

ing of British and French imperialism, gives American imperialism a relatively free hand in China for the first time in history. American reaction has the unprecedented opportunity to carve out an India for itself. This can be accomplished only if the Chinese people can be prevented from developing democracy, from winning their own freedom from feudalism and imperialism, and from becoming genuinely independent.

American economy will not benefit by such a process; it will suffer severely. The only momentary solution for American capitalism as a whole lies in developing markets for the export of capital and consumer goods and for the investment of funds in undeveloped regions like China. That would substantially add to factory production and employment within the United States. But it would require, first of all, an independent Chinese democracy to accomplish it. The present American policy, however, is not that at all. It is the reverse. It is the policy of preserving for a few American giants and their satellites the limited, but thoroughly controlled, economy of a colony. A thousand middle-sized American businessmen will thereby lose out; but two or three giant trusts will retain and even extend their monopoly.

There is a third reason why the Marines are invading North China for the pro-fascists in Chungking. If democracy should happen to triumph in China it would triumph also in Indo-China, in Indonesia, in the Philippines, in Malaya, Burma and India, and even in Japan. And that would mean the beginning of the end of fascism and imperialism. So, naturally enough, imperialists are just as anxious to prevent such developments as the Chinese feudalists in Chungking are anxious to prevent the spread of individual and cooperative enterprise within their country. China, because of its great size and location, is the key to the future of nearly half the population of the world. Reaction has a big stake in keeping democracy away from it. A stake so big, indeed, that it is worth considerable economic sacrifice in the way of lost market opportunities to achieve it.

We must, finally, look at the Chinese situation from the long-term point of view of the reactionaries. From their angle the war went badly against Germany. Munich in the end failed. The phony war failed. A coalition was formed against Hitler which included the Soviet Union as the principal military factor and which drew

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TESTIMONY FOR NUREMBERG

By JOSEPH NORTH

As I write men in Nuremberg are sitting in judgment upon those who passed for men in Germany. News of that trial brought me back to the notes which I had jotted down when I visited the concentration camp at Dachau. Rumors flew about Paris the week before V-E Day that the great day would soon be announced. The opportunity arose to visit Dachau the day all of us awaited, and I decided to go there instead of celebrating victory on the Place de la Concorde. I have gathered my notes together, and pass them on to you. I believe that those of us who had the occasion to be first-hand witnesses should tell what we saw. I believe, by and large, the American mind still rejects the monstrous reality that there were men—there are men—who sliced pieces of skin from human beings to make parlor knick-knacks, lampshades, decorative pieces, and other doodads. I want to tell you of those anonymous heroes who lived throughout all this, who saw their friends, their brothers, their mothers and fathers, go to the crematoria. And what they were like when I saw them that day when they learned they had conquered, and their captors were captured.

THE Douglass bomber that bore us to Munich spiraled down over the airfield, banked over a half-wrecked cathedral, and landed on the golden-brown Bavarian soil. A knot of GI's popped out of the airdrome and when the propeller died down they asked us was it true, is it over? When we nodded, a tow-headed fellow from Jersey City by the name of Kowalski mumbled "So that's that," and helped us down from the plane.

The captain assigned to guide us handed us his card with smart military etiquette, then told us he hailed from the Bronx, and later mentioned quietly that he had come from Munich in 1933, had escaped with his father, a Jew. Now he was home again, had returned to his boyhood neighborhood, visited his childhood home which still stood un-

bombed, walked around to the public school he had attended, which was bombed; and he had found no neighbors, nobody he knew. He spoke impeccable English and said he was glad to inform us that the building Chamberlain had visited and where they had signed the Munich Diktat lay flat on the ground, a perfect bit of pin-point bombing. Later he took me around to the Bierhaus where Hitler plotted the putsch. It looked strangely like Luchow's on Fourteenth Street, in Manhattan, and on the floor I found strewn the last editions of the *Voelkischer Beobachter* with Hitler's picture hogging the front page. Glancing through its contents I discovered a review of W. L. White's book, *Report on the Russians*.

