

# NMA

**NEW MASSES**

APRIL 4, 1939 × 15 CENTS

## ***Hitler in the Hradčany***

**AN UNTOLD STORY OF THE CZECH BETRAYAL**

***Elliot Paul***

**INTERLUDE WITH FINKS**

## ***The Satevepost und Beobachter***

**WELLINGTON ROE**

## ***That Man Cárdenas***

**AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT BY J. H. PLENN**

## ***Edmund Wilson: To the Munich Station***

**V. J. JEROME**

# BETWEEN OURSELVES

**T**HE case of the internes, who spend their professional life on the cuff, will be taken up by NM next week in a comprehensive two-part article by Cora MacAlbert. Other medical features we can announce for future issues are Dr. Leo Eloesser's series on "Surgery in Spain," Dr. Norman Bethune's "A Doctor in China," and a number of pieces by J. B. S. Haldane on heredity.

Everybody likes a librarian, evidently, except the trustees and money-baggers of the New York Public Library. This great institution will be turned inside out in a series of articles that will appear soon.

Also on hand is an article on James Connolly the Irish Catholic Socialist, by Samuel Levenson.

The date of NM Editor Granville Hicks' debate with the Rev. Edward Lodge Curran, of the Catholic International Truth Society, was incorrectly announced last week. It will be held in Boston on Tuesday, April 4. NM will publish Hicks' speech.

Seventy-two drawings by the beloved cartoonist Art Young are being exhibited at the ACA Gallery, 52 West 8th St., N. Y., until April 15. The exhibition is sponsored by Stuart Davis, H. Glinenkamp, William Gropper, Lewis Mumford, Rockwell Kent, Adelaide Schulkind, and Max Weber. Art has written an article for NM on his life and times, which we shall publish shortly.



Elliot Paul

Novelist and journalist whose new work of fiction, "The Stars and Stripes Forever," dealing with labor's struggles in a small industrial community, will be published shortly. The author of "The Life and Death of a Spanish Town" and "Concert Pitch" worked as a boy in the construction camps of the Northwest. In his newspaper work he has specialized in politics, serving for some time as a foreign correspondent.

NM Editor Joseph North and Business Manager George Willner have left New York City for a business and editorial trip to the West Coast. They can be reached in Los Angeles, care of the Central News Agency, 332 South Central Ave.

William Gropper, Minna Harkavy, Countee Cullen, and E. Simms Campbell are sponsoring a reception for Aaron Douglas on the opening of his exhibit of paintings this Sunday, 4 p.m., at the ACA Gallery, N. Y. The affair is for the benefit of Spanish refugees.

Recipients of recently awarded Guggenheim Fellowships include, an NM contributing editor and three of our contributors: Richard Wright, in the field of literature; Kenneth Fearing, also in literature; R. D. Darrell, in music; and Adolf Dehn, in painting.

A Poets Symposium, at which three outstanding British writers, W. H. Auden, Christopher Isherwood, and Louis MacNeice, will speak on "Modern Trends in English Poetry and Prose," reading from their own works, is being sponsored by the League of American Writers, Thursday evening, April 6. The symposium will be held at the Keynote Club, 201 West 52nd St., N. Y. Genevieve Taggard will be chairman.

Eight outstanding foreign correspondents and writers, most of whom have contributed to NM, will participate in a Foreign Correspondents Symposium on "The Spanish Conflict and Its International Significance," to be held at Mecca Temple, N. Y., Thursday evening, April 6. Participants include Dorothy Parker, Vincent Sheean, Robert Dell, Ralph Bates, Jay Allen, George Seldes, and Leland Stowe. Archibald MacLeish will be chairman. The symposium is sponsored by the Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy as an event in its current drive to raise \$1,000,000 for Spanish refugee relief.

R. H. & L. of Bozeman, Mont., send us the following appreciative note on the magazine and a somewhat belated comment on Robert Forsythe's tilt with the theater people:

"Enclosed is \$5 for conscience money. You are doing the job. This is the least that we can do to help in your superb work; ironically it is also the most that we can do, for the present. We have the faith to believe that if all of us in the field could do more, you could do still a thousand times more—although every week, as we receive each new copy of the magazine, we feel that the utmost has been achieved, not only in journal-

ism but in left-wing art, and in the art of fighting fascism.

"A word for Robert Forsythe—he should be as far from the theater as we, and then see how he likes it! Which, of course, only serves to underscore—more theaters."

## Who's Who

**H**EINRICH WERTH is a Czech journalist, now exiled in Paris. . . . Wellington Roe is a novelist whose most recent book, *Begin No Day*, about the Danbury hatters, was published last summer. . . . J. H. Plenn is a correspondent of some experience, having written on Mexico for the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, and the *London Times*. He managed the Star Hunt News Service in Mexico City. . . . V. J. Jerome is an editor of the *Communist*. His article in this issue is in reply to one of Edmund Wilson's *New Republic* essays, which are being collected into a book entitled *To the Finland Station*.

## Flashbacks

**A**S THOUSANDS of Spanish Communists and other steadfast republicans are being prepared for

slaughter by Franco and the invading armies which have aided him against the people, we note that the anniversary of the end of another great struggle falls due. On April 9, 1865, at Appomattox, General Grant, as spokesman for the victorious democratic North, wrote out the terms of surrender for General Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. Though the slave-owning Rebels had resorted to violence when they lost control of the United States government, and though they had been in armed revolt against democracy for four years, Grant allowed the officers and men of the defeated army to retain their horses. "They will need them for the spring plowing," he said. . . . On April 4, 1917, six members of the United States Senate voted against the entry of the United States into the imperialist World War. One of the six, Senator Norris, said, "We are about to put the dollar sign on the American flag." War was declared two days later. . . . Unity among the unemployed, currently threatened by splitting Socialists, dates from April 7, 1936, when the National Unemployment Councils and the National Unemployed Leagues merged into the Workers Alliance.

# This Week

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Cover design by John Kanelous. Art work by Gardner Rea, Gabriel, John Heliker, Mischa Richter, Sid Gotcliffe, Sylvia Wald.

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

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# Memel made us think

**L**ITTLE MEMEL made us think of—ourselves.

Hitler stormed Austria last March after four years of buildup. Once, in 1934, he tried to take it and failed. He was so uncertain, until the final moment, that the generals were ordered to retreat at the slightest resistance by the two great Western powers. There was no resistance.

Neither was Czechoslovakia so easy. It required a major war scare. The Runciman mission was diplomatic blackmail on a grand scale. The British built trenches in parks and the French distributed gas masks. The tension was terrific.

But not for little Memel. Hitler didn't even bother with a big propaganda campaign. No mobilizations. No notes. He just walked in and life in little Memel passed out. Still no sign of real resistance by the great Western powers.

It made us think of ourselves. This is what we mean. It's about the money and the appeals and the financial crises which go back to the origin of this magazine. It is not easy to write about.

We had our first big appeal two years ago or so. It made a deep, heartbreaking impression. We know because our readers proved it. They felt that the death of NEW MASSES would be little short of catastrophic and they acted by that belief.

Then, last year, we had to appeal again. We pulled through. It was painful. We had to cry and, at the end, to shriek. The campaign lasted altogether too long. But we lived. So we felt that it was worth it.

This year that struggle for funds has been more than painful. It verges on the point of failure. Last year's campaign seems like a smashing success. It is that bad.

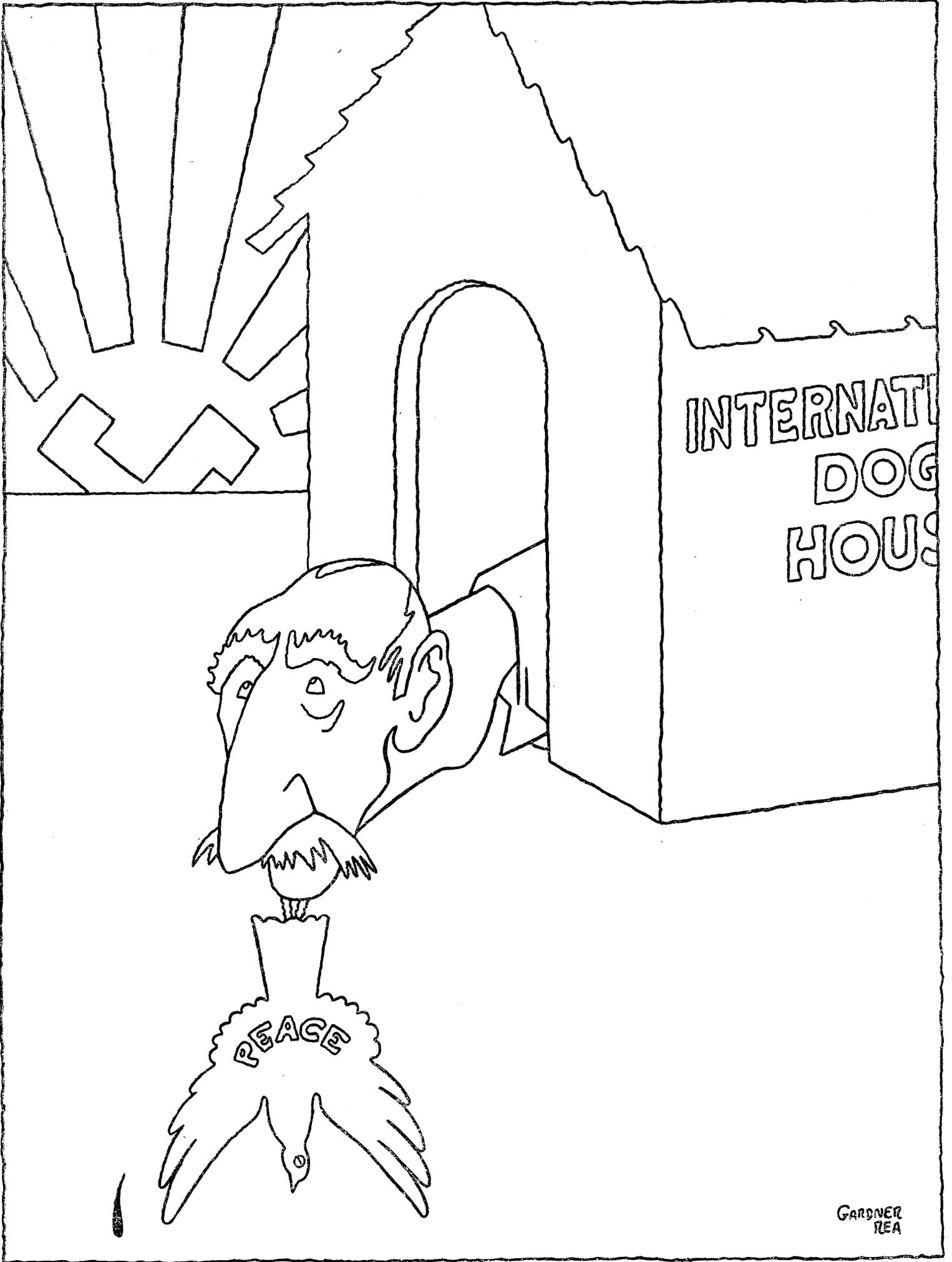
It is like little Memel. First, tremendous anguish and horror, then less and less. No mobilizations. No notes. Only silence and death.

NEW MASSES is not like that. It will not be silenced. We do not think that it can die. We have faith, a burning, inextinguishable faith. We have lived as a weekly for five years on that faith. It is the only alternative to silence and death.

That is why we do not hesitate to tell you how bad things are, how much we need. We don't intend to be a little Memel. Dig down and give! Go over your expenses and give! Sacrifice and give! Address money and checks to NEW MASSES, 461 Fourth Ave., New York City.

*George Hillner*

BUSINESS MANAGER



GARDNER  
REA

## Hitler in the Hradcany

"It is better," said Premier Berán of Czechoslovakia, "to be occupied by Hitler than defended by Voroshilov." Today Berán is a refugee in London. The anatomy of betrayal.

Paris.

THE gate to the Hradcany, where Hitler issued his edict incorporating Czechoslovakian territories into his Third Reich, was opened for him not on March 15, 1939, but a good half-year earlier, during those disastrous September days of Berchtesgaden, Godesberg, and Munich, when betrayal from within worked hand in hand with betrayal from without to compel Czechoslovakia's capitulation.

However much the ruling circles of Britain and France are to blame, they never could have succeeded in carrying out their plans were there not a Czechoslovakian Fifth Column ready to destroy the constitution, to sacrifice the people's best interests, and sell out to the alien enemy. At a crucial meeting of Agrarian Party leaders, Berán, who later became premier, drew out his Morocco leather wallet, and declared, "It is better to be occupied by Hitler than defended by Voroshilov"; for Hitler, he said, "will leave me in possession of this and, at worst, I shall retire to live on my estate." But that was a miscalculation. Treachery went unrewarded. A deceiver deceived, this Berán, now an emigré, a refugee—who only a little before his hurried departure had described the refugees as "mostly a lot of scum"—finds himself in London with his wallet much deflated. His estate has been confiscated and his place in the ministry is occupied by Konrad Henlein, that selfsame Henlein over whom he had long extended a protecting arm because he considered Henlein "a factor for order and a counterpoise to the Reds, a likely partner in any totalitarian experiment." The six months' Life and Passion of the second Czechoslovakian republic is a large-scale object lesson to prove that peace is not achieved by concessions to the aggressor and that the freedom of any nation abroad cannot be secured by a sacrifice of its liberties at home.

### ONLY AN APPETIZER

Every concession made to the Third Reich has served only to whet its appetite. Because Praha accepted the principle of relinquishing some territory it had to yield not only the predominantly German-inhabited areas but even purely Czech districts, like Chodenland or Policka. This coup having proved successful, Hitler pronounced his Vienna verdict by which additional territory was pared from Czechoslovakia. This verdict having been accepted without demur, Berlin demanded that

Syrový be removed and the more pliable Berán become premier. As this demand was likewise met, the next step was to insist upon adoption of the Nuremberg racial laws, of a currency and customs union, abandonment of the pact with the Soviet Union, adhesion to the anti-Comintern axis, and so on.

Capitulation was effected over the ruins of the democratic constitution, and in its wake followed greater and greater restrictions of domestic liberty. For a while the Czech reactionaries thought their day had come. But in surprisingly short order they awoke to the realization that in suppressing a free press, banning the Communist Party, disbanding the Red trade unions, the strength of the new nation's resistance towards Hitler was weakened, while *within*, those very forces were released which were to put an end to the state itself, like the activity of the extreme Slovak and Carpatho-Ukrainian autonomists.

The decline of Czechoslovakia, from the Munich capitulation in September to its complete subjection as a protectorate in March, affords an incomparable object lesson as to the methods the Nazis use in making a country ready for assault and seizure.

Directly before and after the Munich conference Hitler declared that after he had "freed the Sudeten" he would have no further claims on Czechoslovakia, or on either the Czechs or the Slovaks. Yet at that very time the Nazi job of undermining was well under way. Kundt, the Henlein deputy in Parliament, who remained in Praha, launched the slogan "No German in the new Czechoslovakia votes for the Reich. On with the fight!" He demanded and obtained permission to form National Socialist (Nazi) Party groups. He demanded and secured special privileges for the "German racial group" (*Volksgruppe*) still remaining within the new boundaries—special privileges which smack of the "concessions" which nationals of certain European powers used to enjoy in Turkey, Egypt, China, and Siam, in taxes and legal and property rights. With increasing insolence, he demanded a complete "reorientation" of the Czechs as well, and to those who resisted "coordination" (*Gleichschaltung*), he held up the threat of a Hitler intervention. Whereas in the beginning he spoke only of the "rights of the German racial group," he soon went on to assert a "demand for further adjustments in a territory whose development has for centuries been influenced pri-

marily by German economy and culture . . . lying, as it does, within the greater political sphere of the German people, which necessarily must affect the relations between the new Czechoslovakia and the Greater Reich."

### THE SLOVAK SPECIALIST

Karmasin, a Henlein deputy ensconced as state secretary, imposed in Slovakia a ban on all democratic gatherings, encouraged the extremist elements in the Hlinka party in their separatist movement, and established a direct connection between the Slovak national government and Berlin.

In Slovakia and Carpatho-Ukraine, agents from the Reich armed fascist organizations, organized pogroms on the Jews and the persecution of Czechs; and in Bratislava and Chust they spent money on propaganda to "break away from Praha."

When, after much delay, the central government of Praha took measures against the disruptive activity of the Slovak and Ukrainian minions of Berlin, the government was charged, as in the classic instance of Spain, with promoting "disorder" and Hitler was appealed to for aid. The deposed ministers were cordially received in Berlin and from Vienna they broadcast a call for open resistance to the central government at Praha and the local government at Bratislava.

At the instance of Berlin, and under pressure from the Reich, there followed Slovakia's "Declaration of Independence" and secession from the rest of Czechoslovakia.

### THE MIGHTY LIE

And simultaneously the press and the radio began a campaign of lies even exceeding that of last September. Several minor clashes between Czechs and Germans, fomented by Nazi agents themselves, were magnified into "bloody attacks of the Czech *soldatesca*." Out of a clear sky, "hundreds of slain Germans" were invented. The 1914 horror tale of the bombing of Nuremberg, devised to whip up war sentiment, was as nothing compared to the inventions in the days just preceding March 15. Leipzig's radio reported "the flight of tens of thousands of our brother Germans to our borders," described "Communist hordes destroying entire German towns," announced that President Beneš had returned to Praha, that he was promoting "a Bolshevik revolution," and fabricated a report of "Czech army concentrations along the border."

Meanwhile the columns of the Reich's army were forming for the march on Ostrava, Brno, Plzen, and Praha. Meanwhile, too, President Hacha, like Schuschnigg a year before him, received Berlin's ultimatum. And meanwhile, once more, the Gestapo was busy preparing its list of "state enemies within the protectorate."

By absorption of Bohemia and Moravia, which followed by two days the annexation of Slovakia, Hitler took possession of a rich prize. Along with fertile agricultural territory producing a large excess of wheat, sugar beets, and fruits, there fell into his hands the great industrial plants of Plzen, Kladno, Ostrava, and Zlin. He has obtained new and highly productive deposits of brown and hard coal, timber, manganese, and magnesite. The gold and securities on deposit in the Praha National Bank are greater than those appropriated in Vienna. And to this add silver and gold mines which, though small, are important, considering the scant gold and silver resources within the Reich proper. Of especial significance is the seizure of the armaments works in Plzen and Brno and the entire war material of the Czechoslovakian army: eighteen hundred planes, one thousand armored cars, latest-type guns, combat supplies for forty divisions—altogether, military material which is the equivalent of two and a

half years' total output of the Reich war industries hitherto.

To this add a large supply of automobiles and railway rolling stock, a shortening of main lines of transportation, and a decisive shrinkage in the length of the new Reich's borders.

STILL CRAMPED FOR SPACE!

But even this new conquest has not sufficed to satisfy the shortage of three of the most essential raw materials—oil, cotton, and mineral ores—the Reich still lacks. And for this reason, if for no other, this expansion of territory will be followed by a continued pressure toward further expansion. Remember the lines in the Berlin *Boersen Zeitung* after the Sudeten was occupied: "Now that we have gained this added space, we are more than ever a people cramped for space!"

