MAY, 1951

asses & MAINSTREAM

FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM

"I know you will do all that can be done for me."—Willie McGee

A LAST-MINUTE APPEAL!

President Truman has the power . . .

YOU can make him act to save Willie McGee!

The Mississippi lynchers have set May 8th as the date for Willie McGee to die.

Send a telegram TODAY to President Truman, urging, demanding that he spare McGee's life.

Get your friends to act.

There is not a moment to lose.

—The Editors

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 5

masses & MAINSTREAM

May, 1951

MASSES & MAINSTREAM *is published monthly by Masses & Mainstream, Inc., 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y. Subscription rate $4.00 a year; foreign and Canada: $4.50 a year. Single copies 35 cents; outside the U.S.A., 50 cents. All payments from foreign countries must be made either by U.S. money order or by checks payable in U.S. currency. Re-entered as second class matter February 25, 1948, at the Post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.* MASSES & MAINSTREAM *is distributed nationally by New Century Publishers, 832 Broadway, N. Y. C.*

AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS

PHILLIP BONOSKY'S story is from a recently completed novel.

GEORGE BRATT, who works in a San Francisco mill and cabinet shop is a member of Carpenters Union No. 42.

JOSEPH CLARK is the Moscow correspondent for the *Daily Worker.*

JEAN MARCENAC writes for *Les Lettres Françaises* and other French progressive publications.

• •

COVER: "The Singer for Peace," a painting of Paul Robeson at Peekskill, is the collective work of three Soviet artists: V. Poliakov, H. Shatz, and T. Radoman.

All manuscripts should be addressed to The Editors of MASSES & MAINSTREAM, *832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y., and be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope for return. Payment is made on publication.*

May Day, 1951

MAY DAY, the international holiday of the working people, was born in struggle against the bloody violence of their oppressors. the sixty-five years since the first American May Day was celebrated, workers of the world have won tremendous victories. And in the eat lands where they rule they have fulfilled the dream of human nity and liberation which stirred the marching men and women 1886.

That dream has not died in the United States. The surest proof of tenacity is the ever more cruel and calculating violence which the ing class unleashes against the working class, the Negro people and ir leaders. On this May Day the masses of the American people, ugh deceived and divided, yearn for peace, an end to "Operation ler."

n the following pages we have tried to present the single most im-tant fact of our time: the contrast between the youthful, confident joyous world that is growing stronger every day, and the degenerate ld of the warmakers who have treasonably usurped the good name America. Compare the cultural renaissance of the socialist Soviet on, sent us by an on-the-spot reporter, and the people-destroying em of Wall Street whose greed is here documented by the official res, and you can see why the capitalist rulers are so frantically trying tamp truth out of existence.

We dedicate this issue to the cause of peace, that the people may ; to culture, that our lives may be richer; to internationalism, that peoples may be linked by bonds of brotherhood rather than the ns of imperialism.

THE EDITORS

The Flowering of Culture in the Soviet Union

by JOSEPH CLARK

Moscow, U.S.S.R.

SOVIET art and culture consciously strive to reflect the reality of Soviet life; thus the achievements of its artists, writers and scientists are authentic images of what is, and what is to be, in the land of socialism. If Stalin told the world plainly and unequivocally what the main direction of Soviet policy is in his recent interview with *Pravda*, a survey of Soviet cultural activity reveals the unmistakable contours of that policy. And in a sense the quality and character of Soviet culture are a guide to judging the accomplishments of Soviet society.

When Soviet people hear the word culture their eyes light up. In no other country, at no other time, was there as much interest and devotion to the achievements of the human spirit as there is here today. Nowhere are men of letters, the artists and scientists given greater homage and recognition than here. Never has any other society ever attempted to involve every man, woman and child in the world of art and culture as it is being done here.

A good measuring rod of Soviet progress toward the goal of communism is the degree to which culture becomes all pervasive. Only when all people are intellectuals, when all distinctions between manual and mental labor have been eliminated, will the triumph of communism be assured. For the Soviet people that is not a wistful thought but their major perspective, the reason for their toil, the reality of their life.

It might come as a surprise to people in the West to learn that there is an unmistakable romantic trend in Soviet art and literature. It is a revolutionary romanticism with roots embedded in Soviet reality

But the achievements and victories of socialism and the perspectives of communism have opened up unbounded horizons to the people here. Just as there is no limit to the range of Soviet endeavors today so there is no limit to imaginativeness, dreams and creativeness among artists and scientists. The people are involved in vast schemes for transforming nature, for tapping new sources of power and energy, for making deserts run rich with milk and honey. They have great frontiers in the Soviet east; their science doesn't believe in begging favors from nature but wresting them from her. Their goal is unlimited plenty.

When the material world is approached with such revolutionary zeal and imagination the spiritual world is suffused with the same indomitable atmosphere of ceaseless change, forward movement. As one Soviet critic put it recently, the romanticism of Soviet literature is "the romanticism of the nearness of communism. . . ."

No one can understand Soviet society and politics today, their devotion to the cause of peace, and no one can evaluate the cultural superstructure that has been erected on the structure of socialism without understanding the fundamental fact of life in the U.S.S.R. today: more than 200,000,000 people are making a great historic transition from socialism to communism.

On the day the Soviet government announced its annual Stalin prizes for works of literature and art *Pravda's* editorial spoke about the job of transforming nature and the new construction projects of communism. Pravda said, "this sets Soviet art and literature the honorable new tasks of recording in all its plentitude the grandeur of our days...."

TOWARDS the end of last year a conference of writers from various regions of the Volga area took place in Stalingrad. One of the participants discussed the country's new construction projects such as the Stalingrad and Kuibishev dams and hydroelectric stations on the Volga. He said that the Volga is flowing to communism and it is up to the writers not only to catch up with but to surpass the river.

The best Soviet artists anticipated today's great projects. Thus the Turkmen novelist and poet, Berdi Kerbabayev, author of the new Stalin prize novel *Aisoltan From the Land of White Gold,* wrote a poem called "Amu Darya" long before the Turkmen canal project

was announced. Kerbabayev's poem proclaimed: "The shifting sands shall know the taste of water, and green grass shall carpet the wilderness." The poet's dream now becomes reality as the Main Turkmen canal turns the Amu Darya's waters across the Kara Kum desert.

On the stage, motion picture screen, in art galleries and literature two themes predominate: the struggle for peace and the great construction works of communism. They are the themes of Soviet life and of its art.

At the recent session of the Supreme Soviet the report on the law banning war propaganda was made by the poet and chairman of the Soviet Peace Committee, Nikolai Tikhonov. The poet said:

> "Soviet writers, educated by the Party in the lofty concepts of socialist humanism, create portrayals of people of the Soviet society, of heroes of the Great Patriotic War, heroes of the gigantic communist construction projects of the people. Soviet artists depict historical events from the life of our Homeland and the magnificent changes in the appearance of our cities and collective farm villages. Soviet actors perform in plays depicting people carried away by the lofty idea of service to their people. Soviet films educate the younger generation in the spirit of fidelity to socialist ideas and wholehearted service to their Homeland."

In the third of its editorials on the Stalin prizes for art and literature *Pravda* challenged the capitalist world to make a review of its art and literature, its themes and content. It noted the contrast between the burning of Howard Fast's books, the hounding of Paul Robeson, and the granting of the Stalin prizes. *Pravda* declared: "In the world of socialism there is life and creation. In the world of capitalism there is corruption and death."

The moral values of Soviet culture are an extension of the education of its young people. Tikhonov in his report made this point: "The Soviet man, from his childhood, from his bench in school, lives in a world where he hears from no one admonitions concerning the need for aggression or the vanquishing of other peoples, concerning contempt for the man who speaks another language or who has a skin of another color."

Alexei Surkov won a Stalin prize and 50,000 rubles for his col-

lection of poems, *Peace to the World.* In March a ten-day conference of young writers, 300 of them from all over the Soviet Union, heard a report on Soviet poetry by Surkov. He also stressed the character of the historical moment when the conference was being held, a time of the construction projects of communism, of new horizons for writers and poets who march in the front ranks of this forward movement. Artists in uniform? Well, they were young people, some of them had worn the Red Army uniform in the war against Hitlerism. Today they write lyrical poetry, historical novels, plays about contemporary life, inspired by man's unquenchable struggle for freedom and peace. They are fired by imagination and their imagery and diversity of form are inspired by great themes.

Surkov spoke of the life-giving themes of postwar Soviet literature, "themes of laboring, peaceful creative heroism . . . the theme of the struggle of the peoples for peace and the exposure of the base designs of the war incendiaries." On the peace theme he cited the Stalin prize winners Ibragimov for the novel, *The Day Will Come,* Sobko's, *Pledge of Peace,* and Moshashvilli's play, *Sunken Stones,* and Malyshko's verse, *Beyond the Blue Sea.* He commended works devoted to working people, like Rybakov's *The Drivers,* the play *Dawn Over Moscow,* by Surov. He contrasted these awards with prizes given to André Gide and to "Mussolini's churl" Ezra Pound. At the same time he was critical of Soviet writers for not having produced enough on working-class themes and heroes.

Great drama, and for that matter art in almost all its forms requires great conflicts. Since all exploiting classes have been eliminated in a socialist society, since the open saboteurs and spies of the Trotzkyite-Bukharin conspiracies were defeated, where are the dramatic conflicts providing the raw material of Soviet literature? This question is basic since the great majority of plays, novels, movies and paintings are devoted to internal Soviet problems and life.

Soviet critics often quote Maxim Gorky who pointed out that socialist realism portrays not only the events of yesterday and today but those of tomorrow. A vision of the future will help portray reality more significantly. And this requires a struggle against remnants of the old which hinder the advance to the future. One of *Pravda's* editorials on the Stalin prizes points out that "our artists show realistically the

struggle of the new against the old, the advanced against the backward, ardently supporting what is new, advanced and progressive. . . ."

There's hardly a play or novel which doesn't deal with the conflict between Soviet people who have a vision of the future and those who are content to continue in old and set ways. This is often portrayed as a conflict within the individual himself. The personal equation becomes merged with the social question in literature. Human nature has changed with the substitution of common ownership of the means of production for capitalist ownership and exploitation. Human nature changes and must change still more in the building of a Communist society which is based on the principle: from each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs; and which ends the distinction between mental and manual labor in all spheres of life. In this ceaseless change of people and character, Soviet art plays a vital role, appreciated and encouraged by Soviet society.

THE two novels which won 100,000 rubles first prizes in the Stalin awards are Fyodor Gladkov's *The Freeman,* and Galina Nikolayeva's, *Harvest.* Gladkov is an older writer who achieved prominence in the Twenties, his novel *Cement* being one of the first works devoted to the industrialization of the Soviet Union. His latest work is the second of a trilogy based on the life of a worker who joins the working-class movement under Tsarism. Fedya participates in early economic struggles at a fishery works; he learns that the logic of this struggle is not only the fight for a few more kopeks but for freedom.

In describing the degradation and misery fostered by the old regime Gladkov uses the advice he received personally from Gorky, which gives perspective and buoyancy to his writing. Gorky told him: "There is no need to close one's eyes to distressing and negative phenomena. There were many of them in the bleak life of the past, and they were inevitable. But stress the positive, life-asserting phenomena and flood them with light."

That freedom is not only a great goal attainable in a socialist society, but that its attributes can be achieved in the very struggle against oppression is artistically portrayed by Gladkov. The women strikers gain a nobility and understanding of freedom's horizons unknown to them before they participated in the struggle. As in his earlier novels

Gladkov's talent delineates character and creates individuals who serve as the bearers of ideas much more effectively than if they were just types.

Galina Nikolayeva is one of the younger writers who acquired renown only in the postwar period. Brought up in Siberia, she studied at the Gorky Medical Institute. After receiving her medical degree she did graduate work in the Department of Pharmacology—but wrote verse on the side. During the war she served as a doctor on a medical ship evacuating wounded from the thick of the battle of Stalingrad. Wounded when her ship was hit, she later served in a rear hospital of the North Caucasus.

Her first published work appeared the year the war ended, a poem cycle, "Through Fire," in the magazine *Znamya.* Literary magazines like *Znamya, Noy Mir,* and *Oktyabr* publish many of the novels, poetry, plays and other works of new and older authors before they appear in book form. While living in Gorky, Nikolayeva spent much time on collective farms of the surrounding countryside. Her experiences and acute perceptions go into the novel *Harvest.*

Perhaps the most important achievement of this book is the skill with which the author relates the personal problems of the characters with the theme: transformation of a backward collective farm to one of first rank. The characters are dynamic and the transformation of social conditions influences and in turn is influenced by the development of communist consciousness among the farmers. Like any number of novels written since 1945 the story is about a soldier back from the war, now devoting himself to the rehabilitation of his country and of his own personality. The latter is no easy task since Vasili's unit had informed his wife that he was considered killed in action, and Avdotya remarried. Undoubtedly the judges who gave such high honors to *Harvest* were impressed not only by the buoyant message it conveys but by its fine characterizations.

Nikolayeva is very successful in describing the work of the Communist Party members within a collective farm. Vasili, the farm chairman, has set about trying to get results by stern orders and commands. The farmers, demoralized by their difficulties, don't respond. Valentina, the farm agronomist, and one of the three Party members on the farm laces into Vasili at the first Party meeting:

"I understand . . . you have lived through hard times. . . . The war, your wound. . . . But then there have been good times too! D'you mean to say that all that was good in your life can't give you the strength to smile in a moment of difficulty? It's necessary not only to you, but to the people you work with. Do it for their sake!"

"Queer talk, this is. Discussing the chairman's smiles at a Party meeting. Will you put that down in the minutes—it is hereby resolved to smile so many times a day?" Vasili tried to conceal emotion beneath a mask of jocularity.

"You don't want to understand me, Vasili Kuzmich! I'm speaking to you about the most important thing of all," Valentina said with a frown. "What's the reason you are so gloomy? It's because you have lost faith in the people around you."

NIKOLAYEVA tries to avoid pat solutions to either the personal or social problems in the novel and the conflicts and difficulties are not contrived. Those have been faults of postwar novels but the Soviet art and literary world is waging war against stereotypes, against lack of development of plot and character, inferior form, technique in writing and language. At a meeting of Moscow writers not long ago Alexander Fadeyev, Secretary of the Union of Soviet Writers, said:

"The dogmatists hold that socialist realism means a sameness of means and forms of artistic expression. But this is not true! Socialist realism means even greater possibilities for literature than we find provided by history to the old literature. It is called upon to expand the multiformity of Soviet literature endlessly.

"The language of a work of literature must be born in persistent labor. It requires no less working over than the plot or the characters. You cannot publish a work of prose without rewriting it three, four, and, if necessary, five or even ten times. Writers who forget this make their language insipid, destitute of 'muscle,' destitute of internal rhythm, cluttered."

The conflict between imaginative Soviet people who seek production progress through scientific organization of labor and those who try to achieve it by pushing the workers is depicted in the novel *Kuznetsk Land,* a Stalin prize winner of the year before. The author, Alexander Voloshin, was a coal miner in the Kuznetsk basin himself. In Zakrutkin's current prize winner *Floating Village,* the struggle for the new

and against hidebound tradition has its locale in a fishermen's collective on the Don. Kozhevnikov's *Life-Giving Water* is about the transformation of the Khakassia wastelands through irrigation. Rybakov's *The Drivers* deals with the labor heroism of workers in a small garage and repair shop in an outlying district. All these prize-winning novels reflect the struggle against complacency, the criticism and self-criticism which is a motivating force of Soviet life, and the changing character of the people who bring about progress.

Babayevsky's *Light Over the Earth* and Vera Panova's *Bright Shores* are among the numerous novels which take the vast transformations of Soviet agriculture as their theme. Babayevsky's story paints a vivid picture of the revitalization of a Kuban village, the struggle against stagnation and the achievements of electrification and the transformation of nature. The stock breeders on Vera Panova's state farm, "Bright Shores," learn the true meaning and gratification of collective effort; the appealing young milkmaid Nyusha is one of those people who are heroines in Soviet life.

WHILE the goal of communism attracts people and artists there is no little emphasis on the achievement of a better life today, not only for the future. Numerous plays on the Soviet stage deal with this, as, for example, Alexander Surov's *Dawn Over Moscow* at the Mossoviet Theatre, which won a Stalin prize this year. The woman director of a textile factory is pursuing the single-minded aim of fulfilling the plan; in fact the plant has a banner for its production achievements. But her daughter, who also works there, is quite dissatisfied, as is the Party organizer. While the director is obsessed with quantity production the younger people, supported by the Party organizer, want multicolored material, more varied designs, new fabrics to brighten the lives of people today. In fact, Stalin himself is quoted to the director as saying that Soviet women should be dressed like duchesses.

These conflicts carry over into personal attitudes and the same driving director shows a lack of warmth for her daughter and in her family life. In the struggle over political issues they also find solutions to their personal relationships. One of the characters says that the new day dawning in Moscow, "is not only for our grandchildren, but for us. It's high time we should live happily ourselves."

A comedy by Midvani, *Men of Good Will* at the Theatre of Satire, also tells about a factory director, just satisfied to produce a lot of shoes, while folks demand not only quantity but well styled, well fitting shoes. While plays about Soviet life and historical dramas like Stein's prize-winning *Flag Admiral* are in a majority, the struggle for peace and against the war makers abroad naturally finds a prominent place on stage. An interesting production at the Pushkin Theatre is *John: Soldier of Peace,* whose John Robertson is easily recognizable to the entire audience as Paul Robeson. Still, Soviet dramas often fail to portray American and other foreign characters with the realism that exemplifies the current Soviet scene and historical plays.

A very popular playwright is the chairman of the Ukrainian Republic, Alexander Korneichuk, 45. His father was a locomotive engineer and he was a trackman himself. His play *Front* produced during the war dealt with the conflict between the older general who was willing to go along in set and traditional ways and the younger general who has no use for either conceit or complacency. Korneichuk's comedy *Come to Zankovoye* dealt with the return of the ex-serviceman to rebuild his Ukrainian village. His recent play, *Makar Dubrava* has its locale in the Don basin. In the struggle to rehabilitate the mine fields it is the older miner who tells off the son-in-law concerned only with carrying out the plan, not with innovation, science and real progress.

Also popular on the stage is Vsvelod Vishnevsky's *Unforgettable 1919* about the defense of Petrograd by its workers, soldiers and sailors. Here we find another theme that runs through so many Soviet works, the moral unity of the people.

Konstantin Simonov, the 35-year-old editor of *Literary Gazette,* poet, playwright and novelist, has a play at the Moscow Art Theatre, *Another Shadow.* It depicts a Soviet scientist who nearly succumbed to the blandishments of U.S. imperialism. Sergei Mikhailov's play *Ilya Golovin* deals with the rehabilitation of a musician whose abstract work has alienated him from the people, but whose genuine talents and love of the people finally prevail. Boris Lavrenev's *Voice of America* at the Maly, has an American hero, Captain Walter Kidd, who served heroically in the war and is victimized by the House Un-American Committee for his fight for peace.

The Soviet stage, as all the other arts here, base themselves not

only on the traditions built up by socialism, but on the great heritage of Russian and world art. No season passes without several Shakespeare productions, such as the current *Othello* and *Comedy of Errors.* This year the Maly will also do *Hamlet.* Tolstoy and Hugo, Molière and Lope de Vega, Calderon and Goldoni, Gorky and Ostrovsky, Gogol and Shaw, Chekhov and Rostand are always in the repertory.

Among American plays on the stage here are Gow and D'Usseau's *Deep Are the Roots,* Lillian Hellman's *Another Part of the Forest,* and a dramatization of Dreiser's *American Tragedy.* An adaptation of Howard Fast's *Freedom Road* is now in rehearsal.

A REMARKABLE preservation and development of the classical tradition is represented in the ballet and opera of the Soviet Union. Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet,* a ballet at the Bolshoi (which is now celebrating its 175th anniversary), is a most amazing adaptation of poetry and drama to the ballet. The richness and splendor of opera productions at the Bolshoi and at the Leningrad opera and ballet theatre are incomparable. Six hundred persons are employed in the workshop of the Bolshoi Theatre, producing the sets, scenery, costumes and art work for the ballets and operas.

The rigorous training of the Bolshoi ballet school, the grand tradition of the old Russian ballet, and the bold pioneering of modern Soviet composers are woven into ballet spectacles that have to be seen to be believed. It's not only that dancers like Ulanova, Lepeshinskaya, Semyonova and Plesetskaya have no peers anywhere, but the corps de ballet is perfection itself. As in the dramatic presentation there is no such thing as an "unimportant" role. Collective endeavor and the artistic finish with which each artist performs make for unexcelled productions.

