the end of Vichy became clear. Direct news from Paris says that he wanted to write articles praising the Resistance at the moment of the liberation of Paris but was told to "at least keep quiet now." His hymn of praise to the German sculptor Arno Breker will not, however, be overlooked. Not arrested.

Jean Giono, denounced in *Les Lettres Francaises* by Tristan Tzara, for his attitude throughout and his brand of spurious "pacifism" which led to acceptance of occupation and Vichy.

Andre Germain, founder of *La Revue Europeenne* in the 'twenties, whose ideas became more and more pro-Nazi since 1934. Arrested.

The National Committee of French

Writers has drawn up a list of about 100 writers who are listed as collaborators and whom the National Committee says will be excluded from the press. The poets Paul Fort and Henri de Montherlant are particularly branded as "renegades to their past which should have ensured an attitude of intransigent resistance." Painters who have collaborated are to be ostracised, and will be unable to hold exhibitions of their work.

X-Ray of a Soldier

SITUATION NORMAL, by Arthur Miller. Reynal & Hitchcock. \$2.00.

IN MANY ways it is unfortunate that *Situation Normal*, Arthur Miller's eye-witness report on how a civilian becomes a soldier, was not prepared and published in the very early months of the war. For certainly it can have only a salutary effect on every type of reader. For the friend or relative of a young man enlisted in our Army, *Situation Normal* supplies the most intimate and thoughtful sort of picture of what happens to such a young man, and of what the young man thinks about it all. (One is tempted to say it is the *only* such picture.) And as far as any eligible male is concerned, reading this book can only make him feel that he is missing out on the most important event of his time.

As Mr. Miller points out himself, however, this report necessarily was late in appearing, inasmuch as it set out to be a corrective of many wrong impressions of soldiers and soldier-life as adumbrated in choose-your-own Hollywood pictures. Lester Cowan, the motion-picture producer (*Tomorrow the World, Edge of Darkness*, etc.), purchased the rights to the title *GI Joe*, Ernie Pyle's book; but before rushing into immediate production he paused to note the interesting phenomenon that actual soldiers always giggled nervously or guffawed rudely at motion pictures which attempted to portray their careers. Cowan decided that his picture would have to be more carefully researched, and selecting Mr. Miller as his eyes and ears, arranged with the War Department to have him sent around from one Army camp to another by bomber or jeep or whatever, and postponed production until such times as Mr. Miller could tell him what it was that he needed in *GI Joe* that would make it the finest of soldier pictures. *Situation Normal* is the report of what Mr. Miller heard and saw on this unprecedented trip. There is no saying how the film



"Playmates," oil by Ernest Crichlow.

Courtesy Artists Associates

will turn out after it gets through the cutting-rooms of Hollywood, but it can be safely set down that it will be a hell of a picture if all associated with it learned the lessons pointed up by Mr. Miller in this book.

Lesson Number One is that the war has done different things to different groups of people; that there is just as wide a gulf between the soldiers fighting at the front and those in the rear echelons, and between the rear echelons and the garrison soldiers in America, as there is between the garrison soldiers and the civilian. A war-view that will satisfy each of these groups will be quite a picture indeed. The one thing which such a picture must have in order to be successful, Mr. Miller points out, is "good social sense"; by which he means

that those associated with the picture must have made up their minds as to what this war is all about before they start shooting, or they will end up with nothing but a big Western horse opera in uniform.

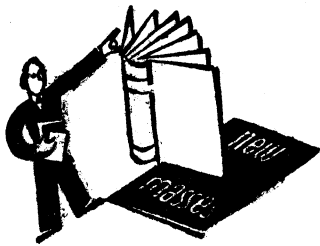
Lesson Number Two is calculated to hush up those among us citizens who have tended to doubt that the American soldier knows why he is fighting in this war, or who have spread the myth that he thinks he is fighting for "blueberry pie," or "mom," or his good old dog "Poopsie," or "to keep America like she was when I was a barefoot boy." The soldiers, concludes Mr. Miller, "do not want it to be merely a property owners' war because it is a mockery to die for property alone. They know in their hearts that there is evil

in the other side, and that something in our country would prevent us from ever acting like the enemy. But that's getting into the kind of talk they are ashamed to indulge in . . . but . . . do not mistake this reluctance to discuss ideas with a lack of need for ideas."