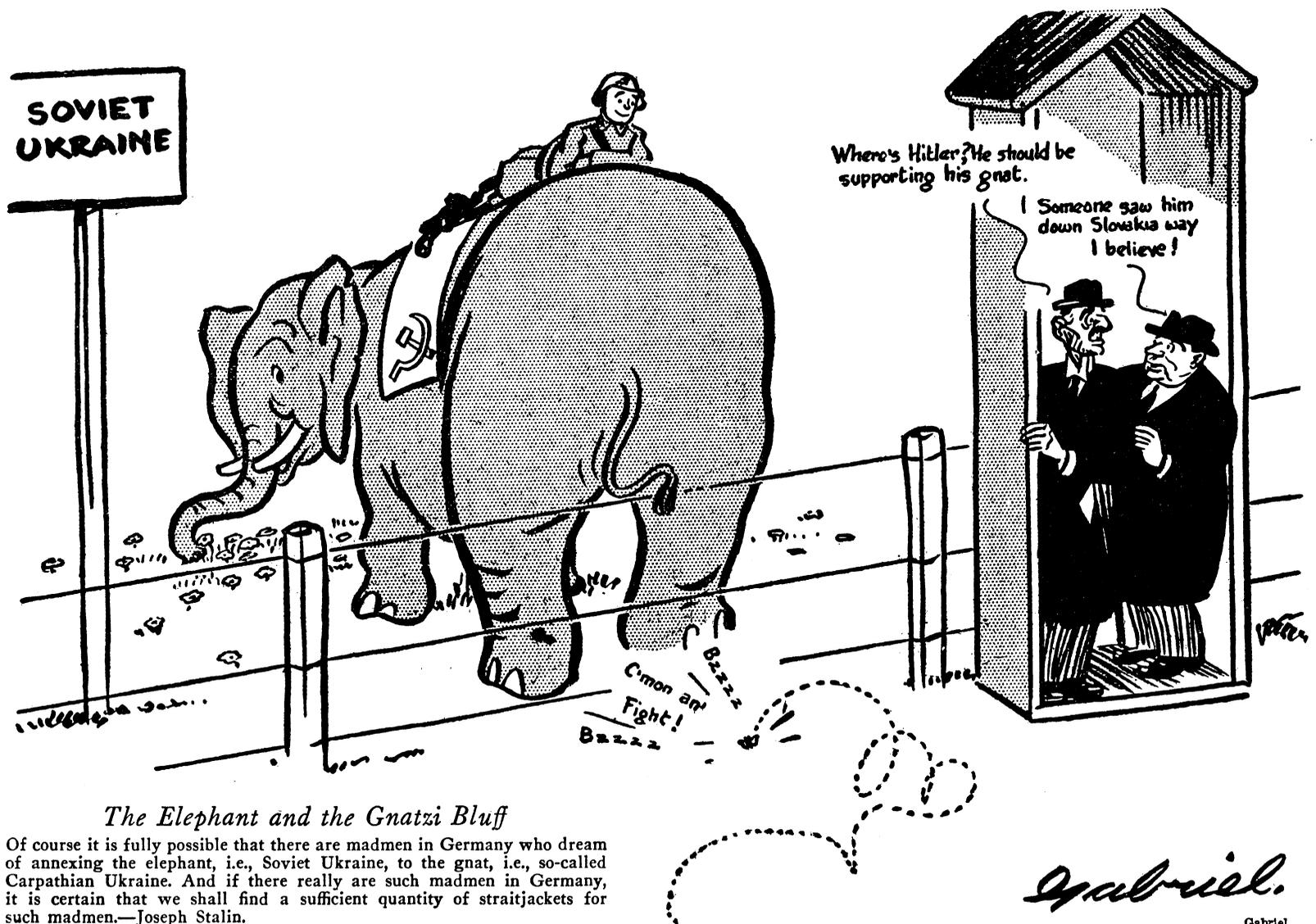
We cannot here state at length all the different reasons why devouring the Czechoslovakian territories cannot satisfy the Reich, or why the sacrifice of Czechoslovakia will not shield the West from blackmail and attack. Suffice it to point out the program which Hitler laid down in *Mein Kampf*, to which he has thus far rigidly adhered. In this program the "crushing" of France, "the hereditary enemy," is set forth as prelude to a victorious march westward. The absorption of Czechoslovakian territories provides backing

for the attack on the West at the same time that it augments the Reich's attacking power. Indeed, a glance at the Berlin and Rome press is enough. In the German army journal *Blatt der Wehrmacht* one reads: "The removal of the Czech enclave from German territory was a military geographical necessity. Its significance will become even more apparent as the Mediterranean question develops." And the *Resto del Carlino* writes: "Cartographers had better wait before they make their new political maps of Europe, as we Italians will also have a say in the matter."

"PEACE IN OUR TIME"

It is not so long since Chamberlain proudly said, "It is peace in our time." Hardly six months. Those who then called his peace promise a fraud, his action at Munich a farce, and whom the others like him denounced as "warmongers" and "well-poisoners," have been proved right. They will likewise be proved right when they prophesy that the Czech nation, now submerged in a period that interrupts its history (because for the time it apparently has been erased), will regain its freedom and independence in a not far distant future, even as the old Czech song proclaims: "Byli jsme a budem!"—"Even as we used to be, so shall we be again."

HEINRICH WERTH.



### The Elephant and the Gnatzi Bluff

Of course it is fully possible that there are madmen in Germany who dream of annexing the elephant, i.e., Soviet Ukraine, to the gnat, i.e., so-called Carpathian Ukraine. And if there really are such madmen in Germany, it is certain that we shall find a sufficient quantity of straitjackets for such madmen.—Joseph Stalin.

Gabriel.

# The Satevepost und Beobachter

The Great 5-Cent Magazine moves from young love and anti-New Dealism to open support of Nazi policies. You may fool readers, but the advertiser always gets his payoff.

WORDS of good cheer and happiness are undoubtedly getting to the ears of Hitler, Mussolini, and their supporters. The *Saturday Evening Post* has finally dropped its carefully maintained pose of supporting democracy and now comes out, in a not too roundabout way, in support of the fascists' aims. The editorial dogmatism which for a long time has been suspect by more intelligent readers, but which has been carefully disguised by its editors as only a farthest extension of anti-New Dealism, is finally out in the open.

Now this is probably what one could have expected from a publication which lives by \$8,000-a-page advertising and the inevitable similarity of viewpoint between its editors and those purchasers of advertising space who can spend such fantastic sums. Members of the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, the American Association of Advertising Agencies know what they pay for even if the editors of their favorite magazine do maintain (and, perhaps, believe) that they operate a free journal. Which is not to say that the *Post* is an unproductive advertising medium—anything but. But the *Ken* scandal is still too vivid a memory to let anyone not afflicted with an advanced case of social myopia imagine for a second that members of these associations do not demand coverage plus conformity when they purchase advertising space.

The conformity they demand now is beligerent support for their desire that the social structure in the United States be kept on the good old "individual initiative" basis of the "American Way." This is their terminology for the theory of the-devil-take-the-hindmost. If they can't have that they will take fascism, Hitlerism, anything rather than a new direction toward the removal of economic brigandage—this to them is socialism. In their mental processes the New Deal is socialistic. As they see it, every time Franklin D. Roosevelt opens a desk drawer a flock of nasty little Communists swarm out and begin to fill the air with demands for a lot of "newfangled" ideas which threaten the right of the sturdy American to work (and live) under whatever conditions he can get.

## SELLING HITLER TO THE U. S.

But this is old stuff. Nearly everyone knows by now just what the NAM, the Chamber of Commerce, and the AAAA stand for. What is new—or at least now evident—is that the *Saturday Evening Post* is definitely embarked on a campaign of selling the American public the idea that the totalitarian governments are a pretty good

thing; that the United States had better not monkey around with the other democracies or maybe we'll get our fingers into a trap; and that Europe is well satisfied with things as they are. So what are we yelling about? If the Jews are abused in Germany, that's strictly a matter for German Jews and the German government. If Mussolini teams up with Hitler to bluff England and France out of their pledged support of Czechoslovakia, that's none of our business either. Spain—"Well, sad, the killings in Spain but after all, you know—*Spaniards*—oh, it's terrible—why don't the loyalists quit? They're licked anyway."

And so it goes. So it has gone, with more or less intensity. For months there have been obviously inspired articles, but all of them have been pretty well cloaked as criticism of New Deal policies. Somewhere in every one of the numerous such articles published there was a connection with the alleged lack of ability and foresight of the New Dealers. Now the design has emerged; two particularly vicious articles in successive weeks, with more announced to follow, have set the pattern. There is no longer any attempt to do anything except assert that Hitler and Mussolini are, after all, mighty smart rulers and we'd better draw down our shades and try to ignore the screams of those outside who are being murdered and robbed by the hirelings of these geniuses. If our friends the democracies are slugged and robbed, too—well, what were they doing out at that time of night anyway?

All this has a strangely familiar sound. These things are stated in the *Post* with a little more suavity, perhaps, but the advice, and its implications, are exactly the same as that directed at us by the controlled press of the totalitarian states: don't try to stop the axis—better make peace with the dictators—leave the world to its own devices, etc. The attacks on President Roosevelt are only less vitriolic, not less abusive.

## A LOOK AT THE RECORD

Let's look at the two articles I mention. The *Post* of Feb. 18, 1939, has as its "lead" article, the one which is advertised on the cover and the one which is first in the magazine's arrangement, "Hitler Wasn't Bluffing," by S. Paul Johnston. S. Paul Johnston, it appears, is editor of the magazine *Aviation* and has just returned from a trip to Germany where:

I was in Germany—my second visit in two years—at the invitation of Dr. Adolf Baeumker, president of the Lilienthal Society, Germany's great institute of aeronautical sciences, to see something of the country's recent progress in aviation. I was

at Oranienburg with the permission of the Air Ministry. [My italics.]

It requires but a meager knowledge of the military mind, much less the German military mind, to conceive how little Mr. Johnston saw that might be disadvantageous to Germany under such a "permission."

I don't know much about Mr. Johnston; he is considered fairly well informed on popular aviation matters and is, as stated above, editor of *Aviation*. There is nothing in this record which would qualify him as an outstanding aviation expert, an expert whose opinion, unsupported by reliable data (there is no official data on German aeronautical strength), would justify the featuring of his article by any publication in America unless that publication had a particular desire to give emphasis to his opinion.

Perhaps Mr. Johnston did try to be objective in his articles. Perhaps he did try to make an honest report. But he failed, and he probably failed as many others have, through gullibility and overstressed admiration for the things he saw. That this admiration led him to believe much which he was told but did not see is human. I'm not questioning Johnston's honesty, even if *Jane's Register*, the worldwide authority on armaments, etc., does come off second best in their appraisal of Germany's air strength. It's not a question of honesty with Mr. Johnston, it's a matter of values, intelligence. I can't be so sure about the quality of intelligence in the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post*. They are responsible for publishing the findings of Johnston; they are responsible for the unusual prominence given his article; and they alone are responsible for any editing of it so that it is shaded to imply that England and France, in fact the whole world, are very lucky that Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Daladier surrendered at Munich. They are open to the charge of dishonesty, rather than unintelligence, for it would appear they knew exactly what they were doing.

## A GUEST OF THE GESTAPO

To go into a resume of the entire article would be fatiguing; a brief summary is enough.

Johnston was a guest of the Lilienthal Society. He was allowed to visit German airplane factories as the guest of the Air Ministry. He saw fifty reserve planes on the field at Oranienburg. In every Air Ministry office visited he saw four or five neatly sharpened pencils and a pad of scratch paper, precisely arranged on a desk, ready at an instant's notice to begin the final destruction of Germany's foes. He met a lot of nice, boyishly

earnest, and well indoctrinated young Nazi pilots. And he was entertained lavishly. That's about all his article stated as facts.

The article was so obviously the impressions of a highly sympathetic mind that even the arch-tory New York *Herald Tribune*, the Paris edition of which once stated editorially that "what America needs is a Hitler," took the *Saturday Evening Post* to task and charged the entertaining old lady of Independence Square with fear mongering. But Johnston reports on thousands of planes in pooled reserves—hidden away in subterranean hangars—ready to replace (he says) more than seven thousand warcraft which are ready for instant duty. But he only saw the fifty mentioned above except those he saw already in service. Despite the admittedly disappointing performance of German aircraft in combat in the Spanish campaign Johnston states his dogma: "On the question of quality of Germany's aircraft," says he, "there can be little doubt. Actually, Italy seems better off, aviation-wise, than either England or France."

He also learned that Germany has so thoroughly equipped her army that she is giving preference to export orders for aircraft. He states that Germany has trained a most capable corps of pilots. This would seem to give the lie to those German generals who told Hitler at the time of Munich, "If you want to use the army to play poker, we will go the limit, but if it means war, we are not ready." Of course, almost anything is possible in a state like Germany under Hitler; but how a well trained, numerically adequate corps of air pilots can be mustered in five months (Mr. Johnston was in Germany three months) after Munich is a little bewildering.

#### FANCY AND FACT

One point of peculiar interest is to be noted carefully. The week following the publication of Mr. Johnston's article the Associated Press carried a news item which stated that "confidential sources" had reported Germany ready to sell anyone, theoretically France, military aircraft in lots up to five hundred. The timing of these two reports seems a little too perfect to have been coincidental. Germany, declared this "confidential source," was now equipped to turn out planes so rapidly that she could sell five hundred warplanes and within two days replace them in her own supply.

I asked a well informed colonel of the United States airforce about this and his answer was that such production was virtually impossible without disrupting other vital munitions industries. He said:

Perhaps Germany can spare one order of five hundred military planes—almost any country with well equipped forces could risk that, but to say that they could fabricate five hundred new planes to replace them in two days is sheer bombast.

Unquestionably Germany could take five hundred planes from a storage depot and wheel them on the tarmac, but that wouldn't be manufacturing them, it would only be drawing from the reserve

## To Mr. Chamberlain, Upon His Recognition of Franco

"Men who recognize each other must have met before."—OLD SAYING

Neville, what savor has this praise? How run  
The delicate susurrations of applause,  
Gloved handclaps, and the genteel laugh, the "ahs"  
Which grant a servile minister his "well done"?  
For you, within one cycle of the sun,  
Have sped three nations to the tyrant's jaws—  
Sweet traffic!—though I doubt the thought much gnaws  
Your shrunken soul, dreaming all battles won.

Consider now, you bringer-on of night,  
Star-stealer, quencher of the midnight moon:  
We do not love to travel without light,  
We'll walk a highway in an endless noon!  
Learn of the rat to scurry out of sight,  
Before Time stamps you out with iron shoon!

WALTER SERRING.

pool. If Germany can produce 250 planes a day, Hitler is master of the world.

This is just what the German propaganda machine wants the world to believe.

The question raised by Johnston's article, of course, is whether these two statements, the one in the *Post* and the AP item, were accidental. Did Mr. Johnston "front," however innocently, for German propaganda? Are the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post* merely gullible tools for the Nazi propaganda machine or are they party to, and interested in, its success?

Certainly it would be a message of good cheer to the axis officials to learn that so widely read a magazine as the *Saturday Evening Post* is dispensing their propaganda. It is not such a happy possibility to those Americans who want democracy to succeed.

But as I said in the beginning, I'm not arguing with Johnston's belief. I'm no aviation expert, not even as much of an aviation enthusiast as Mr. Johnston; by some fantastic law of improbabilities he may be right—all I remember is that official figures, reports of many competent observers, and "leaks" from Germany itself indicate that he is mistaken.

One last note: according to the "Keeping Posted" department of the *Post*, "while he [Johnston] was in Germany, by the way, the Air Ministry put an army transport at his disposal, so that he was able to fly around to the various air fields and plants in a style to which he was definitely not accustomed." That, according to the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post*, makes his findings official!

Exactly a week later, in the issue of February 25, Mr. Demaree Bess writes from Geneva, Switzerland, under the heading "Uncle Sam Scares Europe." Now anyone who has been reading Mr. Bess with any consistency will not be surprised at anything he may write, but it does come as something of a shock to learn that, from his corner,

Europe is certain that the United States is likely to precipitate another general war. Not Germany, not Italy, but the United States! How will we do this? Quite simply, says Mr. Bess, just by supporting the democracies and by not "leaving Europeans to their own devices." He states, in a few thousand words, that this and not the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis agitation is what is worrying Europeans. He says that the European governments are in a great scramble to make peace with their neighbors (no one will deny this) and that only by the "intervention" of the United States in European power politics can a general war be brought about.

If Hitler and Mussolini have any extra medals lying about after they finish decorating the heroes of the Spanish campaign, I nominate Mr. Bess for one of the brighter ones. He certainly, over a long period of time, and particularly in his article of February 25, has earned the best they have. While they're at it they may as well strike off a dozen or so for the editors of the *Post*. They too are deserving, very deserving; it is doubtful that any other American periodical presumably democratic in editorial outlook would have published such a hodge-podge of half-baked wish manifestation as Mr. Bess, quite straightfacedly, ladles out through the columns of their magazine.

Exactly what does Mr. Bess say? Hold your hats, we're off! He says:

I have found that a surprising number of Europeans, little people and big people, in little countries and big countries, are more apprehensive today about the foreign policy of one particular country than of any other. That country is not, as you might suspect, Hitler's Germany. It is our own United States.

A paragraph further and Mr. Bess has discovered that:

There is one thing that the majority of Europeans want more than anything else at the present

moment, and that thing is peace. *They don't believe, since the Munich settlement, that their peace is immediately threatened from Germany or from any other European country. But they have become fearful that the United States may precipitate that general war in Europe which Europeans have paid so dearly to prevent.*

THEM THERE COMMUNISTS

If Mr. Bess was reporting on the state of mind of some Europeans, the Cliveden set for example, someone reading his article might well laugh, but he is not. He is stating that this opinion is general with "big men and little men, in big countries and little countries." If up to this point it is rather involved, it will soon become crystal clear, for as he goes along he discovers also that:

At the present time, as Europeans are vaguely aware, the United States has a New Deal [ah, the villain!] government, a government dominated by men who believe in scrapping old traditions and policies of every kind. These men have suggested, by things they have done and by things they have said, that they contemplate also the possibility of scrapping the traditional American policy of isolation from European power politics. They have said enough and done enough to set Europeans [not some Europeans—all] worrying again about the danger to European peace which might result from a new balance of power—the *intervention* [my italics] of the United States in the affairs of Europe.

So it is that traitorous New Deal, after all. Think so? Oh, no, not entirely. Not by any means. There are also—the *Communists!*

Says Bess—and he is not reporting on Europe now, he is editorializing on conditions in the United States and the danger of those conditions as he and the *Saturday Evening Post* see them:

... the United States is honeycombed with organized minorities and interests which seek, for one reason and another, to involve our country in European politics. Several of these minorities have intensified their activities since the Munich settlement, because that settlement represented for them a disastrous defeat.

The sincerity of most of these groups [he continues] is not questioned; their sincerity makes them all the more effective in persuading the American people that it is their duty to intervene in the affairs of Europe.

And now comes the crux of his argument. Who do you suppose is the chief instigator in this heinous scheme to make a new general war through the meddling of the United States—I beg your pardon, New Deal, officials. You've guessed it! But here it is:

The largest of these minorities is that rather unwieldy mass known as "anti-fascists." This group includes a little bit of everything, but its hard core [watch the birdie, now!] is the Communist Party. To the Communists, the Peace of Munich was a crushing blow. European Communists have been playing a central role in European power politics for years, as the pawn of Soviet Russia. The Munich settlement smashed them flatter than a pancake and pushed Russia out of Europe. [Adolf, maybe we better give Mr. Bess *two* medals.] Even worse, the Peace of Munich granted Germany a

free hand in Eastern Europe, and practically invited her to carve a piece out of Russia, if she could.

Do you remember the howl of protest from the government of England when this charge was first made last September? Even Mr. Bess can see it now—now that it's too late to do anything about it. Oh well, we were quoting from his article; let's bear up just a little longer—just another quotation or two:

Communists, in the United States and everywhere else, *naturally* [my italics] are going to do everything possible to head off Germany before she gets her hands on Soviet Ukraine. To Communists, Russia is the "socialist fatherland," more dear to them than their own countries. They are internationalists in theory, but in practice they are Soviet Russian patriots of the most chauvinistic type. A convinced Communist would never hesitate to do anything possible to drag his own country into any war anywhere on the side of Russia [Adolf—better give Bess *three* medals]. American Communists have built up a whole flock of subsidiary organizations, camouflaged so as not to scare off timid people, but all designed to swing sentiment in our country behind Soviet Russia and against Russia's actual or potential enemies.

By gum!—he's read the Dies committee reports.

Mr. Bess raves on with the blessing of the *Post's* editors for four more columns. He swipes lustily at Jay Franklin, at Harold Ickes, at the "so-called peace societies," and, very briefly, he slaps the munitions makers gently on the wrist, just to be "objective." But you've had the essence of his article—and the intent of the *Post's* editors is, I think, obvious. If war comes it will be because of United States—New Deal—"meddling" and that meddling will be due to the Communist influence in the government. It couldn't have been done better in the Goebbels offices at Berlin. And the *circulation!*

SEE NO EVIL, HEAR NO EVIL

The answer—the way to avoid war, then, is to leave European democracies to their own devices, to draw down our own shades, and to ignore the screams of the robbed and mutilated outside our door. Incidentally, we must scourge the Communists.

