

The American **Socialist**

MAY 1959

35 CENTS

**C. Wright Mills'
Anti-War
Manifesto**

The Shape of Things to Come



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

One of the Building Blocks

I came across your magazine while browsing through some magazines in a cigar store. The title caught my eye at once. Immediately the thought ran through my mind: At last I can read unprejudiced articles that reveal the true nature of the goings-on in the United States and other countries. I am glad to say that for the most part this has been true.

I am sure you will agree that constructive criticism is an essential thing in life regardless what you criticize. Who are the readers of this magazine? I would imagine at least seventy-five percent are of the intelligentsia and twenty-five percent is made up of workers, housewives, and miscellaneous people. The greatest part of North America is made up of workers. Therefore, to attract more readers wouldn't it be better if you could get the stories written in a more basic English?

Speaking for myself, I know when I begin to read this magazine I must keep a dictionary handy.

Most of your authors seem forthright and honest, but others seem to skim the surface and try to build something out of nothing.

This magazine is one of the building blocks of a better world.

E. S. Toronto

Driven to Lend Support

I am one of those readers who continues to get the *American Socialist* every month and reads each year your plea for financial help only to await the coming of the next issue. This year, however, I find myself driven to lend my support. But is your magazine or my meager financial support enough to bring socialism to the point of expressing itself politically?

If a person finds himself without a means of political expression, how long do you expect him to support socialism before he will sit back allowing others to continue the effort? With all the socialist sentiment floating around in our country, it is hard to believe that it has not found expression in a united political party. The socialists themselves must fight out petty differences among their different-named organizations. How long will the socialists themselves keep from forming a united front as expressed in a unified party? Perhaps one might look to the students to provide the impetus for this unification; however, in what society is the student or teacher as sterile a force as he is in ours? This impetus must come from the existing socialist groups or not at all.

It also seems unlikely the socialist movement will emerge from its chaotic condition as long as it continues to operate on national or state bases when it does run a candi-

date. When a party is not established on the local level, how can it expect results on any other? The ability of the socialist movement to succeed depends mainly on the success it has in getting its candidates elected and not just the publication of its magazines. It seems so many socialists think just a "good showing" at the polls is enough. Look at the financial waste involved in the running of candidates who cannot possibly win! Most people will not long support a continual loser and it is the "most people" who make you financially operative and politically virile.

What is the socialist movement waiting for, some catastrophic crisis which will suddenly catapult it into power? Maybe some local organization with local candidates might stand a far better chance of producing some winners. These "good showing" campaigns, besides being costly, have a tendency of making socialism into a sham by showing the futility of such large-scale actions. Without an outlet for political expression, the words of the *American Socialist* and others like it will fall upon people who have already taken their seat to watch the show; a show they have no desire to take part in.

W. F. Maine

Enclosed please find my check in contribution to your annual fund. I wish it could be more, but being a Social Security pensioner, it will just have to do.

Socialism in this country, in my honest opinion, is still somewhat of a hopeless case, in so far as its appeal to the American people is concerned, even more so than when I came here from Holland more than 51 years ago. And being already over 81 years old, I do not expect to see much of a change here in that respect any more, sorry to say. Another big depression might shake people up some, but I even doubt that, and then, that really is too gosh-awful to hope for. It is not so much of a picnic now already for folks that have no job, with not much of a chance to get one either.

I would like to ask your permission again to translate Mr. Cochran's article, "New Thunder out of Communist China" into the Dutch language, to send to my friends in Holland.

Y. V. Pennsylvania

I've just finished reading your article on China in the April *American Socialist* and wanted to let you know I felt it an excellent job — a position with which I find myself in close agreement. Incidentally, the observation about the positive aspects of capitalism — "the general flowering of the human personality" — is a real insight into the complexity of human society which one rarely finds on the Marxian Left.

David McReynolds New York

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Shape of Things to Come

A WEEK before the AFL-CIO unemployment rally in Washington, George Meany asked Administration officials whether they would release the March figures for unemployment a little earlier than usual, so that the unionists would have the most recent information before them when they gathered on April 8. Commerce Secretary Lewis L. Strauss complied by calling a special press conference on April 7 to announce the latest figures. They showed a decline in unemployment from 4.7 million in February to 4.4 million in March.

As March is a month which normally sees a substantial upturn in employment, an improvement to the extent of anywhere from 200,000 to 300,000 fewer jobless had been expected. The actual improvement, 387,000, outran seasonal expectations, and reduced the seasonally adjusted percentage of the labor force out of work from 6.1 percent in February to 5.8 percent in March.

The new total is hardly "low." It represents the highest March unemployment for any year since World War II, with the exception only of last year, when the recession was in full force. But it is an improvement, and as such quickly became the major talking point of elated Administration officials like Labor Secretary Mitchell, who told the union gathering that if unemployment were not down to 3 million by October, he would eat his hat. (Mr. Mitchell neglected to tell the assemblage that 3 million unemployed in October, the peak employment month, would be no actual improvement over the present 4.4 million after seasonal adjustment, both being figured at about 5.8 percent of the labor force.)

Actually, the March figure proved very little, despite the buildup and fanfare. It did bring relief to economic

forecasters, who were starting to worry that the nation's business was getting ready to slide down a new toboggan, by showing that there is lift behind the recovery. But, at the same time, there were peculiar trends in the unemployment picture which failed to fit the chart of a "healthy" and "normal" upswing in the business cycle. Two important pieces of information show that the problem is getting worse, not better.

(1) Hard-core unemployment, so called, grew more serious in March. The number of those unemployed for fifteen weeks or longer, which had been falling through the last half of 1958, started rising, peculiarly enough, at the end of the year and has been rising ever since. In March, even while national unemployment fell, this long-term unemployment rose once more, by 80,000, to reach a total of 1.5 million. Just how this paradox comes about—a rise in long-term unemployment while overall unemployment declines—is not clear on the face of things. But it becomes a lot clearer when the second piece of information is added.

(2) The Labor Department's survey of the nation's industrial areas in March showed, surprisingly, a distinctly unfavorable comparison with the situation of those areas *last* March, at the depth of the recession. Of the 149 major industrial areas, 74 had unemployment of more than six percent of the labor force, as against 70 last year. Eleven had unemployment of more than 12 percent, where in March 1958, only seven were in that stricken category. The same was true of smaller industrial areas: 193 were listed as having over six percent unemployment, compared with 121 last March. As against the improvement in national unemployment since January, the in-

dustrial areas showed approximately no gain in the jobless picture.

UNEMPLOYMENT may have receded slightly throughout the nation, but in the industrial areas, it has not receded at all. In those regions, it has hardened. That is what makes it misleading to focus all attention on overall figures, and to try to interpret the present plague of unemployment according to conventional schemes of recession and recovery. The deposits of unemployment have settled arthritically in the major economic joints, where they are showing an unprecedented stubbornness. At the same time, the recovery is about complete according to most statistical indices. Behind this puzzle is the fact that the American economy is having trouble handling the major structural changes that it has been undergoing for the past dozen years. The changes can be summed up in three phrases: (1) automation and rising productivity; (2) decentralization and runaways; (3) the shift to the service industries.

- Automation is a catchword that is not equally applicable in all industries. In production-line plants and similar operations that lend themselves to the harnessing of electronic brains to mechanical muscles, the revolutionary changes have been large and well advertised. But productivity has been boosted sharply in many industries by a variety of means. For example, the steel industry has managed a great increase in man-hour output chiefly by enlarging the capacity of blast furnaces and open hearths. The tonnage of finished steel shipments per man-hour worked, according to a recent study by the steel union, is almost double (93.2 percent greater) that of 1937. The result is 100,000 permanently displaced steel workers.

- Decentralization need not be the headlong runaway flight of New England textile plants to cheap-labor paradises in the South. It can also be, as in the auto industry, a planned and sustained campaign of major producers to shift ever-larger quantities of their work to out-of-Michigan assembly points and parts plants. Whatever the tempo in specific industries, the result is to scatter new plants according to a fresh corporate design that is distinctly different — for a host of reasons rang-

ing from unionism to shifts in the geographical markets — from the old pattern of concentration.

• The growth of the service trades and industries adds the final element to the picture. As the national economy has expanded and the standard of living risen, a shift in consumer spending has awarded a growing part of the market to these industries, and cut down the proportional expenditures for factory-produced commodities. (Contrary to popular impression, the service workers are not all school teachers or other professionals. As a matter of fact, the national average of pay for service workers is lower than that for the category of unskilled labor.) And here again, the trend is towards a weakening of the specific weight of the traditional industrial regions in the national economic picture.

Special combinations of these three factors have hit certain industries. In coal, a rapid rise in man-hour productivity has been compounded by a shift to oil — which calls for far less labor in its production. The railroads have been hit by a movement to air and other forms of transport, as well as by sharp cuts in the amount of labor needed per transport-mile, to the point where 1953's 1,200,000 railroaders shrank to 810,000 at the beginning of this year.

THE effect of all the major structural changes has been along the line of weakening the industrial cities of New England and the Middle West. The American Ruhrs, the manufacturing beehives, the factory valleys, are in a process of decline. Where, for three-quarters of a century, these cities soaked up immigrants and surplus farm population like giant sponges, reaching a peak of saturation in World War II, they are now slowly being squeezed in a mighty fist.

That this is no fanciful alarmism can be seen from the fact that the traditional "basic industries" of America are the very ones showing the strongest and most persistent symptoms of dislocation: steel, coal, railroad, auto, and textile. To call the roll of cities under the blight is to name the legendary mines from which most of the nation's wealth issued: Detroit, Pittsburgh, Altoona, Flint, Waterbury, Johnstown, Lowell, Youngstown, Scranton, Wilkes-

Barre, Erie, Buffalo, Fall River, Milwaukee, Newark, Toledo, South Bend, Terre Haute, Lawrence, Duluth, Providence, and many more.

It must be emphasized here that these cities are not falling into total disrepair, or ceasing their output. In many cases, they are producing just as much or more than before — barring recession-times when output is curtailed. But they are producing with less and less labor, and they are putting out a shrinking proportion of the national product. This is a structural shift in the economy that follows naturally and predictably from recent technical and social developments. The blight, the untold human suffering, the misery and tragedy result from the absence of any adequate mechanisms to handle the changes. The economy is in the last analysis rudderless, its regulators in the form of the market and the profit motive are haphazard, and the tendency is to drift with the strongest current. Some years ago, when the debate over automation first flared, the consensus of accepted opinion was that the transition would be managed without severe dislocation. Now that the first returns are coming in — and they are only the first — such easy assurances show the thoughtlessness and shabby irresponsibility on which they were founded.

Nor are the many promises to enact measures that would "ease the strain of transition" being redeemed. Truly, the industrial unemployed are today's forgotten men. The reason is clear. As George Meany pointed out at the Washington rally, the recovery in output back to pre-recession levels has been accomplished with the rehiring of only two out of every five of those who were laid off. It doesn't take an economist to see what this will do for the corporate profit rake-off. Economists for Senator Harry F. Byrd's finance committee recently predicted that this year's pre-tax corporate profits would rise to \$48 billion, nearly \$12 billion over last year's depressed level, an all-time record. President Eisenhower's budget economists roughly concur in this estimate. *Business Week* reports that many corporate economists think even these expectations are too low; they speak of an amazing \$55 billion total for 1959.

The corporations are feeling no pain;

quite the contrary. For them, the recovery is a completed fact. There is no cause for panic, no pressure on the government to do something, no concern on their part. And, in such a situation, with the labor movement alone in sounding an alarm, the major political forces are sleeping the sleep of the just. As the crisis cannot be charted on any of the economic scales, and as it is measurable solely in human terms, the Administration and Congressional policy-makers can see no crisis.

WHEN the unemployed came to the capital on April 8, therefore, official Washington confronted the marchers with an imposing facade of immobilism and monumental indifference. The Senate Majority Leader gave the conference a typical Johnsonian fast-shuffle: a resolution quickly and unanimously passed by both houses of Congress to "investigate unemployment" and report back two months from now. The move was precisely what Senator Johnson denied it was — "a sixty-day moratorium on legislative action." Although the resolution was supported by all the Democratic liberals, its true significance was given in the last paragraph of the *New York Times* dispatch: "Privately, there is skepticism among some Senators that the commission approach can result in any alleviation of unemployment this session."

The labor march was thus an inconclusive affair. Drowned in official oratory, the assemblage accepted Senator Johnson's decoy without protest and went home without recording gains appreciable to the naked eye. And yet it would be short-sighted to limit its meaning to that. Despite restraints on attendance and manifold discouragements to militancy, 7,000 unionists jammed the Washington armory, thus demonstrating once again that labor is the only social force in the nation that can rally large rank-and-file backing on short notice and with unified purpose. The unions have come a long way from 1930 and 1931 when the bedraggled AFL, then the only labor federation, tried to look the other way when mass unemployment was mentioned, and added to the wisdom of the ages by calling unemployment insurance a "communistic scheme" and a "dole" that every American worker

should reject. Some small part of labor's mighty potential was made manifest at this gathering, and that is all to the good. In some places — notably Flint, Michigan, which had a street-corner apple sale to publicize the march and help finance it — there were faint signs of a revival of traditional mass-pressure and publicity methods.



