SEPTEMBER
1950

asses & MAINSTREAM

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THE FRUIT
MY LIFE"
by
LIUS FUCHIK

ICTORY IN
ISSISSIPPI
by
ILL HAYETT

ITERATURE
D MARXISM
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OSEPH REVAI

HILOSOPHY
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rea and the Negro People — JOHN PITTMAN

Defend Our Liberties

JUDGE LEARNED HAND in rejecting the appeal of the Communist leaders remarked of Budenz's testimony, "This was so patently competent that it needs no discussion." But of the Supreme Court decision written by Mr. Justice Frank Murphy in the Schneiderman case—a decision which affirmed that the Communist Party had not been shown to be a conspiratorial group dedicated to the forcible overthrow of the American government—Judge Hand remarked, "We shall feel bound to await a more definite declaration before accepting a doctrine, which, with deference, seems to us so open to doubt."

That most of the government's witnesses joined the Party as agents of the F.B.I., and were on the government's payroll for years with the specific assignment of producing evidence against the Party is dismissed by Judge Hand in a line, "Courts have countenanced the use of informers from time immemorial." That these wretches had actually recruited close friends and even relatives into the Party and then turned their photographs and names over to the F.B.I. is commented on as follows, ". . . decoys and other deceptions are always permissible."

"The rich man," wrote Thoreau, "is always sold to the institution which makes him rich." So decayed is the "institution" in our day that it requires and rewards the values of a pimp. Thus, the first "immediate step" necessary now, says the Social-Democratic *New Leader*, is "overcoming the repugnance toward co-operating with security agencies which some of us have." How unfortunate that anything—anything at all—is repugnant to "some of us"!

The courts may seek to decree the perpetuity of senile capitalism Judge Hand may find that "a 'right of revolution' is a contradiction in terms." Well, it's a "contradiction" in the Declaration of Independence, it's a "contradiction" in the writings of Jefferson Paine, Douglass, Lincoln and Debs. It's a "contradiction" in life and no Metternich, no Mussolini, no Medina can wipe out the people's "repugnance" for poverty, for illiteracy, for indignity, for chauvinism, for insecurity, for war. This "repugnance" is an immutable law of history and just so long as exploitation of man by man persists exactly that long will persist the yearnings of humanity for fundamental change.

The imperialist rulers are racing toward fascism and world war their barbarous assault upon Korea shows how frantic they are. The Court of Appeals uses that assault as an argument for emasculating sacred American liberties. Our duty to the American people is clear strengthen the call for peace, for an end to the butchery in Asia Urge the Supreme Court to reaffirm its Schneiderman decision Honor, not prison, for all who work for freedom and peace!

—THE EDITORS

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THE DRAWINGS by Jadwiga Walker of outstanding Polish workers are reproduced from postcards sold in bookshops in Poland.

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COVER: William McCarthy, American seaman, victim of police brutality at August 2 Peace Demonstration in New York.

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OUR TIME by Samuel Sillen

Writers and Workers in the New Europe

ON THE first day of my return from Europe I saw O'Dwyer's slug-happy cops charging their horses into New Yorkers demonstrating for peace in Union Square. I had just spent six weeks abroad, for the most part in Poland and Czechoslovakia. It was there, according to the New York *Times,* that I should have found the police mauling the people. But I had to come all the way home to see free speech clubbed on the streets.

In the People's Democracies I kept thinking: how can one make the working people of America see the truth of this new life? How can one break through the costly illusions enforced by a barrage of lies without parallel in history? For that is the first thing that hits you—the magnitude of the lie. You visit a textile factory in Lodz or a film festival in Karlovy Vary, you go dancing in a workers' vacation resort in Zakopane or you spend a weekend at the writers' castle in Dobriz. And then you think of the Iron Curtain images peddled by the trusts in our country. How can you argue with those who live by lying?

So I shall not argue; I shall simply add some impressions to those I offered in our last month's issue.

I FOUND a real hunger for progressive American books abroad. In Paris the workers are reading Albert Maltz' *The Underground Stream,* which is being serialized in the Communist daily, *l'Humanité.* In Warsaw I was shown the handsome Polish edition of Barbara Giles' *The Gentle Bush,* and I met the young woman poet who translated Alexander Saxton's *The Great Midland.* In Prague one of the big bookshops had a special window display of American books featuring the

universally known works of Howard Fast and George Marion's *The Communist Trial.*

This was gratifying, of course, but it was at the same time sobering to be thus inadvertently reminded of one's own large areas of ignorance about the writers of the new Europe. We must try much harder, I thought, to break the pretense of the bourgeois publishers that graveyard voices like Koestler and Sartre represent Europe today. There is a new literary continent to explore.

Perhaps I can suggest the new type of European writer I met by briefly introducing three men.

Tadeusz Borowski is 27, the son of a Warsaw worker. When the war broke out in 1939 he was 16 and in high school. He graduated in the underground "teaching circles" which he attended after work as a builder's hand. "I became a Communist," he told me, "was active in the youth movement, and in meetings of the underground began to recite my poems." A number of the poems, he recalled with evident pride, were circulated through the underground in mimeograph form.

Borowski's left arm bears the number 119198. It was branded by the Nazis in Auschwitz. Later he was moved to Dachau, where he was released in August 1945 ("The Americans kept me there over two months claiming a so-called typhus epidemic"). And it is of this life, so closely knit with the life of Poland during the past decade, that he has written. *We Were in Auschwitz* is a collection of reportage and short stories. *Good-bye to Maria* includes a novelette about wartime Warsaw and one about an American DP camp.

Today Borowski is a leading columnist for the literary weekly *Nova Cultura*—the line between "journalism" and "art" is not as compulsory as it is here. He is now working with the German writer Kuba, about whom more in a moment, on a book about the Oder-Neisse line, an initial step in the cultural collaboration of Poland and the German Democratic Republic. At the Writers Congress in Warsaw, the work of this 27-year-old writer was frequently referred to as an example of the realistic literature, closely tied to the life of the people, which the People's Democracy values most highly.

"When I began writing," Borowski told me, "I read a lot of Steinbeck and Hemingway. But I soon found they led to a dead-end and their negative way of looking at people was worse than useless for me.

Among contemporary writers I personally attach special value to Ilya Ehrenburg, not only as a great publicist but as a great novelist, contrary to the opinion of some. I find myself coming back more and more to the great 19th century tradition of Polish literature—to Prus, Orkan, Orzeskowa, Konopnicka." I did not, I am afraid, tell Borowski that in our chauvinist schools Polish literature is never even mentioned.

A second writer I came to know quite well is Ferenc Karinthy, who is 29. Karinthy's father was a well-known Hungarian novelist, some of whose works have been translated into English, a bourgeois writer but critical of the Horthy regime. His mother was Jewish, a doctor, and she was killed in Auschwitz (Karinthy told me this the day after we had been through Auschwitz together).

"I was a student at the University of Budapest," he said, "not a Communist at the time, but I managed to escape the military and get into the underground. I was among those liberated in the Budapest caves by the Red Army. And later when I saw the feats of reconstruction, and that only one Party in the coalition had a real program, I became a Communist. As a student I had been sent to Paris, Rome; I had a degree in linguistics [which explained why young Karinthy could speak to practically all of the foreign delegates in their own tongue]. But one day I saw that I didn't know my own country. I went to work for four months in an electric turbine factory, learned about the workers with whom I lived, wrote a book about it."

The book, a collection of short stories, called *Beautiful Life,* won a leading national prize. Today Karinthy is a feature writer for *Szabad Nep* (Free People), the Party's daily organ with a circulation of 500,000. He is also the literary director of the Hungarian National Theatre. At present he is completing a novel. "I was sent by the Party to a village on the Danube where before there was nothing and where we are now building a great industrial center, a Magnitogorsk. The novel is about the life of the people building this. The central theme is the shift from the peasant to the industrial worker—nearly 70 per cent of the workers here were peasants. The hero of the novel is labor, how to build in a socialist manner, and it is also a book of the land, the beautiful Hungarian country which is very dear to us. I have found in the theme of workers building for socialism the most poetical of subjects."

The German poet Kuba (the name is a telescoping of Kurt Barthel) was in pre-Nazi days a building worker by trade and a Social-Democrat in politics. He was not a writer before 1933, but in exile, first in Czechoslovakia and then in England, he began in his spare time to do agit-prop plays and lyrics for workers' songs. When he returned to Germany in 1946 at the age of 32 he had with him a book of poetry, *Poem About Man,* which won a national prize. He has done radio plays, film scenarios, a book of reportage about a journey to the Soviet Union, but his special bent seems to be for songs, and I learned that his songs are today among the favorites of the German Democratic youth.

"Everything I write can be set to music," Kuba said. "While the German masses can read and write they were for a long time kept culturally illiterate by bad literature and films, and what comes from the U.S.A. is hardly a help. Just as many people in the East have had to create an alphabet, so we have to create a cultural literacy, and I find the song a great weapon in this fight.

"In much popular verse there is a naivete that is flat. But there is verse that seems to be naive but isn't—the difference between a Chinese inscription and a doggerel jingle. Content is the main thing to avoid obviousness, not trickery; the content must explode unexpectedly, dialectically as in

'When Adam delved and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman?'

Without wit you can't have poetry: I am for sentiment in poetry, but sentiment must be controlled by the mind; if sentiment overflows the mind it is sentimentality, false, ineffective. Brecht is a master, and of course is Mayakovsky, at poetry which is highly intellectual and the same time reaches broad masses. A good deal of the American verse I see seems to lack individuality; it is like a twilight poetry. I wonder if the real roots of a national poetry aren't to be found in such lines as the Negro verse:

'White man eat the apple
Black man eat the core.'

JAN SZCZUKOWSKI, carpenter in a Polish lumberyard, *by Jadwiga Walker*

Talking with men like Borowski, Karinthy, Kuba, you feel the health, enthusiasm, the amazing integration with the life of their own people that is the mark of the new intellectual. They are rewarded with the respect and love of their people. It is the same with a Jan Drda in Czechoslovakia, a Pierre Daix in France. They are inspiring men to know.

ZAKOPANE, in the mountainous south of Poland, was once a playground of the rich. When I was there in July an electrical worker from Stettin told me: "It pays to be a worker now." I could see why. The swank hotels and pensions now belong to the workers. They come from all parts of the country to spend their vacations here.

At one of the holiday houses called Przodownik (Champion Worker) I had a pleasant talk with Vicente Yupovich, a 62-year-old coal-miner from Silesia, and Genevieve Kryevska, an 18-year-old textile worker from Lodz. The latter was the pride of the vacationers in that house, for she was not only lovely and gay but had overfulfilled the norm in her factory by 192 per cent. This year, she said, she had been a little torn between picking Zakopane and the seashore, but she had finally decided to spend her two weeks here. Travel is no problem, since her trade union pays for her vacationer's railroad ticket. Like the others she pays 25 per cent of the hotel fee, while the state pays the rest.

Last March, I learned, the trade union representatives in the Sejm, the Polish Parliament, introduced a new law increasing the benefits for workers' holidays. Vacation leave runs up to a month, depending on length of service in one place. There are additional paid holidays for those employed at particularly hard or hazardous work, miners, for example.

In the evenings at Zakopane some workers prefer to dance to "Yours" and "Night and Day" as interpreted by Homa's Jazz Band, while others prefer to hear readings of Mickiewicz or Pushkin. But all seem marvellously relaxed, not at all working at having a good time. I find my few days in Zakopane friendly and charming, and I begin to feel guilty about being so far away from the hopped-up headlines back home. But this is what a People's Democracy is for. It is for happy people. One has, really, to get used to this sort of thing. But Vicente Yupovich and Genevieve Kryevska seem to have no difficulty adjusting to Zakopane.

They have worked hard all year, they have liked their work, and now they are reaping a part of its just reward.

THERE is no doubt about one thing: the new society is not tailored to fit the taste of the bourgeoisie for unearned privilege and profit. Here men and women are judged not by how much they have put away in a bank but by how much they are producing for the good of all. In Czechoslovakia the universal greeting is "Cest Prace"—all honor to labor—which I had learned during my trip last year. In the restaurant of Warsaw's famous Bristol Hotel it is the workers who are the patrons, very much as if the Waldorf-Astoria were taken from the bankers and turned over to the taxi drivers, fur workers and office workers of New York.

Poland before the war had less than a million workers in trade unions; today there are over four million. Formerly there were 260 unions split along political and religious lines into nine trade union centers. Now the workers are organized into one Central Council of thirty unions, all along industrial lines, the largest being railway and the second largest building workers.

As you talk to workers and trade union officials, you are soon struck by the real meaning of the word security. To begin with there is no unemployment in Poland; on the contrary, there is a shortage of skilled labor. Old age pensions run up to 60 per cent of previous earnings. The worker does not contribute to the pension fund. The employer, whether a state-enterprise or a cooperative, contributes from 22-28 per cent of salaries to a wage fund that also includes health insurance and family allowances. Sick benefits amount to 70 per cent of the regular wage plus five per cent for each child; and whereas the benefits were up to this year restricted to 26 weeks, they are now unlimited. The employer also contributes another five per cent of earnings to a social fund that includes provisions for the vacation scheme, nurseries and kindergartens, cultural activities and sports.

I asked about the cultural activities of the unions. The Central Council of Trade Unions has a special department of Culture and Education, and each union in turn has a similar section which supervises the houses of culture, recreation centers, amateur drama, dance and choral groups. Every factory is required to have a recreation room and a cultural organizer. Over the past year over 150,000 workers took

performing parts in one or another of the amateur groups. Specially talented workers are given an opportunity to attend art schools and universities. They return to their factories not as workers, though they remain linked to the union organization, but as cultural leaders.

Mass education is a key feature of Poland's new Six Year Plan, which has the three-fold aim of democratizing schooling, preparing new worker-cadres for the national economy, and developing the scientific and artistic creativeness of the people. Poland is investing in schools, not bombs. In the 1949 budget education amounted to 22.7 per cent of the national total; in 1950 it comes to 23.6 per cent. Today around 60 per cent of university students are sons and daughters of workers and peasants. Around a fourth of the citizens are taking some school course.

In Lodz I visited the Joseph Levartovsky factory, named after a hero killed in the Warsaw Ghetto. It is a co-operative clothing factory employing around 600 workers, approximately half of them Jews, 40 per cent women. In the old days it was a sack factory; the Nazis had taken out all the machines and shipped them to Germany. It was reopened with eighteen workers at the end of 1945. The factory's technical supervisor, Kauffman Jablonsky, showed me around and explained how the factory was managed. Factory meetings are held twice a month. The director and executive committee of the factory are elected for two year terms by the workers. The wage scale is set by the Central Trade Union.