Another GI took me down into the subbasement and there, amid the big, empty beer vats, I saw a vast pile of something reaching to the ceiling, which I couldn't make out in the gloom. When my eyes got accustomed to the dark I saw clearly enough what it was: a heap, twenty feet high, of Torahs, the holy scroll of the Jews. The GI didn't say anything, nor did I, but for some reason a flash from *Dr. Caligari's Cabinet* popped into my head, something inexpressibly weird and distorted. When I climbed upstairs and into the sunlight the captain looked at me intently and we didn't say anything. He had guessed I was Jewish, I suppose, and there was nothing to say. Not then.

THE road to Dachau wound through prim Teutonic countryside and the cottages stood neat with rambler roses climbing up the sides and the plots of ground like our Victory gardens all about them. The highways appeared well-kept, orderly, as you would expect in peacetime Germany, and we passed a stream of cyclists who turned out to be liberated slaves—mostly Russians and Poles—who had taken the bicycles from their former oppressors, most of whom had hidden or fled. The ex-slaves cycled

furiously, their backs bent, going nobody knew where. I caught a glimpse of their faces, impassive, their eyes straight ahead, and they did not glance up as we sped by.

The bus halted and we descended into the camp. Dachau, Dachau, I kept mumbling to myself. This is it. How many years I had known its name, its connotations—and now I stood here, under the Bavarian sun, inside the gates; and how many men and women like myself had passed through these gates since Hitler built the place September 1933, a few months after he won power? I looked at the solid SS barracks and noticed they were empty, the windows open as though to air the place; and on the walls they had stenciled that silhouette of a stealthy character in a slouch hat with the legend in Gothic script, “Beware, the enemy is listening.”

A half dozen GI's strolled over with DDT spraying guns, handling them like submachine-guns, told us to line up, undo our shirts, loosen our belts so they could get the DDT in the proper places, for a typhus epidemic was raging inside and 150 liberated prisoners were dying every day of typhus. I stood there with arms outstretched while the GI pumped powder on me. Fifteen of us stared, arms outstretched, at the vast buildings and at the files of men off in the distance in striped suits. This was it, I kept thinking, Dachau, this is Dachau. Thaelmann had come through these gates and stayed. Eric Muhsam, von Ossietzky, how many others, had been through these gates and had stayed. Dachau.

A FEW minutes later we crossed a medieval moat to the inner camp and there the barracks stood, stretching off into the distance, while thousands of men milled around still in their striped suits; and as I looked at them I saw it all.

I had read stories in the *Paris Tribune* (you remember them) that these liberated men had scrambled for a piece of bread when the GI's had broken into the camp, and I wanted to see these men for myself. How does man behave, after living with death and worse than death, when the day of liberation arrives? These were the men who had dared everything—life, happiness, family, career—to fight their unsung battle. Had the enemy, defeated, defeated them, broken them, transformed them into something less than men, as the news stories suggested?

What had happened to these men

who walked about like human beings you cannot imagine. Peripatetic skeletons, skin taut over skull and bones, only the gleam within their eye-sockets related them to the appearance of the living, only their upright posture identified them with us who eat three times a day. Here they were about us, milling in every direction, 35,000 of them, and I found it hard to breathe, as though I were running rather than walking among them.

WE APPROACHED a small building at the extreme boundary of the camp. A sudden breeze brought the unmistakable stench of death our way and then I knew what was approaching. The bodies lay stacked one on the other, piled up as high as a tall man, male and female bodies, naked, rotting in the hot springtime sun.

Our guide said those of us who wished could go into the crematorium building; the others could, if they preferred, stand at a safe distance. Four of us decided to go among the aisles formed by these stacks of cadavers.

Now we approached them, the four of us—myself, two journalists from Palestine, and the European editor of the *News Chronicle*, a Pole who had been the late General Sikorsky's aide. Now we stood among them, in a temple of corpses, the long dead bodies of heroes and innocents from all lands of Europe. I looked at the faces so near me I could touch them, the mouths agape, the dead eyes staring, open, as though in astonishment and disbelief that this could happen.