The Soviet composer Asafiev has added much to classical ballet with his *Flame of Paris,* based on a 1792 French revolutionary theme, and *Bachshisaraisky Fountain* based on a Pushkin ballad. Gliere's *Red Poppy,* about the Chinese revolution and *Bronze Horseman,* on a Russian historical theme, enjoy deserved popularity. Prokofiev's *Cinderella* is as exquisite as Tschaikovsky's *Swan Lake,* known to every person in the U.S.S.R.

Another development of the dance in the Soviet Union is the widespread production of national folk dances, with the Moiseyev group

putting on excellent versions of Chinese, Hungarian, Russian Moldavian dances, and many others.

IF THERE has been concern about the decline in popularity and stress on the great classical works of literature, music, painting in the capitalist world today, it can be said truthfully that the achievements of centuries of art and culture have found a revival under socialism. They have an enormous vogue in the Soviet Union. What makes this revival of the great art of the past so impressive here is that it has entered into the everyday existence of the people. A railroad worker going home from work will be reading Gogol. A school girl on the trolley bus will be reading Guy de Maupassant. The ice-cream vendor will be bent over Pushkin's poetry. An automobile worker riding down the escalator on his way to the subway will have his face buried in a copy of Fielding's *Tom Jones*. Our Russian teacher, who used to be an actress, tells us of hunters and fishermen on the Yenisei River, not too far from the Arctic, traveling miles on reindeer-drawn sleds to see a play by Ostrovsky in which she appeared.

Of classical American authors, Walt Whitman and Mark Twain, Theodore Dreiser and James Fenimore Cooper, Jack London and Bret Harte are only a few of many who are widely read and known to the school children here. All the school kids are acquainted with Dickens and Shakespeare, not to speak of Tolstoy, Pushkin, Gorky and Gogol. Cervantes, Swift and Balzac are tremendously popular.

The great names of music are heard daily on radio programs beamed all over the Soviet Union, with Bach and Beethoven, Mozart and Chopin, Tschaikovsky and Brahms, Mussorgsky and Rachmaninov, Grieg and Smetana and many, many more represented in concert halls all the time. The recent Bach and Verdi anniversaries were occasions for important celebrations and innumerable concerts.

At a time when poetry, both old and new has entered into such decline in both the U.S. and Great Britain, classical and modern Soviet poets are published in enormous editions all the time. You turn on the radio and you'll hear the verse of Nazim Hikmet, Pablo Neruda, Mayakovsky and Lermontov, as well as Malyshko, Marshak and Shchipachev who won the three 100,000-ruble first prizes for poetry this year. You attend literary evenings where Soviet poetry from Maya-

kovsky to Surkov, from Alexander Blok to the Lithuanian poet Tilvitis is recited. All the newspapers print poetry and while much of it isn't great, there isn't an Edgar Guest in the lot. As often as not a *Pravda* editorial will quote a Soviet poem.

In poetry, even more than in prose, peace is the big theme. Malyshko's collection, *Beyond the Blue Sea* is frequently lyrical but almost always a passionate protest against the war makers. "The Negro Speaks" by the Azerbaijan poet Samed Vurgun, an epic outcry against racial oppression, took up most of the first page of one issue of *Literary Gazette*. Tvordovsky's verse, "In Defense of Peace," warns that the incendiaries of war reckon without the people.

THE four first prize Stalin awards in the films are representative of the varied themes in cinema. Roshal's *Mussorgsky* is a grand portrayal of the composer's life and work. Romm's *Secret Mission* deals with the intrigues of high placed American and British agents seeking a deal with the Nazis in the last stages of the war. Characteristic, however, is the sympathetic treatment of an American flyer who will have none of this betrayal of the common cause. Gerasimov's *Liberated China* is a masterpiece of documentary art. Stolper's *Far from Moscow* is based on the Azhayev novel dealing with a great construction job. Among some of the other prize winners was Pyriev's *Kuban Cossacks,* whose color and song delighted Soviet audiences as did Yudin's *Brave People.* Pudovkin's *Zhukovsky* and Rapaport's *Alexander Popov* take the lives of Soviet scientists as their subject matter.

Currently popular is a new Ukrainian film, *Bountiful Summer,* about the achievements of Soviet agriculture resulting from the merging of smaller farm units into larger. There is a familiar conflict, between those who want to go forward and those who are reluctant to part from the past. The solution, as in literature, is not only political but personal. The Soviet color process has contributed much to the beauty of the new film productions; the actors are real people; the accent on nature and scenic beauty is greater than ever.

Apparently little has been said recently about what has happened with the Soviet music composers who were criticized three years ago by the Communist Party. This silence of Western Soviet-baiters, posing as champions of Shostakovich, Prokofiev, Muradeli and Khatchaturian,

contrasts with what has been heard from these and other Soviet composers since the big discussion about music. Every one of the above has been active and creative in the last three years. They, and Soviet music as a whole, benefited from the discussion. Obviously the criticism was never intended to "stifle," but to encourage good music and who today can challenge the statement that more worthwhile, significant and lasting musical works are being produced in the Soviet Union than in any other country?

That the Communist Party participates in musical discussion, as well as literature and the other arts is considered a terrible thing by spokesmen for those who trample on the arts in the West. But the Communist Party of the Soviet Union is not an organization of club-house loafers and ward politicians. It is the organization of the most advanced workers and farmers, of scientists, artists, teachers, musicians, writers, critics. It is concerned not only with the building of dams and power plants, canals and factories, railroads and automobiles; it is concerned with schools and theatres, art and culture, the advancement of the whole people and the promotion of the cultural renaissance which is developing under Soviet power. The Bolshevik Party is bone and sinew, heart and soul of the working class and of the whole people who are involved in this unprecedented cultural revival. Its leaders and specialists in the various sciences and art are eminently equipped to do their job of encouraging the growth and flowering of art and science.

The criticism of three years ago sought a greater emphasis on the development of the great tradition of Russian as well as of world and folk music. But it wasn't imitations of the past masters they called for. The composer Khrenikov, secretary of the Union of Soviet Composers, wrote an article on the anniversary of the Central Committee's criticism, in the theoretical organ of the Communist Party, *Bolshevik*. "Certain of them [composers]" he wrote, "adopted too simplified an attitude to these appeals of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and began dogmatically to imitate classical patterns, to use folk melodies abundantly without any kind of creative refraction of them, without taking into account the contemporary tasks of art."

It is the creative development of the classical tradition, the artistic blending of folk music and new composition, the creation of new,

modern music worthy of this new society which the Communist Party sought. And that's the direction toward which Soviet musicians are moving—successfully on the whole. Outstanding compositions of 1950 included Kabalevsky's opera *The Taras Family* and Meitus' opera *The Young Guard;* Prokofiev's symphonic suite *Winter Bonfire* and his oratorio *On Guard for Peace;* Myaskovsky's 27th symphony and his quartet No. 13 (the composer died recently and he got the Stalin award posthumously).

Musicians from the various national republics made rich contributions last year. To mention a few: Peiko's Moldavian Suite for symphony orchestra; Gomolyaka's Transcaucasian Sketches; Bainyunas' Rhapsody on Lithuanian Themes for violin and orchestra; Mukhatov's Turkmenian Suite; Taktakishvili's First Symphony, and many more.

Shostakovich's oratorio, *Song of the Woodlands,* was very well received by Soviet audiences and critics, as was his music for the films, *The Young Guard, The Fall of Berlin, Michurin, Meeting on the Elbe* and his songs for peace. So too were Muradeli's and Khatchaturian's choral works. In the last three years twenty new operas have appeared on the Soviet stage. But still there is criticism, demands for more opera, ballet and symphonic work.

The quest for socialist realism is of course applied to painting and sculpture too. Perhaps in this field achievement is not as marked as it is in music, literature and dancing. But the perspectives are the same, the goals as high. At the exhibit of 1950 Soviet art in the Tretyakov Gallery there were scenes of reconstruction and historical themes, landscapes, seascapes, paintings and sculpture on the theme of peace. First Stalin prize award went to a large and interesting painting of Lenin addressing the Third Congress of the Komsomol (Young Communist League). It is executed with sensitive perception by artists Johanson, Sokolov, Tegin and Chebakov.

A prize for sculpture went to the renowned sculptress Mukhina and a number of younger collaborators who produced a striking group "We Demand Peace" which dominates a large exhibition hall.

A painting of Paul Robeson singing at Peekskill, surrounded by worker-veteran guards, attracted great attention at the exhibit.* An-

---

* Reproduced on our cover this issue.—*Ed.*

other prize for sculpture went to Konenkov who did some lovely heads of young people. This artist, whose pre-revolutionary work is represented in the Tretyakov gallery, lived in the U.S. for many years and returned to the U.S.S.R. after the war. Outstanding in the exhibition are the book illustrations and the cartoons which make the magazine *Krokodil* so popular here.

WHEN the workers and peasants of Russia took power in 1917 all the business of society—everything—became the affair of the people. The Communists undertook not only a social and political transformation but a cultural revolution as well. At the beginning this meant starting from bedrock—teaching the majority of the people who were illiterate, how to read and write. Today it means that every factory in the Soviet Union is a cultural center. Factory Palaces of culture live up to their name. You'll find 2,000 workers of the Stalin auto plant participating in painting and drawing circles alone. Renowned actors, musicians and dancers visit factory clubs regularly to perform and to participate in cultural evenings. The trade unions get the biggest blocks of tickets for the opera and ballet. Worker and farmer groups are constantly getting trips through museums, historical places and cultural centers.

Soviet trade unions are major cultural organizations. They control and operate a tremendous network of movie houses, theatres, libraries, reading rooms, cultural centers of all kinds. During the past two years alone the trade unions opened 4,000 new libraries. They run over 8,000 clubs, 9,000 libraries, 80,000 reading and cultural centers—Red Corners. Trade unions speak up and tell film writers, dramatists, composers what they need for factory dramatic groups, orchestras and movie houses.

From the illiterate empire of the Tsars, the Soviet Union has become the land where 580 million books and pamphlets were published in the first nine months of 1950—128 million more than in the comparable period of 1940.

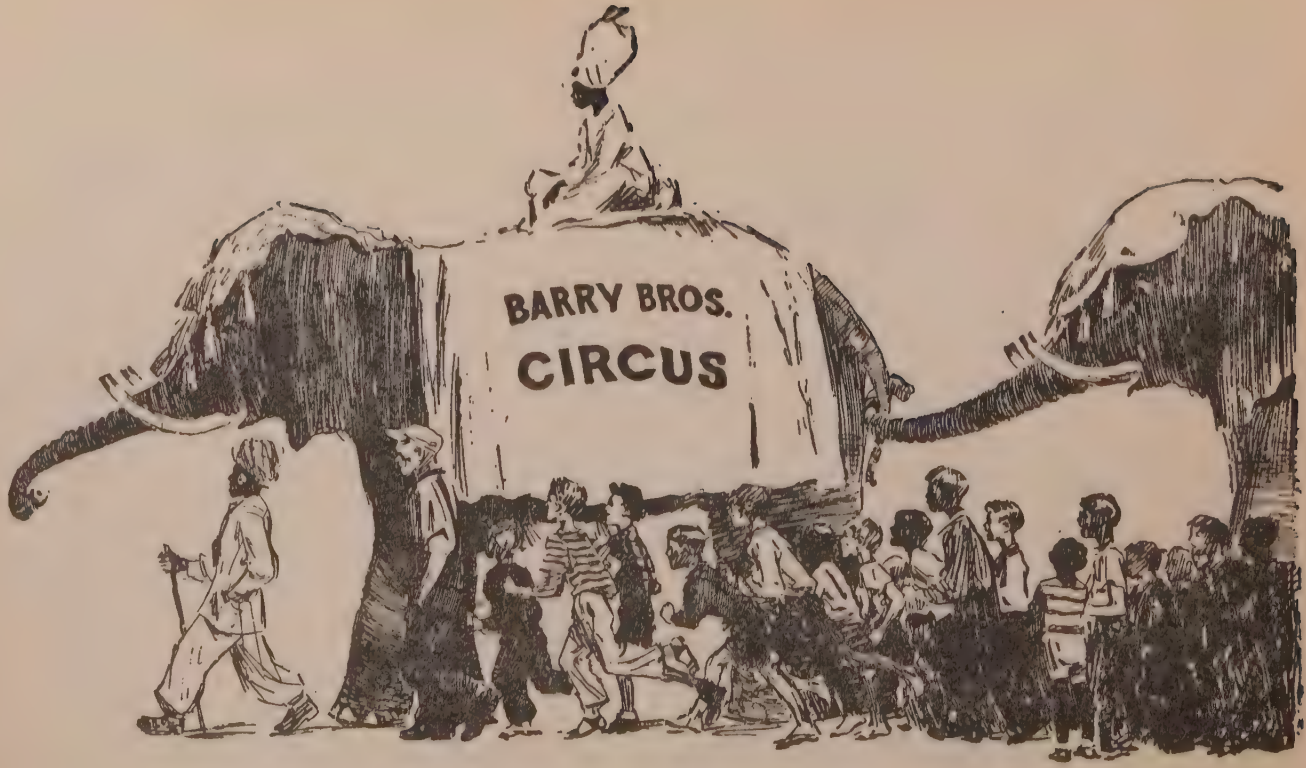
When the State Planning Commission reports on the five year plan it also reports that there are 37 million school children in primary and secondary schools of the U.S.S.R.; that there are 1,600,000 teachers, an increase of 80 percent in five years; that there are 1,247,000 students

in institutions of higher learning, far more than in all of western Europe combined.

When the small Soviet Lithuanian republic reports on its achievements under the five year plan it tells of 1,800 graduates from institutions of higher learning in 1950; in all twenty years of capitalist Lithuania only 2,000 graduated from colleges and universities. They report on 459,000 school children, the five-fold increase in the number of secondary school pupils compared with pre-war; the 3,784 books published in 35 million copies last year; their 428 libraries and 6,000 club and trade union libraries.

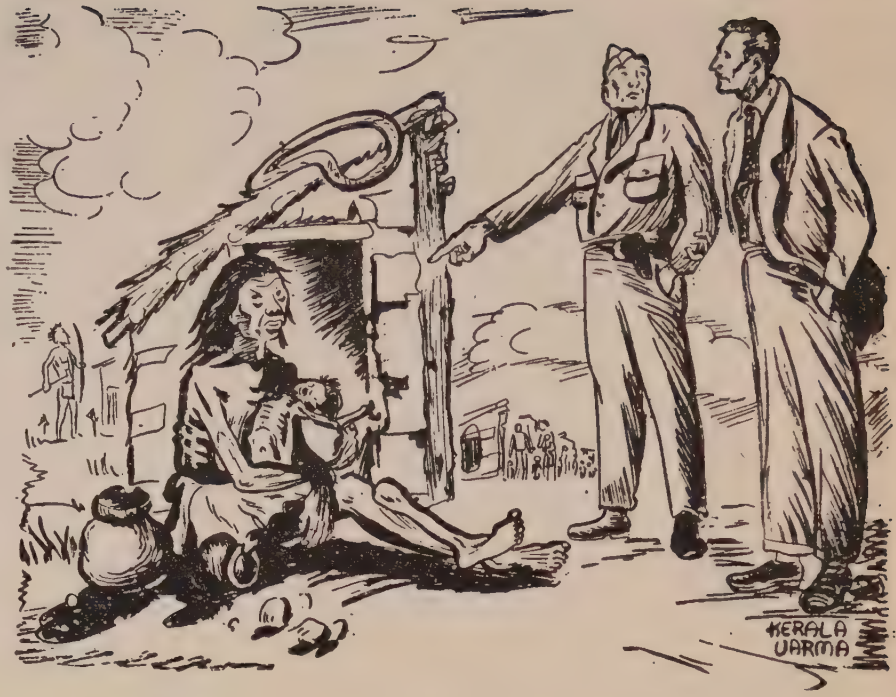
When the Kirghiz S.S.R. reports you realize the miracle socialism wrought. Before the revolution the Kirghizians didn't have a written language of their own. Now they report on their seven legitimate theatres, their philharmonic orchestra, their eighty-five newspapers and six magazines; their eight universities and colleges; the thirty-four secondary schools; universal seven year education in town and village; the 13,000 attending college and university; their 3,000 cultural clubs. Not only the young, but every fourth inhabitant of Kirghizia attends school.

"Study and build, build and study, love labor and the man of labor," say the rules for Soviet school children. And not only the youth but the whole country studies, builds and creates. Their cause is the triumph of people's culture. Their goal is communism.


BARRY BROS.
CIRCUS

Material from MASSES & MAINSTREAM is reprinted in the people's press throughout the world, and we are happy to see *M&M* articles, stories, poems and drawings reproduced in many of the periodicals which come to us. And sometimes there is the pleasant surprise of seeing new illustrations with the printed material.

For example, Albert Maltz's story, "Circus Come to Town" (*M&M*, July '50), was published in the Moscow monthly *Ogonyok* with drawings by a Soviet artist, one of which is shown above. Howard Fast's "Little Folk From the Hills" (Dec. '48) was reprinted in *Crossroads*, a Bombay weekly, and illustrated by an Indian artist (right).



"We Charge Genocide!"

The following is part of the Introduction to a momentous petition being submitted to the United Nations by the Civil Rights Congress and others. The petition presents over 200 pages of evidence in support of the charges summarized here.

TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE UNITED NATIONS:

THE responsibility of being the first in history to charge the government of the United States of America with the crime of genocide is not one your petitioners take lightly. The responsibility is particularly grave when citizens must charge their own government with the mass murder of its own nationals; with the institutionalized oppression and persistent slaughter of the Negro people in the United States on the basis of "race"; with a crime abhorred by mankind and prohibited by the conscience of the world as expressed in the Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide adopted by the General Assembly of the United Nations on December 11, 1946.

If our duty is unpleasant it is necessary both for the welfare of the American people and for the peace of the world. We petition as American patriots, sufficiently anxious to save our countrymen and all mankind from the horrors of war to shoulder a task as painful as it is important. We cannot forget Hitler's demonstration that genocide at home may become wider massacre abroad, that domestic genocide may develop into the larger genocide that is predatory war. The wrongs of which we complain are so much the expression of predatory American reaction and its government that civilization cannot tolerate their being ignored because it cannot risk their continuance without court-

ing its own destruction. For we agree with those members of the General Assembly who, in drafting the Genocide Convention to which we appeal, declared that genocide is a matter of world concern because its practice imperils world safety.

But if the responsibility of your petitioners is great, the responsibility of those guilty of the crime we charge is immeasurably greater. Seldom in human annals has so iniquitous a conspiracy been so gilded with the trappings of respectability. Seldom has mass murder on the score of "race" been so sanctified by law, so justified by those who demand free elections abroad even as they kill their fellow citizens who demand free elections at home. Never have so many individuals been so ruthlessly destroyed amid so many tributes to the sacredness of individuals. The distinctive trait of this genocide is a cant that mouths aphorisms of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence even as it kills.

The genocide of which we complain is as much a fact as gravity. The whole world knows of it. Offering proof in substantiation is a little like proving that the earth is round. In one form or another it has been in being for more than 300 years although never with more sinister implication to the welfare of the world than at present. Its very familiarity has sometimes disguised its horror. It is a crime so embedded in law, so explained away by a specious rationale, so hidden by talk of liberty that even the conscience of the tender minded is sometimes dulled. Yet the conscience of mankind, knowing as it does of this genocide, must not be beguiled from its duty by the pious phrases, the deadly legal euphemisms with which its perpetrators seek to transform their guilt into high moral purpose.

Therefore your petitioners will prove, temperately but definitively, that the crime of which we complain is in fact genocide within the terms and meaning of the United Nations Convention providing for the prevention and punishment of this crime. We shall submit evidence, lamentably voluminous, of "acts committed with intent to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnical, racial or religious group as such," in this case the 15,000,000 Negro people of the United States. We will submit evidence, all too plentiful, proving "killing members of the group," in violation of Article 11 of the Convention; killings by police, killings by incited gangs, killings at night by masked men, killings always on the basis of "race," killings by the Ku Klux Klan,

chartered by the various states which use the organization as a quasi-official arm of government to effectuate policy and even give it tax exemptions as a benevolent society. We shall submit evidence concerning the thousands of Negroes who over the years have been beaten to death on chain gangs and in the back rooms of sheriffs' offices, in the cells of county jails, in precinct police stations and on city streets, who have been framed and murdered by sham legal forms, by a legal bureaucracy, who have been killed allegedly for failure to say "sir," or to tip their hats, or to move aside quickly enough, or, more often, on trumped up charges of "rape," but in reality for trying to vote or otherwise demanding the legal rights and privileges of American citizenship guaranteed them by the Constitution of the United States, rights denied them on the basis of "race," in violation of the United Nations Charter and the Genocide Convention.