This is what Mr. Bess implies when he does not state it exactly. This is what the *Saturday Evening Post* wants us to do: leave Europe alone, to its own devices—and to those of Hitler and Mussolini. If war comes then anyway, why they'll still have the Communists to blame, and if the European democracies lose that war or surrender, as at Munich, and South America is the next delicacy on the table of the dictators, then that will be proof again that the New Deal was inept, un-American, stupid, and blind. No matter what happens, the *Saturday Evening Post* editors believe the magazine will continue to get \$8,000 a page for advertising from its friends and if it has led its three million readers to an absurd sense of artificial security, that will be too bad but at least we will be fighting on the home front.

The only flaw in the argument is that by that time some other form of government will have replaced our democracy—a government very much like the ones which the *Post* is so anxious to support—and there won't be any *Saturday Evening Post* to offer advice.

As for Mr. Bess, writing from Switzerland—well, it must be pleasant in Geneva just now. The mountains rise, snow-blanching tier upon tier, until it seems that the very sky must rest on their pinnacles. The lilting voices of the contented Swiss going about their daily affairs are a bright obbligato to the crunch and click of traffic in the streets. The air is cold, clean, alive, and winter-bright. The skating on the lake must be excellent, and the room where one writes cozy and warm.

THE PHILADELPHIA IVORY TOWER

If a pitifully few kilometers away in Germany, in Spain, and in Czechoslovakia, men are dying because they believed in honesty and freedom, that's sad but unimportant. In Geneva it must seem very remote and far away. Much farther, in fact, than the offices of a publication in Philadelphia where a blownup bit of casual café gossip will make an article which its editors can use as a peg on which to hang more violent attacks on any liberal belief. A peg on which can be hung more support for the ideas of those who would rather shake the hand of Hitler than that of Roosevelt.

And, too, there's the nice fat check which comes from being "right" with the editors—and fat checks, in turn, can add greatly to Switzerland's allure, winter or summer.

Hell, what does a man want out of this life, anyway? WELLINGTON ROE.

"Endurable Fascism"

CLIP this and put it in your files as your answer to those who tell you that American finance capital has no interest in fascism, that it recognizes no class differences, that it could never be led to justify aggression. This bit of philosophy is taken from the March 4 issue of the "American Letter" of the Whaley-Eaton Service, a Washington dope sheet patronized by big business.

*Discipline:* Of great significance is the marked turn throughout the world toward discipline, or law and order. What makes France endurable to Chamberlain is his antagonism to proletarianism and his insistence on responsibility in government. Conservative groups in Britain and France have long taken the view that this reestablishment of discipline among the masses (as distinguished from rule by the "submerged third") is the primary requisite in the world today and of substantially greater importance than the maintenance even of the territorial status quo. Whatever else may be said, there is now firm government in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, and that type of government is an assured prerequisite to economic rehabilitation. Agitation in the world is lessening. Where there is order there can be economic progress. To that extent, recent developments are distinctly constructive.

## Some of the Seven Million

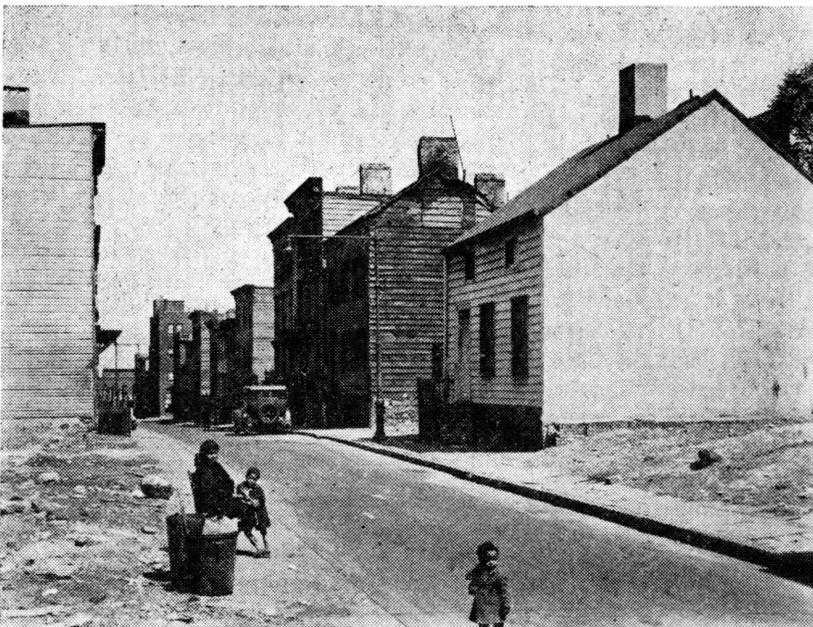
**B**ERENICE ABBOTT, a fine documentary photographer, has prepared a book of New York photographs for the Federal Art Project, *Changing New York*, which E. P. Dutton is publishing. It is the best picturization of the great metropolis that has yet been made. Here are four photos.



*HOME ON COENTIES SLIP. Not a Hooverville shanty, but a watchman's home on the waterfront. The man who lives here is reputed to have saved no less than two hundred people from drowning.*



*THE FIRST "MODEL TENEMENTS." In 1882 these tenements were the most humane dwellings of the city's working people. Today they verge on illegality.*



*BROOKLYN'S OLD IRISHTOWN. The biggest borough's worst slums. Negro families now share the neighborhood with earlier Irish settlers. The houses have no hot water, no central heating, no bathtubs.*



*HOT CORN MAN. For a hundred years hot corn has been sold in the streets of New York's working-class neighborhoods. Today attempts have been started to place them in city markets.*

# Interlude With Finks

From Elliot Paul's forthcoming novel, "The Stars and Stripes Forever," New Masses presents an excerpt. It has the vigor of "Life and Death of a Spanish Town."

THREE of the trucks were parked in the yard, and their drivers, the same big bruisers who had driven them the first day, sat leaning on the wheels. The fourth truck was at the loading platform when I got there. The machinists had dismantled another of the new machines and Ham Callahan and his helpers were moving the heavy base on skids, edging it toward the platform with crowbars. Ham was so mad he was doing almost all the work himself. Of course, there was nothing I could do except watch. It always frightened me a bit when I saw the men struggling with heavy machinery. I didn't understand leverage the way they did. Always I was afraid someone would get hurt.

They got the base of the machine on the truck but had to jimmy it over toward the center, and on the rough splintered floor of the truck they were having a hard time.

"Come on, big boy. Give us a hand," Ham said to the driver.

"That ain't my job," the driver said.

"A little exercise won't hurt you," said Ham. I was surprised he was so good-natured about it. His tone was friendly, as if he were kidding the man. The driver fell for it, too, and slowly got off his seat.

"It's been a long time since I did any work," he said.

Ham handed him a crowbar. Ham and the driver got their crowbars under the edge of the machine base and lifted it a few inches off the floor.

"Don't let it tip," Ham said to our men on the other side.

I'm not sure just what happened, but somehow the driver let his foot come forward. Ham's crowbar slipped, there was a crunching noise, and the big machine base toppled back toward Ham and the driver. I heard Ham yell to the other men, who came running from the other side. They all got their crowbars under, gave a heave, and Ham pulled the driver out from under and stretched him out on the floor.

"I'm sorry, buddy. It only got your foot," Ham said. The man was almost fainting.

"Get a doctor," Ham said. "No. Better take him to the hospital.

"Yes. Take him right to the hospital," I said.

"Okay, Mr. Bascomb," said Ham, and stepped on the starter. The other men stayed on the truck, to steady the machine base. Bull Butler came running over, waving his arms, but Ham had got started and kept on going. By the time the truck got to the limits of the ball field I heard the loudspeaker begin blaring out *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. They kept it going all through town.

"Somebody'll pay for this," Bull Butler said.

"It won't be you," I said. "Or maybe it will. Who knows?"

"Go on up to the hospital and see how bad the guy is hurt," he said. "You're not much good around here."

The drivers of the other trucks were still sitting in their seats. They looked worried but didn't know just what to do.

"What happened?" one of them asked me.

"Your pal got his foot hurt," I said. They didn't look like men from Harrington or any other small town. I was sure Mark had hired them from New York and that they were used to trouble. They were all of a size and had the same kind of look on their faces.

"Should we stay here?" the first driver asked Fish-face, who was always nosing around when anything happened.

"I don't know whether you should stay or not," Fish-face said. "What are your orders?"

"Tell the wise guy what our orders are," the driver said to the driver next in line.

"To park here," the second driver said.

"I'm glad it was Larry got nicked, not me," I heard the third man say. "I never did like the looks of this place."

The only hospital in Meldon was on the road that ran north from the crossroads. Some of the finer residences were along that road, spacious houses with tall birches and evergreens on the lawns that were terraced to fit the hillside on the eastern slope. Mary Loring had paid for the hospital and presented it to the town, in memory of Marcus, Sr. The Loring Memorial Hospital, it was called, and the doctor in charge was a young man of Scotch descent, a pleasant redheaded man named Shand. He was a good doctor, too, and a surgeon, interested in all the new things that came along. The town was lucky to have him and, in fact, the free patients in his little hospital fared better than many of the well-to-do residents who went to New York whenever they got sick or hurt. Dr. Shand was glad to see me, and, to tell the truth, glad that a surgical case had come in. He didn't wish anyone any hard luck, he had a kind heart. Still, he enjoyed his work and fretted when things were dull. I had known and liked him quite a while. We never seemed to get together much, that was all.

Dr. Shand stretched the truck driver out on the table, with Ham Callahan doing most of the work, and examined him in a business-like way. His blue eyes got cold when he looked at an injury. The man's leg was dirty; I've never seen one dirtier, but the doctor didn't mind that. He gave the man a shot, rolled up the trouser leg, felt around for

broken bones, then grunted. The truck driver groaned and raised his head to look down toward his foot now and then. Ham Callahan stood in the doorway, worried.

"I can fix it, I think," the doctor said. "There are several bones broken but they'll knit together. I can't be sure until the X-ray plates are developed."

He asked the nurse to get the man ready for the X-ray.

"I want a lawyer," said the man.

The doctor paid no attention. I followed him out of the examining room, and Ham, sweating like a horse and pale from the smell of drugs, grabbed him by the arm.

"Will he be crippled, Doc?" he asked.

"I don't think so," the doctor said.

"Take it easy, Ham," I said. I was afraid he was going to spill too much.

I rode back with Ham to the factory. The other shippers were still on the truck but they didn't play *The Stars and Stripes* that time. They had been awed by the sight of the hospital, the interne's white coat, the stretcher and all. I felt the same way. By the time we got back the noon whistle blew.

"I'm going over to have a beer," Ham said. I trailed along with him. Everybody was jumpy that day.

Two of the out-of-town truck drivers were at the bar, asking Tom for a beer. Tom, his lips pressed tight together, was serving all the other men.

"Hey, cap," one of the truck drivers said, "we asked for two beers. Do we get 'em?"

Hunyak Wojciechowski came in at just that moment.

"A beer, Tom," the big Polock said.

"Okay," said Tom, who was alone behind the bar.

"Say, what is this?" the driver said. One of them was doing all the talking.

Tom served the Polock his beer and turned to Ham and me.

"Your pleasure, Mr. Bascomb?" he asked.

"What kind of a joint is this, where Polocks get served first?" the driver said.

Wojciechowski looked him over but he didn't say anything. He drained his glass and asked for another.

"Okay," Tom said. He served Ham and me, then drew another glass for Wojciechowski. I noticed as he did so, he got hold of a bung starter underneath the bar.

"Say, cap. No foolin'. I want beer. What kind of a town is this, where Polocks get served before white men?" the truck driver repeated.

"Take it easy, Ham," I whispered, because I saw Ham Callahan's muscles tightening underneath his shirt. I could hear the clock tick behind the bar.

The big Pole took his second glass of beer. He looked at it, cocked his head on one side, then turned toward the driver who'd been making all the talk.

"You want beer?" he asked.

The driver turned and faced him. That was his mistake. The big Pole let him have the beer right in his eyes and reached past him for the other driver. He cracked the other man's face against the back of the first driver's head and before I knew it, both drivers were sailing through the swinging doors with men's boots missing 'em and hitting 'em from all directions. I looked for Ham. He wasn't there beside me. He had got out after those gorillas so quick I hadn't seen him move. Wojciechowski, Bud Walters, a half-dozen men were behind them. The truck drivers, still shaken up by the crack against each other's skulls, didn't wait for any more. They beat it for the trucks, where the other one was waiting, got in and drove away. No more was seen of them that day.

ELLIOT PAUL.

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## Fascists in Mexico

"La Voz" reveals the plans for a putsch with Nazi aid.

THE Mexico City *La Voz* is continuing its remarkable exposures regarding the individuals associated with Cedillo. The most recent issue tells of a meeting in Plutarco Elias Calles' house of Gen. Samuel Espinosa de los Monteros, Dr. Ecuario Lopez, former governor of the state of Mexico, and Luis Rodríguez, president of the Independent Liberal Party of the state of Mexico, among others. This Rodríguez is not to be confused with the present head of the PRM. Also attending were the German agents "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," read Schmidt.

At the meeting it was decided that General Almazán of Monterrey should offer himself as a candidate for president, through a pre-arranged public interview. On this matter former President Portes Gil was to be consulted. Possible modifications of this plan were kept in mind in view of the projected journey of Lombardo Toledano to Europe, but it was decided that Manuel Masud was to carry secret instructions to the United States and that two Italian spies should go on the same ship as Lombardo Toledano.

In the meantime, attention was to be centered upon the development of Guatemala as a base of operations where already airplanes, various types of artillery, gases, and a large contingent of veterans of the World War were being concentrated, as well as arrangements for German submarines to operate along the coast at the moment of the rebellion. These reports were submitted on Guatemala by Gen. Saúl Vásques. A short time afterward the agent who is publishing these reports in *La Voz* escorted to its destination in San Luis Potosí two large trucks of rifles received at Vera Cruz. Miguel Abed received them on behalf of Cedillo.

## What's On Your Mind?

More queries about the Soviet Union answered by Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party, USA.

AT THE recent New York Hippodrome meeting called by NEW MASSES, Earl Browder spoke on "Soviet Economy Today." Exactly 457 questions were asked by the audience. Browder had time to answer thirty-five. "You'll find the answers to the rest in forthcoming issues of NEW MASSES, the editors asked me to announce," Browder said at the close of the meeting. Ten of these questions were answered last week. We invite all those throughout the country who could not avail themselves of the opportunity to attend the meeting and send up their slips of paper, to do so by mail. We shall be happy to answer all questions. In fact, we shall herewith begin a department of NEW MASSES called "What's on Your Mind?" Any questions, not only on the USSR—but on all matters of topical or historic interest—are invited. What's on your mind?—THE EDITORS.

*Q. What do the capitalists think they will gain by making it appear that Stalin and Hitler will get together?*

A. They think that to the extent that they can get that idea into your heads, you will allow them to manipulate the foreign policy of this country just as Hoover wants—to line up the United States with Hitler, against the Soviet Union.

*Q. Is economic progress worthwhile at the expense of a dictator?*

A. If you have a dictator, you are not going to have economic progress. If you have a dictator, you will have what they have in Germany. And the reason why they made such progress in the Soviet Union is that they got rid of all dictators not only at the head of the government but dictators in the factories, and established the workers' control of the economy of the country. I know the newspapers tell you every day that Stalin is a dictator. I tell you that he is not. At least 170,000,000 people in the Soviet Union will join me in telling you that they have no dictators there at all. They have the power of the toilers organized in the Soviets and they were able to get that because they had the leadership of the Communist Party; because they had Lenin and, after him, Stalin; and they learned to trust these men because their judgment was correct and their course was correct and they provided a good life for the people.

*Q. Please explain why the methods of the Communist Party are antagonistic to things Americans cherish and fight to maintain, such as freedom of speech, etc.*

A. Communist methods are not antagonistic to these things in American traditions. We want to preserve them. In fact, we want to develop them further. We want free speech in the home and on the street and even in factories. We want the right to assemble in the few halls we are able to scrape up the money to rent, and we want to assemble in the factories where we work and make the decisions to run these factories right there. Is that anti-democratic? Is that against freedom of speech and assembly? We think that would be a higher de-

velopment. But as long as we can't get that we will defend what we have. Don't say we are against what we have, because we also want more. We will give our lives to protect these rights.

*Q. Why doesn't the Soviet Union allow the export of its money and why isn't the ruble quoted on the world exchange?*

A. The reason is that the Soviet government wants complete control of its own currency and will not allow it to be an object of speculation in any way. The basis of this is restriction of Soviet currency within the Soviet border and government monopoly of foreign trade. Because of this sort of system, in spite of the crises of the capitalist world in the last ten years, the Soviet Union has been able to proceed straight upward.

*Q. Why were the consumer cooperatives destroyed in the Soviet Union?*

A. It is true that the consumer cooperatives in the Soviet Union do not play as big a role as they did and the reason is the higher development of the Soviet trade organizations. The consumer cooperatives could not compete in the quality of service with the state trading organization, which was more efficient and a superior type of trading organization, and it largely displaced the consumer cooperatives. But in the field of production the cooperative principle has made tremendous advances, and more than 80 percent—I haven't the exact figures—of agricultural production in the Soviet Union is done by collective farms which are production cooperatives. And there is no country that has ever given such an example of mass development of cooperatives as the agriculture of the Soviet Union.

*Q. What position does the Soviet Union occupy as a wheat-growing nation?*

A. I haven't any comprehensive figures but we know that traditionally Russia was always a great wheat-producing center of the world. Formerly it exported a great deal of its wheat. It exports very little now, but production of wheat is about 80 percent more than pre-war, and by 1942 it will be more than double that of the pre-war production. The production of wheat pre-war average was four billion poods per year, production for 1938 was over 7,400,000,000 and in 1942 will be over eight billion, or more than twice as much as pre-war average.

*Q. A whole series of questions on why the Soviet Union maintains economic relations with fascist countries, why it sells them oil and such things.*

A. The answer to that question can best be given in the words of Joseph Stalin in his report to the Congress the other day, when he laid down the foreign policy of the Soviet Union.

"The foreign policy of the Soviet Union is clear and understandable. First, we stand for peace and for the strengthening of businesslike relations with all countries. This is our position and we will adhere to it as long as these countries maintain identical relations with the Soviet Union, as long as they make no attempts to violate our country's interests.

"Second, we stand for peaceable, close, and neighborly relations with all our neighboring countries

which have a common frontier with the USSR. This is our position and we shall adhere to it as long as these countries maintain identical relations with the Soviet Union, as long as they make no attempt to trespass, directly or indirectly, on the integrity and security of the frontiers of the Soviet state.

"Third, we stand for the rendering of support to nations which have fallen prey to aggression and are fighting for the independence of their countries.

"Fourth, we are not afraid of threats from aggressors, and we are ready to retaliate with two blows for one against the instigators of war who attempt to infringe the integrity of the Soviet borders.

"In its foreign policy the Soviet Union relies upon: first, its growing economic and political and cultural strength; second, the moral and political unity of our Soviet society; third, the friendship between the peoples of our country; fourth, its Red Army and Navy; fifth, its policy of peace; sixth, the moral support of the working people of all countries to whom the preservation of peace is of vital concern; seventh, the common sense of countries which for one reason or another are not interested in the violation of peace."

On the basis of this policy the Soviet Union has scrupulously maintained trade relations with countries, even those with which it is in sharpest antagonism. But the Soviet Union, while not formally breaking off trade relations with those countries which violate the rights of other countries, has reduced economic intercourse by 90 percent. If the United States, Britain, and France would do half as much in the way of reducing economic intercourse with these nations, these aggressor countries would have been stopped a long time ago by economic means.