Michigan, where over half of the state's 380,000 unemployed have run out of benefits, 30,000 families went on relief last year. And such are the conditions under which relief agencies operate that thousands of workers would literally rather starve than apply. In one Michigan county, welfare officials ruled that all those getting aid must plant gardens by May 1 and must prove they tried to can their garden produce. When many protested that they had no cans or jars, they were told to pick through the rubbish at the local dump.

The union-backed Federal Unemployment Compensation Bill pegs benefits at half of the average wage of a worker, or two-thirds the average state wage — whichever is lower. It sets a uniform 39-week benefit period, provides coverage for all workers, no matter how small the place of employment, and institutes joint instead of separate state financing, to pool the risks. In view of the extent to which standards have declined, and especially in view of the chronic unemployment situation that has now developed in the basic industries, this law is an indispensable ameliorative step toward meeting the emergency.

IT is typical of the defensive mood of the labor movement that its leaders inserted a paragraph into the resolution passed at the Washington conference proclaiming that they: "Resent and reject the false Communist doctrine that unemployment means the American free enterprise system can't work." More to the point than high-sounding declarations of faith in capitalism would have been some sign of the realization that the present trouble is not a minor lag in recovery that can be overcome by a few conventional measures, but a major dislocation that is altering the pattern of life for millions and shaking the very ground the unions stand on. In meeting this situation, the unions face a major decision.

They can meet it the John L. Lewis way. In the coal mines of West Virginia, 68,000 men now dig more coal than 157,000 men produced ten years ago. The plight of other coal-producing states is similar. The Lewis policy, adopted consciously many years back, is one of cooperating in the narrowing of the industry, ruthlessly lopping off the dead limbs, discarding the "surplus labor," and maintaining the wages and conditions of an ever-smaller body of unionists. By this course, the "health" of the industry and the union are assured at the expense of the permanently unemployed — the number of which increases in the coal regions from year to year.

Or they can meet the dilemma by a vigorous struggle that unites employed and unemployed, the key to which can only be a really substantial reduction in hours in the key industries in question. Such a program cannot be fought for or won without a historic effort, both in individual contract negotiations and in a national educational campaign.

Obviously, the decision will shape the labor movement for years to come. Labor would inevitably suffer further degeneration under a Lewis policy. Not only would a decline in numerical strength inexorably set in, but the selfish and business-unionist spirit that has been on the ascendant in recent years would take over completely and drive all vestiges of social vision out of the movement.

There are undoubtedly powerful forces, especially among the unions formerly of the AFL, that would welcome such a course in the mass production industries. Their conception of unionism has always been of the job-trust variety, and if these mossbacks had had their way, even the tentative gesture of protest symbolized in the Washington march would not have taken place. But the very fact that it did take place, that the unemployed are not yet on the outside looking in throughout the industrial unions as they pretty much are in the coal and many of the craft unions, is a hopeful sign. And finally, there is no doubt that a Lewisonian peace would eventually find its challengers; that a caste system of American labor would be broken up once more by a new unionism as it always has in the past.

THE AFL-CIO has made a revision of the unemployment insurance setup its number-one objective. Although this is no solution to the entire problem, a high priority makes sense. Obviously, what the labor movement faces is a protracted campaign against a long-term evil, and a strong effort has to be made at once to get some aid for millions of people who are in a bad way.

The shortcomings of the present system are all too obvious. In the first place, the jobless aid laws are a patchwork of regulations that vary from one state to another almost as though we were 49 different nations. Only in New York and Wyoming do maximum benefits amount to half of the average wage; in all other states they are less; as low as 29 percent in Arkansas and South Carolina. In some states the duration of benefits is as little as six weeks, and in others as long as 30 weeks.

Second, and most important, insurance standards have not been boosted with inflation, which means they have deteriorated badly. In 1939 the typical maximum benefit was 65 percent of average wages, and the minimum was half. Today, average benefits are only one-third of lost wages. The cost to employers has been steadily lowered, until today unemployment insurance taxes are only one-third of what they were in 1939.

As unemployment stretches out to longer and longer periods for many workers, the duration of payments becomes very important. The inadequacy of the system to current needs can be seen from the fact that two out of every five unemployed workers are being discarded from the insurance rolls before they find a job. What do they do then? Minnesota had its largest relief case load since 1942. In Kentucky, the general assistance fund ran out, leaving thousands destitute. In

Increasing quantities of goods are on sale to Russian consumers—but what are they like? A look at quality, styling, design.

Shopping: Soviet Style

by Paul Breslow

THE American tourist in the Soviet Union who does not speak Russian is, like his counterpart analogously handicapped in other countries quaint enough not to speak English, pretty much the captive of his guides and interpreters. However, if two weeks recently spent in Leningrad and Moscow are representative of the tourist experience, there are no other limitations placed on the visitor's movements within those cities. (Though, of course, large areas of the U.S.S.R. are totally closed to foreigners.)

But visits to the tombs of approved revolutionary emigrants and to relics of pre-Bolshevik iniquity do not particularly illuminate the life of the Soviet citizen today. The tourist, convinced that as an American he automatically possesses a special competence in the appreciation of consumer goods, is likely to become a kind of *voyeur*, with what must seem to his guides a perverse obsession with lampshades, women's clothing, and the interiors of Russian apartments.

What he sees is, for the most part, drab and cheap-looking. The brightest spots are those adorning the fabrics sold to women. Along with the ornate flower patterns or solid, dark colors that one sees worn by most women, there are brightly dyed materials with colorful abstract designs, impressive in both appearance and quantity of supply. There is a noticeable, but small minority of young women who are attractively dressed in the new style. Pattern books suggest sensible models, hardly elegant—no chemise, sack, or related atrocities—but not far from the simpler ready-to-wear fashions of Western Europe. Most women, it seems, must make their own clothes or go to tailors; the visible results do not speak too well for the seamstress ability of Soviet women. A cartoon in a park shows a tailor's mannequins running from him in alarm as he approaches with scissors and needle.

Men's clothing has a curiously ill-fitting look, as if suits were handed down by misshapen relatives, but some students and other young men wear relatively superior sport clothes (a back-belted, fitted jacket is popular). Dark blue suits with wide lapels, worn with tieless striped or colored shirts, are common.

It is difficult to give an exact price for Russian clothing, since supplies are inadequate—people will queue for

Mr. Breslow traveled in the Soviet Union last summer. He has written previously for the American Socialist, as well as for The Nation and other periodicals.

cheaper fabrics—and quality is variable. There is general agreement that good quality material is too expensive among at least one segment of the population: the young men, English-speaking, who introduce themselves to tourists as students and who are eager to buy suits, coats, or clothing of any kind (“Russians can only make sputniks, not a good suit,” said one), fountain pens (“Have you Parker 51? Russian pens no good, break after six months”), sun glasses, and currency in dollars (offering 20 rubles to the dollar, compared with the tourist rate of 10 and official rate of 4). Some of these free enterprisers wear American clothes, presumably acquired in earlier deals.

A LIGHTWEIGHT material of artificial fibers for dresses is available in quantity from about 15 rubles per meter up. It requires 3 meters for a dress; an average wage is about 800 rubles per month. Wool, in scarce supply, is over 100 rubles per meter in a thickness suitable for winter suits, and may be as much as 400 rubles for heavy weight or high quality cloth. Heavy fabrics are often quite coarse in texture. Lightweight coats for women, looking like plastic raincoats in bright colors, are readily available, but tear easily and are probably useless in cold weather. Fashion shows and displays at the GUM store in Moscow are intended to raise the level of clothes consciousness, apparently to greater effect in Moscow than in Leningrad, where the displays were somewhat less elaborate. Shoes, some types of which are priced as low as 14 rubles, generally run from 50 to 75, and are sold in many new models, including open-toed ones for women and loafers for men. The quality is not up to those of cheaper American shoes, but supplies are apparently large and the cheaper sport shoes widely worn.

School children on vacation displayed a variety of beanies made in Uzbekistan, but returning to school on September 1, they were required to wear uniforms, blue for the boys, brown for the girls. A standard defense of the uniforms is that they can be made cheaply of wool and that it is not necessary to queue for them. This does not explain why they must be of military design.

Since Russian designers of cars, buses, and machinery are obviously well acquainted with Western techniques—indeed, a new car, not yet in production, displayed at the Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition in Moscow has tail-fins and a super-Detroit chromium grille—it is surprising that so few of the ordinary household furnishings seen in Soviet stores show signs of modern influence in design.

Most cars, excepting the tail-fin job, are pleasantly simple and clean in outline. There are few cars noticeable outside of the central business districts; very few anywhere are privately owned. The Volga model, rather like the Chevrolet of five years ago, and the small, maneuverable Moskovitch, vaguely British-looking, are particularly striking. The price of a car—in the area of 16,000 rubles and up, according to an Intourist guide—makes it extremely difficult, in the absence of credit plans, for an average family to buy a car. A waiting period of at least two years was mentioned in Leningrad, although in Moscow immediate delivery was claimed (probably inaccurately). Stores have a wide variety of auto parts, including



bodies—nicknamed, like juvenile delinquents, *stilyagi*, since unfinished in relation to the assembled car—for do-it-yourself enthusiasts. Motorbikes (2400 rubles) and bicycles (600 rubles) are sold, though one sees few of these on the street, probably because of the difficulty of using them in winter. There are, for children, pedal-powered runabouts in the shape of rockets.

NEW electric buses in Moscow, with large windows almost completely encircling them, are more impressive in their good taste than the highly touted marble subway stations, though Manhattanesque in the pushing and shoving behavior of their crowded passengers.

A few departures from nineteenth-century styling are noticeable in household appliances and furniture. There are neat red and blue meat grinders which look as if they might actually be pleasant to grind meat with (if that's possible), a compact dish-drying stand of white wire, a few models of desk and wall lamps with bubble-shaped translucent diffusers, and student lamps with cone-shaped metal reflectors painted blue and mounted on flexible arms. New television sets have 14-inch screens (this model costs 2500 rubles) and are housed in unobjectionable lacquered wooden cabinets with a simple though unfunctional grille beneath the picture tube.

The majority of lighting fixtures remains inexplicably inefficient: elaborate, fringed-cloth enclosures, often red, so it is not surprising that many apartments have bare bulbs dangling from the ceiling.

Not all innovations are desirable. Many of the new radios and radio-phonograph combinations appear to be either imitations of the worst American "Hollywood" pieces, with cocktail cabinet shape and glossy pseudo-mahogany finish, or German-influenced, molded with slanting or concave front, equipped with huge dials and finished with a barroom shine. There is also a portable phonograph with badly distorted tone quality, in shape strangely suggestive of the hatbox machines turned out in the automated factory of Rene Clair's *A Nous La Liberté*. Radio-phonographs are priced in the area of 1,000 rubles and large console models are even more expensive.

Vacuum cleaners, semi-automatic washing machines, and

refrigerators are available, although the last two are apparently in short supply, judging from the crowds attempting to buy them in Moscow. New washers, cylindrical tubs of the type common here in the 1930's, sell for 2250 rubles, though a simpler, smaller model at 750 rubles was displayed.

As with almost everything, Russians have little choice in the styling of furniture for their homes. Heavy, ugly metal bed frames are common; chairs, tables, and wardrobes (particularly necessary for the closetless flats) are dull, often overly ornate and old-fashioned. In Leningrad, crowds were waiting to buy new wooden wardrobes, on sale at a bargain price. On the brighter side, there was displayed in Moscow a new set consisting of bed-couch, wardrobe, and tables, of unadorned, almost graceful design, partly painted blue. Also, new, very light garden or porch chairs with tubular aluminum frames and cloth backs and seats were available in quantity at only 15 rubles. While shoppers appeared almost as interested in the light chairs as they were in the metal beds (some of which people carried off on their backs), the modern furniture set received little attention. More attractive to them were glossy tables with mass-produced "inlaid" patterns and equally shiny bookcases, some ostentatiously ornamental, others simple, all resembling the bargain sets in American tabloid advertisements.

PERHAPS a regime which for years has perpetrated outrages of architecture and monumental art cannot reasonably be expected overnight to authorize bold departures in the increasing supplies of consumer goods. But there seems to be a kind of causal relationship between technology and form, so that, for better or worse, the appearance of modern gadgets throughout the world tends to similarity. Tail-fins may hide cars there as here, but sputniks are less easily adorned. In the same building which houses the displays of satellites and rockets at the Industrial Exhibition in Moscow there is a working model of a new refrigerator, said to operate on electronic principles without motor and coils and promised for mass production within a year. It is white, rectangular, and utterly without frills.

Since the Socialists defeated the special police powers bill last year, the struggle between Tories and Japanese labor has been on the rise.