WE SHALL offer proof of economic genocide, or in the words of the Convention, proof of "deliberately inflicting on the group conditions of life calculated to bring about its destruction in whole or in part," proving how such conditions so swell the infant and maternal death rate, the death rate from disease, that the American Negro is deprived, when compared with the remainder of the population, of ten years of life on the average. Further we shall show a national oppression on the basis of "race" which makes 15,000,000 Negro Americans the last hired and the first fired, which forces them into city ghettos, or the rural equivalent, which segregates them by law or court decisions into filthy, disease-bearing housing, deprives them by law of adequate medical care and education, humiliates them daily in violation of the Charter and the Convention by forcing them under threat of violence and imprisonment into inferior, segregated accommodations, into Jim Crow buses, Jim Crow trains, Jim Crow hospitals, Jim Crow schools, Jim Crow theatres, Jim Crow hotels, Jim Crow restaurants, Jim Crow housing and finally into Jim Crow cemeteries.

We shall prove that the object of this genocide, as of all genocide, is the perpetuation of economic and political power, the destruction of mass political movements, the demoralization and division of a nation to the end that the profits of a reactionary clique may increase its control unchallenged. We shall show that those responsible for

this crime are not the humble but the so-called great, not the American people but their misleaders, not the known criminal but the robed judge, not the convict but the police, not the spontaneous mob but organized terrorists licensed and approved by the state. We shall offer evidence of a genocide not plotted in the dark but incited over the radio into the ears of millions, urged in the glare of public forums by Senators and Governors, offered as an article of faith by powerful political organizations and defended by influential newspapers, all in violation of the United Nations charter and the Convention forbidding genocide.

This proof of which we speak shall not come from the enemies of the white supremacists but from their own mouths, their own writings, their political resolutions, their public incitements, their recorded votes, their judicial decisions, their racist laws, and from photographs of their handiwork. Neither Hitler nor Goebbels wrote racial incitements any more voluminously or viciously than do their American counterparts nor did such incitements circulate in Nazi mails any more freely than they do in the mails of the United States.

Through this and other evidence we shall prove this crime of genocide is the result of a massive conspiracy, more deadly in that it is sometimes "understood," rather than expressed and a part of the mores of the ruling class, often concealed by euphemisms but always directed to oppressing the Negro. Its members are so well-drilled, so rehearsed over the generations, that they can carry out their parts automatically and with a minimum of spoken direction. They have inherited their plot and their business is but to implement it daily so that it works daily. This implementation is sufficiently expressed in act and statute, in depressed wages, in robbing millions of the vote, in other political and economic facts, to definitively reveal the existence of a conspiracy backed by reactionary interests in which are meshed all the organs of government. It is manifest, of course, that a people cannot be consistently killed over the years on a basis of "race"—and thousands of Negroes have so suffered death—cannot be uniformly segregated, despoiled, impoverished and denied equal protection before the law unless it is the result of the all-pervasive, all-inclusive policy of government and those who control it.

We shall show, more particularly, how terror, how "killing mem-

bers of the group," in violation of Article 11 of the Genocide Convention, has been used to prevent the Negro people from voting in huge and decisive areas of the United States in which they are the preponderant population, thus dividing the whole American people, emasculating mass movements for democracy and securing the grip of predatory reaction on the federal, state and county governments. We will prove that the crimes of genocide offered for your action and the world's attention have in fact been incited, a punishable crime under Article 111 of the Convention, often by such officials as Governors, Senators, Judges and peace officers whose euphemistic phrases about white supremacy and the necessity of maintaining a white electorate resulted in bloodshed as surely as any other kind of incitement.

We shall submit evidence showing the existence of a mass of American law, written as was Hitler's law solely on the basis of "race," providing for segregation and otherwise penalizing a minority ethnic group in violation not only of Articles 11 and 111 of the Convention but also in violation of the Charter of the United Nations. Finally we shall offer proof that a conspiracy exists in which the Government of the United States, the Supreme Court, its Congress, its executive branch, as well as the various state governments, county and municipal governments consciously effectuate policies which result in the crime of genocide being consistently and constantly practiced against the Negro people of the United States.

MANY of your petitioners are Negro citizens to whom the charges herein described are not mere words. They are facts felt on our bodies, crime inflicted on our dignity. We struggle for deliverance, not without pride in our valor, but we warn mankind that our fate is theirs. We solemnly declare that continuance of this American crime against the Negro people of the United States will strengthen those reactionary American forces driving towards World War III as certainly as the unrebuked Nazi genocide against the Jewish people strengthened Hitler in his successful drive to World War II.

We, Negro petitioners, whose communities have been laid waste, whose homes have been burned and looted, whose children have been killed, whose women have been raped, have noted with peculiar horror that the genocidal doctrines and actions of the American white su-

premacists have already been exported to the colored peoples of Asia and we solemnly warn that a nation which practices genocide against its own nationals may not be long deterred, if it has the power, from genocide elsewhere. Jellied gasoline in Korea and the lynchers' faggot at home are connected in more ways than that both result in death by fire. The lyncher and the storm bomber are related. The first cannot murder unpunished and unrebuked without so encouraging the latter that the peace of the world and the lives of millions are endangered. Nor is this metaphysics. The tie binding both is economic profit and political control. It was not without significance that it was President Truman who spoke of the possibility of using the atom bomb on the colored peoples of Asia.

We Negro petitioners protest this genocide as Negroes and we protest it as Americans, as patriots, knowing that no American can be truly free while 15,000,000 other Americans are persecuted on the grounds of "race," that few Americans can be prosperous while 15,000,000 are deliberately pauperized, that our country can never know true democracy while millions of its citizens are denied the vote on the basis of their color. But above all we protest this genocide as human beings whose very humanity is denied and mocked. We cannot forget that after Congressman Henderson Lovelace Lanham of Rome, Georgia, speaking in the halls of Congress, called William L. Patterson, one of the leaders of the Negro people, "a God-damned black son-of-a-bitch" he added, "We got to keep the black apes down," and we cannot forget it because this is the slogan of the white supremacists, of a powerful segment of American life. We cannot forget that in many American states it is a crime for a white person to marry a Negro on the racist theory that Negroes are inherently inferior as an immutable fact of nature. The whole institution of segregation, which is training for killing, education for genocide, is based on the Hitler-like theory of the inherent inferiority of the Negro. The tragic fact of segregation is the basis for the statement, too often heard after murder, particularly in the South, "Why I think no more of killing a n——r, than of killing a dog."

We Negro petitioners petition in the first instance as members of the Negro people because we are compelled to speak so by the unending slaughter of Negroes. The fact of our ethnic origin, of which we

are proud, is daily impressed upon us by segregation and murder. There is infinite variety in the cruelty we will catalogue but each case has the common denominator of racism. This introduction is not the place to present our evidence. Still it may be fitting and proper to show something at this point of the pattern of genocidal murder, indicate a little of the technique of incitement to genocide, reveal something of the methods of mass terror.

OUR evidence begins with 1945 and continues to the present. It gains in deadliness and in number of cases almost in direct ratio to the surge towards war. We were compelled to hold to this six years span if this document and its evidence were to be brought into manageable proportions. There was a time when racist violence had its center in the South but as the Negro people spread to the North, East and West the violence moved with them, brought into being by the same reaction that made them its target in the South. It was once true that most of such violence occurred in the countryside, but that was before the Negro emigrations of the Twenties and Thirties. Now there is not a great American city from New York to Cleveland to Detroit, from Washington, the nation's capital, to Chicago, from Memphis to Atlanta to Birmingham, New Orleans and Los Angeles that is not disgraced by the wanton killing of innocent Negroes. Once the classic method of lynching was the rope. Now it is the policeman's bullet. To many an American the police are the government, its only visible representative as far as he is concerned. We submit that the evidence here suggests that the killing of Negroes is police policy in the United States and that police policy is the most practical expression of government policy.

Our evidence is admittedly incomplete. It is our hope that the United Nations will complete it. Much of the evidence we present, particularly as far as violence is concerned, was gained from the files of Negro newspapers, from back numbers of the labor press, from the annual reports of Negro societies and from established Negro year books. By far the majority of Negro murders are never recorded, never known but to the perpetrators and the bereaved survivors of the victim. Negro men and women leave their homes and are never seen alive again. Sometimes weeks later their bodies, or bodies thought to be theirs and often horribly mutilated, are found in the woods or washed

up on the shore of a river or lake. This is a well known pattern of American culture. In many sections of the country police do not even bother to record the murder of Negroes. Most white newspapers have a policy of not publishing anything concerning murders of Negroes or assaults upon them. We mention these unrecorded deaths as the rule rather than the exception for the purpose of remarking that although our evidence is voluminous in quantity it is scanty when compared to the actuality.

We Negro petitioners are anxious that the General Assembly know of our tragic *causes célèbres,* ignored by the American press but known nevertheless the world over, but we also wish to inform it of the virtually unknown, killed almost casually, as an almost incidental aspect of institutionalized murder. We want the General Assembly to know of Willie McGee, framed on perjured testimony and scheduled to die in Mississippi because the Supreme Court of the United States refused to examine vital new evidence proving his innocence. But we also want it to know of the two Negro children, James Lewis, Jr., fourteen years old, and Charles Trudell, fifteen, of Natchez, Mississippi who were electrocuted on May 5, 1947, after the Supreme Court of the United States refused to intervene. We want the General Assembly to know of the martyred Martinsville Seven, who died in Virginia's electric chair for a rape they never committed, in a state that has never executed a white man for that offense; but we want it to know, too, of the eight Negro prisoners who were shot down and murdered on July 11, 1947, at Brunswick, Georgia, because they refused to work in a snake-infested swamp without boots.

We shall inform the assembly of the Trenton Six, of Paul Washington, the Daniels cousins, Jerry Newsome, Robert Wesley Wells, of Rosalie Ingram, John Derrick, of Lieutenant Gilbert, of the Columbia, Tenn., destruction, the Freeport slaughter, the Monroe massacre, all cases in which Negroes have been framed on capital charges or have actually been killed.

[*At this point begins the extensive documentation of the charges made above.*]

PEACE and POETRY:
A Talk with Pablo Neruda

by JEAN MARCENAC

IT WAS at a World Peace Congress meeting in Paris, in La Mutualité hall, called in honor of Pablo Picasso, Jean-Richard Bloch and Louis Daquin. Frédéric Joliot-Curie was the chairman; and when he announced the presence on the platform of Pablo Neruda, winner of the International Peace Prize, the entire audience rose like a great wave and gave him a long ovation. They applauded this man who comes from far-off Chile, this poet who sings in another language and who tells of a world so strange and yet so real, in which the flowers have a different perfume from the lilacs of France. He tells of the fabulous birds and beasts which children everywhere flock to the zoo to see: ant-eaters and iguanas, guanacos, jaguars, and pumas. And running down his thin strip of a country washed by the Pacific from the Tropic of Capricorn to the Antarctic, extending from equatorial fire to polar ice, is the wall of the Andes—a mountain chain like no other on earth. In its valleys and on its high plateaus are dead cities, built vertically, with stones bearing indecipherable inscriptions of an age-old human civilization, of a past whose descendants remember only its ancient pride and mystery. . . .

Is not that enough to lend a poet all the magic charm of the exotic? Yet that was not what the people of Paris applauded. For how well do the French people know his magnificent poetry? Certainly not enough to realize that that evening they rose to greet a legendary figure, a poet ranking perhaps among the dozen or so greatest poets of all time.

Yet the French people do know this: Pablo Neruda is a political exile because he is for freedom, for justice, for happiness and human dignity. When a poet writes in a language other than our own, what

we get from his poetry is something that goes beyond words. This was expressed in the *Song of Pablo Neruda,* the poem Louis Aragon wrote in his honor, as it was expressed in the stormy applause of the people of Paris. Yes, Paris greeted the poet who, only yesterday, sang without seeing the real world, without seeing what shut him off from true freedom, a blinded and blinding poet, like a nightingale with mangled eyes:

"How believe, how believe
In the heavy tread of soldiers
When I hear the dark song
Of Don Pablo Neruda. . . ."

Paris greeted the man whose eyes, like those of so many other men, were opened by history:

"In Madrid he was a consul
In 'thirty-six when the fire of war
Changed the sky of blue to red
On the peninsula of Spain."

A grateful Paris greeted the man who defended France, as he had defended Spain, when France in turn was sold out by traitors, invaded, and trampled under foot by fascism. The man who knew that henceforth: "All things must relate to liberty alone."

The man who fought so hard for the freedom of other peoples now fights for the freedom of his own Chilean people, victims of the dictatorship of González Videla. The man who now leads the life of a political exile; who was driven from the land in which he took refuge, as Victor Hugo was driven from Brussels; who crossed a continent, with the police on his trail, disguised as a muledriver:

"Through the tall night, through all of life,
from tears to paper, clothes to clothes,
I wandered in those oppressive days.
Fugitive from the police,
in the hour of clarity, the denseness

of solitary stars, I passed through cities,
woods, small farms, ports,
from the door of one human being
to another, from the hand of one being
to another, and another."*

Now this man is in Paris, and his voice thunders, like that of Hugo from his rock on the island of Jersey. He gives his name, his work, his experience, and his genius to the World Peace Committee. . . . Yes, all this is true; and so Paris rose up before Neruda as Paris always rises up to salute courage and exile, with the great words of Hugo in its heart: "He who has only one penny must give it to the exile; he who has only one stone must fling it at the tyrant."

Yet, as this multitude sprang to its feet, I thought of another multitude, one at the other end of the world; I thought of a story told me by Delia Neruda, the poet's wife: The scene was the entrance to a coal mine in Chile. It was noon, with a blazing sun in the sky. For three hours more than ten thousand people had been listening to speeches by trade-union and political leaders. Then it was Neruda's turn to mount the speaker's platform. He was not famous then as he is today. The men who were there, thousands of poverty-stricken miners, overworked, exploited, deliberately kept in inhuman ignorance —how many of them had read his poems? Nevertheless, when it was announced that Pablo Neruda was going to recite a poem, the ten thousand miners standing in the torrid sun, with a single gesture, took off their caps.

What they paid homage to is something very new and irreplaceable. Neither the poet's ancient glory nor the young and well-merited fame of the true political leader—but the great power of poetry, in the world in which we live, when it serves the people.

And it was that, above all, which Paris honored in Pablo Neruda.

SEVERAL days later I visited Neruda. We spoke of the journeys he had just made, taking him from Paris to India, from India to Italy, Poland, Czechoslovakia.

The journeys of a poet . . . I thought of those of Charles Baudelaire,

* From Neruda's "The Fugitive," translated by Waldeen. See *Let The Rail Splitter Awake and other Poems,* Masses & Mainstream, 1950.

from which he brought back only the tortured desire to go *elsewhere*—"anywhere out of the world." I thought of Baudelaire's philosophy of despair, running like a somber thread through the admirable stanzas of his poem *The Journey*:

> "What bitter knowledge one derives from travel.
> The world, small and monotonous, today,
> Yesterday, tomorrow, always, mirrors our own image:
> An oasis of horror in a wasteland of boredom."

Suddenly, Neruda got up and, pacing the floor, began to tell a story. I know no one who tells stories like Neruda. Slowly, as a tree grows, he adds one phrase to another, throws out a word, places it in its proper setting, develops it, goes back over the ground he has covered, until at length one finds oneself in the presence of an amazing story: extraordinary yet true, brilliantly colored, full of humor, human warmth and kindness—yes, like a living tree, with deep-going roots, and with a thousand and one strange objects hanging on its branches: lanterns, masks, fabrics. Nor does it seem out of place for the tree to bear these things, as if they were its authentic blossoms. Here, for example, is one of Neruda's stories:

"Once I went to Southern Chile during an election campaign. A city on the Pacific, on the Straits of Magellan: Punta Arenas. It's a small town and its inhabitants are friendly, kind-hearted people. But they are proud of one thing: they always like visitors to know about the good things that have happened to them. Well, one day a really extraordinary thing occurred. You see, down there, on the shores of the Pacific, there are many seals. On Sundays people watch them sport in the ocean and give them names. Every seal bears the stamp of individuality. There is the bottle-seal, the pitcher-seal, the bicycle-seal, etc. Down there everyone is quite familiar with the names of all these seals, who are about as big as shepherd dogs. But one day an unknown seal appeared. He was not a box-seal or a percolator-seal, unlike any of the other familiar ones. He was an enormous seal. He got out of the water and proceeded to walk down the main street of the town. He was as huge as an elephant—at least twenty feet long. He walked through the streets with his big whiskers and his wonderful cowlike

eyes. He looked at everything—houses and stores and people.

"It was fantastic! Here was the mighty ocean's first real attempt to get closer to human beings. It was quite obvious that the seal would return the following day and the day after that. What renown for Punta Arenas! But when the seal left, the people of Punta Arenas cried out: 'To arms!' They reached for their guns and ran after the seal, pursuing him along the road leading down to the water. And they killed him! When they were asked why they had done such a foolish thing, they replied: 'Because otherwise nobody would have believed that this seal had come to visit Punta Arenas!' They stuffed the animal and put it in their museum. You can see for yourself if you ever go to Punta Arenas. I refused an invitation to go; I would have felt too sad."

Neruda has an excellent sense of humor. I like to compare him to those old explorers—*los descubridores*—whose minds were filled with legends as they set sail, from Spain and elsewhere, to chart the vast Pacific with its fabulous monsters. And as he sat there telling me about his distant voyages, describing his experiences with deep political and human insight, I was reminded of that day in September, 1522, when Sebastian del Cano returned to Spain, in the sole surviving vessel of Magellan's round-the-world expedition. That day the Spaniards realized that the age of discovery was over; and now began the era of exploiting the conquered lands. The storied route to India became the ocean highway to gold, as well as that of cold and calculated colonial exploitation. For centuries thereafter it remained thus: and the poets were inspired only by its images of exoticism, refusing to recognize the human exploitation—whether Spanish or British or any other—in the Indies East and West.

But today our poets have learned to view these things in another light—*and with hope.* Starting along the same road as that traveled by Baudelaire in the nineteenth century, Neruda offers us not self-torture and despair but the true gold of our time—the magnificent aspirations of man in our century, which bear the stamp of hope, of Peace.

For I do not think we have been given any greater lesson in poetry than the humility and respect with which, step by step, Neruda has advanced toward reality, the heartbeat of all true poetry.

"Events often have their amusing side," Neruda told me. "My India-bound plane made a stopover at Rome. There I was given a present: a little fifteenth-century book in Italian, Poliziano's *Le stanze, le orphee, e le rime.* Then at Bombay the police looked through all my papers. They found nothing suspicious—except Poliziano. So they confiscated the little volume. I told them it was the work of a poet, but that didn't make them budge. The book remained under lock and key. It must have been the first time in four hundred years that Poliziano was jailed."

"Besides," Neruda went on, "I already knew India. My wife's sister, Madame Ricardo Guiraldes, widow of the great Argentine writer, has been living there for fifteen years; and I myself, fifteen years ago, was Chilean consul in India. Things haven't changed much since then. India is still a country of deep poverty, misery, and suffering. Yes, a terrible, hopeless-seeming poverty—with thousands upon thousands of human beings sleeping in the streets. They literally live in the streets: they are born there and they die there. And the textile workers, huddling forty to sixty in a room, are considered 'privileged'."

"But hasn't independence brought about any change?" I asked.

"Only a change of rulers. It's similar to our situation in Latin America in 1810, almost a hundred and fifty ago, when we won freedom from Spanish rule."

"You mean as you described it in your *Canto General,* in the section called *Las Arenas Traicionadas?"*

"Yes, that's it! It might be translated as *The Earth Betrayed*:

> 'No, the flags were not yet dry,
> The soldiers were not yet sleeping,
> When freedom changed her dress
> And turned into estates;
> On land but recently sown
> A caste arose, a band
> Of newly rich, with their coats-of-arms,
> Their police and their jails. . . .'

"But that is the negative side of India's independence. There is a positive side—and a great hope. It would be a mistake not to see this positive side. A new wind is blowing over the Indian masses. One

senses the beginnings of a national people's culture. All the writers I met—the great novelist Mulk Raj Anand and the poets I saw—are very active in fostering this new culture."

"What is the cultural background of these writers? The old Hindu culture, with an overlay of British culture? Romantic and artificial yearnings for the past?"

"Formerly, perhaps, Indian culture could be described in terms of a Tagore and a Kipling. But today that is no longer so. Now there are many, many poets in all the various national languages of India—Urdu, Hindustani, Bengali . . . a tremendous number of young poets who write political poems and read them at meetings to peasants and workers.

"It's a poetry that is just coming out of prison. I saw poets who had spent two or three years—or more—in jail, such as the poet Sirdar who accompanied me, and who had been locked up only because he had read a poem in public. As a matter of fact, it was in jail that Sirdar became acquainted with my poems, through some Spanish refugees imprisoned in India. You see, poetry, like freedom, is linked with prisons. . . ."

