MAY
1950

masses & MAINSTREAM

this Issue:

PEACE CAN BE WON, by James S. Allen

May Day, 1950

EUGENE DENNIS, in his summation speech to the jury at Foley Square, said: "We Communist leaders face the future with confidence in our Party, our class, our people, our country."

This calm confidence is the key to victory.

The rich know this. That is why the American rulers and their hired hands concentrate on sowing doubt and spreading defeatism among the working people and their allies. Reaction thrives on cynicism.

Whence comes the unquenchable faith of the persecuted General Secretary of the American Communist Party? It comes from a knowledge of the enormously enhanced might of the world's masses —and especially the fact that eight hundred million people have taken the Marxist-Leninist path toward true freedom. It comes from an understanding of the historic militancy of the American workers and the Negro people, and a conviction that living experience will revitalize and mature such militancy.

The confidence springs from the existence of insoluble contradictions for the bourgeoisie and from the fact that in the class struggle which today rocks the earth, one of the contestants is mortal and senile while the other is immortal and virile.

It is the American imperialists who are plagued by insomnia and need, as *Life* reports, "vibrators to relax tense muscles," "metronomic lullers," and books on *How To Sleep* and *The New Way to Relax*. The gadgets and the volumes will not help. Nothing will help them. Their system of oppression is doomed.

Throughout the world this May Day millions will show their determination to protect peace. Let us all join them.

We in the United States have a special responsibility, for the war danger comes from the American ruling class. Marching here on this International Day of Labor we demonstrate our loathing of war, our unalterable determination to stop the burning of books, to smash Jim Crow, to defend the vanguard party of the working class.

Let us march together against war and fascism, for peace and democracy.

—THE EDITORS

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Drawings by Edelson, Frasconi, Picasso and Wilson.

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JAMES S. ALLEN'S latest works are *World Monopoly and Peace* and *Atomic Energy and Society.*

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ALI KARASU is the pseudonym of one of the many young poets in the Turkish progressive movement whose work shows clearly the influence of Nazim Hikmet. Hikmet, Turkey's leading Communist and poet, has been in jail for the past twelve years and, as we go to press, is on a hunger strike to force his release. The poems by Hikmet, published in our March, 1950, issue, brought enthusiastic letters from many readers.

JOHN WILSON is a Negro artist living in Boston.

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COVER: The photograph of Eugene Dennis, General Secretary of the Communist Party, is by the *Daily Worker.*

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OUR TIME by Samuel Sillen

Cold-War Courts
Matthiessen Tragedy
Labor's Heritage
Campus Goosestep

Cold-War Courts

IF LAWSON and Trumbo are guilty, what self-respecting American would not scorn to be innocent? The crime they committed! They refused to knuckle down to a beef-faced Congressman who soon wound up in jail as a robber of the government he was "protecting." They stood up for their right, if I may beg the Court's permission for an heretical term, to discuss or not discuss their political views as they saw fit.

I was there when it happened and I'll never forget it as long as memory remains constitutional. I saw Parnell Thomas, whose penitentiary number slips me now, calling on the cops to pull Jack Lawson off the witness stand before he could finish a sentence. And I was at the Trumbo trial a few months later when Judge Pine, with cynical monotony, sustained Prosecutor Hitz' objections to introducing a shred of the writer's own work as evidence. The atmosphere was cozy. The Lawson jury had five government workers, while poor Hitz had only eight to work with in the Trumbo trial.

Guilty and guilty again. The Appeals Court said the Hollywood Ten couldn't argue free speech because that sort of Jeffersonian nonsense has to be "abridged" these days. After all, we are world leaders now. Speak for war if you want free speech. Who's stopping you? Not the Supreme Court. Truman's buddies will give you big fat majority decisions if you speak for bacteria war or hydrogen war or even plain war. Could anybody ask for more latitude than the freedom to speak for the destruction of the human race?

A book I saved from P.S. 144 says that Congress shall make no law

"abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press" and it says the accused shall enjoy the right to trial "by an impartial jury" and that "The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people."

And with those good words I measure the Bridges conviction, the Dennis conviction and Leon Josephson's year in jail and Carl Marzani in jail now, and Medina's medieval courtroom, and the ruling against George Marshall, and the verdicts against the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Commitee, and the Hollywood Ten. Then I think of a speech which Howard Fast made at the Buffalo Stadium in Paris exactly a year ago to the day as I write this. He said that in America the jails were beginning to be filled with political prisoners. To some people this seemed like an exaggeration then. But it was all too true, and what all decent people must be made to see is that unless we fight with a boldness and strength that each of us may not have realized he had, we shall have Supreme Court-approved concentration camps in our land.

Lawson and Trumbo have been tried and convicted as writers, as leaders of progressive American culture. None of us is free, not one of us, until they and Dennis and Barsky and the others are acquitted with the honor that a democratic nation owes them for their fight. Their battle must be made the battle of all who refuse to watch the Constitution sacked, the human spirit enslaved.

Matthiessen Tragedy

IT IS not easy for anyone who knew F. O. Matthiessen to write about his tragic death. Few of us could have suspected the depth of anguish revealed by his suicide. There is now the futile wish that one could have helped. There is the sense of loss—and what a sad loss it is—to American letters and to every progressive cause of our day. There is the hatred for the cold-war rulers who conspire to crush all health and hope.

For the guilt is with those who harried Matthiessen because he spoke for peace and against the jailing of Bridges, Dennis, Lawson, Fast. At the end Matthiessen was writing a book about Dreiser, and in Dreiser's story he was retracing the clash between the honest writer and capitalism. In one of the last printed essays Matthiessen sent me, he wrote that "the artist was peculiarly naked and defense-

less in America, since his values were inescapably opposed to the ruthless competitive drives of our society." Just as the bourgeoisie tried to tear Dreiser to bits, but in vain, so Matthiessen, our finest literary scholar after Parrington, was ripped and Red-baited.

I do not mean that he was overcome by personal fear; let not the F.B.I. and Un-American Committee take that satisfaction. True, Matthiessen was the target of police-agent articles in the *Partisan Review;* he was tarred and feathered in the press reviews of his book, *From The Heart of Europe,* dealing with the new democracies which he had visited; lynch cries were raised against him by Sidney Hook at the time of the Cultural Conference for World Peace in New York last spring. But Matthiessen unwaveringly continued to advocate the democratic ideas he had richly learned from Whitman and Thoreau and Melville. He was an active worker in the Progressive Party. At the Waldorf peace conference he spoke on the same platform with Fadeyev, and I shall never forget his stinging retort to the handful of disrupters who tried to attack the Soviet novelist. While Matthiessen was by no means in full agreement with the Communists, he insisted in the face of angry pressures on working unitedly with them and all others who fight for peace and against fascism.

Involved in Matthiessen's death was his profound moral revulsion against what was happening to the America he loved. I asked Matthiessen a number of months ago how the authorities at Harvard were reacting to the McCarthy-like attacks against him. They had not bothered him, he said, but he was very much troubled by the general atmosphere in Cambridge. So many of his fellow teachers were succumbing to that stultification and terror which had become the official policy of the land. Why were they silent? Would Emerson have had anything to say to them? Those who have read Matthiessen's work, and especially his *American Renaissance,* one of the landmarks of our criticism, know how strongly Matthiessen was attached to our democratic literary tradition. He was deeply wounded, fatally as we now know, by the destroyers of that tradition who hold power.

His death is a comment on our society which should lance the conscience of his colleagues. But it is equally a comment on the crisis of ideas in America. As Matthiessen said in his last note, he was a Christian and a socialist. But the socialist idea in which he sincerely believed remained an abstraction tinged with borrowings from idealist

philosophy. He once wrote: "I believe increasingly that the main hope for a healthy democracy lies in the progressive labor movement." But he could not truly embrace the historic position and outlook of the working class. The contradictions were intense. An attraction to Dreiser and at the same time to Eliot; socialism and resistance to a class analysis of society; awareness of the artist's social responsibility, and yet a wish that the artist could be exempt from social judgment.

Reaction today exerts fierce pressure on all men of good will to submit to a sense of defeat. I remember how, during the days when the Nazis seemed invincible to many, Ernst Toller and Stefan Zweig were morally overwhelmed and committed suicide in exile. But it was the Nazis who were defeated. The forward sweep of the working class, with whatever setbacks in a given country, is irresistible. That progressive labor movement in which Matthiessen saw the hope for healthy democracy is triumphing in the world. We rejoice in that triumph. We shall work for it here. We remain with the forces of life and we shall remember F. O. Matthiessen as one of our number.

Labor's Heritage

MAY DAY, the holiday of the international working class, has its roots in the mass struggles for the eight-hour work day in the United States in 1886. Celebrated today by hundreds of millions—in Moscow and Peking, in Paris and Prague—it is for us a symbol not only of international solidarity but of the fighting tradition of American labor.

Recently I came across an all but forgotten book entitled *The Working-Class Movement in America* written by Karl Marx's youngest daughter, Eleanor, and her husband Edward Aveling. The book is a report of their impressions of a visit to our country in 1886, and it has enormous interest for us today. The Avelings lectured on socialism to large audiences in some thirty-five places from New York to Kansas City during a twelve-week tour.

In the capitalist newspapers they were assailed "with all the violence, virulence, and misrepresentation of which portions of the press of that country are capable." But the newspapers helped swell the attendance at the Avelings' meetings, and in some places, they report, hundreds were unable to gain admission. For three months "the Ameri-

can public had in town after town from one to three or four columns in each of the leading papers wholly given over to socialistic teaching, to say nothing of the countless leaders [editorials] devoted to the demolition and advertisement of our doctrines. . . ."

The majority of listeners did not agree with the Avelings' views, but all gave a "fair, even eager hearing." They write: "The fact is the American people were waiting to hear in their own language what Socialism was. Until this time its doctrines had been consciously and deliberately preached, as a rule, only by Germans. Of systematic and general declaration of them in the English tongue there had been practically nothing."

Contrary to the myths of bourgeois historiography (as represented recently in Henry Steele Commager's *The American Mind*) the Avelings' first general impression was that "in this country of extremes, those of poverty and wealth, of exploitation in its active and passive form are more marked than in Europe. . . . The real division of society into two classes, the laborer and the capitalist, veiled in England and other European countries by the remains of old systems, by artificial classes of royalty, nobility and so forth, in America stares one in the face." (A decade earlier Whitman had written of the "unjust division of wealth-products, and the hoggish monopoly of a few, rolling in superfluity, against the vast bulk of the work-people, living in squalor."

The Avelings were struck by "the prevalence of what we call unconscious Socialism." They observed that "Large numbers of persons, finding at last that Socialism does not mean equal division of property, nor the application of dynamite to capitalists, nor anarchy, have in town after town, by hundred upon hundred, declared, 'Well, if that is Socialism we are Socialists'." In 1886 as in 1950 the bosses relied on the enforced ignorance of the workers as to what socialism really means. Then as now the ruling class counted heavily on their lies about force and violence ("dynamite," in the language of 1886). The Avelings noted the specific difficulties in America of fighting capitalist deception of the masses, but they were confident the workers would ultimately understand, through their own experience, that only socialism could win their freedom.

I find especially interesting the question put to American writers by these visitors of 1886:

"And here we are tempted to ask, 'Where are the American writers of fiction?' With a subject, and such a subject lying ready to their very hands, clamoring at their very doors, not one of them touches it. Even in England, where we have no novelist belonging to the schools of Henry James or W. D. Howells, some sort of attempt at dealing with the relative position of rich and poor, and even with their relative antagonism, has here and there been made.

"Charles Dickens, Walter Besant, Disraeli in 'The Two Nations,' whether they understood the real nature of the questions at issue, at least touched on them. But of the American novelists none of repute has pictured for us the New York or Boston proletariat.

"The American is nothing if not descriptive, photographic; and the society in the midst of which he lives cries aloud to be pictured by him. We have portraits of 'ladies,' of Daisy Millers, and so forth. But there are no studies of factory-hands and of dwellers in tenement houses; no pictures of those sunk in the innermost depths of the modern *Inferno*. Yet these types will be, must be dealt with; and one of these days the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of Capitalism will be written. . . ."

Sixty-four years later, on May Day, 1950, American writers may still ponder this challenge with profit.

Campus Goosestep

WHEN General Eisenhower resigned as Chief of Staff he made a promise: "I shall belong to the Army as long as I am above ground." The General is a man of his word. As president of Columbia University he has handed out degrees to Bradley and Clay, chummily assured the students he thinks of them as fellow "soldiers," fought federal aid to education while plugging for more H-Bomb dollars.

Eisenhower is a pivot in the National Military Establishment's program to rule education in America. From the grades to graduate school we are seeing a shift to direct Pentagon control. In the past few months I have noted the following appointments among others: Secretary of the Army Gray as president of the University of North Carolina; Rear Admiral Colcough as dean of the George Washington University Law School; Rear Admiral Grassie as chancellor of Lewis College of Science and Technology; Navy man Arthur S. Adams as presi-

dent of the University of New Hampshire (Maj. Gen. Hershey and Navy Secretary Sullivan spoke at his inaugural); Admiral Nimitz as regent of the University of California. And so on down the firing line.

The jingoist Navy League of Theodore Roosevelt's day could only dream of such control. The cold war is smashing the civilian tradition of American education which goes back to Thomas Jefferson.

"Operation Professors"—so help me—is the title of a project worked out by the armed forces. *The Army and Navy Journal* reported last fall that faculty members of sixteen colleges were flown to an Air Force base at Hamilton, California, where they "were briefed by Maj. Gen. John E. Upston" on the virtues of the Reserve Officers Training Corps. The University of Connecticut has thirteen professors or assistant professors in its Division of Military Science, five in the Department of Economics. The University of Alabama lists thirty-nine teachers in its Department of Military Science, five in the Sociology Department.

And the military holds the purse strings. More and more colleges rely on Army and Navy "research contracts" to meet their payrolls. The Army has contracts for research in supersonic aircraft, guided missiles, psychological warfare, chemicals, with Lehigh, Ohio State, Rutgers, Princeton, Maryland, Harvard, Johns Hopkins. At the end of 1948 the Navy had such contracts with 128 educational institutions and the number has grown since. The New York *Times* reports that "the Government spent about $160,000,000 in 1949 for research to be conducted on the nation's campuses."

The effect on what used to be called free inquiry is not hard to imagine. As Professor Philip Morrison of Cornell noted in *The American Scholar*: "We cannot tie science to the military and hope to see it used for peace, no matter how ingeniously we write the contracts nor how circumspect the men of good will remain." About a year ago the chairman of the Board of Trustees of the University of Chicago announced: "The University of Chicago is engaged in secret projects of vital importance to national defense. The university is under surveillance of professional investigators, agents of the F.B.I., and of the military intelligence units." A free community of scholars!

All this spells ruin for American education, and I am glad to see that threat recognized and protested in a recent booklet, *Militarism in Education,* issued by the National Council Against Conscription.

This documented report, from which I have here cited a number of facts, is sponsored by such outstanding public figures as Albert Einstein, Chancellor Tolley of Syracuse, President Taylor of Sarah Lawrence, Bishop Kennedy of Oregon, Dean Bosley of Duke University's Divinity School, President Flynn of St. John's University in Brooklyn.

As the report suggests, a key purpose of the military is to build up the belief that "the next war" is inevitable. Absolute subservience to this idea of inevitability—that was Hitler's main propaganda lever as it is today of the American imperialists. And this is exactly what General Eisenhower means when he demands "unity of thought" for America. The General told a Senate committee "unity of thought" is "the greatest weapon the United States has; and it doesn't cost a nickel."

What does "unity of thought" mean to the militarists? A good definition was given by Captain John H. Burns in an article, "The Psychologist Looks at the Army," appearing in the *Infantry Journal*:

> "The military problem, psychologically speaking, resolves itself into taking every advantage of the herd instinct to integrate the mass. . . . It is useless to try and convince men of the value of military standards by reasoning with them, for reasoning, no matter how brilliant or conclusive, always leaves a suspicion of doubt in the mind of the average man. It is necessary that he be firmly convinced, and the best way of doing this—in fact the only way—is to indoctrinate him. Constant repetition of the item to be inculcated, unsupported by any reasons, will have an immense effect on the suggestible, herd-minded human. An opinion, an idea, or a code acquired in this manner can become so firmly fixed that one who questions its essential rightness will be regarded as foolish, wicked, or insane."

There we have it—the classic credo of the executioners of intelligence. It was written in 1928, when *Mein Kampf* was preaching the identical philosophy among the Germans. It remains the basic premise of the brasshats in America. And it is they who are taking over the schools as breeding grounds for the "herd-minded human." And it is they who cry treason at us who fight for peace.

Aragon:
POET – ORGANIZER

By MICHAEL GOLD

ONE DAY at school my son Nicky was given the task of memorizing a poem of the Resistance by Aragon. It pleased me to learn that General Coca Cola, who sticks his nose into every corner of Europe, had failed for all his billions to purge the children's readers of Voltaire and Rousseau, Rolland and Aragon. Vive la France! who still prefers her traditional red wine of poetry and revolution, to our unwholesome brown commercial goo!

I had known Aragon in the Soviet Union in 1930 and in Paris in 1935. This time, when I came with my family to France in 1947, I found that he had become a national writer, a figure whom many compared to Victor Hugo.

From the time after the first world war when he was a surrealist, Aragon had been a master of passionate lyricism, the inventor of new forms and sensibilities, a virtuoso of language second to none. He was also an organizer, and today is a leading organizer of French intellectuals in the struggle for peace and socialism.

Writers and artists in America have grown up with a host of prejudices against any prosy, practical tasks being laid upon the shoulders of their profession. But the importance, as well as the poetry, of the organizer in human affairs has never been fully appreciated, I believe.

The organizer is the builder of the House of Man. Without him socialism might remain a fine dream in a theorist's brain, an architect's blue print, lying dusty on a shelf. An organizer must be a strategist as well as a scholar. He must understand and be patient with others' weakness, yet remain strong and cool and know how to give commands under fire.

A Communist organizer is charged with more responsibility than any other man or woman. He must draw out, like a great educator, all that is finest in human beings. He must reveal their own valor and worth to people whom capitalism has deformed, made egotistic and impotent, and teach them to cooperate. A Communist organizer must be made of iron. A Communist organizer must be made of love.

ARAGON, now 53, was born of a well-to-do family in the French south. He studied medicine, until the first world war thrust him into the army, where he won medals for military valor. He returned to become a surrealist poet, one of that nihilist band that attacked with witty rage every capitalist institution.

Aragon was a dashing leader in those metaphysical brawls, ballyhoos and demonstrations, and Freudian charades. This Dada cult was adventurism, a sowing of youthful wild oats by talented artists. It was, however, not the perverted, cold emptiness of modern "existentialism." Today's bourgeois decadents look and smell like the graveyard. Those Dadaists of the 1920's were fighters who furiously attacked the academy, and the dull bourgeois conformities and hypocrisies.

Recently a public meeting of some thousand Paris workers was held under the chairmanship of Gaston Monmousseau, leader of the railroad workers and a secretary of the French Confederation of Trade Unions. The purpose of this trade union gathering was literary: to discuss Aragon's recent novels, the first in his cycle titled *The Communists*. They came to question, criticize, and instruct the author. During the discussion a worker reproached Aragon for his surrealist past. In reply Aragon sketched the painful struggle he had to make to emerge from the nihilist confusion of surrealism into socialist realism.

"It often takes years for an intellectual to grasp the chief truth of our time, that the workers today form the only class that can lead us to socialism," he said. "I can't regret that struggle, nor my surrealist past. Writing is a trade, like any other. It isn't as simple and facile as some may believe. I had to learn my trade. If, as certain speakers tonight have honored me by saying, I have written a useful book—and I certainly had that intention—it is partially because I had

been at school a long time and written many other books, some of them failures and not useful at all. I had to learn my trade."

It was in 1927 that Aragon joined the French Communist Party, at a time when it was immature, torn by factional strife, suspicious of surrealists and any other bourgeois authors. Aragon gritted his teeth and worked hard. A few of his surrealist comrades joined with him; but the majority followed Andre Breton and denounced Aragon. They remained bogged forever, like Breton, in the infantile habits of their youth; you can find them today in the same stale cabarets living on handouts from tourists.

I remember Aragon well at the Kharkov congress in 1930; the slim young French poet with the high forehead and sparkling brown eyes, who moved lightly on his feet like a swordsman; gay, friendly, witty, he could jet up in fiery combat when necessary. He was a great talent, a fighter for what he believed. He was also, for a Dadaist, self-disciplined, and already a poet who had begun to think in terms of human organizing.

Aragon had recently married Elsa Triolet, and she was with him at the congress. Elsa hadn't begun her own writing career that has since made her one of the foremost novelists of the Resistance. She and Aragon were poor; they lived in a Paris room over a butcher shop, and had for weeks peddled cook books from door to door in order to make up their fare to the Soviet Union (it was Aragon's first visit).