*Q. If the Soviet Union stands for peace, why the recent spy incident in California?*

A. I don't know much about the California case, but from what I read in the newspapers I gather that someone came to the Russian and offered him a document exposing Japanese spies and the Russian bought this information about the spies and paid for it. That is the charge. But how anyone can imagine, even if the charge is true, that this is Russian aggression and goes contrary to the Russian peace policy, I can't see. It does show that Soviet Russia is anxious to know what the Japanese spies are doing. But the same thing is true of the United States, which would very much like to know what Japanese spies are doing. The United States and the Soviet Union have a common interest in this, and it should bring them much closer together.

*Q. There are a great many questions on why the Soviet Union doesn't open its borders to the Jewish refugees.*

A. The answer is that more Jewish refugees are going into the Soviet Union than into all other countries combined. If the Jewish community leaders of the world want more refugees to go into the Soviet Union, it would be well for them to raise the question with the powers at the Evian conference to see that the Soviet Union is invited to that conference, which regulates the immigration, and provide for their entrance into the Soviet Union in an organized fashion.

*Q. What effect will Nazi aggression have on the Third Five-Year Plan?*

A. It will greatly stimulate agricultural production by furnishing a lot of Nazi fertilizer. The Soviet Union wants peace but you can be sure that

there is no power or any collection of powers in the world, with all their warmaking capacities, which can stop the forward march of Soviet economy. It is here to stay and it is going to go forward in peace or in war.

*Q. Why does England want to talk over trade relations with Moscow?*

A. I think that even in England, even in Chamberlain's Cabinet, they have begun to think over this question as to whether Hitler is going East or West and to suspect that Hitler is double-crossing them.

*Q. What is Stalin's monthly pay?*

A. Translated in terms of American dollars, it is about \$300 a month.

*Q. Several questioners have asked why the Soviet Union does not intervene militarily in the defense of Spain and Czechoslovakia.*

A. The Soviet Union was prepared last September to give whatever military assistance was necessary to Czechoslovakia by the terms of a mutual assistance pact, but this pact, by the decision of Czechoslovakia itself, was made conditional upon France's first coming to their defense. The Czechoslovakian government, with the support of its people, had definitely decided in advance that it didn't want to be saved if it was saved only by the Soviet Union. It wanted to be saved by the Soviet Union only if it was a joint action with France taking the initial

step. Therefore, had the Soviet Union taken the initiative of intervening, it would have done so only by violating the right of the Czechoslovakian government which refused that assistance.

With regard to Spain, the Soviet Union could not have militarily intervened in Spain without a declaration of war which would involve it with Germany and Italy, and not only with these countries but Great Britain and France, who refused to allow the Soviet Union to "meddle" in the affairs of Western Europe. The policy of the Soviet Union is not to be a policeman for the rest of the world. The Soviet Union does not assume the task alone of putting down aggressors everywhere in the world. It only offers its cooperation to the other powers of the world to do the job jointly and collectively.

*Q. Do you think Hitler's seizure of Czechoslovakia will bring his attack on the Soviet Union closer or will he turn to the West?*

A. Well, just imagine how Hitler is facing that question. Shall he go East or shall he go West?—weighing pro and con, "Where have I the greatest chances of success?" And he looks back and remembers Godesberg, and Berchtesgaden, and Munich, and now he reads the speech that Chamberlain made the other day—then he reads Stalin's speech and then Voroshilov's report that was made day before yesterday—and then he reads the reports of all his secret agents that confirm all these facts. *What would you do if you were he? Where will Hitler meet the greatest resistance? You can answer this question yourself.*



John Helliker

*"What's Congress fussing about? Firing people is only a mathematical problem."*

# That Man Cárdenas

J. H. Plenn, whose "Mexico Marches" has just been published, gives an intimate picture of Mexico's New Dealer No. 1. The human side of the only Mexican president who never had to use an armored car.

**P**ORFIRIO DIAZ was finishing his fourth term as president and getting ready for his fifth when, in the little town of Jiquilpan, state of Michoacan, another son was born to the Cárdenas del Rio family. No earthquakes or floods announced the birth of little Lazáro, and his parents thanked God for another son, and also hoped that God would do something about helping to feed him and bring him up properly.

Lazáro's father died when the boy was thirteen years old, leaving the widow with eight children. Lazáro, although not the eldest, was the most "serious" of the children. No more school for him now. Young Lazáro got a job as printer's devil in a small shop. But the lad was apparently destined for public service, and by 1910 was an assistant to the town tax collector, and three years later was the town jailer. Madero had overthrown Diaz, Huerta had killed Madero, the nation was in turmoil. When Venustiano Carranza issued his call in 1913 for the nation to rise against the usurper Victoriano Huerta, Cárdenas took his only prisoner from the jail, gave him a rifle, and the two went to join the nearest band of revolutionaries. In a couple of years Cárdenas was leader of his own company. News of the organization of a major revolutionary army in Sonora reached him. He took his two hundred men and marched to Agua Prieta, where he placed himself under orders of Col. Plutarco Elias Calles. Cárdenas thus early in his career became associated with the Sonora group that was to head the government into the reconstruction period.

From then on, the rise of Lazáro Cárdenas in the army was swift. He had the qualities most in demand for the army in those days, much more important than preparation in the manual of arms or military tactics: loyalty, decision, energy. In October 1915—he was twenty years old then—we find him as head of the 22nd Regiment. Two years later he is chief of the expeditionary column that went from Sonora to Chihuahua, and for three years after that, until June 1920, he was general of the First Sonora Brigade.

## TWENTY-FIVE AND A GOVERNOR

Cárdenas had just passed his twenty-fifth birthday when he was made governor of his home state of Michoacan, as well as chief of military operations. The following year he was transferred to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, then to Guanajuato, wherever there was need of a trusted man. By 1923 he was firmly established in his military career. Offered a big command by the de la Huerta

rebels, who had won over the biggest part of the army, Cárdenas remained loyal to Obregón, fought against the de la Huerta forces, and was badly wounded.

The three years from 1925 to 1928 marked the beginning of Cárdenas' political formation and the development of the social ideas which were to be his beacon lights. During those three years he was chief of military operations in the Huasteca region, a gulf-coast region mostly jungle but also center of the greatest oil boom on the continent. The Tampico boom was just past its peak then, and had begun to decline.

Thirty-year-old General Cárdenas had now been a soldier for twelve years. He had seen much of his country, the confusion of fighting men desperately clinging to any straw, no matter how frail, which gave promise of not breaking the minute they grabbed hold. Oppression, misery, ignorance, and hopelessness, the four horsemen loosed by the Diaz "scientific" regime, were already an old story to him. But what he saw and what he heard and what he learned during his stay in the oil fields left him no doubts about the path he must follow. To all the other injustices which he had seen his countrymen suffering, now was added the double shame of Mexicans being kicked around by foreigners. For him, as for most Mexicans, there is no difference between men because of the color of their skin or the language they happen to speak. He could not understand why one set of men had neat, comfortable screened houses up on the hills, while others were dumped on the edge of the jungle swamps in miserable shacks. Vice, gambling, boozing, graft, corruption completed the picture which was branded into Lazáro Cárdenas' retentive brain.

## OIL FIELD DAYS

In the delirious dance of the oil fields, Cárdenas lived the same disciplined life that he had before, and which he continued to live after attaining the highest command in the country. Some of his fellow generals think that he was a sap for not getting his while he was in the oil fields. Lesser officers made their pile during those days. Cárdenas did not lack opportunities. A favorite story is of the oil company official who offered him a new Packard, just like that, no favors asked. Shiny automobiles have always been a weakness of Mexican generals. Cárdenas then had in his service a battered old jalopy on which you could barely make out the name "Hudson." The company man drove the Packard out in front of the offices and Cárdenas' aides

clustered at the window to oh and ah. Cárdenas was polite in his refusal: "No, thank you. The one we have now serves its purpose well." Three days later the general's car stopped running altogether. The oil company's offer was still good. His subordinates urged him to take it. Nothing doing. He sent a colonel around to the automobile agencies and finally arranged to buy a modest Dodge on installments of 100 pesos a month.

His friends who knew of this incident and others like it were not surprised when he refused to live in Chapultepec; when he showed up in a dignified, dark business suit amid the swallowtails of a diplomatic gathering; or when he refused to have a special official license tag attached to his automobile, a tag which would give traffic privileges. Some of his political critics will swear it's all a pose and that Cárdenas is smart, much smarter than people think, and that it's all a buildup. Whatever it is, the people seem to like it. Cárdenas is the one recent president who walks among the people unafraid. No armored cars, no elaborate bodyguards. At times they'll almost crush him, the crowds will, trying to touch him, to walk a few steps by his side. Many foreigners cannot understand how much it means to the Mexican people to find a president who doesn't build a Chinese wall between governors and governed, who doesn't proclaim a divine mission for himself, who likes to lose himself in the crowd. If it's all a buildup, it's darn good, and that man is some actor.

Cárdenas left the oil fields with his mind made up to go into politics. He already had a lot of ideas, including his belief that the soldiers and civilian workers should fraternize instead of being kept apart. He had founded a school—forerunner of what he was to do later as governor and as president—for the children of the private soldiers in his regiment. There was nothing in the army budget to cover such fantastic, non-military activities. So Cárdenas clipped a bit off his salary, persuaded some of his subordinates to sacrifice a few bottles of beer, and managed to scrape up enough to buy books and other materials and to pay a teacher. Every morning, as regular as the sun, General Cárdenas would show up at the school to see how things were going.

## BREAK WITH CALLES

His campaign for the governorship of Michoacan took him not only to the towns, but to every village and hamlet and cluster of houses in the state. When election day came around, the people of his state knew

that man, and he knew them. Cárdenas' term as governor was a good indication of what might be expected of him as president. And precisely because he knew of Cárdenas' devotion to the peasantry, his sympathies with the underdog generally, Calles opposed the nomination of Cárdenas. It was Calles' contention that these things had been good in their time, when he had been on the make, but the country could not now stand the agitation which he knew would follow if such policies were put into effect. Cárdenas now expressed the same general ideals that Calles had espoused in 1923, but Calles had gone a long way since, a long way from the days of the young Sonora governor whose first act as state executive was to forbid the sale and possession of intoxicating liquors. By 1933 Calles was a tycoon among tycoons, had his finger in every political and business pie, was shareholder in every big industrial undertaking, sole owner of many.

Políticos who try to pull a fast one on Mexico's president have come to learn that they have to get up mighty early, as the saying goes, to get the better of Lazáro Cárdenas. The reason is simple: Cárdenas is out of bed at five o'clock in the morning, usually after about four hours of sleep, rarely more than five. The rest of his day is measured off with military precision. By five-thirty he has been in and out of the shower, if he is at home. If he is away on one of his frequent trips into the country which he has always loved more than the city, Cárdenas will be splashing around in a river or lake, his smooth, muscular soldier's hands chopping into the water. His wind is fine, for he doesn't smoke, and his coordination and reflexes function like clockwork. No booze, no late parties, no carousing, no hangovers to cramp his style. He used to swim a little faster in the old days, before his bulging chest and beefy shoulders developed a neat cushion of fat. But he can still leave any of his party behind in the water, as he leaves them behind when he takes a long, brisk walk or is off on a horseback jaunt for hours at a time.

FROM 5 A. M. ON

He likes his walks or his equitation during the first two hours after he's dressed. To ride out into the cool of dawn and to be on hand when the sun comes over the mountains is his idea of beginning a perfect day. Wherever he is, Cárdenas goes about systematically exploring the countryside. He never tires of telling his less energetic aides that every soldier should be thoroughly acquainted with his environment for at least five miles in every direction. Some of his bureaucrats or congressional friends who happen to be along—and who like to take things a little easier, to get sozzled now and then—have come to refer privately to the president as "the boy scout." Like a boxer in his prime, Cárdenas is always more or less in training.

By eight-thirty he will be wiping his abundant lips and neatly trimmed, thick mustache, after an ample breakfast of fruit,

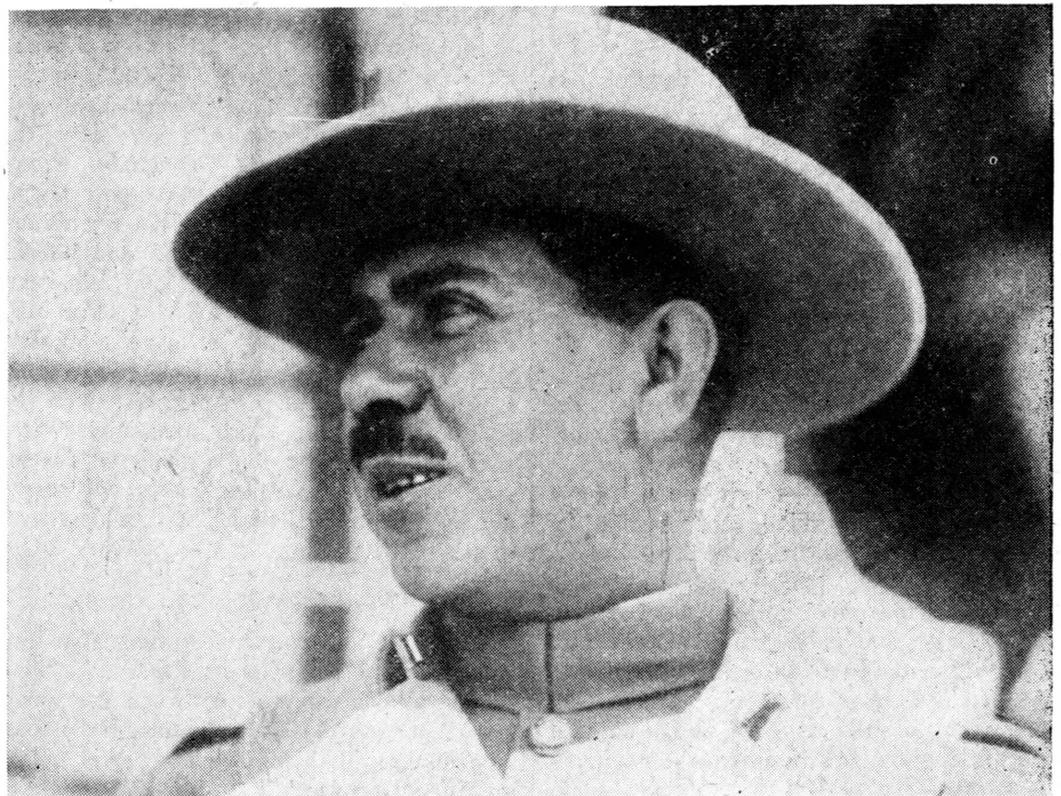
eggs, oatmeal, milk, and rolls. He'll rest a bit after breakfast, glance at the morning papers on his way to the office, and at nine o'clock sharp—either at the National Palace or at the office in his suburban home—Mexico's president will be on the job. He'll stay on the job until two o'clock in the afternoon, meeting with Cabinet members, congressmen, labor leaders, business men from all over the country, diplomats, visitors from all over the world. And rarely a day will pass during which he fails to receive one or more delegations of peasants or Indians. At times the anteroom to his office in the National Palace looks more like a peasants' convention than like the central salon of the federal bureaucracy.

Cárdenas likes that, he likes to feel close to the men of the soil, to hear them tell their needs in a vocabulary too limited to admit hypocrisy. The peasant may be reminding him of the special seeds he promised to send on one of his trips, and which perhaps have been lost in a maze of red tape, or a committee of Indians may want to know what about that land they were supposed to get. Cárdenas gave the orders, you can be sure, for he has a memory to which every little detail sticks like a grass-burr. He gives so many orders on his trips, as a matter of fact, that his subordinates keep hoping for something that will make him stay in Mexico City a few months at a stretch. Every department has a spindle stacked high with orders; a fence for this man, a school here, a road there, an irrigation canal yonder. Sometimes the federal treasury has the money for the job, sometimes not.

Don't get the idea that he grants everything proposed to him. Not by a long shot. But he'll listen to any reasonable request. He'll listen quietly, politely, absorbed, rarely ask a question. The petitioner always feels that his sales talk is a success. Then, quickly, as decisively as a line officer in battle, Cárdenas will give the visitor the news: sometimes good, often bad.

NO SIESTA

The president is one Mexican who doesn't take a siesta, that age-old custom of the Latins which so delightfully makes two days out of one. Between two and three o'clock, Cárdenas will have his dinner, and it's usually a much more modest affair than the multiple-course event to which most middle-class families sit down at midday. Since the Cárdenas family nearly always has a visitor for dinner, and usually somebody interesting, there is no lack of diverting conversation to relax the presidential brain until he is ready to return to his office, where he arrives at four o'clock on the dot, remaining until about seven-thirty or later. A light supper, then perhaps a movie, or a little friendly gathering, usually a bit of horseplay with his five-year-old son, Cuauhtemoc, and with the young Spanish orphan, Fernando, who has been given a home in the presidential dwelling. And by ten o'clock Cárdenas has ordinarily turned in, settled in an easy chair or propped up in bed, reading and studying, for two hours, sometimes three, sometimes longer. If he happens to have a pressing state problem on his mind, he may doze off only for an hour or so and



Underwood & Underwood

CÁRDENAS THE SOLDIER. *While a young man, Cárdenas rose high in the ranks of the Mexican army. To him it made no difference what color a man's skin was or what language he spoke.*

get back to it. But he prefers to drop official business during the short period before he goes to sleep. He likes to read books on political and economic theory, or books suggesting practical methods adopted elsewhere, which might be applied in developing his country. He likes books on Mexican history, historical, biographical, or dealing with the life of the people. He is also up on the contemporary political literature of Spain. In his drawing-room is an autographed portrait of Romain Rolland.

Cárdenas, soon after he became president, decided against living in the gorgeous Chapultepec Castle, which had been the presidential residence for many years. He ordered the place turned into a museum where anybody could go. A lot of critics called it a pose. Others saw in it a remarkable act of symbolism, in which Maximilian's gold-trimmed dinner service and Carlotta's bed, the luxurious furnishings and ample recreation quarters enjoyed by Mexico's official families, were exposed to public gaze as things belonging to a past epoch. Probably as influential as any other cause for the selection of a suburban villa, with a spacious garden, was that Cárdenas really preferred not to live in the castle. The man is just that way. He doesn't like clap-trap, he doesn't like stuffed shirts, and would rather roll up in a blanket under the moonlit sky of Michoacan than on the softest, smoothest inner-spring mattress in the world. And as for the opening of Chapultepec Castle to the public, the thousands upon thousands who spend their Sundays in Chapultepec Forest, surrounding the castle, were frenzied with joy at being able to go through the place that only a chosen few could enter before.

#### A SIMPLE, CLEAN LIVER

Cárdenas is noted for his discipline, his temperate habits, his sobriety, austerity, his frank loathing of gambling, his turning of thumbs-down on booze and booze-heads, his repugnance toward an atmosphere of liquor, tobacco smoke, and fast ladies, so common to gatherings of politicians. As a result some critics call him an ascetic, a puritan, a wild-eyed reformer, a bluenose, almost anything implying that he wants people to deny themselves the good things of life. But quite the opposite is true. Health—physical, mental, moral—is the keystone of his character. His powerful physique has withstood serious bullet wounds, a siege of Malta fever that laid him low for a while, in addition to minor ailments that develop even in a healthy forty-three-year-old organism.

His tastes are essentially those of a man used to living simply, one who has spent most of his life in the barracks or in the field, and who had to keep in shape to keep alive. Because of this healthy approach, he has no need of artificial stimulants. He likes the spontaneous gayety of a peasant festival, an Indian girl's musical laugh. He likes to tell stories and listen to them, the conviviality of a country gathering, unmarred by yes-men's rancid phrases. Cárdenas is fond of dancing and of

## Fifth Columns in USA

Walter Lippmann's  
Ludwig Lore's  
Davy Lawrence's  
Hughie Johnson's  
Westbrook Pegler's  
Mark Sullivan's

W. B. CAHN.

music—the fresh-air and not the wild-party kind—and suffers acutely in the stuffy atmosphere of diplomatic halls and the like to which duty sometimes takes him.