I COULDN'T help thinking of the letter which Neruda received one day from Havana, and which he once showed me. A letter from a poet, Pericles Franco Ornes, who wrote him from Cuba where he had taken refuge, escaping from the prisons of Trujillo, the dictator of the Dominican Republic:

"While in prison," wrote Ornes, "I heard your great poem *Let the Rail Splitter Awake* read in secret. Your words, Pablo, reach the farthest corners of our continent. No one can stifle them, neither Trujillo nor González Videla. Everywhere you arouse and inspire mankind."

And Ornes, when he escaped from that jail in which his friend Freddy Valdes, "a people's hero and martyr, the greatest figure produced by the Dominican people," was murdered, wrote to Neruda: "You, Pablo, who know so many heroes; you who have been in Lota, in Madrid, in Stalingrad; you who know so many martyrs—you will welcome him who comes from our island."

Today that is the task of the poets; and that is what the world

expects of them: to bear witness to the martyrs, to the heroes, to man's sacrifices and man's hope. The language may be different, the forms of poetry may change, but the human heart remains the same—from Chile to India.

"In India," Neruda continued, "poems are chanted not recited, as they are here. There poetry has a kind of magic. Listeners accompany the poem with cries, setting its rhythms in relief. Every time a poet sings, there are always thirty or forty other persons grouped around him with their drums, participating in the song. Of course, it's quite different from our poetry. Yet there are the same poems of struggle—poems for the land, for strikers, for peace."

But Neruda did not see only the poets of India. He discussed the issue of peace with hundreds of persons, individually or in groups. Film workers, actors, bankers, professors—he got to know people in all the professions, discussing with them patiently and at length. As a result of these numerous contacts, he was convinced of the deep desire for peace on the part of the people of India. Their history, their philosophy, and their national culture stress peace. That, more than any other single factor, was the basis of Gandhi's influence. It is no accident that the editor of the newspaper founded by Gandhi signed the Stockholm Peace Appeal.

"Nevertheless," Neruda told me, "in many minds there is the feeling that the individual's desire for peace is enough to guarantee it. But despite the press, despite imperialist pressures, most Indians understand that peace is not merely a wish or an attitude of the mind but a struggle. They realize this more clearly than most people in the West. Even among Indian reactionaries the Korean war has aroused tremendous indignation. All the papers write about it; and U.S. 'Operation Killer' methods have turned millions of Indians into implacable enemies of American imperialism. You see, in India the memories of colonialism are quite fresh, as fresh as newly spilled blood. . . .

"And World War II has brought home many lessons. A famous Indian fighting man, a native of the Punjab, said to me one day: 'I've noticed that bullets are made by the poor, shot by the poor, and that they kill the poor.' I was able to spend half an hour with Nehru himself: he assured me of his desire for peace and spoke very warmly of Joliot-Curie."

I had to leave Neruda. A plane was waiting to take him to Sheffield, England, where the Peace Congress was to meet, only to have the meeting banned at the last moment by the British Government. At Warsaw, where the Congress finally gathered, Neruda received the World Peace Prize.

"WHAT impressed me," he declared to me on his return, "was the large number of writer-delegates to the Congress. I shall never forget the great ovation for Ilya Ehrenburg: it was open recognition of the fact that as a writer an individual can work superbly for peace."

Then we spoke about Poland, which Neruda never re-visits without a tug at his heart. Poland systematically destroyed, a real masterpiece of the "builders of ruins," in which Nazi techniques gave a true measure of their frenzied barbarism.

"Reconstruction in Poland," Neruda went on, "has become a lesson in poetry. Like poetry, it teaches men to move from sorrow to joy. And whoever betrays that betrays poetry."

Then he told me of the wonderful forests in the Mazurian Lakes district, those Polish forests out of a fairy-tale, full of strawberries, bird-songs, and antlered deer, with hundreds of lakes and pools suddenly emerging in the clearings.

"General Goering's headquarters were there. The murderer had established his base in this forest of dream and legend. Oh, he was well camouflaged. The blockhouses were covered with trees and shrubbery. Between two clumps of bushes there were three holes: two for the eyes of the machine-gunner, one for the barrel of his machine-gun. The fortifications were built by forced labor—prisoners of war; then they were all shot because they knew too much. . . . There is nothing in Europe I love more than the forests of the North. I come from southern Chile, a land of cold mountains, and I feel close to the same kinds of trees growing in both regions. To see the horrible and hypocritical face of war in those forests was like seeing a cancer in the heart of the things I hold dearest. I tried to do what I could. A conference of architects was being held in Bergamo, Italy, under the chairmanship of Le Corbusier. I wrote to the conference, telling the delegates: 'I have seen Warsaw. I have seen the blockhouses in the

forest. Are you going to continue to work in the shadow of the war danger? Discuss the question of peace. That is the first question for *builders* to discuss'."

How characteristic of Neruda — a profoundly simple man — to invoke the trees of the forest in his plea for world peace!

But you mustn't think that Neruda's creative power springs solely from instinct or that his genius is nourished only by the well-springs within himself. Almost a century ago the poet Lautréamont sought a "philosophy of poetry"; a conversation with Neruda is enough to reveal the basis of his philosophy of poetry. No poetry is more closely attuned to human reason than Neruda's, encompassing all the realms of nature in its sweep.

We chatted about the contemporary Polish poets: Broniewski, Tuvim, Iwaskiewicz, and others. One comment by Neruda struck me.

"The basis of the new poetry in Poland demands our most careful attention. It is based on broadening the audience for poetry. We should exchange ideas with the Polish poets, because poetry has to become a still more public pursuit. We can always learn something in that field. Today I feel that I am quite close to the broad masses of the people in Latin America. But in the beginning I was very unsure of myself. One day I was invited to address a trade union in Chile. It was the longshoremen's union—financially the poorest in the country. The meeting was in a dingy hall; the men there were without shoes, and they wore gunny sacks over their threadbare clothing to keep warm. The only book I had with me was my *Spain in the Heart,* which is by no means an easy book of poems. I was nervous, and I began to read like a person learning how to swim. They sat there without moving. When I finished, they looked at one another; then the oldest worker came forward, pushed by his fellow workers. He said to me: 'Comrade Neruda, we are the forgotten ones of the world. You came, you read your poetry to us, and never, in our poor life, have we felt a greater emotion.' Then he burst out crying, and all the hard-bitten men who had gathered around him had tears in their eyes. I have never forgotten that; and since then I have always had confidence.

"Yes, I have had some very moving experiences. Once I wrote a poem in honor of Luis Carlos Prestes:

'Today I should like to tell you many things, Brazilians,
Many stories, struggles, setbacks, and victories
Which I have borne for years within my heart;
I want to tell you so many thoughts
And give you so many greetings. . . .'

"It was the first time Prestes was allowed to speak in São Paulo. More than a hundred thousand people had gathered to hear him. I had written the poem especially for that occasion. But a poem that must be read, heard and understood by many thousands of human beings requires a new form. At that point esthetic discussions end. You face a concrete situation: a whole city is there, with ears open and an open heart. The people have come to listen to you and to themselves. That is unquestionably the most interesting problem, the crux of the problem of the poetry of the future. Perhaps Guttuso, the Italian painter, was right when he once told me: 'Neither music nor painting appeals directly to the people. Poetry does'."

NERUDA was in Italy too. He told me how happy he was to come from afar and re-visit that "ancient and venerable" land. Florence and Venice, governed by working-class administrations, greeted the exiled poet warmly. Neruda showed me the posters announcing his lectures and poetry readings. He went into the plants and factories. There too he found the same hunger for poetry, for a poetry linked with peace, as if in the hard day-to-day labor of these peace-loving people poetry was one of the ways by which they could reaffirm their strength and their hope. On the same spot perhaps where once Dante and Petrarch had sat, Neruda sat. Like them, he spoke of his country; and, like them, what he said was valid for all countries and all men. The living colors of the butterflies of Chile merged with the immortal colors of the canvases of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Giorgione, and Titian; and the national poetry of the great Chilean fused imperceptibly with the highest poetry of the Italian nation.

"Italian planes destroyed my house in Madrid and killed my friends," Neruda said. "But today we are joined in a common hope. We must learn to distinguish between the people and their government. The world of progress is on the march. The Italian people would have

greeted Federico Garcia Lorca as they greeted me. . . . And beyond death, it was to Lorca too they were paying homage. . . .

"Oh! That doesn't mean that things are so simple. I read the official declarations in the Italian papers; I saw that the Italian government was determined to support the war-makers. In that cradle of Western culture I read the same kind of statements as those made by the dictators of Bolivia, Paraguay and the Dominican Republic. We Americans may have thought that all these things are our American tragedy, our own home-grown evil, and that the rest of the world is immune from them; but now we see the rebirth of fascism in countries we so greatly admire. But it doesn't matter. If I have incurred the hatred of the few because I have spoken out for peace, I have won the devotion of the many."

Thus, returning to Paris after having traveled the roads of the world, Pablo Neruda speaks, with his incomparable voice, with his heart like ours. Neruda's poems are weapons in the hands of the people on the mountain peaks—friends of the wind, of freedom, of justice, and of the lightning. These people of the high Andes, despite police terror and repression, printed an underground edition of Neruda's *Canto General,* illustrated with wonderful woodcuts. It was this volume which Neruda recently presented to Picasso, as a gift forged for all peoples by the people of the thunder.

(*Translated from the French by Joseph M. Bernstein.*)

. . . AND OF THE SON

From a Novel by PHILLIP BONOSKY

NEVER had St. Joseph's been so filled. Never had a funeral been so well-attended. Hundreds of workers came from all over the Hollow and the City to Janicki's funeral. Few outside the Hollow knew him, but they came. The Mill faltered, staggered, telephones rang from department to department: "What's going on? Where's the men?"

The men were at the funeral. They stood outside the little church; those who could get in squeezed into the benches. The church was lit with nothing but a few dying candles offered for souls in purgatory: with the gray sun that shone through the ruby robes of St. Peter and flooded the pews with a wine light.

Benedict was garbed in black. He waited with another boy in the sacristy. It was cold and they had not turned on the lights. The other boy, an Italian boy whose dark shining hair was wet, sat chewing his finger nails.

They were carrying the coffin down the aisle, and Benedict sent the other boy after Father Dahr. He waited anxiously. Outside, the breathing of the congregation was like the soft moving of a sea.

Minutes passed and the other boy failed to return. There was impatient scraping and coughing in the church. Finally, Benedict slipped out of the sacristy and made his way to the back door of the parish house through the garden that was still wet with dew. The Italian boy was leaving by the gate.

"Anthony!" Benedict called, and the boy half-turned with a look of fright, and cried: "Father Brumbaugh told me to go home!" and he let the gate bang behind him.

Benedict knocked on the door. No one answered. He turned the

knob and entered the kitchen. He heard muffled angry voices in the front room and cried uncertainly: "Father? Father?"

He pushed his way through the dark hall and hesitated at the door. The voices inside had died down but he felt the tenseness. He called again: "Father?" Then knocked gently.

The door opened. Father Brumbaugh, his face tight and pale, said: "Yes?"

Beyond him Benedict could see Father Dahr half-crouched with his head hanging: he was pulling himself to his feet with the help of the back of the chair.

"Benedict!" he cried in a hoarse, choked voice.

"Father Dahr?" Benedict cried, turning to stare at Father Brumbaugh.

Father Brumbaugh let him pass his arm. Benedict rushed to Father Dahr and helped him upright. Sweat stood like blisters on his purple cheeks and yellow forehead. He nodded into Benedict's face with his leaking blue eyes. "Good," he gasped, nodding eagerly.

Father Brumbaugh stood drawn up stiffly at the door. Benedict turned a frightened face at him.

His eyebrow was arched, his lips were pursed.

"Father?" Benedict cried despairingly.

His eyelids moved. "You've got to convince him, Benedict," he said, in a low intense voice, "that he mustn't go out there. He mustn't try!"

"But the Mass!" Benedict cried, astounded.

The young priest lifted his head. "There'll be no Mass!" he pronounced.

Benedict stared wordlessly at him. Father Dahr was reaching an unsteady hand toward him, and he felt it fall, at last, on his shoulder.

Father Brumbaugh stiffened. "The police," he said, in a quiet, certain voice, with a firm touch of authority behind it, "have been here. They've asked me not to perform a Mass for—" He nodded his head slightly toward the church. "Those men out there haven't come for a funeral. They've come to avoid going to work. It's really a plot. If I serve Mass, I'll be part of the plot. Therefore, I forbid anyone to! We must empty the church of all but the immediate family. Do you hear?" The question he directed toward Father Dahr. "Do you hear?" he cried again.

Benedict heard Father Dahr's wheezing rumble in his ear. "Help me,

my boy," he said. "Just let me have a little of your shoulder to lean on."

He placed more of his great hand on Benedict's shoulder and Benedict's knees buckled.

"Good, oh, good," the old man's voice came hoarsely, but lightly, too. His brows were knit with effort, but his eyes were concentrated on some other further point, and he labored gasping, but also congratulating himself, speaking to himself: "Oh, fine! There we did that! Now, next!" He pulled himself forward. "See, we're making it; it's not so far."

Benedict stood wavering; his shoulders sank and rose, and the old man supporting himself on his shoulder sank and rose with him.

"Easy, easy," the old man advised him. "Now—now we're off."

BENEDICT sought Father Brumbaugh's face. There were two red spots slowly deepening: the eyes were almost black.

"Go away from him, Benedict," the priest cried in a deep shaking voice. His body shook. "You can't go out there!"

"Go on," Father Dahr said, lightly, doggedly, into his ear. His lips were wet and Benedict felt the spit fleck his ear. He moved a step forward. His eyes had not left Father Brumbaugh's face. His own face had grown pale; his lips had dried and his mouth was sticky. He felt sweat rise to his pores and bounce down his thighs and soak his knees.

"Father!" he cried again, his face uplifted despairingly to the priest. His voice sounded horrible, like a croak.

Father Dahr's weight pushed him forward.

"I've got to go, Father!" he cried desperately.

Father Brumbaugh leaned forward; his eyes burned. "Don't forget what you've got at stake, Benedict!" he cried. "Your whole future! Your whole future will depend on whether you go out there now! Don't throw your chances away for these desperate men—they're disobeying the law. They're criminals—the police are after them!"

"But the *police* shot him!" Benedict cried.

"But it was provoked, Benedict," he answered intensely. "*This,* too, is a provocation. I've been told the whole story, and I'm warning you!"

Benedict staggered forward, his knees wobbling. He moved, propelled by the old man's weight upon him. He cried as though through pain: "I've got to go in, Father! They're all waiting for the Mass!"

"Don't go, Benedict," the young priest cried. "For the last time, I order you, Benedict, not to desecrate the Holy Mass!"

Benedict sobbed out loud and stumbled forward. The old man pushed him through the hallway, the screen door flew open, and they fell into the yard. He pulled the old man up on his arm again, and pushed and pulled him to the sacristy door. The old priest clung greedily to his arm, talking to him in broken exultant words, while his cheeks beat together like bellows. "Good boy," the priest cried, nodding his head rapidly, chortling through wet lips. "Fine boy, now we're there, now we're getting closer, and now we're there. . . ."

He collapsed on a chair in the sacristy, and closed his eyes for a moment. But almost immediately they were open again; the light in them was sharp and active.

"Are you—?" Benedict cried, frightened.

"Go, go," he directed harshly, and Benedict ran for his vestments.

He helped the priest don them, wiping away the tears from his eyes. Meanwhile, the people were audibly more impatient. Police appeared outside the church.

They rose together, the old man wavering. He put his unsteady hand again on Benedict's shoulders, and they moved slowly through the door. The golden bell tinkled and a great sigh rose from the church. Slowly, they moved out before the altar. Father Dahr's bright eyes were sheathed, his feet shuffled as though searching for a path; his face was drawn, long white lines cut down them, his eyes were closed, his eyelashes were gray. Benedict moved with infinite slowness. At the altar he waited nervously while Father Dahr slowly lowered himself to his knee. He, too, then carefully genuflected, and then bore the priest's biretta to the sidelia, a wrought bench to the right of the altar. The black coffin stood outside the communion rail.

Father Dahr painfully ascended the steps of the altar; and now he turned, and looked upon the church as though stunned; his face was a dreamer's lost face: he wavered momentarily and then descended. He shook as he knelt and Benedict knelt again with him, suddenly smelling the old man's old faded smell of tobacco and whiskey, and the smell of moth balls in his clothes. In a low grating voice the old man began: *"Introibo ad altare Dei."*

"Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam," Benedict answered.

"Judica me, Deus, et discerna causam—"

"Father," Benedict whispered at these words. "This is for the Dead!"

Father Dahr did not hear him. Benedict pulled his robe. "Father," he repeated, more urgently, "this is not—"

". . . meam de gente non sancta: ab homine iniquo et doloso erue me."

There were murmurs in the church. These were not the words for the Dead. Benedict rose to his feet and leaned over into Father Dahr's ear: "Father," he cried, "You've forgotten that this is *not* right. We must say the Mass for the Dead!"

Father Dahr turned his heavy head toward him and said hoarsely: "Get back!" His lips moved then and he continued: *"Emitte lucem tuam et veritatem tuam; ipsa me deduxerunt et adduxerunt in montem sanctum tuum, et in tabernacula tua."*

"Do not insult the Dead, Father!" a voice cried from the audience.

Father Dahr paused; his voice began, then trembled, and he turned, his eyes drawn toward the voice. Benedict pulled at his robes, then placed his clasped hands against his throat.

"What? What?" Father Dahr stammered hoarsely.

Two troopers entered the church through the front door. A profound silence settled on the people. They moved down the aisles searching through the crowd.

"You've forgotten," Benedict whispered.

The troopers moved through the benches, tapping men on the shoulder with sticks and jerking their thumbs to the door. The workers' heads jerked up and they glanced nervously about them; and one by one rose and made their way through the crowd to the door. A woman started to cry, throwing her shawl over her head.

Father Dahr rose unsteadily and crossed his hands over his eyes. Suddenly, in front of the church, a man leaped up from the kneeling worshippers and rushed for the sacristy door. He pushed through the communion rail doors. A trooper shouted. Benedict caught a glance of his white face, grinning tensely, as the man rushed past him. Shouts now rose from everywhere in the church, and men and women rose from their benches and began to surge toward the doors. Outside they heard a shot. Screams, though from outside, still piercing, followed the cries in the church, and suddenly the people were in a panic, climbing

over the benches, falling down between them, crushing against the wall. Glass tinkled. They burst up the aisle of the church, through the railing, through the sacristy and into the garden beyond.

Father Dahr stood watching, his hands by his sides, his face strangely calm. Benedict's hands were gripped together palm to palm, his wrists ached.

The church was now in an uproar. Women were screaming and children were shrieking. The men were breaking out in every direction —through the side doors, through doors leading into the cellar, through an open window. The two troopers had meanwhile been joined by others, and they swung up and down the aisles through the screaming crowd, their clubs rising and falling: and outside on the street the crowd broke and ran for their homes, or for the hills.

Almost as soon as it began it was suddenly over. The church was clear. Benches were overturned, books were lying in the aisles, hats and bonnets, a shoe, a package of tobacco. . . . The coffin remained undisturbed at the foot of the altar.

Father Brumbaugh appeared at the door, gazed at them with a bitter mocking expression, and then disappeared.

The old man sat down on the altar steps.

Outside Benedict could hear the faint sound of running, the sound of a motorcycle. Across the red carpet, as clear as though it had been printed in black ink, was the exact clear imprint of a foot. . . .

It was like midnight on the streets. It was only noon, but the streets were deserted, the Hollow had the blind look of a sleeping town . . . as though the covering night had suddenly been ripped away. The Mill, whose boom was like the beating of a heart, unnoticed, was still: and Benedict heard the stillness now. An uncanny waiting silence followed.

Benedict came along the road at the foot of the Hill until it reached Washington Avenue and followed it down to Shady.

He had taken Father Dahr back to the house and had dragged him upstairs and put him to bed. Then he had called a doctor, but had not waited to hear what the doctor found. Father Brumbaugh was gone. His head had begun to ache; there was a roar in his ears: he clapped his hands over them and rocked back and forth.

The coffin remained alone in the church.

He could see, lifting his eyes to look at the sky, men on horses

galloping over the Flue Dust dunes on their way to the hills. A taste like murder was in the air.

THE blinds had been drawn at home, and they were seated around the kitchen table in the darkness.

When he entered his mother burst into tears.

"I'm all right, Mama," he said in a tired voice.

His father took off his glasses and began to wipe them. New sweat appeared over the gray shadow of old sweat: fear over fear. He wiped his face, too, with the same handkerchief.

"I was there," his father said shortly, and Benedict stared at him and realized that his father had been worrying about him ever since the riot.

"I helped Father Dahr into the house," he explained, and his father nodded. "I called the doctor for him."