Political Turmoil In Japan

by Robert D. Casey



ese worker is fed to the teeth with senseless jurisdictional warfare, and the cry of "Red" can no longer arouse his emotions — in fact, he couldn't care less.

The leaders of some 24 independent unions, with a total membership of about a million, will also sit in on the unification talks. The majority of these independents share Sohyo's radical socialist views and the left wing is strengthened by their participation. From these merger talks will probably come one of the strongest trade union movements in the world.

DURING the Korean War, the Japanese labor movement split into two warring camps. The left wing group (Sohyo) remained the larger throughout the clash. It now has approximately 3½ million members. The right-wing group (Zenro) has about 800,000 members at present. It was on the technical issue of "Communist domination" that Zenro launched a jurisdictional war. Any existing union that it considered "Red" became the target of a newly chartered union, which then endeavored to capture the members and contracts of the original union. This led to bloody, jurisdictional battles throughout Japan in which many workers were seriously hurt and others sent to prison.

The courts appeared to be more severe towards offenders of "first" unions than to cases involving "second" union members. This clash has continued right up to the present time. As recently as January 22, 1959, a Japanese court sentenced to jail Diet member Choji Yamada, and three others, as a result of jurisdictional fighting at the Kanto Auto Works. The Oji Paper Company has been the scene of serious and recurring jurisdictional fights all year long.

The cold war period followed a pattern all too familiar to American trade unionists and needless to say the results in Japan were disastrous: The workers were split, embittered, weakened, lost substantial wage and welfare benefits, while business interests reaped the age-old rewards of a divided labor movement and marked up record highs in dividends.

But all of this now promises to become a thing of the past, as a result of the unification proposals advanced by Zenro's president Minoru Takita, and accepted in principle by Sohyo's president Kaoru Ota. The merger talks will be completed this spring and there is every reason to expect a successful conclusion; mainly because the average Japan-

The writer makes frequent trips to Japan and recently interviewed several national leaders of the Socialists.

SOHYO has often pioneered the way for the Socialist Party on many fronts, including the political one. Recently, after the Japanese Conservative Party, under Prime Minister Nobasuke Kishi, had reached a complete rupture of trade relations with Red China, officials of Sohyo's Executive Council flew to Peiping, to discuss conditions for resumption of trade between the countries as well as purely trade union matters. This action by Sohyo played no small part in the decision of the Socialist Party to send an official party delegation to Peiping, in an attempt to "pave the way for restoration of diplomatic relations" between Japan and Red China in the Bandung spirit. The Socialists' goals add up to a sweeping reversal of Japan's whole post-war policy; outstanding points are: 1) Abolition of U. S. military bases; 2) Opposition to revision of the constitution, particularly of the "no war" clause; 3) Restoration of Okinawa to Japan; 4) Diplomatic and trade relations with Communist China; 5) Movement against nuclear weapons.

Tokyo's political commentators believe that the Socialist Party's all-out efforts to unseat the Kishi Government will begin sometime after its delegation returns from Peiping. An acceptable package deal from the Chinese Communists, including the resumption of large scale trade, will trigger off a drive to unseat the Conservative Party in the Diet. Such an attempt is facilitated by the factional division that has taken place recently within the conservative party. To better understand this policy quarrel a little recent history should be narrated.

PERHAPS historians will say that the crucial turning point for Japan in this post-war period, was the defeat of the Special Police Powers Bill in the closing days of the 1958 Diet session. Amid scenes of turmoil, often resembling a waterfront brawl, the Socialist deputies prevented the Kishi Government from ramming through a

law that even neutral observers described as nothing short of "a police-state bill." It would have given the Japanese Constabulary the legal right to break up any demonstration, or meeting, that they believed would lead to acts of violence. No overt act had to actually occur, they had only to judge that it might occur. (A similar law paved the way for the old war lords to break down opposition to their China policy in the thirties.)

However the conservatives underestimated their opponents. Japanese labor rallied behind the socialists in massive demonstrations against the bill and was soon joined by student groups from virtually all the universities as well as liberal and democratic organizations of every description. The Socialists succeeded in arousing the countryside in a manner the Conservatives hadn't thought possible. Kishi, facing the threat of a general strike, withdrew the controversial bill.

This led to a revolt on the right within Kishi's own Conservative party. (It's legal name is "The Liberal-Democratic Party," but the Japanese press generally refers to them as the Conservatives or Tories.) The big-business interests demanded that the police bill be immediately reintroduced at the next Diet session and a showdown be forced with the Socialists. To them it was a case of now or never, whereas the Kishi faction wants to temporarily shelve the bill and wait for a more favorable time. This clash came into the open at the Conservative party conference on January 27, 1959, when the Tory rebels ran a candidate of their own, Kinzo Matsumura, the 76-year-old minister of education, against Kishi, for party leadership. The opposition group polled 166 votes to Kishi's 320.

The question of trade with China is a major issue in Japan, as its economy cannot operate in normal fashion while it is cut off from its chief market. The Conservatives desire such a resumption of trade, and there is great popular pressure for it. But they are bound by Washington's

cold war line and there is no way for them to break out of the trap. As if to underline this even more clearly, Sohyo's Akira Iwai, upon returning from Peiping, brought back an offer to Japan's small business groups for their resumption of trade with Mainland China via the good offices of Sohyo itself. This was angrily rejected by Takeo Fukuda, Secretary General of the Conservatives, who labeled it "interference in domestic affairs" of Japan and further stated that trade could not be done through a labor union. However, the point was not lost on the thousands of unemployed who would have jobs if the Chinese market were reopened to Japan.

OTHER Sohyo activities should be briefly noted. Its Youth Section has just dispatched a delegation to the Afro-Asian Youth Conference being held in Cairo. Its annual spring "labor offensive" for higher wages and improved working conditions with the use of labor's traditional weapons: the slowdown, rejection of overtime work, mass demonstrations, workshop rallies, token strikes of a few hours or a day, and so on. As is customary with Sohyo, its demands include many items unusual to American eyes such as the demand that JNR's Shime coal mine in Kyushu not be sold back to private interests, Diet ratification of the International Labor Organization Convention (which provides "for freedom of association" and workers right to vote; the association clause is opposed by the conservative element), support for the Teachers Union in its nationwide struggle against the Government's efficiency rating system, abrogation of the Japan-United States Security Pact, and a restoration of normal relations with Communist China.

Regardless of the results in the June 2 elections, the Socialist Party is building up considerable strength, and if it comes to power, Japan may contract out of the cold war.

A Plan to End Mass Unemployment by Shortening the Work-Week

The following scheme of how to shorten the work-week in the United States in order to end unemployment was proposed by W. S. Woytinsky, an economist and one of the world's leading authorities on manpower, employment, and wages, in an article in the New Leader, April 13.

THE unemployment problem permits a fair solution on the basis of a three-year or a five-year agreement between management and labor. The agreement might provide, for example, a raise of 5 percent a year for the next three years, with the understanding that weekly hours of work will be reduced from 40 to 39 the first year, to 37 hours the second year, and to 35 hours the third year. Or, the transition from a 40-hour to a 35-hour week might be effected over five years, under an agreement providing for a 5 percent raise in hourly rates and the shortening of the work week by one hour each year. In this way, weekly take-home earnings would be preserved, and the cost per hour of work would increase only slightly in comparison with the current annual rate of increase of hourly wages.

This slight additional increase would be compensated, so far as the employer is concerned, by the advantage he would have from a relatively long-term contract with the union and, pos-

sibly, by a reduction in his unemployment compensation contributions (under experience-rating program). True, a five-year agreement of this type would be more advantageous for labor than for the employer, but the unions might offer to compensate management by temporarily waiving demands on fringe issues. If similar agreements were established in leading industries, mass unemployment could be absorbed within a few years.

This proposal is nothing more than a work-sharing program. Its immediate purpose is a better distribution of work opportunities, but the advantages it offers go much further. By restoring an equilibrium between the supply and demand of labor, it would eliminate one of the most dangerous maladjustments in our economic system. By putting an end to the widespread fear of unemployment among workers, it would restore greater flexibility and mobility to the labor force. By calling to life a new demand for labor, it would facilitate the solution of the problem of depressed areas. By reassuring the workers that their jobs are not threatened by rising productivity, it would remove the main source of friction between labor and management and lay the foundation for the cooperation of organized labor and management in promoting technical progress as well as economic growth.

A Letter . . . by Michael Harrington

I WAS very interested in your article ["New Thunder out of Communist China," by Bert Cochran] in the April *American Socialist*, so I thought I would pass on a few comments. I will not take time to puff the good parts — research, calmness, and so forth — but will concentrate upon areas of disagreement.

First of all, I am disturbed by a question of method: the approach of the "on-the-one-hand; on-the-other-hand." Without being hard and sectarian about it, it seems to me that an essential concept of Marxian analysis is that of the "law of motion." This idea need not be reified, a la orthodox Trotskyism, into a claim for immediate and total comprehension to the exclusion of all ambiguity and tentativeness. It does, to my mind, require that analysis concentrate upon the direction and tendencies of a social phenomenon, that is, what class is a revolution bringing to power?; what is the mode of resource allocation?; and so on. This element seemed to be lacking in your study. Excellent points were made as to the totalitarianism of the Chinese Communist Party, the danger that China-itis will corrupt the very image of socialism, and so forth. But these were inconclusive notations, and nowhere was there even a hesitant attempt to define the massive movement of the system itself.

Then, there are some specific points.

You write that the big news was "that China had veered away from a number of unsatisfactory patterns. . . . The new pattern produces better results, permits a more harmonious growth of the economy, and offers the possibility of better compensation to the people who are doing the sweating and sacrificing." Here, I think you leap from your previous caution to careless assertion. The facts which we can draw upon are of course insufficient for precise analysis. But what of the retreat announced at the Sixth Plenum in December? What of the crisis in transport? What of the belated announcement that all those little furnaces added up to an unsuccessful gimmick? Indeed, I think that one of the main things we have to beware of these days is the gimmicky character of the Chinese Communist Party. And then, I would argue that the commune system, far from being part of a new pattern leading toward "better compensation of the people" is, among other things, an instrument for food rationing and for cutting down the surpluses which the more successful collectives were able to produce.

ON the family, I think polemical zeal carried you away. The criticism of the commune and the family was not confined to those who mourned the passing of the old Chinese system. There was genuine, positive socialist disgust with the idea of regulating the sexual activity of husbands and wives, or with compulsory nurseries and boarding schools motivated less by a desire to emancipate woman

and more by the aim of getting the woman into the fields alongside the men. For that matter, it was on this score that the opposition of the people had a certain success — the change of line on the family announced at the Sixth Plenum was a gain which can only be understood in terms of the resistance of the masses involved. Similarly, your statement that the various communal services are "clearly a marked improvement in the living conditions of the rural people" requires amendment, if only in terms of the admissions of the CCP itself. After all, Mao & Co. have already admitted that there was a gigantic mess in precisely those areas, and decrees halting the closing of restaurants, and so forth, were published even before the December Plenum.

Then there is Crossman. "R. H. S. Crossman believes that the communes sprang from the hard puritan elite of peasant Communists who have emerged in tens of thousands from the countryside. He is probably right." First of all, why is he "probably right"? We have no evidence to substantiate his claim — and the introduction of army units into the communes hardly corroborates it. Then, we know the problem of the tourist in the Communist country. I certainly don't agree with Richard Walker's general political line, but his piece in *Problems of Communism* was a

Evolution of Communism

The following assessment of prospects for Soviet society was made by Julius Braunthal, one of the leading figures in the Austrian Socialist Party, former secretary of the Socialist International, in an article for the Socialist Call based upon a talk Mr. Braunthal made at the annual Debs Day Dinner of the New York Socialist Party-Social Democratic Federation.

COMMUNIST Russia, I believe, will not be able to escape the impact of the industrial revolution. It appears to me inconceivable that Russia's political structure will remain unaffected by the tremendous changes in its economic base. We have to remember that the rapid industrialization of that country has transformed a semi-literate and inarticulate peasant nation into a nation of educated industrial workers and has, at the same time, trained an ever-growing sector of skilled workers and technicians, managers, administrators, and intellectuals rooted in the working class. Thus, great masses of the Russian people are now learning to think for themselves, to express themselves, and are becoming conscious of the contradiction between the socialist ideal of freedom and the reality of Soviet totalitarianism. They will seek to escape from the frustration of a political regime that denies freedom of thought and any effective right of participation in the shaping of their destiny.

Yet the process of transformation of Soviet society has its own momentum. It will be sustained by the rapid expansion of industries and accelerated by the introduction of automation, for these economic changes will produce profound changes in the conditions of life of the people and their outlook. The improvement of their material conditions through industrialization and automation will fortify their urge for freedom and democracy. Grown up in the ideology of Marxism, however distorted, they will strive for the realization of its essence — the self-determination of man. Under this pressure Soviet society, still based economically on the structure of state capitalism and politically on a hierarchic bureaucracy, will, I believe, gradually by trial and error evolve into a democratic socialist society.

devastating empirical demonstration of how honest and sincere travelers in China had been hoodwinked.