Elsa was only known then as one of two lovely fair-haired sisters of Moscow. Her sister was the beloved of Mayakovsky. The poet had symbolized her in a thousand cloudy images and tragic outcries.

I spent an evening in Moscow at the home of Mayakovsky, where I met Aragon, Elsa Triolet and her sister, the film critic Georges Sadoul and Ossip Brik, the theorist of the Futurist grouping out of which came Mayakovsky, Asseyev, Burliuk. While the big guns of capitalism were firing into red Petrograd, and the new British tanks were crushing proletarians to pulp, Mayakovsky, Brik and their Futurist group had broken with all hesitant and reactionary intellectuals, and with heart and soul joined the working class. And now Aragon was entering on the same obscure road through a forest of spiritual transition. He was trying to make himself over, as Mayakovsky and his group had done under fire.

Mayakovsky's home, bare as a workshop, had a big pine table

strewn with papers, books, herring, cheese, olives, black bread, Caucasian wine and buffalo-grass vodka. There were no pictures anywhere, only shelves along every wall, stuffed, as in a library, with magazines, books, pamphlets.

Mayakovsky, bard of the young Revolution, a man huge as a Jack Dempsey or Jim Jeffries, interpolated only a few ironical wisecracks as the critic Brik paced up and down the room, all on fire with his ideas, a small, neat, mustached fighting cock of literature. They strongly reminded me of an American prize fighter and his voluble manager.

Aragon turned off the lights, and showed us the cover of the magazine he was then publishing: *Surrealism at the Service of the Revolution.* This magazine was serving him and his friends as a bridge between two worlds. In the dark the title on the magazine cover glowed spectrally; it had been printed in radiumized ink.

Mayakovsky looked at Aragon with his large, blue, bold eyes, over which a film of melancholy had already begun to settle. He made no comment on the "magic." Nobody else seemed to discover in the radium glow the same revolutionary significance that Aragon, only half-emerged from surrealism, seemed to find.

Mayakovsky must be regarded as one of the chief influences in Aragon's life and work. Not only because of their personal bond, their love for the two Moscow sisters, or for the influence of the giant thunder and march of Mayakovsky's chants. No, it was rather the example of Mayakovsky's life that must have affected Aragon.

For here was Mayakovsky, the poet of "politics," the Futurist writer who had designed posters and slogans during the battle for besieged Petrograd. He plucked his subject matter from daily life, like a journalist, and bragged savagely that he wrote for time, not for eternity. "Throw my poems away, after reading, as you do a newspaper. They were meant to serve the people at the moment of need."

This was blasphemy! And all the caponized priests of bourgeois "beauty" and abstract divinity chattered from their pulpits: "Mayakovsky and the Russians are destroying poetry!" But Aragon, the scholar and lord of language, the surrealist experimenter and Communist, was well equipped to understand that Mayakovsky was simply the greatest poet of the epoch. Who could touch him for prophetic fire or technical genius? His working class "politics" hadn't handi-

capped his virtuosity—indeed, the revolutionary content had stimulated bold new revolutionary forms.

ARAGON returned to France and threw himself into the movement with all his wonderful ardor, in which nothing is ever held back. He wrote poems of passionately Communist feeling, Mayakovskian manifestos, and one such poem, "Red Front," drew a five year prison term from a fascist court (the sentence was suspended, however). Aragon, assisting the subtle and humane novelist, Jean Richard Bloch, commenced his daily work on *Ce Soir,* a Communist-orientated newspaper. Aragon also served as organizing secretary of the House of Culture, a center for leftward-turning artists, writers, intellectuals. He was also writing novels and had published the first volumes of a Balzacian cycle which he called *The World of Reality.* Some of these novels show signs of the social tedium which almost drove Flaubert mad. Ah, the bore of describing the empty French bourgeois life, where people are so petty, miserly, false in every relationship, all their humanity discarded like excess baggage in the anxious chase after the franc! But scenes from proletarian life occur, experiments in meaning and purpose, portraits of mechanics, chauffeurs, factory heroes, to remind one that Aragon was fighting a way out of the bourgeois swamps and sterilities. "Writing is a hard metier. I had to spend long years to learn my trade."

In 1934, it will be remembered, the French fascists poured with revolvers into the streets of Paris. They tried to overturn the Republic, stained and weakened as she was by the Stavisky corruptions in the high bourgeois places. But the people of Paris are like an immortal Gulliver whom pigmies always have believed they could securely chain. Gulliver wakes up in every generation with song, defiance and heroism. The sons and daughters of 1789, 1848, and 1871 rose "like lions after slumber" and fought the Hitler-inspired traitors in the streets. It was over in three days. A Popular Front government of all parties including the Communist Party was created.

In 1935, as part of this Popular Front development, an international congress of writers opposed to war and fascism was held in Paris. It was then that I saw and admired the organizing genius of Aragon. It wasn't easy to bring together such a congress: the French leaders, among whom Aragon was one, planned it for months. At the Kharkov congress of writers in 1930 most of the delegates had

MAURICE THOREZ, *by Pablo Picasso*

been Communists. But the Paris congress of 1935 was intended to be a true united front, broad as the river of Parisian workers, intellectuals, shopkeepers and students that had beaten back the armed Hitlerites.

At this congress were present Soviet authors like Alexei Tolstoy, Ehrenburg, Korneichuk. How could such men, matured in the storms of social revolution, be taken as comrades by pale, ineffectual bourgeois angels like E. M. Forster, the sensitive British novelist, or the exhausted, skeptical nihilist Aldous Huxley, the psychopathically subjective Andre Malraux or the self-caressing, perverted Andre Gide?

But the synthesis had to be made; it was a life and death necessity after two years of Hitler rule. "I am for God and the Five-Year Plan," said one of the delegates, Max Brod, the mystic Zionist of Prague who was friend and biographer of Franz Kafka. Other God-seekers and Dostoievskians at that congress were not as ready to find God in a socialist economy.

In any united front against fascism, because they see the clearest and the furthest, it is the Communists generally who make the most sacrifices. It was so at this Congress, and I came to admire Aragon in the role of organizer. This writer, surely of higher literary stature than our Hemingway or Steinbeck, rushed around Paris finding hotel rooms for delegates. He was at the center of every directing committee. Delegates flocked to him with their difficulties and problems. It was he who united a Barbusse and a Gide, a Huxley and a Heinrich Mann. He had to out-maneuver the Trotskyite Iagos and perform the humblest, most self-effacing tasks of an organizer. Would a Hemingway or Steinbeck have demeaned themselves by such "dirty work"? And are they bigger human beings because they don't share in the daily struggle?

UP TO 1940, Aragon, one can say, had been the poet of a party. In the war and in the underground resistance Aragon became the poet of a nation. He fought in the disastrous battles of the "phony war," shared in the grief and horror of betrayed France. He was at Dunkerque, was evacuated to England, but returned to fight again in the last battles. He was awarded several medals, the Legion of Honor, and the Medaille Militaire, highest decoration of the nation.

Aragon had not written poetry for some years. But this war of chaos, betrayal, flight and shame, the fall of France and his separation

from Elsa, could only be expressed in lyricism. He lay on the beach at Dunkerque, waiting for his turn in the boats, and under the Nazi bombs wrote a poem of heartbreak and love for Elsa and for France, the first of his patriotic odes that stirred all France.

It is interesting for Americans, living in a land where poetry has been destroyed by the commercial spirit, to realize that in the Resistance, when paper and ink had to be measured out, when every printing was a dangerous adventure, the French issued underground journals and pamphlets of poetry, short stories, art and literary criticism. Aragon's poems, under various pen names, appeared in this blood-stained press.

He played a leading part in the Resistance, not only as its poet and its Tom Paine, the author of burning calls to arms, exposures of Nazi infamy, polemics against the traitors, but also as an active organizer, perhaps the chief organizer of the intellectuals. He travelled, with his wife Elsa, up and down the country, setting up liaisons between the different groups, devising methods of conspiracy, finding ways of keeping French thought and resistance alive.

It would be difficult to separate Aragon's poetry and pamphleteering from the organizing work. They all came from the same deep source and were directed to the same purpose. Aragon wrote an appeal to the intellectuals for the National Union of Authors. It reads like a poem: "Each isolated part of France is a fortress, which you must take, from which you must speak out! All of you who use method in your thinking, mobilize your method for the safety of France! Writers, remember that you can find words to galvanize men into action, to give courage in a time of misfortune! Doctors, priests, professors, engineers, remember that you can put your irreplaceable experience at the service of our soldiers in the field and all who support them. . . ."

Aragon's resistance poetry is his finest and most lyrical. It was as directly organizational as the manifestos or the secret meetings. The volume of poems of love for France, *Creve Coeur* (Heart Break) was understood by everyone as an answer to those writers and generals who had betrayed France, people without love like Giono, Celine, Montherlant, Bonnard. The traitor Drieu la Rochelle, whom the Nazis had made editor of the *Nouvelle Revue Francaise,* fingered Aragon to his masters and charged Aragon with a secret patriotism expressed

in Aesopian poetry. Nothing happened; the Germans were then trying to induce co-operation by being "correct."

Aragon wrote elegies to the fallen martyrs. His Gabriel Peri poems are especially touching and tragic. There is one, the "Rose and the Reseda," which is known to every lover of poetry in France. It is a ballad of the Communist Gabriel Peri and the Catholic Estienne d'Orves, both of whom gave their lives for France.

"The one who believed in God
The other who didn't believe
Both adored the beautiful maiden
Whom the soldiers had brutally taken. . . .

And both, both were faithful
With their lips, their hearts, their arms
The one who believed in God
The other who didn't believe. . . ."

There had followed, after the fall of France, a period of shock among the intellectuals, a spirit of "attentism." Many were "waiting to see what would happen." Giono and other traitors preached passivity and compromise, but Aragon's poetry was a first harbinger of the coming renaissance of France.

The Catholic novelist Francois Mauriac, who before the war was an anti-Communist and who has since returned to medievalism and reaction, said in 1945 at a "gala" of the Liberation in Paris:

"But suddenly a poet arose above the sleepers. His love of the country spurted up in a poetry popular in the most noble sense of the word, a poetry of the soil of the nation, of which since Victor Hugo we in France have lost the secret. Poems of love, but of a furious love; for the fury of Rimbaud moves through all these poems of Aragon. Hence this rhythm, urgent, breathless, which obliged the conquered to lift their humiliated heads, which almost forced weapons into their hands, which revealed in every one of them a sleeping hero."

He woke the sleepers and organized their emotions with his poems, manifestos and pamphlets. He also helped organize underground journals and publishing houses; found ways of evading the Petain censors by publishing in Switzerland and smuggling in the literature. He worked in Lyons, where there was a big group of Resistance authors,

Catholic, Communist and liberal. He worked in Paris, and in the Midi, and in the mountains of the Vercors plateau, where he helped establish secret hospitals. He wrote a first aid manual for the partisan army there that was holding three Nazi divisions. He set up the famous National Committees in each of the professions, among doctors, lawyers, engineers, teachers, students, journalists. His optimism, inventiveness, courage and love of people, were famed in the resistance, and the respect of many intellectuals for him in those bloody times has persisted and now helps Aragon organize in this no less troubled period.

ARAGON goes on working, organizing, growing. In the past twelve months three books of his novel, *Les Communistes,* have appeared. Each is 300 pages long, and each was written in four months. They are portions of his *Comedie Humaine, The World of Reality.*

The novel up to now has covered the treason and confusion of the period of Munich, the Soviet-German pact, and the phony war. It is no tract, but a true "roman."

With this novel, each installment of which seems to grow in interest and profundity, Aragon has organized a new audience—the French working class. The workers are buying these novels by thousands at their trade union halls, Communist clubs and the book shops.

Aragon is the chief of the biggest left-wing publishing house in France. He reads hundreds of manuscripts; last year he rewrote some five novels, I was told. Aragon is a leading organizer of the Maison de la Pensee, the vast marble palace which formerly belonged to the Empress Eugenie and is situated next to the Presidential White House. This is the center of the intellectual left, where the big annual book fairs are held. Maurice Chevalier, Jean Cocteau, Christian Berard, Colette, Jean Gabin, the world of fashion, theatre, the cinema, mingles here with the most serious philosophers of Communism, its poets, polemists, novelists, and reporters. This is a Parisian mixture difficult for an American to understand. Every Saturday afternoon at this palace entertainments, lectures, dance and music recitals attract the same mixture of Parisian elegance and social revolution. Aragon and Elsa Triolet are the soul of this palace of thought.

In my last week in France I called to say goodbye to Aragon at his office in *Ce Soir.* This newspaper has 350,000 readers.

"Good-bye, Louis, I'm leaving this inspiring New World of Europe

and going back to the Old," I said. A man with a dark face and Italian accent, a Frenchman from the Midi, entered and showed him some documents. Then Pierre Daix, pale and young, with a crew haircut, a resistance hero who now edits the *Lettres Francaises,* came in. Aragon discussed with him the page proofs of the forthcoming issue of this remarkable literary weekly. Georges Soria, foreign editor of *Ce Soir,* entered with some problems.

The man from the Midi then resumed his discussion with Aragon. A great Week of the Book was to be held in Marseilles. The Communist Party was mobilizing all its resources, mobilizing the southern working class, the trade union organization, its powerful press, for the popularization of the Book!

"How do you do it all?" I said to Aragon. "You are actually filling four full-time jobs. An American executive would have a flock of secretaries, dictaphones and gadgets—and of course, a System. What is your system, Louis?"

"You see my system!" he laughed, with a gay flourish of his hand. "People walk in and out! The telephone rings! I answer questions!"

I, too, asked a few last questions of Aragon. "What does literary America look like to you at this moment?" was the first.

"One has an impression," he answered thoughtfully, "that the main problems of mankind are disappearing from your literature. The human range is shrinking rapidly. As for the silence of writers like Hemingway, Steinbeck, or Faulkner in the face of the American trend to war and fascism, it resembles the cowardly passivity we saw among certain writers here under the Nazis.

"The worst thing in America, I think, is the lack of confidence in their own strength among your intellectuals. If they had this self-respect, they could be a great and decisive force. I have never believed that the Faulkners and Hemingways portray the true American. This boozing man, this sub-human will-less man without a goal, without a future, cannot be the American. Other writers will arrive to show the truth. A new man will be discovered and made known in your literature. I assure you, there will be a great resistance to fascism in America, as there was in France. Your Howard Fasts and Paul Robesons are the harbingers. You will see!"

Aragon, a man of the South, bragged gaily about the audience of readers he was organizing.

"Last year was a year of crisis among bourgeois publishers," he said.

"Their sales fell one-fourth from the year before. But our sales more than doubled over 1948. We already know, by sales this year, that 1950 will double those of 1949. Yes, a new public is being born that doesn't follow the bourgeois critics and is interested only in books linked with its life-problems."

"And painting?" I asked.

"Painting has been less and less discussed in France, the former land of painting. The Cubists of 1910, the Dadaists and Surrealists, were hated and despised, but furiously discussed. Today they are the new bourgeois academics who sell to all the respectable galleries. The masses aren't interested in them. It is the art of a clique.

"But two years ago a single painting by Fougeron of housewives shopping at a street market, began a furious debate when it was shown at the Salon d'Automne. Do you remember the sensation? Fougeron may not be the greatest painter in the world. But he, a formalist painter successful as any other, broke open the doors of discussion of painting when he turned to socialist realism. The critics raved. Workers who'd never entered an art gallery went to see his picture. 'Where is the picture?' they'd ask the doorman. And the doorman knew where IT was.

"That was only two years ago. Fougeron was alone. This year there was a group of twenty painters. A whole room at the Salon was devoted to realism. In April we will have our Communist Party congress, and there was a question of having an exhibition of painting. Over 100 painters of Paris offered their work, and 300 from the rest of France. There was such a wealth of talent and social realism!—There was too much, we couldn't find a gallery big enough for it all. We had to renounce the idea and make a book exhibition instead.

"New audiences—new painters—new poets! Have you attended any sessions of the young poets that Elsa has been organizing?"

"Yes," I said, "they are extraordinary."

"During the resistance our poetry served all France," said Aragon. "The bourgeois enemies did not dare attack it. But after the Liberation they began, with American guidance and help, their war on us in literature as in politics. Now we have begun the counter-attack. They thought they could chase our books out of the publishing world. But my own novels, traduced and assassinated by the lackeys, have sold some 200,000 copies in a year. A best seller in France usually runs about 10,000. And Elsa has gathered together about two hundred young

poets. There's so much knowledge and talent among them—it's really wonderful! These youngsters just ignore all the stupid taboos and superstitions. They don't argue—they go ahead. Nobody can rob them of their right to choose any subjects they please, including politics. They do it so naturally, lyrically, inevitably! I see the literary future in them, and I rejoice!"

The man from Marseilles now laid the page proofs of a series of posters before Aragon who read and corrected them with his marvelously rapid skill.

"Listen to this slogan!" he cried. "Isn't it good? 'A Book Doesn't Exist If It Isn't Read.' And this one is even better. 'The Success Of Our Books Means The Success of Our Ideas.'

"Our book week will be an experiment the whole country will watch. The Party Federation of Marseilles took the initiative for it. Books will be sold around the gates of the big factories, along the quais in the port, in the dockyards, villages, small towns of the department. There will be many mass meetings, in halls and in the open air, not political meetings, but genuinely literary meetings. Authors by the hundreds will come to discuss their work and autograph their books. Political leaders, trade union leaders, will speak of books and literature. The daily newspapers of Marseilles and the South, special journals and posters, will forward the campaign. Over a hundred commercial bookshops in the region have begun stocking our books in preparation. It is the organization of the new audience."

"At the book exhibition to be held in connection with the April congress of the Communist Party—will the stress be laid only on political literature?" I asked.

"Not at all!" Aragon answered, energetically. "The accent will mainly be on novels and poetry. There are many who can't be reached yet by political writing. They can only be reached by the heart. That's why our party thinks it important to teach them to read, to start them in the habit of reading. First they will read our novels, then they will turn to political reading. We must know the necessary steps in organizing a new world. We must not try to cheat or to skip humanity in our hurry. We must be patient and realistic."

He laughed. He is always gay and ardent, this man who works so incessantly. American writers can learn much from Aragon. He demonstrates that a writer is helped, not hurt, when he thinks, acts, feels, works like a trade union organizer. Aragon has no mental

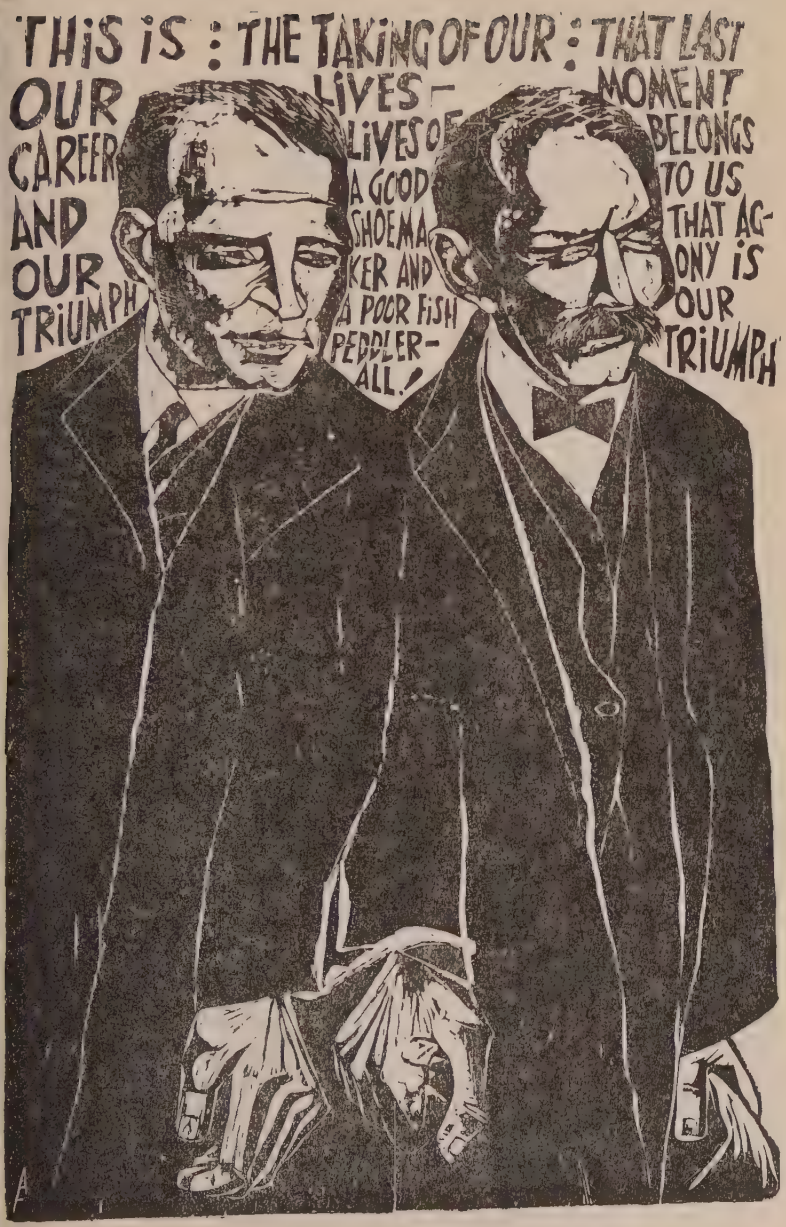
conflicts to solve. He creates freely, passionately, greatly, out of a full and completely unified life. His lyricism and skill as a writer have enriched the organizer; and the organizer's psychological realism, ability to act and invent, his knowledge of every aspect of the real world, have served to mature Aragon the writer.