His mother, who would have reacted to this, only looked at him—at his hands, at his head, as though somehow these repossessed him.

"But I'm all *right,* Mama!" he repeated.

She put both hands on his head and then laid her face on it. He felt his hair grow wet. His father stared at them blindly, and Joey, as though somehow this affected him more than anything else had, grew pale, and stared at them with a fixed forgotten smile. Benedict patted her shoulder and whispered in her ear. "Mama, you see, I'm all right." She turned from him finally and went to the stove and brought him a bowl of beet soup. He ate without speaking.

They seemed, in that darkness, to be entombed. They could hear, as if it came from miles above them, sounds—sounds distorted and sinister; once, too, the sound of a shot, and Benedict, who had never heard gun shots before, only raised his head for a moment and then returned to his soup.

"But Papa—" he finally said, and his father raised his head and read his eyes.

"I don't know," he answered with a heavy shrug, his eyes turned down.

He knew now that his father had been to the meeting on the hills the night before.

"But why did they come?" Benedict asked, and he was speaking only to his father now.

His father shifted on his chair. "To take mens back to Mill!"

"Back to the Mill?" Benedict echoed.

His father nodded. "They come ask: 'What you name? How come you no work today? You want work? You come by me.'"

"But in church, Papa!"

His father shrugged again cynically. "Best place—come church! All workingman in church—they know! Come church and find. No hunt hard!"

He shook his head with bitter laughter.

"Don't go out on the street again!" his mother suddenly cried, rapping Joey across the head.

He ducked and slid off his chair under the table.

She lifted her apron to her eyes and wept in it.

"See?" Joey said from under the table. "You started to cry!"

They stayed in the house all the rest of the day, except that in the evening Benedict returned to the church to inquire about Father Dahr. The doctor, who had come back a second time, reported that Father Dahr was sleeping and would recover from a slight stroke. Benedict asked for Father Brumbaugh and learned he had not come home since morning.

The Hollow remained tense all the rest of the day. Troopers came to the homes of individual workers and if they found anyone at home forced them to go to work. But there was no violence. They put no light on, ate supper of bread and soup, and went to bed.

Still, curled next to Joey's warm bony body, Benedict was jerked roughly awake by heavy pounding on the door. The dawn was graying the windows. He lay still so as not to wake his brother who breathed serenely beside him. The door under his window opened and he heard his father's morning-husky voice, and then the familiar police-voice demand:

"Are you Vincentas Pilnis?"

"Yes, Boss," his father answered humbly.

"Do you know where Dobrik is?"

"No, Boss."

"You're lying, you greenhorn son-of-a-bitch! Why ain't you at work today? Sick?"

"No, Boss," his father replied. "Mill fire me."

"Oh, is that so?" the trooper said. "Well, you're hired right now!"

2.

BENEDICT carried an aluminum bucket, which was divided into two sections: the bottom half was warm with coffee, and warmed his thigh gently as he walked. The Mill was quiet: smoke was coming from the high stacks, as if there was work inside, but it was quiet. The Hollow was deserted. Old women, wearing *babushkas,* darted down the narrow alleys, with handkerchiefs to their mouths. Dogs whimpered uneasily in the corners, and watching him as he passed, from under the porches the cats sat with their tails curled around them. It was almost noon.

Troopers stood at the steel mill gates. Around the Mill the high brick wall was topped with barbed wire, and at certain strategic points men in khaki uniforms sat sullenly in the sunlight, cradling rifles in their arms. High above the walls, in a wooden tower overlooking the City and Hollow, sat other guardsmen behind machineguns. There was nobody else in sight. He had to cross the railroad track to get to the gate.

The tall trooper looked down on him. "Whaddye want?"

Benedict stared at him, unable suddenly to answer. The man prodded him with the barrel of his gun. Benedict started. He lifted the work bucket up to the trooper.

"My mother told me to bring my father his lunch."

"What's your father's name?"

"Vincentas Pilnis," Benedict replied.

"Oh, a hunky name!" he answered; stared at him and thought. "He's in here?" he said, jerking his head behind him.

Benedict stared past him: the iron gate was closed. It was like a prison gate, solidly barred; a little door, large enough to let a man enter or leave, was cut into it. He nodded.

"What was his name?" the guardsman asked again, and blinking with the effort Benedict repeated it. The soldier looked at him sourly, then took the bucket from him. He opened it and brought out a sour-dough sandwich, separated the bread and sniffed at it. There was nothing but fat drippings on the bread. He looked into the coffee container and dipped his little finger in it. "It's warm," he said suspiciously.

"I live near here," Benedict explained.

The guardsman put the bucket together again and said: "If your old man's inside, he's getting fed all right. Go back home."

Benedict hesitated.

"Go on!" the guardsman said, taking a menacing step forward. Benedict turned and ran, and the guardsman laughed.

"Hey, kid!" he called, "come back here!"

Benedict stopped and looked back cautiously. Suddenly the noon whistle, gigantic now that he was so close to the Mill, roared; all the muscles and nerves of his body stood up to answer it. The roots of his hair tingled.

"Come on!" the guardsman commanded.

Benedict advanced warily, keeping his eye on the man's mouth. He stopped just out of reach. The guardsman crooked his index finger and beckoned him onward playfully. Benedict took another step, and now the guardsman leaned over and took back the bucket. He opened it again. He took out the sour-dough bread sandwich, looked at it, bit into it, made a disgusted face and spat it out on the ground. He sniffed, then, at the coffee, took a mouthful, swabbed his mouth with it, and then spat it in a thick brown stream; then he poured the rest on the ground.

He handed the bucket back. "Okay," he said, "you can go in."

He knocked on the iron door with the butt of his rifle, and the little door opened, and Benedict stepped through.

A YELLOW brick road led past a brick shanty where Coal-and-Iron police sat on benches playing checkers. Rifles stood stacked against the walls, and revolver butts stuck out of black holsters. One man laughed and turned his slightly bitter eyes from the checker board and caught Benedict in his sight as though he was a quarry. Benedict felt as though he couldn't walk: as though his legs dangled in the air. For some reason he grinned, and his skin crackled; he lifted his bucket up to show. The policeman's expression didn't change; he spat tobacco juice on the ground, then rubbed it out with his shoe.

Benedict had often taken his father warm lunches. His father worked in Number 2 Furnace, that looked something like a gigantic pot, and towered, tangled with pipes, tubes, catwalks and lines, high above the rest of the Mill. A skip hoist leaned against the furnace.

Little cars moved up and down it—coming down to get filled with iron ore and lime stone and coke, and then going back up to the top of the furnace and dumping this in. This slowly then sank to the bottom of the furnace, heated by a roaring gas, and finally melting into pig-iron that flowed from the furnace through a hole in the bottom like a living sea. Only now, the cars, though they moved busily, were empty: they rode up the incline to the top of the furnace, and dumped their emptiness into the empty furnace, and then clattered down again to be filled again with nothing. Benedict felt a ghostly stillness underneath the synthetic noise: only the machinery went through the motions of working. A huge shears roared and pounded—cutting air in half. Smoke, from oiled rags, poured out of the chimney stacks.

He entered the little shanty built around the hearth of Furnace No. 1. The squat base of the furnace sat in the center of a brick yard, its top jutting up through the roof and lost to view. Men were banking the furnace, and stood around the open tuyere holes dressed in heavy blue shirts, goggled so that they looked like frogs. They wheeled clay into the yard, and took the tuyeres out and packed the holes with clay. There were only a few of them—men who had been brought in from the office as well as regular furnace workers. Some men sat on the worn and shining benches, holding a hand of greasy cards: they had bottles of whiskey beside them, and didn't notice him as he went by, as though lost in a dream of cards. Soft, minor curses followed him.

He passed through the No. 1 yard, out into the brick sidewalk going to Furnace No. 2. An iron railing separated him from a huge slag pit into which hot slag had been poured and then blown into popcorn with a water hose. Here, the silence seemed more deliberate, more candid. From here, too, because of a trick in the angle of the walk, he could see over the mound of red dirt that ran like a tiny mountain range beside him, across the barbed-wire fence to the City. It lay crouched against the hill, staring with unblinking calm down into the barricaded Mill, and seemed to Benedict to be, not miles but time away, as though his childhood distant. He felt suddenly cut off from it: and for a moment he stood still on the brick path, feeling as though he had walked into a trap, and silent iron doors had closed on him forever. It was a prison. Chills turned his shoulders in a slight dreaming shiver. He ran down the path and burst into Furnace No. 2.

Again the same foggy stillness hung over everything. Water dripped from pipes high up on the furnace. The furnace was cold: its cold breath touched him as he passed, and this gave him a feeling of fright. He stared at it with slightly fearful eyes. This gigantic furnace where men worked so hard to keep it burning, where they sweated day in and day out coming home like cloth wrung out by an enormous hand, where they gave up their lives regularly as though steel were made with human flesh and bones as well as coke and lime stone, was dying down into cold ashes. The silence was cold; the yard was lonely.

At first he could find nobody. Benches, like the benches in church, gleamed with grease where bodies had rubbed them. Only on the other side of the furnace's belly, in the yard where a solitary man was making molds in a sand bed, he found them grouped around a pig-iron billet silently playing cards.

HIS father was not playing. He was off to one side, sitting on a wooden block.

Benedict approached.

"Papa," he said indistinctly.

His father was whittling. Benedict recognized, with a pang, that he was whittling a flute out of a piece of tree branch, an alanthus tree, as he used to do at home.

"Papa," he repeated, and his father looked up.

There was a blinded expression in his eyes when he raised them, and Benedict moved forward. "Papa," he said, seeking for the Lithuanian, "it's me, Benedict!"

His father's eyes focused and cleared. Benedict smiled: his heart seemed to crumple. He cried, hoisting the bucket up high in front of his brimming eyes: "Papa! I came to bring you food and the guard took it!"

He swayed back and forth, and his father laid his flute aside and said: "Sit down, Benedict."

Then, when Benedict was seated beside him on the huge wooden block, asked: "How is your Mama?" as though she belonged first of all to Benedict, and only secondly to him.

"All right, Papa," Benedict replied.

"You tell her I'm all right, too," he said.

"Yes, Papa."

"You'll tell her?"

"Yes, Papa."

He fell silent, and Benedict said: "And Joey's all right, and Rudolph, too." He didn't dare to look at his father after the first glance. He was ashamed of the pain in his heart, which had come suddenly. He spoke, looking at his feet, which stood amidst parings of steel like apple peels on the iron floor. "I was in Morgantown," he said, "with the Father. We went to see the Bishop, and the Bishop says I can enter school, papa, to be—"He licked his lips, and added almost silently, "—a priest, if I want to be." He felt nothing lift in himself as he spoke.

But his father said: "Good, good."

He looked up at him surprised, but realized that his father had hardly heard him.

"Papa," he said, "can't you come home?"

His father looked down at his upturned pale face and could hardly smile. He shook his head. "Pretty soon," he whispered.

Benedict dropped his hands in his laps and twisted his fingers. He kicked the iron spirals at his feet. The men with the cards cried—and it was all in a different language—as they played their cards. His father picked the flute up and stuck his knife blade in to carve out an air hole.

"You don't need a dry pea," he said, "to put in." He raised it to his lips, and blew. A low warm note came out of it. "I'll make another hole," he said, "and it will give another note."

Benedict sat and watched him carve in silence. Over their heads a motionless crane sat parked. From it hung a long cable, and beneath the cable a huge electrical iron platter also hung. Beside them, with two handles sticking out like outspread legs, was a 20-pound hammer.

"Did you go to the garden?" his father asked.

"What, Papa?" Benedict replied.

"Did you go to the garden?"

"Yes, Papa," Benedict said. "Mama and me and Joey go. The peas are coming up and the corn is coming up. We already have onions and lettuce. The police—" he said, "rode through Mr. Tronis' garden but they didn't ride through ours."

His father nodded, and Benedict was glad that he could tell him such happy news.

He recalled again: "The guard outside the Mill took the bucket from me, Papa, and threw away the sandwich and spilled out the coffee. Mama *made* you some sandwiches!"

"I understand," his father replied.

Now he put the flute again to his mouth, and his gnawed hard fingers moving awkwardly over them, yet with a delicacy Benedict was surprised to see, he blew back and forth on his two notes, low and high. The tip of the flute was wet when he took it out of his mouth. He handed it to Benedict, and Benedict put it into his mouth, tasting his father's pungent cigarette-stained spit, and blew. The sound trembled all through him. He turned to his father and raised the flute, smiling, and blew the two notes proudly back and forth. His father nodded his head and turned him an ear. Benedict took the flute out and laughed.

"Take it with you," his father said.

"Papa," Benedict said, "nobody else *wants* to sell their houses now!"

Suddenly his shoulders began to shake and the horrible tears came up. He folded his arms together and brought his face into them and wept hoarsely through his mouth and nose. He felt his father's great hard hand touch him, then pull him over so that he was lying in his lap, sobbing against the acid, steel-and-coal odor of pants, saturated in an old salty sweat, rancid and keen.

"Papa," he cried, his voice muffled on his father's thigh, "what are they going to do to you?"

His father pressed his head and said nothing.

"Papa," Benedict cried, turning his face over, "why don't we all leave the valley and find another place to live?"

His father looked down on him and his face first seemed hard and cold, and then it softened, and he said: "Where do you think you can go where there are no bosses?"

"God will help you, Papa!" Benedict cried wildly.

"Now lift your head up," his father commanded. He cupped Benedict's chin into his calloused hands and raised him gradually up again. "Tell me, Benedict," he said, "can you keep your mouth tight?"

"Yes, Papa," Benedict answered.

"If I give you a secret to carry?"

Benedict nodded. "Yes, Papa."

His father looked at him gravely, then put his hand on his head and drew him to him. Benedict shut his eyes against his father's heavy shirt, hearing the thunder of his heart and the sour salt smell of his body.

"When you go back," his father said, "tell them we'll find a way to come out."

Benedict lifted his head and stared.

"But Papa—" he cried. He looked about the mill. "But, Papa, the guards!"

His father put his finger on Benedict's lips. "The guards will guard," he said.

"But, Papa," Benedict began, his lips trembling.

"There's a way," his father said impatiently. "Go," he said, shoving Benedict by the seat of his pants. "Tell Mr. Tipa, " he said, "to come with a boat at midnight outside the No. 2 furnace pipe that goes out into the river."

"Papa, you will go through—?"

His father pushed him gently.

Benedict took a few steps away, turned, and made as if to speak.

"Go, go!" his father cried impatiently.

"Papa," Benedict wailed, "are you hungry?"

His father pushed him away with his hands. Benedict turned reluctantly and shuffled through the yard, passing the clot of men covering the cards as though the cards were a living fire and they were hunching over them for warmth. When he stepped out of the gate the trooper looked at him sourly but said nothing. Benedict crossed the tracks and climbed the rough round road through the City home. Half way there he remembered that he had forgotten to bring along the flute.

right face

EXPOSE

"Invited to entertain at a Harvard freshman smoker, Fan Dancer Sally Rand decided to give her performance a new twist. She turned up in ermine wrap and strapless evening gown. . . . After a song and dance, she launched into a ten-minute lecture on the evils of Communism. The disappointed freshmen lobbed about a quarter's worth of pennies on the stage. . . ."—*Time* magazine.

SUBTRACTION & ADDITION

"The East Berlin government announced a new cut in consumer goods prices, adding to the problems of the West Berlin regime." —From the New York *Times.*

BARGAIN

"Cadillac—*its great name is FREE!* . . . And remember, you pay no extra penalty for the pride and pleasure of having this great and distinguished NAME. They come as a 'special dividend' with every Cadillac car."—*From a national advertisement; reprinted here as a public service.*

CHIPS OFF THE OLD BLOCK

"As I see these books brought under single covers I must confess to a glow of pride akin to that of a devoted father who lives to see his boys go into business together."—Edgar A. Guest greets "2 Famous Books in 1 Volume" edition of his *Just Folks* and *The Friendly Way.*

WE INVITE READERS' CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT.
ORIGINAL CLIPPINGS ARE REQUESTED WITH EACH ITEM.

THREE SHOP POEMS

by GEORGE BRATT

AWOL

Where are you Karl Tappe, former shaper man for H. Karp & Son?
Did you finally call the turn on wishful thinking
and really go back to Chicago?
And was your rendezvous with Karl Tappe, furniture worker
of two decades ago a success?
Or did you simply fail to snap out of your vacation paycheck
drunk?

You didn't leave us, your shopmates, much of a forwarding
address.
Just "Not here" via your old Valencia St. hotel,
and a blank space in our local business agent's report.
Now you are an unsettled memory that stands punctually by
each morning ready to start up the machines.

Although you were witty, loved musical shows and had a
voice to appeal to receptive women,
noon-hour sessions with you were no great cultural treat.
It took job action to get you to vote at the polls,
and the threat of a five-dollar fine to integrate you
with a union meeting.

But that long silent partnership we had with you!
Those grinding, interminable, laborious hours when Tappe,
pencil in hat, was king,

the dust and crap spurting off the shrieking shaper
and haloing you truly as an adorable human being!—
Where now are we to find the clue to *him?*—
In the unsigned door jambs of sundry homes?
Hidden away in the machined drawers of their kitchen cabinets?
In the thousand nameless places where workers have left
the token of their sweat, sacrifice and devotion?

Where are you now, Brother Tappe?
Where are you fellow-worker?

SHOP ACCIDENT

When Tony, ordinarily a bench hand,
ran his thumb into the knives of the jointer
at three-thirty last Thursday afternoon,
the boss promptly blew his stack.
"The goddam square-head," he exclaimed,
"why didn't he follow through with a stick
instead of his thumb—
now my insurance rate will go up!"

Art, the boss's *alter ego*
on the stool-pigeon level,
saw in the incident a good deal for Tony.
"I'll bet he buys another flat
with what he draws for compensation,"
was Art's wager.

Tony's reaction at the time
was downright naive.
He looked at his thumb in simple consternation
and murmured softly, "It's off!"
Then he made a bee-line for the first aid kit.

THE BURIAL

SCENE: *A long, steep flight of wooden steps leading up to the sort of front elevation that prompted the title of Ambrose Bierce's San Francisco story, "The Man Out of the Nose." At the present moment, however, no one is making any such metaphorical exit, although two lone figures are filing slowly up the steps, carrying between them what appears to be a miniature coffin. They pause and move in turn to the accompaniment of a warning dirge from a distant fog-horn.*

FIRST PALLBEARER: Excuse the post mortem on your front steps,
all you preoccupied good people,
but one of our shopmates—in fact, one of your neighbors
got laid off tonight at five minutes before quitting time,
and Jim and I are serving as pallbearers, so to speak.

SECOND PALLBEARER: Yes, the boss sure pulled a fast switch
on Vigo Justersen's acquisitions of a life-time:
his trim little dovetail saw and palm-fitting rabbet plane;
his hand router, hand scrapers, burnisher, gauges . . .
they're all packed up in this wooden box, as good as dead.

FIRST PALLBEARER: And without the master mechanic to power them
they'll be producing nothing tomorrow—for him or you either.

SECOND PALLBEARER: Just how the instruments of a trade become separated from the tradesman is therefore the first order of
business in this community self-inquest.

FIRST PALLBEARER: We allow the piecards in the union to sign agreements which give the boss the right to hire and fire when he damn pleases—for one thing.

SECOND PALLBEARER: We substitute the beer hall for the hiring hall—that's another thing.

FIRST PALLBEARER: Brother Justersen, it's true: while we're burying the Swedish steel chisels that used to love to kiss the oil-stone to the point of exquisite sharpness, you're holding a phony wake at the corner bar.

SECOND PALLBEARER: When the boss gave you your notice tonight, we had to take your tools home for you because there was no dispatching hall to which he would automatically be required to return them.

FIRST PALLBEARER: Although you can join two sticks of wood together with a dab of glue, you haven't yet learned how to unite yourself with the other toilers in an invincible working-class party.

SECOND PALLBEARER: Where the bosses will be sent for a referral when their time comes to hire out.

FIRST PALLBEARER: You built this handsome mahogany casket with mitered corners and no end grain showing—

SECOND PALLBEARER: A singular instance of self-expression under a cut-and-dried production system—

FIRST PALLBEARER: But you kid yourself if you think your cherished possessions will ever find their collective immortality therein.

SECOND PALLBEARER: In the end they'll be picked over and sold piecemeal at the union office to the highest unemployed bidder.

FIRST PALLBEARER: Unless you, Vigo Justersen, show up at more membership meetings.

SECOND PALLBEARER: And unless you, preoccupied good people, come down off your perch.

WAR, Incorporated

by HERBERT APTHEKER

"THINGS are not going so well with me: Peace has broken out...." This complaint was written twenty years ago by the professional soldier, and future Brown Shirt organizer, Captain Ernst Roehm. At about the same time Benito Mussolini exclaimed: "Three cheers for war in general. It is cursed in word and deed by a herd of bastards and infinitely blind and ignorant multitudes . . . the promise of peace is necessarily foreign to fascism."