FINALLY, let me return to the basic point in terms of your final remarks on democracy. You write that democracy requires a certain material level. Of course! That is A B C. But the point is not to under-value the relevance of democracy to socialism — which I feel was the implication of your words — but to re-emphasize it. When an underdeveloped country attempts a quick industrialization on the basis of its own national resources, it will develop a totalitarian apparatus, for that is the only way that the peasant can be forced to give up his surplus or the worker can be kept at the grindstone. In the process, the totalitarians will not exist as an abstract and classless force, but will enjoy the fruits of their economic, social and political power at once. This grim mechanism of accumulation can only be changed if there is massive aid from advanced (socialist, or socialist-tending) countries. It will, I think, become generalized so long as the present international situation continues, and so long as there is no perspective of socialism in an advanced country.

All of this is hardly encouraging, but this is the reality we must face. In dealing with China, what realism compels us to recognize is that industrialization is being carried out in an anti-socialist way which is bringing a new social class to power. On this point, there is enough evidence. Your major failure, to my mind, was that you did not face the problem of the basic direction of the system squarely and that, in your ambiguous remarks about democracy, you gave unwitting aid to those who would corrupt the very image of socialism through their attitude to a phenomenon-like that of Chinese Communism.

A Reply . . . by Bert Cochran

LET me take up your main propositions under a few separate headings:

1. *What Is Actually Taking Place.* You say that Chinese planning has a “gimmick” character and you cast doubt that the rural industry drive amounts to much. We have to beware, it seems to me, of bending the stick so far in the direction of suspicion as to deprive ourselves of the possibility of comprehending the actual process under way. It is easy to get into such a mood because the Communists are unscrupulous manipulators of data. But it is the duty of conscientious social observers to strike a reasonable balance on the basis of the best information available.

We do not have any reliable statistics as to the value of the goods turned out in cottage and rural industry as against urban industry. But even if we had them, they would not tell us too much. Chinese economic development is occurring on several different levels. The commanding fact of rural industry is not its inevitably low productivity, but that it can be gotten under way with a small capitalist investment, with such technical skills as are locally available, and that it puts to use resources and labor which would otherwise go to waste. It is one aspect of the great public works, which in turn makes possible huge agricultural increases, which in turn add to the capi-

tal fund for industrialization and general growth. In other words, it is part of a chain reaction; it has what the economists call a multiplier effect.

NOW, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. As a result of the public works and local industries program — the two are closely linked — China reported greater agricultural progress than in the previous five years. Food grains shot up to 350-375 million tons, and they are talking in terms of 525 million tons this year. Of course, we can say the figures are all lies, but the Russian experience should caution us, while viewing the statistics critically, against blanket rejection. I am prepared to accept that it is not all beer and skittles: the transportation system is probably badly overstrained, a lot of the rural ventures probably flopped, some costly miscalculations were made, etc., etc. But the economic balance sheet reads very high. The British and Australian journalists on the scene accept the fact of an unprecedented agricultural breakthrough. This is all the more impressive as it is taking place while heavy and general urban industry is being relentlessly pushed ahead. How can monumental achievements of this kind be waved away as “gimmicks”? Aren't we in danger of repeating the experience of some of the professional Russian critics: scoffing and jeering year after year only to wake up one fine day to discover that Russia is the world's second industrial power?

2. *The Human Cost.* I know the human costs are terribly high, not only in economic deprivation of the living generations, but in regimentation. I indicated that in my article and condemned many aspects of it. But when you go on to talk about Communist regulation of sexual activity of husbands and wives, I must tell you I take this kind of information with a lot of salt. There is an inevitable regulation of sexual as well as other activities because of the grim regimen of hard work, long hours, and primitive living conditions. Even in this country, I can tell you from personal experience that General Motors or Ford regulate their employees' sexual activity by working them to death on the assembly line. But I have seen no evidence that the Chinese Communists try to directly supervise family affairs of this nature — as does the Catholic Church at times, especially among peasant peoples. You say that the compulsory nurseries and boarding schools are less motivated by a desire to emancipate women than by the aim of getting them into the fields. Why can't they be motivated by both desires? As a matter of fact, the evidence seems to indicate that they are. I have no intention of defending a commune system which was organized and operates by methods of coercion, but many Western correspondents back up the regime in the claim that the peasant's economic lot is improving. Why do you want to cast doubt on this without having half-reliable contrary evidence?

I AM making these points, as I could several more, because I think the complaints betray an absence of judiciousness. But I don't believe a question as deepgoing as this one can be settled by scoring points. It has to be taken in the large: Regimentation and dictatorship, as far as I can see, are inevitable with a forced industrialization of a backward country. The alternative is not democracy as it

is practiced in England or even in the United States, but the regime of Indonesia, or Pakistan, or Iran, or Chiang Kai-shek. I think the Chinese people are far better off with what they have. I don't think we can look for the pathways of democracy in a poverty-stricken Asia desperately trying to lift itself into the twentieth century. I do believe the Chinese Communists can and should be criticized for forcing the pace too rapidly and inhumanely, for wiping out that measure of political freedom which is possible even in their circumstances, and having recourse to military pressures to solve too many of their internal difficulties.

3. *The Law Of Motion.* This is not the time or place for a restatement of general sociological estimations of the Soviet system, nor need our day-to-day analyses be dependent upon these estimations. The factual appreciations and political attitudes of many British left-laborites coincide roughly with my own although some of them think that China represents a variety of managerial society. I don't think these transcendental considerations need necessarily determine all political attitudes, although I hold, as you know, that industrialization and modernization will in time bring forth forces working for democratization. (In this connection, see box on Page 10.) The Chinese development — like the Russian — is contradictory and paradoxical, and I fail to see the worth of literary solutions that do violence to this reality. This may lead to a certain amount of "on-the-one-hand, on-the-other-hand" ambiguity. But that is better than unilinear oversimplification. Spare me from both the Anna Louise Strong and Freda Utesky schools of history!

Finally, you admit that the under-developed countries will go dictatorial if they seriously try to industrialize by means of their own resources, but this lamentable state of affairs can only be changed if there is massive aid from a Socialist West. Well, what's the point of pretending; we can't change it. If Germany or England, or both, had gone socialist in the interval between the two world wars, the history of humanity, including Russia and China, would have been written on different tablets and in a different alphabet. But that's not what happened. The pattern is now set for the next era, of Russia-China industrializing despite the West and in conflict with the West. The socialists have not taken power and reorganized society in the West, and there is no indication that they will do so in the foreseeable future. That has certain consequences for the Soviet bloc, and willy-nilly, we are forced into far more rudimentary objectives in our own bailiwicks.

Socialism and Pacifism

by Jay W. Friedman

THERE is a growing number of people in this country and throughout the world who have adopted a pacifist approach towards the resolution of international disputes. Many of these people would not have considered themselves pacifists prior to 1945. Similarly, more and more pacifists have come to recognize that the economic world must be planned for use rather than profit. Pacifism oriented solely towards "personal testimony" without suf-

ficient understanding of political and economic motivations cannot provide a mass appeal. Socialism devoid of spiritual and moral values presents no panacea for the ills of advanced western culture. Only by combining respect for the individual and supreme tolerance of his personal deviations with an economically planned and politically cooperative society, can Man hope to achieve and retain real freedom and security.

Pacifism is defined as opposition to war or to the use of force for any purpose. There are two essential types of pacifism: religious (spiritual or moral) and political. Although pure forms of each are common, there are more pacifists today who combine religious and political views, the latter tending towards a socialist orientation.

Religious pacifism includes the humanitarian, non-deist grouping as well as those who share the peace testimony of the "traditional churches," the Quakers, Mennonites and others. (Although Jehovah's Witnesses oppose modern wars, their position is not essentially pacifist, since they are only waiting for Armageddon, the right war which lines up pure good against pure evil.)

The religious pacifist is generally opposed not only to war and military force, but to violence of any sort, although many clearly differentiate between the violence of war and the incidental violence of police action. If his position is based upon God's dictum, then he is usually recognized by law and exempted from military service, whereas the humanitarian pacifist is accorded no legal status and faces imprisonment for his convictions. During World War II, many entered the medical corps as non-combatants. Civilian Public Service camps were also established which performed various non-military functions such as civilian hospital employment and forestry services. This freed other men for trigger-pulling, so that the CPS camps were eventually deserted by those conscientious objectors who preferred imprisonment to further compromise of their principles.

But involvement in war does not stop here. Many pacifists feel that even indirect support of war through the imposition of taxation violates their consciences, and refuse to pay taxes. Rather than risk imprisonment for tax evasion, others find it more satisfactory to limit their incomes to non-taxable levels by producing their own food and existing largely by bartering services with sympathetic neighbors. Since this is not possible for most people, due to the extreme inter-dependence imposed by modern industrial society and the rigid necessity for money incomes, another approach is to match taxes with equal contributions to pacifist organizations and activities.

Religious pacifism in its more common forms is highly individualistic and supernatural. Concerned with men as brothers or as children of God, it does not consider politics and economics too relevant. Religious pacifism is ultimately anarchistic in that it denies to government the right and the power to impose decisions of life and death upon the individual. Denied this right, government as we know it cannot exist. In short, where political pacifism seeks to alter the pursuits of present government by reform or non-violent revolution, religious pacifism contains the seeds for the total destruction of government, substituting for it an ethic and morality defined and sustained by Love. Whether

there is that much love within the breast of Man remains a moot point.

SOCIALISM is defined in Webster's *New International Dictionary* as:

A political and economic theory of social organization based on collective or governmental ownership and democratic management of the essential means for the production and distribution of goods . . . Socialism aims to replace competition by cooperation and profit seeking by social service, and to distribute income and social opportunity more equitably. . . .

The term "socialism" is a dirty word in contemporary American usage, but the theory is fast becoming fact. The United States pays lip service to the virtues of "laissez-faire" capitalism, employing all the while more and more socialist concepts. The essence of a planned economy is evidenced in the growing dependency of business on planned government outlays. Government expenditures are the stabilizing force without which the country would be in the throes of depression. Social security, unemployment insurance, public health programs are but a few basic socialist programs which now receive bipartisan support. That we do not yet have outright socialism cannot obscure the trend. Equally important, all of the underdeveloped countries and many of the highly industrialized countries recognize the responsibility of government to provide economic stability and security for its people.

The recent development that has brought pacifism and socialism closer is familiar to all. Prior to 1945 time and survival were well assured. In August of that year, a new era began with the atomic destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. All previous systems of ideas, whether ethical, religious or political, were eclipsed in that fateful month which placed the means for total annihilation in the hands of immature and mostly irrational Man. The ensuing fourteen years have not swept aside the cloud of nuclear destruction. Quite the contrary, the major national states continue to bombard earth's atmosphere and dust its crust with radioactive materials which are irreversibly harmful to future generations. Today death is hours, perhaps minutes away—from all of us!

There is hardly a soul on earth who does not recognize that new methods must be developed, or to put it conversely, that old techniques must be discarded if we are to walk into the Nuclear Century upright. Time is not on our side, and still nations continue to employ nineteenth century politics which have always resulted in wars. There is not a major nation on earth which has renounced its right to declare war on its neighbor or which has volunteered to relinquish its national sovereignty towards the establishment of a world government. Whether it be fear, apathy, or psychopathic selfishness which is preventing it, the necessary re-evaluation in terms of the threat of nuclear destruction has hardly begun. What little effort has occurred is hardly commensurate with the fact that the wrong finger on the wrong button, or Bertrand Russell's hypothetical love-stricken and rejected bomber pilot, or that one chance in ten thousand, might unleash the catastrophic cataclysm sending what would be left of Man back to (contaminated) caves. We are that close to Death

—yet alive as though Hiroshima and Nagasaki were mere Mother Goose phantasies.

UP to the point of potential total extinction, it was possible to argue that some wars might achieve worthy ends. Past this point, it might be argued that little wars are permissible, provided they do not become large wars. Unfortunately, little wars frequently lead to big wars and we do not have the luxury of underestimating the consequences. Thus a political, or opportunistic, pacifism, which tries to draw a halfway line, is no longer tenable. Religious pacifism has likewise proved unsatisfactory because its very quality of extreme individualism coupled with its lack of political and economic insight leaves it impotent in the face of highly organized, politically and economically oriented society. But a combination of political and religious pacifism provides a base upon which to rally a new progressive force. It is the political and moral answer to totalitarian and oligarchical government.

"How is change to take place? Only physical force can defeat tyranny." "What if you're on strike and the cops start beating you over the head with billysticks? Are you supposed to lay down and die?" "Suppose you go along with all this—what about the Russians? Suppose they come in and take over?" "You must be strong in this kind of world." "The capitalists are not going to give up without a fight." These are typical questions and comments by defenders of the status quo, or by socialists. Implicit in these attitudes is the conviction that force is synonymous with violence. If this were so, that which we call civilization would have long perished from the face of the earth. As a matter of fact, major revolutions can take place without violence. India is a case in point. Although violence has characterized most radical change, it does not have to.