The poet-organizer has thanked the Communist movement for rescuing him from the nihilism and sterility of bourgeois literature in a well-known poem, "The Poet To His Party," which I am translating very roughly:

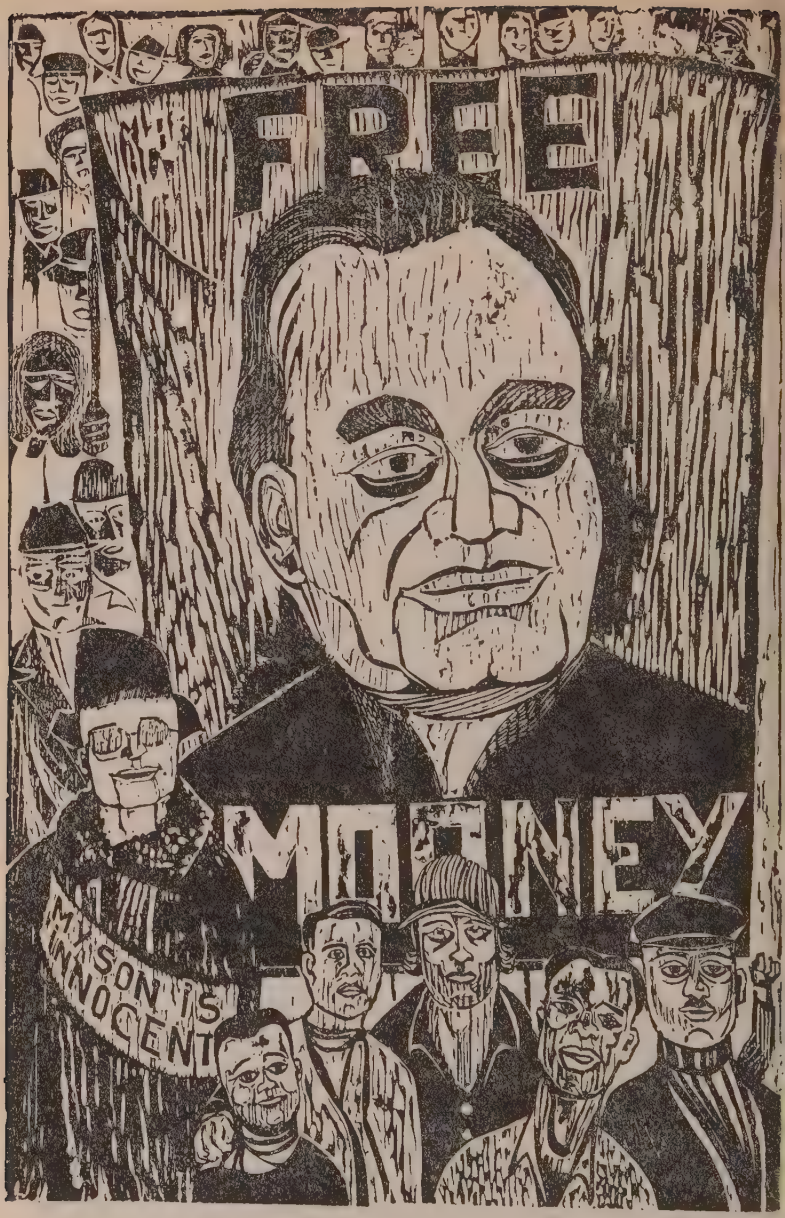
My Party has given me back eyes and memory
I had come to know little more than a child
That my blood was red and my heart was French
I knew only that everywhere the night was dark
But my Party taught me again to see and remember.

My Party has restored to me the Epic
Now again I see Joan spinning and hear Roland wind his horn
At Vercors my Party revived the time of heroes
When the simplest words rang like swords
My Party restores to me the sense of Epic.

My Party gave me back the colors of France
My Party My Party thank you for your lessons
Since that time when you restored to me my songs
Anger and love and joy and suffering
My Party gave me back the colors of France.



SACCO AND VANZETTI, *by Antonio Frasconi*



TOM MOONEY, *by Stan Edelson*

PEACE CAN BE WON

by JAMES S. ALLEN

PRESSURE for negotiations with the Soviet Union has grown in the United States during recent months. Until now the progressives have been practically the only exponents of American-Soviet negotiations. To these voices are now added many others, among them people whose outlook is conservative. These voices are by no means united in the approach to the central problems of peace. But they do converge at one point. They seek negotiations to ease world tension, in contrast to the total diplomacy of cold war which is the operating policy of the government.

Still sporadic and unorganized, these outpourings of the peace sentiment reflect a deep current among the people which is seeking expression. Since last September, when it became absolutely clear that the United States could not longer pretend to a monopoly of atomic weapons, demands for a new approach to East-West relations have been heard more often. Non-agreement at any price remains at the core of government policy, but the advocates of the prophylactic or preventive war are somewhat less vociferous. Statements of men like Senators McMahon and Tydings reveal that uncertainty and fear have eaten into some top circles of the Democratic Party hierarchy. It is now clear that the United States cannot enjoy a monopoly of terror weapons, whether they be atom bombs or the still hypothetical hydrogen bomb. In sum, decisive superiority of technique in warfare, the illusion upon which the scheme of blitz war must necessarily rest, can no longer be assumed.

With this the old cockiness based on geographical security has vanished. The people now know that immunity from war on our soil, which we enjoyed for so long and even during World War II, is a thing of the past. Another world war can no longer be a

remote affair, waged in foreign lands only. That is the meaning of atomic weapons, long-range aircraft, jet projectiles and other paraphernalia of modern war. A war cannot be launched without exposing the homeland to retaliation. Under these circumstances, even the dense fog of anti-Communism which has spread over the land cannot conceal the alarm among the people over the danger of war. Even if they should believe the worst that is said about the Soviet Union, their prime concern is now becoming to avert war as a matter of policy.

It is only in this light that the new currents of opposition to prevailing policy can be understood. It is sometimes not realized how swiftly the government program has revealed itself to the people during the past half year as a policy aimed at eventual war. As long as anti-Communism joined with the myth of atomic monopoly overshadowed all else the people were either deluded or rendered apathetic. But something new was added when, after the revelation of the Soviet mastery of atomic energy, the only response forthcoming from Washington was the speeding up of the atomic armament program, and to top this the President's announcement that the hydrogen bomb was to be attempted. As for the renewal of Soviet proposals to outlaw atomic weapons, put forth so effectively by Vyshinsky at the United Nations Assembly, there was nothing but the deadening reiteration of the Baruch Plan, tantamount to outright refusal to negotiate an atomic control agreement.

Since then, in face of the rising sentiment for negotiations, which are required even from the viewpoint of national self-interest alone, Administration spokesmen merely persist stubbornly in their refusal to negotiate with the Soviet Union, in or out of the United Nations. Instead, Acheson coined his new phrase "total diplomacy" to signify the increased tempo of war preparations, and to raise an iron wall around American foreign policy. Never in our history, even during wartime, has a Secretary of State, speaking on his own or on the authority of the President, dared to exclude the people in this brash manner from participation in the formulation of policy.

It is at last becoming clear to the American people that armament, in which the United States cannot hope to achieve decisive superiority, is at the heart of current policy, and that the entire future of the nation is pinned on the arms race and eventual war. Large

masses of our people are by no means convinced that this is the only way to confront the present world situation, even if they are taken in by the cold war propaganda. If many still cannot believe that their high elected representatives and the masters of big business are intent upon waging a criminal war, they do have the common sense to see that operating policy leads toward war. A deep uneasiness and fear pervades the people, now deprived even of the false illusion of atomic monopoly. Therefore the urgent wish rises to see what can be done by negotiations to erect some barriers to atomic annihilation.

The sentiment for peace among the people is the soil of the peace movement. This is the base from which it must be built. It is an important political factor which now rises to plague the bipartisan advocates of present policy. But they are also confronted with other difficulties which stem from the postwar world position of American imperialism. Immense obstacles confront the expansionist program on a world scale. These obstacles present the American people with the opportunity to force a change of policy upon the government. Given the growing anxiety about the war-provoking policy, an anxiety which is becoming more articulate, and the powerful resistance to war throughout the world, the perspective is present for a peace movement in the United States which can affect the course of policy.

THE most obvious, and also the most dangerous, characteristic of the present world position of the United States is the new upsurge of imperialist expansion, and the accompanying rampage of reaction within the country.

In the outcome of World War II, with the chief imperialist rivals either defeated or seriously weakened, American monopolists saw an unprecedented opportunity to dominate the world. They moved to fill the "power vacuum" created by the defeat of the Axis powers, and by the serious weakening of the Western allied powers, especially Britain. The drive toward world domination is thus the response of American imperialism to the new situation arising from the war. To the corporate moguls it seemed a broad avenue was opened to an American imperialist millenium which would reinvigorate world capitalism and avert the threatening crisis of the over-developed American economy. The basic aggressive impulses in the world today come from the efforts of American monopoly to capitalize on the position of the

United States as the prime imperialist power. This is the focus of the war danger. It is inherent in the postwar position of the United States, and must be reckoned with as a permanent force in this period.

A situation in which a single power outweighs all other imperialist powers is unprecedented in the recent history of capitalism. This is the ideal position sought by every power with pretensions to world domain since the rise of imperialism at the turn of the century. How to exploit this advantage, which was already being secured during the war, is the question at the core of American foreign policy.

If capitalist power relations are unprecedented, the American expansionists also find obstacles on all sides such as no other power has had to face.

The deterioration of the capitalist social structure in the older countries and the demise of the colonial system are so far advanced that in seeking to dominate these countries, the United States must also assume a gigantic burden. Not only does she pour funds into these countries to shore them up economically and to finance their own colonial wars, but the burden of armament begins to overshadow all else, as the United States builds up its military machine, sets out strategic bases all over the world and also supplies arms to its prospective allies. American imperialism operates on a scale not approached even by Britain in the heyday of its empire. But it lacks the guarantees of exclusive domain enjoyed by Britain over a long period because of her colonial system. Moreover, bankrupt powers are not very much of an asset as allies, especially when enough strength remains to maneuver for the retention of certain privileged positions against the encroachments of the United States. Washington finds itself in the unenviable position of paying out immense sums of the people's money in return for strategic commitments which the client states are unable to fulfill.

These doubtful alliances are rendered even more precarious by the massive gains of the socialist and anti-imperialist countries and movements since the end of the war. The world has taken a full turn toward socialism. Since 1917, with the Socialist Revolution in Russia, the imperialist filibusterer no longer found the entire world his to roam. Today more countries have withdrawn from the imperialist orbit. This is the central trend. The movement of history, now unfolding at greater tempo, runs counter to the expansionist ambitions and im-

pulses of high monopoly. This is the principal barrier to an imperialism which has come to the top only to find it faces a foreshortened and uncertain future. Seen in totality, this is the unique aspect of the world position of the United States.

We thus have both the mounting danger of war and the growing possibility of averting war.

From the viewpoint of waging war, the American expansionists have made a number of important gains. Heavy armament spending has become a permanent feature of the American economy, industrial capacities for war have been enlarged and new machines of warfare are being developed. The government and corporate structures are not only more fully integrated but are also becoming militarized. Semi-mobilization already exists in the tempo of military preparations, in the organization of industry for war, in the professional partnership between big business, science and the military. A belligerent mentality pervades current policy, typified in phrases like "cold war" and "total diplomacy," now part of the political lexicon. The enemy is identified, alliances are made against it and the allies are being armed. Real and potential advocates of peace are systematically hounded, libeled and persecuted. Traditional democratic rights, guaranteed by the Constitution and maintained in struggle over many decades, are being undermined one by one. A terror, akin to fascism, is creeping over the land.

These are perilous advances, but they are by no means a total development. Dread of war and the urge to find some road to peace are beginning to move the American people, while on the world arena the program of aggrandizement is meeting obdurate resistance.

As a result, a crisis of American foreign policy is maturing. It is characteristic of American policy since the end of the war that at no point has it met with complete success and at certain decisive points it has met with complete failure. In the German partition policy, the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan some partial and tenuous successes were registered, but only at the price of sharpening all internal conflicts, so that Western Europe today is a morass of crises, chronically unstable. The Atlantic Pact, standing at the apex of this entire line of policy, has provided the United States with uncertain allies who are today cautiously edging toward neutrality. The only dent made in the socialist world was due to betrayal by Tito, which is

more than offset by the vitality of the Communist movements in Italy and France, and the critical position of the British Laborites, the last major contingent of Social-Democracy in Europe. In the Far East, the lavish outpouring of money, arms and such experts as Washington is capable of providing, were of no avail against the grand sweep of the Chinese revolution, with its profound effects throughout Southeast Asia.

THE atomic diplomats now face the necessity of making a host of decisions on the key questions of foreign policy. By and large, they can attempt to meet the crisis of policy now confronting them in either of two ways. They can attempt to solve the crisis by war, in other words, the more rapid fruition of the present line of policy. Or they can maneuver for more time, during which they may hope to gain some relief from the heavy burdens they have assumed and to strengthen their position by non-belligerent means. The proposals for a new approach to the control of atomic weapons and for the resumption of negotiations with the Soviet Union indicate that the latter trend has recently gained some headway in upper circles, and that important disagreements are developing. Essentially, these are disagreements not over the main aim of monopoly capital in the postwar world, but over the tempo and method of achieving these aims. Nevertheless, they are important differences affecting the central question of war or peace. The range of difference is between dropping an atom bomb or entering a conference chamber for the purpose of averting war.

Consequently, it is not ordained that American imperialism march directly toward another world war. In the present reality of world affairs, a real choice of policy confronts American imperialism, a choice which can be deeply influenced by the people's peace movement.

Let us make clear the meaning of policy. Policy operates in the field of strategy. By the adoption of certain policies the rulers of the country determine the road to be followed toward given objectives. We have said that the aggressive drive for world domination is a force that must be reckoned with as a permanent characteristic of American imperialism in this period. But just how this drive unfolds is determined not only by the American monopolists, but also by the array of powerful forces intent upon preventing war. Formulation of policy

must therefore take into account both the basic aims of monopoly capital and the obstacles that stand in the way of their realization. Policy makers always face a choice, otherwise there would be no meaning to the political struggle.

At the present moment there is a real choice as between the stepping up of the present line of policy which is leading to war, or a policy of negotiations with the Soviet Union aimed at peace. We are not speaking here of maneuvers, of entering negotiations with the purpose of assuring their failure, but of negotiations for the purpose of reaching some agreement, even if limited at first. Such a step would constitute a significant shift of policy. Finding the obstacles too great and the outcome too uncertain for a direct challenge of arms, it may be found more expedient to carry through some disarmament, including the atom bomb, and to gain a certain period of respite.

American imperialism does face such a choice today, precisely because of the strength of world socialism and of the peace forces. The only area in which the ruling monopoly circles of the country have no choice is in their general imperialist course. It was only in this sense that Lenin talked of imperialism not as a policy but as a stage of development of capitalism. Any policy followed by the United States as long as it remains under the domination of monopoly capital is an imperialist policy. But there is a very pointed difference as to whether this is an imperialist policy of war or an imperialist policy of averting war for the time being, and attempting to achieve the objectives, which are at all times imperialist, in a non-belligerent manner.

Unless this is seen we are not ready to wage an effective struggle for peace. The opposite view is to accept the inevitability of war and to reject the perspective of the peaceful co-existence over a long period of capitalism and socialism. This perspective arises, on the one hand, from the strength of socialism and, on the other hand, from the possibility of forcing a change of policy upon the United States. Certainly, the entire policy of the world peace movement is directed toward forcing peace upon American imperialism. This is a realistic prospect because of the unique difficulties of the American world position, which does make possible such an alternative.

War fatalism is the curse of contemporary life, affecting even forces on the Left. Little sympathy can be felt for those who

accept the next world war as practically an accomplished fact, and seek consolation in the hope that a socialist America will emerge from the ruins of that war. For such people history is merely a procession of inevitabilities, and man only the victim. This reading of history is false, totally lacking the dynamic approach of Marxism, with its insistence upon the role of human action in the making of history. This escapist tendency, clothed in very "Left" phrases, must be overcome wherever it appears within the ranks of the progressive movement if we are to arouse the will to struggle and action for peace. The socialist future of the United States rests in the hands of those who can rouse the great latent forces of the American people for peace.

WE CAN have a peace movement in America which will influence the course of events once we recognize the alternatives in the American position and come to grips with the central problem of the united front. The initial conditions for a peace movement are present —in the global obstacles confronting the expansionists and in the desire for peace among the people. Furthermore, a demand has arisen common to the varied elements who have spoken up in one way or another against the present course of policy—the demand for American-Soviet negotiations, either directly or through the United Nations, on the problem of atomic disarmament. Others go further and urge direct negotiations over the entire range of policy.

The importance of these demands is that they challenge the present policy of no negotiation and no agreement. Even if negotiations are limited to atomic weapons this would be a significant turn, since atomic energy has become in many ways the touchstone of peace. If this demand gains sweep and power, the peace movement will be in full swing.

Obviously an American-Soviet conference will not change the aims of American monopoly. Progressives have too often suffered from this oversimplification, from what Marx used to call parliamentary cretinism. But it can change the atmosphere in favor of peace. Never mind the maneuvering, the intrigues and the deceptions which Washington will bring to such negotiations—these will always have to be fought. The immediate objective must be to force the turn toward negotiations with the Soviet Union, to drive home the concept that capitalism and socialism can live side by side in the present-day world without

war, no matter how profound the social competition between the two systems.

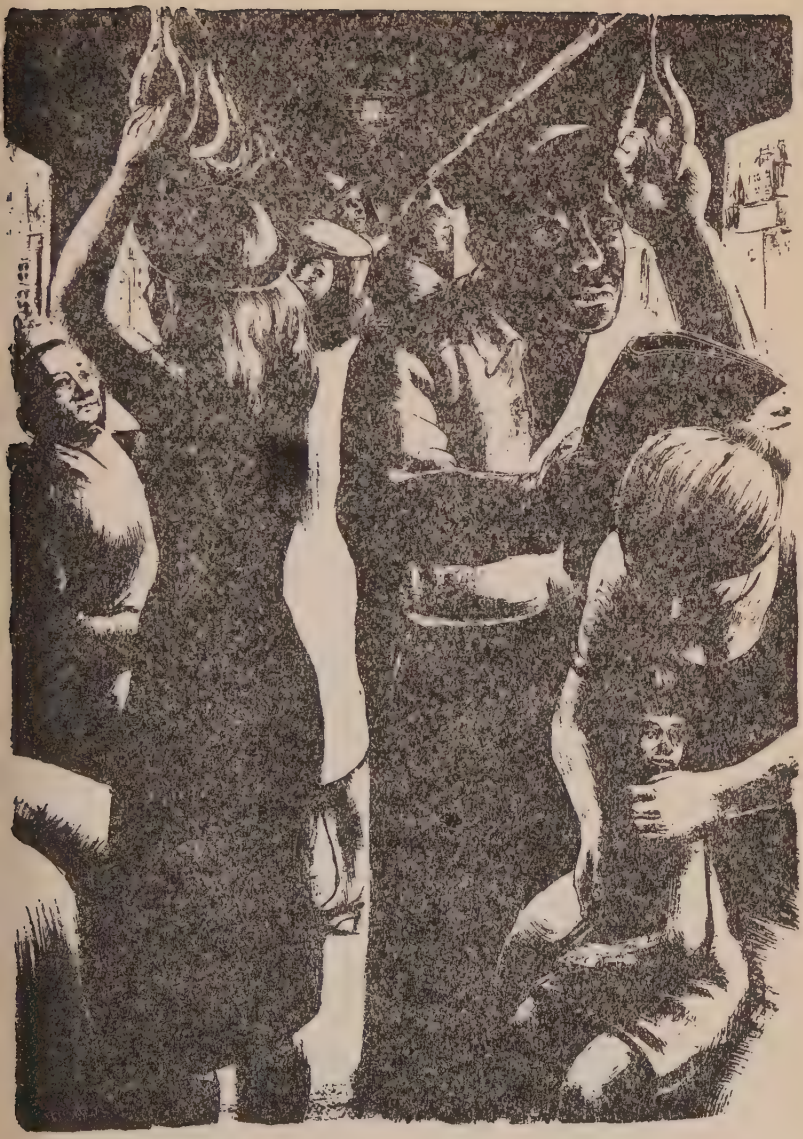
To inspire, encourage and develop such a peace front requires that these paramount issues be constantly kept before the American people, and that this be done in such a way as to encompass the divergent social and political elements raising their voices for peace. For united action there need be agreement only on the central demand of negotiations for peace; there need be no coincidence of basic political programs or outlook.