And Lesson Number Three is perhaps the most significant of all, and it is not directed solely to those who have been concerned with the making of a motion picture called *GI Joe*. It is directed to all of us. And that is that when the veteran returns home to America, he will not want medals, parades, publicity; nor yet sympathy or pride or sorrow. He will want Belief, the same Belief for which he fought very hard and under extremely uncomfortable circumstances. He will definitely *not* want to come back to a people apparently untouched by war and apparently still caught in the swirls of disunity and undemocratic discord. "The only means by which [he] can rejoin himself with America is by sharing with civilian America a well understood Belief in the rightness, the justness, the necessity of his fight. . . . For Belief is not a bullet, as has been said. Belief is a shield. When will we start the mills that roll such armament? And who will wither away because he went and returned, unarmed?"

These three lessons, some of them taught before by other writers, gain stature in *Situation Normal* because of the first-hand, eye-witness experience out of which they grow. Some of the things, some of the emotions which Mr. Miller describes are conveyed so directly and powerfully as to leave the reader a little limp. I would cite his minutely-detailed description of a plane full of paratroopers undergoing their first jump. Or his long, extremely moving account of a conversation with a soldier at Officers Candidate School, a soldier who had fought bravely and well in the Southwest Pacific, but was having difficulty acclimating himself to the book-learning at OCS.

Because what Mr. Miller was working on was the scenario for a film based at least in part on the celebrated war dispatches of Ernie Pyle, he had the good sense to check his conclusions with that "skinny, worried" man. Worried, as Mr. Miller points out, because he was obsessed with the need for writing the objective truth about what he saw. In a sense, Mr. Miller realized that Ernie Pyle was "the psychological embodiment of all the soldiers I had seen," in that he held to the same reluctance to discuss



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ideas. But perhaps there is no better encomium of Arthur Miller's perception than the fact that Ernie Pyle approved the suggestions for scenes in the forthcoming film, as Miller sketched them in for him.

ALLAN CRAWFORD.

The GI Comes Back

THEY DREAM OF HOME, by Niven Busch.
Appleton-Century. \$2.75.

THOUGH it is some distance from possessing the greatness ascribed to it in the jacket advance comments by a group of well known writers, Mr. Busch's novel is serious, interesting, and in places extremely effective. It is certain to be followed by many weaker books dealing with the integration of servicemen in civilian life, and, it is to be hoped, by a number that are stronger.

The novel's main weaknesses rise from the incompleteness with which it is thought through and the haste, one may suspect, with which it was written. Mr. Busch sets himself an ambitious task. His ex-marines include, a Negro, a Jew, an American Indian, a middle-aged professional sergeant, and an "all-American" boy. The inclusion of the first three raise, of course, special problems, which Mr. Busch manages to duck pretty completely. The result is that they do not come to life. Sergeant Watrous is treated at greater length and with admirable success. Cliff Harper, the main character, though incompletely understood and realized, is the occasion for pages of penetrating insight and able writing. His university experiences are not very convincing and his relationship with Patricia is never really clarified. On the other hand, his battle experiences have a sure ring of truth, his factory service is ably handled, and his relations with his father are even brilliantly understood and portrayed.

The seriousness and soundness of Mr. Busch's intentions are indicated throughout by his attempt to satisfy the demand of his ex-servicemen that they must feel genuinely at home in and profoundly a part of their new civilian surroundings.

DAVID MCKELVY WHITE.

China

(Continued from page 10)

rich men's sons, to see that his troops received food and medical supplies. (3) He has not checked hoarding; he has not stopped inflation; and has allowed

merchants and landlords to profiteer tremendously. (4) He has failed to improve the condition of the peasantry in regard to high rents and high rates of interest.

On the other hand, he is the one leader in China. It has been under him that China has attained political freedom and the status of a great power. He is the one man who can make Chinese independence and unity a reality. His faults can be understood when the complexity of the Chinese puzzle is studied in detail, and they are no more uncommon than the faults of the other leaders of the United Nations.

The seriousness of the situation in China has brought home to him the need for some reforms and he has applied himself to bringing order out of chaos. He has withdrawn some of his Communist blockading divisions from the northwest to the Kweichow-Kwangsi front; he has continued to carry on negotiations with Chou En-lai, the number three Communist, with the hope, as he expressed it to me, "that a political settlement can be made"; he has given his full support to the Chinese WPB set up by Donald Nelson and administered by Won Wen-hao; he has called for 100,000 volunteers from among the college students, though he has not conscripted them; and he is seeing to it, under American help and supervision, that the Chinese soldier is now being fed and that the Chinese conscripts are now being treated better.