At 3:30, when the factory closed, we went down the street to the recreation and meeting hall. We sat in on a rehearsal of the chorus composed of about twenty of the workers I had just seen at their machines. They were preparing a medley of revolutionary songs for the July 22 festival, Poland's liberation day. I won't attempt to describe my emotions when I heard these young workers, a majority of them non-Jewish, sing in Yiddish a spirited song called "Singt Mit Uns," composed by their director. If I had heard and seen nothing else, this experience was enough to tell me the kind of world I was in. I came a long way for this, and no fascist's voice will ever drown it out.

IN THE Jewish Historical Institute in Warsaw I found fresh evidence that John Hersey gave an essentially false account of the Ghetto uprising in his novel, *The Wall.* Hersey's distorted picture

of the Communists has already been noted in these pages by Louis Harap and Charles Humboldt. But the real crime he committed against the truth and the heroes of the Ghetto is not fully understood until one has examined the documents in the vault of the Institute.

I read through the files of the underground movement preparing the uprising. The heroic role of the Polish Workers Party (PPR) is seen in the faded, hectographed newspaper, *Morgen Freiheit.* The Communists from the beginning called for unity and militant action. The issue of March 10, 1942, slightly burned at the edges, somehow rescued from the flames, reads: "The task of the entire nation is to unite all energies for the fight, to create a national front in order to combat the Hitlerites. We are fighting for a free Poland which will exist without exploitation by landlords and capitalists; we are fighting to abolish the ghetto and for full rights for the Jews. We appeal to you: go to the partisans to fight in the German Army's rear. We appeal to you to prepare our strength for an uprising against the occupiers."

An earlier paper dated January 21, 1942 warns the collaborationist Judenrat that the time of liberation will come and the traitors will be paid for their swinishness. The paper contains news about the Red Army's victory near Moscow. It announces: "The Soviet Army is advancing on all fronts. We can now say with confidence that the hopes of the Jews are linked only with the victory of the Red Army."

Hersey tries to make it appear that the Ghetto fighters were either ignorant of or indifferent to the liberating role of the Red Army. I saw a copy of *Oifbroiz,* the underground paper of the Hashomer Hatzair (Left Zionists) dated June 17, 1942. It reads in part: "The heroic fight of the Red Army heartens all the people who are subjugated by Hitlerism in their fight for freedom. . . . It has blown a new spirit into underground Europe. It has also a resounding effect on the Jewish revolutionary youth. The bloody mass terror of Hitlerism enforced on the Jewish masses a passivity which often took the form of going to the slaughter like lambs. Until now the Jewish masses have not freed themselves from distrust in their own fighting possibilities. The Red Army's fight demands of the Jewish youth that they join with all the revolutionary forces in Europe in battle against the Hitlerite subjugation."

On the other hand the Bundist paper *The Young Guard* could only prate, in the midst of the ghetto, of "the brutal Stalin dictatorship"—

thus mouthing Hitler's phrases at the very moment Hitler was slaughtering the Jews. Shades of Dubinsky! And what a revolting experience to examine the paper of the Judenrat, which published front page war communiques from the official German, Italian and Japanese news agencies!

At another time I want to write about the many other documents that I examined, but more impressive than the written word is the exhibition of 1,000 paintings in the recently opened art gallery of the Jewish Historical Institute. Most of the 100 Jewish artists here represented were killed by the Nazis. Their work was dug up in cellars or contributed by non-Jewish Polish artists with whom they had been hidden. There are paintings of great documentary value, such as those made in the Lodz Ghetto in 1943. One shows two Jews freezing on a cot near a stack of prayer shawls confiscated by the Germans. Another shows the interior of a church with Jewish women huddled together on benches, the yellow stars patched on their tattered garments. The artist, Brauner, was killed in 1944. I remember best of all the magnificent charcoal sketches of Gela Sekstein, who at the age of 32 was gassed at Treblinka. She left about 50 of these sketches, mainly of children, including her self-portrait, a sad but determined and beautiful head. And there is her simple inscription in Yiddish written just before she was taken to Treblinka:

"Now I am at peace; I must die but I have done what I had to do. I hope that I can find a hiding-place for a remnant of my work. Be well, comrades and friends; be well, Jewish people. Never again allow such a massacre."

AT DOBRIZ, the writers' castle near Prague, I met Gabriel d'Arboussier, General Secretary of the African Democratic Union (R.D.A.) and a Vice-President of the World Peace Committee. D'Arboussier was vacationing at Dobriz with his wife and three small children. He was spending part of his holiday writing an introduction to the Czech edition of Herbert Aptheker's *To Be Free*. On the way to the volleyball court and in between sessions at the billiard table, at which he and I were almost equally bad, I managed to ply him with questions about the African Peace Movement.

"At first," he said, "we had some difficulties; we had to fight the illusion that the politics of Africa is somehow independent of world

ANTONI KRUPA, molder in a Polish foundry, *by Jadwiga Walker*

politics; we met people who said let the whites fight it out and then we'll have national liberation. But when the French government set up bases in Africa and at the same time repressed the liberation movement, this argument lost its force. We were able to establish the relation between the struggle for peace and the national liberation struggle. Moreover, with the full-scale prepartion of Dakar as an imperialist base, people began to see that the atom bomb could come to Africa. With the Far East going, Africa becomes a major site of imperialist exploitation, as your Alphaeus Hunton has so well put it in his articles in *Masses & Mainstream.*"

A further difficulty in amassing signatures for the Stockholm Appeal was the fact that only 5 per cent of the 25 million French African people can read and write. But this problem was overcome in various ways. Great meetings of 10,000-15,000 were held; the issues were explained; and the people were asked how they felt. Then the leading figures signed and certified the names, villages, professions and thumb-prints of those who were for the appeal. In some tribes a different method was used. They took bamboo sticks and inscribed the text of the appeal. Then a notch was made in the bamboo stick by everyone who wished to signify his support.

One reason why the movement in French Africa is ahead of the rest of the continent, d'Arboussier explained, is its relation to the strong progressive forces in France, especially the Communist Party. The African Democratic Union today has eleven sections in French Africa with a membership of 1,500,000. The Ivory Coast alone, with a population of 2,300,000, has 800,000 R.D.A. members.

THE FIFTH International Film Festival at Karlovy Vary is a big story in itself, and David Platt has told it with vivid detail in his dispatches to the *Daily Worker.* To Americans the beautiful town of Karlovy Vary, with its famed hot springs, is better known as Carlsbad, but for the Czech people the difference in names is profoundly meaningful. What was formerly a preserve of wealthy Germans was returned to Czechoslovakia by the Red Army, and the name itself is a symbol of that precious national independence which in the People's Democracies is inseparably linked with socialism and the Soviet Union.

The Czech State Film was host to delegates from twenty-five coun-

tries. Most of them were actors, directors, cameramen, film writers and journalists. "For peace, for a new man, for a better mankind." This was the motto under which they had come here to show and analyze the outstanding new films of their various lands.

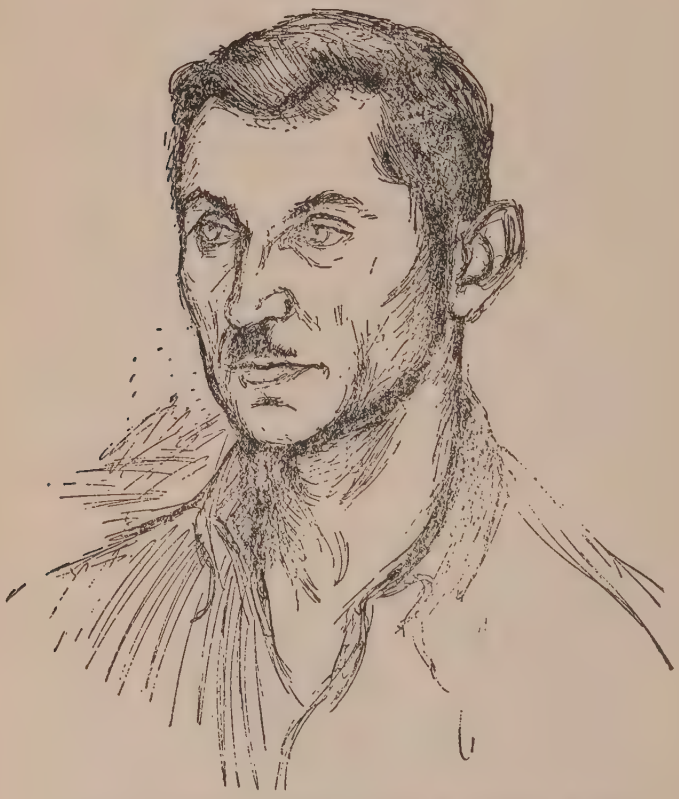
Because of the pressure of time I was unable to stay to the end of the two-week festival. But the films I did see—like the Soviet *Fall of Berlin,* the Chinese *City Returns to Life,* the German Democratic Republic's *Our Daily Bread*—gave a clear enough indication of the themes and values of this film festival. There is a disadvantage in seeing so many films consecutively—two long feature films and over a half dozen shorts, cartoons, documentaries, day after day. It is difficult to do full justice to the artistic riches packed into so short a time. But the advantage is that you get a cumulative force that almost succeeds in wiping out memories of Hollywood. It is a strange and wonderful experience, believe me, to see film after film about working people, real, warm, alive human beings with their daily problems and their unglamorized heroism.

Peace, peace, peace! I cannot possibly overstate what this means for the people of these countries, and this passion is reflected in their films. How can we make the film serve peace? How can we use it to build the friendship of peoples and to defeat the aims of the war-makers? This was the main business at hand. And it had a special urgency in view of Korea. But just as I had not seen anywhere in Poland or Czechoslovakia the slightest trace of war panic or hysteria, not a single scare headline but only a calm that can only come from strength, so at the film festival the discussions were sober, deliberate, confident.

I was privileged to make a statement on behalf of the American delegation regarding the persecution of the Hollywood Ten and other outstanding spokesmen for peace here, such as Eugene Dennis, Howard Fast and Dr. Edward Barsky. The entire hall rose to pay tribute to these great freedom fighters whose names are known and loved the world over. Delegates from the Soviet Union and China, from Hungary and India, from Italy, France and Mexico, joined enthusiastically in pledging the support of film workers of their lands.

Here in Karlovy Vary, on the screen and in the conference hall, you felt once more that powerful international solidarity of the partisans of peace which no policeman's club can smash. Here you

felt, with new depth, that sustaining pride in being a part of the forces in America, led by the Communist Party, that are fighting to save our people from the catastrophe of fascism and atomic war. "I know," as Ilya Ehrenburg told the people of London recently, "that all the peoples of the earth thirst for peace. It is peace that the industrious and honest people of America, too, desire, for the American people is still the American people, and the howls of certain politicians cannot make us forget the land that has given to the world one of its greatest inspirations, Lincoln, and one of its foremost poets, Whitman."



WACLAW PORECKI, mason, Warsaw, *by Jadwiga Walker*

"The Fruit of My Life"

by JULIUS FUCHIK

We are proud to publish a group of letters given to us by Gusta Fuchikova, widow of the Czechoslovak Communist leader, Julius Fuchik, who was executed by the German fascists during their occupation of his country. Fuchik is familiar to American readers, and dear to them, for his great work, Notes from the Gallows, *written on slips of paper in the Pankrats Prison in Prague and smuggled out by a friendly guard. The book was printed by New Century Publishers.*

Fuchik's letters from various prisons are preceded by one from Mrs. Fuchik, written for the readers of M & M.

DEAR comrades and friends:

I'm sending you heartfelt comradely greetings from a country far away but not unknown to you. These greetings are from Czechoslovakia, the country of Lidice which in 1942 was burnt to the ground by German fascists, Lidice whose men and boys were shot, whose women were sent to concentration camps and whose children were dragged no one knows where. Even today our nation still vainly searches all Germany for ninety children of this tragedy stricken community. This inhuman act of the fascists aroused at the time every decent person in the whole world. In your country, the United States, too, streets and communities were named after our village; in commemoration and as a warning of all that war means and fascism means.

I myself spent more than three years in a German concentration camp. My husband, Julius Fuchik, whom many of you know from his *Notes From The Gallows,* written in a fascist prison, was much tortured and finally executed by the fascists on September 8, 1943.

During the years 1938 to 1945 our whole nation travelled the road to Calvary. On May 9, 1945, when we had reached the bottom of

despair, when even our capital city, Prague, was on the brink of destruction, on this day the Red Army came to our rescue. Over 80,000 soldiers of the Red Army lost their lives for our freedom on the soil of Czechoslovakia only.

Today we are a free nation, the People's Democratic Republic of Czechoslovakia, where Czechs and Slovaks live in harmony. We owe our very life to the great land of socialism, to the Soviet Union. Therefore our entire working population feels toward this great land and its people a devoted, brotherly love. Together with the other people's democracies we have one goal: To live in peace, to work in peace and to build a prosperous and happy life for our nation.

We love you, progressive and honest people in America, sincerely because we are convinced that you too yearn for peace. In your country too there are empty seats at your tables, because your husbands and your sons have not returned from the last war. You have not suffered as much as we have, and believe me, we never want you to go through such suffering. It is for this reason that we follow with misgivings news from your country of war preparations and trials against progressive persons. Our own national catastrophe was also launched by trials against functionaries of the Communist Party of our country. Progressive people were jailed and persecuted. Our reactionary forces placed the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia outside the law. And in the end our reactionaries threw the whole nation into the hands of Hitler and the medieval barbarism of fascism.

It was, however, during this very period of persecution that the rank and file of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia grew, that the vanguard of progress strengthened, that the corner stone of our socialist future was deeply and permanently laid.

On the strength of our own experiences we firmly believe that the forces of progress will grow stronger wherever they are threatened today and that the fortress of peace will be impregnable.

With sincerity I shake the hand of every American friend and I should like to thank every one of you for your bravery and to share with you our faith which is so deeply imbedded in our hearts. We have faith that our cause is a just one and that victory is ours.

GUSTA FUCHIKOVA

To Gustina:

My dear one,

But little hope is left that once again we'll walk, hand in hand, like two children on a slope above the river—a windblown slope on which the sun leans. And little hope is left that someday I may once again write in peace and contentment, surrounded by the friendship of books—write of all we had discussed together, of all that has accumulated and grown in me in the past twenty-five years. They already destroyed one part of my life when they buried my books. But I do not want to give in, I do not want to succumb and let this other part of me too perish completely without trace in this white cell No. 267. And so now, during this time, stolen from death, I write notes on Czech literature. Never cease remembering that the one who will bring them to you has enabled me not to die completely. The pencil and paper he has given me arouse me with an emotion that only first love can bring and I can see and feel and dream before molding words into sentences. It will not be easy to write without any sort of basic material, without research, and so perhaps much of what I see vividly before me and what seems close enough to me to touch may seem unclear and unreal to those for whom I am writing. That is why I write above all to you, my dear one, to you—my first helper and my first reader. You can best perceive what I have in mind and, perhaps with Láda and with my white-haired publisher, you will be able to fill in all that's necessary. Head and heart are full but the walls are bare here. It is a little odd to write about literature and not to have as much as a booklet to caress with your eyes.