But in the United States, with "the emotional climate of the Nineteen Thirties" (in Irwin Shaw's apologetic phrase) a Senate Investigating Committee was disclosing that profits doubled and quadrupled during World War I. Absurdly, people like Irwin Shaw thought there was something obscene about corporations making additional millions of dollars through the slaughter of millions of people and that there might even be something sinister about it. That is, it was felt there might just possibly be a causative connection between the coming of the slaughter and the reaping of such a bonanza from it.

Even a salesman of death was troubled. Thus, one Frank Sheridan Jones, South American agent for Curtiss-Wright Aircraft, told his boss: "We certainly are in one hell of a business, when a fellow has to wish for trouble so as to make a living. . . . It would be a terrible state of affairs if my conscience started to bother me now." Indeed, even the eminently respectable and ambitious young corporation lawyer, John Foster Dulles, in a paper entitled "Economic Motives and How They Lead to War" had shown, back in 1925, that "under modern conditions, and particularly in our Western civilization, the greatest danger to peace is the setting up of strong governments as allies of some wealthy and governing class which sees its position threatened by some basic change of a social and economic order."

And one could read in widely-circulated magazines of the "emotional" Thirties that "without a shadow of doubt" there existed "a huge and subversive force that lies behind the arming and counter-arming of nations: there are mines, smelters, armament works, holding companies and banks, entangled in an international embrace, yet working inevitably for the destruction of such little internationalism as the world has achieved so far."*

The climate of the Thirties may have gone with the rising winds but what has become of the smelters and holding companies and banks? Monopoly capitalism being twenty years the more rotten and the heart of world reaction being in the United States, the press generally concentrates on such menaces as the Stockholm Peace Pledge and such villains as Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois. But in our innocence we repeat the question: *What has become of the smelters and holding companies and banks?* Let us see.

THE average *annual net* profit reported by U.S. corporations in the pre-war years 1936-1939 was $3.4 billions; the average *annual net* profit reported by U.S. corporations in the war years 1940-1945 was $8.7 billions; the average *annual net* profit reported by U.S. corporations in the cold and Korean war years, 1946-1950, was $18.5 billions. From 1940 through 1950, corporations in the United States *reported* a *total net* profit of $145 billions!

Never have United States monopolists had such a year as 1950. That year, fittingly climaxed with MacArthur's transforming the Land of Morning Calm into a burning desert, brought American imperialists a net profit of $22.4 billions—more than twice the profits of the peak year of World War II and a third again greater than the profits of 1949.

We present a table giving the names of some of the corporations which declared 1950 to be their most profitable year. Net profits, in millions of dollars, are given for 1950 together with the comparable figures for 1949. We urge that as you read each figure you repeat President Truman's immortal words of January 12, 1951: "Businessmen must make sacrifices."

---

* "Arms and the Men," in *Fortune Magazine*, March, 1934; distributed in pamphlet form by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Corporation	Net Profits in Millions 1950	1949	Corporation	Net Profits in Millions 1950	1949
Allied Chemical	41.2	37.1	Goodyear Tire	35.1	20.2
Allis-Chalmers	23.1	18.7	International Harvester	66.7	61.2
Aluminum Co. of Am.	46.8	20.8	International Paper	66.6	51.6
American Gas & Elec...	24.1	21.4	Jones & Laughlin Steel	39.7	22.2
American Smelting	42.7	25.1	Montgomery Ward	74.1	47.7
Am. Tel. & Tel.	358.8	240.7	Pennsylvania R.R.	38.4	12.2
American Viscose	33.1	20.2	Pittsburgh Plate Glass..	41.9	38.0
Armco Steel	47.0	30.9	Republic Steel	63.7	46.1
Bethlehem Steel	122.9	99.2	Sinclair Oil	70.1	54.0
Climax Molybdenum ..	12.9	.9	Standard Oil (Ohio)..	20.2	16.1
Du Pont	307.6	213.6	Union Carbide	124.1	91.8
General Electric	173.4	125.6	United States Rubber..	35.1	20.2
General Motors	834.0	656.4	United States Steel	215.4	165.9

Why have the profits of United States corporations reached such unprecedented proportions? It is because U.S. imperialism has been bloated on two World Wars which simultaneously staggered other imperialisms; it has been voraciously feeding upon the peoples and economies of the capitalist and colonial world; it has been increasing the rate of exploitation of its own working class and farming folk and of the Negro people; it has been squeezing the life out of hundreds of thousands of smaller businesses and constantly increasing its monopolistic and oligarchic character; and it has transformed its whole economy into one primarily dedicated to the making of war—always capitalism's most profitable business.

What is the extent of the war-making industry in the United States today? To what degree is the entire economy tied up in this one endeavor? What has been the impact upon the structure of American monopoly, and upon smaller businesses? What has happened to the direct foreign investments of U.S. capitalism during this era of unprecedented "prosperity"? Who is running this show? And how have the masses of hard-working American people fared?

On All-Fool's Day, Mr. Charles E. Wilson, lately president of General Electric and presently Defense Mobilizer, submitted his first quarterly report to President Truman. The Mobilizer told the Commander-in-Chief that the total national productive capacity of the United States amounted to $300 billions and that "Modern weapons

are being ordered at the rate of nearly one billion dollars *weekly*," *i.e.*, to the tune of about $50 billions a year—and this is just for *weapons*. Actual expenditures for war already amount to half a billion dollars each week and will double in eight months. Over $23 billions of military equipment had already been ordered for the current fiscal year and, in addition, over 3 billion dollars worth of "vital materials" had been stockpiled—not quite one-third of the stockpile planned for 1951. And approximately ten million men and women—those in the armed forces and those directly engaged in the production of military equipment—were to be employed solely in serving the war machine.

Applying these stupendous figures to some major industries will make clearer the absolute dependence of the imperialist economy on mass murder. Thus, of Mr. Wilson's alma mater, the General Electric Corporation, the Wall Street periodical *Barron's* (February 5, 1951) remarked: "It is anticipated that military products will account for 33 percent to 35 percent of 1951 output, and may reach as high as 45 percent." In the key aluminum industry, reports *U.S. News & World Report* (April 6, 1951), "average set-aside for military orders goes up from 45 percent to 60 percent." As of March, 1951, General Motors held over 3 billion dollars worth of orders for strictly military items—planes, tanks, projectiles and jet engines. U.S. Steel reported in 1950 that about one-quarter of its colossal production goes directly to the armed services.

While these basic industries are particularly dependent upon the war program, its pervasive effect upon every facet of the American economy is striking. For example, the Corn Products Refining Company, in explaining its peak 1950 profits of over $23 millions, said that the armed forces ordered many of its food products and that "large quantities of products from corn are required for the moulding of castings, refining of aluminum, drilling of oil wells and the manufacture of paper products, textiles, explosives, pyrotechnics and pharmaceuticals," all entering into government war purchases. And the National Biscuit Company announced that in the first three months of 1951 it had patriotically supplied the Army with 400 million biscuits and an unspecified number of cookies—each at a "fair" profit!

THE arms business itself, in the words of *U.S. News & World Report* (April 6, 1951), is "the nation's largest single industry." It charges what the market will bear, and where the government is the market and the bosses personally handle the reins of government, that means it will charge plenty! "Patriotism is a beautiful sentiment," President Eugene Grace of Bethlehem Steel once said, "but it must not be allowed to interfere with our duties to our stockholders." Thus while for the mass of us, Truman's Council of Economic Advisers recommended, in January, 1951, that we "wear [our] top coats longer and get healthier by eating less," the same Council found that "there are no bargain price tags on aircraft, tanks or guns."

What, after all, would be the point of bargains in tanks and guns? The price control law permits roll-back of prices to June, 1950, but controls were set at the highest point prevailing up to January 25, 1951 —*i.e.,* at the highest point in United States history! What this means is seen by comparing the peak price of key items in 1950 before and after the self-sacrificing "police action" in Korea: Copper's peak price in 1950 after Korea was 100 percent higher than its peak price before Korea; cotton rose 40 percent higher; nickel, 750 percent; rubber, 300 percent; tin, 125 percent; zinc, 110 percent.

An annoying stumbling block remained. In negotiating for contracts the Armed Forces were required, by peacetime regulations, to advertise for competitive bids. This tended somewhat to restrain prices. Truman obliged last December by issuing his State of Emergency proclamation. As the *Financial World* (Jan. 10, 1951) chortled: "The emergency lets the Armed Services negotiate much of the business on which they used to advertise for bids. . . . This was the one substantive reason ever indicated for declaring the State of Emergency."

How lovely things were now! A portable Bailey bridge that the Army bought for $37,000 in June, 1950, cost over $51,000 in February, 1951; flying jackets for the Air Force rose in the same period from $16.50 to $25; while an ambulance might be bought from General Motors for $3,700 in June, six months later it cost over $4,200. To give one a clearer idea of how luscious this war racket can be one must see the leap afforded by six years rather than six months. When World War II ended, a heavy bomber sold for $629,000; in February, 1951 it cost $3,500,000; the price of wool serge trousers rose from $4.83

to $10.96; one large aircraft carrier which had cost sixty millions now brought twice that amount.

So while Truman's original 1951 budget calls for $60 billions for war, prices being what they are this will never do. Solution?—Spend more! "Instead of the sixty billion dollar military budget foreseen by President Truman in January," reports the A.P. on March 29, "Rep. Mahon [chairman of the House sub-committee handling the arms budget] said the outlay needed will be closer to seventy billions." Meanwhile, the President's own Council of Economic Advisers had to admit in January, 1951, that the excess profits tax was "unnecessarily generous." One can see what vistas excite the insatiable tycoons.

Oh, days of ecstacy and high humor! *Time Magazine,* March 19, 1951: "The latest gag in retailing circles is: 'These shortages are so terrible I'll soon have to rent another warehouse to store my goods!"

MONOPOLY capitalism creates wars and wars speedily increase monopolization. The big corporations become bigger, the small businesses are bankrupted or bought out and the mass of the population suffers—scores of thousands are maimed and killed, millions are bereft and anxious, and tens of millions see their material conditions of life steadily deteriorate, and their rights and freedoms undermined.

Mobilizer Wilson remarked that "dislocations for small business are unfortunate but inevitable," while the *Wall Street Journal* (January 12, 1951) in "a memo to the small businessman expecting a lot of help from Washington in the rearmament economy," said: "You'll be disappointed." Similarly, *Business Week* (January 27, 1951) in commenting on the scores of billions to be spent for war remarked: "There is little room in the program for the small manufacturer." And the *U.S. News & World Report* (April 6, 1951) said: "Prime contracts go to big or relatively big concerns, despite all the talk about helping small business."

The nation faces today a heightened repetition of the experiences of the Second World War when about 70 percent of all prime contract awards went to the top one hundred corporations, while over half (totaling some $100 billions) went to exactly thirty-three corporations. The *U.S. News & World Report* (April 6, 1951) bluntly, not to say crudely, offers one explanation for this by remarking: "Where effective

'influence' is sold it comes at a far higher price than most businessmen can afford. . . ." But the basic reason is that the U.S. government is the creature of the rich and that government exists in order to serve and benefit its master.

Here are the words of an official study, *Economic Concentration and World War II,* issued in 1946: "There has been a more or less steady upward trend in the concentration of control exercised by the corporate giants. . . . During the [Second World] war these large companies have come to dominate not only American manufacturing but the entire economy as a whole." And, "That big business actually will use its war-increased strength, especially its liquid funds, to improve its position and power over pre-war levels is strongly suggested by the sharp rise in mergers and acquisitions which has occurred since the end of World War II. The rate of mergers and acquisitions in manufacturing was higher in the fourth quarter of 1945 than at any time in the previous decade and a half."

By 1948, the Federal Trade Commission, in a study entitled *The Merger Movement,* showed the accuracy of the prophecy of 1946. "In industry after industry," the study found, "prices, production, employment and, in fact, all forms of economic activity have come under the domination of the Big Four, the Bix Six, or in some cases, the leader . . . the dead hand of corporate control has replaced the unseen hand of competition." By March, 1951 the same commission told Congress that "interlocking relationships among directors of the thousand largest United States manufacturing corporations evade the intent of the anti-trust laws and threaten free competition."

But this is not all. For as the 1946 report already quoted pointed out: "The relatively few giant corporations of the country which have come to dominate our entire economy are, themselves . . . controlled by a mere handful of huge financial interests." The ten leading banks in the United States had assets totaling over 16 billions in 1940, more than twice that by 1945 and something like 35 billions in 1950. And tying together the giant corporations and the giant banks are nine focal strong points (themselves interrelated) of economic overlordship: Morgan-First National; Rockefeller; Kuhn, Loeb; Mellon; Du Pont; Chicago-Continental Illinois; Cleveland Trust; the Boston combine; and the Transamerica Corporation of California. To give some

idea of the might of these conglomerations, the last, representing the Giannini empire, controls forty percent of the banking facilities and deposits of five western states. Transamerica controls 667 banks with deposits of nearly seven billion dollars and with business loans aggregating over three billions (*New York Times,* April 3, 1951).

These stupendous profits accruing to an ever more narrow segment of the economy lead its masters, threatened by the spread of socialism, into the ideal and related businesses of war-making and attempted world domination. In the three years after World War II, U.S. imperialists invested in directly-controlled foreign enterprises almost three billion dollars, by far the biggest outflow of capital in this form in all history. One finds practically whole economies—as of Western Germany, Japan, much of Latin-America, large parts of Africa and the Near East and other areas—absorbed by this monster which, in turn, is actively assisted by the Marshall Plan. And, all the while, increasing proportions of these economies are compelled, by U.S. pressure, to devote themselves to war activity. Canada offers a good example, recently fully documented in a ten-page report of *Business Week* (December 23, 1950). Today, companies directly controlled in the United States account for almost one-fourth of all Canadian manufacturing, almost thirty percent of its steel production, over one-third its chemical production and over half its nonferrous metal output. At present direct U.S. investments in the Canadian economy total about six billion dollars!

And, in 1948, the Department of Commerce found the average net return on direct investments abroad equalled 15.6 percent, or *double* the average rate of profits then being extracted within the United States. Fairly typical was the case of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, whose rate of profit in the United States was 11 percent and whose rate of profit on capital invested elsewhere in the Western Hemisphere came to 33 percent.

THE big boys will trust the running of this luscious racket to no one but themselves. In *M&M* of March, 1948, I pointed out that the top administrative and policy-making personnel of the American government represented, as never before in our history, a living coalition of military and financial interests. A table listing thirty of the

leading officials with some of their financial connections was there presented and it remains pertinent today. Certain changes and shifts have occurred—thus, L. H. Douglas, president of the Mutual Life Insurance Corporation, has been succeeded as Ambassador to Great Britain by W. H. Gifford, president of American Telephone and Telegraph; and W. M. Martin, Jr., ex-president of the New York Stock Exchange, has been transferred from his post as chairman of the Export-Import Bank to that of chairman of the Federal Reserve Board—but the essence remains unaltered.

With the intensification of the war drive, the Korean "police action," the open mobilization movement and the announcing of a State of Emergency, there have appeared numerous additional bureaus and departments charged with directly overseeing the building of the greatest machine for destruction and aggression in world history. An illustrative table is printed below to supplement the one of 1948.

FINANCIAL CONNECTIONS OF PERSONNEL DIRECTING U. S. WAR PROGRAM

Director of Defense Mobilization: C. E. WILSON, Pres., General Electric

Defense Production Administrator: W. H. HARRISON, Pres., International Telephone & Telegraph Co.

Director of Economic Stabilization: E. JOHNSTON, ex-Pres., U.S. Chamber of Commerce.

National Production Authority Chief: M. FLEISCHMANN, Corporation Attorney, Buffalo.

Under Secretary of the Interior: R. D. SEARLES, Director, Trans World Airlines

Personal Adviser to C. E. Wilson: F. SEARLS, JR., Pres., Newmont Mining Corp.

Chief Assistant to C. E. Wilson: S. J. WEINBERG, Partner, Goldman Sachs Investment Bankers

Chief Assistant to W. H. Harrison: E. T. GIBSON, Vice-Pres., General Foods Corp.

Co-ordinator of Arms Production, Atlantic Pact Countries: W. R. HEROD, Pres., International General Electric Corp.

Electric Power Co-ordinator, Department of Interior: C. B. MCMANUS, Pres., Georgia Power Co.

Petroleum Co-ordinator, Department of Interior: B. K. BROWN, Pres., Pan-Am Southern (Oil) Corp.

Coal Co-ordinator, Department of Interior: C. W. CONNOR, Executive, Armco Steel Corp.

So far as these officials are concerned and the will of the class and government they represent, the ultimate disaster for them, as for the Nazi Ernst Roehm, is peace. So intense is their feeling on this matter that they cannot contain themselves and blurt out the truth, in crudest fashion, almost daily. To cull only some recent examples: *Wall Street Journal*: Feb. 20, 1951: "A peace scare might knock a lot of profit out of superfat inventories." Same journal, March 16: "Waning war scare brings letdown here and across the country. The Government doesn't know what to do about it." The next week, same paper: "Defense slowdown will be hard to escape, if the shooting stops. . . . They're shaping a concerted drive to boost mobilization fervor." *U.S. News & World Report*, March 23: "The economy is vulnerable if there should be a reduction in the defense program."

Meanwhile, standards of living for the majority of the people in the United States deteriorate. Some of the favorite servants of the

---

Vice-Chairman, Munitions Board: R. SEYBOLD, Vice-Pres., Westinghouse Electric Corp.

Arms Production Co-ordinator, Munitions Board: H. K. CLARK, Pres., Carborundum Co.

Aluminum Co-ordinator, Munitions Board: R. S. REYNOLDS, JR., Pres., Reynolds Metal Co.

Chairman, Raw Materials Commission: W. S. PALEY, Chairman, Columbia Broadcasting System

Chief, Rubber Division, National Production Authority: L. E. SPENCER, Vice-Pres., Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.

Chief, Radio Division, N.P.A.: W. W. WATTS, Vice-Pres., Radio Corp. of America

Chief, Industrial Machinery Division, N.P.A.: M. M. SMITH, Vice-Pres., Bliss (Machine Tools) Co.

Chief, Iron & Steel Division, N.P.A.: D. B. CARSON, Vice-Pres., Sharon Steel Corp.

Chief, Controlled Materials Division, N.P.A.: W. SKUCE, Executive, Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp.

Chief, Commodities Division, Office of Price Stabilization: E. F. PHELPS, JR., Pres., Waples-Platter (Food Manufacturing) Co.

Chief, Transportation & Public Utilities, O.P.S.: R. L. BOWDITCH, Pres., Sprague (Coal) Co.

Chief, Consumers' Soft Goods, O.P.S.: J. N. KALLECK, Executive, Spiegel (Mail Order) Inc.

rich, having been given extra rations, in return strive assiduously to mislead and divide the workers. But an economy geared to death cannot effectively serve the living, neither at home nor abroad. Here we do not have particular reference to the systematic campaign of mental and moral corruption with which the rich befoul the air and besmirch the populace, to the ruling class' assault on intellectual freedom and civil liberties, nor to its bestial terror against the Negro people, nor to the over ten thousand American youths whose living standards totally disappeared in the fire of Korea, nor to their scores of thousands of loved ones who will carry with them an endless grief, nor to the millions of men torn from home and placed in a Jim Crow army.

Rather we ask: what has happened to the economic conditions of life of most Americans during the cold and Korean War period?*

The last year for which official census figures are available on family income is 1949. This shows the median annual family income to have risen in the United States since 1944 from about $2,600 to about $3,100. This is an increase of 16 percent. But during the same period prices on consumers' goods went up over a third—that is, the price increase more than doubled the income increase!

That median family income of $3,100 is to be compared to the figure of $3,450 declared to be necessary for a decent standard of living for a family in 1949 by the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics. Moreover, median income figures tend to obscure the true degree of human suffering, for within that figure of $3,100 lies the fact that *over ten million United States families had annual incomes, in 1949, of $2,000.* And the special oppression of the Negro people is also hidden in the overall figure, for the median annual income of the Negro family in the United States in 1949 was less than $1,600—*i.e., fifty-five percent below the government's minimum!*

Savings is a good indication of what is happening to living standards. While the mammoth trusts were reaping huge profits, the Federal Reserve Board reported on consumer finances. It found that between 1947 and 1950 the proportion of families in the United States with

---

* Recent issues of *Economic Notes,* the excellent publication of the Labor Research Association, have given much information on this subject.

no holdings of government bonds rose from 44 percent to 61 percent. And, it went on: "Nearly one-third of all consumer spending units had no liquid assets in early 1950; a little more than one-third owned liquid assets of less than $1,000."