He has reorganized his cabinet and given the more democratic elements a chance to be represented and he has pledged his full support to the American team of Wedemeyer and Hurley. His intentions are good and he has shed some of his administrative burdens on T. V. Soong, now acting president of the Executive Yuan, so that he can devote more of his time to strictly military affairs.

All these moves are in the right direction, but the question is: has he gone far enough or does he intend to, and is there still time? China used to be able to trade space for time, but now she has very little space and not much time. As I tried to impress on Chiang, the responsibility is now his as we have done everything we possibly could do to assist him. If he holds we will get the stuff through to him; if he fails, all our efforts in Burma, over the Hump, and the magnificent work of the Tenth and Fourteenth Air Forces and the Twentieth Bomber Command will have been for naught. . . .



CHANGING HOLLYWOOD

By JOSEPH FOSTER

THE other day a once prominent Hollywood writer confessed to me that he had not been back to the West Coast in five years, and if he never went back he would be just as happy. This man, who is progressive in his ideas and actions, was not articulating his aversion to travel, or to the absence of lobster from the menus of Hollywood restaurants. Instead he was sneering at the general cultural level of the American film, at the pattern of its antic, at the totality of its achievement in urbanity, understanding and style. It was once the universal custom to dissolve in uncontrollable belly-laughter at the mere mention of the word "Hollywood," and it is still the practice among some superannuated esthetes who never get beyond conversation on any subject. But in my writer friend, who must be sensible to the changes going on, such japery is shocking. It would have been equally appalling had he refused to lend a hand to the reelection of Roosevelt because politics is full of ward-healers, grafters and opportunists. For Hollywood, like politics, is changing. It is full of flux and ferment and exhilarating possibilities.

Because of its form and the potentialities of distribution, the film was from the very first a mass art, affected by, and affecting, the tastes of its audiences. If you subscribe to the power of the dialectical process, the inevitability of change in the social and political taste of the people must influence a corresponding change in the film. As one of the more enlightened studio executives put it, the guy out front determines, in the long run, the kind of pictures that will be made. Thus the possibilities of continual improvement in taste and content were inherent in the very beginnings of the industry.

I can discern disagreement in many an honest man, and a raucous catcall from the more dyspeptic of the film's detractors. For the latter nothing that Hollywood does can ever be any good. They shrill that the appeal of the movies is based on the lowest common denominator of public taste; they also argue

that movie makers are tasteless vulgar-ians whose esthetic impulses are shaped only by a tender concern for the box-office.

I must confess that there is much *prima facie* evidence to support these arguments. The large majority of films still emerge as soothing syrup for the daily gripe. In their more pretentious moments many of them are superior nursery classics, or tittering bedroom comedies for awakening adolescents. The majority of films are characterized by bad taste, cardboard characters, artificial plotting, witless wisecracks, slapstick, stale situations, an absence of historical or day-to-day realism, and often by themes either dated or distorted. Yet to draw final conclusions from these facts alone is to look no further than the distance between your seat and the screen. Many of these faults arise out of the conditions of Hollywood's past.

CONSIDER the brief history of the film for a moment. Young as an art form, it has been full of shock and organic change. No sooner would the industry get stabilized in one form of procedure than it would get knocked on its professional ear, so to speak. Much growth was compressed into a few years: the film went from the primitive two-reeler to the superscenario, from talkies to technicolor, all in the space of a couple of decades. Consequently movie making was never free of chaos and attendant bad taste. As big money entered

the field and obtained control, the earlier small film producer disappeared. The empty store where movies were first shown gave way to the glittering show place. It was necessary to make more and more expensive films to fill the thousands of seats in these palaces. Hence it was necessary to get writers to do elaborate scenarios, and the advent of the talkies stimulated the process.