All in all it's truly a queer fate. You know how I loved space, sun and wind and how I wanted to be part of all that lives in them: bird or bush, cloud or wanderer. And yet, for years, long years I've lived underground as roots are fated to—ungainly, yellowed roots, surrounded by darkness and rot, holding the tree of life aboveground. That is their pride. And mine. I have no regrets—I regret nothing. I strove for fullfilment, and gladly. But it was light, light that I loved most of all. I should have liked to grow in it, grow straight and tall.

So be it.

Upon the tree which we supported and upheld a generation of new people, a socialist generation of workers, of poets and also of literary critics and historians will grow, blossom and ripen. This new genera-

tion will, though in later days, voice and voice better all that which I could no longer. And so perhaps the fruit of my life will sweeten and grow to ripeness, though no more snow will fall on my mountains.*

Pankrats, in cell No. 267, March 28, 1943

Dear mother, dad, Líba, Vera—dear all,

As you see, I have changed my residence and find myself now confined in Bautzen. On the way from the railroad station I saw that it is a quiet, clean and pleasant town, and so is the prison insofar, of course, as a prison can be pleasant for prisoners. Only it seems as though after the turmoil of the Petschek Palace it is almost too quiet here, as each of us is in a separate cell. However, when one works time passes quickly. As you see from the enclosed official rules I am even allowed to read certain magazines, so I can't complain of boredom. As far as boredom is concerned, people are makers of their own boredom, there are people who get bored even in places where others live a good and beautiful life and to me life is interesting anywhere, even behind bars. Everywhere you can learn something, everywhere you can find something good for the future, provided there is a future ahead of you.

Write soon of all that's new with you. Follow the enclosed official rules, that is, do not send any parcels, perhaps just some money, to the address above in my name. Now I greet you all most sincerely, kiss and embrace you in the hope that we shall meet again. Your Jula.

Bautzen, June 14, 1943

My dear ones,

How tempestuously time flies. It seems as though it were only a few days ago since I wrote to you from here for the first time—and again there are pen and ink on my table . . . a month has gone by. One whole month. You might think that in prison time almost stands still, but that's not so. On the contrary, one counts the hours and sees ever so clearly how short they are, how short the day, the week—a whole life. I am all alone in my cell but don't feel lonely. I have good friends around me: books, my button machine, the fat earthenware water

* Fuchik refers to the words of the Czech critic, F. X. Salda, "My fruit is of the kind which ripens not for long, sweetens with mist at the brink of melancholy meadows—a mist which arises from dark, stagnant waters, when the mountains are covered with the first snow."

pitcher—a good natured companion. It reminds me of a gay blade who would rather be full of wine than water, and finally, way down in a bottom corner of my cell, there is a little spider. It's unbelievable how many things there are to discuss with these friends of mine, to think about, to sing about. The machine especially talks, in harmony with my own mood—we understand each other too well. Only when I forget to polish it sometimes it gets very annoyed with me and grumbles until I give it proper attention. And I have still more friends, not in the cell, but in the yard where we take our daily walks. It's not a big yard, but only a wall separates it from a spacious garden with majestic old trees. The ground of our small yard is overgrown with many varieties of grass and flowers such as I have never seen thriving in so small a space. Sometimes it looks like a meadow in a valley, at other times like a pasture. Here and there pansies appear, daisies like pretty dolls, bluebells and black-eyed susans and even ferns—they're simply pure joy. With them too, there is much to discuss. And so the day flies—a week and look, a month has passed.

Yes, a whole month flew by and I've heard nothing from you. Had I not signed, some weeks ago, a receipt for ten reichsmark, from Liba, I wouldn't even know that you had received my last letter and that you know where I am. So far I've received no letter from you. Perhaps it went astray. Write to me, do write, you can write every month—What's new with you, how do you live, write news about Gustina. I kiss and embrace you all—Until we meet again, your Jula.

Bautzen, July 11, 1943

My dear ones,

Everything is the same with me, time just flies and I am, as you wished, "of a peaceful frame of mind." I see no reason why I shouldn't be. I received both your letters and they bring me constant joy. You can't imagine all that one looks for in letters, and all that one finds in them. Even what you haven't written. I've so much to tell you but the paper refused to stretch. At least you can be satisfied that my handwriting, of which you often complained is now so tiny. Half of this letter belongs to Gustina. Cut it off and send it to her. But, of course, read it first, it is meant for you too. Children, when you write to Gustina give her my address and she should ask permission to write to me. You seem to think that a person about to be condemned to

death thinks only of that and tortures himself with this thought. You do not understand. I have counted with death from the very beginning—I think Verka knows that—and surely you have never seen me tortured by this realization. I do not think of it at all. Death is always cruel only to the living, to those who will be left behind. And so I want you to be strong and brave. I kiss and embrace you all. Until we meet again, your Jula.
Bautzen, August 8, 1943

My dear Gustina,

I've just received permission to write to you and hasten to do so. As Líba wrote to me, you've changed your residence. Do you realize, my dear, that we are not far from each other? If you should start walking in the morning from Terezín towards the north and I from Bautzen southward, we should meet in the evening. How we would run those last few steps. All in all we travel to places which have significance for our family. You are in Terezín, where uncle* has gained such fame and I am to be taken to Berlin, where he died. But I don't think that all the Fuchiks should have to die in Berlin. Perhaps Líba wrote you, that I am alone in a cell and that I make buttons. In a lower corner of my cell I have a little spider and outside, on my window, a pair of robins have made themselves comfortable. Nearby, so very nearby I hear their gentle childlike twittering. They've hatched their young ones, such family worries they had, and I remembered how you used to translate for me the twittering of birds into human talk. My dear one. I talk to you by the hour and wait and yearn for the time when I will be able to talk to you in person. How much we shall have to say to each other then. My little dear one. Be brave and strong. With all my love I embrace you and kiss you. Until we meet, your Jula.
Bautzen, August 8, 1943

My dear girls,

As you probably know already I have been transferred. On August 23 just when I awaited a letter from you, I received an invitation to Berlin instead. On August 24 I was already on the way, through Gorlitz and Cottbuss; on the morning of August 25 court was in session and before noon all was finished. It ended as expected. Now I sit,

* The composer, Julius Fuchik.

together with another friend in a cell at Plotzensee. We make paper bags, sing and wait for our turn. A few weeks are left, sometimes they turn into months. Hope falls away softly and quietly like withering leaves.

Many a romantic could fall into desperation watching them fall. But it does not hurt the tree. It is all natural and matter of fact. Winter prepares a person as it does a tree. Believe me, nothing, nothing at all has taken away from my joy, the joy that is inside of me and that speaks to me every day with a motif from Beethoven. A human being does not grow smaller even though shortened by a head. From the bottom of my heart I wish that after all is over you will not remember me with grief, but with the joy that I have always lived with. After every one a door closes at one time or another. As for father, think over carefully whether you should tell him about it or even hint. It would probably be better not to burden his old age. Decide by yourselves, you are closer now to him and mother.

Please write what you know of Gustina and give her my warmest greetings. Tell her to stand always as firmly and bravely and not to remain alone with that great love of hers which I still feel. She has too much youth and feeling to have a right to remain a widow. I wanted her to be happy and I want her to be happy without me too. She will say that this cannot be. But it can. Every human being is replaceable. In work, in another's heart. But do not as yet write all this to her. Not until she returns—if she returns. Now you want to know, I know you do, how I live. Fairly well. Here too I have work to do and, what's more, I am not alone in my cell, so time passes . . . almost too quickly as my companion here says.

Now my dear ones, I kiss and embrace you warmly and—though it may sound somewhat strange at this time—until we meet again, your Jula.

Berlin, Plotzensee, August 31, 1943

KOREA and the Negro People

by JOHN PITTMAN

READERS of morning newspapers in the United States were given a new kind of headline on July 22, 1950. On that day, both above and below the 38th Parallel (roughly equivalent to the old Mason and Dixon Line), the commercial press appeared with banners heralding, as "the first United States victory" in the war against the Korean people, the recapture of Yechon by Negro troops. To newspaper readers conditioned to seeing only reports of alleged crimes by Negroes given such headline treatment, this generous handling of the action by the all-Negro 24th Infantry Regiment undoubtedly caused some bewilderment.

However, the mystery was shortly cleared up by the editors themselves. With a unanimity reminiscent of the press of Joseph Goebbels, the editorial writers of the daily, "free enterprise" newspapers hailed the action of Negro troops against the Koreans as proof that the U.S. intervention in Korea was not a "white man's war" against colored peoples. The implication of this argument struck Negroes like a slap in the face: in their reckless gamble for domination of the colonial peoples, Wall Street's executive committee in Washington—the Pentagon militarists and bi-partisan politicians of the Truman Administration—were using Negro troops as pawns, as a camouflage of their real aims. And this purpose both official Washington and the press further revealed when they stressed the necessity of obtaining, from Asian member states of the United Nations, ground troops to fight the Koreans.

This anxious search for a cover-up of the white supremacist, imperialistic character of the U.S. military intervention against the Korean people was a storm warning to the fifteen million Negroes in this

country. War talk quickly subordinated other topics of conversation in ghetto gathering places. Average Negro men and women unhesitatingly divined the racist content of the intervention. They felt it was a "white man's war," no matter what Truman's spokesmen were saying. The ghettos' inhabitants disdained to conceal their admiration for the Korean's fighting ability. This was the dominant tendency among the Negro people. It clearly reflected the all-important political fact, that U.S. Negroes in the main identify their own cause with the cause of colonial liberation.

This tendency found eloquent expression in the words of Paul Robeson, himself the greatest living symbol of the common bond between U.S. Negroes and the colonial peoples of the world. To a June 29 rally of 18,000 persons in New York City's Madison Square Garden, Robeson said:

> "A new wind of freedom blows in the East. The people rise to put off centuries of domination by outside powers, by the robber barons and white supremacists of Europe and America who have held them in contempt and, too long, have crushed their simplest aspirations with the mailed fist. . . . I have said before, and say it again, that the place for the Negro people to fight for their freedom is here at home—in Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama and Texas; in the Chicago ghetto, and right here in New York's Stuyvesant Town!"

And the Council on African Affairs has released for publication a statement endorsed by 150 Negro religious, professional, civic and labor leaders throughout the United States, drafted and circulated in the Council's behalf by the distinguished scholar, Dr. W. E. B. DuBois.

This statement, entitled "A Protest and a Plea," was approved by such people as Aaron Douglas, the distinguished artist, Ralph Matthews, Washington editor of the *Afro-American,* Rev. E. R. Artist, editor of *The Messenger,* organ of the New York State Baptist Conference, Mrs. Jackie Ormes, fashion editor of the Chicago *Globe,* and Hall Johnson, celebrated choral director. The statement declared:

> "The awful thing which we are facing today is the attempt of the United States to replace Europe in the enslavement of Asia and Africa. This American policy the colored peoples of the world resent and oppose, and this is the real cause of the upheaval in Korea.

. . . To every objection of this sort here in America, we are given one answer: Communism. . . . Nevertheless, we maintain that it is not treason for us to protest against using black soldiers to reduce free people to slavery. It is not yet treason to work for Peace. We demand therefore for Korea, as for Africa and the oppressed peoples of the earth, the opportunity to decide what government they will or will not endure. . . . American Negroes who have suffered slavery and caste in this land, and who, in spite of painful progress, are still neither free nor equal citizens of the United States, ought unanimously to demand for all the oppressed of the world the human rights for which we still strive in vain. . . . Against this action [U.S. intervention] we solemnly protest and call to our support the peoples of all Asia, Africa, the Caribbean, South America and the Seven Seas. We call the world to emancipate mankind and not to reenslave the poor and oppressed to triumphant greed."

How representative of Negro opinion were these statements? Were Robeson and the 150 Negro leaders headed by Dr. Du Bois speaking the Negro people's mind? There is not the slightest doubt that the answer is yes.

Negroes have widely abandoned that reticence in the presence of strange white people which the experience of betrayal and reprisal had made habitual. Now they speak out without fear. "In the ghetto," said one Chicago white trade unionist who had collected over a thousand signatures to the Stockholm peace petition, "you get a different kind of response. The people aren't afraid. They may say they don't see how a petition campaign can avert war, and some of them argue that their signatures won't do any real good, but they aren't scared to sign it." And a young Negro housewife collecting signatures in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto reported a sharp increase in the response since the attack on Korea. "They're angry," she said. "They're sick and tired of fooling around. And when I start talking about how the Diixecrats are ready to burn Willie McGee and the seven Martinsville boys while they're voting in Congress for a bigger army, I don't have to finish. They sign."

North or South of the 38th parallel in the United States, from Atlantic City to California, Negro men and women say the same thing. A Chicago Negro woman employed in a packinghouse plant: "How can we save colored people elsewhere when colored people here get

stepped on and fired?" A Buffalo, New York, railroad worker: "We should clean up our own backyard before we try bringing democracy to some one else. There is plenty to do in our own country." A government employee in Washington, D. C.: "Our planes are burning up Korean cities. But the Ku Klux Klan is doing that every day to Negroes' homes in Alabama and Texas. I don't see any difference." A Los Angeles Negro woman domestic worker gave this characterization of Syngman Rhee, Wall Street's puppet in South Korea: "He's Mister Charley's Korean!"

There are other opinions expressed by Negroes which go far beyond mere condemnation of the attack on Korea. They come from people whom the Pentagon and the F.B.I. consider entirely "safe," from Negroes whom wealthy and arrogant employers regard as "knowing their place and keeping it." They express the bitterness and hatred which the Jim-Crow system has engendered, and which the spectacle of MacArthur's planes bombing Korean villages and MacArthur's troops killing Korean soldiers and civilians has intensified and brought to the exploding point.

Even Negroes in the uniforms of the U.S. armed services register these feelings. In conversations they say quite frankly that they don't want to go to Korea. Their sympathies are clearly with the Koreans. They will go if they are sent, of course. And once there, they would fight as the men of the 24th Infantry Regiment fought. But they have no enthusiasm for this war. "You go over there and get shot up," said one young Negro GI to a peace signature collector in Harlem, "and when you get back you get the same old thing." Some Negroes in uniform have signed the peace petitions. Others have explained to signature collectors why they felt they couldn't do so. Two GI's approached in Harlem refused to sign, but advised the young women they were escorting to put their signatures on the petition.