Given mass support, any change is possible in a peaceful manner, but the determination to resist violence must be fully conscious and well developed. Strikes are a good illustration. By definition, a strike is a cessation of work, not an act of violence. It is essentially a form of passive resistance. The only violence intended is to capital investment. Tragically, the history of the labor movement in the United States is splattered with violence, more often than not forced upon the workers through the utilization of provocateurs, scabs, strike breakers, private detectives, and state militia. The early labor leaders attempted to prevent retaliation in kind, and labor continues to advocate passive resistance through strikes rather than violence to achieve its gains. There have been a few times when, in the face of mounting anti-labor violence, general strikes have occurred which completely paralyzed cities and brought the bloodshed to a rapid conclusion. In international affairs, boycotts and embargos have been employed from time to time to effectively achieve desired ends. These are the methods by which organized force can be applied without wanton death and destruction.

Society, faced with continuing destructive crisis, must alter its basic pattern of behavior if it is to survive. The philosophies and methodologies of pacifism and socialism are as old or older than Christianity. Their adaptation to our present needs may be the clue to our continued existence.

"The Cowards"

Excerpts from
a recent
Czechoslovak novel

"The Cowards," by Josef Skvorecky, was published last year in Czechoslovakia, where it quickly became the center of a literary storm. Covering a period of eight days at the end of the war, it looks with a cold eye on post-liberation politics. Its hero, Danny, is not so much anti- or pro-anything as cynical, nihilistic, warming only to jazz and girls. As the theme of an East European writer, this approach testifies that beneath the ice flow currents of life and thought independent of those handed out or approved from above.

The reaction against an extreme of coercion, regimentation, and conformism can often be the opposite extreme of I-don't-give-a-damnism, and beat generation moods. Much of the information from post-Gomulka Poland testifies to this; it is interesting that the same mood is to be found in Czechoslovakia, probably the most prosperous and stable of the East European countries. Thus the following excerpts, apart from their literary and narrative interest, show how widespread the "Polish mood" is, and how dangerous are the methods of coercion that produced it.

The translation is from the monthly review, *East Europe*.

"WATCH IT," said Prema. "You hold the ammunition belt. I'll zero in."

I picked up the belt, Prema got in position behind the machine gun. A short series of deafening blasts that dulled my ears.

"Great," said Prema. I smelled the pungent odor of burned powder. Prema remained in position. I looked at the road. As the sun set, the road grew dark and twilight filled the slope on the right side. We sat over it and waited in silence. A distant roar of tanks resounded from the town. Something in me relaxed. Everything I had lived through flooded my mind, and suddenly I was terribly tired. And I began to be fed up with it. The thunder of tanks was coming nearer.

"They'll be here in no time," said Prema.

"Hmm," I said. I began to think of Irena, but she seemed terribly unimportant right now. After all this, it occurred to me, Irena won't be anything. I was an ass, but something more stupendous will come now. Unless we both croak here. My head was ghastly tired and fragmentary thoughts chased each other, none of them any good. The roar of tanks came quite close and suddenly, right below on the road, a black shadow appeared like a gigantic bug creeping quickly up the steep black and gray asphalt road.

"Watch it, now!" said Prema and bent over the gun handles. I pressed down to earth and lifted the ammunition belt. I felt the long cool shapes between my fingers. The sun had set completely and the country was veiled in shadows. Through them the tank crept quickly up, roaring. It was about half up the slope when another appeared behind it. Hell. It came to my mind that we were absolutely alone here. It could not be helped. Prema sat next to me like a statue and followed the oncoming tank with the machine gun. It was now very close and I saw it was wrapped around with SS men. All over the armor, the turret, in the front under the gun, they were everywhere as if pasted on, their submachine guns and grenades hanging down, and they moved through the dark landscape to the west. The tank's tracks rattled on the asphalt and the motor inside roared monotonously.

"Here we go!" said Prema. I felt him stretch his muscles and then the gun began to cough. From its barrel the flames lashed into the twilight and within a moment a pungent cloud of light smoke was around us. Ammunition pulled through my fingers. I stared at the road and saw bodies falling off the tank head down, and then the tank suddenly tilted. Figures jumped from it with arms spread. The tank bent a little more and turned over the edge of the road, over the edge and kept on turning down the slope into the valley. Its motors yelled in vain and then went silent. The dark giant shadow was vanishing in irregular jumps in the darkness of the gorge. Below us some figures crawled on the road. I turned toward the second tank. It had stopped and soldiers were jumping from both sides of it. It was in the middle of the hill and I could not see it well, just its black angular silhouette. Sparks flashed from its turret and bullets whizzed over our heads, splintering the trunks of trees behind us. We squeezed close to the earth. The tank fired for a while, then stopped.

"Let's go!" said Prema, got up and seized the machine gun handles. I got the belt. On the road the tank's motor was working in full gear again. Prema pressed the trigger and flames shot from the barrel. They blinded me and the tank disappeared for a moment. Instantly, a deafening explosion resounded and a bright light shone from the road. Heavy pieces of metal whizzed through the air. The tank burst open before our eyes and began to burn. Prema stopped shooting. In the silence from down below we heard the faint sound of a truck motor.

"What is it?" said Prema.

"I don't know," I said. We looked through the thickening darkness lashed by the flames of the burning tank. I recognized the black shadow of a truck which was quickly approaching. Some shots sounded and the truck came to a halt. Dark silhouettes of soldiers were pouring out.

"Hell!" said Prema. "They're — —"
"The Russkies," I said.

* * *

"They knocked it out with an anti-tank gun," said Prema joyfully.

"Let's go see." We left the machine gun in the bushes and started running toward the burning tank. On the meadow we encountered the first Russians.

"Halt!" shouted a voice in German from the dark.

"We're partisans!" shouted Prema.

"Ah, partisans," said the Russian in a singing voice and in a moment we mingled with them. The Russkies with belted shirts and peculiar submachine guns with round ammunition drums and perforated barrel protectors, swinging in the flashing flame of the burning tank. They looked menacing. On the road, a bunch of Germans, jammed together with hands up. They looked around furiously as if seeking a way to escape. That was impossible. From the fields the Russkies were bringing more Germans, and their broad faces grinned and chuckled. Here and there isolated shots cracked through the air, but the soldiers by the tank ignored them. We stood there among the soldiers and looked at all this. Suddenly a civilian with a gun and a red arm band appeared in front of us. On his head he had a greasy cap.

"Are you from the brewery?" he asked us in a stern voice.*

"Now," said Prema. "We've got a machine on the hill up there."

"What?" said the guy in a threatening tone.

"A machine gun. We knocked out the first tank."

"What are you babbling, punk?"

"The one that went before this one," said Prema coolly, turning and pointing to a spot down the road where there was a black gap among regular white stone road-side markers. "There, it went over the slope."

"Damn," said the guy, and turned to a Russian with wide shoulder-boards full of stars and told him something in Russian.

* * *

"Show us that machine gun, boys."

"C'mon," said Prema. We started across the meadow. The guy with the red ribbon and three Russkies went along. It was completely dark. We hit the woods and a Russian lit a flashlight. In its light the funnel-like barrel of our machine gun appeared.

"Oi," said the Russian and stepped down into the ditch behind the machine gun. The chum with the red ribbon stood still and said, "How the hell did you get it up here?"

"With a motorcycle. In a sidecar," said Prema.

"Where did you actually steal it from?"

"I had it since the mobilization. Since 'thirty-eight."

The guy began talking with the Russki again and then turned to us. "What are your names?" he said.

I was just going to tell him, but it flashed through my mind why he asked. Maybe they want to decorate us. I saw a mental picture of it. The town square and the brass band and glory, Doctor Bohadlo, Bert with the Leica and

* Brewery: the headquarters of the non-Communist resistance organization.

the boys from our band in the rear with comments. No. Particularly no brass band. Suddenly I saw that this way it would be okay, the night and shooting and tanks and the Russkies, but later the glory speeches and articles in the local paper and Mr. Machacek and The History of Kostelec Uprising; no, none of it. I wished all this could be just mine. Just this here, so that I could tell Irena of that sense of personal adventure of mine. I blurted out: "Syrovatko."

"And you?" the chum asked Prema.

Prema threw a questioning look at me and said, "My name—is Svoboda."

"You're from Kostelec?"

"Yep."

The guy scribbled something in his notebook and then patted our shoulders. "A nice show, boys. You stop by the National Committee tomorrow. And give me your addresses."

* * *

"Buddy," said Prema, "why didn't you give him your name?"

"Hub," I said. "Buddy, I didn't want to. They might pull us through some pomp and circumstance."

"That's for sure," said Prema and we again stood still. From the west came only a slight murmur of departing tanks and nothing was heard from the town. Just that hum of the night again.

"Let's pack it up," said Prema's voice from the dark, tired and sad. Silently we stepped through the brush to the machine gun. Prema dismantled the ammunition belt and we pulled the gun to the meadow. Over our heads a brilliant, glorious spring sky was shining and suddenly I wanted to have some hope, something to live for, and from the night and stars, from somewhere this unknown girl emerged again, the one I was to meet, who was to be more sensash than all the Irenes and Veras and Lucias, who was to be good to me and sweet, and I tightened all my muscles and with Prema lifted that steel gun to the sidecar and all the springs squeaked. Then we went for the ammunition boxes and then we took our seats. Prema stepped on the gas. . . .

* * *

I WAS THINKING and suddenly a funny noise came from somewhere. It sounded like a rattle of many wagon wheels and it was coming nearer. Then I heard a whip cracking and then in the opening of an anti-tank barrier two shabby little prairie horses appeared and behind them a cart with a Russki on the box seat. The Russki was cracking a whip over his head, the little horses galloped and cart wheels rattled on the paving. I watched the first Russki, then there appeared another cart and then they came one after another through the anti-tank barricade opening and streamed down the street toward the west. Everything was full of their rattle and cracking of long whips. They clattered one after another in a moving, stinking procession, in a wild gallop with redcheeked Russkies hanging in the air over the bruised backs of horses, singing Russian songs. People gazed at them from the pavements. The carts paced by madly and the tiny horses shook their heads. The line was endless. The air filled with their

stink, the stink of some tundra or taiga, and I began to inhale it and stared at the windlashed faces and it seemed to me unbelievable that they really existed, these people who know nothing about jazz and girls, who just rolled forward with revolvers on greasy asses, unshaved, with vodka bottles in their pants, gay, drunk, victorious, ignorant of things I thought about, entirely different from me and strange, yet attractive. I admired them.

So this was the Red Army; they paced forward, stinking, barbaric, and I gazed at them and didn't know whether something wasn't really to start here, some revolution, and whether this had something to do with me and my world. But, no. Nothing was beginning here. Nothing for me — probably. They all paced by me and I was lost for this cause. I knew that they would be welcomed and speeches would be made and that people would be enthusiastic about Communism and that I would be just loyal. I had nothing against Communism. I had nothing against anything as long as I could play saxophone in the jazz band and whistle at girls. I knew that these people, sitting on the carts, and those who would now found the Party and study Marx and Engels and Lenin and all that, were hungry people. They yearned for knowledge. I knew these people from the factory, from men's room discussions; they were thrilled by my prattle about the solar system and galaxies, Apollinaire and American history. They were hungry for things I was too full of. There was something different in me. The past and the forefathers and the matter-of-fact literacy for many generations, and some considerable comfort and luxury. It was quite interesting to read about these people. About the Negroes in America and the *muzhiks* in Russia, about shooting at workers and such things. About yearning for education and the fight for a better life. But on the whole it was just interesting and something strange. I had education and everyone here had it, and comfort and civilization. After all, education was only a basic, something naturally available like railroads or aspirin. Important were the girls and music. And thinking about them. And quite ultimately, after all, nothing was of importance. Everything was nothing and for nothing and no good. Just the animal fear of death — because nothing was known of that — kept man in the void. I was wondering if some day this fear in me would lose its importance. The carts rattled on and on, and suddenly I felt hard and sad. I turned and saw that from the church, against the stream of carts, there went Haryk with Lucia and Benno with Helen.

I waited for them and Benno said right away what I knew he would say: "If it ain't the patriotic warrior."

"Did you volunteer?" added Haryk.

"Shut up," I said. "And you better watch out Lucia doesn't pick up some liberator out of sheer enthusiasm."

"D'ya hear?" Haryk turned to Lucia, but she did not listen to him.

"Zdravstvuyte!"*, she yelled like mad and Haryk left her, disgusted.

"The stupid broad's gone nuts," he said.

"Yeah. Don't forget," said Benno, "at two after lunch

there's a rehearsal at Port. And tonight at six we play here on the square."

"Serious?" I said joyfully.

"Sure. They'll put on a show to celebrate peace."