It was inevitable that there would emerge a serious group of writers, directors and producers interested in their craft and concerned with its relation to the screen as a whole. This group has slowly been replacing the old-time executive, especially since the war. Manpower shortages and the requirements of wartime themes have given it larger influence, as evidenced by the growing minority of serious pictures. These craftsmen, concerned more with adult work than with attaining a high polish on formulae, are as conscious of the faults of movie-making as any embittered critic. It is as much to their credit as to any other influence that Hollywood has turned out a number of serious films, imperfections notwithstanding, that began with *Blockade* and included *Action in the North Atlantic*, *Casablanca*, *Hangmen Also Die*, *Seventh Cross*, *Tomorrow the World*, *Song to Remember*, *Juarez*, *Zola*, *Grapes of Wrath*, *Joe Smith: American*, *Fury*, *They Won't Forget*, *Wilson* and many, many others. One cannot, as do certain indiscriminate prattlers who talk about the "Hollywood intellect," lump all writers, directors, actors and producers together as one vast conspiracy to defraud the public of honest pictures. Speaking of "Hollywood" as an entity is like saying that every Englishman supports Churchill's policy in Greece or India.

It is thus possible to assess the Hollywood potential with regard to post-war movie problems. The peacetime imperatives of a democratic and rehabilitated world will favor better pictures, and pictures more aware of their obligations as an idea medium. I do not say that films with paper cutout characters or silly plots will become a dim memory



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M. HOROWITZ, Mgr.

of a disordered past, or that musicals will disappear. They will be around, all right, but far less dominant. I base my prediction on two factors: the growth—political and social—of the movie worker himself, and the character of the postwar market.

Take the first factor. Last summer I attended a meeting of Hollywood guilds and unions that had come together to frame an answer to the reactionary Motion Picture Alliance. Actors, directors, writers, stagehands, publicists, technicians of all sorts were making the kind of speeches that I once heard only at the most advanced political gatherings. Remembering the Hollywood of previous years, I had to pinch myself constantly to make sure it was all happening. By the time the meeting was over some nineteen guilds and unions had organized themselves into a permanent council with a program that had as its cornerstone the freedom of the screen. Also of concern to the council was the problem of the returning soldier—his job and his understanding. In addition to this organization, embracing every organized worker of every category within its program, there is the Hollywood Democratic Committee, which campaigned actively for the election of all win-the-war candidates regardless of party affiliation. Its present executive committee includes such names as Marc Connally, writer, E. Y. Harburg, producer-composer, and Gene Kelly, actor. Its membership includes Jesse Lasky, Sol Lesser, Lewis Milestone, Charles Vidor, Orson Welles, Rita Hayworth, Edward G. Robinson, Olivia DeHavilland, Irving Pichel, William Perlberg, Arthur Hornblow, Frank Tuttle, Harry Kurnitz, etc.—top men of every category—writers, directors, actors and so on.

Another organization that is making its influence felt is the Hollywood Writers Mobilization. This organization came into being as a writers' group to aid in war activities. It is composed of eight organizations including screen, radio and newspaper writers, as well as publicists and composers. Recently this group has organized an action to encourage the production of more intelligent films—namely, the creation of an awards committee to honor and bring to public attention "motion pictures distinguished for their enlightened approach to current issues as well as for high entertainment value." Said Committee includes Bette Davis, James Hilton, Emmet Lavery, Lamar Trotti, Lena Horne and others. These people are not lending their names as mere window-

dressing. They are very much a part of the daily work, sweating to make the respective programs come alive. Such activity must influence and condition the thinking of these artists, and such conditioning must be reflected in their professional work.

THE postwar market will, I believe, be an even more potent factor for the making of serious motion pictures, for here the financial interests of the most powerful sections of the industry are affected. The markets after the war will make the consuming public of the prewar years seem like a local rally. The vast Chinese and Indian populations will bring new millions to the movie houses of the world. A rehabilitated Europe will offer millions more than American producers used to count on before the war. What kind of films will such new audiences want? Certainly the studio—American, British or other—that gets the answer first will capture these markets. It is a problem that has the big shots thinking. They suspect, I gather from the reports of the Hollywood foreign departments, that they will have to come through with substantial stuff. Countries that were one huge underground movement, suffering and dying for their principles, are not going to settle for cinematic lollipops. Of course, people starved for amusement, will want relaxation and will go for an occasional cream-puff, but sooner or later they will want serious films depicting their recent history honestly and intelligently. Then too, the American market, based upon the Roosevelt program of a full production and 60,000,000 jobs, will not take a distortion of the issues with good grace. Yes—the film industry is really committed to quite a job, and if they want to earn dividends, they will have to handle it in proper fashion.