Such is the dominant attitude of U.S. Negroes to the attack on Korea. It is the opinion of the Negro rank and file—farmers, industrial workers, white collar workers, domestic workers, housewives, small businessmen and many professionals. It is the view of men and women, of old and young, even though Negro youth are more disposed, in an attempt to escape the blind alley of the ghetto's joblessness, to welcome the relative security of army life with the possibility of adventuring abroad. But Korea is different. It is a white supremacists' war to en-

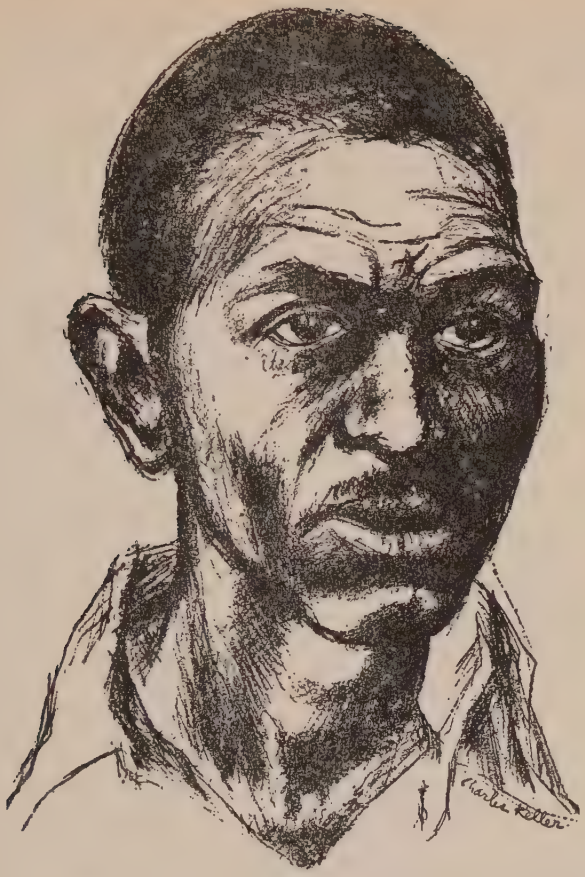
slave a colored people, and the Negro people in the United States know it.

This view, while expressing the dominant reaction of the Negro people to the U.S. intervention in Korea, was of course virtually suppressed by the commercial newspapers.

SOME Negroes, like J. A. Rogers and Dr. Benjamin Mays, softened up by the cold war gang's continuous anti-Soviet and anti-Communist barrage of lies and humbug, at the beginning of the intervention in Korea accepted uncritically Washington's brazen maneuvering of the United Nations and the State Department's version of the origin and character of the conflict. Their statements reflect an almost servile acceptance of the MacArthur-Dulles-Truman "explanation" of the Korean conflict. But how could they be articulated by persons whose entire lives have been spent in struggle against the hypocritical and oppressive system for which MacArthur, Dulles and Truman stand? One answer seems to lie, not in seeking out the individual motivations of these Negro spokesmen, but in recognizing the fact that the Wall Street-Washington smokescreen of anti-Communism has succeeded in blinding some of the Negro people to the realities of world and domestic politics. The anti-Communist hysteria has made inroads among the Negro people.

The majority of Negroes, whose vision is not obscured by this anti-Communist blinder, easily saw through the fog of the official U.S. government version of the Korean affair. For instance, Lucius C. Harper, in his column in the *Chicago Defender,* dug into history to set forth the long-time relationship of U.S. imperialism to Korea. He traced the present intervention back to the time when "American and British bankers . . . financed Japan in the war of aggression on Russia and Korea in 1904-5," and when "President Theodore Roosevelt . . . by voice and action, aided Japan in enslaving the Koreans, changing the course of their whole national history, their culture and everything dear to them." Harper accepted the official version that the conflict had been started by a North Korean "invasion," but his entire column amounted to an exoneration of Korean resistance.

And Ralph Matthews, editor of the *Afro-American,* satirized the official U.S. version as follows: "Now we are put to the inconvenience of restoring peace to the world and for this job we have dispatched that



Prince of Peace, General MacArthur from Japan to the front. . . . He will be aided by that other great democrat Chiang Kai-shek, currently on the lam in Formosa, with an assist from other great Asiatics, the British, the French and the Dutch."

Though some Negroes were confused by the Acheson-Truman version of Rhee's treason, the Negro people's reaction to the American imperialists' phony maneuvers in the United Nations reflected far more clarity. The statement of one hundred and fifty Negro leaders drafted by Dr. Du Bois declared:

"We submit that the United Nations acted with undue haste and yielded weakly to pressure when it interfered in Korean affairs without investigation or promise of redress of grievances. Of all nations fit to arbitrate justly on the rights of darker peoples, the United States is the last, as fifteen million American Negroes can testify and as four hundred million Chinese firmly believe. Therefore, it was neither wise nor thoughtful for the United Nations precipitately to hand over Korea to American military judgment without stopping to ask why Korea is fighting."

Many Negroes have cited the fact that although the Union of South Africa had violated the Charter of the United Nations and the ruling of the International Court of Justice by its decision to annex the mandated territory of Southwest Africa, yet this flagrant defiance of the U.N. has not even been questioned by official delegates of the United States and its allies at Lake Success. The United States delegates have blocked and circumvented all moves made in behalf of the colonial peoples and oppressed nations. Even the three petitions to the U.N. from representative organizations of U.S. Negroes—the National Negro Congress, the N.A.A.C.P., and the National Committee To Save Rosa Lee Ingram—have been pigeon-holed in the U.N. Commission on Human Rights, chiefly through the efforts of the chairman of that body, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

It is this widespread recognition by Negroes that the U.N. has been subverted by the United States and its imperialist allies to suit their own ends which finds expression, for instance, in the column of the *California Eagle's* labor editor, John M. Lee. Wrote Mr. Lee:

"Paradoxically, the U.N. for whose very existence the United States is prepared to offer up the flower of its youth, is in for some damaging blows from the same source. The United States must seem like a very confused nation to the yellow, brown and black peoples of the world. Especially the Koreans, who momentarily are being slaughtered in the name of American democracy. When they have been saved, should they come to this country they will find that they cannot become citizens because of our unyielding pattern of racial discrimination. They will have to face the bitter truth that the United Nations, which had the power to send American troops into their homeland to liberate them, has neither the power nor the resources to enforce its Declaration of Human Rights, nor can it act positively for human dignity . . . in America."

A REASON for the confusion regarding the Korean war expressed by some Negro spokesmen is the tendency to gloss over the distinction between just and unjust wars. As expressed in regard to the Korean conflict, it takes the form of unstinted praise for the 24th Infantry Regiment, units of which recaptured the Korean town of Yechon only to be quickly driven out again by the advancing Koreans.

For instance, the *Baltimore Afro-American* news story dealing with the Yechon battle describes the 24th Infantry Regiment as follows: "Its organizational history dates back to October 1, 1886, when it was organized at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., as the 38th Infantry. . . . Its battle honors include fighting the Comanches in the Indian Wars, the Battle of Santiago, Cuba, in the Spanish-American War, engagements at San Isidro and Luzon in the Philippine Insurrection. . . . In World War II, they participated in the Western Pacific Campaign. . . ." In addition, this regiment also participated in the Wilson Administration's intervention against Mexico in 1916.

The tendency to view all these actions of this Negro unit with glowing pride is a widespread one. Understandably, it reflects the Negro people's desire for integration in American life and their attempt to utilize any and every event which substantiates their right as citizens to such integration, and which helps to refute the arguments of "racial inferiority" behind which the white supremacists hide. However, the indiscriminate use of such events defeats, rather than helps, the struggle for integration. For it leads to supporting actions which strengthen the very white supremacist power against which the Negro people are struggling.

Fundamentally to blame for this condition are the white supremacists and their wilful distortion of the facts of Negro history. Historians of the Negro people have pointed out the relation between the Negro people's struggle for liberation and the character of the wars in which Negroes fought. In the works of Dr. Du Bois, Dr. Herbert Aptheker and Dr. Carter Woodson, there is much material establishing the fact that the Negro people's struggle advanced during genuinely democratic wars, wars for liberation, but was retarded and turned back by unjust wars of conquest and exploitation. Thus, we find the peaks of Negro advance occurring during the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, and the anti-fascist World War II. But, taking the record of the 24th Infantry Regiment as an example, the geno-

cidal wars against the American Indian people occurred during the resurgence of the planter class to national influence; the imperialist war against Spain and the bloody suppression of the Filipinos coincided in the United States with the disfranchisement of Negroes throughout the South and the high point of lynch-rule; the intervention against Mexico and the imperialist World War I was marked in the United States by an extension of the Jim-Crow system throughout the entire country, by heightened lynch-terror and anti-Negro riots.

The war against the Korean people is an attempt to enslave the Korean people, as the slave-holders' war against Mexico was an attempt to bolster the system of Negro chattel slavery. Study of Negro history will document the truth that the Negro people cannot advance their own struggle for freedom by aiding their oppressors to defeat another people's struggle for freedom. The fact of the matter is that the Korean war has been seized upon by the government to accentuate the Negro people's oppression, as most recently demonstrated in the outrageous act of denying Paul Robeson a passport.

THERE is a relatively small section of the Negro people whose reaction to the Korean conflict falls into another category entirely. This includes some Negro millionaires, the bourgeois leaders and professional opportunists masquerading as "Socialists." This section is the most articulate one of the Negro people because it possesses the means of expression in the form of newspaper enterprises. With a few notable exceptions, the Negro publishers support the intervention in Korea. And the chief offenders are precisely the richest publishers with the newspapers of largest circulation. Among these, the clique which publishes the *Chicago Defender, Michigan Chronicle, Pittsburgh Courier* and *Louisville Defender* expresses the most flagrant contempt for the Negro people.

In their issue of July 15 the *Chicago Defender* publishers came forward with the demand for a Negro general to help fight the Koreans. They deliberately twisted the legitimate aspirations of the Negro people for full integration in every phase of American life, and rationalized it as follows: "The Reds are trying to make the Asiatics believe that the United Nations defense of South Korea is 'white imperialism'. . . . The propaganda offensive of the Communists must be countered by an offensive of our own."

This proposal was roundly condemned by Mrs. Charlotta Bass, editor of the *California Eagle,* who bannered a front-page editorial under the title, "'Uncle Tom' Is Not Dead." Mrs. Bass angrily denounced "the proposals made by some Uncle Toms in the Saturday, July 15, issue of the *Chicago Defender* to the effect that the Negro fighters in Korea be manned by Negro officers to stop racist propaganda. . . . Yes, we must have freedom. Yes, we must have brotherhood. But in order to win that freedom and justice for all, in order to attain that brotherhood, to have peace, we must right here in the United States of America continue to struggle unremittingly for that first class citizenship to which all Americans are entitled. And we are NOT going to win our objective by turning ourselves into 15,000,000 Uncle Toms, war or no war."

Typical of the opportunist leaders' reactions to the Korean conflict were those of Walter White, N.A.A.C.P. national executive secretary, and A. Phillip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. Randolph hailed Truman's directives against the peoples of Asia, which included dispatch of the fleet to save Chiang Kai-shek's Formosan hide-out as an American war base, dispatch of a military mission to help the French imperialists' war against the Viet Namese people and reinforcements of the U.S. troops in the Philippines to help President Quirino suppress agrarian unrest. Randolph saw Truman's actions as "giving strength to and upholding the United Nations . . . reinforcing and fortifying the bastions of democracy throughout the world." He urged that Truman receive the "united support of all Americans regardless of race, color, religion, national origin or ancestry."

Walter White seized on the Korean conflict to sow illusions among the Negro people regarding the character of the opposition to the Fair Employment Practices Bill. Disregarding the scuttling of this measure by concerted action of Republicans and Truman Democrats, White concentrated his attention on the Southern Bourbon Senator Russell. "Our country is faced with a crisis which may turn the protracted cold war into a global shooting conflict," White wired Russell. "Already American boys are dying in the rice paddies of Korea. In such a crisis, unity based on justice and equal rights for all is essential on the home front. Equally vital to our success is the maximum use of all available manpower and the highest skill and top morale of every

serviceman and industrial worker. In view of the nation's imperative need, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People appeals to you, as a leader among southern senators, to forego the disastrous luxury of a filibuster against the F.E.P.C."

Such reactions from these Negro spokesmen reflect one of the most important effects of the Korean conflict on the Negro people, namely this: it has intensified the crisis of Negro bourgeois and reformist leadership. The views of these mis-leaders are poles apart from the real thinking of the Negro masses. Their objective is to bind the Negro masses to the war chariot of U.S. imperialism, an objective against which the whole movement of Negro liberation is ceaselessly striving. So, while these Negro mis-leaders lend their entire influence to further the design of the MacArthur-Dulles-Truman war gang, the Negro people move in an opposite direction. The consequence is already foreshadowed: Negro bourgeois and reformist leadership has entered a period of rapid decline and loss of influence.

It would be erroneous, however, to discount the harm which this leadership is still able to do. Its chief weapon is the demagogic use of the Negro people's desire for integration as Americans. The bourgeois and reformist Negro leaders play upon this deep yearning of the Negro people to achieve for themselves personally the limited and meager privileges which are characteristic demands of the bourgeois classes in oppressed nations in the present phase of imperialist development. In the case of the Negro bourgeoisie, its relative weakness and impotence, its geographical as well as economic position vis-a-vis Wall Street imperialism, accentuate the qualities peculiar to the class. It has proved increasingly unreliable and faithless to the interests of the Negro masses. Yet, by peddling "race patriotism" and "race pride," a twisted version of the white supremacists' race mythology, and by echoing the Negro people's demands for full American citizenship, the Negro bourgeois and reformist leaders maintain a grip on the Negro people's movements.

IN RESPECT to the Korean conflict, the particular form which this bourgeois and opportunistic tendency takes is a plea for "unity," an appeal to forget previous differences and join hands as Americans. Typical was this editorial in the *Chicago Defender*: "The Dixiecrats in Congress should get down on their bended knees and thank God for

these gallant Negro doughboys. Our gallant soldiers are attacking the enemy in Korea and their victorious march will not be stopped. We hope the Dixiecrats will recognize America's good fortune in having such patriots and make these first-class fighters also first-class citizens. How about it, suh?" The tragic and wretched character of this bourgeois expression of the Negro masses' demands comes out in the column of a Negro middle class woman, Marjorie McKenzie, in the *Pittsburgh Courier.* "Almost nothing," wrote Miss McKenzie "could give Negroes a greater sense of belonging to this nation than the right to die for it on a basis of equality and dignity. To be permitted less is to feel less."

Now it is true that the Negro masses demand full integration in the life of the United States, but few Negroes will agree with Miss McKenzie that their demand would be realized in "the right to die" for the United States, not to mention for more profits for the U.S. billionaires. Negroes demand the right to live in the United States as citizens of this country, to build which they have already needlessly shed too much blood and sacrificed too many lives. Nor are the Negro masses prepared to "unite" with the Ku Klux Klan. They have no illusions about the likelihood of a Russell, a Talmadge, a Eugene "Bull" Connor, or a Fielding Wright shedding their white supremacist behavior at the drop of a hat. Nor have the Negro bourgeoisie and so-called "Socialist" opportunists, who know full well that there will be no uniting with lynchers on a basis of equality between the lynchers and the lynched. The truth is that the bourgeois leaders and opportunists desire to join hands with the lynchers in order to secure their own position against the uncompromising militancy of the Negro masses. This is the characteristic behavior of the European quislings of yesterday and today. It is the real role of Syngman Rhee, Chiang Kai-shek and Bao Dai.