In 1923 Cárdenas was about as near death as a man can get without being a corpse. It was in Jalisco, near Ocotlan, during the de la Huerta rebellion. Obregón, who played the game of war for quick dramatic victories regardless of cost, sent General Cárdenas and a small force to divert the enemy so the main force could attack from another flank. Cárdenas and his men were routed, as Obregón calculated they would be, and Cárdenas was wounded. As the rebels advanced, his staff was grouped around him. He told them to beat it, that they could do nothing for him. Cárdenas was captured by General Enrique Estrada, who ordered that every effort be made to save Cárdenas. In the hospital some days later, Estrada sought to win Cárdenas over to the de la Huerta cause. Cárdenas was adamant. He told Estrada: "You are fighting on the wrong side. You are making unnecessary war, and our country is dying for peace. Lay down your arms." They story still goes the rounds that Estrada personally paid the hospital bill.

And that may be the story behind a political event last August, when several congressmen—including the same General Estrada—announced the formation of a new party, the Mexican Constitutional Democratic Front, to fight the "Communism" of the government party, the Party of the Mexican Revolution (PRM). General Ramon Iturbe and Bolivar Sierra were the other two leaders, all members of the PRM. The PRM decided that since they were forming an opposition party, they should be expelled from the PRM, which means that they cannot appear in the party's primaries, in which nomination is tantamount to election, as in the solid Democratic states of the South. Sierra and Iturbe got the gate, after a trial, but Estrada stayed in the PRM.

#### HIS PERSONAL APPEAL

Frequently this personal—rather than political—appeal will explain Cárdenas' ability to keep the machine going when everybody expects it to explode any minute. Even men who disagree with him violently over policy are friendly toward him, different from the case of other political figures, like Calles for instance, toward whom bitter personal animosity was often the key to political opposition. The Calles method of dealing with men was that

of the tough guy. Calles' friends say he had to be tough, that the period of his political rise was a dog-eat-dog period more than others. Almost anywhere in Mexico you could find relatives or friends of men who had been killed or persecuted by Calles henchmen, carrying vengeance in their hearts against the old dictator.

There is nothing like that in the attitude toward Cárdenas. He has no notches on his gun. His record on that score is unbelievably clean for the bloody years of revolution through which he moved. Cárdenas could get tough—and he still can, and does, when he has to—but he'd rather settle things by the gentler route, and he usually has his way. This phenomenon, in Mexico's gun-toting politics, of a man who doesn't shoot first and ask questions later is so amazing that it seems like a myth. But nobody has yet produced an instance in which Cárdenas killed off the field of battle, and there are numerous accounts of sparing lives which could have been taken legitimately according to the laws of war. This respect for human life has done much toward establishing public confidence in his good faith. Folks will go along with a fellow like that even when he makes a mistake. They feel he'll try to correct it when he can.

Cárdenas is married to Amalia Solorzano, an unpretentious, attractive woman, typical of the middle-class *mestizo* families of Mexico. When she wears high heels, the top of her carefully coiffured head reaches well above Cárdenas' shoulders. She is the mother of his five-year-old son, Cuauhtemoc, named after the last Aztec emperor. By a former wife, Cárdenas has a sixteen-year-old daughter who appears occasionally at official functions. Señora Cárdenas is interested in social welfare and her intimate circle of friends comprises the wives of several Cabinet ministers with similar interests. Señora Cárdenas began taking English lessons last year, likes the democratic manners of the Americans, admires the self-reliance, initiative, and independence of American women. She refers to her husband as "the general." Other members of the president's immediate family, familiar in Mexican officialdom, are his brothers: Damaso, former federal senator, and later member of a firm specializing in government contracts; José Raimundo, studious, hard-working technical official in the Ministry of Finance; Alberto and Francisco.

Some writers have called Cárdenas the No. 1 agitator of Latin America, apostle of anti-imperialism, cheerleader of nationalism, barker for Bolshevism. But there are a couple of agitators in Mexico that outshine Cárdenas and all other human agitators. They are greater because they aim at abolition of personalist government, that curse of Mexican history, and would set up in its place government by institutions that will outlast the men who make them. These two star agitators of Mexico are the Constitution of 1917 and its streamlined vehicle, the Six-Year Plan.

J. H. PLENN.

# Forsythe

## Paste This in Your Hat

**T**HE instinct to gloat when one's predictions have been fulfilled is probably elemental but I never find much satisfaction in it and particularly not now when the treachery and stupidity of a Chamberlain, which all sensible people saw through months ago, has had such results. However, I can't suppress a feeling of exultation when I see the present attitude of the English and French toward the Soviet Union.

The same gentlemen who thrust the USSR so unceremoniously out of Europe at the time of the Munich betrayal are now fawning upon it. If the people in Russia are inclined to be a bit reticent in the face of this sudden love-making, I should think no one would blame them. If they even become a trifle smug, that might also be excused. Anybody with the intelligence of a nine-year-old goat could have seen what was going to happen and while harsh things have been said about the Bolsheviks, nobody has ever accused them of simple-mindedness. The fact that Hitler has physically occupied the remnants of Czechoslovakia and has taken Memel was never anything but a natural result of the surrender at Munich. One scarcely knows how to regard the British and French horror over a deed which was as inevitable as fate once the original treachery was completed.

The menace of the German-Italian-Japanese murderers is no less imminent because we have been proved right in our predictions but we are entitled to a guffaw at the tomfoolery which has followed in formerly anti-Soviet quarters. All Chamberlain asks of the Soviet Union now is that it should follow the original British plan of becoming involved with Germany while the English stand about ready to pick up the pieces. If the Russians receive this invitation with reserve, it is scarcely more than was to be expected. A genuine anti-fascist bloc with firm military agreements between the general staffs of England, France, Russia, and possibly Poland is another matter, and the British will have to come to it if they want Russia's help.

When Stalin said in his recent speech that the Soviet Union must decline the suggestion of kindly friends that it would be pleasant if Russia and Germany clashed, this was taken in the usual nitwitted circles to mean that Russia and Germany were planning a compact. It really seems impossible to teach these people even with the use of the plainest words. What they will never understand is that the Russians are by far the smartest people in Europe. The Soviet Union is not going to play the game of the ruling-class English and French, no matter how often or how handsomely the chance is offered. Hitler can be

halted with the greatest of ease but if Great Britain and France want any of the benefits of that halting they will have to assume the responsibilities as well. The Soviet Union is quite able to look after itself, being afraid of neither Hitler, Japan, nor a combined assault of them all, including the Chamberlains and Daladiers and all their ilk who would be only too happy to join Hitler in an anti-Soviet crusade if they felt they could handle him after it was over.

Therefore, I may possibly be excused for making a spectacle of myself in the train the other night when I was reading a Westbrook Pegler column and suddenly broke out in a wild burst of laughter. The great thinker was warning America against the machinations of the American Communists who were endeavoring to inveigle this country into a war so as to pull "Stalin's chestnuts out of the fire." As Mr. Pegler will soon discover, the shoe is entirely on the other foot. The time is soon coming when this country, as well as all the other nations which have reason to fear Hitler, will be glad to have the support of Russia. If the American Communists seek closer relations between this country and the Soviet Union it is because the interest of both countries in peace is identical and because America may desperately need friends in the near future. History will bear this out, as it has borne out most of the prognostications of the radicals in late years.

As for the lamentations of our liberal friends about the woeful state of affairs in the Soviet Union, I can smile with that ease which comes from absolute surety. Norman Thomas was weeping only last year over the fact that the Soviet Union was as much a military country as the others. He made no distinction between a country surrounded by enemies and committed to a peace policy and a group of totalitarian states which were raucously proclaiming their philosophy of aggression. As I said at the time, nothing could be sadder than the necessity of Russia's arming, because without it the country could be miles ahead of its European capitalist rivals in creature comforts and right at the heels of America, but now I can say that I wake every morning with thoughts of gratitude that the Red Army and the Soviet Union are there. I think that Americans generally will be sharing that gratitude before long.

After the experiences of the liberal and democratic forces in such places as Germany, Austria, Spain, and Czechoslovakia, I must say that my morning feeling of well-being is augmented by the knowledge that there is no Fifth Column in Russia ready to insert the knife neatly in the back at Hitler's bid-

ding. By now it has been rather well established that Hitler and the Reichswehr did not share the general moronic feeling that the Soviet army had been fatally crippled by the execution of Tukhachevsky and his traitorous companions. As Stalin said in his recent speech, it is a strange doctrine which maintains that an army or a country would be stronger if only its traitors were left at their posts. Fortunately, the Soviet Union has not been so tender as was the German republic and the Austrian Social Democracy and the Spanish republic, with the result that the Russians have only to fight the enemy before them, a relatively easy task compared with what the others have gone through.

In truth I have been in an enviable position ever since I visited the Soviet Union two years ago. From that time I have had no further concern with what the capitalist press printed about Russia. I tell you again, my friends: it may matter, but it matters very little. Neither sticks, stones, nor good harsh words are going to halt that country. Its enemies may lie as they please but the Soviet Union remains—the strongest force for peace, freedom, and progress that the world knows.

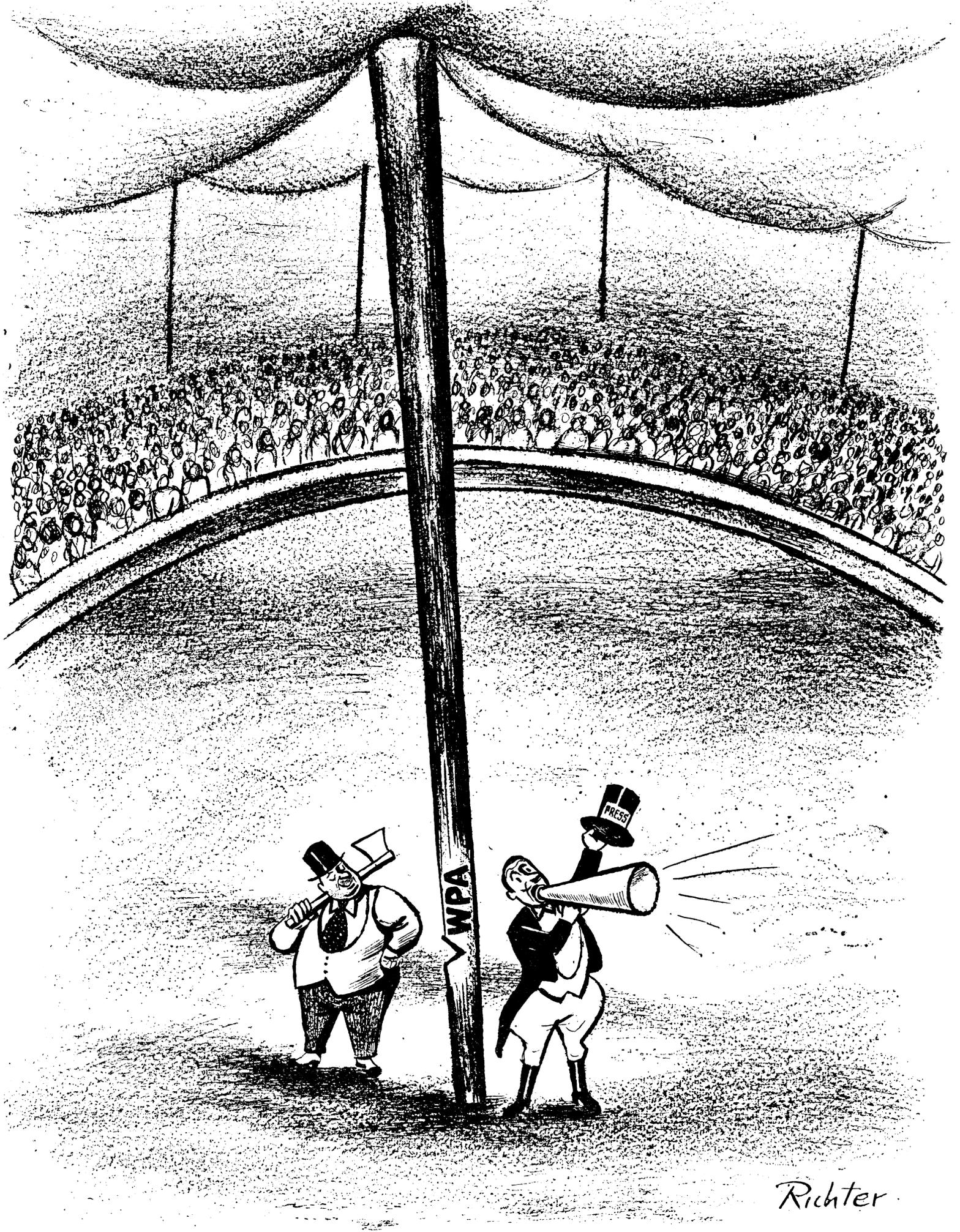
Naturally this is a sentimental approach to a great problem and I should probably throw in some erudite hints of possible political action, but the pattern of the future is as obvious to a radical as the past has been. The present attempt to make Chamberlain merely a mistaken old man is nonsense. That he has underestimated the results of his perfidy is true, but that he failed to know what he was doing is ridiculous. It is England, and England alone, who is responsible for Mussolini and Hitler. She could have stopped them at any of a dozen points but preferred otherwise. If she wants them stopped now, she will need to take honest action, a thing not easily achieved by the British ruling class. Indeed, as this is being written, there is every indication that both the French and English are flirting with Mussolini in what they conceive to be an astute attempt to split the Rome-Berlin axis. It is only a continuation of their policy of suicide but they will possibly persist in it until there is nothing left for their enemies to destroy. They will justify this by saying that they were forced into Mussolini's arms by Russia's failure to come to their rescue, but let none of these lies annoy you. Facts are hard things and can't be avoided; circumstances have a way of forcing themselves into attention no matter who seeks to hide them. If democracy is to be saved it is the Soviet Union, working with the democratic forces of all countries, that will save it. Set that down as the one axiom of our time.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

## Deutsche Küche

**F**ROM the *Statistisches Jahrbuch des Deutschen Reiches 1938*:

Horses killed for human consumption, fifteen hundred more than in 1932. Dogs killed for human consumption, 52 percent more than in 1932.



Richter

Mischa Richter

# New Masses

ESTABLISHED 1911

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## The Road to War

LAST week, in an editorial article on the European crisis, NEW MASSES asked:

In the face of this situation will there be a real change—other than verbal—in the policies of Chamberlain and Daladier? Or are they merely counting on riding out the storm and then returning to their accustomed ways?

The events of the past week provide the answer. While Chamberlain and Daladier were energetically doing nothing, the fascist axis struck again. In one week:

Hitler seized Memel and began drawing Lithuania into the Nazi orbit.

Hitler forced Rumania into a trade agreement which practically converts that country into a vassal of the Reich.

Hungary, with Hitler's toleration, invaded Slovakia and grabbed a slice of its territory.

Mussolini pressed his demands against France.

The Nazi press began a campaign against Poland in preparation for a new raid, with Danzig and the Polish Corridor as the immediate objectives.

In other words, all the official frowning of governments and government leaders, including the British prime minister, add up, as far as results are concerned, to exactly nothing. "British Hesitate on Firm Measures" is the New York Times headline on a London dispatch by Ferdinand Kuhn, Jr. "What is sometimes called the 'Munich mentality,'" writes Kuhn, "has suddenly reappeared with a vengeance in high quarters here." And this is only a little more than a week after Chamberlain's Birmingham address which was supposed to have heralded a genuine change in policy.

There is only one language that the fascist bullies and blackmailers understand: action. The Soviet Union proposed action: a six-power conference to consider collective mea-

asures to halt further aggression. "Premature," said Britain and backed away. But when Hitler and Mussolini last September called the Munich conference to promote aggression, Chamberlain and Daladier hastened to participate.

And now Mussolini has taken his turn at making a "moderate" speech—just as Hitler did in February 1938, one month before he swallowed Austria, and on Jan. 30, 1939, six weeks before he seized Czechoslovakia. Whereupon vast sighs of relief are being breathed in the reactionary circles of Britain and France. The spider has invited the fly into its parlor, and the fly is overjoyed that it has at least been invited. It is prepared to give the invitation careful consideration. And in place of strong measures to curb the axis, there is being resurrected the tactic of attempting to detach Mussolini from it with the bait of "appeasement." The Munichites have acquired an American apologist in Roy W. Howard of the phony-liberal Scripps-Howard press. In the first of a series of articles, he advocates concessions to Italy as "the most direct road to peace."

This tactic has an unbroken record of failure in the past and is foredoomed to failure in the future. Despite the real conflict of imperialist interests that exists between Germany and Italy, the very weakness of the latter compels it to bind itself more closely to the stronger partner if its own predatory aims are to be realized. To entertain discussions regarding Tunisia, Djibouti, and the Suez Canal, as Mussolini proposed, is tantamount to inviting both Mussolini and Hitler to turn the drive of the axis westward and reduce France and Britain to ultimate vassalage. *This is the most direct road not to peace, but to war—war under conditions that would be highly favorable to the fascist powers.*

We repeat what we said last week: Hitler can be stopped. But words are not enough. Let us have the courage to face reality. Japanese aggression in the Pacific and the penetration of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis in Latin America underscore the danger to our own security. There is no escape in the dream world of isolationism. The fascist regimes "have shown themselves," in the words of Mussolini, "as opposed to all other conceptions of contemporary civilization." We can cope with this barbarous philosophy only by serving notice that the United States intends to give every economic and political assistance to the victims of aggression and to embargo all aggressors. Senator Pittman's bill, which would permit trade on a "cash and carry" basis with all belligerents without distinction repeats in another form the errors of the Neutrality Act. If our deeds are to correspond to our words and to the senti-

ments of a majority of the American people, that act should be repealed. At the least it should be revised in the manner proposed by Senator Thomas of Utah, whose bill would make possible the embargoing, with the consent of a majority of both houses of Congress, of the violator of any treaty to which the United States is a signatory.

In this hour of crisis, when tragedy stalks the homes of millions who live under the shadow of totalitarian domination, the action of the United States, the most powerful country in the world, may well prove decisive.

## Mr. Thomas Admits

LAST December Rep. J. Parnell Thomas, together with Joseph Starnes of Alabama, expressed some anxiety over rumors that Christopher Marlowe was a member of the Communist Party. One might reasonably expect Representative Thomas' knowledge of Elizabethan drama to be in need of some repair, but within the last week it has developed that his knowledge of recent political history is equally unreliable. In his guilelessness, the New Jersey congressman told the Municipal Bond Club of New York—whose members must have found it difficult to restrain their laughter—that he had come finally to the opinion that fine men like themselves should have paid lobbyists guarding their interests in Washington.

Representative Thomas is a man of many anachronisms, but his speech was not a total loss in adding to our understanding of the present situation. His contribution was that the proposed investigation of WPA could be considered one of the fruits of the Dies committee's work and he even prophesied that it will "give us more news than anything the Dies committee has yet given us." That is as frank an admission as we can ask, and Mr. Thomas is probably right. The investigation proposal, as it looked when it emerged from the House Rules Committee, is calculated to bring forth exactly the kind of misinformation the Dies committee has become known for. Dies himself and John J. Dempsey of the Dies committee were sturdy supporters of the investigation, and much of its impetus came from the committee's "revelations" concerning the Federal Theater Project.

The investigation, of course, is only another hamstringing technique, designed to carry over until the first WPA cuts have been made. It is in a class with the various compromises that have been suggested and with the decision to let the matter "simmer" over the last week in the fond hope that simmering would lead to complete evaporation. Progressives, if they are wary, will let none of these be substituted for the \$150,000,000 requested by the President.

## New Monroe Doctrine

THE International Congress of American Democracies which recently closed its sessions at Montevideo is an event which is going to cast a lengthening shadow on the history of the Americas. The resolutions which it adopted are nothing less than another Monroe Doctrine, based not on the will of any one American nation but on the united determination of all the peoples of North, South, and Central America, to preserve democracy in the hemisphere in which it was born.

In many respects the crisis which called the congress into being is strikingly similar to that which gave birth to the Monroe Doctrine in 1823. In the 1820's the Latin American colonies revolted against the Spanish autocracy and set up independent republics. Soon after, the Spanish masses at home drove out their king and set up a constitutional government. The Holy Alliance, the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis of that time, intervened and with the help of foreign bayonets the Spanish Bourbons were restored. The Holy Alliance intended to carry its intervention across the Atlantic, causing President Monroe to act. "The political system of the Allied Powers," states the Monroe Doctrine, "is essentially different from that of America. . . . We shall consider any attempt to extend their system to any portion of the Western hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

Since that natal day the Monroe Doctrine developed into a creature that its parents would hardly have recognized. The rising "Yankee imperialism" of the post-Civil War period and the dollar diplomacy which followed it converted the Monroe Doctrine into an imperial preemption of the markets and resources of Latin America. The Latin American nations learned to think of it as a lien instead of a loan.