The short hair of men, the long hair of women, their hands outstretched, their fingers clawed, thousands of faces in that uniform stare of death; 2,500 dead faces, 5,000 hands outstretched, extended outward from their bodies as though clutching for something, clutching for what? What had they reached for that last moment of agony? What had their fingers clawed for that final moment that the world withheld from them? Answer that, you who sit in judgment on those who pass for men! You and I walking erect on this planet know, and perhaps we can still give them what their lifeless hands failed to reach.



Kollwitz.

Passing through the pillars of the dead, we entered the building that housed the gas-chamber and the crematoria. You know by now how Nazi perfidy had written on the door of the gas-chamber “To the Shower Bath.” I looked at the little sign, in Gothic letters, and pages from my high-school German primer leaped strangely into my mind's-eye. Then you stand inside the gas chamber. I glanced at my companions, the two Jews from Palestine, and the Pole. At such moments men's faces are masks and no man speaks. We saw the peep-hole, covered with thick glass, through which the executioner peered. What did he think as he turned the wheel that filled the room with horror? Where is he today? Is he among those in the dock? What is he thinking? What are his dreams at night?

The crematorium itself—the ovens. Above the apertures on neat little brass plates is the name of the Munich company that manufactured them, undoubtedly a safe, respectable firm that paid adequate quarterly dividends to stockholders who may, or may not, probably not, be among those listed for the trial of war criminals. My hunch, as I looked at the nameplates, was that they would stand clear of the charges; for after all, what had they to do with this, as they motored to their offices, back to their homes for supper in the evening, took in a good movie or a Wagnerian concert, and went to the cathedral of a Sunday? And on the wall of the crematorium hung a sign, “All attendants will please wash their hands after the day's work.”

When we came outside into the sun we had to pass through the files of the dead again; you couldn't pass without thinking: it could have happened in America. Staring at the staring eyes and the outstretched hands, at the overwhelming anonymity of this scene unparalleled in all man's history, I thought, these are my people—here lay men and women who believed in man's inherent goodness, here lay trade-unionists, doctors, scientists, the humble and the famous, somewhere here lay the brother of Karel Capek, the author of *RUR*, the man who had created the original “robots.” This pile, I thought, could lie outside New York, outside Atlanta, outside Chicago if Herbert Hoover could be Gerald Smith's Hindenburg. Here in this pyramid of cadavers lay men like you and me, and men our people choose as leaders—men like Henry Wallace, and Philip Murray, like Sidney Hillman and R. J. Thomas,

men like Ben Davis and Bill Foster, like Harold Ickes and Francis J. MacMahon, men like—you name them. All those of the Left, and Center—anybody with the manhood to speak against the bestiality of fascism, regardless of his political complexion. This was Dachau, but it could be Detroit.

II

I DO not wish to dwell on these scenes of infinite carnage: I want to tell now rather of the men who survived. What of the 35,000 who walked in the midday sun, clad in the gray striped uniforms? Were they still men? Had the torture and the hunger wrenched from them the dignity of man? I had read, with misgiving, the stories that they had been reduced to something below *homo sapiens*, something akin to the jungle creature, snarling for a crust of bread, clawing one another for a bite to eat. Could the monster of fascism devour the human soul? Prim-faced, bespectacled Himmler convinced Herr Krupp it could be done, and had built the vast industry known as the Gestapo for the soul-reduction process. Was he right?

I talked with as many survivors as I could; Czechs, Russians, Frenchmen, Poles; Catholics, Protestants, Jews. I walked and talked with a young Negro from the Belgian Congo who had come to Brussels to study and who had been captured in the Partisan army known as the White Army. But their story is best told by the young Jewish doctor from Lodz, Poland. We Jews know one another; when I came into the prisoner's hospital, Dr. Chaim Greenberg singled me out and asked "*Redst Yiddish?*" When I answered in the affirmative he took my hand, held it in both of his, and looked into my eyes. And then he talked, the words tumbling from his lips in an eagerness he dared not show these past six years he had managed to survive here.