IT IS the very essence of a united front that people having different social and political views combine to attain a single objective which they hold in common at a particular time. The movement, life and form of the united front is therefore shaped by the specific circumstances of time and place. And it is also natural that the chief elements composing the united front, whether this assumes organized form or expresses itself in common action, should have wide differences on many questions, which will remain in dispute. In a peace front such as is now developing there are participants with pronounced anti-Communist views. Some associate with Communists in united action only because their antipathy is outweighed by their concern for peace, and they realize that the anti-Communist crusade is the chief ideological weapon of the warmongers. It therefore becomes the very kernel of united-front policy to keep the common platform for peace uppermost. The political struggle is never absent. Each tendency within the peace front strives for ascendancy. Progressives will seek to infuse the entire movement with their social outlook, stimulating its further growth and setting ever larger masses into motion for peace. But the united front can persist and grow only if the outcome of this constant political interchange and debate is to clarify and strengthen the peace policy. The prime objective of the Left and progressive forces is to generate a broad struggle for peace among all strata of the people.

In a situation like the present, when reaction presses strongly against the people and both trade union centers are dominated by leaders who have boarded the bandwagon of the cold war, the building of the united front for peace among the workers assumes extraordinary importance. The adherence of the rank-and-file for peace must be won, despite the

influence of their leaders. At the same time, progressives must guard against any tendency that may arise to view the united front from below as the only tactic of the peace movement. It is necessary to work both with the masses and with those leaders of mass organizations who have become partisans of peace, so as to bring ever greater masses into the movement. The united front from below viewed as an exclusive tactic, to the exclusion of all other forms of united-front struggle, has never been an accepted practice of Marxism, even in revolutionary situations, when the masses are moving in a single direction. Lenin's *"Left-Wing" Communism, An Infantile Disorder* demonstrates this. The peace policy of the Soviet Union, emphasizing the peaceful coexistence of the two systems, demonstrates this approach on the broad canvas of world relations. The Chinese revolution is a brilliant example of the flexible use of united-front tactics. If the peace movement is not to be confined to a narrow and precarious course, the most flexible united-front tactics are necessary.

At this stage of the peace movement in America progressive leadership faces a real test. The conditions are present for breaking through the wall of total diplomacy and arousing the people against the war policies. The people have begun to move. Among the Negro people there is already a great ferment for peace, and this finds expression in their principal mass organizations. Women and youth groups are becoming active on a broader front. To the demands coming from the progressive core of the people, many individuals are adding their voice—churchmen, pacifists, world federalists, scientists, educators, and others. These are the beginnings. The opportunity must be seized for stimulating a movement that will force national policy in the direction of peace.



STRAPHANGERS, *by John Wilson*

An Apricot Tree

by Ali Karasu

I am an apricot tree
from the village of Dinek, near Kirshehir,
I live all alone in front of a tiny house.
Once a year I blossom,
once a year I give a handful
of apricots.

When summer comes,
a woman shakes my branches,
on the ground a child yells and laughs,
and I am happy.
I am neither refined like the willows,
nor proud like the poplar trees
I am but an apricot tree,
from the village of Dinek, near Kirshehir.
I love three people in the village of Dinek:
a child,
a young woman,
a young man,
they are quiet and silent like me
like me simple and harmless.

April is the most beautiful month:
the earth is so soft.
April is the most beautiful month.

It rained, the sun came out,
I feel so good inside.
April is the most beautiful month.

The poplars far away are so tall,
their heads keep turning,
once to the left, once to the right.

I am an apricot tree,
my head is full of flowers.

I am an apricot tree,
I love three people:
a child,
a young woman,
a young man.
The child is called Ahmet,
the woman Fatma,
and the man Ibrahim.

Ahmet is small and blond,
Fatma is plump and white,
Ibrahim tall and thin.
They have a one-room mud shack,
the shack has only one window.

I, the apricot tree,
sometimes leaning forward, glance into the room:
I see an old mattress and blanket,
on the wall an old broken mirror,
on the floor an old rug,
and an old mat.
An apricot tree,
leaning forward glances, glances into the room:
and is ashamed of its flowers.
Last night they did not light the kerosene lamp;
I saw the three of them thanks to the moonlight:
their faces were gloomy.
First they sat down and ate,

olives, bread and scallions,
then they looked into each other's eyes,
then yawned.
The sky was all white,
as white as my flowers,
the poplars reached up to the sky.
Fatma lay down beside Ibrahim;
she turned on her right side,
her round white face to the window,
and did not close her eyes till morning.

The apricot tree is the first to shed its flowers;
I am an apricot tree,
I am shedding my flowers.

The ground is white, white,
my head is green, green,
my apricots are feeding at my breast.

June will come,
the sun will burn the top of my head,
my apricots will grow and ripen,
my apricots will get full of honey and sugar.

I am an apricot tree,
June will come,
my handful of apricots,
will be added to Ahmet's bread.
I am an apricot tree.
I am starting to worry:

I thought, vine pruning time is over,
Ibrahim has no job again,
I thought, Ibrahim lost his two liras a day.
I thought, Ibrahim is wandering in the market,
no money for bread,
no money for olives,
nor for kerosene!
I thought, why don't they let people live,
not even as well as a tree?

I, the apricot tree,
that is,
the eggs, the sugar and the meat
of Ibrahim, Fatma, and Ahmet,
my sorrow is growing more and more.

One Monday,
that fat man, briefcase in hand, came again.
(The fat man stares at me like an enemy
Like an enemy I stare at the fat man)
Ibrahim is standing at the door,
he looks dreamy and nervous,
he stares at the fat man with the briefcase.
Ahmet looked out of the window, like a scared lamb,
his head sunk like that of a lamb.

I am an apricot tree,
with a yellow paper on my trunk.
Saying that "Ibrahim did not pay his taxes";
that "the apricot tree has to be seized."

Please don't, I said,
I blossom only once a year,
Please don't, I said,
my apricots are all they have with their bread.

And at noon one day I saw,
the poplars are far away very tall,
to the left, to the right . . .
I am firewood for the winter;
for six liras.

Freed on May Day

by JEFF BOEHM

WE WERE prisoners of war in Germany and the showdown was near. We'd soon be liberated, or dead. But most of our talk was about liberation and food. It was the wrong time of year to talk about dying.

On the Baltic peninsula where we were confined the barren stillness of winter had given way to the swarming quiet of spring, quick with the rustle of green things growing and the small traffic of insects. Birds started singing before daylight. Little yellow weed-flowers bloomed inside our compound. Moles pushed up tunnel patterns in the sod alongside our barracks. And now and then during the day everything else alive held its breath while a lark flew like a rocket straight into the sky, going almost out of sight before it burst in a shower of song.

The evenings moved in soft and slow from a long way off. Nights were so gentle and full of wonder that looking out of the windows —ours faced the west, and home—brought a lump to your throat and made your chest feel hollow inside.

They were hungry days and nights, especially for the younger fellows, and most of the 10,000 prisoners in the four compounds of Stalag Luft I were young and still growing. Some had lost as much as 50 pounds in the past six weeks and all had grown thin and pale and clumsy. It wasn't unusual for one or two of them to collapse during a roll-call.

Those of us over thirty weren't hit so hard, although for the first time in the fifteen months since capture I was now dreaming about food. If we'd had to work we'd have starved to death, but we were all officers or sergeants and under the rules of the Geneva Convention

which the Germans followed pretty well, we didn't have to work.

Nearly all the 2,500 men in our compound had been in bomber crews except a small percentage of fighter pilots. They had top rank. Camp administration, within the limits of German regulations, was strictly by rank. Maybe you can tell already that that was bad.

Col. F. S. ("Gabby") Gabreski, the "famous ace," commanded our compound. And although rations were issued by the Germans to be shared equally, Gabreski and all others above the rank of captain ate in an officers' mess, and stayed fat. I think we could have forgiven him everything else—his pompous stupidity, the saluting, chain of command, rigid Saturday inspections of quarters and clothing—everything but that overwhelming physical proof that he was eating our food.

Many of us had come from camps like Stalag III at Heidekrug and Stalag IV at Kiefhyde, where all had been non-coms. In those camps we had set up really democratic administrations, electing all officers from barracks leaders to camp leader and dividing all food right out in front of God and everybody.

In the evenings, after our potato stew, we'd move out to the radio loudspeaker over the doors in the front hall of the barracks or outside for a last walk before lockup. The barracks were locked at dusk and guards would then begin their patrol of the compound with fierce unleashed German Shepherd dogs, trained to kill.

At morning roll-call on April 29 Gabreski ordered us to dig slit-trenches along the walls of each barracks. Working in shifts, bare to the belt, sweating, griping, we dug them, dug them with sticks and with Klim cans from our food parcels, cutting and blistering our hands. Shortly after noon when we had gone back to the half-finished job there was an earth-shaking explosion just outside the compound. And two more. Great brown clouds of dust and debris mushroomed over the tops of the barracks.

"They're getting ready to leave!" That's what we figured after we had calmed down enough to think. And that's what it was. The Jerries were blowing up power and light sources, utilities, not only for the camp but for the nearby fishing and farming community of Barth. The mine blasts unevenly punctuated the rest of the day.

"Yeah, but maybe they're gonna fight it out here anyway."

"Sure they are. Whatcha think they built them gun emplacements for?"

We had seen the garrison troops working on those emplacements for two weeks, twelve hours a day, and some of the men collapsing from fatigue and undernourishment. Most of them had been in their fifties. In the past few days the youngest had been replaced by men even older, poorly trained and in home-guard uniforms.

THAT evening we crowded about the loudspeakers, hoping for at least a hint of what was happening outside. The German reports had been just about as accurate as the British news we got each day from our own hidden receivers. They had scored two beats on Allied newscasters, reporting the opening of the Second Front twenty-four hours ahead of the Allies and breaking the news of the death of President Roosevelt.

But this time there was nothing new except a eulogy for several "suicide fighter pilots" who had failed to return from a night attack on the Red Army near Stettin. (We had heard them take off at dusk in their jet-jobs from the nearby airfield. And there were chuckles and exclamations as the announcer confirmed the reports of those insomniacs who had insisted that the planes had not returned.)

The number of those who couldn't sleep at night had been increasing for two weeks and by now the hall after ten o'clock would be lined up and down both sides with restless sitting or sprawling figures silhouetted here and there by the glow of a cigarette. They were sure we would be bombed at night and they thought that the hall was the safest place to sweat it out.

But it was still too early for the nightwatch. The sunset was just beginning to fade. Four guys in Room 12 were killing a stray cat they had caught, while a dozen bystanders watched, some hungrily, a few with disgust.

"Just as good as rabbit," somebody said defensively.

The Chief stood in the doorway, shaking his head, with a sidelong glance at the cat and another at me. "I'm not that hungry," he said. We had been good friends since Kiefhyde where we'd met the day after he came in, still covered with bandages. Just over five feet tall and forty-six years old, he was lean and hard as nails, in much better condition than most of us. Born in Russia, educated in Switzerland and Germany from the age of eight, he had served in the

German Army on Eastern and Western fronts in World War I. A Jew, he'd been passing as a Navajo Indian ever since his capture a year ago. He had been shot down near Budapest on his 99th mission.

We walked outside. Prisoners, singly or in two's and three's, were taking their last walk around the compound, keeping to the well-beaten path about three feet inside the warning wire. Others were hurrying to or from the latrine, their towels about their necks flying scarves in the breeze. Three guys were playing catch in front of our barracks with a string ball.

In the quiet under evening's first star you could feel the tension in the compound. There was no mild laughter. When it came it was explosive. Those who talked were almost whispering or almost shouting. Many sat about detached and silent.

"It won't be long now," the Chief said. His voice was normal and so was his thin smile, deepening the creases in his bleak, leathery face.

"You think we'll get out of this alive?"

"An old soldier never dies," he said, chuckling. "You and me, we'll make it. But stop worrying about it. Forget it. A long time ago in the other war, I learned to stop worrying. You either get it or you don't. Remember, the GI is not supposed to think."

"What worries me is the brass here. I'd feel lots better if we were facing this back in Heidekrug with our own organization. That was tight and right. This is snafu."

"Here," said the Chief, "you got no responsibilities. The brave young lieutenants in the Foolish Forces will carry the whole burden of defending us. They will protect you from the Red invaders."

He was referring to an organization of commissioned officers which had been formed to take control of the camp in an emergency and also to the story printed in one of the German propaganda sheets which said that we had been so afraid of the advancing Russians we had petitioned the Kiefhyde commandant to move us away from there.

"Look," he said, "you guys who mope around here worrying about what's going to happen to you should stop and think for a minute about what's going on outside. Red Army soldiers, most of them living on little hunks of bread and cheese and maybe a little soup, are winning the war while we sit here on our asses doing nothing.

Lots of them are women. They are dying by the hundred thousand in action. They're battering down the Berlin defenses, right now. I was in the infantry. You don't know what it's like. If we're killed here without being able to fight back do you think I'll be afraid? I won't be afraid, I'll be ashamed. Ashamed to die like that!"

Of course he was right. While we sat there, men, women and children, regular army soldiers and guerrillas, were dying in the battles that would win the war. We'd had reports from both sides that the Russians had just smashed through Stettin, seventy miles east of us, and were coming our way.

Across the compound to the west, through the barbed wire fences, through the trees, was the Baltic; and across the seas was home. There was no longer any sunset light on the water. We went inside.

The shutters were closed in our room and two men were tinkering with the lamp—a wick made from a short piece of GI web belt, in a can of margarine. Most of the marge we got wasn't good eating but it was good for lights now that the power system was out.

Sprawled in our bunks we talked and wrangled, discussed recipes, described our mothers' cooking, compared the German and B.B.C. news, dozed and slept.

At ten o'clock that night—it was April 29—the big searchlights in the guard towers stopped their routine sweep from barracks to barracks. Stopped!

And within a minute everybody was awake.

"The Jerries are leaving!"

"What about the krauts in Barth? They'll be swarmin' out here for our food by mornin'!"

"Ahh—what food?"

"They'll kill us, them crazy civilians! They hate our guts!"

There was very little sleeping done that night. By daylight we were roaming the compound. Barracks doors had been padlocked by the Jerries. We went out through the windows and through the carefully-concealed trap doors we had cut in the floors of our rooms. The barracks were built on pilings about four feet high and the trap doors made convenient exits.

Well, the Germans were gone and we were still OK. Were the Germans gone for good? Wouldn't they maybe come back?

Within a few hours there were complaints that the Field Force

was just as bad. The F.F.'s patrolled the compound, manned the guard towers. Lacking guns, they carried clubs.

It was like this. Someone, playing catch, missed the ball and it rolled into the ten-foot-wide strip of ground between the warning wire and the barbed wire fence. He was about to leap over the warning wire when he was stopped by angry shouts from the F.F.'s. He had to get one of them to retrieve the ball for him. Jokes about the F.F. multiplied as fast as rumors had before.

BUT by the next day it was impossible for anybody to stay mad. It was May Day and it was perfect for sunbathing. The compound looked like a section of the beach at Coney Island in midsummer. And outside the compound everything was deserted, quiet.

The barracks were deserted by all but a few who were busy laundering clothes or making victory cakes. Some of these cakes were two feet square, with five layers. Baked in tin pans made from several flattened Klim cans, with toothpowder (it contained some soda) to make them rise, they were made from ground-up bread and C-ration crackers, plus raisins and prunes, chocolate D-bars and other sweets hoarded over many months for this occasion.

Most of the cakes didn't rise, stayed doughy, but that didn't bother anybody, except one British prisoner who celebrated his liberation from five years of prison camps by eating most of his seven-pound cake in one day. The next day he died.

We wondered by the hour how it would be when the Russians arrived. And by nightfall we were wondering how it would be if the Germans came back. It was dusk when we saw the first flare, far off over the tops of the trees to the west. A red flare. It floated in a slow flat curve and was lost in the trees. A few seconds later three more, one red, two blue, came up from the same place.

"Infantry flares," the Chief said. "Red Army!"

"Howd'ya know it's the Russians?" somebody asked. "Could be the Jerries."

"Maybe," the Chief said, "but retreating Germans wouldn't bother with flares, would they?"

During the next hour we saw several more and then they stopped coming up. We stared and stared until our eyes ached from it. Finally we closed the shutters and lit the marge lamp. There was an

explosion of noises at our trap-door. Somebody was scrambling up through it with a cat that had just decided, too late, to put up a fight for freedom. It was one of our guys. "Meat on the table!" he shouted, swinging it by its hind legs and cracking its head against the floor. It went limp. He threw it onto the table and started sucking the scratches on his hands.

"Jesus jumpin' Christ!" somebody said, and someone else made vomiting noises.

"I spent two hours coaxin' that rabbit into my hands, then I hadda dodge a coupla prowlin' F.F.'s ta get it here. I'm gonta cook it. Anybody don't like it can get t'hell out. The rest o' youse c'n watch me eat it."

"For four months, we never saw a cat near here," the Chief said. "Now comes two in two days. Food must be scarce in Barth."

We were lying on our bunks, both on the top deck of the triple-deckers which lined two sides of the room. A minute later the Chief began to snore. Sleep came easily to him. We were so close to the ceiling that I could write on it while lying on my back. I took out a pencil stub and added another jingle to the collection I had gathered from latrine walls in three camps. Most of them were couplets, but this one ran on and on:

"Topeka in a Weeka—Fort Dix in '46—Sons o' Heaven in '47—Golden Gate in '48—Breadline in '49—Forgotten Hero in Five Zero —Drunk and Done in '51."

The smell of the frying cat was getting thick. It smelled just like rabbit, and I got so hungry I felt dizzy.

I climbed down and went out into the hall. The loudspeaker system had been repaired during the day and somebody was playing Hit Parade recordings. I don't know what time it was—maybe 10 o'clock —when right in the middle of "Don't Fence Me In" an announcer interrupted with a news bulletin: "We have made contact with the Russians! B.B.C. reports that the Red Army has taken Berlin and Hitler is dead!"

That news spread like a flash fire. Men rushed from all the rooms into the hall and surged against the front doors. They burst open and we streamed out into the compound, yelling, screaming, whistling, waving arms, leaping on one another, laughing like maniacs. Twenty-five hundred men howled at the sky.

The same thing had happened in the other three compounds and when there was a comparative lull in ours we could hear great roaring waves of sound from them. Ten thousand voices were tearing the night to tatters. It went on and on. We couldn't stop until we got hoarse and lost our voices. And a long time later when the noise had almost died away you could still hear single voices bellowing from one compound or another, "Uncle Joe! Yay! Uncle Joe!"

"It's funny," the Chief said, when we went back to our room, "it's funny, but nobody seems to realize what day this is."

"May Day," I said.

"International Labor Day. This is the day that celebrates the community of all the working people of the world. You couldn't find a better day to be liberated on."

NOBODY slept. We sat around and talked, burned up the marge—with the windows wide open—and drank powdered coffee all night long. It was good to be able to look out of the window and see lights in other windows. Like living in a town and looking at the lighted windows of homes across the street. I thought, pretty soon I'll be able to start out for a walk and I won't have to walk in a circle. I'll be able to walk for miles and miles, straight, without making a turn!

The next day was turmoil. Gabreski called us out for assembly in the morning and told us that we were no longer prisoners but still soldiers, that we were in an army camp hereafter to be known as Wing X and that we would be moving for home as soon as possible. And, he said, the Russians ask that we wear black armbands in mourning for President Roosevelt.

Those of us who couldn't find black cloth or paper marked them on our sleeves with pencils.

The days now passed more slowly than before. We chafed under the strict discipline and confinement. The barbed wire still hemmed us in. Foolish Forces manned the guard towers. It seemed silly to salute officers every time you passed them. Some of the officers thought so too. They looked the other way when they got near you. But not Gabby. He ate it up.

There was a call for men who spoke Russian to serve as interpreters. The Chief volunteered. When he returned he told me, "I am now

attached to the general staff. I was interviewed by an English lieutenant, almost unintelligible, and then by a pompous ass of a British major. And then by Gabby, who recognized me and introduced me to Zemke as one of the greatest tailgunners in our Air Force. I was approved and told to return to my compound to await further orders.