It is a tribute to the democratic front as a force for Pan-American solidarity and to the efficacy of President Roosevelt's good-neighbor policy that this century-old suspicion of the "Colossus of the North" has been largely overcome in the minds of the Latin American masses.

At the final plenary session the delegates of the congress approved by acclamation a resolution pledging support to President Roosevelt's policies for democratic solidarity in this hemisphere.

The congress was a cross-section of the crystallizing democratic-front movement of the Americas. No government was officially represented but some of the delegates, like those of Mexico and Chile, represented the political parties in power. The popular-front coalition in power in Chile sent seventeen delegates, of whom two were Communists.

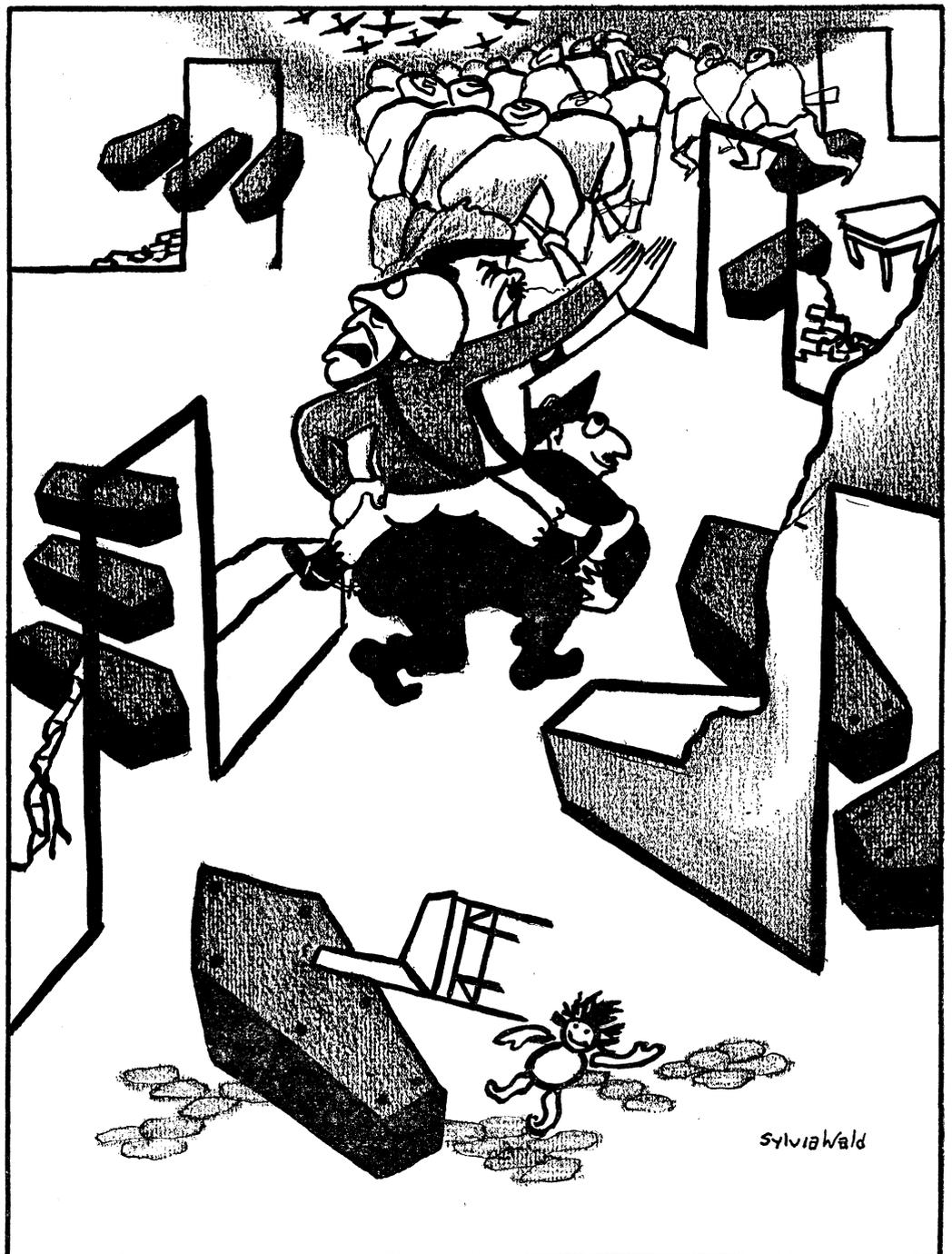
But most of the delegates represented opposition parties, like the Radicals of Argentina, or suppressed parties like the Apristas of Peru. The United States delegation was ably led by Kathryn Lewis, daughter of John L. (representing Labor's Non-Partisan League) and Luigi Antonini (representing the American Labor Party).

## Another Axis

SCIENTISTS of the Rockefeller Foundation report that a serious rival of Hitler has appeared in South America, also with aggressive designs on the United States. He is Anopheles Gambiae, the most dangerous member of the mosquito family, who, since his arrival in Brazil from Africa several years ago, is responsible for the malarial

death of 10 percent of the population of Brazil's state of Ceara. This respectable figure might well arouse Hitler's envy, and more so since the bug men warn us that Anopheles is also clearing off air bases for an attack on the United States. The insect, it is feared in fascist quarters, has an even stronger ideology than Rosenberg and Goebbels have been able to contrive. This is attested to by the fact that Anopheles infects 90 percent of the people in a given area. Even in his wildest Nazified dreams Hitler cannot count as many noses.

A Gallup poll should be taken to determine the lesser of the evils. We'll vote for the one you can swat. We shall also work toward the post-Hitler era when the swatter and the flit gun will constitute the national defense. In the meantime every diplomatic



*Franco Enters Madrid*

Sylvia Wald

step must be taken to prevent the formation of a Hitler-Gambiae axis, as this merger might prove too much for mankind.

## The Story of a Bolt

SAM BARON, whose double-cross before the Dies committee was too much even for his fellows on the *Socialist Call*, used to be a functionary in the United Office and Professional Workers of America. It was Baron's idea that the union ought to organize the employees of other unions. It was a good enough idea, but Baron stopped there. Whenever the union made a real attempt to organize office workers in private industry, Baron held out for organizational incest and threatened to yank his followers from the union. A stronghold of Sam's was among the three hundred-odd employees in the New York office of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

A few weeks ago the office employees of the ILGWU were told by some of their leaders—Trotskyites, as you might suppose—that they were in a pretty anomalous position. They were in the CIO and yet they were out. The union which employed them quit the CIO last summer, but the union into which they were organized was a real CIO stalwart. So the ILGWU employees held a chapter meeting, and the majority of them voted a clean sweep out of the CIO. With them went another group of similar persuasion, the employees of the *Jewish Daily Forward*. The leaders of both groups gave the "Communist-control," "rule or ruin" gag as the reason for coming finally to Sam Baron's point of view.

That is the story of the UOPWA bolt you read of in last week's papers. The press puffed it up out of all proportion, as the press usually does with such stories. They called the chapter a local, thereby giving the impression that they were talking about New York's large Local 16. Actually, no employees in private industry were involved; these people know what exploitation is and they know what the UOPWA has done for them. Next week NEW MASSES will publish an article on the several functions of the union's guiding body, the Joint Council, on its relations to the thousands of exploited white-collar workers who make up the union. These are the people whom the UOPWA serves, and they are well pleased with what they have done for themselves through the union.

## A Strike Is Won

THE American Newspaper Guild has rung up another strike victory in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., where a six-month walk-out against three local dailies has just been concluded. The agreement provides, for em-

ployees in the commercial, editorial, and advertising departments, the forty-hour week, substantial severance pay schedules, and the guild shop for all but a few relatives of the publishers. There were no papers published in Wilkes-Barre during the strike and the newspapermen and women on the picket line were supported by the entire organized labor movement of the hard-coal region.

The united front of labor that won in Wilkes-Barre is well organized in open-shop Chicago, where the guild's biggest strike, against two sheets of William Randolph Hearst, is in its sixteenth week. Chicago's six hundred strikers have been faced with traditional Cicero gangsterism. There is good evidence that Hearst's early circulation wars introduced the gangster technique to Chicago and it is only appropriate that the inventor should take over again when Alcatraz claimed his brightest pupil. The ANG is conducting a nationwide publicity campaign on the advertisers whose continued support of the struck papers is prolonging the strike. The list will be published in our next issue. Chicago is going to smack Hearst with another victory. Get on the bandwagon and help the strike.

## Social Security Taxes

ADMINISTRATION advocates of business "appeasement" seem to have found an ingenious solution in the proposal to postpone or reduce the increase in the social security taxes scheduled for 1940. The tax on employers and workers is slated to rise from 1 to 1½ percent in 1940, and to be stepped up thereafter till it reaches 3 percent in 1949. Secretary Morgenthau has proposed that the increase from 1 to 1½ percent either be omitted next year or reduced to 1¼ or 1⅙ percent. At the same time the administration is planning to abandon the gargantuan "full reserve" principle, under which the old-age-pension fund is expected to reach \$47,000,000,000 by 1980. This is to be replaced by a contingency reserve of between \$2,500,000,000 and \$3,000,000,000.

The modification of the social security taxes may be tactically a shrewd move since it is designed to meet the big business clamor for lower taxes while at the same time it will increase purchasing power by reducing the contribution of workers. It is, however, extremely unlikely that the gentlemen who control the country's wealth and economic life will be content with this concession. On the contrary, it may have the effect of encouraging them in the belief that if they turn on enough heat, they can get what they really are after: repeal of the capital gains and what is left of the corporate surplus taxes and reduction of the levies in the

higher income brackets. Moreover, benefits under the Social Security Act as it now stands are so meager that the contribution of employers might well be increased rather than reduced. That would be a much more effective way of helping both purchasing power and recovery.

## "War Profits" Bill

IF THE "tax the war profits" bill were actually aimed either at war or at profits, there would be every reason for supporting it. This is decidedly not the case, however. The bill can only serve to involve the country in endless disputes about a proper tax rate for wartime; whereas the immediate need is to take active measures to prevent the outbreak of war. It is significant that the most ardent sponsors of the bill are leading reactionaries of both parties, Vandenberg and Bennett Clark. They are joined by Senator Nye, whose isolationism grows more violent every day. The pseudo-liberal appearance of the bill should deceive no one who is aware of the realities of the world situation. In the face of worldwide fascist aggression, it is a tragic mistake to tie the nation into a knot over secondary issues. The real purpose of the "war profits" bill is to divert the current of peace sentiment into the wrong channels.

## Nuremberg Laws in Congress

A NUMBER of bills have been introduced in Congress designed to increase the restrictions on the civil rights of the foreign-born, to make naturalization more difficult, and to prevent American asylum to refugees. The sponsors of the various bills, which specialize in different sections of this Nuremberg program are: Senator Reynolds of North Carolina, who is ably representing Nazi Germany at Washington during the enforced absence of the regular ambassador; Congressman Dempsey of New Mexico (a member of the Dies committee), whose bill provides for the immediate deportation of all aliens who believe in or belong to an organization advocating "any changes in the American form of government"; and, of all people, Congressman Dickstein of New York, who is the father of an innocent bill denying naturalization "to any person who believes in any form of government contrary to that now existing in the United States." There is a real danger that the gates of America, which have been just ajar enough to permit a trickle of the flood of refugees from the fascist terror to ooze through, will be slammed tight by the Reynolds bill.

Write your representative and senator urging them to kill these and all future measures of a similar nature. They are totally repugnant to American traditions and ideals.

# Reader's Forum

ONE type of letter that editors always like to get is the one in which an intelligent reader asks for an informative article on some subject that interests him or her. In this way we can get some idea of the desires of our readers. The next best type of letter is the one knocking or boosting something that appeared in the magazine. In this way editors feel in touch with their readers.

Other letters that make the Reader's Forum interesting are those that give some bit of information about things as the reader sees them: experiences that are worth retelling or enlightening bits of fact that nobody seems to have thought about.

## \$43 a Year for NM

FANG TSU CHEK, a Chinese reader, gives us an insight on what the progressives of China feel NM is worth:

"Although your magazine is not so widely read in this part of the world, Hongkong, which is a British colony, quite near Canton, in South China, it is always recommended among the progressives here, and some of the articles printed therein are often translated into Chinese for publication in the literary pages of some big local dailies. When we first learned that NEW MASSES might cease publication owing to economic difficulties, some of us began to wonder why, in a prosperous country like the United States with a living standard and yearly national income far higher than ours, such a state of affairs should exist. Indeed, it is too bad if NEW MASSES should be forced to stop. We are all willing to help but, as you are well aware, we have not the means to contribute. At the current ruling rate of exchange, a United States dollar is equal to \$6.50 in Chinese national currency and very few of the young progressives here have an income of more than \$60 per month; a yearly subscription to NEW MASSES would cost one \$43. This is by no means a small figure in his budget. Furthermore, this poor income is not for his own living only but for his family of two or three as well. You may well imagine the situation.

"China has been fighting a glorious war, and we are quite sure that we can win the war. We thank you for your recent grant of credit of \$25,000,000. We firmly believe that those democratic nations in the world are on our side, as we are fighting not only for our own existence but also for international justice, world peace, and democracy.

"There is one point which I wish cleared up. Mexico is now a progressive democratic nation, and I have learned much about it from some good periodicals, but still not enough to enable me to understand the rumored contract whereby gasoline is imported into Japan from Mexico. President Cárdenas is quite aware of the fact that to sell gasoline to Japan means to help her to kill thousands of thousands of innocent non-combatants in China and indirectly endanger world democracy."

We understand, Brother Fang, and on the way overseas to you has gone our last issue, March 28, with Hu Williamson's "Mexican Oil: The Inside Story." It should give you facts and figures; we'll keep you posted on what happens next.

## The Young Doctors

THE Bellevue Hospital internes of New York write us:

"Knowing how your publication has always been a champion of progressive legislation in the past, we are asking your aid in the campaign for the Burke bill. This resolution, which raises the monthly salary of internes in city hospitals from \$15 to \$35, has just been passed unanimously by the New York City Council. . . . A generous flow of letters to the Board of Estimate will ensure its passage by that body."

Not only that, but NM will run a two-part article exposing the whole feudal setup of internship in the big New York hospitals that claim to be so much better than elsewhere. Doctors, one of the most valuable professional groups in society, are oftentimes treated worse than unorganized unskilled labor. But they are organizing.

## Father and Son

D. N. PRITT, K.C., M.P. of London, keeps informed about America with NM. Over here we've been quoted in the *Congressional Record*. Perhaps we shall enliven Hansard yet. Writes Parliamentary Pritt:

"In response to your appeal of February 23, I am happy to send you a contribution of £2 towards the New MASSES \$30,000 fund. I know the excellence of your paper and the value of the work it is doing, and I hope it will be able to continue and extend this work."

## Harvard Redeemed

A. H. of New York pens us a reflection on his Alma Mater.

"It's almost ten years since I graduated from Harvard and, for the life of me, the few times that I think of it at all, I still can't figure out that it meant much in my life as it has turned out. In fact I'm usually ashamed of having spent four years in those parts. Occasionally, though, I'm proud of having attended that university. One of those times was today when I read Granville Hicks' article in NEW MASSES of February 21, on the late Robert Hallowell—one fine Harvard man writing about another; writing a piece that had subtlety, feeling, and punch, and that came back to you later and made you read it again."

## "Ourselves and Germany"

J. B. of St. Paul dropped Brother Forsythe a letter which he turned over to us. It contains a Little Gem review of Lord Londonderry's book *Ourselves and Germany*. J. B. thinks that Lord Londonderry doesn't exist; that no such person could. Alas, he does, as any member of the English public can regretfully inform you.

"I am normally a trustful person, and as I think back I can remember only one other time when I finished a book of personal experience and said, there is no such man. That other book was *The Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge*. You remember the delightful feeling of unreality that kept you suspended while you went from one chapter to the next, knowing all the time that this couldn't last, and yet it did, and you finished the book, and looked the name up in *Who's Who*, and still you couldn't believe that the man existed.

"And now this Londonderry has done it all over again, in a book with two prefaces, a chapter introductory, postscripts I and II, and an appendix. When I was scarcely through with the second

preface I thought: this is perfect; Forsythe must write it up. But then as I went on, the doubt came and grew, and then I knew that there was no such man as Londonderry. It's Forsythe himself, up to his old tricks, creating out of his scorn and wit and contempt a being truer than life, one of those allegorical creatures that will live when the Chamberlains and Lady Astors are dead and forgotten. Who was the king of Spain when Don Quixote was born? Who ruled in France when Gargantua drank the valley dry?

"The marquis has for more than five years, as he says in the first preface, 'pleaded for a better understanding of Germany.' The book is the substance of the five-year plea. But it is more than that. A plea for a better understanding, even of Germany, must in the long run become little more than a list of arguments involving abstractions like geography, economics, and politics.

"*Ourselves and Germany* is all of this; but it is also a Great Human Document. Tucked in between Chapter IV ('Germany Rearms') and Chapter VI ('Germany Helps Herself') is a lyrical interlude, 'My First German Visit.' This is the longest chapter in the book, and we should be thankful for it, for not since the days of the Rover Boys has anything appeared to equal it in the literature of good-clean-fun. The visit starts with a dinner at General Goering's. A wonderful concert follows, and after the concert a film (of the Führer delivering a speech). 'General Goering then showed us various museum pieces of immense value which decorated the room, pictures, statues, books, etc. Amongst other things we were shown a sketch done by Hitler from the trenches during the war which was rough but artistic.'

"Rough but artistic—there is the title for your article, Mr. Forsythe: 'Rough but Artistic.'

"He visits Hitler, who is disturbed because people think he wants to attack Russia. 'That would be practically impossible, as a strip of land seven hundred kilometers broad, thank heaven, divides us from Russia.'

"Humble, pious Adolf (but how about the bottom of page 76, m'lud, and that significant paragraph at the top of page 172?).

"He is taken to a labor camp, 'which seems to me to be run on excellent lines. It is a six months' course and I should say had a most beneficial effect on boys after they have left school.'

"The next day he visits the Winter Olympic Games. Hitler is also there 'and at the closing ceremony was loudly cheered by 100,000 people. This was one of the most remarkable demonstrations I have ever seen.'

"You get the drift, Mr. Forsythe. And the book proceeds, through 'Recent Developments,' and 'Conclusions,' and the postscripts, where you get the loveliest explanations of the *Anschluss* and the Munich Festival. It would be heartless to try to sum that up in a few words, and practically impossible, because as Godesberg follows Berchtesgaden and Munich succeeds Godesberg, m'lud's sentences become longer and longer. They run together and they flow on until you get the impression of a dull tireless man gargling endlessly at your side, afraid to take a breath, afraid to stop.

"At last comes 'Peace,' and the postscripts end, but the book does not, for there is still the appendix. Here the marquis graciously opens, if not his heart, at least his letter file, and you see them before you—the massed billets doux from the Gas-house Gang—Hitler, Goering, Grandi, von Papen, telling how they liked the book (though Hitler doesn't actually say he read it) and how they liked Londonderry and how glad they are that Londonderry liked them, and it's roses, roses all the way."

# Edmund Wilson: To the Munich Station

V. J. Jerome examines Wilson's pseudo-Marxist counsel of despair and retreat as a specialized literary service to fascism.

*Mich ängstet, wenn die Vipern Liebe girren,  
Und Wolf und Esel Freiheitslieder flöten—*  
Heine\*

QUOTING Marx to prove him anti-Marx is a time-worn tactic to which his opponents resort when their arsenal of arguments is emptied. Nothing is more ludicrous than the sight of an inverted Diogenes groping with dim lantern for a possible untruth, hidden somewhere, under the jot of an *i* or the tittle of a *t* in one of the volumes of *Das Kapital*.