There are additional factors that are bound to have an influence on films after the war: the returning craftsman who has been making government films in the thick of the action, the rapid growth of the documentary and its effect on the technique and content of the studio product, and the formation of motion picture divisions in the large trade unions. I will deal with these factors in a future article.—J. F.

On Broadway

THE FOLKSBHNE, that serious, devoted group of theater-loving workmen and women sponsored by the

Educational Department of the Workmen's Circle, is once more filling the tiny Malin Studio Theater with its ebullient spirit. Last year, under the skilled direction of Jacob Rothbaum, it frolicked through a melange of its own contrivance of the songs and beloved folk characters created by the father of the Yiddish theater, Goldfadden. This season it is presenting Sholem Aleichem's *The Great Fortune*, a little comedy, folksy, touched off with occasional songs, naively charming in story, broad in its humor: altogether making a gay though unimportant evening.

The plot concerns a poverty-stricken tailor's family about to be dispossessed for nonpayment of rent, a startling reverse when it wins a fabulous lottery, and the switch-back when swindlers walk away with the great fortune. There is the beautiful daughter who is pursued by a scion of the nasty and intolerable rich but manages to escape into the arms of a foolish but lovably poor apprentice. It is apparent that this is the stuff of Sholem Aleichem, allowing him plenty of sport for biting but tender characterizations, for sly satirical comment on human foibles, and for that peculiar quality of pathos which underlies his loudest laughter. The *Folksbühne* players have worked hard over the production; they move with an individual and ensemble excellence of a highly trained order; they have achieved a coordinated style which engages everyone on stage and leaves no static space. H. A. Condell has provided them with marvels of miniature sets, sometimes having the eerie colors and composition of a Chagall. And yet, successful as they are at projecting the laughter and satire of the play, they seem utterly to have missed the tenderness, the slyness and the pathos. They are presenting *The Great Fortune* with Sholem Aleichem too often over-shouted and caricatured to be recognized as its author.

In a way, conscious of the time the world is going through, the fearful destruction of possibly a fifth of the Jews of the world, the problems Jews face in the postwar period in the United States as well as in Europe, and thinking of the contrasting responsible social attitude of Ben Ami's New Jewish Folk Theater, I could not but wonder why the Workmen's Circle group should choose to expend its hard-won time and undoubted talents on what is essentially archaic to an American Jewish audience and actually an escape from life into the precious super-charming, super-naive landscape of its last two productions. Much as I enjoyed them, I hope that the next

excursion of the *Folksbühne* will take it out of fairyland into some corner of the recognizable world of today.

DAPHNE DU MAURIER's *Rebecca*, so successful as a novel and as a film production, fails by its earlier standards in Miss Du Maurier's stage version presented by Victor Payne-Jennings at the Ethel Barrymore. Perhaps it would be reasonably entertaining to one who had no previous acquaintance with it in its earlier forms. For myself, however, it completely lacks the psychological development of the mystery and terror which closes in so steadily upon the frightened young girl who comes as the second wife of Maxim de Winter to the Hall at Manderley in Cornwall.

Watson Barrett's design of the Hall does little to set the required atmosphere of intrigue, of shadowy, hidden counter-purposes, of impending madness. Neither has Clarence Derwent, the director, or his cast been able to infuse this atmosphere into a script which suffers from insufficiently prepared characterizations and situations. Thus, Florence Reed in the part of the housekeeper so murderously loyal to the memory of her first mistress, Rebecca, that she attempts to destroy the new Mrs. de Winter, is provided little opportunity to build our sense of her undeviatingly vindictive personality. As for Diana Barrymore playing Mrs. de Winter, just as we are beginning to feel that she has stepped on the mesmerizing treadmill which must cause her madness or death, the direction of the play swings her off and she becomes the one person wholly possessed of commonsense and strength. The part of Maxim de Winter, very well played by Bramwell Fletcher, is also distorted so that his killing of the flagrantly faithless Rebecca seems more in the category of murder than of a successful attempt at suicide by Rebecca at the moment when she discovers she has an incurable disease. Most damaging, however, is the total absence of the haunting, impalpable presence of Rebecca, which in the book and in the film was so powerful a factor in creating dread and suspense. This absence is one reason why the scene in which the young girl appears in Rebecca's ball gown falls on its face. Another reason, of course, is that like most of the rest of the play, it is inexpertly prepared.