"I returned by way of the orderlies' mess hall, which is next to the HQ mess, stopping long enough to eat a good big roast beef dinner, on a porcelain plate, with American powdered coffee. The beef, of course, is still horsemeat.

"Feeling like a Big Time Operator I strolled back here to find that you guys had saved my portion of spam and spuds for me, and to avoid hurting your feelings, I ate that too."

SHORTLY after noon on the second day we got a call from F.F. guards to come out and tear down the barbed wire. Mail call never got a faster response. All around the compound men tore into that wire, using sticks, stones, bare hands.

In less than three hours it was down and scattered. Guard towers had toppled too, and one of them was in flames. Those who had overthrown the western fence stormed across the road and wrecked a German storage barracks, smashing windows, tearing off doors and ramming the barracks with 4x4's from the guard towers until it rocked off its foundation and sagged like a drunken sailor.

That night our room had visitors, eleven of the former Russian prisoners who had been quartered in a small adjacent compound. The Germans had used the Russian prisoners for all the dirty work or hard labor at the camp, and about twice a week had brought a group of them, under heavy guard, into our compound with a tank-wagon, to bail out the pit under the latrine.

A few of us had managed to give them cigarettes occasionally when the guards weren't looking. The Chief, an expert at this, even managed brief conversations with a couple of them. One, a fighter pilot who always wore a Cossack cap, smuggled in some fresh onions to the Chief on one of his trips. And the smell of those onions in our room's potato stew had brought dozens of guys to our doorway with twitching noses and watering mouths.

Well, our visitors are led by the pilot in the Cossack cap and he

and the Chief have a noisy reunion, volleying Russian back and forth as the rest of us look on. Some of us remember that we are hosts and we make spam sandwiches and coffee for our guests. Everybody's happy and there's handshaking all round.

It's cozy too—eleven Russians and twenty-four of us crowded into a room about 15 x 24 with triple-deck bunks running out from each end wall to cut that twenty-four feet down to twelve, and with a table, benches and a shelf along the windows taking up more of the space. But we were used to crowded quarters and so were our guests.

After awhile the Chief began to translate what the Russians had told him.

"Ninety-eight of the Russian prisoners were murdered by the Germans just before they left," he said. "They had been taken from their barracks in the afternoon and marched to a French concentration camp about three miles from here. These men escaped into the woods when they guessed that there was trouble ahead.

"But they followed along. They saw the rest of their comrades forced to dig a deep trench at gunpoint, then lined up in front of it and mowed down by machine-gun fire.

"They hid in the woods until the Cossack guerrilla squadron arrived. When the Cossacks heard what had happened they drove like crazy on Barth. Nazis at the airfield resisted them long enough for our camp garrison to get away.

"But by midnight the Cossacks took Barth, hanged the gauleiter, killed the other Nazi big shots and liberated the four concentration camps in this area. Then they took out after the camp garrison. My friend here says he has heard that they caught the garrison troops near Rostock and killed them all.

"The Cossacks leave one of their sergeants behind to take charge of this area until the regular army arrives. But he celebrates too much, gets drunk and forgets what he's supposed to do until this morning.

"Still pretty drunk, he wanders out to our Vorlager, remembers that he is in charge of that too and goes in to see our brass.

"That's when I saw him. I figure something good is going to happen so I hang around.

"Our big shots mistake him for a colonel—he carries himself with lots of more dignity than the bunch of them put together. He is

short and stocky, with a chest like a beer-barrel. He is wearing a beat-up fur cap with a red star on it, a short heavy sheepskin coat with a Russian army tunic underneath, regular army pants and riding boots with spurs. Shoved into his belt against his stomach is a German Luger. He smells like a distillery. Phew!

"Through one of the other interpreters, a lieutenant, he tells our brass he is amazed to find the barbed wire still up. With a wave of his arm he orders them to follow him and with half the staff at his heels he strides to the nearest compound.

" 'Who are these men behind the wire?' he asks. 'Whose prisoners are they? And who are these men in the guard towers?'

"And he is told, 'These are our own men we are guarding, so they won't get out and spread all over the country where we wouldn't be able to find them.'

"The Cossack couldn't see that.

" 'If these are Americans they are liberated and should not be behind wire and guards. They are free men. You should open the gates and let them enjoy their freedom.'

"By now he's shouting.

" 'They should be in the town celebrating their freedom and the victory with us, eating good food, sleeping in clean beds in good houses instead of these stinking barracks!'

"Then another thought strikes him.

" 'Can it be,' he asks, 'can it be that these poor fellows have been prisoners so long that they do not want freedom? Can it be that their minds have become sick from this horrible life?'

"Tears start to roll down his cheeks. He grabs the barbed wire in his hands and shakes it. He kicks at one of the posts.

"That does it. The wheels can't stand it any longer. They order the wire torn down immediately.

"And so, for your liberation from the barbed wire"—he started to rock with laughter—"you can thank the Cossack sergeant who pulled his rank on our colonels."

When he got his breath back he said, "The sergeant couldn't understand us, either. These guys can't understand. They wonder why we didn't do it ourselves. Rank is a different thing in the Red Army. An officer is only a superior when he is giving an order. Their outfits can courtmartial officers. There's no class distinction among them.

That's why the Germans wouldn't recognize their rank. That's why this fighter pilot and a couple of doctors now dead were cleaning our latrine."

For the first time in my life I began to wonder if I hadn't been wrong about Russia. This conception of rank, this kind of discipline, self-discipline, didn't add up to dictatorship.

For a year and a half I had endured the brass-bound dictatorship of our army. For fifteen months I had observed the stark rigidity of Nazi discipline. They were very much alike.

Now for nearly two weeks I rambled about with the Chief, talking to the Russians, watching them. We talked to 12-year-old boy soldiers whose parents and sisters and brothers had been killed by the Germans.

"The army is my mother and father," one of them said.

We talked to a doctor who had been working night and day to save the living skeletons found in nearby concentration camps.

We sprawled in the grass in front of American HQ with the Russian colonel who was in charge of the whole area and a group of American and Russian GI's and we swapped questions and answers for an hour at a time.

We found no class distinction, no caste system. All were self-disciplined and comradely.

WITHIN four days the Russian occupation forces had repaired all utilities for our camp and Barth and had cleared the airfield of mines and checked it out for takeoffs and landings. They had set up a new administration in Barth, had notified Allied Headquarters in London that we were liberated and that the airfield was OK, and had rounded up cows and pigs, fresh meat, for us.

The Russian colonel asked for estimates of our food and medicine needs. He said that martial law had been proclaimed in the county of Barth but added that we were free to go anywhere, do anything we liked, take anything but chickens, which were being confiscated to be cooked into broth for the concentration camp survivors, who couldn't eat solid food. Also in their behalf he asked for any doctors we could spare and any extra clothing we wanted to contribute. For himself and his men he asked contributions of spare shirts and socks.

Our HQ figured that the Russians wanted to get their hands on our

reserve food supplies, so late that afternoon each of us suddenly got an issue of three full Red Cross parcels. Most of us went on an eating spree and food was strewn all over the barracks.

Next morning the Russian colonel called up our HQ and asked for fifty men to bring in some beef. Fifty volunteers took off. About noon the phone rang again. The fifty men were drunk and not in condition to bring in the cattle. Please send fifty more. HQ complied. But by eleven o'clock that night neither bunch had returned. There was a third phone call and this time fifty F.F.'s were sent out. They came back with 100 head of cattle which they drove to a nearby fenced-in meadow. On the following morning a butchering detail went to work and we began to get steaks and hamburgers. During that day and the next, squads of Russian soldiers drove in several hundred more head of cattle and a couple of hundred pigs, keeping the animals headed in the right direction by bursts from their tommyguns.

Col. Zemke arrived in our compound for morning roll-call, and we thought sure he'd brought news about leaving. But he had come to preach order.

"Stay out of Barth," he said. "Stay in your compounds or you'll be courtmartialed. You are safe here. The Russian commander seems to be a pretty good egg but he warned me that his men are hard to control."

"That's a lie," said the Chief out of the side of his mouth.

Zemke said he had spent six months with the Russians as an instructor and "they're tough—they shoot first and talk afterwards."

Several American and British P.O.W.'s already had been killed in Barth, he said.

"I'm responsible for you. Now that the Germans have gone this is an army base and starting now we are going to have roll-call. I won't stand for sloppy roll-calls. There will be two each day and any man that isn't present will be locked up until we leave. Courtmartial proceedings will be brought against any man who disobeys orders. Now go back to your barracks!"

Well, lots of us went back to our barracks and packed up our spare shirts and pants and our food and moved off into the woods which covered about two miles of the peninsula. Scrounging was still pretty good in Barth even though the officers had got there first. Some of the men even picked up small hunting rifles and ammo. I saw one of them

early one morning proudly carrying a small deer back to his tent.

The people of Barth, who had sneered and shouted names at us four months ago when we were being marched into camp, now peeped shyly out of windows draped with red or white flags. The Hammer and Sickle flew from the top of the city hall.

As the Chief and I walked down the main street on our first trip to town a Russian supply column came through and when we got to the main intersection we saw that another supply column was trying to get through the cross-street. Three Russian officers were directing traffic.

We joined a small group of GI's standing near one of the officers. A British captain came along, walked up to that officer and threw his arms around him, hugging him.

He said, "I've waited four years for this. I thought you'd never come, but by God, you made it!" There were tears on his cheeks.

The Chief translated what he had said to the Russian. He pulled a gold ring from his finger and gave it to the British captain to remember him by. Then he waved his arm at the bunch of us and asked the Chief, "Amerikanskys all?"

"Yes," the Chief said, and the officer called for a case of champagne from one of the trucks in the column.

He pried it open with a Nazi SS dagger and passed the bottles out among us.

Our hearts were in our hands and in our eyes in that hour. The sun was bright and birds were singing. The old, old houses huddled together comfortably, peacefully, along the walks of the narrow street. Children played nearby, completely absorbed in their games.

It was hard to face the fact that the citizens of that beautiful old town had been rotten parasites for years, living fat from the labor of slaves.

THERE were few people in civilian clothes on the streets and most of them shied away from us—the liberated slaves from force of habit, the Germans from fear. You couldn't tell which was which by the clothes, for the Russians had confiscated German clothing and given it to the former slaves. But you could identify most of them by their physical condition. They were rail-thin. Their heads seemed to be too heavy for their necks. Their eyes looked through you instead of at you when you spoke to them.

We met one old woman who asked us in Yiddish how to get to the railroad station. She wanted to take a train to her home in Poland. The Chief answered her, explaining carefully and pointing down the street to show her how to get to it. But before he finished speaking she started off, limping, swinging in a circle across the street.

We thought she misunderstood. The Chief called to her and pointed again. She didn't look up, just kept walking. She hadn't misunderstood. She had lost understanding. We turned to look back several times. She was still limping about in a circle.

The Chief spoke in Polish to another woman who was standing at a corner, apparently bewildered. She was good-looking, thin but well built. Her eyes and mouth were hard, hard as steel. She told him she was twenty-five. She looked thirty-five or more. She'd worked for six years in a nearby munitions factory, she said, twelve hours a day, six days a week. On Sundays they took her and several other women from the factory to the Luftwaffe rest home near the airfield, where they "provided recreation" for the resting Nazi pilots. "There was good food there," she said. "They starved us at the factory."

I didn't notice her hands until she and the Chief finished talking and he put out his hand to say goodbye. She looked at him, hesitating, then suddenly extended her hand. It was a claw, covered with callouses and scales. The nails had been worn off the horny ends of the fingers and the ends of the finger bones were visible. Fingers and thumb were curved like hooks, almost rigid. When my hand clasped hers I felt every hair on my back stand up. She said goodbye in English. She didn't smile.

WHEN we got back to camp the Chief stopped at Headquarters and I went on to our barracks. There I met the British doctor who had bunked for awhile with a couple of American lieutenants in one of the small end rooms of our barracks. We liked him because he ignored rank. He told me he had just returned from the worst of the concentration camps, where he'd worked fifty-six hours without rest. Couldn't sleep if you wanted to out there, he said, so he'd come into camp "for a nap." He showed me a copy of a report they had compiled!

"Three hundred slave prisoners were liberated May 1 by advancing Russian armies at Barth. Most were starved, seriously ill, the remnants

of an overpacked concentration camp which but a few days before had held about 4,000 men.

"Too weak to walk, they were left behind when the other prisoners were evacuated by sea several days before the Russians arrived. Most had been evacuated from other concentration camps to the East and West of Barth. Hundreds had died en route. They were Czechs, Russians, Poles, Greeks, Hungarians, Austrians, Frenchmen, Italians, the majority Jewish. Only a few of those left were strong enough to be interviewed. The worst cases were sunken-eyed skeletons, covered with ulcers, filth and vermin. . . ."

While I was copying that, souvenir-hunters were flooding back into our compound. Hundreds of them had visited the nearby Nazi school for anti-aircraft gunners. They brought back Luftwaffe officers' hats, goggles, swastika armbands, epaulets and insignia, and hundreds of flare pistols and thousands of flare cartridges.

The fireworks battle started at dusk. For more than two hours, all over the compound, barracks battled barracks, firing red, blue, green and white flares through each others' windows and at anyone who ventured out into the compound. No casualties were reported, and there were no fires.

But soon after the battle ended high spirits evaporated and griping began again about the delay in moving us out. The latrine pit had overflowed several days before and though the latrine was now nailed shut it was a health menace. And our barracks was right next to it.

I hit my bunk for some dreams of home and started to doze in spite of loudspeaker news bulletins and the gripe session in the room:

"Listen to that. N'Yawk goes wild. Jeez, I wish we was there now. This is a helluva way to celebrate the end o' the war."

"Chris'amighty, when they gonna get us outa this stinkin' hole? They just forgot about the P.O.W.'s. We're the forgotten men. Kicked around worse now than we was by the Jerries."

"Hey, the Morgue's back. An' the Chief Interpreter. Now we get the poop from the group."

I sat up.

"Hi, guys," Morganski said. "Yeah, I'll give ya the poop, and the crap from the trap and the gen from the pen! I just lived through the thrillin' climax of the book I'm writin'—an expose of the Foolish

Forces, the Fearless Fosdicks. Ten hours I've spent in the cooler today with nothin' ta eat and they had no charge against me. This tops the crop!"

"Spill it, Morgy," somebody growled. "Give us Your Day."

"Awright, awright, take it easy, Greasy. You know I can gargle Russky pretty well—can't I, Chief—an' this mornin' I was battin' the breeze with a couple o' Uncle Joe's boys down at the landin'. The F.F. on duty there got PO'd about it—he thought I was wanglin' a boat-ride for myself. Well, the way I see it these goddam amateur M.P.'s can't do a thing to ya if the Russkys commandeer a boat an' take ya for a ride.

"But I wasn't crazy to go across anyways. I just got back from more drinkin' than a man my age oughta do in a month. I was tryin' ta straighten out these boys about us. Ya know the impression they get from our wheels is that we're a snobbish bunch o' sissies who don't wanta play with them. The Russkys can't understand it. They want us ta come inta these towns and celebrate with 'em and raise hell. They don't know we're bein' threatened with D.D.'s, courtmartials an' a double-F firin' squad if we step over the warnin' wire.

"Anyways, this F.F. came over, told me to break it up and take a powder. An' I sounded off like a corporation lawyer. He walked away an' a few minutes later he's back with three other F.F.'s an' they march me ta the cooler and lock me up. Without charges! Without food! Ten goddam hours!" He sank his teeth viciously into a big spam sandwich he'd made while he was talking.

"I can't top that," the Chief said, "but I got a story for you. It's no wonder the Russians can't understand us. We are insulated from them by brass. You know the Russians have taken over the big bakery in Barth to make bread for us and their troops. And a couple days ago the bakers, who are all members of the Bakers Union in Russia, sent an invitation to all the American and British bakers in this camp—all the union bakers, that is—to come into town and have a dinner party with them. You know what happened? Headquarters filed that invitation in the wastebasket!"

He lit a cigarette.

"I found out something else today, too," he said. "The strange ending of a story we been hearing around here for days. About American and British guys being killed in Barth.

"Well, this morning, about a dozen of our officers and GI's went into the adjutant's office and asked him for permission to see the colonel. They got it. They wanted to know how many Americans were killed, who they were and where they were buried.

"And—our colonel finally admitted that he had made up that story just to throw a scare into us and keep us in camp after dark."

"It sure worked swell," Morganski said. "Half o' this goddam compound is shacked up in Barth right now."

Now it is May Day again. Five years later. Spring. In Russia and in Germany—all over Europe—and here in the United States, the graves of millions of soldiers and civilians killed in World War II are being given their tribute of flowers, and tears and memories, by those of us who survived. And there are tears, and memories, for other millions who were transformed from living human beings, men, women and children, into piles of teeth, piles of bones, piles of shoes, piles of clothes, lampshades and ashes, and for whom there are no graves.

I didn't know these millions but I think most of them were more or less like the members of our crew and their families whom I met in Florida. Our crew stayed together from the time we started combat training there until our B-26 was shot down near Spoleto, Italy, January 22, 1944. We had become closer than brothers.

There were six of us. Two stayed with the ship and were killed when it crashed and blew up. Two others opened their 'chutes too soon when they bailed out. The 'chutes whipped into the flames from the ship and burned. Those two dropped like stones, 10,000 feet, to screaming death.

We knew what we were fighting for and we knew that many of us would die. There are lots of us who still know what we're fighting for and we are familiar with more than the face of the enemy. We can see his feet braced among the gold piles of international finance capital as he makes his last convulsive effort to conquer the world.

Constantly these days I'm reminded of something else that happened at that prison camp.

The day after the Nazi garrison fled, a few deserters from it returned and surrendered to us. They were put up in one of the rooms vacated by the lieutenants of the Field Force. One of them was a sergeant who

had baited us during the last few weeks of our imprisonment.

I remember how he'd swagger up to a group of us as we clustered around one of our maps. We used pins and string on them to show the progress on various fronts.

"Ah-hah, boys, you look at your maps very happily these days. Perhaps you think we are losing, hmmm? Well, you'd better think again. So far we have used only two of our secret weapons. Only two. There are many more. Hitler is not unmerciful. He uses the least devastating first. But if your armies and Russia's insist upon a more terrible defense he will oblige them. We have a weapon which will sweep those armies back as quickly as the wind sweeps the dust from this compound!"

He always spoke as though he was giving a lecture, crisply, with authority and conviction, in excellent British. He had been a history professor in Berlin before the war, he said. Oh, he was a proud Nazi! Hitler's Germany will rule for a thousand years! Who but Hitler, this political and military genius, could save the world from the horrors of Communism? Who else could have cleansed the Fatherland of the depraved, sub-human Jews? Who else could have united the labor unions into a solid, disciplined Labor Front, free from the pre-Hitler taint of decadent democracy? Who else could have united all of Germany into one invincible fist, and developed her Aryan supermen to such disciplined and exalted strength that they could conquer the world? None but Hitler. Heil Hitler!

And I remember what he was like later and what he said. His crisp conviction and his swagger were gone. He walked timidly, quickly, with head down. I had to stand in his way to get him to stop and talk. And then he had only one thing to say and his face fell apart as he said it:

"We were lied to and betrayed. Lied to and betrayed." And he said it over again, lapsing into German, as he walked away, *"Belogen und betrogen."*

I'm reminded of him constantly now, in the midst of this spring five years later. You see, I'm wondering whether most of us will wait also, until it's too late in history—until some survivor, standing in the stench of the dead millions, in the ruins of an invincible United States can find, to sum it all up, no other words but these: *"We were lied to and betrayed."*

right face

HEARTY APPETITE

"There are 500,000 Californians now out of work, but this is not calamitous because we are approaching the time of year when unemployment hits its peak."—*Governor Earl Warren, at a dinner in honor of his birthday.*

NON-EXISTENTIALISM

"The world can very well do without literature. But it can do without man still better."—Jean-Paul Sartre, *What Is Literature?*

ELEMENTARY

"Getting somebody else to do your work is the recipe for success." —*Editorial comment from the Rainier (Wash.)* Reporter.

SIMULTANEOUSLY?

"We suggest that a careful review of Acheson's life and of his record in public office will disclose no shred of actual evidence that he is other than a human being and an earnest, devoted American."—San Francisco *Chronicle.*

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

"The Republican Party that has always been guilty of instituting investigations, and a few other individuals closely affiliated with it, have, in their rancor, reached the stage where I deem it expedient that an investigation committee be appointed to investigate those instrumental in giving inception to the original investigating committees." —*The Hon. T. C. Crook {!}, Democrat of Indiana, addresses Congress.*

THE BIG FINGER

by HOWARD FAST

THE mills of the gods, in the course of their ironic and thorough grinding, came finally to Mrs. Esther Caulkin Brunauer, who was second to none in her sublime hatred of Communists. Mrs. Brunauer, an official of the State Department, must have felt reasonably secure in the new grace attained by heartfelt and articulate Red-baiting. Thereby, in today's America, does one enter those orthodox Gardens of Eden which have been landscaped, furbished and marked off for all the faithful by the Truman-Acheson-J. Edgar Hoover combine for the destiny-of-mankind. And therein, Mrs. Brunauer, bulwarked by her prejudice against Communists and anyone who did anything with Communists, must have planned to spend her remaining years in healthy comfort, sunning herself in the beneficent glow of the brave men who rule America.