The financial press rejoices at the boom in the construction industry, but this comes from building sites for H-bombs and A-bombs and tanks and my lord's country estate. It certainly does not come from building living accommodations for the masses.

The Federal Housing and Home Finance Agency, in its *Report on the Housing Situation: 1950,* tells something of what is going on in this regard. This survey (which dealt only with non-farm dwelling units) showed that the median monthly rent, in April, 1950, was 67 per cent higher than a decade ago, and that the rent for Negro families had risen 250 percent! It showed that about two million dwelling units were "over-crowded," and that the incidence of overcrowding was four times greater among Negroes than whites. Almost two and a half million dwelling units are so "dilapidated" that they "endanger the safety of the occupants," almost seven million dwelling places lack bathing facilities, and nearly six million—of these non-farm dwellings, remember—have no flush toilets.

And from November, 1950, to March, 1951, the Truman Administration certified almost three billion dollars of construction work for the war program! Meanwhile his Mobilizer-in-Chief greeted Spring by telling the American people that "virtually every qualified young man will serve in the armed forces; every one will pay more taxes; there will be shortages . . . there will be some unemployment; longer hours . . . technological and social progress will be slowed down." Hail, the Chief!

OVER fifty years ago Mark Twain magnificently characterized the morality of imperialism. "Let us prey," he wrote:

> "O Lord our God, help us tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended

through wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst. . . ."

Such is their handiwork. We have seen that U.S. imperialism depends upon production for mass annihilation. We have seen that the monopolists, controlling a system which is in general crisis, seek war because they feed on the blood of all humanity. And this brings increased impoverishment, suffering and death.

But at the moment that the imperialists stand gorged as never before there has arisen a new, fresh force. That force is the world-wide democratic movement, the camp of peace, freedom, national liberation and socialism, at whose head stands the great anti-imperialist state, the socialist Soviet Union.

The peace policy of this camp enrages the handful of cartelists and they actively seek its destruction, camouflaging their purpose by "patriotic" propaganda. But for all others, Negro and white, men and women, worker, farmer, professional and small businessman, no matter what their political views, a world war represents their greatest calamity.

To prevent that war becomes, then, the highest patriotic duty, and its prevention requires the organization of the supreme desire for peace. This desire, if organized, can *impose* peace, despite the lust of the rich, and with peace will come a joyous life for all.

Two Poems

by THOMAS MCGRATH

THE REVOLUTIONARY DEAD

For Cinco De Mayo

In the fine weather of May,
Juarez, among the dead
Came riding, a small man
With a large dream in his head
And the face of an Indian god.
Anxious birds of prey
Circled the day and his dream
(To free the poor). Around
The ruined immortal town
Victorious soldiers lay.

Far from the famous light
Of that first Fifth of May
Lie many wounded now,
Or dead in the long fight:
Puebla until Today.
You, Soldier, pause
In the war for peace and bread:
Think: we win because
Of the early patrols—Juarez,
Caudwell, Fuchik, Fox,
And all our rebellious dead.

REMEMBERING THAT ISLAND

Remembering that island lying in the rain
(Lost in the North Pacific, lost in time and the war)
With a terrible fatigue as of repeated dreams
Of running, climbing, fighting in the dark,
I feel the wind rising and the pitiless cold surf
Shaking the headlands of the black north;

And the ships come in again out of the fog—
As real as nightmare I hear the rattle of blocks
When the first boat comes down, the ghostly whisper of feet
At the barge pier—and wild with strain I wait
For the flags of my first war, the remembered faces,
And mine not among them to make the nightmare safe.

Then without words, with a heavy shuffling of gear,
The figures plod in the rain, in the shoreside mud,
Speechless and tired; their faces lined and hard
I search for my comrades, and suddenly—there—there—
Harry, Charley and Bob, but their faces are worn, old,
And mine is among them. In a dream as real as war

I see the vast stinking Pacific suddenly awash
Once more with bodies, landings on all beaches,
The bodies of dead and living going back to appointed places,
A five year old resurrection,
And myself once more in the scourging wind waiting, waiting
While the rich oratory and the lying famous corrupt
Senators mine our lives for another war.

FAKING THE NEWS from Eastern Europe

by JUNE CA'NNAN *and* PETER FURST

THE barrage of misinformation in the U.S. "free press" is one of the gravest dangers to world peace. As journalists working abroad for the past five years, we have observed many of the techniques involved in this campaign of organized deception. During this time we witnessed the major social developments and news events in Eastern Europe. We saw the facts and at the same time we saw the distortion or ignoring of these facts in the U.S. press. And when we arrived home, it was appalling to find what the average victim of the war-propagandists believes about the People's Democracies.

How does the news get twisted? Through stupidity and malicious intent, with various admixtures of each. Gone are the days of "front page" journalism when the reporter's job was to leap upon the scene, look around, and write what he thought he saw. News events in the world today involve complex ideologies, long historical sequences, essential background in which the reporter as well as the reader is often lacking. Not only is the reporter unequipped for his job, but accepted news techniques in themselves forbid the inclusion of the explanation necessary to present a true picture to an uninformed reader. And in the great aggressive battle against the socialist world, clever men both before and behind the scenes find distortion a necessary weapon.

We met U.S. correspondents, no matter what their previous experience in the journalistic world, who arrived on the scene of a "hot" story in Eastern Europe with fewer qualifications than are needed to cover a Chamber of Commerce luncheon at home. Take the major American news agency correspondent who came to Sofia on the second day of the Kostov trial to demand at the end of his first day in court: "Hey, what's this here *Makedonija* everyone is talking about?" Could this

correspondent, who later remarked that he was not aware that the Turks had ever advanced "as far as" Bulgaria or that Bulgaria had ever been liberated by the Russians, be reasonably expected to report adequately on a trial which involved not only the most intricate details of the complex Macedonian question, but the various phases of the internal development of the pre-war Bulgarian progressive movement and the exposé of the innermost sanctums of British Intelligence Balkan operations?

We met correspondents covering trials in socialist countries who hadn't the vaguest notions, not only of interconnecting, previous capitalist plots against the socialist world, and the foundations of socialist justice, but of the names of the personalities and the judicial systems of the countries involved. We met correspondents covering elections in Eastern Europe who knew nothing of the workings of a parliamentary system of government as opposed to the American presidential system, much less of the united front list of the *people's democratic* path to socialism where primaries are the contest level and early "opposition" parties had wasted away or attached themselves to the united front. We met correspondents who openly admit that there is more to the picture than they care to write, and offer as explanation not only that their papers are interested in such stuff, but that they themselves are interested in maintaining their jobs.

More important, and a good deal more sinister than either the ignorance or greed of correspondents at large, is the conscious agent of the capitalist world. The factor of his ignorance will vary unimportantly as his outstanding characteristic becomes deliberate intent to uphold American policy and to hinder and retard the development of the socialist world.

The U.S. government today is spending millions of dollars on propaganda and intelligence. Gone are the days when it was considered "unobjective" to base news stories on propaganda or intelligence sources, particularly without an abundant use of quotation marks. Gone are the days when it was a disgrace and the cause for indignant protests from his colleagues for a correspondent to be working for an intelligence service. In the late days of the war in the Mediterranean theater, correspondents demanded the withdrawal of one of their number on the grounds that he was known as an OSS agent, thus

jeopardizing the integrity of their profession and closing many sources normally open to them.

Today literally dozens of accredited newsmen operate as organized or unorganized agents of American espionage and propaganda networks. They are accepted as such by their colleagues and the world at large not only as a natural outcome but as the natural protagonists of the cold war. Official American agencies become a major source of news: their official restrictions (in the form of censorship and expulsion from the area of operation) and their unofficial restrictions (in the form of favors and pressure on the newspapers and news agencies) were in effect for years before such a blatant eruption of their powers as is apparent in Korea today.

ALREADY in 1946 while working in Trieste, the authors were expected to rely entirely upon Allied Military Government handouts for their news. When we ventured onto other more direct sources and turned up with conflicting information, we found ourselves blackballed and finally barred from the area. General Bryant Moore, commander of U.S. forces in Trieste (recently reported killed in Korea), called us in one day and at this early stage of the cold war stated: "I am not trying to tell you how to do your job, but the Army is here to carry out State Department policies, right or wrong. And in my opinion it is the duty of American correspondents to do the same."

An example of what we were up against in Trieste: One sunny afternoon we were eyewitnesses to a police assault on unarmed workers seeking to protect their progressive newspapers from a fascist gang. Workers had organized to protect bundles of newspapers which organized remnants of the Mussolini youth (tolerated and even encouraged by the Anglo-American authorities) were attempting to burn before they could reach the stands. The police stepped in, opened fire, wounded sixteen workers, arrested none of the fascists. We accompanied these wounded to their own hospital in the workers' home in San Giacomo. But while we were on the long distance telephone to Rome with the account of the incident as we had seen it, a Military Government clerk handed us the official communique stating that the workers had provoked a riot, that the police had fired into the air, and that no one had been injured.

On another occasion we watched some rank-and-file British soldiers fighting elements of the same hoodlum gangs in the streets. Military Government suppressed and denied the story. But some European newspapers were able to print the text of the denial next to a picture taken by an A.P. photographer of a British soldier before a background of broken glass being clubbed by MP's called out to quell the disturbances.

More to the liking of the authorities during that period was a round-up of the Trieste story in *Time* magazine by its Rome Bureau chief who had paid a fleeting visit to the city. His article not only confused the names of the reactionary and progressive Trieste newspapers and threw several zeroes onto all figures reported, but described the mass membership organization, the Italo-Slovene Anti-Fascist Front, of which the Communist Party was a part, as the "inner-sanctum" of the Communist Party, and the funeral of a union organizer who had been shot in the back two days before as the funeral of a wartime partisan reinterred "for propaganda purposes."

Similar *Time* stories dogged our footsteps no matter where we went or what we saw in the next four years. Usually, however, it was not considered necessary to have a correspondent stand on the street corner watching the coffin pass by only to misreport whom it contained. Both *Time* and *Newsweek* have reported countless persons in Eastern Europe tortured, murdered, arrested, purged, sent to "slave labor camps" or "called to Moscow for indoctrination"—persons who were free, alive, and functioning in their normal posts—or at most vacationing in the Crimea.

Reuters once telegraphed a query about a story in a London newspaper (and appearing also in the United States) that Lajos Dinnyes, Hungarian Prime Minister until a few months previously, had finally "escaped" to Vienna. We had seen Dinnyes, who was a member of Parliament and president of the Agricultural Scientific Institute, sipping coffee in the Parliament buffet only the day before. Another trip to Parliament, which was in session, and Dinnyes himself denied that he had "escaped" over night. We reported this news. The next day the London paper again printed a story that denials from Budapest notwithstanding, Dinnyes was reported to have escaped to Vienna.

VIENNA correspondents were responsible for this little tale just as for a thousand and one false stories supposedly emanating from the so near and yet so far countries "behind the iron curtain." How many American readers realize that many of their news stories date-lined "Prague" or "Budapest," or sometimes conveniently not date-lined at all, are written by agency and newspaper correspondents in Vienna?

Vienna is a hotbed of misinformation. Here in this "last western outpost" operate scores of U.S. intelligence outfits. One of their chief jobs is interviewing (after another section has assisted in their escape) persons leaving Eastern Europe illegally. "Information"—if it can be painted as damning enough—culled from such sources as returning spies and saboteurs, disgruntled landlords and aristocrats, is passed on to correspondents as genuine. Few correspondents bother to identify their sources these days, much less pass proper judgment as to their reliability. Newspapers at home print the nonsense emanating from Vienna while at the same time they have access to reports emanating from their own or agency correspondents on the spot in the places described. Despite the expulsion of so many American journalists for inaccurate reporting or their extra-curricular activities in the world of espionage, the major newspapers and agencies are still represented in Eastern Europe, if only, in some cases, by local stringers.

Their stories, however, are strictly for the files. The *Time* correspondent in Budapest once sent a tidbit (since he had long before realized that serious material about the rising standard of living never reached print) about a new "Elite Pupil" candy bar, the exact flavor of which was to be decided by vote by the school children. *Time* wired back with a dozen leading questions such as, "Does this mean there is only one kind of candy bar in Hungary? Will only 'elite' pupils receive them? . . ." The line of the projected story was clear: candy-starved children; only Communist favorites permitted to eat candy. The correspondent, however, produced pages of research revealing the tremendous variety and increasing general consumption of sweets in Hungary. Result: a couple of lines in *Time* containing material only from the original "tidbit" story.

The standard of living in Hungary and the other Eastern European

countries is handled more to the liking of the American press by such correspondents in Vienna as John MacCormac of the New York *Times*. Recently, under the headline "Food Scarcity Hits Soviet Satellites—Half-Hunger is Felt in Every Country as Shortages and Rationing Are the Rule," MacCormac painted a grim and entirely false picture of life in Eastern Europe "from Poland to Albania." In his seven paragraphs of vague and unsubstantiated allegations about the food situation, MacCormac fails to mention with even a word the undeniable facts that production and consumption have risen steadily while rationing has generally decreased.

In Hungary, for example, nearly everything was rationed in the autumn of 1948 when we first arrived in the country. But throughout the two years we spent there, items were steadily de-rationed as available food supplies met the demands. Prices went down several times. Wages went up. Not only the "milk and vegetables" which MacCormac's account eliminated from the market altogether were plentiful, but also meat, fruit and other basic items, as well as lemons, frozen foods, salami and goose liver. As prices went down and wages up, however, general food consumption rose phenomenally and rationing of some items was reintroduced to assure equal distribution. In most cases, at the same time that it was rationed in sufficient quantities, the rationed food was available on the free market as well at only slightly higher prices. The whole time we were in Hungary, for example, we never realized that white flour was rationed because we bought as much as we needed for only a few *fillers* above the rationed price.

As FOR the "food scarcity" which is supposed to have "hit" in recent months, the consumption of milk in Hungary (now rationed at one quart a day for children and a pint for adults) increased 32.4 per cent in 1950 over 1949. Sugar consumption rose 11.9 per cent, and other basic foodstuffs 10 to 40 per cent. The same conditions are true for the other People's Democracies, with food price cuts making headlines in Bulgaria, and the food situation in Czechoslovakia on our visit in late 1950 incomparably better than in 1948.

On February 25, under the headline, "5-Year Plan Fails, Hungary Concedes," the New York *Times* reported from Vienna: "Failure of

Hungary's Communist regime to fulfill its five-year plan in agriculture, coal mining and heavy industry . . . [was] conceded by Deputy Premier Matyas Rakosi in a speech to the annual Congress of the Hungarian Communist party. . . ."

The facts are that although he criticized certain shortcomings in planning and discussed the drought which had affected the maize, potato and other crops, Rakosi's speech was a rousing tribute to the overwhelmingly successful completion of the first year of the Plan. Heavy industrial production was reported to have over-fulfilled the Plan by 10.5 per cent and the output of the manufacturing industry was 35 per cent higher than that of 1949, double the increase originally planned for 1950. Despite the drought, 9.2 per cent more cereals were produced than in 1949 and irrigated areas increased by more than 20 per cent. Coal mining was 12 per cent higher than in 1949. Building increased 226 per cent in a single year; average wages 16.6 per cent, and so forth.

The trick employed here by MacCormac is a familiar one: a vague and misleading story allegedly based on public statements from Eastern Europe, in which every self-criticism or mentioned shortcoming is exaggerated, while the solid advances and successes are ignored. Rakosi's speech was available to the New York *Times* from American agency correspondents in Budapest. Instead the editors preferred the Vienna version. No wonder that on February 21 the Soviet Deputy High Commissioner in Austria, Major General G. K. Tsinev, accused MacCormac of being in official U.S. pay.

SINCE Yugoslavia has joined the U.S. imperialist camp, Belgrade has become another center for false news. The western correspondents' corps there has changed completely: those formerly barred are welcomed and those formerly friendly expelled or tactfully removed (through unofficial pressure on their employers or otherwise). Since 1948 there has been a steady stream of visiting correspondents well known for their part in cold war propaganda and for that reason barred from the People's Democracies. Even correspondents notoriously friendly with the Nazis, such as one Englishman who before the war was on the closest terms with Goebbels in Berlin, are now received with open arms in Tito's capital. One resident British

correspondent now in Belgrade was an officer of British Intelligence in the Balkans before he became a journalist there. Meyer Handler of the New York *Times* conveniently arrived in Belgrade via Berlin from a Moscow post a few weeks before the resolution of the Communist Information Bureau. Violently anti-Soviet, he has become a "specialist" on the "theoretical aspects" of Tito's "democratic socialist system."

A typical recent example of Handler's deceptive propaganda was an article in the *Sunday Times Magazine* of April 1, 1951, headed, "Titoism, Nemesis of Stalinism." Here, Handler "analyzes" the alleged inroads of Titoism in other Communist parties. He goes to great lengths to "prove" (always by citing unnamed Yugoslav sources) that the Communist Party of West Germany has practically ceased to exist, not at all fazed by the fact that his own New York *Times* only a few days before carried a dispatch from Western Germany stating that because of the difficult economic situation and Anglo-American policies in general, Communist strength was on the increase and in the forthcoming factory elections the Communists would gain.

The new anti-Soviet splinter group of elements expelled from the German party as spies and Trotskyites is magnified by Handler into a huge mass movement of "disgruntled workers" led by men completely "independent of Belgrade." On the very same day, in the New York *Herald Tribune,* Don Cook, in a dispatch from Frankfurt, had this to say about the new "mass movement": "The men who gathered at Worms [to form the new party] represent only the potential party leadership. There has been no attempt to rally any popular support. . . . Under present circumstances its potential strength does not look very promising. . . . There seem to be few in West Germany who would voluntarily join a Tito movement. . . . The new movement seems . . . doomed to rely on Communist Party cast-offs and the disaffected, with little popular strength among the voters."

As for the new "party's" alleged "independence from Belgrade," Cook reports that its leader, Josef Schappe, openly boasts of Yugoslav contacts dating back as far as the war days.

The *Herald Tribune's* Gaston Coblentz's training as an officer in Air-force Intelligence undoubtedly holds him in good stead in the atmosphere of the new Belgrade. One technique of finding an acceptable

story in Belgrade is to quote the most vicious of the Belgrade press lies about the neighboring People's Democracies, attempting by these "scoops" to give the impression that it is impossible to gather any news on the spot. Of course it is impossible to gather *such* news: the conditions described by Tito simply do not exist. On one occasion the Belgrade press alleged torture in Rumanian prisons. Coblentz, seizing upon the fabrication, added that although he could not speak of conditions in Rumanian prisons since he had never been in Rumania, he could state "from personal knowledge" that "electrical torture instruments" were used in Hungarian prisons. Quite a coincidence that during the same period of Coblentz's brief visit to Budapest some time before, a Swiss correspondent of the *Weltwoche* wrote from similar "personal knowledge" of the alleged torture. The *Weltwoche* correspondent claimed to have met a young man in the swimming pool who told him that he had just come out of prison where he had been subjected to the most inhuman electrical torture. The young man confided that although he had once been able to speak six languages, after the "treatment" he had not only forgotten all his languages, but even spoke Hungarian with an accent! Months later, Coblentz calls upon similar—or is it identical?—"personal knowledge" to bolster up a typical Tito slander of his socialist neighbors.

MINIATURE Viennas and Belgrades may be found in the U.S. legations and embassies in the capital cities of the People's Democracies. American correspondents stationed elsewhere like to make quick two or three day jaunts to these islands of isolation to pick up the latest malicious rumors on the spot. Lengthy series result from their "inside" view.

It was during the Mindszenty trial that hysteria and misrepresentation reached a climax, so much so that the "respectable" correspondents present, including Reuter's, Associated Press, the London *Times* and *Daily Express*—in fact, all correspondents present except the United Press man who wouldn't sign "anything on principle"—issued a statement denying charges that all correspondents present were "Communists" as had been alleged, that their dispatches were censored, or that their translation of the trial proceedings from Hungarian was inaccurate.

A typical lie about this case, emanating of course from outside the country, was the story that Mindszenty had been tricked into confession by the administration of a "truth drug." (The reasonable question which few readers seemed to ask was, what is wrong with a "truth" drug if such exists? Since truth is what we are after, why not call it the "lie" drug if testimony is to be considered false on the basis of its use?) The Catholic press went so far as to name this drug, sinisterly identified as "Actedron."

Actedron turned out to be a mild Hungarian equivalent of benzedrine which was on open sale in all central European drug stores. Peter Burchett of the London *Daily Express* gleefully reported taking several of these Actedron pills in order to stay awake during the long trial sessions.