Furtive anti-Marxists frequently employ this tactic, using "Marxian" citations as protective coloration. The compulsion toward such practices must be set down as a tribute to the potency of Marxian thought in modern society. But this in no way lessens the need for vigilance against the insidious device.

A sample of such devil's citing Scripture is an article by Edmund Wilson in the *New Republic* for February 8. Wilson attempts to clear himself for "taking refuge in an Emersonian individualism at a time when the fate of civilization depends on concerted action"—a reproach which, he tells us, has lately been brought against him "by the left." He states as his defense that "it is foolish to go through the gestures of playing a role in radical movements at a time when the existing left-wing parties are either antiquated, corrupt, or academic, at a time when there is nothing useful that a professional writer can do for them except to criticize their fundamental ideas." And such criticism, he concludes, can at present come best "from a point of view outside the factions."

The philistine self-righteousness with which such a fugitive from action as Edmund Wilson clothes the nakedness of his flight could be passed by with scant comment. The world has known runagates and has heard their strident defenses. Here, however, we have an attempt to justify defection with text from the founders of Communism!

Wilson cites from the Marx-Engels correspondence of mid-February 1851. On February 11 Marx wrote to Engels that he was:

... much pleased with the public and authentic isolation in which we find ourselves now, you and I. It perfectly corresponds with our principles and our position. The system of reciprocal concessions, of half-measures tolerated only in order to keep up appearances, and the obligation to share in public

with all these asses in the general absurdity of the party—all that is done with now.

In his reply of two days later, quoted almost entire, Engels similarly exclaims:

... haven't we for God knows how many years been pretending that Tom, Dick, and Harry were our party, when we really haven't had any party and when the people who, at least officially, we counted as belonging to our party ... didn't understand even the rudiments of what we were getting at? How can people like us, who avoid official positions like the plague, even find ourselves at home in a "party"?

In these and further passages Mr. Wilson professes to find "Marxian" sanction for his "Emersonian individualism"—with what specious claim, any student of Marxism, even an abecedarian like Edmund Wilson, must realize.

To understand the position taken by Marx and Engels in 1851, one must know the complete political setting of the time; and such understanding cannot possibly come from the distorted picture presented by Mr. Wilson to his *New Republic* readers.

The revolutionary waves of 1848 had ebbed. The renewed risings in the spring of '49 had been put down. The long-resisting Hungarian insurrectionary forces had been crushed, with Russian troops. In Germany, the liberal bourgeoisie, having looked upon France and therefore come to fear the independent action of the proletariat, early deserted to the side of reaction. The democratic urban petty-bourgeoisie, irresolute, held back when history summoned it to conduct the assault. The proletariat, though developing its independent class movement, was still too immature to lead the bourgeois-betrayed peasantry. In France, the June days, drowned in the blood of the Parisian proletariat, were followed by further triumphs of reaction. On June 13, 1849, a year after deserting its proletarian ally, the

petty-bourgeoisie of Paris (Nemesis of history!) sustained decisive defeat. That day, set apart for protest against the dispatch of a French army to quell the Italian republicans—an act menacing the French Constitution of 1848—ended in victory for reaction. The summer of 1850 saw universal suffrage abolished in France, with no upflare of the revolution in answer.

Throughout Europe the White Terror was rampant; the workers' movement was forced to recede.

Signs of an imminent revolutionary resurgence were nowhere visible. A period of capitalist prosperity set in, marking for European capital a movement of great upswing, an important factor being the discovery of gold in California and in Australia. Marx and Engels realized that until there should be another deep-going economic crisis such as had ravaged Europe in 1847 the precondition for a new revolutionary rising would be lacking. In the autumn of 1850 they wrote in the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*:

With this general prosperity, in which the productive forces of bourgeois society develop as luxuriantly as is at all possible within bourgeois relationships, there can be no talk of a real revolution. Such a revolution is only possible in the periods when both these factors, the modern productive forces and the bourgeois production forms, come in collision with one another.

Marx and Engels excoriated the liberal bourgeoisie for betraying the proletariat and leaving the bourgeois-democratic revolution unconsummated; but as historical materialists they saw the newly entrenched capitalist class in its progressive role. They saw it developing the productive forces of society along the course of capital accumulation, in which feudal remainders and provincial separatisms would give way to concentrated production and territorial consolidation; in which, preeminently, the proletariat, now weak and not fully stratified as a class, would grow vastly in numbers and in organization.

In this insight, Marx and Engels were opposed by a leading circle in the Communist League—the group of Willich and Schapper. Lacking the objective approach of scientific Communism, this emigrant faction fell victim to romanticism and adventurism. Desperate at the straits of the revolution, unable to discern the contending forces and to gauge their strength, its members counted dangerously on a speedy revival of the insurrectionary movement. Relying on the revolutionary ardor of



Sid Gotcliffe

\* I fear me when vipers coo of love,  
And wolf and ass flute songs of freedom—



Sid Gotcliffe

Keep Abreast! Read---

# NATIONAL ISSUES

A Survey of Politics and  
Legislation

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★★★★

## National Issues

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their limited circles of followers, they bent their efforts toward a putsch. In such a situation the league could not maintain its cohesion. In September 1850 the Central Committee was split, the majority going with Marx and Engels.

After the split the Central Board was transferred to Cologne. But the board remained unrecognized by the Willich-Schapper minority, which, in the decisive London district, was the controlling factor. Two years later, following the Cologne Communist Trial and the imprisonment of a number of its leading members, the Communist League was dissolved.

Marx, who moved for the dissolution, tells us that the decision was motivated by two main considerations—the failure of all connections with the Continent since the arrests in Germany in the spring of 1851, and the fact that a propaganda society of that type could not adapt itself to the new conditions. (Karl Marx: *Herr Vogt*, London, p. 36.)

Shortly afterwards the Willich-Schapper "separatist-league"—*Sonderbund*—so named by Marx, gave up its existence. On the occasion of the split, Marx thus presented the issue:

The minority replaces the critical attitude with dogma, the materialist viewpoint with an idealist one. Mere will instead of the real relations becomes in its eyes the driving force of the revolution. While we say to the workers, "You have fifteen, twenty, fifty years of civil wars and popular struggles to go through, not only to change existing conditions, but also to change yourselves in order to render yourselves capable of political rule," you say on the contrary, "We must come to power at once or we must abjectly give up!" While we particularly call the attention of the German workers to the undeveloped state of the German proletariat, you flatter most grossly the nationalism and the caste prejudices of the German artisan, which, of course, is more popular. [Karl Marx: *Enthüllungen über den Kommunistenprozess zu Köln*.]

The split in the league, and its passing from the scene, reflected the political demoralization that had set in, not only in a section of the leadership but amidst the membership. The ultra-left Willich-Schapper camp in reality capitulated to the pressure of the anti-proletarian democrats, who dreamed of returning with nationalist armies to their lands where the revolution had been defeated. The adventurism of the vulgar democrats easily played upon the putschism of the "inveterate revolutionists" (Engels' sobriquet for Schapper and his associates). Engels succinctly characterized that trend in his *History of the Communist League*, published some thirty-five years later:

This cool estimation of the position [set forth in 1850 by Marx and himself in the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, as quoted above], however, was regarded as heresy by many persons, at a time when Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc, Mazzini, Kossuth, and, among the lesser German lights, Ruge, Kinkel, Gögg, and the rest of them crowded in London to form provisional governments of the future not only for their respective fatherlands but for the whole of Europe, and where the only thing still necessary was to obtain the requisite money from America as

a loan for the revolution to realize at a moment's notice the European revolution and the various republics which went with it as a matter of course. Can anyone be surprised that a man like Willich was taken in by this and that Schapper also allowed himself to be fooled owing to his old revolutionary impulse, and that the majority of the London workers, to a large extent refugees themselves, followed them into the camp of the bourgeois-democratic revolution makers? It suffices to say that the reserve maintained by us was not to the mind of these people; one was supposed to enter into the game of revolution making; we most decisively refused to do so.

Clearly, Marx and Engels could not lend their names and authority to a supposedly revolutionary camp that was blurring its identity by consorting with a heterogeneous emigration center committed to a program of illusion and adventure. They could not adhere to a "party" that was in no true sense a party. This explains the "keeping oneself independent" of party which Wilson endeavors to twist "at present" into an excuse for an anti-party cult. This explains Engels' quotation marks about the word "party" in the letter cited by Wilson, who blandly ignores them in his comments—not through unfamiliarity with Engels' irony, which is a literary quality and therefore within the orbit of Mr. Wilson's comprehension. Marx and Engels, in these letters, closely anticipated the dissolution of a league that, having performed an historic task as a secret propaganda society, was no longer suited to the new conditions and had spent itself as an organization. Theirs was a withdrawal from lingering utopianism and sectarianism—a withdrawal from isolation.

But was that a recession from the struggle, or from the vanguard role in it? Who but the traducer that must dignify his detraction with pseudo-Marxism can allege this?

The world knows that for Marx and Engels, as for Lenin and Stalin in our time, the alpha and omega of scientific Communism was its party nature. Their immortal Communist Manifesto was by historic necessity entitled *The Manifesto of the Communist Party*. The working class in struggle was to them inconceivable save in terms of its "most advanced and resolute section," the political fore-rank that clearly understands "the line of march."

Their struggle against alien class currents in the Communist League, and their separation from them, were part of the inevitable process of preparing for the formation and consolidation of the proletarian party. It was the pioneer stage of their lifelong warfare against opportunism of the Right and the "Left"—their colossal conflicts with the Proudhonists, Lassalleans, and Bakuninists—to safeguard the integrity of the party. This struggle for the party was in later epochs waged under new conditions by Lenin and Stalin.

A conversation between Marx, Engels, and Techow, member of a secret society of German refugees in Switzerland, on Aug. 21, 1850, has been recorded. Techow, whom Marx and Engels had endeavored to win over, reported



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to his organization in Switzerland: "They are concerned with the cause and with the organization of a strong, consolidated, proletarian party." (Carl Vogt, *Mein Prozess gegen die Allgemeine Zeitung*, Geneva, 1859, p. 145; Techow's letter is also cited by Marx in his *Herr Vogt*, pp. 32-49.) Marx and Engels were determined, even at the time of the split in the Communist League, to build a party "in the larger historical sense," a party possessed of the "strength of historical necessity." The epochal advance toward realizing that party was the Workingmen's International Association of their founding: the magnificent First International.

In the celebrated Inaugural Address of the International, Marx formulated the principle on which the vanguard party of the proletariat is based: "Numbers weigh in the balance only if united by combination and led by knowledge."

Such is the Communist Party of today.

It is a party founded on monolithic unity, disciplined and democratic. Can anyone imagine the anti-fascist struggle without it? Such rancorous adjectives as "antiquated," "corrupt," "academic" resound weakly against the resilient tactics and methods of work constantly tested in struggle; against the splendid morale and high social responsibility; against the ever alert, ever persistent battling for the people's daily needs, which characterize the Communists. With 100,000 members and a mass influence on many times that number, the Communist Party of the United States is no "faction" in the "radical movement," as Mr. Wilson would like to have it. Striking deeper and deeper roots among the basic sections of workers in the country's principal industries, its members are the staunchest of trade unionists. With its forces active among the unemployed, the farmers, the youth, the white-collar workers and professionals; with a record of unceasing championship of Negro rights—this party reflects the length and breadth of America. Inheritor of the principles and practice of Marxism, the party of Lenin and Stalin, political leader of the working class and broad sections of the people, demonstrates to them through their own experiences the need for organized unity and for guidance by a clearly conceived program—"united by combination and led by knowledge." It works tirelessly for the people's democratic front, stimulating labor's growth and unification. In the crucial present, when the Munich-men abroad and at home are plotting the betrayal of democracy here to fascism, the Communist Party rallies all who cherish the great democratic attainments of our past struggles, to unite for social and national security. Its vital role can be gauged as much by the fear and discomfort that its advance registers among the Tories and fascists as by the visible growth of its authority among the progressive-minded people of the land.

Certainly Wilson is not wholly ignorant of these widely known truths.

Wilson's heralding of his retreat (though

no one had heard of his advance) has the artful undertones of blaming the betrayed in order to clear the betrayer. His "counsels of solitary diligence and moral self-dependence" are merely his sanctimonious way of saying: *unity in struggle is not worthy of us*. This makes necessary, of course, violence to history, false parallelism between the period of reaction following the defeat of the 1848 revolutions and the situation today, when Munich is by no means the last word and the anti-fascist forces of the world are intensifying their struggle.

Edmund Wilson would atomize society as Flaubert atomized prose style—Flaubert, whose letters counseling "let the water run by" he reproduces alongside Engels' letter to show "the similarity between the responses to the same historical situation of a great revolutionary political thinker and a great traditional literary artist" (sic!). This High Priest of letters cynically attempts to force a parallel between the world outlook of Engels and that of Flaubert who, sick of private literary squabbles, says of himself, "I'm simply a bourgeois who likes a retired life in the country." It is this "retired life in the country" which Wilson offers as a program for America today!

In the sorry spectacle of Edmund Wilson are the consequences of arrogance and self-aggrandizement at the expense of the wholesome modesty of the proletariat.

"Take Communism away from the Communists" was his airy prelude of some years ago; it has been his leitmotif and is now his swansong.

A "Communism" which did not include the fighting advance-guard of the working class, a "Communism" without Leninists, a "Communism" without a Communist Party—what could be a more welcome vision to the libertarians of the Liberty League haunted by the ominous specter in the Communist Manifesto?

Hitler set out to take Socialism away from the Socialist movement. He now has an ally in Mr. Wilson's idol, Trotsky.

Only impostors like Edmund Wilson speak of Marxism as if it were a metaphysical concept floating in space for anyone to appropriate and exploit. Only such presume to quote Marx to deny the truth that Marxism is the scientifically formulated theory and practice of the working class, *made operative through the leadership of the Communist Party*.

Of a man far greater and therefore more modest than the Edmund Wilsons, it was stated:

If these gentlemen only knew how Marx thought his best things were still not good enough for the workers and how he regarded it as a crime to offer the workers anything less than the very best! [Engels to Conrad Schmidt, Aug. 5, 1890.]

And Stalin's greatest pride is that he is a "disciple of Lenin."

Looking at such claimants to Marxism as the Wilsons of his day, Marx said: "All I know is that I am not a Marxist."

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Edmund Wilson has written his *Apologia pro Perfidia Sua*. The *New Republic* covers it with the title, "The Writer as Individualist." But, as its contents prove, the individualist is never a complete individual; the complete individual has his eye on the target, and the target is not a mirror.

Wilson's counsel to withdraw from the fight in the present moment is his specialized, literary service to fascism. Gayda and Goebels (also "writer-individualists") are wrathful at Roosevelt for not committing America to "Emersonian individualism." But their exhortations from overseas must be echoed within the land. And what colleague of the pen is more welcome than he who tinsels their briefs with "Marxism"?      V. J. JEROME.

## Gestapo in Yorkville

John L. Spivak, Leon Turrou, Richard Rowan on Nazi spies.

SINCE the death of Paul Y. Anderson, John L. Spivak is about the sole remaining example of the kind of reporter who doesn't chase ambulances: ambulances chase him. He doesn't have to start his dispatches "informed circles report." He is the Informed Circles. When he writes about spies, he gives the spies' names, addresses, telephone numbers, and distinguishing marks, if any. In addition, he caught on long ago to the reason all the spies he ran across were fascists. Fascism, as the contrast becomes more obvious between its speeches and its actions, must maintain itself with secret police at home and spies abroad. *Secret Armies* (Modern Age, 50 cents) draws some deadly parallels between the methods of Nazi spies in Czechoslovakia and in Central America. It goes from France to Central America to Mexico, then to the Dies committee and our own front doorstep. The material in it, as in any book got together by Spivak, is sensational. For example: in a chapter on Mexico Spivak describes the activities of a character named Baron Hans Heinrich von Holleuffer, 36 Danubio St., Mexico City, no visible means of support. Besides having a domestic staff of some of the prettiest girls in Mexico, Baron von Holleuffer, says Spivak, indulges in gun running. About ten days after *Secret Armies* appeared, the Mexican Political Police called on the baron, asked him a few questions, were not particularly astonished to learn that Spivak had his facts right, and promptly sent the baron back to Germany. Since then there have been other arrests, and some of the most prominent citizens of the German and Italian colonies have been getting their bags packed. Every member of Congress has a copy of *Secret Armies* (sent them by Walter Winchell) and there is no reason to suppose that the Federal Bureau of Investigation has not read it, but so far as has been reported, the German and Italian agents in the United States do not seem particularly perturbed.

Mr. Spivak is earnestly anti-fascist; Leon G. Turrou is a former agent of the Federal

Bureau of Investigation, assigned by accident to the big spy case a year ago; Richard Wilmer Rowan is a professional authority on spies. Neither Mr. Turrou nor Mr. Rowan has half of Mr. Spivak's zeal, but because fascists are doing the only spying in the United States worth anything, all three of their books go over the same ground. Mr. Spivak's book costs the least and is easily the most breath-taking. The principal thing which Mr. Turrou's book (*Nazi Spies in America*, Random House, \$2) has to contend with is the E. Phillips Oppenheim tradition of spy fiction, in which all the women are knockouts and nobody has an IQ of less than 175. In real life spies must be sufficiently commonplace to pass as plumbers or barbers or hairdressers on board the *S.S. Europa*. Nobody would ever tell Madeleine Carroll any military secrets—she is too good-looking. Johanna Hoffman, now serving four years in federal prison, apparently has quite nice hair, but she wouldn't put you in mind of Madeleine Carroll, which was always a great disappointment to Mr. Turrou. Mr. Turrou, you remember, resigned from the FBI at four-thirty one afternoon last year and began telling all to David Wittels of the *New York Post* at five. *Nazi Spies in America* is a longer, slightly more temperate version of the *Post* articles. Immediately upon his resignation Mr. Turrou went into a defensive crouch, his right fist cocked under his chin. To some people the *Post* transaction had seemed a little sordid (a great detective shouldn't think about the syndicate rights), and Mr. Turrou had unquestionably let his chief culprits, Griebel and Gudenberg, get away. Also, the great trial itself, at least in the eyes of the metropolitan press, was a flop.

Many of the stories in Mr. Rowan's *Secret Agents Against America* (Doubleday, Doran & Co., \$2) are well known by this time. Everyone has heard about the Japanese barbers in the Canal Zone, who don't do much hair-cutting, and the Japanese fleet, which fishes in Central American waters but is really not a fishing fleet at all. More startling is Mr. Rowan's description of the Gestapo's American expeditionary force, operating from German consulates, which has introduced the methods of calculated terrorism among "Germans-living-abroad." The beating last year of the crippled German-American editor Charles Weiss, says Mr. Rowan, was not done by the German-American Bund. The Bund has another function, to wait more or less impatiently for the day when Hitler can no longer win his victories by the simple threat of force, when Germany will need well armed, well trained *sabotage* armies all over the world. Every Bund member is a potential saboteur. Half a dozen homemade bombs a day could tie up the New York subway system.

The authors of all three of these books point the same political moral, though only Mr. Spivak did it on purpose, and Mr. Turrou would deny that he had done anything of the kind: fascism must be fought not only on the Rhine and around the Panama Canal, but also in the Café Hindenburg in Yorkville. That

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Pearl Buck's new novel on China  
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THERE are many satisfying and many ex-  
 asperating moments in Pearl Buck's new  
 book about China (*The Patriot*, John Day Co.,  
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 writes like a Nobel Prize winner who appre-  
 ciates the historical significance of China's  
 inspired resistance to the Japanese terror.  
 There are others when she writes like the  
 slickest of *Ladies Home Journal* authors, and  
 at these times she reduces history to an un-  
 convincing conflict between love and honor,  
 passion and reason, culture and revolution.

Miss Buck's talents and limitations have  
 never stood out so clearly. A master of simple  
 narrative, she writes with a lucid and dig-  
 nified assurance that compels respect. Her  
 China is highly idealized, of course, but it is  
 at least a China that most Americans find  
 sympathetic and comprehensible. Yet her clar-  
 ity of form, while it hypnotizes readers and  
 provides them with a sense of understanding  
 really difficult things, is obtained at the ex-  
 pense of penetrating insight into character  
 and actual grappling with issues. The surface  
 is lovely, but thin—too thin, in this novel, to  
 withstand the pressures of the revolutionary  
 situations and heroes that emerge from the  
 underlying logic of the story.