"Dancing allowed?"

"Yah," said Benno.

The carts had passed by. Round the concrete square crowds thickened and Petrik's brass band was forming up. The tower clock showed a quarter to ten. "Let's find a spot over there," said Haryk.

"Let's," said Benno.

"I've got to wait here," I said.

"Who for?" said Benno.

"Irena," I said coolly. Benno looked at me as if I were crazy and shook his head.

"You're an ass for sure, buddy," he said.

"For sure," I said.

"See ya," said Benno.

"See ya," said I. They took off. I was left alone on the corner. Under the stand in the square the local bigshots began to assemble. Former Mayor Prudivy who'd apparently taken over the office after Reichskommissar Kuehl, Mr. Kaldoun and Mr. Krocan and Mr. Machacek, they all were there, Director Otonius, Doctor Sabata, head physician Hubacek, they gathered under the stand and conferred. People were coming in and the police kept order. I saw the police commissioner Rimbalnik in a white jacket and corset, giving orders. I turned my face. Irena wasn't coming. I was not surprised, but as minutes passed I got fed up and mad at her. But whenever I got mad because she wasn't coming, I realized I loved her and began longing for her to come. I thought again of everything that had happened the night before and I drowned completely in the memories. When I came to, the square had been filled and the clock showed ten-thirty. I rose to my tiptoes and looked for Irena. She wasn't coming. I couldn't have seen her anyway since the pavements were full on both sides. So she walked out on me. That's what her promises were like. She walked out on me and God knows what she's been doing. Maybe Zdenek came back in the meantime. Maybe. I felt sad. I took off and pushed my way through to the stand. People gave me angry stares but I insisted I was on the welcoming committee. I was quite freshly fresh, but I could not care less. I pushed myself through to the front, where I had a clear view of the platform. Irena was a bitch. Under the stand was a little lift-up girl in folk costume with a bunch of flowers, trembling with fright. She was Manicka Kaldounovic. I knew her and felt sorry for her but not too much.

Gentlemen from the welcoming committee looked at their watches, nervously shuffling from foot to foot. The polished brass band with sousaphones round their necks was ready, waiting. People around me were swearing. It was a hot day and ten-thirty. Every now and then some murmur started in the street and people listened to it in silence, but nothing happened. I perspired terribly, and at last a distant shouting and applauding was heard and I knew that General Yabloukovski was entering the town. Everyone turned to the Savings Bank corner and looked. The applause grew and came nearer and then suddenly an open car turned the corner, then another, and went

* Greetings. Russian in the original.

through the double lines of people toward the platform. The welcoming committee began to tremble and fell in line. Someone pushed the little lift-up girl out in front. The car door opened and a fatso in red riding pants with double



braid rolled out, with a chest full of medals and a reddish face. The little girl began to squeak something and the General listened politely. Then he bent down, lifted her up and held her there for a while as the frightened photographers came to life. I caught a glimpse of the notorious Berta shooting the General from an impossibly low angle, and all of a sudden the brass band cut loose. The General quickly put the little girl down and saluted, gentlemen from the welcoming committee stood at attention and people began to take off their hats. They played the Russian anthem. I watched everyone standing stiff and among the welcoming gentlemen I saw the Deacon. He shrivelled in the background, with the purple opening under his white collar, and looked worried. The band had thundered through the Russian anthem and took up the Czech one. Then they thrummed the Slovak one and people were putting on their hats. Bandleader Petrlik was in full swing, however. Deep tones of bass-trombones flooded the square and I recognized "God Save the King." Round me people exchanged dubious looks and began to take off their hats again. Then the band started "The Star Spangled Banner" and finished the performance with the "Marseillaise." They did not play the Chinese one. Maybe they did not have the music. It took a quarter of an hour. General Yablonski's hand grew stiff and gentlemen in dark suits sweated. So did bandleader Petrlik. Finally he finished with a majestic gesture and looked victoriously at the General. The General dropped his hand from his cap and threw a crushing look at Doctor Sabata who was approaching him with some notes on paper. And Doctor Sabata put on his pince-nez and began to stutter something. The General stood again at polite attention, the sun shining into his red face and a big glossy drop trickled down his nose. Behind him, bored to tears, stood his bemedalled staff.

". . . and you're bringing us freedom on your gallant shoulders . . ." the breeze carried Sabata's voice to me. People got nothing of it. They wouldn't have gotten anything of it even if the Doc stuttered into a mike. I recalled that actually I should be thankful to him: a few days ago he'd almost saved my life. But what the hell. Prema and his gang would have come anyway. Sabata whined through his speech and the polite General shifted from foot to foot. Then at last Sabata said a few words, without looking at the paper and stretched out his hand toward the General. The General took it enthusiastically and Sabata's knees sank a little. People began to clap their hands, then the gentlemen, doing some gymnastics, pushed the General to the platform. The clapping and shouting grew stronger. The General stepped heavily up to the platform and leaned his arms against the railing. He was a splendid figure. His uniform was a little dusty and the medals shone in the sun. . . .

"Tovarishchi!" and he began to speak. I didn't understand a word. After a while I got bored and gaped around at people. By their tense faces I guessed most of them did not understand him, either. And then I noticed that the welcoming committee crept slowly back to their place next to the platform. They looked timidly around, but as they saw that everything was over, they began applauding furiously. The General raised his voice all the way up and then the applause began.

"He's doing alright," I heard behind me. It was Haryk. "You said it," I said and kept on listening. About a quarter of an hour later the General finished. After the applause Mayor Prudivy got up on the platform, took out a piece of paper and began to say he was thanking General Yablonski for his speech.

"After six years of immense hardship," he said, "the Red Army brings us freedom at last. We can breathe freely again and our mothers no longer have to tremble with fear for their children. The hated German invader has been defeated by the heroic arms of our Slav brothers and our allies." His speech lasted for half an hour. Finally he put away the paper and called out: "Long live the free Czechoslovak Republic!"

Wild applause resounded. Prudivy waited and then shouted again: "Long live President Benes and Marshal Stalin!"

The applause lasted even longer. As it died down, Prudivy gave a roar in the loudest tone he could manage: "Long live our great Slavonic ally, the Youesssar!" "Screw that crap," said Haryk in a dampy voice behind me, "you potbelly potbellyovitch!" The square stormed with enthusiasm and Mr. Prudivy finished. The General moved and shook hands with everybody again. The brass band began a march. The ceremony was over. The gentlemen surrounded the General and dragged him to the Town Hall. I turned to Haryk.

"So at two o'clock at the bar," I said.

"Yup," said Haryk.

"Going home?" I said.

"Aha. Seeing Lucia home."

"See ya."

"See ya."

C. Wright Mills' Anti-War Manifesto

by Bert Cochran

THE CAUSES OF WORLD WAR THREE by C. Wright Mills. Simon and Schuster, New York, 1958, \$3.50; paper, \$1.50.

C. WRIGHT MILLS is one of the very few scholars to follow in the tradition of Thorstein Veblen. Social science, with him, becomes a scalpel for the critical vivisection of our society, not a respectable cloak to conceal the putrefaction; a challenging critique of importance to an educated public, not the exercise of a mandarin caste, with its own occult symbols, mysterious rites, and exclusive jargon. Reading one of his books, we are reminded once again that social science was an offspring of the exhilarating tradition of the Enlightenment and the French Revolution, that it was meant to confront man and his works with the weapons of rationality and purpose, that it is subverted and perverted from its true aims when it is turned into a technique of obscurantism, a rationalization of the irrational, or a hair-splitting discourse over trivialities among latter-day medieval schoolmen. Mills is evocative of what social science might be and ought to be, and how far its official dispensers have carried it from its objectives.

There is a big difference between his previous writings and *The Causes of World War Three*. In *The New Men of Power*, *White Collar*, *The Power Elite*, the social analyst is at the helm, and in the past few years, the conclusions are rather on the pessimistic side as the author watches the tide flow

irresistibly to dictatorship and a mass society with no effective forces on the scene to contest or countervail. In the current work, even though much of the argument is a paraphrase of the material of *The Power Elite*, the political pamphleteer elbows aside the academician. And with good reason. Mills believes there is a showdown on man and his civilization. Consequently, he lays aside for the moment his academic robes to issue a call to arms to his fellow intellectuals to step into the breach and reverse the ominous passage to war and annihilation.

WHEN people want to exhort others to take action, to influence or direct events, they necessarily stress the subjective, the active element of history. "Men make their own history . . . but they do not make it under circumstances chosen by themselves," Mills quotes Marx approvingly. Confronted now with the awful prospect of a total war that "has become absurd" because it cannot achieve any political aims, will serve no truly "national interests," but promises "total destruction," Mills calls upon his countrymen to take hold of the means of power in order to make "politics again central to decision-making and responsible to broader publics." Mills proceeds to unroll a closely reasoned and skillfully argued case:

Power is now polarized between two empire-states, the United States and Russia, and inside the two, it is now centralized within small groups of elites. Where before the second World

War, several nations made international history, now there are only two, and everything between them is practically a political vacuum. Within both super-nations, the populations are now the objects of history having little or nothing to do with the big decisions by which their lives are regulated and their fate decided.

Summarizing his thesis from *The Power Elite*, Mills explains that in the United States there is a three-layered social structure. At the top, power of decision is now centered in a trio of military, political, and economic institutions. The political order, once a scatter of several dozen states and a weak federal center, has become an executive apparatus where business and government are connected, and the corporation men have ascended to the top positions. The economy, once a scatter of small production units, is now dominated by a few hundred corporations which hold the key to economic decisions. The military order, once a meager establishment surrounded by civilian distrust, has swollen into a sprawling bureaucracy which has secured a major position within the ruling circle. The unity of the elite rests upon the similar psychology of its several members, and the coincidence of aims of the institutional hierarchies over which each of them presides.

The American system of power which is generally discussed in popular literature, consisting of "countervailing powers," and "veto groups," refers in Mills' opinion to the middle levels of power. This is "an affair of entrenched and provincial demands" rather than "a center of national decision." The idea that society is a balance of powers stems from the time when there existed a large and independent middle class. But this class has disappeared. The new middle class of white collar employees is not politically united and forms no political pivot of decision. "Economically, the white-collar classes are in the same condition as wage workers; politically they are in a worse condition, for they are not organized. They are no vanguard of historic change; they are at best a rear guard of the welfare state." All these real or potential democratic forces are being integrated into the expanded apparatus of the state. In the USSR and in modern totalitari-

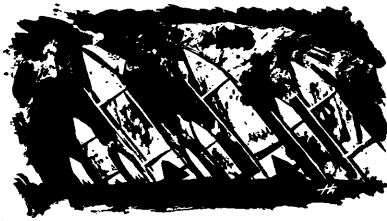
anism in general, the integration is explicit. In the formal democracies, it is not yet a completed process, but is well underway. Hence, "the middle level of power in America is no moving balance; it is a semi-organized stalemate."

AT the bottom, the American public has been transformed into a mass society far removed from the eighteenth-century idea of a public. "In the classic image, people are presented with problems. Their viewpoints are organized. They compete. One viewpoint wins out." Such images of democracy are still widely used, but they are now "more fairy tale than useful approximation." The political order is now bureaucratic, less the locale of struggle than an object to be managed. Mass communications do not link and feed discussions; they convert the public into a media market; they trivialize and distract. Men are not governed today in the last resort by common consent. For among the means of power that now prevail is the power to manage and to manipulate the consent of men.

The drift to war in the United States has become self-propelling. The burgeoning military bureaucracy has a vested interest in maintaining the militarist atmosphere. The warlords have entered political and diplomatic circles, the higher echelons of the corporate world, take charge of scientific and technological enterprises, influence education institutions, and operate their own enormous public relations and propaganda machine. Militarism has come to shape much of our economic life and the war economy has become the accepted arrangement to ward off problems of unemployment and slump.

In a larger context both the Russian and American elites are thrust into conflict because of the "world encounter" between an advanced capitalist economy and an industrialized Communism. In this competition, Mills sees Russia as having many advantages. Most of the pre-industrial countries contain colored races — and Russia, in counter-distinction from this country, is free of color prejudice. These countries harbor a lot of ill-will toward Western capitalist powers which have exploited them and kept them down for 300 years. Finally, their intellectuals cannot see how they are going to get

industrialized with capitalist methods, while Russia and China have shown that it can be done with other methods. "In the economic and political world



of today, I do not think that U.S. capitalism is an exportable system." Meanwhile, the Russian economy is growing far more rapidly than the American and may very well outcompete capitalism in terms of production. Russia could thus win the world struggle without firing a single shot. The seeming inability or unwillingness of the U.S. elite to conduct the struggle in economic terms has thus become a major cause of a new war.

Mills argues as a parallel thesis that both the American and Russian elites have been unable to accustom themselves to the new reality of the world. Hence, both ruling circles remain in the grip of "military metaphysics." They get away with this irrationality because there is a virtual absence of popular opposition to their definitions of world reality; no real alternatives are being debated by the peoples of either country.