But someone was not playing the game, and Senator McCarthy, who defines a Communist by his own peculiar lights, inelegantly put the finger on Mrs. Brunauer, and painted her one shade or another of the color red. (Here, I fear, a footnote for future historians who may ponder over this magazine is necessary; for they will quite obviously ask how a society continues to function when there is no limit to who can put the finger on whom. What, they may speculate, would have happened had Mrs. Brunauer put the finger on McCarthy first? I will go into this matter somewhat—but I am afraid that to understand wholly the historians pondering over this will have to study the workings of democracy in this land where freedom from fear is so highly esteemed that, in order to achieve it, fear of freedom is being instilled into all citizens.)

But to continue with the one who had been fingered, Mrs. Esther Caulkin Brunauer found that her troubles had only begun. Her hus-

band, an officer at the Naval Bureau of Ordnance, discovered that his simple way of life had been inordinately complicated, not only by having to operate in one of those sacred places where husbands of even alleged Reds are not wholly welcome, but by a new and amazing attitude expressed by certain neighbors who preferred to be nameless. As his wife put it, the phone rang and a hoarse voice said, "Get out of this neighborhood, you Communists, or you will be carried out in a box."

I don't know what kind of neighborhood the Brunauers live in, but their neighbors are somewhat hasty and certainly impetuous in judgment. My own guess is that Mrs. Brunauer is about as much of a Communist as Mr. Jessup, which is just about as much of a Communist as Mr. Acheson is; but Mr. Acheson's own inept and screaming hatred of all things Communist has not saved either him or his department from the charge by Senator Bridges, Republican of New Hampshire, that Russia has planted a "Master Spy" in the United States government, and that this M.S. is using the State Department "as he wills."

Now it seems a little insane to take such a statement even half seriously, and one wonders what intelligent adult, even a Republican from New Hampshire, could for a moment dream that our State Department or the men who lead it would breathe a good word about Russia, even alone and in the privacy of their intimate chambers, as it goes. And if any move by our State Department is directed by a Russian M.S., my own humble advice to the Russians would be to throw the boob out—or at least let Standard Oil pay his wages.

But this particular horror of finger and counter-finger, informer and counter-informer, charge and counter-charge, this new grace of pimp, tout and renegade cannot be dismissed by any appeal to sanity. Something awful, indescribably awful, is happening in this nation of ours. It is a horror beyond the inanities of a Styles Bridges or a McCarthy; those are only reflections of something bigger, something that has so weakened our moral backbone that the virtues of a whole nation appear to be dissolving into an unspeakable slime. But not an unrecognizable slime, for we have seen both the slime and the horror in that particular degradation German capitalism created with the fine, guiding hand of Adolf Hitler.

A full picture is not a pleasant task, nor is there room for it here,

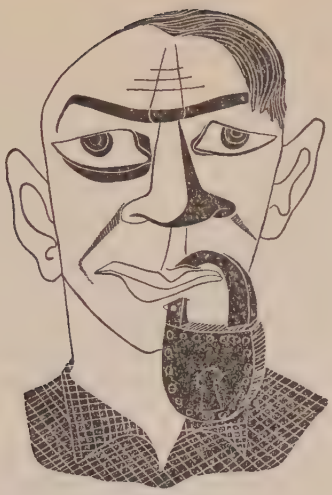
but anyone who has been reading the newspapers even cursorily, will recognize this item, culled from the press on Tuesday, March 28, 1950.

It is one of a thousand similar items, and I choose it simply because it is at hand in today's paper. Datelined Borger, Texas, released by Associated Press, it tells that "reports of a non-virgin club which requires its teen-age members to have sexual relations are expected to come before the grand jury tomorrow. The Borger *Herald,* in a series of stories, said the non-virgin club operates in this way. Twenty to twenty-five high-school boys and girls belong. The members take an oath to have sexual intercourse at least once a week. The girls, some as young as 14, recruit all members, who pair off at club meetings by drawing numbers."

I quote this as a frame. Every day, in our press, there are a hundred such stories. And one cannot understand a Senator McCarthy separated from the general sickness of the society he helps to rule. If one should doubt the connection between a dissolution of morality in one place and a dissolution in another, let me quote from a man who, some years ago, wrote vigorously and boldly in defense of the land which nurtured him and gave him honor and fame:

> "President Windrip, in his hotel bedroom, was awakened late at night by the voice of a guard in the outer room: 'Yuh, sure, let him pass—he's Secretary of State.' Nervously the president clicked on his bedside lamp . . . He had needed it lately to read himself to sleep.
>
> "In that limited glow he saw Lee Sarason, Dewey Haik and Dr. Hector Macgoblin march to the side of his bed. Lee's thin sharp face was like flour. His deep-buried eyes were those of a sleepwalker. His skinny right hand held a bowie knife which, as his hand deliberately rose, was lost in the dimness. Windrip swiftly thought: Sure would be hard to know where to buy a dagger in Washington; and Windrip thought: All this is the doggonedest foolishness—just like a movie or one of those old history books when you were a kid; and Windrip thought, all in that same flash: Good God, I'm going to be killed!"

Let me hasten to add, lest anyone should accuse me of insidious promotion of force and violence, that I quote from Sinclair Lewis' *It Can't Happen Here.* You will, if you remember that fine, imaginative



MUNDT-MAN, *by Forrest Wilson*

book, recall the scenes where the whole rotten fabric of American fascism begins to crumble, where the fingering is done with knives and guns instead of klieg lights and Congressional Committees, where the thousand years of Adolf Hitler become less than a thousand days for the Chamber of Commerce gauleiters. I recommend it for re-reading, and it would make fine bed-table company for the Truman-Acheson lads. There was insight in that book, for all that an older Sinclair Lewis would rather forget that he had written it as he suns himself in the Italian ivory tower he now occupies, muttering to a New York *Times* interviewer that nothing here at home is really troublesome.

I would say, Lewis, come home! By all that is holy, you cannot turn your eyes from the handwriting on the wall. Surely you love this big, beautiful land enough to cry out against the hell that is making. What does it portend, when day in and day out in our press we read that thirteen-year-olds kill brother and sister with guns, when veterans run amuck, when sex becomes not the rich and beautiful thing life meant it to be put a perverted sickness, a sour disease, when murder becomes so commonplace that it passes un-noticed, and when a sickly overlay of vulgarized religion is used to mask these pathetic obscenities?

Has all this no relation to the bold words of Raymond P. Whearty?

Let me recall him to you, an Assistant U.S. Attorney who came before a Congressional sub-committee on appropriations this January past to ask for a round lump of money so that the detailed plans of the Justice Department might be pursued. And what were these plans?

"With respect to many of these persons engaged in subversive activities," said Mr. Whearty, "in line with our appearance before the committee last year, there is a program of extensive suits to prosecute members of the Communist Party who can be shown to be sympathetic and appreciative of its views. We prosecute them as individuals under the Smith Act." And then Mr. Whearty went on to point out that if the conviction of the eleven Communist leaders were upheld by the Supreme Court, this great workload of prosecution was "possible and indeed very probable."

Then Mr. Rooney, one of the Congressmen on the committee, asked Mr. Whearty, "Of the 21,105 cases now pending, how many of them would you say depend upon the outcome of the Communist trial in New York?"

And Mr. Whearty replied, "Roughly, 12,000."

So there it was. Twelve thousand cases of individuals to be prosecuted under the Smith Act on the charge of evil thoughts—with five years in jail as the reward for each conviction. Twelve thousand cases just like the case of the eleven Communist leaders, not to be prosecuted for action, crime or conspiracy—*but for thinking thoughts* re *Marxism-Leninism!*

You will note that where Mr. Rooney questions Mr. Whearty, it is in terms of 21,105 cases which the Justice Department has prepared for trial under the Smith Act. These cases depend upon the Supreme Court upholding the conviction of the eleven Communists, but Mr. Whearty seems not at all worried on that score. After all, the Supreme Court has upheld the conviction of Eugene Dennis for contempt of a Congressional Committee headed by the criminal J. Parnell Thomas, and has also upheld the conviction of Carl Marzani for no discernible crime whatsoever. Yet, in answer to Mr. Rooney's question, Mr. Whearty refers to only 12,000 cases. Where are the other 9,105? Well, here is Mr. Whearty's cool explanation:

"The others are cases in which action may or may not be possible. I would like to elaborate a little there. There are a number of cases in the department which are perfectly good trial cases, but can't be

proven for reason that the sole witnesses to the cases are confidential informants and cannot be used as witnesses and those cases have to be canceled out."

THE finger is active, isn't it? Here are 21,105 cases ready to go. Are you included? Is Jessup among them—or Mrs. Brunauer—or Max Lerner—or Ed Sullivan—or Dean Acheson—or Truman himself? Is that fantastic? The boys and girls who so gleefully edit the New York *Post* keep lisping that no one could possibly, possibly accuse them of being Communists, for they will yield to no one in their slanders of Communists. They learn hard—hard indeed when you consider that only the other day their own beloved Dorothy Kenyon was fingered in no inconsequential way. And here is their hero, Dean Acheson, squirming under the finger of a Republican Senator from New Hampshire. And that is no small finger and no petty stool purchased by the Justice Department for thirty a week.

To Westbrook Pegler, David Dubinsky, that enthroned and ennobled prince of Red-baiters, is more or less of a Communist, as Pegler has not hesitated to state, and to George Sokolsky, Arthur Garfield Hays is practically enfrocked with red flags. Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon discovered that a copious file on him was a part of Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's confidential records, and when he indignantly called the Justice Department to demand an explanation, he was told that the procedure was normal. Gossip around Washington had it that the Un-American Committee, to mend their own fences, had prepared dossiers on Justice Department and Administration people. There is no proof of this, but what fascinating speculations it gives rise to in terms of the action taken by the Justice Department against J. Parnell Thomas for his cheap crookery and petty fraud.

There has always been talk in newspaper circles that full dossiers on the Roosevelt family are in J. Edgar Hoover's filing cabinets, and while he would probably deny this, the rumor is remarkably persistent. The New York *Post* itself ran the story of one Mr. Daniel and the nightmare, Nazi-like persecution he experienced in Central Intelligence where not all his fervent Red-baiting prevented his being tossed out on his ear as a security risk—which can be translated into one or another shade of pink, red or crimson.

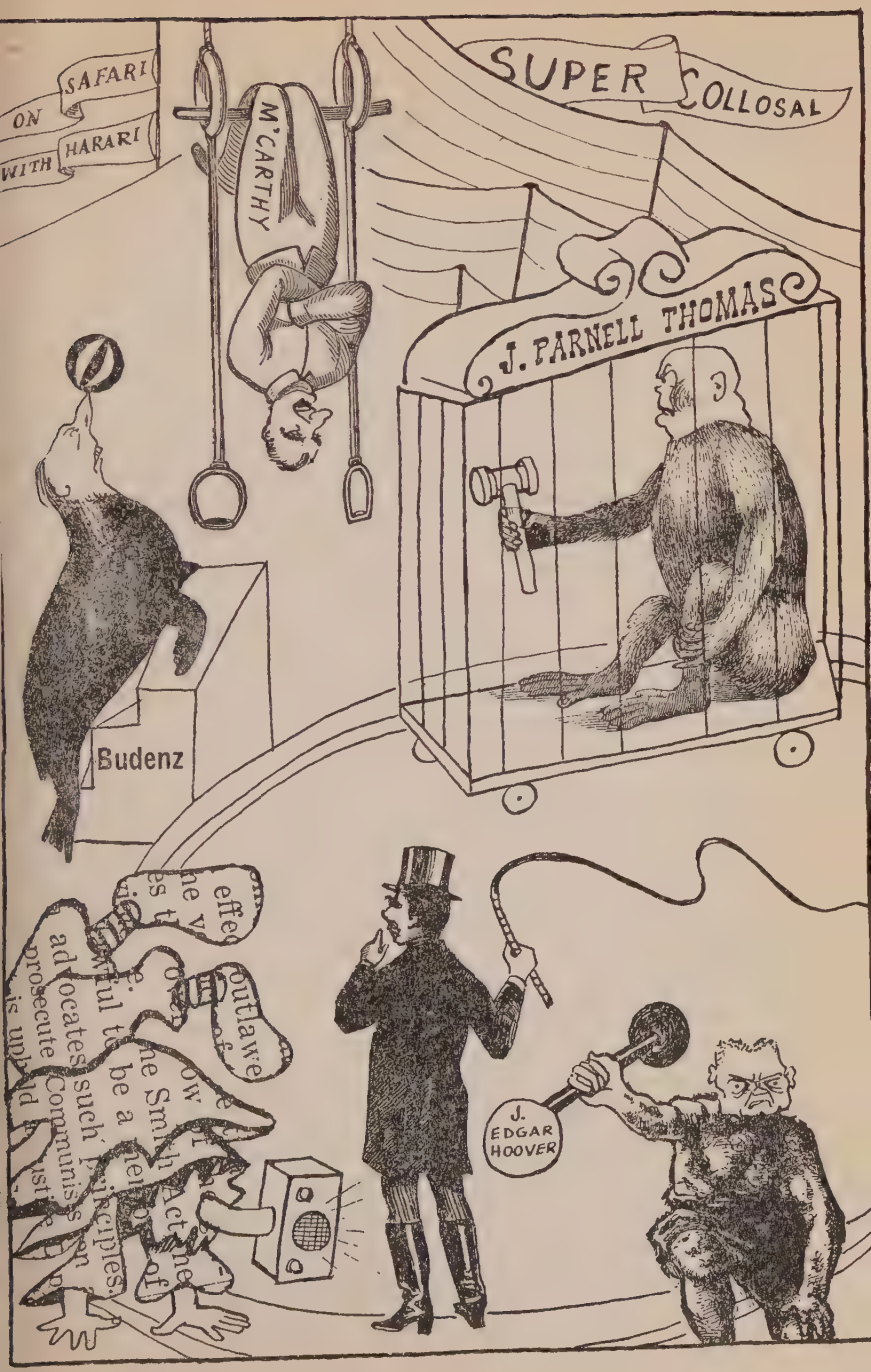
So if Frank Kingdon of the New York *Post* or Walter Lippmann

of the *Herald Tribune* or Freda Kirchwey of the *Nation* or even Norman Cousins of the *Saturday Review of Literature* turns up on that list of 21,105 names, I should not be at all surprised. I should not, however, be pleased, for it seems to me full time for people like them—and indeed for any person of any good will in this land—to realize that these days call for a higher patriotism than any needed in the past. Once again, we will hang separately if we do not hang together—and if we hang together, then how easy, how amazingly easy it will be to make Mr. Hoover and his lads eat every one of those 21,105 indictments.

The other day I called one of the people mentioned in this piece. I am convinced he is a man of some courage. I pleaded with him to join in a small united-front action. He said that one cannot work with Communists. But underneath was the monstrous fear, not of Communists, but of *the Communist will to oppose* these dreadful things happening in our land. He could not have been unaware that murderers have been freed because they charged their victims with Communism—in America, not elsewhere—that children have been taken from their parents on similar charges, that the vilest crimes have been condoned on the same nightmare basis. But the unkindest irony is that no retreat from the position of the Communists can save such as he. If the Communists go, not only he, but no good person in all this land will know peace or security or the simple virtues we once called American.

I say this price is too high. Here is the Mundt Bill, which makes even the Smith Act, by comparison, almost an innocuous thing—and it will become law unless every force of decency in America combines to oppose it. We can combine. We must. There has been enough of slander. We have the lesson of Germany staring us in the face. Red-baiting is not a diversion, it is a disease which has wrecked nations and destroyed millions of human lives.

We have a good land. It must be remembered as something else than the home of the *big finger.*


SAFARI
ON
WITH HARARI
M'CARTHY
SUPER COLLOSAL
J. PARNELL THOMAS
Budenz
J. EDGAR HOOVER

What Is Freedom?

by CHARLES HUMBOLDT

THE question of freedom is more acute today than it has ever been in the history of the world. American imperialism, following Hitler's example, is attempting to preserve its doomed system by the suppression of all liberties, and failing this, to destroy mankind itself in revenge.

The time is past when one could speak simply of violations of liberty, of rights which were on the books but not put into practice. The bourgeoisie is ready to wipe out the books themselves, along with those begrudged concessions wrung from it—and ever after defended in struggle—by the classes which helped it triumph over feudalism. This reversion should surprise no one; it was latent, like a tiger's leap, in the nature of capitalism. When did the thwarted beast not kill if it could?

Despite its avowed love of liberty, the bourgeoisie has always treated her like a spouse whom it suspected of being about to run off with someone else. It wanted her all to itself, an unattainable she to other men. If anyone said that he had a different notion of liberty, the bourgeoisie ran to its house to see whether its own wife was still safely locked in. Now, for fear that liberty should fall into better hands, the bourgeoisie wants to strangle her.

This anxiety is reflected in the negative manner with which it approaches every problem relating to freedom, that of personal responsibility among others. While most people would agree that the freer a man is the more responsible he is for what he does, the bourgeoisie has always veered back and forth from the notion that men are not responsible for their actions to the dictum that they must be held completely answerable. It uses these ideas opportunistically, at one moment to evade responsibility itself, at another to shift it to the rest

of society. In either case it thinks of responsibility chiefly in connection with guilt rather than in the positive sense of social obligation, thereby revealing that the freedom for which it pretends to sacrifice the whole world is full of threat for it.

Here, as elsewhere, the bourgeoisie proceeds from the thesis that freedom and material causality are incompatible, that one rules out the other. Its thinkers have always conceived of determinism in mechanistic or metaphysical terms, and of freedom in some form resembling the theological concept of free will. Today it is fashionable to assert that freedom is guaranteed by the indeterminism lurking in the very structure of the universe. But this, as Lenin first showed in *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism,* is based upon a deliberate idealist misinterpretation of advances in modern physics.

The bourgeoisie wishes above all to divorce freedom from the conditions of material existence, to be able to treat it as a concept whose validity it can embrace or dispose of by logic alone. If affirmed, it is supposed to exist, as a metaphysical entity, prior to the circumstances which would make its concrete existence and evolution possible. Capitalist demagogy reveals even more clearly the unreal character of this freedom. For example, in his Arlington Cemetery speech of December 22, 1949, President Truman referred to "belief in freedom as the greatest force for human welfare." Here faith is substituted for reality, and human welfare, without which freedom is inconceivable, is expected to flourish out of that faith alone. Like prosperity from a manipulation of inflated currency.

The bourgeoisie does not want us to trace the material causes of freedom. For when we do, the question of responsibility is put in an entirely new light. It becomes a positive obligation, a weapon in the class struggle of the proletariat, in the fight to abolish the rule of the bourgeoisie and for the first time to open the way to true, universal liberty.

But first, can we speak of the "causes of freedom"? Does it not seem that Marxists take a middle-of-the-road position on this question of freedom and causality, that they seek an eclectic reconciliation which will enable them to save determinism while avoiding its conclusions? No, for we believe that the contradiction can be resolved dialectically. However, this requires a redefinition of determinism.

In non-dialectical determinism, whether mechanical or metaphysical,

an event is no more than the result of all that has preceded it. Once it has joined the body of past events, it merely takes on the disguise of a cause for what will follow: its effect. The world is then a series of effects pretending to be causes. Behind the gallant puppet parade there can be only one, a first, cause, which is undetermined by anything but itself. So we are not far from the old finite universe presided over by God. In any case freedom is out the window, and ethics is reduced to the pre-determined evaluation of pre-determined acts (just as what I write now would itself be pre-determined and need have nothing to do with any knowledge of objective reality on my part). Morality would then be merely a pretense that freedom existed.

The dilemma is not solved by asserting that causality is simply a category of consciousness. If the causal relation has no objective reality, neither nature nor man has a history, a past. Discontinuity is all. Chance displaces fate as one tyrant usurps the capricious power of another. For how can men make binding decisions in a world ruled by the principle of uncertainty? How can they be responsible for their acts if they are naked children left in a wilderness whose paths are guaranteed to lead nowhere? Idealism degrades morality by making it senseless, an arbitrary imposition of values upon a universe of threads and patches. Its freedom is a cosmic joke. The joke is no kinder if we say that causality holds for everything but the free human mind. Only a mad mind would be proud to make plans which its body could not carry out.