He told me the story I cabled you from Dachau; yes, the Underground had survived, had worked under the eyes of the SS men. Remember the story I told of the twelve Jewish children who had been smuggled out of the death ward of Dachau? Jewish parents, rounded up before dawn in Warsaw, had frantically taken their children with them, and in the confusion, had got their young into the camp. The young doctor knew they were consigned to the crematorium, and with that holy instinct of mankind's, that concern for the young, he had decided that these

children should somehow be saved. "I am no Communist," he said to me, "but I had become friendly with a Communist in the camp whom I thought to be part of the Underground, which I had reason to believe existed. I managed to suggest my plan to him, that these children be smuggled out of the camp. My friend said nothing, but looked at me and said he would let me know. The next day he whispered to me that if I were able to dose the children with a sleeping drug so that they would not awaken for several hours and cry out, he would carry them out inside the knapsack he wore. His task—he was a technician of some sort—permitted him to leave the camp every day. He would take care of the rest, he said. I agreed. Later he told me he walked outside the camp, left a child each day with another member of the Underground who lived nearby, and that night the child would be carried to another home, and so on, until the child was safely far away. Thus we saved the twelve children."

I asked him how widespread the Underground had been. He shook his head sadly. Not widespread enough, he indicated. And then he told me that the SS had diabolically planted among the prisoners, stooges from the underworld paid to spy upon the men of the Underground. Furthermore, he said, those prisoners who had no philosophy of resistance, "no political understanding," proved untrustworthy, and were the first to wilt under the terrific pressure. "Many of them succumbed, became beasts, became informers, for an extra slice of bread, for another piece of sausage in their broth." These, he said, informed the SS of any slight infraction of the rules; and many a man had gone to nameless death for slipping a slice of bread to political and Jews, who received the lowest ration of all. "Anti-Semitism," he said, "is a hardy beast. It is hard to kill. And even here, where all men lived on the lowest scale imaginable, Jews were persecuted by fellow-prisoners. I know too many of my own countrymen who sent Jews to the crematorium because they had somehow got hold of an extra illegal potato or had accepted a slice of bread from a fellow-prisoner."

But the informers, he told me, were in the minority. Most men remained men. They turned their faces the other way when they saw infractions of the rules, even though it would be to their benefit to pass the word to the SS guard.

"But now we have won," he said suddenly, his face aglow. And sud-

denly I looked at him. The dark Jewish eyes sunken deep in his face, a face that somehow retained its youthfulness, a face lit up with something you call hope, confidence, serenity. He had won that inner peace, that resignation to death should it come, but with confidence that come what may, he would never abandon the ideal of human fraternity. I have seen that look before, and I believe I can recognize it wherever I find it. I have seen it in the faces of people like Pasionaria, of Oviedo, of Jose Diaz of Madrid, of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn of New York, of Marcel Cachin of Paris. This young Jewish doctor had it; I was to see it on other faces in Dachau.

"We have won," Chaim Greenberg had suddenly said as we looked outside the window of the hospital. "We—" he said, excitedly, "We." He took my arm and we went outside into the hot, dusty roadway between the numberless barracks. Thousands of men, from all parts of Europe, pushed forward in the tide of ragged, diseased humanity heading toward the parade grounds of the camp. Clad in their gray- and blue-striped uniforms, they made their way to the great prison drilling grounds where they were to celebrate V-E Day. They carried the banners of their homelands, the tricolor of France, the red banner of the Soviets, the standards of the Polish, the British, the Dutch, the Czech, the Yugoslav. We joined them. Gaunt men, many of them barely able to carry themselves, their withered flesh scarcely clothing their skeletons, they marched like men possessed; no man laughed. But they talked, breathing the air like wine. Liberty. The day of victory. "Our day came," the Jewish doctor said, and his grip tightened about my arm. "We have lived to see it. We have won."

Here a man passed us with a scrofulous face, his eyes almost hidden in a mass of pustulous sores; here another limped forward, a great clout of filthy bandage on his feet; here a younger man helped a stumbling gray-head along. We walked with two men who pushed a wheelbarrow bearing a third, whose face carried the unmistakable pallor of death. "He wants to live until he reaches the parade ground," Chaim Greenberg said to me. I looked at the man, his bony feet protruding over the edges of the wheelbarrow, his eyes feverish, searching the scene before him.

My nerves crackled at the awesome sight. Men stood on the parade grounds, lined up in scores of rows, stretching