Rebecca's most absorbing attribute should have been the thickening psychological atmosphere. As presented, however, the play makes a half-try at it and then veers into a murder story

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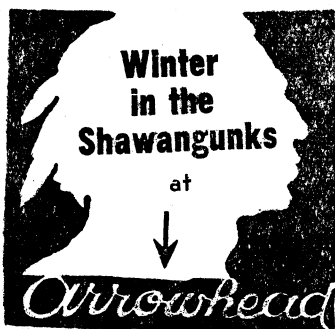
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which dispels the darkening air and sub-
stitutes a commonplace light in which
the principals are robbed of all the at-
tractions of mystery, skulking intent,
and pathetic innocence. At its best, the
story had little meaning aside from the
tour de force of its telling; that power
is exactly what is missing in its play
form.

Notes on Music

AN INNOVATION in our musical life—
a joint concert of jazz and classical
music—took place on a recent Saturday
night at Town Hall. Under the spon-
sorship of Variety Programs, the Art
Hodes Jazz Quartet alternated with the
Gordon String Quartet.

Hodes at the piano, Max Kaminsky
playing the trumpet, Sidney Bechet with
his soprano saxophone and the drummer
Eddie Dougherty demonstrated for the
jazz side. In *St. Louis Blues*, *Lady Be
Good*, and the *Bugle Call Rag*, among
others, they offered improvisations on
each instrument which were masterpieces
of intense feeling. What these men and
groups like them expound is as valid,
artistically and emotionally, as the Chas-
sidic *Nigun* or the *Canto Hondo* of
Southern Spain. Yet many who accept
such musical expression in other peoples
take an aloof attitude to the American
offering, making no attempt to distin-
guish it from the trash ground out on
Broadway and in Hollywood.

The Gordon Quartet entered into the
spirit of the evening with arrangements
by Shepard Lenhoff of the delightful
and humorous *Bach Goes To Town* by
Alec Templeton, and the Shostakovich
Polka from the *Golden Age*. The mock
stateliness and satirical gravity of both
compositions fitted in very nicely with
the Hodes offerings, but Jerome Kern's
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes and *The Song
Is You* would much better be left in the
lush, orchestral hands of Andre Kos-
telanetz.

The main offering by the Gordon
Quartet was a smooth performance of
the lovely Mozart *C Major Quartet*
(Dissonant), apparently put on the pro-
gram to show jazz scholars that Mozart
also had something on the ball. This
proved to be bad programming. String
quartet classics require an intense con-
centration to take in the perfect struc-
ture and the delicately devised instru-
mentation, and this was impossible in a
hall still echoing with Kaminsky's won-
derful hot trumpet.

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on one program shows an understand-

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WILLIAM WALTON'S *Belshazzar's Feast* (Victor DM 974) is set to Sir Osbert Sitwell's arrangement of Old Testament text. Scored for full orchestra and baritone, the effect is massive. The choral and baritone parts, performed in this recording by the Huddersfield Choral Society and Dennis Noble, are sung unaccompanied. The orchestra and the brass bands, both of Liverpool, are used mainly to describe the royal revels. They effectively suggest orgiastic abandon.

In Nature's Realm by Dvorak (Victor DM 975), which receives its first American recording here, is pleasing if not major music. It is in the form of a concert overture and its flowing cheerfulness is well rendered by the Chicago Symphony Society under the baton of the late Dr. Frederick Stock. A Bohemian polka from Joseph Suk's innocuous *Fairy Tale Suite* is used as the space filler on the fourth side of the two twelve-inch records.

A fluid energy tempered by delicacy of touch distinguishes the Alexander Brailowsky rendering of Chopin's *Impromptu in A Flat* (Victor 11-8643). On the other side of the twelve-inch disk, he reinvigorates Liszt's *Liebestraum*, so abused by second-rate orchestral arrangement and by the piano practice of listless children. It is often a pleasure to rediscover an overfamiliar piece of music through hearing it well performed.

Except for one song in which her Metropolitan Opera training obtrudes, Zinka-Milanov's rendering of a group of Southern Slav folk songs is lovely to hear (Sonart Album M6). Her full rich soprano voice well suits the character of these songs of love and homeland ties. They are sung to an accompaniment skillfully arranged at the hands of Dr. Lujo Goranin.

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