One can overcome the difficulty only by abandoning the idea of causality as a simple extension of the rules of formal logic; that is, by understanding that everything in the world, every event that occurs, is both itself and something else, both cause and effect. Similarly, co-existence does not imply exclusion. A thing or event is not just what is left when everything else has been counted. It is not a barren, passive negation waiting to be set in motion or displaced by some part of what it is not. It has its own structure, motion and energy, effecting changes in its surroundings just as it is altered and qualified by its environment, by things and events different from and yet like itself. The world is constantly agitated by exchanges between configurations of energy—whether these be atoms, genes, men or galaxies.

This activity, demonstrating the genuine interdependence of all things and their environment, on the one hand breaks down the

absolute self-identity of objects, and on the other insures their continuity. Dialectical change (or evolution) occurs because every effect is also a creation, something which was contained neither in the thing affected nor in the things bearing upon it. It is something new, the product of their interpenetration. This new thing, whether mineral, plant, animal or some quality and activity of these such as consciousness in the higher animals, is not exempted from the laws which govern the exchanges of energy. It emerges from such an exchange and begins to act according to those laws. Its individuality is manifested by the manner in which it adapts itself to the way of the world and exerts its influence on its environment. Thus, man's consciousness of nature is also nature's awareness of itself. And since consciousness is the groundwork of freedom, freedom must lie in the recognition of nature, of necessity.

WE CAN now freshen up the old saying, that knowledge makes us free. So long as we thought of knowledge in a contemplative sense, as the influx of the world upon a static, purely receptive mind, we could never understand how we might know our freedom. The latter remained an intuition, that is, a fiction blessed by our wishful thinking. But once we see that mind is matter that thinks, knowledge is revealed as a true causal relation, a two-way passage between knower and thing-to-be-known. The latter, while it is the cause of our knowing, immediately bears the effect of our knowledge. First, in the sense that every cause is altered by the mere fact that it produces an effect; secondly, because our learning involves working upon as well as perceiving the external world. Practice more than confirms theory; it opens new fields for it to wander in. And man earns freedom by the activity of his whole being, by causing the world to change. It is no mystery. We can experience it in every action whose purpose is achieved through applying the laws of nature and social life.

If the causal relation were not reciprocal, freedom could not exist. This should be kept in mind in our study of subsequent, human relations, such as that of the individual to history, art to society and the like. We must be careful, however, not to regard freedom as a fixed datum, a self-evident outcome of causality in general. Neither rocks nor plants are free. Nor is freedom manifested in such automatic gestures of preservation as a flower's absorption of water or an insect's

feeding. The germ of freedom first appeared in the course of the development of consciousness, just as consciousness emerged in the course of biological evolution. As a social product it is a relative newcomer in the life of the planet.

> "The first men who separated themselves from the animal kingdom were in all essentials as unfree as the animals themselves, but each step forward in civilization was a step toward freedom . . . But how young the whole of human history still is, and how ridiculous it would be to ascribe any absolute validity to our present views, is evident from the simple fact that all past history can be characterized as the history of the epoch from the practical discovery of the transformation of mechanical motion into heat up to that of the transformation of heat into mechanical motion." (Engels in *Anti-Dühring.*)

Many animals achieve a minimum of self-determined control over their environment, and anthropoid pre-man even attains some technical accomplishment and a degree of social organization. But in no case—and this is essential to Marxist ethics—is knowledge a Minerva springing fully armed from Jove's head. Nor is freedom a blessing or fatal gift from heaven. It is a product of historical development and at all times relative to man's mastery of nature and social relations, that is, to his practical grasp of causality in things, in others and in himself.

The beginnings of human freedom coincide with and are dependent upon the appearance of certain physical factors such as the refinement of the body's structure and the development of the cerebral cortex. But as man progresses the changes in his physical make-up cease to be crucial or commensurate with the growth of his capabilities. A new force, social organization, becomes decisive in man's history. (As a matter of fact, the labor and gregarious activity of the anthropoids already play a vital role in the body's and brain's development.)

Technical invention, the division of labor, the conquest of land, sea, air and atom, presuppose millions of collective experiences in the recording of cause and effect. Through these essentially economic activities phenomena lose their masks of chance before which men used to tremble. For instance, the transition from mythology to science and art's shaking off the skin of magic mark stages in the advance of agriculture, of industry, that is, in the social domination of natural

forces. The boundaries of the so-called unknowable are continually driven back as productivity confirms our assumptions about objective reality and even creates the material bases for further speculation. The theoretical formulation of these assumptions seems to be the work of a relatively few gifted individuals: philosophers, natural and social scientists. But this work could never have been accomplished without the enormous labor and concrete struggle against oppression of millions of human beings throughout history. The significance of Marxism lies in its being the theory of that very labor and struggle, in its being bound to action as bone to muscle in one body. And freedom, once like a star whose existence men postulated though they could not see it, now shines clear in that lens of theory polished by numberless hands. Intelligence and sensibility, instruments of freedom, are themselves offspring of social life and labor. All intellectual triumphs are social, and therefore if society exists for the good of the individual, the latter exists only in and through society. Deprived of it, he is more helpless and as little cultured as the beasts whose mental powers he has far outstripped. Freedom that is not social is a mirage.

But this means that each system of ethics, insofar as it evaluates the uses to which its proponents put their freedom, will also express the limits of that freedom at any given stage of history. Or, in Marx' words, "Justice can never rise superior to the economic conditions of society and the cultural development conditioned by them."

Each revolution in the mode of production inspires a re-appraisal of values: what man is free to do and who is free to do what. So ethics is ultimately determined by the mode of production. At the same time all past ethics was bound to be restricted not only by the unequal development of knowledge but by contradictions which arose from the mode of production itself. Most pertinent to freedom and consequently to ethics are the contradictions which find expression in the class struggle.

ONCE the productive forces have developed sufficiently to allow for a division of labor based on the ownership of diverse means of production, and to necessitate a distinction between those who work and those who direct their work, the division of society into classes becomes inevitable. In primitive societies those who, through authority and the accumulation of wealth, come to own the means of produc-

tion, also take possession of whatever freedom has been achieved by the labors of the community as a whole. To retain this freedom they, a minority of society, must deny it to all others. From then on it ceases to mean the same thing to all men. Until socialism has ended the exploitation of man by man, the liberty of a few is the servitude of the rest.

For example, in slave and feudal societies the slave owner and feudal lord think of freedom as domination—over man as well as nature. They must outlaw any extension of liberty as an infringement upon their own rights. The thwarting of their wills by nature or social forces which they do not understand finds expression in theological conceptions according to which Fate or God has the same power over them that they relegate to themselves over other men. Here religion is the inverted and ironic exposure of social relations. It is also the buttress of those relations, since those who submit to higher powers have eternal sanction for their despotism.

In bourgeois society the capitalist interprets liberty as the right to extract private profit from the social labor of others. His argument had once a certain apparent plausibility because the bourgeois revolution did in fact release enormous productive forces and free men from feudal bondage. But the fiction that men are as free to sell their labor power to him as he is free to purchase it is now completely threadbare, worn through by the realities of working-class life, economic crises, as well as colonial tyranny and imperialist wars in which the worker is openly forced to contribute his labor to his oppressors. The capitalist's freedom is anti-social, like that of his ancient and medieval predecessors.

This is true not only today, but it holds for bourgeois freedom at the time of its inception and at every stage of capitalist progress and decay. As a matter of fact, the word, freedom, is deceptive when applied to bourgeois aims and perspectives; *privilege* is closer to the reality. The bourgeoisie at first fought for political privileges consistent with its decisive role in the industrial exploitation of labor. As soon as it felt itself strong enough to dispense with the aid of the peasantry and the emergent proletariat, it fought against them tooth and claw, to prevent their sharing the gains they had helped it achieve. To know the face of the bourgeoisie behind its ideological facade, one has only to recall Luther's well-known curse against the revolutionary

peasants: "They should be knocked to pieces, strangled and stabbed, secretly and openly, by everyone who can do it, just as one must kill a mad dog." The Levellers, the Jacobins and Communards are only a few among others who experienced bourgeois "freedom" in its heyday.

WHEN as now, the bourgeois is no longer able to control the market which he has created, his liberty begins to turn upon and devour itself. Much as he opposes changing the relations of production, everything he does hastens the ultimate upheaval. At this point his more sensitive apologists wonder whether progress and freedom are not really illusions or tragedies. They want to absolve their master of responsibility for the miseries of a society ruled by his class or for his own seeming or real ineptitude. They want also to create the impression that the society which will replace the bourgeois order must inherit its fatal antagonisms. It is true that every step forward in a society split into classes, every advantage achieved by the development of its productive forces, has contradictory implications. Millions are taunted by what they have created but cannot share. Science, abundance, are turned into sources of suffering.

The apologists speak as if all this were unknown to us. Then they ask, "Are you any happier?" a question they might better address to a cow. For these lickspittles any protest against the existing order can only spring from personal caprice or mental disorder, and not from the fact that the situation of countless people subjected to that order is altogether intolerable, no longer possible for them to bear. Willingness to face new problems, readiness to bear difficulties and disappointments, is characteristic of every movement of liberation. But if suffering persists after some tactical success, it is not because men struggle to be free but because they are not free enough. Their oppressor is a clever and tenacious enemy, always seeking to renew his old deceits and terrors. That is why we evaluate not only the immediate results of men's actions but also their function in the organization of ultimate victory over the exploiters. We intend that this victory, releasing undreamt-of productive powers from the strangling grasp of private ownership, shall expropriate the two-faced "freedom" of the bourgeoisie.

Ethics reflects similar antagonisms at all stages of history, for the dominant morality, like most of its other assets, serves the interests

of the ruling class. While it purports to establish positive human values, the freedom upon which these values are based is denied in greater or lesser degree to all other classes. No matter how well such ethics regulates the behavior of members of the ruling class toward one another, it is tainted by the fact that this behavior is mounted, as it were, upon the backs of oppressed people. It is also often characterized by the tacit assumption that the latter are incapable of putting such values into practice or even understanding them.

Bourgeois scholarship has fostered the illusion that subject classes have no distinct ethics of their own. On the one hand it usually pictures peasant uprisings, slave revolts and even its own major revolutions either as sporadic and brutal outbursts of desperadoes or horrible organized revelations of the depths of human nature. On the other hand it ignores, suppresses or disparages the significance of countless documents and word-of-mouth chronicles which prove the continuity of conscious struggle even during so-called stable periods of history. This tacit censorship and distortion become most pronounced in the treatment of recent history, particularly as it applies to the working class and colonial peoples.

Subject classes have unwritten codes of behavior which accord with their needs and the realities of their existence. These codes need not take the form of philosophical systems, but may appear in such shapes as songs, proverbs, anecdotes and folklore figures whose acts indicate a tacit refusal to accept the values of their oppressors. Many precepts of this "law" would strike the propertied members of the community as a potential threat to their position if its disguise of legends and old saws did not deceive them. As it is, while the sophisticates among them are titillated by the apparent naïveté of folk expression, the majority are repelled by its lack of sentimentality which they regard as vulgar or downright immoral. Their suspicion is carried over to art, witness the Spanish upper class' detestation of flamenco and the sweetening up of American Negro music for commercial distribution.

The ethical consciousness of the oppressed is further embodied in acts of class consciousness, heroism and sacrifice. These increase as the struggle sharpens. The class destined to take power attacks not only the actions but also the values of the old order, until feeling it has both the strength and the right to rule, it openly makes its moral claim to the leadership of society. Its criticism may take a religious

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form, as with the German bourgeoisie in Luther's time, or its demands may be predominantly secular, like those of the French bourgeoisie in 1789. In either case, it accuses its enemies, not of betraying their principles, but of living up to them altogether too well.

A revolutionary class goes far beyond criticism, however. It is obliged to formulate its own principles as well. If its feeling of being in the right stemmed only from its dissatisfaction with the conduct of its oppressors, its moral revulsion might result in violent outbreaks, yet have no revolutionary consequences. But its impetus is fundamentally neither religious nor psychological. It arises from the material evolution of society and helps carry forward the unfolding of potentialities which are being frustrated by the old order and its social relations. This concrete, entirely possible and even necessary task gives a solidity to revolutionary principles which renders them irresistible. The power of the noble phrases, "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," "Liberty, equality, fraternity," stemmed from the fact that they proclaimed the destruction of feudal productive and social bonds. These slogans also represented the spiritual recognition of giant material forces whose social potentialities were almost limitless.

It is true that the bourgeoisie as a class was neither prepared nor destined to realize those potentialities; that it is, in fact, fated to perish attempting to frustrate them. Nevertheless the great illusion of bourgeois freedom had its grain of truth, nurtured, not by it, but in the heart of labor, of the oppressed, of the working class upon whose exploitation the bourgeoisie depended for its own existence and freedom. So the slogan, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs," announces that the working class has at last the means to, and therefore must, negate bourgeois freedom which is inseparable from oppression, establishing in its place genuine freedom for all humanity. And this realization, transforming the old battle cries with new content, is sweeping the world today.

THE ruling class reacts feverishly to these clear challenges to its moral justifications. It senses that its hold cannot be supported by reason, because the social forms perpetuated by it no longer correspond to economic reality. So it resorts to calls on God, accusations of heresy, excommunications and anathemas, and cries that the values of all civilization, no, civilization itself, will be destroyed along with its own demise. It tries to resurrect the ideals of its past as someone in senile delirium relives his innocent childhood. It goes without saying that the pious wrath with which a dying class defends itself is supplemented with such ethical paraphernalia as axes, Iron Maidens, scaffolds and stakes, pincers, Mundts and Medinas. These instruments, rather than proving by comparison the relatively innocent nature of ruling-class thought, merely enhance the realities which it is designed to mask.

The Marxist view of ruling-class ethics as an expression of economic relations and class interests is commonly assailed as a cynical repudiation of absolute values. In fact nothing could be more hypocritical than the ruling-class pretense that just those values are absolute which justify its system of exploitation. How do the champions of eternal truth account for the Greek philosophers' indifference to slavery? Or do they think Aristotle their moral inferior? How do they explain the fact that slavery, serfdom and then wage slavery did not automatically become subjects of widespread criticism in the ranks of slave owners, feudal lords and capitalists? Is it not because the exploiters, the mass of the bourgeoisie, for example, could never transcend in thought the

very conditions which set them free, in other words, just because their liberty was founded on the oppression of others?

Of course the great progressive ideologists of the bourgeoisie were not its servile apologists. Even in the course of their polemics in defense of the bourgeoisie they put forth ideas whose implications were hostile to its individual crass aims. The participation of the common people, peasants, artisans and workers in the bourgeois revolutions also compelled them to affirm values which the people have always treasured but could never before dream of as rights to which they were entitled.

Nevertheless these men too were limited by the position of the class they championed. The most radical of them, the Utopians, soared in imagination above what they could accomplish, but the ideal societies they projected remained objects in a dream, there and not there, gone at the waking touch of economic reality. And as the bourgeoisie consolidates its position, further revealing its true predatory nature, we see the ideas which accompanied its birth degenerate utterly. Thus the brotherhood of man is drained of whatever revolutionary connotations the allies of the infant bourgeoisie injected into it, and is employed for what the bourgeoisie always intended it: to obscure and deny the class conflict, thereby serving to perpetuate hideous inequalities, slavery and peonage, and finally all the crimes of imperialism and fascism. The dependence of ideology upon material conditions could not be plainer.

Then does the class struggle with its concomitant clash of values force us to reject the continuity of an ethical tradition? Quite the contrary. Every episode of this struggle was a dispute over freedom, that is, over the steadily growing recognition of necessity. The ruling class tried to hog the benefits of the freedom that the labors of society as a whole had won for it. The oppressed fought to break this monopoly, and to advance freedom itself through the release of the creative energies of the then unfree. They fought for access to knowledge as well as to food, clothing and shelter. Was this immoral? The ruling class thought it was because it imagined its freedom to exploit others, to use them as a means, was of fixed, inestimable value to mankind. But each revolutionary class, when it seized power, extended the range of freedom at least insofar as its members ceased to be held as means to another's ends and became ends in themselves.

The proletariat differs from all revolutionary classes in the past in that its victory aims at liberty not merely for itself but for all men. Unlike the bourgeoisie, the end of its own oppression does not usher in its subjection of other classes. Therefore it would be misleading to speak of socialist society as simply extending the range of freedom. Rather, as in the Soviet Union, it invests freedom with new content and new quality. The pursuit of happiness is no longer vitiated by the fatal question: at whose expense? The prejudices and hostilities generated by private property to drive men apart are forced to give way to socially oriented emotions which unite them. The old virtues, like resignation and obedience in the downtrodden, aggressiveness and patronizing charity in the oppressor, are replaced by co-operative disciplines to increase the material and intellectual productivity of society, with which the individual is at last able to identify himself.

To recapitulate then: the ethics of all past societies has been class ethics because the social freedom attained by each society was sharply limited and unevenly distributed, and because the revolutionary class could free only itself and not all mankind. If the bourgeois philosophers want to reproach us for this state of affairs, as though we were the authors of it, we can answer: Very well, if you want a classless ethics we will shortly be in a position to offer you one; but will you want the classless society that goes along with it? In any case, far from discounting morality, we assert that only in a Communist society can the simple values be fulfilled by which literally billions of people have tried to live through history. Lenin said in *State and Revolution*:

> ". . . freed from capitalist slavery, from the untold horrors, savagery, absurdities and infamies of capitalist exploitation, people will gradually *become accustomed* to the observance of the elementary rules of social life that have been known for centuries and repeated for thousands of years in all school books; they will become accustomed to observing them without force, without compulsion, without subordination, without the *special apparatus* for compulsion which is called the state."

The realization of this possibility involves an unprecedented recognition of *social* necessity; in Stalin's words, "Socialism is converted from a dream of a better future for humanity into a science." Morality loses every trace of abstraction and is based not on the outward relations of society, whether personal or institutional, but on its internal

structure, on causality operating upon and within it. That is why Marxist ethics alone is the morality of truly free men.

WITH the victorious outcome of the October Revolution socialist ethics became incorporated into the law of the Soviet Union. At last the way was open for the fulfillment of the promises of freedom, that is, for the full social recognition of the potentialities released by the forces of modern production. What the abolition of private property in the means of production implied for human freedom is very clearly stated by Stalin in his famous interview with Roy Howard.

> "We have not built this society in order to cramp individual freedom. We built it in order that human personality feel itself actually free. We built it for the sake of genuine personal freedom, freedom without quotation marks. What can be the 'personal freedom' of an unemployed person who goes hungry and finds no use for his toil? Only where exploitation is annihilated, where there is no oppression of some by others, no unemployment, no beggary, and no trembling for fear that a man may on the morrow lose his work, his habitation, and his bread—only there is true freedom found."

How does the great bourgeois warcry of the sacred rights of the individual compare with this simple affirmation? The right to idleness, to appropriate the product of the labor of others, to be answerable to oneself (conscience, so-called) but to no "inferior," and finally the privilege of being "doomed to freedom"? Do not these monstrosities deserve to be in a waxworks rather than to be borne like idols on the shoulders of society?

The eternal antithesis of the individual and the collective, which the bourgeois intellectual claims must be fatal to socialism, is nothing more than a description of his own social order in which some men have many rights and few obligations and all the rest many obligations and few rights. The bourgeois cannot think of the administration of society except in terms of coercion, just as he cannot conceive of incentive except as inequality or power over others. But under socialism the individual no longer has to make his way against a world of strangers. Men are not confronted by their own productive powers as by clever enemies who force them to turn upon one another. Instead, those powers are used by them for their own welfare. And because

this use is guaranteed by socialist society, men's performance of their duties is also the exercise of their rights. It is in this sense that we speak of the right to work. Socialism insures the identity of interests of the individual and society which was implicit in the progressive mastery of nature but always contradicted by class oppression. Whereas under capitalism enormous material resources are helpless to relieve the boundless misery of masses of people, socialism places human productivity at the service of every member of society. Conversely, each individual places his own productivity, material or intellectual, at the service of the society which nourishes him. It is no tyrant who governs this exchange, as the bourgeois thinkers claim, but simple necessity. Individuality is respected precisely through the community of interests of all men; the collective alone insures the actual, legal and moral existence of the individual.

Yet Marxists recognize that even socialism does not represent a full achievement of justice in that rewarding men in accordance with their labor it still measures their deserts in proportion to their unequal abilities. Only when productive capacity is expanded to such an extent that every man's needs can be satisfied irrespective of his abilities, will this inequality be overcome and socialism give way to communism. That transition is now under way in the Soviet Union, hampered only by the diversion of its people's energies by the threat of imperialist war.

But communism means more than the satisfaction of all individual desires. Its full flowering will be accompanied by changes in the character and quality of those desires, just as responsibility toward others becomes less a matter of external compulsion—even the compulsion of reason—and more a matter of habit. Culture and education play a large part in this psychological revolution which is a specific aim of Soviet science.