This crisis of Negro bourgeois and opportunistic leadership poses a profound question of strategy and tactics for the Negro liberation movement. It is the question whether, at this stage of development, full first-class American citizenship can be won by the Negro people through the policy of compromising with the so-called "bi-racial" solution of the white supremacists and surrendering the fundamental rights of an oppressed nation in exchange for crumbs of the citizenship to which all Americans are entitled; or whether it can be won by

an all-out, uncompromising fight for the special needs and rights of a people that have attained nationhood, even the right to their own culture and government.

This question has advanced far beyond the stage of academic discussion. The class differentiation marking the maturing of the Negro people's nationhood has deepened considerably in the last decade. The rise of a militant Negro proletariat, organized into trade unions and exercising leadership in labor affairs, has given expression to arguments favoring the alternative of an all-out fight for the special needs of the Negro people. One such expression came from the National Trade Union Conference on Negro Rights, held in Chicago last June. The statement of principles adopted by the 1,000 delegates to this conference contained the following pointed paragraphs:

> "To those who would speak in our name and in the name of labor who tell us there is no special problem before Negro America and therefore no need for a special fight for our rights, we reply that the problem which exists is not of our making. The supremacist ideas and practices of the Wall Street-Southern Bourbon gang has brought about Jim Crow of which we, the Negro people, are the victims; it is we who are subjected to special discrimination and special segregation, which hurts not us alone, but which so long as it exists, is used to force down the standards of white workers to the lower levels enforced upon us. It is therefore in the interests of all laboring men and women, white as well as black, to unite to fight against this special condition, and to understand that such a fight can only be waged by special efforts and special means.
>
> "To those who counsel patience and waiting 2,000 years, we declare that the atomic age waits for no one, that the good things and necessities of life have ever been fought for by the living generation and only those who are content with injustice and inequality can leave their abolition to generations yet unborn. To those among our leaders and in the leadership of labor who would compromise our struggle, we serve notice that what was fought for in 1776 and 1861 is long overdue us, that the struggle for our just and equal rights can brook no compromise."

Undoubtedly, the U.S. imperialist intervention against the Korean people will develop this tendency among the Negro people. For the imperialist war program of the Washington government cannot but

sharpen the conflict between U.S. imperialism and the Negro people. It will not soon be forgotten by Negroes that the F.E.P.C. bill was among the first casualties of the attack on Korea. The collapse of the Syngman Rhee regime and the action of the South Koreans in joining their Northern brothers to free their country have provoked U.S. white supremacist apologists more and more to betray their real motives for sending Negro troops into battle. Yet, despite the propaganda of Washington, the news is seeping through to the Negro people that the Negro troops in Japan and Korea are Jim Crowed. Even as late as July 28, the N.A.A.C.P. addressed a letter to Army Secretary Frank Pace demanding "an investigation" of discrimination against Negro troops in Tokyo.

In addition, the Truman war program of increased taxes, amounting to a wage cut, and the curtailment of social services in favor of billions for armaments and fascist satellite regimes abroad will have a severe impact on the living standards of the Negro people. Added to this is the intensified chauvinist atmosphere, the growing attacks on civil liberties and incitement to open violence against Negroes and the friends of Negroes, as at Peekskill, Chicago and Jackson, Mississippi.

In view of these developments, the Negro people's consciousness of their nationhood and the rights of nationhood will rapidly mature. The Negro people will more and more realize the falsity of those who preach to them that by being false to themselves, they can be true to America. And as bourgeois and opportunist Negro leaders lose their already slipping grip on the Negro liberation movement, Negro trade-union leaders will come more and more into the forefront of this movement. It is this perspective, now in the process of realization before our very eyes, which enables the true patriots of America, Negro and white, to have confidence in their ability to stop the imperialists short of their goal of fascism here and fresh aggression abroad and to impose upon them a peace that will be truly lasting.

Flag from a Kitchenette Window

by LORRAINE HANSBERRY

NOTHING encouraging about the day
Gray, the consistent overcast
The people on the curbs with the
Picnic bags and baseball bats but
Without the picnic in their eyes.

On Michigan, two boys in high school
Military uniforms with
Bugles under their arms.
The white belts, the marching brass buttons.
Young boys.

Outside the car window
Someone singing God Bless America
Deep, sleepy alto that stumbles over the words and
Breaks into laughter before the song is finished.
Among my people, laughter is a simple ritual
We tell our children: In the harder times
We laughed
All else was forbidden.
The ears of the soulless who deemed themselves
Our masters
Wilfully translated the cries of the
Tortured
As the joyous shout of the
Contented.
Now from the brick hell hangars

Still, the dark laughter.
And those who do not know say:
Of course, a gift from the African sun.

Southside morning, America is crying.
In our land: the paycheck taxes to
Somebody's government.
Black boy in a window; Algiers and Salerno.
The three-colored banner raised to some
Anonymous freedom, we decide
And on the memorial days hang it
From our windows and let it beat the
Steamy jimcrow airs.

At 43rd street
My people swarm out of the crevices
On to the pavements and look up to find
The sun.
Among the crucified; the old ones smile and
Thank their gods for the peace.
Among the crucified: the young lean forward
Searching.
Liquor stores and garbage for their eyes.

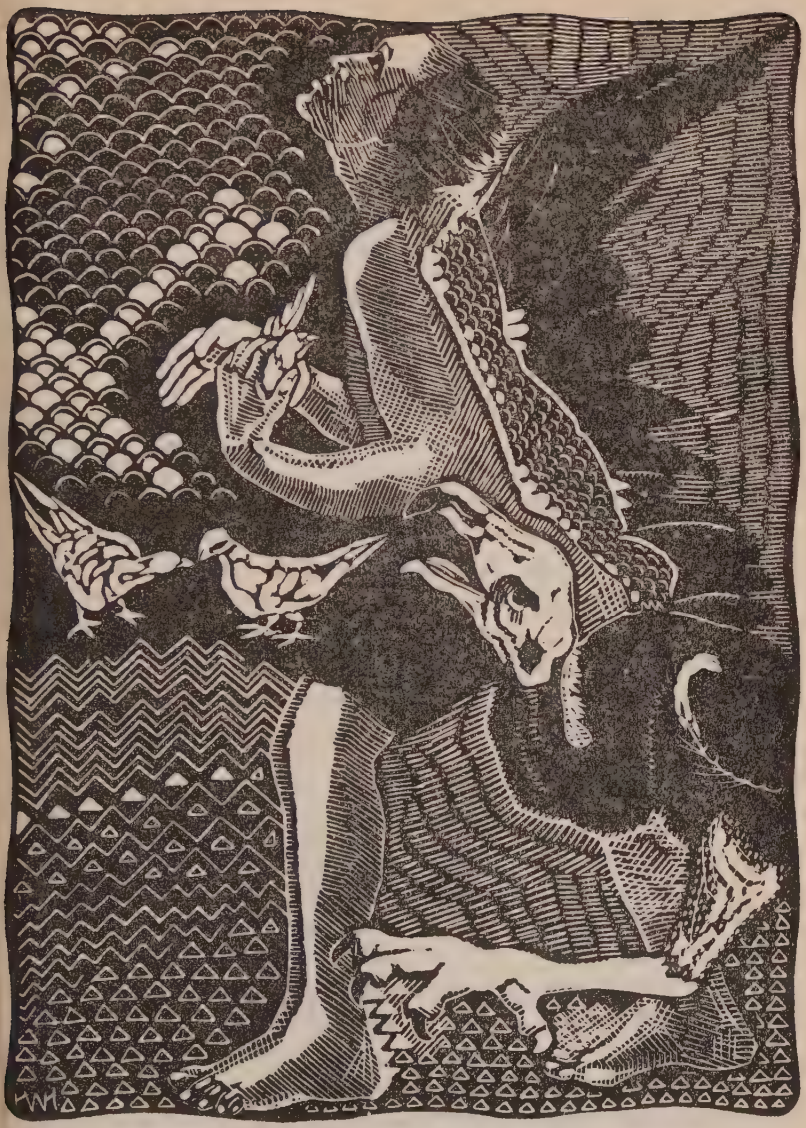
At the shrine:
At the tomb of the betrayed
The sculptured African daughters, somehow in Grecian robes
Lift their arms to raise the greened black warrior
High.
How alone he looks in the grayness.
Murdered man.

We lay the wreath
Lift the flag
Make the speech and
Before the end
The grayness breaks.
And we, we who dream the peace
Stand in the southside sun

And take the pledge to the sweet promise called
Peace.

Yet at our backs
Across the yards and beyond the
Rocking store front churches
Past the flags in
Southside windows
Beats the drum, goes up the chant:
The war song.

We turn away from the black and bitter warrior
And with the drum's rhythm in our ears
Begin our walk, our steps deliberately
Against the beat
Through the streets
Past the tenements.



THE DOVE AND THE BUZZARD, *by Helen West Heller*

Literature & People's Democracy

by JOSEPH REVAI

The following article is one of a number which have been written in the course of an extended discussion in Hungary concerning the work of the philosopher and esthetician, George Lukacs whose work has appeared in Masses & Mainstream. *Lukacs himself took part in the debate, and his self-critical remarks were subject to further criticism by others, including the author, Joseph Revai, who is Hungary's Minister of Culture.*

FOR several months a public debate has been going on in our country about the literary-esthetic theories of Comrade George Lukacs. This debate was not confined to our country; it also had serious international repercussions.

In the West, they tried to horn in on the literary-ideological controversy by blabbing that the "execution" of Comrade Lukacs implied the liquidation of all ties between Hungarian and Western literature, that with the "annihilation" of Comrade Lukacs the last representative of "literary high standards" had been silenced, and so on and so forth.

It is senseless to enter into a discussion on the crude stupidities of such spokesmen of the imperialists. It would be useless to mention that our theatres give performances of Moliere and Shakespeare, that recently a complete Hungarian edition of Racine's plays was published, that we are publishing Balzac, that we are playing Shaw, that we are reading Aragon, Eluard, Jack London, Mark Twain, Thomas Mann and that we participated in the celebrations of Goethe and Anatole France. Comrade Lukacs himself is in the best of health and spirits. That the professional liars of Western propaganda consider sharp and uncompromising, but principled, criticism, "execution", "annihilation"

and "silencing", does not bother us a bit, but such slander may serve as a lesson to Comrade Lukacs on what kind of people defend him, with what kind of arguments and against whom.

What put this discussion on literature (but not only on literature) on the agenda? What are the causes that gave rise to it?

There are three main causes.

First, we have recognized the dangers of our ideological and cultural backwardness and begun to scrutinize whether there are subjective as well as objective factors playing their part in the form of false and harmful views in our ranks.

Second, with our people's democracy developing into the dictatorship of the proletariat, it became necessary to re-examine our theoretical line, to correct and eliminate certain old muddled formulations, to eliminate every view and tendency—even if existing only in embryonic form—which considered the people's democracy as some specific road or system, as a third way between capitalism and socialism.

Last but not least, in solidifying and making more conscious our relationship to our guide and teacher, the Soviet Union, the question of the role of Soviet culture and Soviet literature necessarily emerged with regard to the creation of a new Hungarian socialist culture, and we had to examine whether there are not in our ranks certain views which deprecate the exemplary vanguard role of Soviet culture and so stunt and hinder the growth of our own Hungarian socialist culture and literature.

Thus what precipitated the debate on certain of Comrade Lukacs' views was the sharpening of the class struggle both in our country and in the international arena, which has made necessary an intensification of political and ideological vigilance, and higher requirements in theoretical steadfastness to search out the hiding places of the enemy also on the cultural front.

Objectively these views helped not us, not the working class, not the Party, but the wavering elements, those who are reluctant to accept the policy of the Party; they are views that helped, in the last analysis, the enemy.

Of course, we do not assert that Comrade Lukacs deliberately helped the enemy nor that everything he said and wrote in the last years was wrong and bad. Certainly not. However, this does not change the fact that there was a certain interconnection in his false views and that a

definite tendency was expressed in his literary work, a tendency which can only be characterized, politically and ideologically, as right-wing.

My remarks are not intended to repeat or to sum up everything that has already been said in this discussion. I want to stress what others before me have stressed already: the Party appreciates valuable people and considers Comrade Lukacs one of them. The Party counts on his further work and considers it desirable that he participate in our literary and ideological life. The precondition, however, is serious and consistent self-criticism.

COMRADE Lukacs has already engaged in some self-criticism. Without a doubt this self-criticism has been a step forward. But it was not sufficiently deep-going or consistent.

Why not?

In his self-criticism Comrade Lukacs points out that the articles objected to were written in 1945-46 when the whole situation was radically different from today: "I started out from the forms and contents of that complex of ideas which then animated the Hungarian intellectuals, the world of Hungarian writers . . . . Even today I am convinced that I acted correctly on a number of questions. On the other hand, I see also that in more than one case I have gone too far from the starting point of the ideological situation then prevailing and not far enough in drawing the consequences . . . This striving to adapt myself too closely to the ideological conditions directly subsequent upon liberation carried with it the harmful consequence . . . that the wavering elements, the passively resisting intellectuals, could utilize such modes of expression for the justification of their own resistance." And Comrade Lukacs repeats: "Such ideological confusion came about because I tried to adapt myself too closely in my mode of expression to the situation then prevailing."

To start from the given situation is, however, no fault. We do not reproach Comrade Lukacs with that. Nor with having proclaimed in 1945-46 a "literary united front", the rallying into one camp of all democratic Hungarian writers. The criticism levelled against Comrade Lukacs' views would be incorrect and a "leftist" exaggeration if it consisted of the charge that he did not put forward in 1945 the slogan of socialist realism. If the Party at that time did not issue the slogan of the immediate struggle for socialism in the political and economic

fight it cannot, of course, afterwards blame Comrade Lukacs for not having fought in 1945 for socialism on the literary front. What matters here is the perspective.

The Party, too, ignored in 1945-46 the provocations of the right-wing of the Smallholders' Party; it would not, in the elections of 1945, declare (as Ferenc Nagy and Co. would have liked) that the struggle was for socialism; but neither did it negate the struggle for socialism; it did not abandon the perspective of the struggle for socialism. Intensifying the offensive against the capitalist elements in political and economic life by its practical work, it kept constantly on the agenda and actively promoted the transformation then taking place in the direction of socialism and the development of the People's Democracy into the dictatorship of the proletariat.