MASS indifference is a major political fact today. He says that if we accept the Greek definition of the idiot as an altogether private man, then we must conclude that many American and Soviet citizens are now idiots. The concomitant of mass indifference is moral insensibility. This insensibility was dramatized by the Nazis, but it prevailed among our own fighter pilots in Korea, and is now exemplified by the generals and scientists who are planning the weapons and strategy of World War III. In the absence of responsible political parties offering alternative orientations, and with the abdication of the leading intellectual, scientific, and religious circles — they have generally become the Swiss Guard of the power elite — we have a thrust and drift toward World War III. The leaders believe there is no way out —

except war — which would remove all the bewildering paradoxes of their tedious and now misguided attempts to construct peace.

But we cannot say that history is sheer fate, that everybody — and consequently nobody — is responsible for such events as war. "We" are not all in this together so far as the making of decisions are concerned. "We" are all in this together only as far as bearing the consequences of these decisions is concerned. To replace the straightforward idea of "political accountability" by a tragic reference to uncontrollable fate "is a lugubrious and fatalistic dodge which, adorned with a little liberal rhetoric, leads directly to the political irresponsibility of the conservative default."

Because of the enlargement and centralization of the means of history-making, a politics of responsibility is now more possible than in a society with less far-reaching and less centralized means of power. The fact that a politics of semi-organized irresponsibility now prevails ought not to blind us to the political possibilities opened up by this great structural change. Many have abandoned drawing up programs because they see no public in the United States for them. But there are two choices: One can modify one's ideas and become "realistic" by taking up new allegiances and expediences. Or, one can retain the ideals while waiting. "As intellectuals and as political men, we ought to choose, without qualification, the second way." The first alternative, which perhaps used to be realistic, has now become an abdication of any possible role of reason, indeed of sanity, in human affairs, and its near universal adoption by intellectuals is now among the causes of World War III.

THOSE who have no program say that politics is the art of the possible — but what is now possible? So far as means are concerned, it depends upon what position you occupy in the structure of power. So far as ends are concerned, no one knows the limits of possible human development. We have to begin by considering what ought to be done. With that, Mills proceeds to sketch out his guidelines for peace, which can be summarized as follows:

1) War, not Russia, is now the

enemy; 2) An orientation for the industrialization of the underdeveloped world, which can become the most promising issue between the United States and Russia; 3) Co-existence:

vices; 10) The United States should at once and unilaterally cease all further production of A- and H-bombs and nuclear warheads. It should announce the size of its stockpile along with a



the world encounter of these two political economies must be conducted in cultural, political, and economic terms; 4) Some 20 percent of current United States budget should be allocated for economic aid and industrial development of underdeveloped countries. In the next budget, and in each year thereafter, this amount should be increased by an additional 10 percent. Tax levels should be kept roughly the same as at present so that this increasing aid can come out of the military budget; 5) We should help build a first-class, world-wide educational system, under UN auspices, of circulating professors, teachers, and students. By stressing the human values of curiosity, imagination, and inquiry, underdeveloped societies can hope to avoid in their industrialization the inhuman features of the overdeveloped — and the overdeveloped countries get on the track of proper development; 6) abolish forthwith all the insulting laws concerning fingerprinting and visas. The general aim should be a world without visas; 7) Remove all security and loyalty restrictions on scientific work and invite qualified scientists from anywhere on the globe to participate; 8) Remove from the private economy all scientific research and development directly or indirectly relevant to the military. Ultimately, all science and technology of any consequence to be restricted to civilian institutions subject to public control; 9) The United States should cease all testing of nuclear de-

schedule for reducing and converting it to devices for peaceful uses; 11) Abandon all military bases and installations outside our continental domain; 12) Encourage European nations unilaterally and immediately to disarm; 13) Accept the Russian proposal for an embargo on all arms shipments to the Middle East. The two powers should jointly guarantee all frontiers in the area and undertake a regional development program; 14) Recognize China and all other Communist-type states and bring these into the world-wide economic and educational projects.

MILLS wants a program along these lines to be announced to the world by the United States unilaterally, with the Russians invited to join in these endeavors. "Let us have no nonsense about where the money is coming from. The old joke of utopian capitalism is no longer funny. The world is full of men and women; it is full of natural resources and wondrous sources of power. What is needed is the human skill and the political will to set up a new beginning. It is far less a question of money than of the kind of imagination that is at once technical and moral, the kind of mind which thinks technologically rather than in business terms. The sheer waste and fat of the overdeveloped society of the United States is by itself enough to begin with."

Mills does not expect that this program "will be acted upon this week by

the power elite." As a matter of fact, he is convinced that we cannot struggle for peace as we might struggle for this or that particular reform. The war system is too pervasive in all the leading societies, and furthermore, the means for struggle are not now at our political disposal. The peace struggle therefore necessarily must be a fight inside the U.S. power system over who is going to determine the uses of this nation's fabulous means of power, and toward the reshaping of these means into more democratically responsible instruments. "A real attack on war-making by Americans today is necessarily an attack upon the private incorporation of the economy, upon the military ascendancy, upon the linkages between the two. It requires the rehabilitation of political life, making politics again central to decision-making and responsible to broader publics . . . If broader publics are to make history, they must gain control of these means of history-making. To talk about peace without ever talking about the means of war is indeed to be soft-headed."

AT this point, Mills turns to his fellow intellectuals and his declaration takes on the form of an angry philippic: "Very many scientists, very many preachers, very many intellectuals, are in default. . . . Some of the best of them allow themselves to be trapped by the politics of anti-Stalinism, which has been a main passage-way from the political thirties to the intellectual default of the apolitical fifties. . . . The withdrawal of cultural workmen from politics, in America especially, is part of the international default, which is both cultural and political, of the Western world today." Mills says to the Western intellectuals that they should remember with humility and shame that the first significant crack in the cold-war front was not made by those who enjoy the formal freedoms but by men who ran the risk of being shot, imprisoned, and tortured. "They were made in Poland and Hungary and Yugoslavia, and they are still being made there." Mills avows that he can no longer write with moral surety unless these people know that "I have feelings of equal contempt for both leading types of underdeveloped cultural workmen of the over-develop-

ed countries of the world.”

Mills looks over the scene in the United States today and sees no significant revolt groups and no hint that any may develop. There is neither constitutional nor revolutionary opposition to the existing structure of power or the types of men who now run it. He believes, however, that there is a political program which has meaning in the country today: For men of independent mind to formulate the conditions and decisions necessary to realize a set of stated values or to avoid an expected disaster. Such a program would not be utopian in the useless sense, because it is not addressed directly to those in power with any expectation that they will take it up at once. It is addressed to intellectual circles and to the smaller, more alert publics. Such programs and activities keep alive humanist and rational values and enable us to use these values in a continual and uncompromising critique of going realities. Intellectuals do have the one often-fragile but nonetheless real means of power of making their voices heard, and the ability to reveal the meaning and consequences of the decisions of those in high places.

It is up to the intellectuals therefore to act as political intellectuals and realize themselves as an independent and opposition formation.

HERE then is the diagnosis and message of C. Wright Mills. Taking

the one with the other, we can say that *The Causes of World War Three* is one of the important political documents that has appeared in the United States since the last war. Important not so much for the originality of the analysis. What is original has already been said in *The Power Elite*. Nor for the uniqueness of the political program whose various parts have been previously adumbrated by different people. But in its totality, this cry from Macedonia of one of our leading intellectuals, calling on the intellectuals to shake off their moral sloth and become working citizens of a political community again, is a political event. All the more so because Mills, unlike many less lucid opponents of war, is trying to get across the idea that you cannot fight war realistically without changing many of the country's social power arrangements.

Several nervous guardians of the Left Holy Grail have hastened to point out to Mills that if war is to be stopped others besides intellectuals will have to get into the fray. It may be assumed that Mills is not unaware of this. But the criticism is irrelevant. What Mills is obviously trying to do as he surveys the dismal American scene is to find some thread to seize hold of by means of which the hypnosis to conformity can be broken, politics can again become meaningful, and the present thrust to war can be contested. Given the realities of the day, he may be entirely right that the intellectuals have

an initiating role to play, are the people in the best position to get the ball rolling. “It is a long way around but just now it is the only way home.”

It would be somewhat obtuse to miss the blow that Mills has struck, or the essential validity of his approach and effort, in order to concentrate on secondary differences of opinion. This reviewer, for one, doubts that the concept of unilateral nuclear disarmament will recommend itself as reasonable to any sizable body of people, including intellectuals. Proposals based upon an overall compromise agreement between the two nuclear behemoths would appear to indicate the path of a new politics more successfully, and work better to resolve the awful reality of mutual fear and terror. I know that the peace movement in England has been launched largely on the plank of unilateral disarmament, but England's inability to keep playing the role of a major power probably has a lot to do with the special appeal to drop out of the nuclear race.

Be that as it may, what Mills has done is to start a bold and imaginative and entirely admirable chain letter. Let us hope that thousands of others will join the game. Let us hope that this political manifesto presages the decline of the dolorous era characterized by the withdrawal of the intellectuals from political responsibility, or their enlistment as technicians in the services of the War Machine.



BOOK REVIEW

How It Began

FOUNDATIONS OF CAPITALISM by
Oliver C. Cox. *Philosophical Library*,
New York, 1959, \$7.50.

DR. Cox, Professor of Sociology at Lincoln University in Missouri and the able author of *Caste, Class & Race*, has written this book on the origins of the capitalist system in two parts. The first part, dealing with the “establishment of the sys-

tem,” describes the economies and cultures of Venice, Florence, Genoa, the cities of the Hanseatic League, Amsterdam and the other cities of the United (Dutch) Provinces, and touches briefly on other centers of infant capitalism. The second part deals chiefly with England in its mercantile stage, and explores thoroughly the theory and practice of mercantilism.

It will perhaps give some idea of the scope of the effort that went into the preparation of this book to note that Dr. Cox lists close to four hundred volumes in his bibliography of works cited in the text. Yet the touch is light and the academic paraphernalia unobtrusive, so that the book remains quite readable while assembling a wealth of descriptive information.

While Professor Cox offers no full statement of his thesis, it stands out by implication from a number of salient features of this work. We may list these as follows:

1) Attention is concentrated heavily on the Italian city-states, the Hanseatic cities,

and Holland and England at the height of their mercantile supremacy. This shifts the focus in time back a couple of centuries before the development and rise to dominance of the industrial capitalist mode of production.

2) These early forerunners of capitalism are treated as the capitalist system in classic form, differing from modern capitalism only in size and degree of development.

3) Mercantilism, the policy of special protection to commercial capital, is treated as the pure and essential policy of developing capitalism.

4) In depicting capitalism as an exploitative system, the chief stress is laid upon the exploitative relationships of trade rather than those of industry, and the classic form of capitalist exploitation is taken to be the gouging of weaker nations through the mechanisms of international commerce.

5) A distinctly subordinate role in the narrative is allotted to industrial capital-

ism, and when Professor Cox finally approaches the industrial revolution and the development of a new mode of production, with all the changed social relationships it entailed, his discussion thins out badly, becomes perfunctory, and compresses into fifty pages what he obviously considers to be a minor and derivative element in the capitalist system.

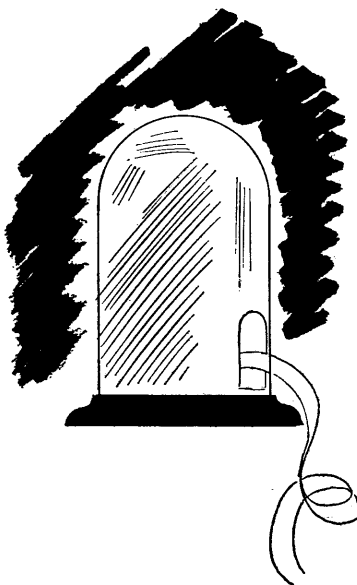
FROM these features of the work, it becomes clear that Professor Cox has seized upon what has been variously called "commercial capitalism," "merchant capital," "mercantilism," and placed it at the center of his thinking about the capitalist system. The one place in his book where he comes closest to saying this flatly is in the midst of his discussion of Venice, where he writes: "Studies on the rise of capitalism have commonly referred to the phenomena which we have been discussing as 'commercial capitalism.' In due course, however, we shall attempt to demonstrate that all capitalism is essentially commercial."

This point is so crucial to the whole structure of his book that Professor Cox would have done well to amplify it a great deal. As it stands, it is hard to see how he justifies it. Commercial or merchant capital is indeed the oldest free existence of capital. Its only prerequisites are the existence of commodities and the circulation of money. It was thus possible in any money economy where a surplus of commodities, however produced, was available, and existed in all pre-capitalist societies back to antiquity. The output of the primitive commune, slave and plantation production, small agricultural and artisan production — all of these can and have been the basis for commercial capital insofar as they produce a surplus of commodities that are thrown on the market. And, of course, commercial capitalism rose to its greatest strength and scope on the basis of the capitalist mode of production, which for the first time organized large scale production intended for the market.