> "To satisfy his own needs, man must make the satisfaction of social needs the direct goal of his actions. In this way, the ends of human action are diverted from their immediate connection with his individual needs and—at first obliquely, mediately—what is important for society begins to determine his behavior. In principle, this implies that transition to new, specifically human forms of motivation which are both genetically connected with organically conditioned needs and qualitatively diverse from them . . . The

socially important becoming the personally important, while still remaining the socially important, arouses in the individual tendencies and forces of great strength."*

Thus socialist society is the first to set itself the conscious task of changing human nature. Having abolished private property and the social relations which are the basis for almost all distortions of character and personality, it now proposes to build men and women in whom no trace of such injury will remain, and to convert egoism, no matter how enlightened, into its opposite. Then man will be truly man's creation. When this object is universally attained, or nearly so, there will be no further need for the state or for its laws; and men may someday find it strange that we should ever have needed edicts to govern our conduct.

Marxism is dedicated to promoting this inevitable outcome and end of the class struggle. Its ethics, based on the necessity inherent in nature, society and man, sees the will of the individual as a special factor of that necessity, free only when it recognizes itself for what it is. But neither this recognition, nor the outcome of the class struggle, is achieved spontaneously. It is reached only through that unity of theory and disciplined action, of which the Communist parties in all countries are the highest example and indispensable driving force.

Each degree of freedom, then, increases the individual's responsibility. The more he knows the greater must be his participation in conscious political effort, in the fight of the working class to release all humanity from bondage and war. Wherever he lives, he must say what Blake cried in his own country:

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

* "Soviet Psychology in Wartime," by S. Rubenstein, *Philosophy and Phenomenological Research,* December, 1944, quoted in *Soviet Philosophy, a Study of Theory and Practice,* by John Somerville. Philosophical Library.

books in review

A People's Leader

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS, I, *Early Years;* II, *Pre-Civil War Decade,* by Philip S. Foner. *International. Vol. I,* $4.00; *Vol. II,* $4.50.

PHILIP FONER'S *Life and Writings of Frederick Douglass* puts all America under deep obligation. The first two volumes of the projected four-volume edition reveal a scholarly, painstaking work, which is in happy contrast to the neglect of Douglass by American historians. Foner says in the preface of his first volume.

"James Ford Rhodes' *History of the United States* devotes seven volumes to the period 1850-1870. Yet Rhodes leaves even the careful student with the impression that Douglass was just another of the many minor figures with which this exhaustive work is filled. John B. McMaster treats Douglass even more casually in the ten volumes of his *History of the People of the United States,* referring to him only once briefly and then not even taking the trouble to spell his name correctly. Edward Channing's six volumes had little room for mention and none for interpretation of Douglass' role. Professor Dwight L. Dumond of the University of Michigan, in his book, *The Anti-Slavery Origins of the Civil War,* finds space to present obscure white Abolitionists like Augustus Wattles and Calvin Waterbury, but Douglass is not so much as mentioned."

It has been difficult for America to see Frederick Douglass in his correct perspective: he was a Negro and therefore set in a special category; he was certainly an unusual Negro; but how was one to compare him with white folk? There were no accepted standards of comparison. Of course his remarkable gift of speech brought forth the first enthusiastic praise. An editor, describing a Rhode Island meeting in 1841, said:

"The fugitive Douglass was up when we entered. This is an extraordinary man. He was cut out for a hero. In a rising for Liberty he would have been a Toussaint or a Hamilton. He has the 'heart to conceive, the head to contrive, and the hand to execute!' A commanding person over six feet, we should say, in height, and of most manly proportions. His head would strike a phrenologist amid a sea of them in Exeter Hall, and his voice would ring like a trumpet in the field. Let the South congratulate herself that he is a fugitive. It would not have been safe for her if he had remained about the plantation a year or two longer. . . . As a speaker he has few equals. It is not declamation—but ora-

tory, power of debate. He has wit, argument, sarcasm, pathos—all that first rate men show in their master efforts. His voice is highly melodious and rich, and his enunciation quite elegant, and yet he has been but two or three years out of the house of bondage."

The recognition of his powers of oratory continued, especially in Ireland, Scotland and England. But oratory is in a sense superficial; what was the man beneath? Foner traces his intellectual growth, with perhaps not enough emphasis on the continuous study that gave Douglass more than a college training within seven years after learning to read. The European trip broadened and matured him. He saw Robert Burns' birthplace:

"But never could I have had the opinion of the man or his genius, which I now entertain, without my present knowledge of the country, to which he belonged—the times in which he lived, and the broad Scotch tongue in which he wrote."

He was revolted by the misery of the Irish:

"I spent nearly six weeks in Dublin, and the scenes I there witnessed were such as to make me 'blush, and hang my head to think myself a man.' I speak truly when I say, I dreaded to go out of the house. The streets were almost literally alive with beggars, displaying the greatest wretchedness — some of them mere stumps of men, without feet, without legs, without hands, without arms—and others still more horribly deformed."

Soon he was developing to a man who could see the evils of the world and not simply the plight of his own people: ". . . though I am more closely connected and identified with one class of outraged, oppressed and enslaved people, I cannot allow myself to be insensible to the wrongs and sufferings of any part of the great family of man. I am not only an American slave, but a man, and as such, am bound to use my powers for the welfare of the whole human brotherhood."

Particularly was his growth helped by meeting men and being treated as an equal. He talked and ate with some of the great figures of his day and returned to the United States, not only a Negro, but a world citizen.

Douglass' return emphasized this anomaly in his independence of thought and action. It was difficult for his former associates in the Abolition cause to accept their adopted freedman as a fellow traveller with his own ideas and program. In Foner's volumes one can follow the details of his life and compare them with what he was thinking and saying. Many points in Douglass' life hitherto not clear are shown in his own thought, letters and editorials. Those of us who have always thought of Douglass principally as a speaker will be amazed at the virility and clarity of his writing.

As Foner puts it:

"Frederick Douglass' editorials, speeches, and letters in the ten year period covered by this volume are among the most penetrating and eloquent of any American. They stamp him as one of the greatest minds of his time, a master strategist and tactician, and a people's leader of superb statesmanship. Here is the mature Douglass, seasoned in ten years of activity in the two-front struggle against slavery in the South and against every form of prejudice and discrimination in the North."

He grew as he worked and wrote: from the lecture platform he went into the editor's chair; he assumed more and more the leadership of the free Negroes, a difficult and intelligent group. From his outlook as an Abolitionist he wrote: "Standing as we do upon the watch-tower of human freedom, we cannot be deterred from an expression of our approbation of any movement, however humble, to improve and elevate the character of any members of the human family."

He was active in the temperance crusade; he announced himself a Chartist and endorsed the land reform movement, declaring that "the welfare of the world demands the abrogation of monopolies."

"What justice is there," he asked, "in the general Government giving away, as it does, the millions upon millions of acres of public lands, to aid soulless railroad corporations to get rich?"

He opposed capital punishment and was a pioneer for Women's Rights and dared attend the famous conference at Seneca Falls in 1848. But above all he ever continued the foe of slavery, and always, too, clearer and clearer as to the course of battle against it:

"This struggle may be a moral one, or it may be a physical one, and it may be both moral and physical, but it must be a struggle. Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never did and it never will. Find out just what any people will quietly submit to and you have found out the exact measure of injustice and wrong which will be imposed upon them, and these will continue till they are resisted with either words or blows, or with both. The limits of tyrants are prescribed by the endurance of those whom they oppress."

This line of thinking brought his break with Garrison which Foner follows with careful analysis. Douglass changed gradually from moral suasion to fighting, and he scared Boston in 1849 when he said: "I should welcome the intelligence tomorrow, should it come, that the slaves had risen in the South, and that the sable arms which had been engaged in beautifying and adorning the South, were engaged in spreading death and devastation." Yet it was Garrison who was intransigent. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote to Garrison concerning Douglass: "I was much gratified with the growth and development both of his

mind and heart. I am satisfied that his change of sentiments was not a mere political one but a genuine growth of his own conviction. A vigorous reflective mind like his, cast among those holding new sentiments, is naturally led to modified views."

Garrison was not moved and hit distinctly below the belt; but Douglass moved on into politics; into both the Liberty and Free Soil parties and finally, with some reluctance, voted with the Republicans. He listened sympathetically to John Brown and wrote: "To have been acquainted with John Brown, shared his counsels, enjoyed his confidence, and sympathized with the great objects of his life and death, I esteem as among the highest privileges of my life."

And so he moved into the great decade of the Civil War where Foner's third and fourth volumes will follow him. These first two volumes are clear, exhaustive and convincing. The figure of a great man rises from them.

W. E. B. Du Bois

Maltz's Credo

THE CITIZEN WRITER, by Albert Maltz. *International.* $.25.

AS NEWSPAPERMAN and as editor these past two decades I have met enough writers to fill

the seven tiers of Sing Sing, if I may use an image born of these days. Not infrequently my paths crossed theirs: I ran into Hemingway, Sheean, Caldwell, Quentin Reynolds, Martha Gellhorn, Leland Stowe and a few dozen other fashionable writers in Spain.

In America, I forget where now, I first bumped into Steinbeck. I do remember where I first met Sinclair Lewis. He bounced into the old dusty offices of the International Labor Defense, about the time of Scottsboro, agog with a novel in his head about American labor. He was on a gusty prowl for material that would immortalize the American workingman. There were many others.

I scan the literary notes in the New York *Times,* read the books of some as they appear, and observe—from afar, these days—the course of their careers. Like many others I maintain a curiosity about them, in part professional, part personal. I recalled them, inevitably, as I read this stirring collection of seven of Albert Maltz' speeches and articles that deal with these times, the democratic giants of the past, the relation of a writer to humanity and to his conscience.

Maltz delivered the speeches at various political and cultural functions, including one conducted by our present-day Academy of Letters — the House Un-American Committee. They constitute his Credo, and they formulate a challenge no writer in these times may ignore. It seems to me those I mentioned might—I find myself qualifying the thought considerably — *might* possibly profit by Maltz's profoundly apt observations. As I recall, they too expressed similar sentiments in earlier days—and often, too, with a memorable eloquence. It boils down to the question of who means it.

Some of them, most, believed they possessed resonant voices that would be heard roaring down the ages. Some of them, most, identified themselves too as the twentieth century inheritors of the tradition endowed by those Maltz lives by — Jefferson, Emerson, Thoreau, John Brown, Lincoln, Whittier, Douglass, Garrison, Dreiser.

Maltz invites our literary progenitors to the witness stand, and they testify. The times were turbulent then too; and the writer who stood with the people heard himself castigated as "traitor," threatened by censorship, prison, mob violence.

I am certain Hemingway knew and knows, that Thoreau traveled the illegal Underground Railroad to guide a fugitive slave to Canada. And that the "gentle, retiring author of *Walden,*" as Maltz recounts, opened the doors of a Concord church "with his own hands, and despite the warnings of violence, delivered from the pulpit a plea for Captain John Brown."

I am certain Sheean, the others, knew—for they are all literate men—that Emerson was denied the right to speak in Philadelphia in 1856 and prevented by a mob from speaking in Boston in 1861.

But where were they when the contemporary stormtroopers denied Robeson the right to sing in Peekskill in 1949?

Who hears their voices today when a contemptible Du Pont mercenary named Mundt espouses a bill which would jail every American ten years for honoring his conscience? I don't recall their clamor when the abominable Taft, and Hartley, drafted a bill which has become a latter-day slave law.

Their silence flaps like a white flag. Hemingway, who worships courage like a Sioux at a totem-pole, believes that inspiring soldier of freedom—André Marty—is the hero against whom he must tilt his lance. Sheean has fled to Nirvana and contemplates his navel in some shuttered room while the inquisitors prepare a new St. Bartholomew's Eve.

I wonder what they privately felt when Maltz appeared before the Un-American Committee and said: "If I were a spokesman for General Franco, I would not be here today. I would rather be here. I would rather die than be a shabby American groveling before men whose names are Thomas and Rankin, but who now carry out activities in America like those carried out in Germany by Goebbels

and Himmler." That was a proud moment, and I am grateful that I happened to be on hand.

In theis booklet Maltz declares his Credo, yes, but it is reaffirmation—for his inspiring books have left no doubt where he stands. His works, his words, have gone round the world. They are translated in half a dozen languages and through him many millions know the other America—the America that bred the Whitmans.

He speaks out today—again—because he believes a man must. He believes that especially of the writer, and especially at a time when the Torquemadas jot down every man's words. "The writer," Maltz declares, "is unusual, every writer is unusual, because his trade makes him responsible to his fellow-man." The writer may deny that responsibility, he may repudiate, betray it, but "society, humankind, holds him responsible."

Hemingway, Sheean, the rest, will be held responsible. Humanity will not forgive those who—by silence or by deed—enroll with the war-mad maniacs. If they have fled, well, let them go; mankind will march on without them.

For there are others today—and their numbers will grow — who agree with Maltz when he quotes Thoreau upon the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law: "We have used up all our *inherited* freedom; if we would save our lives, we must fight for them."

JOSEPH NORTH

Tawdry Traitors

TITO'S PLOT AGAINST EUROPE, b
Derek Kartun. *International*. $.7

AT FIRST glance, it might appea to many onlookers that "Tito ism" has failed to make substan tial and malignant inroads amon American intellectuals. Remem bering how many of them scram bled into the Procustean bed o service to capitalism, coverin themselves with the Trotskyit fig-leaf—back in the Thirties—another parade of the hollow me might have been anticipated; th rationale of a real or pretende concern for Tito was a "natural

Considering the expenditure of Tanjug, the comings and going in the Yugoslav U.N. delegation the fulsome amplification in th press for every Titoite grunt an squeal, it might be thought tha the political income has not corre sponded to the heavy investmen No significant body of Titoit opinion or organized grouping ha crystallized in the United State

But to say this, and leave it a that, would be an under-estimatio of the drive which American reac tion is making against the Lef The fact is that we are far fro seeing the decline of the man forces within the American pro gressive movement which to on degree or another comprise th hidden workings of the Titoit network.

A thorough-going educationa

as well as organizational fight is yet to be made in our country against the Tito influence, although the swift movement of events has crushingly ratified the Marxist attack on the Titoite pretensions. Not the least important of these events was the exposure of the plot against the Peoples' Democracies and the Soviet Union last fall. A booklet analyzing these trials therefore becomes more than a weapon of criticism; it is the armament of political battle.

Derek Kartun, the talented foreign editor of the London *Daily Worker*, has chronicled the Rajk trial, giving us the facts that emerged there and recreating the historical setting.

Kartun, who was one of the forty-six foreign correspondents in Budapest during the trial last September, has taken the record of the courtroom and given us a living narrative. A politically sordid chapter in the desperate effort of a dying society to corrupt and destroy the new world coming into its own is presented in these pages. It is not the definitive statement of how "Titoism" came about, and how it gripped Yugoslavia, but it is a masterful piece of popularization, and a political essay of first-class value.

Kartun manages to infuse the dry facts with the atmosphere of rotting intrigue that enabled a Rajk to serve the police systems of Hungarian and German fascism, and then transfer into the

network of the American Project X and its Belgrade branch. The interweaving of the plot and the personalities of the tawdry traitors are handled in such a way as to clarify a complex story, spanning two decades.

With lucid ease, plus an understatement that occasionally rises to passion, Kartun provides between two covers of a short book most of the answers to the more obvious questions. And he gives leads to the more obscure aspects of the Titoite record: Tito's personal role, and that of the case-hardened Trotskyites and bourgeois nationalists surrounding him; the deft hand of the British intelligence system, inherited (like so much else in the Balkans) by the American spy net-work; the glimpses of the pre-war weaknesses of the Yugoslav Communists and their postwar degeneration, plus the heroic struggles of those who remained true to Marxism; the origins of conflicts with the Soviet Union in the 1944-45 period before the war had ended.

Kartun not only elucidates the puzzling, but he accuses, indicts, rips the mask, metes out judgment, foretells what must inevitably happen to the Titoites. Much of this has already happened. Every day's reports confirm the "marshallization" of Yugoslavia and its conversion into a brutal police state.

The most interesting point of this book (and it has a lasting importance, the conclusions of which still remain to be drawn for all Communists in the western countries) is the fact that intrigue against the peoples' democracies and the Communist Parties began while the Anglo-American-Soviet coalition was still in existence, and still confronting decisive tasks, such as the final military campaigns against Hitler. In his September, 1947, report to the first meeting of the Communist Information Bureau, the late Andrei Zhdanov pointed to this fact: the whole postwar orientation of American imperialism, and in particular, the Titoite conspiracy proves it to the hilt.

As Kartun stresses, the preparations for Project X were already under way as far back as 1943 and 1944. The same agencies, like the O.S.S., that were ostensibly assisting the common cause against fascism were simultaneously laying the groundwork for the undermining of the working-class and Communist movements, which were the most loyal fighters against the Axis.

Some people find this hard to understand. Kartun replies:

"They are underestimating the qualities of the American and British bourgeoisie. Do they imagine that a class which is capable of hoisting itself into power, of conquering and holding down a vast segment of the earth's surface, of maintaining its privileges and position at a moment when the workers in every part of the globe are turning against capitalism

nd striving to conquer power themelves, and of fighting a stubborn rearguard action in Europe long after istory has sounded the knell of the ld order and proclaimed the new—lo they seriously imagine that such a lass cannot or will not evolve policies f the utmost unscrupulousness and unning, but will seek to rely upon olitical simplicity and cunning alone?"

This judgment is the key to he political level of Kartun's ooklet. Apart from all its other irtues, the persuasive way in which Kartun deals with such questions gives his book lasting alue.

JOSEPH STAROBIN

Fear of Peace

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE AND FOREIGN POLICY, by Gabriel A. Almond. *Harcourt, Brace.* $3.75.

THIS is a remarkable book in at least one respect: it has all he pretensions of scholarship and cientific method and at the same ime the author disdains to prove, locument or even discuss his own asic premise. Purporting to anayze the role of public sentiment nd opinion in shaping American oreign policy as well as the facors creating such sentiment and pinion, the author takes it for granted that the reader automatically will agree with his thesis: "We are involved in world politics because our basic aims and values are under attack by an expanding Soviet Union, and because we are the only power capable of resisting this expansion."

Having stated that current shibboleth as gospel truth Almond is under no compulsion to discuss Soviet socialist or American capitalist economics. The book doesn't even have a footnote on American foreign investments, market problems, the drive for raw materials or the role of finance capital in determining foreign policy. Needless to say Almond shows his impartiality by ignoring the factors motivating a socialist society or the economic and social forces which have expanded the area of socialist society to a third of the world.

"Total diplomacy" in a cold war requires a co-ordination, or more exactly a "gleichschaltung" of public opinion and the media of molding opinion. Since that diplomacy is profoundly anti-democratic and directed toward the goal of war it constantly comes up against an obstacle—the people. The author is haunted by that difficulty. Using the pseudo-science of the Gallup poll and kindred methods of taking the public pulse, Almond sees a tendency to oscillations between sentiments for "withdrawal" from and "intervention" in world affairs.

What worries the author above all is the "menace" of peace. Once people get the idea that peace is attainable and that co-existence of the socialist and capitalist worlds

is possible how will he be able to wage war against communism and the Soviet Union? Recurring again and again in the book, therefore, is the author's fear that "A temporary Russian tactical withdrawal may produce strong tendencies toward demobilization and the reassertion of the primacy of private and domestic values."

If people are convinced that they are not menaced by Russian "aggression" they may even decide that things like full employment, equal opportunity, decent living standards, security and peace are more important than dying in Dr. Almond's and Dean Acheson's holy crusade. Almond would cure such "instability of mood" by training an "elite" to wage total diplomacy and total war with greater effectiveness than what he considers the diabolic efficiency of the Soviet politbureau.

Almond takes great pains to show that a considerable section, indeed the majority of Americans, have been influenced against communism and the Soviet Union. He grants that the mood during the war and immediately after the war was a different one, that people wanted and expected a continuation of the friendship and collaboration with the Soviet Union in the post-war era. But despite press and radio, and in the teeth of the vast efforts of cold war diplomacy Almond is constrained to admit that even now the people want peace negotiations with the Soviet Union.

Despite the hysteria created by the Czech "crisis" of February, 1948, Almond cites a national sampling which showed that 63 percent "thought it would be a good idea . . . for President Truman to call an international meeting with Stalin and the heads of other nations to work out more effective plans for peace."

Almond expresses polite dissatisfaction with the people because when they were asked about dealing with Russia "there were no references to the policy of containment." With great satisfaction Almond says the people oppose "appeasement" and he smears the Wallace movement and the entire Left wing with the tar of "appeasement" and "isolationism." But again he has to come back to what is indeed a fact, that most people "are favorably disposed to a policy of continued negotiation with . . . the Soviet Union."

Whatever value Almond's book has is quite unintended, for it does indicate the enormous potentialities of the American peace movement. The American people do not offer sustained and enthusiastic support of the present foreign policy. There is an underlying understanding of the need to get together with the Soviet Union to avoid the horrors of atomic destruction.

JOSEPH CLARK