Burchett's career, incidentally, is typical of what can happen to an honest correspondent of the capitalist press in Eastern Europe these days. He resigned from his job following the inclusion in a story about Rumania under his byline the news (sent by another correspondent in Vienna) that Ana Pauker had been purged. He began to work for the London *Times* and for the *Christian Science Monitor*. An article for the latter about the position of the Catholic Church in Hungary and other unbiased pieces elicited a letter from the editor of that once highly regarded newspaper firing Burchett and stating candidly: ". . . What we need is a correspondent in eastern Europe who can report objectively from the western point of view. . . ."

"Objective" reporting from the "western point of view" is of course a ridiculous impossibility. The point of view of the U.S. press lords is that war is both inevitable and desirable. Their great barrage of lies is calculated to lead the American people straight into a world-wide "Operation Killer." Must Americans learn the hard way, as the Germans had to learn, that ignorance is no excuse?

books in review

The Peekskill Story

PEEKSKILL: U.S.A., by Howard Fast. *Civil Rights Congress.* $1.00.

ONE of the most dangerous illusions, widely held by the American people is that "government" stands above the fierce struggles of our capitalist jungle and functions as the staunch defender of those democratic liberties which "evil forces" in our society seek to destroy. As a result we tend to rely unduly upon the state for protection—upon precisely that legislative, judicial and police apparatus which constitutes the main instrument of oppression within the control of the most implacable enemies of democracy in our country. Far too few Americans have learned that only our own unity and strength and struggles can guarantee the security and freedom we cherish.

This illusion of the benevolent state must have been shattered and this lesson of people's unity in struggle must have been made clear for the tens of thousands of direct participants in the "eight days of Peekskill." Now, some eighteen months later, we are in position to sharpen their understanding and extend it to many, many thousands more through effective use of *Peekskill: U.S.A.*

We need often to remind ourselves how, on the evening of August 27, 1949, a howling mob of hundreds of drunken and hate-crazed hoodlums, shouting anti-Negro and anti-Semitic epithets, blocked all roads leading to what was to have been a peaceful concert by Paul Robeson at Lakeland Picnic Grounds, and over a period of several hours repeatedly hurled themselves in vicious but vain attacks upon the tiny heroic band of white and Negro defenders of the women and children huddled in the concert arena—while the forewarned and oft-called police stayed away, while newspaper reporters and photographers recorded every detail of the attempted mass lynching, and while three calm observers from the Federal Bureau of Investigation took full and careful notes.

We must ever recall also how, one week later in the same vicinity, nearly 25,000 aroused and determined people came back and held their Paul Robeson concert under the protection of some 2,500 Negro and white trade unionists, standing shoulder to shoulder

around the concert arena, only to be ambushed and stoned as they drove homeward along the highways—while a thousand police officers protected the frustrated and angry mobs of hoodlums, even fraternizing with them and joining in their vicious and craven attacks.

We must likewise ever bear in mind how the press, the police, the Governor, the State Attorney General, the District Attorney, the Grand Jury, and assorted "respectable" citizens conspired to "justify" these horrible and bloody assaults on grounds of "anti-communism," how they whitewashed the known leaders of the mobs and helped to conceal the role of more sinister forces behind them—how they even accused and tried to indict the victims of these entirely unprovoked attacks.

This is the story which Howard Fast has now set down in *Peekskill: U.S.A.*—a powerful book of 85 pages of narrative, eight pages of photographs, and 31 pages of valuable appendix documents. The book is issued by the Civil Rights Congress because no other publisher would handle it.

This story of Peekskill is written with the consummate skill of a dramatic narrator with few peers in our time. It is interpreted with the insight of a Marxist who understands the nature and class roots of fascism, and its relations to the monopoly-dominated state in the era of the general crisis of world capitalism. It is permeated with the fervor of a fighting intellectual who hates fascism, whose heroic leadership did much to beat back the fascist hordes at the first Peekskill, and who understands the indispensable leading role of the working class and of Negro-white unity—as at the victorious second Peekskill—in the final triumph of the American people over those who would enslave our country in fascist terror.

The book is ineptly sub-titled *"a personal experience"* — which *Peekskill: U.S.A.* certainly is not! The author's restriction of his story chiefly to "what I saw with my own eyes" does militate against the fully-rounded development and interpretation of this brief but very important segment of American history. But Fast sees clearly the historic significance of Peekskill as "a decisive step in the preparation for American fascism," as "a testing of fascism (made in U.S.A.) and a testing of the forces of anti-fascism." He notes correctly that:

> "The American people not only were not ready for this particular combination of blood and filth which Adolf Hitler had so popularized, but serious doubts began to be entertained by the ruling class of the United States as to whether they could be made ready for this particular pattern quickly enough. Therefore, we saw an immediate turn to legalized, 'police' fascism, as ex-

emplified by the McCarran Act and the wholesale jailings of political prisoners. Since the 'day of violence' had fallen short of its goal, the 'day in court' was put forward once again."

Even more sharply is this historic significance of Peekskill set forth in William L. Patterson's "Introduction" to *Peekskill: U.S.A.* Subsequently victimized himself by the "day in court" technique of emerging fascism, the Executive Secretary of the Civil Rights Congress wrote: "August 27, 1949, was almost the great day of American fascism. On August 27, 1949, fascism unloosed its worst filth and anger against the American people in general and the Negro people in particular; and on that day, because Negro and white stood together, supported by the working class, fascism failed. . . . The great lesson of *Peekskill* is that the American people have the will to fight back and the power to smash tyranny and fascism."

None who reads this exciting and illuminating story of Peekskill can hold on to the dangerous illusion of the benevolent state. All who read *Peekskill: U.S.A.* must gain new appreciation of the imminent peril of fascism, and renewed confidence in the democratic power of the American people, led by the working class, to triumph over both the hoodlum and the "legal" forces of reaction which the imperialist rulers of our country now seek to mobilize in their frantic but futile drive toward war and world domination.

DOXEY A. WILKERSON

Sharp Edges

HOPALONG-FREUD And Other Modern Literary Characters, by Ira Wallach. *Schuman.* $2.00.

ICE COLD WAR, by George Price. *Schuman.* $2.95.

YOU think you got it tough? Consider the satirist in the U.S. today: all but the most doughty must be overwhelmed by the mass of rotten-ripe material for his art. There's Truman in Florida—you must have seen the photo—blazing bright in a haberdasher's dream of a flower-print shirt, his happy grin fairly jumping at you from *Life* magazine. What satirist could top it?

But if there is a Truman there is also a Truman Capote, the dainty swamp-flower of contemporary literature. And it is into this part of the bog that Ira Wallach plunges hip-deep to pluck and dredge the literary bouquet that is his latest book, *Hopalong-Freud.*

If you go in for Dianetics, T. S. Eliot, low-cut historical novels, Trappist monkery, Father Images, the New Criticism or the Old South—well, this book is not for you. For in fifteen hilarious take-

offs, Wallach strips the literary phonies of their frock coats and falsies, revealing the quivering caricature that is the reality.

Two of the sketches ("1001 Nights in a Barroom" and "Out of the Frying Pan Into the Soup") were first published in *Masses & Mainstream.*

Those readers who were delighted by Wallach's *How To Be Deliriously Happy,* published last year, will find his new work even funnier and more satisfying. But those who only blinked and wondered what the joke was will not be much happier with this one. That's because Wallach's sophisticated humor is styled for Those In The Know and depends largely upon a closer understanding of his material than most people care to be bothered with.

Wallach's scalpel is deft and sharp, but one wishes that he would cut deeper; for under the goose-pimpled skin that is the literary form of bourgeois belles lettres there is the cancerous content.

For example take his chapter "Worlds in Collusion" in which he burlesques Immanuel Velikovsky's best-seller, *Worlds in Collision.* He gives it the works, it's funny too—but something is missing. Is the Velikovsky fraud merely something silly? No more than Truman is. And a better target for Wallach's blade is the original publisher and promoter of this pseudo-scientific junk—Macmillan, the dowager of publishing houses, hustling after a fast buck with no more dignity than any other "madam" in the trade.

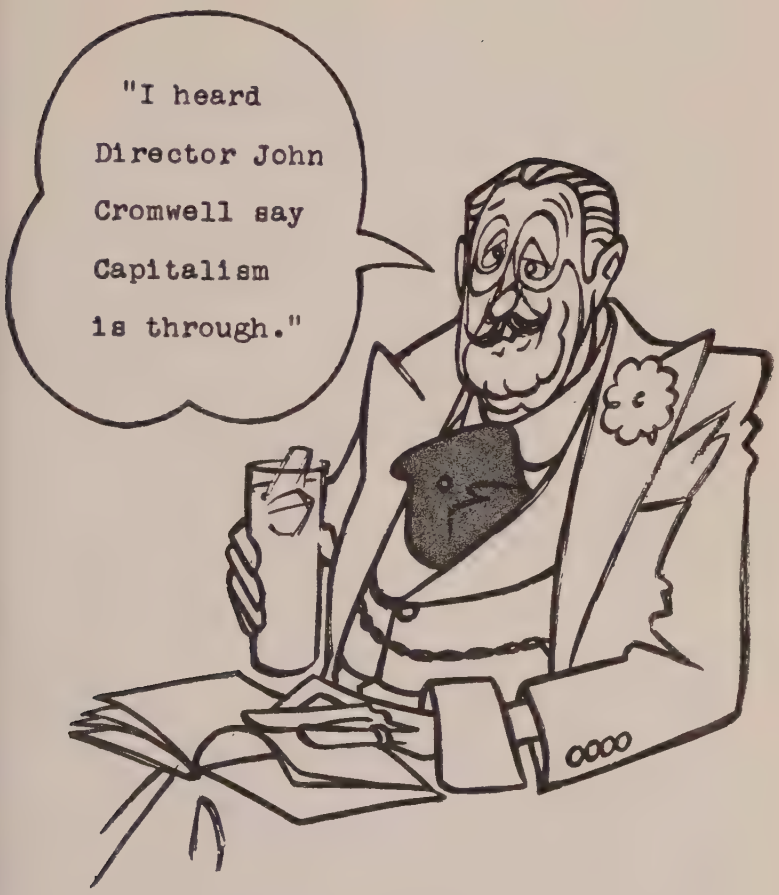
But still a lot of people were hooked in by Macmillan; enough of them read *The Seven Storey Mountain* to put it high on the pile; and enough of them went to see *The Cocktail Party* to make it a hit. For all of these folks *Hopalong Freud* is heartily recommended as a refreshing antidote.

Wallach is good—more power to him.

GEORGE PRICE'S *Ice Cold War* is going to burn a lot of people who have it coming to them. His book of cartoons is subtitled "A Graphic Skirmish." Skirmish nothing—it's a carnage, and a joy to behold.

Price's range is wide: he surveys the whole home-front terrain of the Cold War and lets go with the most devastating fusillade that has been seen for years. Brilliant, hard-hitting, often savage —here is satirical art at its best.

Lord, what a rogues' gallery he gives us! MacArthur and McCormick, Dorothy Dix and Dulles, Walter Winchell and Jack Warner, Dorothy and Dick, Whittaker Chambers and J. Parnell Thomas, Menjou and Mundt, Dewey and O'Dwyer, Baruch and Costello, past and present commanders of the Legion, crooks in Congress



"This was the noblest Roman of them all."—*Julius Caesar*

(*From* Ice Cold War, *by George Price*)

and out, peglers and punks, hearsts and hoovers, radio ranters, keyhole panters, D.A.R.'s and S.O.B.'s —here are the cold warriors caught by a knowing eye and a piercing pen.

Captions by Shakespeare add to the fun. (*The Merry Wives of Windsor* provides the finishing touch to the drawing of Ambassador O'Dwyer decked out in sombrero and serape: "Put on a hat, a muffler and a kerchief, and so escape.")

Author and publisher deserve a big hand for *Ice Cold War*—and a big sale. I recommend it to everybody not included in its table of contents.

REED EISENSTADT

Women in the U.S.S.R.

WOMEN IN THE LAND OF SOCIALISM, by Nina Popova. *Foreign Languages Publishing House. Moscow.*
MOTHER AND CHILD CARE IN THE U.S.S.R., by O. P. Nogina. *Foreign Languages Publishing House.*
NOTES OF A PEOPLE'S JUDGE, by Georgi Ivanov. *Foreign Languages Publishing House.*

THE subjugation of woman under capitalism, her dual exploitation as woman and as worker, are in sharp contrast to her status in a country whose socialist economy permits the fullest possible life for *all* its citizens, and where in consequence a completely new type of human being is emerging. This truth emerges from every page of the absorbing book by Nina Popova which presents all the facts of woman's status in the U.S.S.R., together with the principles underlying the Soviet Union's approach to and solution of the woman question. The author is one of the top trade-union leaders in her country and head of the Soviet Women's Anti-Fascist Committee.

Nowhere in the world were women more backward and oppressed than in Tsarist Russia and even more so in the outlying, non-Russian dependencies, where their position was little better than that of a beast of burden. Peasant and working-class women lived a life of bondage, squalor, ignorance and killing toil. Because the Communists understood the necessity of winning the support of the women masses for the Revolution and its aims, of liberating the women and unlocking their creative abilities and revolutionary ardor, women were involved in the work of the Bolshevik party from its earliest days and played an active role in the overthrow of Czarist power and the building of socialism.

Within a few days of its inception, the world's first socialist state abolished all laws which discriminated in any way against women,

and proclaimed their complete equality with respect to education, opportunity, salary and political position. Even more important, it recognized that equality on the statute books could only be the first step towards woman's emancipation; in the words of Lenin:

"Notwithstanding all the liberating laws that have been passed, woman continues to be a *domestic slave*, because *petty housework* crushes and degrades her, chains her to the kitchen and the nursery, and wastes her labor on barbarously unproductive, petty, nerve-wracking, stultifying and crushing drudgery. The real *emancipation* of women, real Communism, will begin only when a mass struggle (led by the proletariat which is in power) is started against this petty domestic economy, or rather when it is *transformed on a mass scale* into large-scale Socialist economy."

Therefore, side by side with the development of basic industry and later, the collectivization of agriculture, came the development in the Soviet Union of a huge plant of communal domestic services: kitchens, laundries, bakeries, sewing rooms, canteens, restaurants, freeing women for work in industry and on the land, in the local and higher governing bodies, in the trade unions and the Communist Party.

In its provision for the care of mothers and children a socialist society exemplifies its regard for all human life. Immediately following the October Revolution, Popova points out, the Council of Peoples Commissars (which carried the responsibility for safeguarding the country against intervention and counter-revolution), found the time to set up a Committee for the Protection of Children.

In line with a decree issued in January, 1918, which laid down the broad lines of policy from that day to this, a tremendous network of institutions dedicated to the welfare of mother and child—infant feeding centers, nurseries, maternity centers, hospitals, etc.—which are described in detail in Nogina's pamphlet as well, is still growing throughout the Soviet land.

"Whenever our country was in difficult straits," writes Popova, "the Soviet government paid special attention to the needs of mothers and children." Even at the height of the Great Patriotic War, despite the enormous strain of invasion, occupation and front-line fighting on medical facilities and personnel, 95 percent of the pregnant women in the Soviet Union had their babies in hospitals, a figure unmatched by the United States in peacetime!

Popova points out that the distinction between men's and women's trades and professions is rapidly disappearing in the Soviet Union, that almost half the future

leaders in Soviet industry will be women, and the proportion of women in all industrial and technical fields is shooting up. Imagine the contribution towards socialist construction and the building of Communism, when a nation's potential in leadership and production is suddenly doubled!

The same is true of women's participation in government on every level, a field in which no women were found before the Revolution. Yet after less than thirty-five years, one-third of the judges on the Supreme Courts of the various union republics are women. The significance of this fact emerges in Georgi Ivanov's *Notes of a People's Judge,* which makes clear that women's participation in the Soviet legal process is so matter of fact that he never once singles it out for mention! Instead, the names of women judges, people's assessors and lawyers appear throughout his absorbing account, and one of the aspects of Soviet law to which he returns repeatedly is the Soviet woman's right to absolute equality (along with an equal responsibility as citizen and *producer* of a socialist state).

Popova's book includes the facts of Soviet women's heroic participation in the Great Patriotic War and in the fight for peace, as well as a sharp analysis of woman's status in the so-called western democracies, and in the colonial lands they hold in subjection. While we wait for a comprehensive Marxist treatment of the woman question on the American scene, Nina Popova's book and the pamphlets by Nogina and Ivanov will fill a long-felt need.

IRENE EPSTEIN

The Benda Brothers

THE EYES OF REASON, by Stefan Heym. *Little Brown.* $3.75.

"THERE comes in everyone's time the hour when he must decide for himself, the moment when circumstances and objective conditions and laws counterbalance each other, and when the scale is tipped by human will."

So writes Thomas Benda, a character in Stefan Heym's *The Eyes of Reason.* And this is also a description of this highly interesting book which examines the lives of the three Benda brothers in an hour when each must decide for himself, the hour in which postwar Czechoslovaia struck back against the internal and international capitalist plot to halt the nation's progress to socialism.

The Eyes of Reason is an historical novel based on the living history of the present. Each Benda brother finally defines his own relation to a new society. Joseph Benda decides that a new life is impossible without his glass fac-

tories, and he flees, a traitor to his country. Karel Benda, the doctor, still feeling something of an outsider, nonetheless finds his way into the dominant current of Czech life, and puts his shoulder to the wheel of socialism. Thomas Benda, the writer, treads the middle of the road, and finally seeks refuge in suicide.

The events of February, 1948, climax the book's action. These were the days when the anti-working class ministers in the Czech government, aided by the Marshall Planners, engineered a cabinet crisis which was to have resulted in a reactionary coup. The plot backfired. The working class, under the leadership of the Communist Party, took matters into its own hands to preserve the democracy and independence that had come to Czechoslovakia after the defeat of Nazi Germany. For many Americans *The Eyes of Reason* will offer the first glimpse of the truth behind the "factual" reports of the "Communist coup" manufactured by the capitalist press.

The theme of the book is a fascinating one, and the author combines intellectual with dramatic content. It deals, in rich and often exciting fictional terms, with such questions as the nature of state power, and the class concept of freedom. Thomas Benda's *Essay on Freedom,* in which he attempts to redefine his own relation to the new world, might easily have been nothing more than a device, a straw man to be demolished by the author. Yet the excerpts from this essay, quoted throughout the book, reflect the genuine and subtle struggles in the mind of a man who has lost his class moorings, who is too sensitive to accept the pompous hypocrisies of reaction, too weak and isolated to discover his place in the new world.

The Benda brothers are part of the realities of history, and these realities react upon the Benda brothers. Heym gives us a subtle portrait of the results of class upheaval upon these two professionals and the manufacturer.

The working class and the Communist Party are in this book, but here we perceive a serious weakness. We see Communists, in positions of leadership on various levels, as they play a part in the making of policy. We see workers, Communist and non-Communist, engaged in the intricate process of glass-making. But what we miss is the full realization of what the fight for socialism meant to the Czech workers, in terms of their daily lives. Engaged as we are with the tortured development of the two professionals, we do not fully see the bread-and-butter realities which inspired the workers to respond with such enthusiasm, militancy, and initiative, to the provocation of the engineered government crisis.

Capitalism is international, and its heart (such as it is) is in the United States. *The Eyes of Reason* only hints, through the person of Elinor Simpson, the American journalist, of the manner in which international capital, and specifically Wall Street, encouraged, financed and helped engineer the attempted anti-Czech coup. Consequently, it is not sufficiently clear that in striking back the people were fighting not only to halt Czech reaction, but to preserve the very existence of Czechoslovakia as a free nation.

As in James Aldridge's *The Diplomat,* Heym's women—with the exception of Elinor Simpson—are the weakest characters. Yet the living sense of history carries the book through such weaknesses, and through passages of writing which are too facile, almost slick.

Heym's portrait of Elinor Simpson is that of an American journalist equipped with prefabricated bromides which she confuses with wisdom. She is so at home with her hypocrisies that she no longer recognizes them as such. Her idea of Czechoslovakia is her idea of any country: a stretch of land peopled by high officials, famous intellectuals, and diplomats, who are all united in common fear and hatred of the people. Undoubtedly this portrait hits uncomfortably close to many people who now function as journalistic "experts" on freedom. IRA WALLACH

LLOYD L. BROWN

IRON CITY gives one strength, hope, exaltation. It is grounded deep in the life of the Negro folk, with unforgettable, moving, heart-stirring people. This is a book that moves to action in struggle for peace, liberation and a decent America. Thanks to one of our finest writers."—PAUL ROBESON

IRON CITY is a novel that fights for you and I believe it is a book for which you will want to put up a fight. The book will be issued in June. To make a go of this independent publishing venture we need advance orders. We urge you to order your copy now, and to ask your friends to join you."—SAMUEL SILLEN

IRON CITY a novel by Lloyd L. Brown

Popular edition, $1.50; cloth, $3.00. An autographed copy will be sent to all pre-publication subscribers. Send your order, together with payment, to:

MASSES & MAINSTREAM, 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.