The novel is divided into three sections.  
 The first deals with events in Shanghai just  
 before the catastrophic betrayal of Chiang Kai-  
 shek in 1927. I-wan, the son of a very wealthy  
 banker, becomes associated with a group of  
 revolutionary students under the leadership  
 of En-lan. Miss Buck is at her best in these  
 pages, even though her understanding of the  
 psychology and politics of the Communists is  
 limited. These young people who meet in se-  
 cret are confused at times with terrorists, but  
 they are portrayed with sympathy. En-lan's  
 letter to I-wan, explaining the desperate life  
 of the peasants in his village and the circum-  
 stances which drew him to the revolutionary  
 movement, is an eloquent and stirring docu-  
 ment.

But the betrayal of 1927 breaks I-wan's  
 spirit. He is sent by his father to Japan,  
 where he spends many years quite oblivious to  
 what is going on back home. The excessively  
 long Japanese interlude forms the second part  
 of the novel. In the third section, I-wan re-  
 turns to China to fight for his country's in-  
 dependence, despite his personal loyalty to his  
 Japanese wife. He meets En-lan, after all these  
 years, and discovers that his old friend is now

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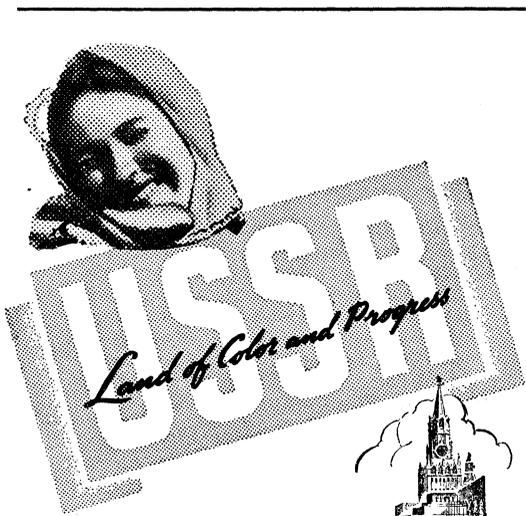
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a leader of the Eighth Route Army. I-wan takes his stand with China's united forces.

It is clear that Miss Buck, like I-wan, is an ardent supporter of the People's Army. She suggests the ruthlessness of the invaders and the heroic resistance of the Chinese people under a regenerated Chiang Kai-shek. In this respect, *The Patriot* is a welcome addition to anti-fascist literature. But it is neither a major nor an entirely accurate one. For Miss Buck's fictional account of the former Red Army is at odds with the first-hand observations of Agnes Smedley, Edgar Snow, and James Bertram. It is utterly fantastic, for example, to suggest that the Eighth Route Army resorts to unnecessary physical torture of captured Japanese troops. I-wan is properly horrified at the spectacle of cruelty for cruelty's sake, but so would En-lan be in real life.

There is a larger distortion underlying this one, however, and that is Miss Buck's insistence that the Communists are perpetual revolutionists by temperament, as it were. They will continue to make trouble to the end of time, Miss Buck implies, while her protagonist, I-wan, will settle down after victory to the quiet and cultured life of peace. The Eighth Route Army, presumably, is good enough to drive out the Japanese but not very much good for anything else. Men like En-lan, we are led to conclude, will make a war somehow even if there is no war at hand. They do not understand "enlightenment and knowledge, order and grace." Such a view is neither grateful nor true.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

**Brief Review**

"My Life and History" by Berta Szeps, has European setting.

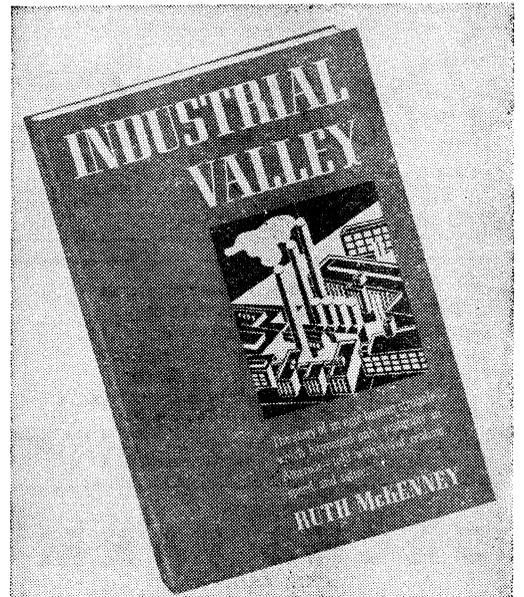
IN THIS book (*My Life and History*, by Berta Szeps; Alfred A. Knopf, \$3) European history unreeals as a sport affair. It becomes a Machiavelian but decorous matching of wits, a parlor game participated in by diplomats, clever women, and leading artists of the day. Battles and bullets, human lives and suffering are ignored. Peoples are juggled, wars fomented, treaties made by the adept during music festivals, art exhibitions, or a premiere of Gustav Mahler. In all of this international manipulation Mme. Szeps played her part.

As secretary to her father, Moritz Szeps, and through her family connection with Paul Clemenceau, Berta Szeps became a leading figure in the Austrian drama which culminated in the secret negotiations with France for a separate peace during the World War, and ended with the tragic *Anschluss* by Hitler.

Reading this book, despite its chitchat and merely entertaining gossip, one realizes how deeply the Austrian people have always respected freedom, and feels their present ignominy all the more deeply. Once again the Western democracies, England and France, are to blame. Had Lloyd George granted Austria's post-war rehabilitation loan, and Dollfuss been given economic and moral support, Hitler's German Nazi Party propaganda would have been impossible.

HELEN BURLIN.

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# Eisenstein Resurgent

The master of Soviet films presents America with "Alexander Nevsky," Prokofiev, Tisse, and Cherkassov. An epic movie of German invasion seven hundred years ago.

SIX HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN years ago this week there was a cavalry battle on the ice of Lake Peipus in Great Russia between the invading Order of Teutonic Knights and the people of the city and countryside around Novgorod under the command of a local prince named Alexander Nevsky. That Sergei Eisenstein has found this engagement, lost in the dusk of history, to make a towering political parable for feverish 1939 is a characteristic of making motion pictures in the Soviet Union. In *Alexander Nevsky*, now at the Cameo (N. Y.), Eisenstein has organized a film on a colossal scale, employing the world's greatest cameraman, Edward Tisse; Sergei Prokofiev's musical score; Nikolai Cherkassov, certainly the most versatile and impressive actor in the films; a speaking cast of illustrious Soviet actors; and thousands of extras recruited from clubs and factories around Moscow. The great scale of the conception has been controlled and shaped into a magnificent, an incomparable motion picture.

The theme is as big as these seven hundred years. The people's fight against tyranny, traitors, invaders, schisms, exploitation takes different forms and new tactics, but the conflict itself will never change until the people have won socialism and translated the conflict into what it was at the birth of time—man against nature.

In 1238 Russia was overrun by Tartars who consolidated their victory by exacting slaves and goods. In the fourth year of their occupation only the principedom of Novgorod remained free. Historically Alexander Nevsky was the son of the prince of Novgorod but Eisenstein omits the father to tell the story of Nevsky, who rallied the people against a much more deadly invader than the Tartars—the German knights who left no stone standing and no one breathing when they moved in in 1242. Eisenstein and Tisse create these German murderers with awesome effectiveness. The costuming of the picture is theatrically masterful—black double eagles on white capes for the Teutonic Knights, who wear casks like inverted buckets with cross-shaped vents. The costumes suggest Nazis, Inquisitionists, Ku Kluxers, Black Legionnaires—symbols of whatever dark band has plagued mankind down through history. The director arranges stunning tableaux in the German camp; Tisse's camera will hold on one of these meetings, the knights kneeling silently in a phalanx before an altar where a misshaped monk in a black cowl plays a hoarse fugue on a portable organ, fanned by bellows. The wind ripples the snowy capes; Tisse holds it for a minute and you see the

greatest film images since *Que Viva Mexico*. For the first time Tisse is using Super-X film, as his director is first using sound, and the pair who made the greatest silent chapters in film history easily invade and conquer the multiplicities of the enlarged medium.

Eisenstein's romantic flair is evident in the symbols of costuming. The half-dozen chief knights carry heraldic devices standing atop their casks—an iron falcon's claw, a palm upraised à la Hitler, boars' horns. The foot troops of the invaders, made up of conscripted serfs, are imaginatively costumed with half-helmets, shaped like contemporary German ones, except that they extend to the tip of the nose with a slit for the eyes. The infantry are uniformly a head smaller than the great proud knights, and they run about as agilely as squirrels, half robot in their iron shells. The knights in their solid armor are tanks, ponderously sweeping across the ice in a close-formed wedge against the Russian militia.

The battle is the first one I have seen in the films which can be understood in a military sense. Without aerial views or charts Eisenstein has deployed his armies, and used his sparse dialogue, to give a sharp sense of maneuvers. Battles in previous films have

conveyed the story of what individuals and groups are doing, but never the whole panorama.

Alexander Nevsky's military tactic was audacious: when the people of Novgorod call on him to lead them he says, "For the wrong done Russia I'll fight." Another says, "You're right. We'll defend ourselves." "Defend ourselves?" says Nevsky, "I don't know how! We too will attack; attack without limit!" He chooses to meet the Germans who have just burned and sacked Pskov, at Lake Peipus, where the German cavalry will be hampered by the icy footing on the lake.

The German knights charge magnificently, coming up over the low horizon of the lake, pennons flying, toward a third of the Russian foot standing with spears near a large rock thrusting up from the ice. Nevsky, with one force, and a lieutenant with another, are on either side waiting for the charge to penetrate. Then they rush in on the flanks, unseating the knights with pikes and battle axes. As the knights retreat, the ice breaks under the weight of their armor and they drown in the icy lake.

The Russians celebrate the victory by marching into Pskov with their captives, wild horns and flutes blowing. For the several sequences involving ancient instruments Prokofiev has written some of his most effective music. Nevsky asks the people what disposition shall be made of the captives. The German gentlemen knights will be traded for soap; the traitors and leaders of the invaders are executed; and the common soldiers are set free. Nevsky speaks to these captives in the closing of the picture: "Go home and tell all in foreign lands that Russia lives. Let them come to us as guests, but if anyone comes to us with the sword, he shall perish by the sword. On this the Russian land stands and will stand."

Cherkassov, in these large words, speaks for Russia today and he is facing Hitler when he says them. Not for 697 years or 697 more will German tyranny defile great Russia, but the day is nearer when free Germans may come as guests.

Eisenstein, as *New York Times* readers know, was a victim of one of those "Stalin purges." He had spent two years making a picture which turned out so dead wrong in its confused mysticism that it was never shown. The purge consisted of telling Eisenstein to go off to the Black Sea resorts for a couple of months and sleep it off. All the little Trotskyist people squeaked that a great artist was being persecuted and solemn articles were written in Trotskyist bladders having circulations of ten people to the effect that



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Stalin had snuffed out art. It must have been an awfully big concentration camp Eisenstein made this picture in. I know a couple of hundred people in Hollywood who will try like hell to get purged after they see *Alexander Nevsky*.

"BIZARRE BIZARRE"

Why the French should try screwball comedy is a puzzle to me and, I daresay, to Jean Lenauer of the Filmarte Theater (N. Y.). *Bizarre Bizarre* has a wonderful bunch of talent: Françoise Rosay, Louis Jovet, Michel Simon, and Jean Louis Barrault of *The Puritan*, but it is most disheartening to witness one surefire situation after another falling with a dull thud. Somewhere in the seventeen plots that have been assembled in *Bizarre Bizarre* there is supposed to be some French satire on the English but I'm in my right mind and I couldn't find any. Maybe you will want to attend to see knobby M. Jovet in kilts. They do it better in Hollywood. My God, I'm slipping.

JAMES DUGAN.

## Bauman Concert

An exciting performance of songs of everyday life.

As is the case with many of the clichés associated with the world of music, the word "debut" has some miserable connotations. It usually means that a young artist has raised enough money to give an uptown concert; that he is not expected to be very good; that the program is to consist of works which have been drummed into his head by unrelenting teachers; and that the audience of family and friends is generously augmented by the distribution of passes. Happily, none of this applies to Mordecai Bauman's first Town Hall (N. Y.) concert, March 19, which NEW MASSES sponsored.

From the moment Bauman appeared on the stage, he proved himself a mature artist, possessed of a strikingly rich baritone voice of rare breadth and vitality. He brought to his performance an interpretative ability which gives him ranking with those few great artists who are able to convey the intellectual purport of a song. These qualities made Bauman's performance genuinely exciting, and each song encouraged the audience to attempt new heights in applause.

But this concert had a meaning over and above the personal success of Bauman. For the first time, Town Hall echoed to songs which expressed ideas other than those related to love, sleep, night, churchyards, etc.—those drugs which are supposed to make the concert hall an inviolate sanctuary of unreality. It was the kind of concert for which many of us have waited a long time; a concert which admitted that the business of living and making music did not end in 1900—one, rather, which gave voice to the impulses and actions of present-day living.

For the most part, it has fallen to the lot

of composers to carry the responsibility of a progressive music. Whereas the composer is a free agent in the expression of his own ideas, the singer, on the other hand, is at the mercy of the song literature which exists, and it is there that he must seek the music which will convey his outlook on life and art. It is no coincidence, then, that two-thirds of Bauman's concert was made up of songs by living composers. But what about the other third? Has Schubert something to say to Mordecai Bauman's audience of 1939? The answer is yes only if the artist has an historical understanding of the composer and a knowledge of the conflicts which form the background for his work. The fundamental struggle against poverty or dictatorial rule and class distinction have always existed and the great composer was more often than not affected by their injustice. Sometimes, lacking philosophical fortification for protest, the composer nevertheless found it possible, through symbolism, to reject the law of dog-eat-dog. Bauman's cognizance of the social backgrounds in music makes him sensitive to the potentialities of this symbolism; and thus he consciously chooses those songs which stand, not for make-believe, but for the vitality of living ideas.

For instance, in Schubert's *Muth* the words point out the fallacy of defeatism and encourage a kind of defiance to what seems a hopeless situation. If we wish to think of this poem (written by Wilhelm Müller) in relation to present-day Germany, we take no more liberties with the interpretation of art than does the director who modernizes Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, dressing the Romans in fascist uniform. However, it is not even necessary to make this mental adjustment; the song is a challenge to defeatists, and that alone gives it contemporary value.

An entirely different aspect of the art-song was provided by Bauman's choice of two songs by Moussorgsky. This composer so definitely identified himself with the Russian peasantry that his songs fall with perfect ease into the design of a meaningful program. *The Love Song of the Idiot* is an inimitable picturization of life in czarist Russia, while *After the Battle* unmasks all the grim realism of war. It was in these songs that Bauman's remarkable dramatic instinct found full expression, and the performance of them was memorable. No less remarkable was the facility with which he effected the transition to the group of songs by Charles Ives—these songs which call for such a subtle understanding of the homely and indigenous characteristics of American life. I unhesitatingly proclaim Bauman the preeminent interpreter of these Ives songs. No other singer seems to dig into them so deeply, or with such affection.

But first in the affection of Bauman must come the songs of Hanns Eisler. Here is the composer who has contributed most toward solving the problem of creating a virile musical form capable of holding within its frame the new content—the speech of working-class solidarity. In projecting these songs, Bauman is swayed by his overwhelming sympathy for

them, and the coupling of his artistry with this emotional bond has made their appeal irresistible when he has performed them in the past. Such was the case again at Town Hall.

Perhaps it is only natural that the final group of songs by young American composers who are still in the process of solving for themselves what Hanns Eisler has already solved should be the weakest from a musical point of view. Not all of the songs, such as those by Earl Robinson, Marc Blitzstein, and Lan Adomain were meant for concert purposes but rather for the theater or as mass songs. Naturally, they lost some of their good qualities in the restrictive surroundings of the concert hall. Other songs, those of Goddard Lieberson and Alex North, were too slight to have any great significance. Haufrecht's *Poem on Spain*, Dello Joio's *Mill Doors*, and Siegmeyer's *The Poet and Death* were satisfying as individual expressions of the contemporary scene. In all, despite its defects, this group gave an encouraging picture of the direction being taken by the younger American composers and the large space devoted to them in the program is a testimony of Bauman's faith in American music. The accompaniments of Milton Kaye played no little part in the effectiveness of the evening.

Mordecai Bauman's Town Hall recital was a tremendous success. It proved the ability of one of America's most promising musical talents. That such an artist devotes these talents to the fight for peace and democracy is something for which we must all feel deeply appreciative. JOHN SEBASTIAN.

## Not-So-Hot Mikado

Bill Robinson is featured in a rival version of the FTP's hit musical

**B**ILL ROBINSON sublimely taps his way through the title role of *The Hot Mikado* with a modification of his always satisfactory Palace routine, but unfortunately Michael Todd's all-Negro musical follows the original Gilbert book to the extent that it doesn't bring on its Emperor until the last act. This makes a nice short working night for Mr. Robinson but it makes the show as a whole a rather pointless affair for everybody else.

A jitterbug Tittipu isn't a novel idea in New York any more. The Federal Theater has been presenting one to packed houses in their *Swing Mikado* for a month now, and the government's version is a merry, uninhibited job. The Todd version isn't. Fine performers struggle manfully and womanfully under the weight of the settings, the costumes, and the well-dressed-corpse staging technique of Hassard Short.

The closest thing to reasons for the show's existence at all, besides Bill Robinson, is Rosa Brown's terrific rendering of Katisha's torch song, some Lindy Hop dancers, and a few scattered moments of Eddie Green who plays Koko. BARNABY HOTCHKISS.

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# Now Comes Mussolini's Turn

After the Czechoslovak grab, the minor axis partner waits for his "appeasement." A decisive moment for the democratic coalition.

Paris, March 20 (By Cable).

**N**AZI Germany has completed the process begun at Munich: to all intents and purposes Czechoslovakia is now part and parcel of the Third Reich.

What is the significance of these developments? The best informed and most realistic circles in Paris and London are agreed that the latest events in Central Europe are an integral part of the Nazi preparations for safeguarding its rear in the East and Southeast—one of the necessary conditions to launching a war against the West. The Munichis—British and French—hope to "lure" Hitler eastward and provoke war against Russia. These wishful-thinking people still believe that Slovakian events show the "correctness" of this policy. But actually the reverse is the case. Their plans have gone askew, as Stalin so clearly and calmly made plain in his speech to the 18th Congress in Moscow. The annexation of Czechoslovakia—it is nothing less than that—is the beginning of a serious attempt by the Nazis to clear up the rear in readiness for a Western offensive. Domination of Czechoslovakia is the necessary preliminary to "neutralizing" Poland and



too, and tried to get a trade delegation in to Moscow. But nothing was doing and this cap-in-hand effort, the significance of which has been slurred over by the capitalist press, failed. But the Nazis' big weapon in this undermining work in the East—and West—is, of course, Munichism. This, besides making the Anglo-French Entente a weapon directed against France, isolating and reducing her as any scheduled victim of a fascist *Blitzkrieg* must be isolated and reduced, is also being used to reduce the small countries of Central and Eastern Europe, to break the ties binding the West and the East—the Franco-Polish and Franco-Soviet Pacts.

As I write, I have before me a very interesting map, copies of which are now being distributed by Reich agents in Poland and Czechoslovakia. It shows the "frontiers" of Eastern Europe as the Nazis hope to see them at the end of this year (or earlier?).

To Lithuania has gone Vilna and all the thin northeastern wedge of present-day Poland right up to the Soviet border. The Polish corridor, Posnan, and that strip of Poland which now runs west to east parallel with Prussia to Russia are incorporated in the German Reich, the area to the east of Prussia being labeled

New Masses readers didn't have to get up at 5 a. m. last Sunday to hear Mussolini's yawp for "appeasement." The Thursday before, Richard Goodman accurately and authoritatively forecast Benito's plans. This is just one more proof that you need New Masses to be informed well ahead of time on every crisis in the news.

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