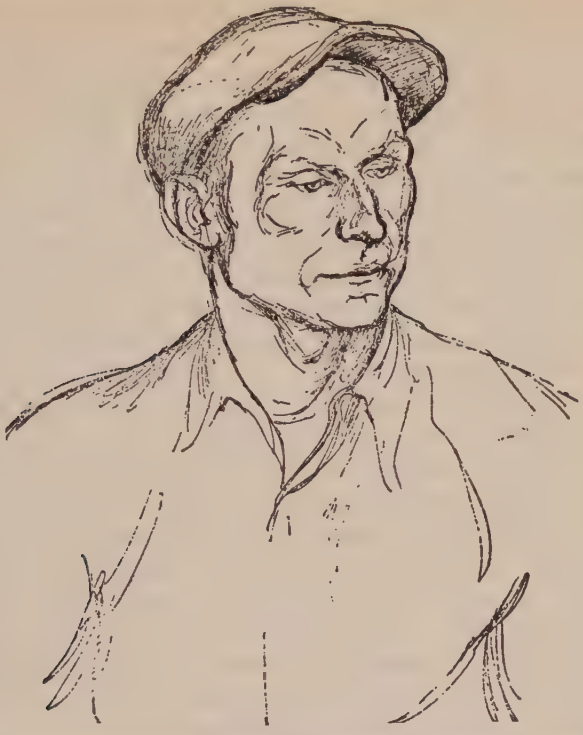
ALL of this was lacking in Comrade Lukacs' literary thinking. His literary slogans were not adapted to the sharpening and intensification of the Party's political and economic slogans: in 1948 and 1949 Lukacs still fought on the literary front for the same things as in 1945 and 1946. We know there is no rigid parallel between literary and political development, but still there is a parallel and that is why we are entitled to ask what it was that corresponded in Lukacs' literary struggles to the development that has led us on the political front from the slogans of the anti-German national united front to the slogan "Yours is the land, enrich it for yourself." Nothing. Comrade Lukacs marked time. More than that, he went backward. When the Party had already sharpened its struggle against the capitalists, when the year of the great turning point had already arrived, just then—in the spring of 1949—he made a right-about face and started fighting—not for socialist realism but against it, against those literary tendencies and their representatives who wanted to proceed in the direction of socialist realism, no matter how well or how clumsily.

Was this accidental? No, it was not accidental. All this was connected with Lukacs' having wrong ideas about the people's democracy. It is these misconceptions that determined his theories on the literature of the People's Democracy. "For the clue to the situation," wrote Lukacs in 1946, "must be found in the fact that all over Europe there is emerging a new democratic culture without a change in the material foundation of society, in the capitalist system of production." "The

principle of people's democracy", he writes in 1947, "chiefly in our country, but in many other countries too, barely begins to assert itself and even if it realizes its objectives, it does not intend to abolish the capitalist system of production and, therefore, cannot intend to create the classless society."

I could multiply such quotations but I do not think it necessary. Are these mere sloppy formulations? Is it merely that Comrade Lukacs did not clarify these questions of the character and perspectives of development of the people's democracy which had not then—in 1945-47—been clarified fully by the Party either? If it were only that, it would not be worthwhile to mention the wrong formulations of Comrade Lukacs in connection with a literary-theoretical discussion. But that is not the point. The People's Democracy which does not even intend to create socialism, which does not even want to touch the capitalist system of production—a view such as this expresses more than just a certain lack of clarity regarding the questions of the development toward socialism. Comrade Lukacs looked upon a transitional and temporary state of affairs as an absolute and final order of things; he envisaged that the people's democracy, as distinct from bourgeois ("formal") democracy, could remain and perpetuate itself as such, on the basis of capitalism. That this is theoretically squaring the circle and practically a harmful, opportunist view we do not have to prove.

But how did this conception arise? In the struggle against fascism, Comrade Lukacs forgot the struggle against capitalism. Not only in the course of the last five years, but long before that, in his previous works, Lukacs, in combatting imperialist decadence, sought to oppose to fascism the old plebeian, popular and revolutionary traditions of bourgeois democracy. He generalized these forms and traditions, raising them to the level of myths, forgetting that in 1792, plebeian democracy was only a transitional stage, and that Lenin's theory, formulated in 1905, of the revolutionary dictatorship of the working class and the peasantry in the bourgeois democratic Russian revolution was inseparable from the conception of the transformation of the bourgeois democratic revolution into the socialist revolution. At the heart of Comrade Lukacs' literary theory, the essence of which was that he held up the great bourgeois realism against imperialist decadence, against the ideology of fascism, there lay concealed the idea of a return to "plebeian democracy" as something of a permanent character.



ANDRZEJ RELIGA, mason, Warsaw, *by Jadwiga Walker*

It is true that Comrade Lukacs fought against the literary and philosophical representatives of the "third force," both in Hungary and on the international plane. But his orientation toward a plebeian democracy which does not touch the foundations of capitalism, which is not a transition to socialism, made him willy-nilly a typical representative of the "third force." In literature this tendency showed itself in his leaning toward classical bourgeois realism which, set up as a model in opposition to both bourgeois imperialist decadence and socialist realism, became of necessity a third force in literary development.

THIS is the point in dispute, and not at all the fact that Comrade Lukacs in 1945 "adapted himself too closely in his mode of expression to the situation then prevailing." This was why Lukacs confined

himself to criticizing "formal democracy" instead of bourgeois democracy. The compromise was not just a matter of terminology. Anybody acquainted with the history of the Hungarian Communist movement knows that the literary views of Comrade Lukacs during 1945-49 are connected with his much older political views on Hungarian political development and the strategy of the Communist Party, as expounded by him at the end of the twenties. Is it by chance that Lukacs (see his review of the novel, *The Unfinished Sentence,* by Tibor Deri, published in January, 1948) characterizes the illegal Communist movement in Hungary lock, stock and barrel as "sectarian"? "The ineffectualness of the illegal Communist movement", he writes, "in spite of all its heroic efforts, stems not only from outside oppression but from both the outward and inward manifestations of sectarian ideology." No, our illegal movement was not "ineffectual" and was not on the whole "sectarian". It appears "sectarian" to Comrade Lukacs because he considers Communist policy, prior to the popular front, sectarian, a policy whose strategic objective was the dictatorship of the proletariat. According to him correct Communist policy begins only with the struggle against fascism: the policy of the popular front, the setting up of the strategic aims of the people's democracy. He forgets that what we had here was merely an historical detour forced on us by fascism and not a change-over from a totally incorrect, a totally sectarian political line, to a correct popular policy.

To return to literature, our charge against Lukacs is not that he counterposed the great figures of classical bourgeois realism to imperialist decadence. This in itself was not wrong. Lenin, too, cited Pushkin and Tolstoy against futurism and other decadent modern literary trends. In what Lukacs wrote about imperialist decadence and the way he opposed to it the great classical realists, there is much that is valuable and abiding. But all this was left hanging in the air, and could not really fructify literary and political development, for it was torn from the socialist perspective of development. What could Hungarian literature do with the 1945 slogan of Lukacs: Not Zola but Balzac? And what could it do with his 1948 slogan: Not Pirandello and Priestley but Shakespeare and Moliere? Nothing at all. Even if it was not possible in 1945 to launch the fighting slogan of socialist realism in Hungarian literature, one could have supported more strongly—even though in a critical way—the old and new proletarian

writers, striving to insure the superiority of proletarian literature; one could have criticized much more sharply the faults and waverings of the democratic writers; one could have pursued an intensified struggle against bourgeois, enemy literature. Last but not least, one could have occupied oneself intensively with Soviet literature, one could have popularized it; and this was even more necessary just because it was then not yet possible to pose socialist realism as a fighting slogan for Hungarian literature. It was precisely such popularization and serious analysis of Soviet literature that could have given a socialist perspective to the literary development of our people's democracy, at a time when for political-tactical reasons we could not yet launch the fighting slogan of socialist realism.

IN HIS self-criticism Comrade Lukacs admits his greatest fault: "In my literary activities the analysis of the classics of realism and the criticism of decadence assumed a concrete form while of Soviet literature I spoke only in references and generalizations." Comrade Lukacs hopes that "I can make good for my serious omissions in this respect." He has already made some attempts to correct these mistakes. Which is, of course, as it should be.

However, his self-criticism does not go deep enough, is not consistent enough. Lukacs tries to explain his silence on Soviet literature by saying that "my scientific training in the field of Soviet literature is far inferior to the knowledge that I possess in other fields." Is that true? Certainly, Lukacs knows German literature, for instance, better than Soviet literature. Yet this is not the point. Living in the Soviet Union he participated in the thirties in the literary debates there and contributed to the discussion of the important questions of Soviet literature. Is it not rather that his silence on Soviet literature in Hungary in the forties is tied up with his remarks on questions of Soviet literature in the thirties in Moscow? We think that is the crux of the matter and not the lack of Lukacs' scientific training. The present-day debate concerning Comrade Lukacs' literary theories is essentially only a continuation of the discussion of his ideas in the Soviet Union in the thirties. In his book *Problems of Realism,* published in Hungary, Comrade Lukacs includes a number of articles dealing with questions of Soviet literature on which he was challenged earlier in the Soviet Union.

What was the dispute about then? It dealt with the fact that Lukacs criticized both bourgeois decadence and Soviet literature from the standpoint of bourgeois realism. The Bolshevik Party, the Soviet writers, have always sharply criticized the faults and shortcomings of Soviet literature, thus helping its development. But this criticism and self-criticism always proceeded on principle from the superiority of Soviet literature, of socialist realism, over bourgeois literature. Precisely this was lacking in Lukacs. In 1936, for instance, he wrote in his criticism of the methods of expression of bourgeois decadence: "On the one hand the mighty upswing of our socialist economy, the swift spreading of proletarian democracy, the emergence from the masses of many significant individuals with great power of initiative, the increase of proletarian humanism in the practice of the working masses and their leaders, affect powerfully and in a revolutionary manner the consciousness of the best intellectuals in the capitalist world. On the other hand, we see that our literature is still very far from liquidating the retarding remnants of the traditions of the declining bourgeoisie." Again: "We may rightly pose the question whether the criticism that we make of the methods of mere observation and description in post-'48 bourgeois literature holds good also for our Soviet literature. Alas, we must answer that question in the affirmative." It must be kept in mind that Lukacs considers (not without reason) the method of mere observation and description, as against the method of narration and characterization, one of the chief characteristics of the literature of the bourgeois decline. Thus the picture formed by Lukacs of Soviet literature becomes clear: This literature is inferior to classical bourgeois realism and is, in its essential features, related to the literature of bourgeois decline. We could multiply the quotations, but to what purpose? Isn't it clear that Lukacs deprecated Soviet literature, that he drew a distorted and false picture of it, that he did not understand that Soviet literature marks a new step in the history of humanity which lifts it, as a whole, despite all the faults of its indvidual works, above all bourgeois literature, above all classical realism?

THIS brings us back to Lukacs' version of the theory of uneven development. As we know, Lukacs, trying to explain Marx, declared that "it is not at all inevitable that every economic and social upswing carries with it a literary, artistic, philosophical, etc., upswing; it is not

at all inevitable that a society of an economically higher stage of development must needs have a literature, art, philosophy, etc. superior to that of a less developed society." When Comrade Rudas* asked Comrade Lukacs whether his thesis of uneven development applied also to socialist society, Lukacs was quick to answer no! I think that answer was somewhat hasty. For what I quoted above from his book *Problems of Realism* is essentially nothing but the description of uneven development applied to the Soviet Union. According to Lukacs, socialist economy, proletarian democracy, socialist humanism develop magnificently in the Soviet Union, yet Soviet literature has been unable to liquidate the remnants of capitalist decline. That this is nothing but the extension and application of the law of uneven development to the land of socialism Lukacs himself states when he introduces the above quotation with "We see a very interesting contrast stemming from uneven development, though it is one which makes us writers feel rather ashamed." Why then does Lukacs rescind thus hastily in 1949 what he stated not only in 1945 but even earlier in 1936?

The "uneven development" that Lukacs discerns in the economy and literature of the Soviet Union is, of course, a caricature. However, it does not follow from this that the law of uneven development simply ceases in socialism, nor does it follow that the law of uneven development holds for class societies in the way Lukacs states. There is no society which would be economically superior to a preceding one and whose culture would nevertheless be inferior. As against bourgeois liberal apologetics which glosses over contradictions, Marxism stresses the unevenness of development, its movement through contradictions and its relapses. Yet Marxism has never denied the fact that social development as a whole moves from the inferior to the superior. And this holds true for culture as well. Otherwise historical materialism itself would become meaningless.

THE kind of uneven development which Lukacs has in mind did not occur even in the past; and while uneven development does of course exist under socialism too, it is very different from Comrade Lukacs' notion. Here is what Comrade Zhdanov said about it in 1934 at the Congress of Soviet Writers: "The weakness of our literature

* Laszlo Rudas, who died in April 29, 1950, at the age of 65, was one of the founders in 1918 of the Hungarian Communist Party.

reflects the lagging of consciousness behind the economy, something our writers too have not yet overcome." And what does Comrade Stalin say on this subject at the 17th Congress of the Bolshevik Party in 1934? "But can we say that we have already eliminated all remnants of capitalism from the economy? No, we cannot say that. And much less can we say that we have already eliminated the remnants of capitalism from the consciousness of people. We cannot say that; not only because the development of the consciousness of men lags behind their economic conditions but also because there still exists the capitalist environment which strives to resurrect and to support the remnants of capitalism in the Soviet Union . . ."

However, in the land of socialism it is not only the law of uneven development that asserts itself but also new laws which help to end the lagging behind of consciousness, of culture (and thus also of literature). Whoever sees in the culture of the Soviet Union only the lagging behind, only the uneven development, and does not take cognizance of those other, even more decisive, currents which lift Soviet culture and socialist ideology to the level of socialist economic and social development, is blind, bound to underestimate Soviet culture and Soviet literature as well. What is decisive in the Soviet Union is no longer the lagging behind, no longer the uneven development, but the ever stronger harmony between economic and ideological development. This holds true also for Soviet literature. The constant process of critical clarification going on in Soviet literature even today does not so much testify to a lagging behind on this or that literary work but to the increasingly general validity of the law liquidating that lagging behind with respect to Soviet literature as a whole. That is why Zhdanov does not speak merely of a certain lagging behind of Soviet literature but states, at the same time, with justified pride: "The successes of Soviet literature express the successes and achievements of our socialist system. Our literature is the youngest among the literatures of all peoples and all countries. It is, however, at the same time the loftiest, the most progressive and the most revolutionary literature. . . . Only Soviet literature could and did become in reality such a vanguard, inspiring, revolutionary literature, for this literature is, body and soul, one with our socialist construction."

And when Zhdanov speaks of the vanguard role and character of Soviet literature, what he says has to be understood not only in relation

to the decadent literature of the capitalist world in decomposition, but in relation to the role of Soviet literature in the Soviet Union itself, in that country which is realizing the transition from socialism to communism. Soviet literature is a vanguard literature, that is to say, it does not as a whole lag behind economic and social development but helps it and accelerates it by making the Soviet people conscious of the significance of their labor and of their struggles. It also helps the state and the Party in the work of construction, quickening the development and the consolidation of communist consciousness, morals, patriotism, international solidarity in the brain, in the heart and in the sensibility of the Soviet people.