In any reckoning, therefore, the trader, the merchant, the importer and exporter, played a major role in the development of modern capitalism. But is it right to say that they *are* modern capitalism? It was not until the capitalist mode of production began to assert itself that the society we know today, with its social structure, class divisions, capitalist behemoths, and labor armies took shape. Clearly, what is essential in the history of the last four hundred years is the new system of production and the social changes that followed in its train. However important the commercial elements were in this process, however much they may have fostered and paved the way for industrial capitalism, they soon took a back seat to the factory, the mill, the mine, in which most of our wealth was produced and in which, more important, modern society was shaped.

THE opposite stress by Professor Cox seems to me to be an error in theory of prime magnitude. Its consequences for

the book are considerable. We have already mentioned the shifting of the time focus back into the period of the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries. While the Mediterranean cities did display some elements of the capitalist mode of production in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it was not until the sixteenth century that the story of modern capitalism really begins — as distinguished from its prologue. Professor Cox has failed to ask himself why, if the commercial capitalism of the Italian city-states was a classic form, it disappeared so easily at the very time of capitalism's greatest upward movement. Had Mediterranean capitalism been firmly based upon industrial production after the bourgeois pattern, it is unlikely that it would have crumbled so readily.



Similarly, in his discussion of mercantilism, which was a policy of all-out assistance on the part of the state to merchant capital, Professor Cox fails to appreciate how commercial capitalism became a barrier to the growth and development of the capitalist system, and instead depicts it as the quintessence of capitalist policy in the ascent to power. The control of the state authority by the merchant capitalists was for a time a serious hindrance to the further development of capitalism. The high rate of profit which was artificially maintained in the carrying trade prevented the rapid flow of capital into industry. Where merchant capital continued to dominate to the detriment of industrial capital, backward conditions resulted. Marx demonstrated this point by comparing Liverpool to Manchester or Birmingham in the mid-nineteenth century; internationally, he contrasted the declining fortunes of Spain, Portugal, and Holland with the rising might of England.

Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* was in large part a bitter philippic against the artificial monopolies and favored conditions encouraged in the carrying trade by govern-

ment intervention. He saw in the development of British manufactures the key to a wealthy and prosperous capitalist Britain, and viewed the dominance of merchant capital as the foremost barrier to that development. It is worth noting that this plight was duplicated on our side of the Atlantic as well. British mercantile capital mediated between commodity-producing societies, exploited and dominated them both, and obstructed the further development of both. In the same year as our Declaration of Independence, Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* opened a battle against the same enemy. It would be a novel, and, I am sure, fruitful work of politico-economic history were someone to undertake an investigation of the extent to which the American Revolution freed not only American but British capitalism as well for industrial development.

In my opinion, Professor Cox's treatment of the rise of capitalism is dislocated by his error of interpretation, and the spotlight is erroneously thrown on the immediate pre-history of capitalism to the virtual exclusion of the capitalist era proper. But I would not want to create the wrong impression by the criticism. The book is not, after all, a theoretical treatise but a descriptive survey. The regions and centuries with which it deals are extremely interesting in their own right, and Professor Cox has provided a comprehensive survey of great value to the student and general reader.

H. B.

Kronstadt Uber Alles

THE GREAT PRINCE DIED by Bernard Wolfe. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1959, \$4.50.

THE political novel has become a rarity in our post-war age when literature is dominated by the New Criticism and the worship of T. S. Eliot and Henry James. If *The Great Prince Died* is any sample of what the current American writer can produce in the line of a political work of fiction, maybe it's just as well. Whatever one's tastes and preferences, it is better to make do with the wispy sketches of Truman Capote than second-rate novels about Leon Trotsky and Russian Bolshevism.

Trotsky was murdered 19 years ago in his villa outside Mexico City by a GPU assassin crashing a pickaxe into his brain. The whole affair of one of the great revolutionaries of this century, exiled from his birthland, driven from country to country, and hunted by the hired killers of Stalin's secret police, is the stuff that high drama is made of. The theme most likely has been ignored by the literary fraternity because the world of revolutionaries and ideologies is thoroughly uncongenial to the post-war generation of writers who want to get as far away as they can from it. It has now been attempted by Bernard Wolfe, not be-

cause of any new wind blowing in the American literary field, but because of his personal background, his special interests, and unique emotional involvement.

MR. Wolfe, when a young man out of college, was an adherent of the American Trotskyists for a brief while and in 1937 spent eight months in Trotsky's household as a member of his secretarial staff. He gave up political radicalism twenty years ago and has been engaged in the interval in publicity and writing pursuits. But as often happens to ex-radicals, their experiences in the socialist movement seem to have been the most important ones of their lives and to have left an indelible mark on their attitudes and slants, even after they have reversed their values and turned their dogmas inside out.

The obscure quarrels in anti-Stalinist socialist circles in 1938 about the Kronstadt rebellion, which have long since been forgotten even by the erstwhile participants, and which have been buried under the debris of a second world war, of nuclear weapons, of colonial revolutions, of the Hungarian and Polish outbursts, of the cold war — these memories of a distant past are still as vivid, as emotionally consuming, and have Mr. Wolfe in their grip as completely as if they were taking place this very day, and as though the very outcome of our lives hung in the balance. It is as if his political clock had stopped in 1938. Now, when he returns to the subject matter two decades later, his only guides are the old gestures and intellectual grimaces he remembers when he last left the smoke-filled halls of the radical gatherings. (For the non-*cognoscenti*, it should be noted that Kronstadt is not the name for a new filter cigarette, nor a Bavarian beer, but refers to the 1921 uprising of the sailors stationed at the Kronstadt fortress at Leningrad which was forcibly put down by the Bolshevik government.)

Lest the foregoing give rise to any misunderstanding, I hasten to add that I am not a follower of the school of proletarian literature, much less "socialist realism," nor do I hold that a work of fiction has to unfold what I would consider an acceptable political position, or for that matter, any political position. For certain purposes, I can even accept the strictures of the New Critics that a novel should be considered as a separate entity with its own laws of being, and their proposal to disregard the sources of the work or its moral and social effects. In the case of Mr. Wolfe's work, this is not always possible, as his novel is one long diatribe against Trotskyism-Leninism-Marxism, belaboring the reader with fugitive observations gathered from all parts of the political spectrum introduced on the principle of any stick to beat a wicked dog.

Neither am I arguing against lengthy political discussions in novels. The nineteenth-century Russians did wonders with them. More recently, Simone de Beauvoir in *The Mandarins* has used them successfully. Even though she did not create a

great book, she managed to faithfully reveal the political mainsprings and personal drives of her *dramatis personae*, and wove a rich tapestry of the atmosphere and tensions of post-Resistance literary France.

ONE cannot say half as much for Bernard Wolfe's production. The central core of his structure is rotten and falls apart at the first touch. Here is the household of a dedicated revolutionist surrounded by his devoted followers, all of them steeped in the Leninist tradition, who have declared war to the death against Stalin and his rule, facing imminent attack from their



Leon Trotsky

ruthless foe, in the year of our Lord 1940 — and all of them are thinking, arguing, writing, disputing to the point of obsession — about what? The moral problem of Kronstadt! The chief of the guards, who is supposed to be a fanatic about protecting Trotsky's person, is impertinent to his chief, hostile to his politics, and bickers at every turn — about Kronstadt. The other faithful guard is totally disillusioned with Trotsky's politics, not just current, but from Year One, also has the Kronstadt bug bad, quotes approvingly in his diary Joseph Conrad's remark that the Russian revolutionists were not a bit better than the Czarist policemen, and writes his girl friend that he wants to chuck the whole messy business, marry her and raise a family. Even the Mexican police chief, who comes to take up security matters, quickly passes on to a discussion of the burning subject of the day — you guessed it! — Kronstadt. Trotsky himself disguised as "Victor Rostov," is not immune to the virus; he simply cannot get the chapter on Kronstadt of the book he is working on written because he is full of self-doubt and can't find the right quotations.

The incessant disputations get nowhere, except that Paul Teleki, the head guard, is finally ordered out of the house. Teleki is supposed to be a hardened old revolutionist who underwent torture in Balkan jails, and

later fought in Spain. Appropriately, he argues like a student, who just finished a quick philosophy course with Sidney Hook. Anyhow, after listening to his harangues about Kronstadt for over 200 pages, Trotsky has had enough (even Job would have had enough).

Not only does the plot fly in the face of the facts. What is fatal for the book is that in order to fit his people into the Procrustean bed he has devised for them, the author constructs a Trotsky household setup that makes no sense, the actions and words of his characters are bereft of motivation and conviction. The structure refuses to hang together because the intrinsic relationships lack coherence and internal logic. The obsession with Kronstadt becomes a *deus ex machina* arbitrarily introduced, and the nagging exchanges between Trotsky and his guards or the Mexican police chief, instead of providing dramatic tension, make the reader feel he has wandered into some asylum where the inmates are jabbering incomprehensible slogans at each other.

IF we disregard Mr. Wolfe's inability to draw characters and his penchant for pulp writing, the failure of the book resides in an artistically false attempt to build right into the Trotsky household the conflict between Trotsky and the generation of intellectuals, some of whom had been Trotskyist supporters, who around 1938 were growing disillusioned with the whole Russian revolutionary tradition, and had come to the conclusion that Trotsky as well as Lenin was responsible for the later Stalin degeneration. There was this movement among intellectuals, and there was this conflict, and possibly an important novel can be written about it. But in making Trotsky's guards and followers, who hero-worshipped their leader, and the Mexican police chief who didn't give a damn about any of it, as the spokesmen for the *Partisan Review* crowd; and in converting Trotsky himself — that imperious, dazzling, and courageous historical figure, who like the Southern judge, may have often been in error, but had never been in doubt — in converting him into a rattled stage elocutionist who had lost his nerve — both parties to the transaction, Trotsky and his critics, necessarily suffer such violence at the hands of the author, that there emerges neither credibility nor atmosphere; only a muddle. The passions of both the New York intellectual circles and of Trotsky and his followers get washed out in favor of a synthetic scenario.

Selden Rodman wrote in the Sunday *N.Y. Times* that the book was "cumber-some" but that "its message is one the free world will ignore at its peril." Just what Mr. Wolfe's "message" is is not entirely clear. But its various noises seem to be in reassuring tune with the harmonies of official Washington opinion. That is why there is the general feeling that it is on the side of the angels. In Russia they have their "socialist realism." Here, we have our "free world realism."

B. C.

Warm Thanks

WE wish to extend our warm thanks to all who contributed to our annual fund appeal this year. The volume of donations was heartening. Unfortunately, our readers are not numbered among the most affluent in our affluent society, and the common note sounded in most of the letters was, "Wish I could make it more." The total receipts were thus not what we had hoped, and not adequate to our needs, but, with luck and penny-pinching, we feel able to go along for the next period. Our financial problems are not solved—when are they ever for a socialist periodical?—and we hope all readers can keep that in mind and send a donation when able.

As an added dividend, the little notes or few words of encouragement which many contributors add to their fund-appeal blanks are as welcome as the contributions themselves. Being only human, we like to be told to "keep up the fine work," "doing a very nice job," "putting out the best," and other things of that kind. The notes are not accepted at the teller's window along with the cash, but we bank them in our private fund of enthusiasm and hope. Spirit has always been the prime resource of every socialist movement, and we know that as long as that exists, the other resources will be found.

If you have put off sending in a contribution, don't think it is now too late. Send it along—and don't forget a few words of honest praise or blame for our encouragement and guidance.

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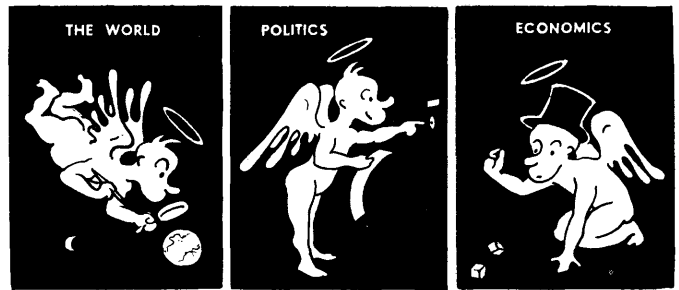
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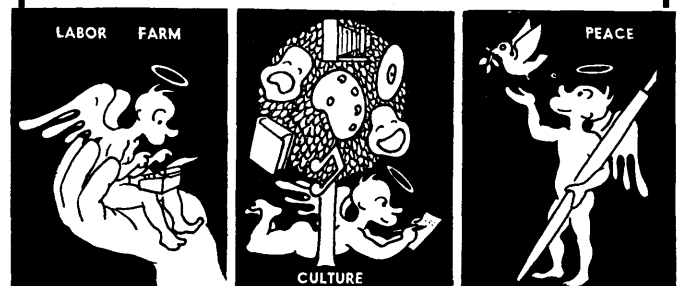
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