IN SOVIET literary criticism there is a recurrent demand for worthy values. It is required of Soviet writers that their work be permeated with the spirit of the struggle for human progress, for the new society, for socialism. This struggle for ideals is an organic part of the struggle against the bourgeois conception of art for art's sake; the writer must be kept from standing outside the struggle for the new life, from playing the part of a neutral observer rather than a soldier.

Related to this are other important questions concerning which discussions had already taken place with Comrade Lukacs in the Soviet Union in the thirties, discussions which are being continued now in relation to the problems of Hungarian literary development. What we have in mind is the role of ideology, of political consciousness in literary creation, and of militancy and Party consciousness in literature.

I do not want to repeat all that was said in the debate against Lukacs' interpretation of the relation between the Party and the writer, against the "partisan" theory of Comrade Lukacs. Comrade Lukacs engaged in self-criticism on this question too, but, I regret to say, here also not with sufficient consistency: "The expression 'partisan' itself," he writes, "is theoretically incorrect, for the partisan of today does not in the least differ from the regular soldier in relation to the problems under discussion." This evidently means that partisan fighting, too, is led by the Party, that the partisan, too, is subject to Party discipline, and therefore the relation of the writer to the Party remains the same whether he is a regular soldier or a partisan.

This does not, however, settle the question. In spite of what Lukacs says, there is a difference between partisans and regular soldiers, both

in their style of fighting and in their tactics. With us, particularly on the cultural front, the expression "partisan" acquired the connotation of independence from the Party.

The mistakes of Comrade Lukacs consist in his broadening the Leninist principle of Party consciousness in literature until it means so many things that it means almost nothing. Lenin's "Party literature" is not identical with Engels' "thesis poetry," as Comrade Lukacs seems to think. Engels wrote to Minna Kautsky: "I am by no means an opponent of thesis poetry as such. The father of tragedy, Aeschylus, and the father of comedy, Aristophanes, were both decidedly poets with a thesis, just as were Dante and Cervantes; and the main merit of Schiller's *Intrigue and Love* is that it is the first German political propaganda drama. The modern Russians and Norwegians who are writing splendid novels are all writers with a thesis."

Lenin wrote of Party literature: "Literary activity must become part of the general proletarian cause, a cogwheel in the great unified Social-Democratic mechanism which is set into motion by the conscious vanguard of the whole working class. Literary activity must become a component part of organized, planned, unified Social-Democratic party work."

IT IS obvious that Lenin's views on Party literature represent a considerable development from Engels' standpoint. Comrade Lukacs, however, undoes this development by identifying Lenin's standpoint with that of Engels. The Communist Party requires more of its writers than for them to be simply "thesis" poets. The effect of this reversal by Comrade Lukacs of Lenin's development of Engels' conception is to confine the notion "Party poetry" essentially to lyrical poetry: "Nevertheless, the natural art form dealing directly with the present moment always was and will remain lyrical poetry." According to Lukacs the novel and the drama "retained their old objectivity." Either Comrade Lukacs defines "Party poetry" differently from Lenin or he does not consider valid the Leninist principle of Party literature applied to "the great epic forms."

In Soviet literature, however, not only lyrical poetry but also the novel and the drama are Party literature. And we too want to educate not only our lyric poets but also our novel writers and playwrights in such a spirit of militancy, in this Party consciousness, for them to serve the Party in its struggles and work by means of literature.

We do not claim that Comrade Lukacs is a devotee of the bourgeois principle of art for art's sake. Unquestionably, in his critical work since the liberation, he combatted the art for art's sake ideology that has deep roots in the consciousness of the Hungarian writers. However, he stopped short halfway, for he did not conduct the struggle against art for art's sake from the consistent Leninist conception of Party literature. Only thus can we explain the contradictions which occur in his articles, the opportunist concessions made to the principle of art for art's sake, the interpretation of the principle of Party literature as a "leftist" deviation. On the one hand, he correctly criticises the Hungarian representatives of the principle of "art for art's sake," on the other, he declares: "The indestructibility of the ivory tower world outlook has serious and deep social causes. This conception is a protest against the fundamentally anti-artistic tendency of capitalist society. This protest of 'pure art' against the ugliness and emptiness of the capitalist world may, however, be directed either forward or backward, it can be either progressive or reactionary, according to when, against whom and with what emphasis it is expressed. It is understandable that a considerable part of Hungarian literature in the quarter century of counter-revolution defended itself in this way, particularly in the last horrible years."

This "understanding" for "pure art" is a deviation from the standpoint of Marxist esthetics and makes Lukacs' other declarations against the "supra-social illusion" of the writers almost worthless. No, the ivory tower outlook never was and never can be progressive! This world outlook must not be "understood" and apologized for but must be fought against!

On the one hand, Lukacs correctly calls upon the Hungarian writers to turn towards the new realities of Hungarian democracy; on the other, and incorrectly, he diverts from the new realities by deprecating and declaring irrelevant the question of choice of themes. On the one hand, he combats the Hungarian writers' "cult of the unconscious", calling upon them to base their creative work on the conscious comprehension of social change; on the other hand he nullifies the value of this whole appeal by propagandizing for a Balzac-like attitude. He makes much of the possibility of a duality existing between the "objective realism" of artistic creation and the political-social outlook.

The important thing is not whether, with regard to Balzac or any other significant representative of bourgeois realism, Lukacs' analysis

of the gap between the reactionary character of their political world outlook and the objectively progressive character of their artistic creations is correct or not. In many cases this analysis is, as a statement of fact, correct. However, this analysis did not and could not remain an "objective" scientific statement but has become a slogan and a program—regardless of what the intentions of Lukacs were—a Marxist justification of a false literary position. According to that position the representation of life, good literature, requires no progressive political conviction, no communist world outlook, nor does one have to take sides passionately and positively for that great transformation of Hungarian life which is being carried forward by the Communists. This was the central question of the debate between Comrade Lukacs and the bulk of the Soviet writers in the thirties in the Soviet Union, and we must say the Soviet writers were right.

I CANNOT here give a detailed historical analysis of the interconnection between a political-social world outlook and artistic creation. Comrade Martin Horvath* stated correctly that what holds for bourgeois realism in this respect does not hold for socialist realism. The possibility of a Balzac-like duality stemmed from the fact that capitalism, though progressive with respect to feudalism, was wide open to criticism, even if formulated from a romantic-reactionary political standpoint. However, in the epoch of the struggle between capitalism and socialism there is no place for such "objectivity." One cannot describe socialism either in the process of construction or already built, without having a progressive world outlook, without having a socialist consciousness.

When Lukacs tried to set up the creative methods of the great bourgeois realists as the one and only model, proclaiming the possibility of a duality between political position and the drawing of a true picture of reality, he willy-nilly slipped into an "objectivist" attitude toward the enemy camp and its parties. The constant reference to Balzac, the propaganda of the "great objective poets," could in the final analysis be summed up as follows: it is possible to picture reality on a plane above parties and classes.

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* Martin Horvath is a member of the Political Bureau of the Workers' Party of Hungary.

This trend toward objectivism can be found, unfortunately, throughout Comrade Lukacs' work. Even where his literary analyses are correct and deep, even when his critical statements are adequate, one can somehow feel the lack of a Marxist-Leninist fighting spirit. Comrade Lukacs took his stand often and correctly against literary aristocratism, against turning-away from the people. However, I must pose the question: does not the literary-theoretical work of Comrade Lukacs itself rather considerably suffer from this disease of aristocratism? Comrade Lukacs wrote much, and much that is true—on the basis of the experiences and the analyses of the great Russian realists and the great Russian democratic critics—about the need for literature having a popular character, of its merging with the life of the people. According to one of his correct statements, "The great critic writes for the reader in the first place, not for the creative artist." Well, does that hold true for Comrade Lukacs' theoretical work as well? Does he really write to the "readers," to the people, in his language, style and content? If we examine the effect of his critical work we must answer this question in the negative. The influence of Comrade Lukacs does not extend beyond a narrow circle of intellectuals. He has a limited following, a sect rather than a camp, literary "experts", gourmets who imitate his terminology. In his self-criticism Comrade Lukacs admits that he himself is not without blame if his position was misinterpreted and elements hostile to the People's Democracy and the Party clung to his coat tails. It is good that he recognizes this. However, he should take a further step. He should shake off not only those who cling to his coat tails but also his own disciples and devotees. I mean those who, free-lancing in different fields of cultural life, make "partisan" excursions, far from the Party, from the working class and from the people, and who look down with finicky reluctance upon the new and, yes, often crude and artistically unhewn but nevertheless fresh forces emerging in our cultural life. Comrade Lukacs should turn toward the new forces, should merge more and deeper with the Party whose loyal member he has been for more than three decades—and he should get rid of his "friends."

(*This article will be concluded in our next issue.*)

Transform the Night

by THOMAS MCGRATH

WALKING at evening in streets loud with war,
I look for my grave-plot in an undergrowth of headlines.
The slick journals, correct as masks of murderers
Shine on the stands; and over and over
The radio packs the vast sleepwalking ear
Of the air and the nation with poison and commands.

Then I heard a veteran laud his wooden leg
Like a peace treaty, the woman who miscarried
Praised God, but happy were the black marketeer
And the expensive whore. Oh now come racing back
The thieving senators and five percenters
Like the Elect at Judgment, risen toward a war;

And I hear the hiss of money as the corrupt
Like a nest of snakes coil in the Capitol,
Where the windy madman was made an advisor
And voted sane. Now the petty crook
From Kansas City, and the sadistic general
Enter their apotheosis of vainglory and gain,

And the pious patriots, like a rabble of curs
With the bones of a flag in their teeth, be-pissing the pavements
Of church and stock exchange send up their howl
For money and blood. Cash registers played
The national anthem while cons and lemon-men
Hands in the till, saluted where they stood.

Then I thought of the grave hills of the hemisphere
Where the hounds were hunting Bolivar's poet;
Of the great colleges, hung with ivy and
The dreams of the famous dead. Within the quads
The fearless are hunted and the cowards gagged
While the bourgeois liberal turns away his head.

Then the great ones came in a vision: Lincoln
Going back to be murdered in the Capitol
By presidential order, and Jefferson and Paine
With Dennis in jail; leaning from the top
Of his monument like Columbus looking for
America, Washington shouted, a wordless wail

And no one heard. Turning, then, I knew
All the old heroes were finally dead
With the young nation: dead by act of congress
All the great ghosts—they could not stop the war
Nor discover America again. Heard, last,
Voices of others, a murmuration of hosts

Massed in darkness: up and down the States
The many moving through the planned confusion
Of the public night, not shouting yet but heard
Speaking of peace. Oh lucky the day that dawns
To turn this warring thieves' dark into light,
Give will to the weak and power to the poor,
The world to its workers and transform the night.

Wall Come Tumbling Down

by LEE JENSON

News Item: Chinese take blocks
from Great Wall for paving stones

THE mandarins clapped hands
(discreetly screened by warriors)
and the people died
building the Great Wall
between themselves.

But the people live
and clasp hands
and here is the hinge
of the world turning:

Red China takes back the Wall
from tourist postcards
from the slick pages of the National Geographic
from the generals' timetable

Stone by stone redeeming the centuries
the wall comes tumbling down
taking its shadow with it
making a road good to walk and wheel on
freely in the warming sun.

And no humptydumpty
can put this wall together again.

right face

NEW ALLY

"The Colorado Ute Indians are not exactly hostile to the Government of the U. S.: they accept it as stolidly as Chicago accepted the Capone gang."—Time *Magazine.*

NEW FOE

"The Belgian Congo, source of most of America's uranium supplies, reports the latest Communist technique as the use of sorcerers . . . In widely separated places, the African workers massed in fanatical crowds which could not be dispersed in the usual ways . . . In each case, a sorcerer was reported present in the crowd. But when order had been restored, the sorcerer could never be found nor could the Africans give any rational reason for the demonstration."—*United Nations World.*

NEW CRITICISM

"Hitler, for all his evil intentions, performed in effect a kind of literary housecleaning—much as the Luftwaffe, in the same spirit, cleared out London's East End slums . . . critics and publishers are inclined to agree—if one could forget for a moment the principle involved—that many of the burned books were of little value and would have lost their audience in any event."—A literary letter from Frankfort, *New York Times Book Review.*

NEW VALUES

"The cash value of a seven-year-old girl who might reasonably be expected to grow to womanhood, marry, and live out a normal life was placed at not less than $7,000 today in a New Hampshire Supreme Court decision . . . the judges commented that the girl's value could have been established as a housewife, even if she didn't work at a job that paid wages."—*An A. P. dispatch from Concord, N. H.*

VICTORY in Mississippi

by WILL HAYETT

THE *Southerner* is a Diesel streamliner equipped with reclining seats, air-conditioning, a Jim-Crow car and a public address system over which an unseen hostess announces stations.

The mike clicked.

"We are approaching Laurel, Mississippi," began the sugary voice with the same Chamber of Commerce pride which had heralded town after town. "Laurel has an estimated population of 40,000 and is the industrial center of the state of Mississippi. The Masonite plant, located in Laurel, is the largest single manufacturing plant in Mississippi. Fifty per cent of the products of Laurel are exported out of the South. . . ."

The bored, travel-drugged passengers paid her no mind. I reached for my bag thinking I could write a script that would really make them sit up and listen.

"We are approaching Laurel, Mississippi. Fifty per cent of the people of this region are Negroes. Naturally, we have to keep them in their place. Of course, there's a New South now, and we don't go in for old-fashioned lynching so much. Our police and our judges do the job now.

"Take that Willie McGee, for instance. Maybe you've heard the story. It happened right here in Laurel. It was rape, of course. What else could it be? This is Laurel, Mississippi. Fifty per cent of the products of Laurel are exported out of the south. I understand you all are learning how to keep them in their place up north, too. . . ."

The train stopped, and I stepped down into the oven-heat. The smokestacks and water-tower of the Masonite plant loomed off on the left. On a siding, an engine was shunting flatcars loaded with neatly stacked pulpwood. I put my bag in a locker and started down the street.

The Southern Railway tracks divided the town. On my right was the

business section and the white town. On my left were sagging wooden frame houses that long ago had given up the struggle to look painted. Negro children were playing in the powdery clay of the front yards. I took out my notebook and looked up the address of Willie McGee's mother and asked a passing Negro youngster the way.

"YOU'RE from the Civil Rights Congress. God bless you! Come in, come in, please."

She opened the torn screen door, and I made my way into the shack, aware of the curious eyes of the neighbors up and down the street. The floor creaked as Mrs. McGee walked across the room in her bare feet and brought me a chair. She was a heavy-set woman, and her broad face was marked with scores of years of cooking and washing clothes and bringing up children and endless toil.

"Rosalee told me you might be coming. She even told me how you looked so I'd know you. You see, we've been bothered by white men asking all kinds of questions. And your Mr. Patterson wrote me not to talk to strangers. They been mad ever since you people started to help. God bless you!"

She hovered over me like someone precious to her, nervously wiping her brow, then clutching the handkerchief in a tight knot.

"I saw Willie Saturday," she told me. "I took the bus to Jackson. Rosalee and I, we got some names from him like you asked us to."

She moved to the dresser, opened a drawer and took out a pocketbook. "Here's the names he told us who know about that Mrs. Hawkins and him." She handed me the piece of paper. She was sweating more and more.

"Was it all right for me to come here? . . . I mean, the neighbors and people?" I asked.

"Neighbors is friends. Besides, white bill collectors and rent collectors and insurance men, they come and go up and down these streets all day long. You all right here. You wait a minute, I'm going to fetch Brother McGee. I want him to listen when you tell us."

She moved into the kitchen and out the back door in the yard where someone was chopping wood. In a moment she came back in followed by a tall old man with gray hair and a granite face. He was carrying a load of wood which he set down by the iron stove in the kitchen. He washed his hands and came into the room.

"This is Brother McGee. Brother, this a gentleman from the Civil Rights Congress come to help."

She wiped her brow again and stood before me clutching her handkerchief.

"Sister McGee's been sick with the worry," the old man told me.

"It's the blood pressure," she apologized. She wiped her brow.

They both waited for me to tell them.

"Let me explain what we're going to do," I began.

They both leaned forward searching my eyes for a meaning I might not put into words.

I explained I'd be doing investigation work in Laurel and Jackson. The lawyers were coming down to file a piece of paper first in one court, then in the next. They heard me out, and then there was a silence in the room.

"We're thankful for your trying. And I'm praying all the time," Mrs. McGee spoke quietly.

"Please, Mrs. McGee, I want you to promise one thing," I urged. "I want you to remember how we saved your son at the last minute last time. I want you to promise you won't give up hope."

"That's right! The man's right!" Mr. McGee nodded vigorously. "Remember what happened last time."

"I gave him up," Mrs. McGee moaned softly. "I prayed and prayed, but deep in my heart I gave him up. I won't this time. I won't, I won't. . . ."

"She was sick near to dying that evening," said the old man as the mother of Willie McGee picked up the story.

"I came home from the jail after I said good-by to Willie, and as I was coming down the street here, my heart gave out and I fell in the dirt and they carried me in and I lay right in this bed fit to dying. And then long around eleven o'clock a neighbor came running in and said she heard on the radio Willie was saved. I'll never give up again. I promise."

"That's right," added Mr. McGee. "The man is right. It's wrong to give up."

THE Reverend Tucker is a gracious man, quiet-spoken, fine mannered—a southern gentleman and a man of God. It wasn't until I left his home that he called the police.

The good Reverend lives on the other side of the tracks, of course. The side with the spacious lawns, the stately elms and mimosa bushes and the fine houses. Many of Laurel's leading officials are members of Dr. Grayson L. Tucker's First Presbyterian Church. A solid citizen himself, the Reverend proudly told me he was a friend of Governor Wright's. In fact, he had spoken to the governor about the McGee case only a few days before I came to see him. Or the governor had spoken to him. You see, Mrs. Hawkins, the woman who cried "Rape!" is a member of Reverend Tucker's church. I went to him to ask his help in saving an innocent man from electrocution. I wanted him to speak to Mrs. Hawkins. Perhaps she would tell him the truth. Perhaps she had told him the truth.

I carefully explained why the Civil Rights Congress was fighting for McGee. How the rape charge was obviously phony. What we now knew to be the real facts in the case.

Without blinking, Dr. Tucker had a ready answer. A surprising answer. In fact, I think the Reverend said more than he intended.

"I know there are stories pretty widespread in Laurel that Mrs. Hawkins was somewhat oversexed and had been intimate with McGee over a period of time," he declared. "But I've spoken to her and she tells me there's no truth to it. . . ."

He didn't care to discuss it further.

Of course, he wanted me to know he was against capital punishment.

"Then you'll speak to Governor Wright about executive clemency?" I pressed.

"I've spoken to Governor Wright."

"You've asked him to stay the execution?"

"I did not, sir!"

"But you say you're against capital punishment. . . ."

The Reverend rose. "I don't care to discuss it!" His voice was raspy.

At the door, the good Reverend was his quiet self again.

"I respect your effort on behalf of what you believe right," his voice dressed in Sunday clothes again, "but you must remember, sir, Jesus died on the cross and He was innocent."

THE Boone Clinic of Laurel is a private medical center—of modern architecture, beautifully equipped, polished and gleaming. The doctor's study and consultation room is quiet and tastefully fur-

nished, like the doctor himself. He talks like a man who's read the fine editions that line his bookcases. An enlightened young man of science, the doctor, I quickly understood, reflected the New South. Our talk was amiable, leisurely, pleasant. I had come to see him as a writer doing some research on the South. I hadn't mentioned McGee yet. I hadn't said C.R.C. yet. My few days in the South had already taught me the importance of the leisurely, browsing approach.

And then I said: "I'm interested in that McGee case, doctor. I believe you were called to examine Mrs. Hawkins right after the 'crime.' Yet you never testified. What did you find?"

The mask of gentility and culture dropped from the doctor's face.

"That n——r is guilty as hell. They made one mistake. They should have lynched the son of a bitch five years ago."

You must understand a man like the doctor. He wasn't in the Laurel mob that lynched a Negro, doused his body in gasoline and burned it. *They* did that in 1935. He didn't go out with the drunken Laurel posse that hunted down an old Negro farmer and riddled him with bullets and cut souvenirs from him. *They* did that in 1943. He wouldn't frame a Willie McGee and beat a confession out of him. *They* did such things. He was a man of science and culture. With diplomas on his wall, and a plush carpet under his feet.

"But did you examine Mrs. Hawkins that night, Dr. Boone?"

"The poor woman. She was in terrible shape."

"Did she show medical signs of having been raped?"

"The poor woman. She was crying and hysterical."

"Were there bruises, doctor? Did you make an examination?"

"Of course not. I don't like to get dragged into court to testify in these cases. I tell you she was in terrible shape. Crying and hysterical. The poor woman. I sent her down to Hattiesburg to the hospital. Dr. Cook down there took care of her."

"You sent her thirty miles?"

"Hell, man, I can't get mixed up in these things. . . ."

I left the doctor's. Up the street I stopped for a coke. When I came out a Negro passed me and quickly whispered: "You're being followed."

DICEY is a C.I.O. man. President and business agent of Masonite Local, 443, Woodworkers of America.

I looked him up at his union hall to talk to him about Willie McGee,

who, back in 1943, used to work at the Masonite plant. When I mentioned what had brought me, the beer drained from Brother Dicey's face.

"Willie McGee?" he whispered, as though he were afraid Mr. Mason might be listening.

"Willie McGee," I repeated. "You know about the frame-up of course."

"I don't know anything about it."

I handed him the reprint of the *Compass* series on the case.

He gingerly put it aside as though he had to have it tested with a Geiger counter first.

"I don't know anything about it," he repeated.

I told him about it.

"I don't know anything about it. I'm sorry, but I'm busy. In fact I'm late for a stewards' meeting right now. Besides, I tell you I don't know anything about McGee. We don't have *them* in our local. They're in a sub-local. We don't even let them come into this hall."

On my way out, I noticed the toilet. I remembered the pictures I had seen of a southern C.I.O. union hall with the "Whites" "Colored" signs over the separate doors. There were no Jim-Crow toilets in this union hall. "We don't even let them come in. . . ."

I guess the moment I left, Brother Dicey, busy as he was, managed to find time to make a telephone call, for the next day I read a newspaper account of my interview with him. No longer tongue-tied, Dicey gave out with a grand and glorious patriotic statement that said, in part: "I informed my visitor that the C.I.O. never interferes with the courts of the land and never joins a Communistic supported movement of any kind."

A week later, when Governor Wright and the Mississippi press were inciting mob violence against a C.R.C. delegation on the McGee case, J. E. Dicey, President and Business Agent of the Woodworkers of America, Local 443, C.I.O., wired the Dixiecrat governor: "All officers and the executive board of the Union Local 443, International Woodworkers of America, C.I.O., highly commend you in the stand that you have taken concerning Willie McGee's case, and the stand you have taken with regard to the intervention of delegates of the Civil Rights Congress, or for that matter any action of any organization that has been found to be a Communist front organization."

IN JACKSON they were readying Mississippi's portable electric chair. Willie McGee's picture was in the papers, "THRICE CONVICTED RAPIST TO DIE JULY 27."

In Laurel, Troy Hawkins, husband of the woman who told the incredible "rape" story, attacked lawyer John R. Poole in front of the courthouse when he filed notice of an appeal writ.

Mrs. Rosalee McGee was making a heroic, last-minute tour of the northeast, under C.R.C. and I.W.O. auspices, appealing for mass protests to save her husband.

Thousands of messages every day piled high in Governor Fielding Wright's office where he cynically displayed them to reporters as evidence of a Red plot to thwart Mississippi justice.

From all over the country, the messages demanded "Free Willie McGee!" From the Ohio Society of Old Age Pensioners. From unions, fraternal organizations, N.A.A.C.P. branches, C.R.C. chapters. From church groups came prayers and devotions for Willie McGee—and telegrams. From Haywood Patterson, the "Scottsboro Boy," free at last: "I am not familiar with Willie McGee, but I do feel that he is innocent and not guilty of the rotten frame-up rape charge, and we workers must do every possible thing to save this Negro worker whose suffering is something like mine, I know."

From all over the world, the chorus swelled in many languages. From Martin Andersen Nexö, from 33,000 members of the Finnish Democratic Youth League. From England, Czechoslovakia, Poland, France. From the World Federation of Democratic Youth. From eight Chinese Communist mass organizations speaking for tens of millions. The Willie McGee case was exposing the oppressing of a people in Jim-Crow America.

And then the Civil Rights Congress announced that a delegation from ten states would convene in Jackson on July 25 to appeal to Governor Wright to stay the execution.

"GOVERNOR WRIGHT WARNS MOB TO MIND OWN BUSINESS," screamed the headlines.

The broken-down fire-eater who edits the Jackson *Daily News* busted a gut. ". . . sublimated gall, triple plated audacity, bold insolence and downright arrogance!"

This was followed by an open call for violence in an editorial which should have resulted in a Federal indictment:

"An Animal We Don't Know

"A hint to members of the Communistic Civil Rights Congress who plan an invasion of Jackson in behalf of Willie McGee, thrice convicted rapist.

"It is doubtful if there is a citizen of Jackson who ever saw a real, live, sure-enough, self-branded Communist.

"While this is the closed season for nearly all varmints in Mississippi, we do have people in our midst who are impetuous and act quickly.

"Therefore, if a Communist should be mistaken for an animal of some other sort, what might follow would be logical and thoroughly understandable.

"For instance, some feller might reason thusly:

"Why the hell go to Korea to shoot Communists when the hunting is good on home ground?"

Hodding Carter, Pulitzer prize winner and so-called liberal voice of the so-called New South, shamefully joined the pack, writing as editor of the Delta *Democratic Times*: "We agree with Governor Wright when he told the Civil Righters that he would not tolerate a howling wild-eyed mob of communists interfering with the law of the land."

Police were alerted all over Mississippi. And fire departments. And Legion posts. Only the Boy Scouts weren't heard from. The Sheriff of Laurel got in the act by announcing he was preparing for a C.R.C. attempt to take McGee from the jail by force.

"A word to the wise should be sufficient," the governor told the press, advising all "outsiders to stay at home and mind their own business."

But decent Americans came. Thirty delegates from ten states—half of them women. For the first time since Populist days democracy was asserting itself in Mississippi. For one short day. But a day that taught Mississippians—Negro and white—profound lessons.

The legislative hall of the Mississippi House of Representatives was filled to capacity with a tense, straining crowd. People were standing three deep around the sides. It was a hostile crowd, with Legionnaire caps everywhere.

In the front row, with a microphone before him, sat Governor

Fielding Wright. Natty in a white suit, the former vice-presidential Dixiecrat candidate smiled for the reporters and photographers. Flanking him was his Chief Justice, his Attorney General, and a powerhouse of other Mississippi hierarchs.

Facing the governor and the hostile crowd sat the ten spokesmen for civil rights. One of them, E. F. Bradley of the Chicago C.R.C. Chapter, wore a Legion cap, and the cold stares of the Legionnaires seemed to center on him. On him and the five women of the delegation. The presence of those five brave women seemed to be the most infuriating irritant of all.

Aubrey Grossman, California attorney, and newly elected Organizational Secretary of the C.R.C., spoke first.

McGee had had three mock trials. At long last, the State of Mississippi was on trial. Jim Crow was the charge.

"Oldtime lynchings have been replaced by legal lynchings," declared Grossman. "There is a very strong suspicion throughout the country when a charge of rape is leveled at a Negro in the South. . . ."

The governor clutched a pencil. His smile was gone, his lips were pressed tight.

"This kind of case," continued Grossman, "grows out of the system of segregation and discrimination against the Negroes of Mississippi. It is connected with the fact that Negroes, comprising forty-eight per cent of the population of Mississippi, comprise only a very small proportion of its voters. . . ."

The Chief Justice leaned over to the governor and whispered.

"We don't want to hear your opinions of our laws!" the governor shouted into the mike.

Grossman went on, his voice rising slightly. "Nor is it an accident that the same state which is sending an innocent Negro to the chair is represented in Congress by a man like Rankin, who, more than any other, spreads the most vicious, lying statements about the Negro people. . . ."

The crowd leaned forward. Legionnaires looked at each other in angry disbelief. But those were only the first blows. The hearing continued.

They sat there and heard Sid L. Ordower of Chicago, former radio commentator and candidate for the U.S. Senate on the Progressive Party ticket in Illinois, tell them how he had commanded mixed units in combat in Germany. "Yes, we fought side by side, and southern

white young men in my outfit learned that white and Negro can fight together and work together. This kind of frame-up of a Negro on a rape charge is calculated to keep Negroes and whites apart."

They sat there and heard Mrs. Winifred Feise of New Orleans, mother of two children, rip at the frame-up testimony.

"I read Mrs. Hawkin's statement that she was in bed with her ill child when she was attacked. How she made no sound and did not call her husband who was in the next room. I have given this great thought. Could I allow myself to be raped with one of my children at my side and my husband in the next room? . . ."

There was a murmur in the audience. Many of the women turned away or covered their faces with their hands.

Mrs. Feise looked straight at the governor. "Would I just lie there and let myself be raped? If so, it would mean that I permitted it."

They sat there and listened to Dr. Gene Weltfish, professor of anthropology at Columbia University, read them a lecture on racism. Her quiet words cut deeply.

"All your lives you have been indoctrinated with the Big Lie that Negroes are inferior and rapists and criminals. How, then, can you expect that you can be objective in a case of alleged rape involving a Negro and a white woman?"

The delegates who were leaving in cars had to be gotten out of town as fast as possible. No one underestimated the danger. In Grossman's hotel room the plan for the departure was outlined. But outside the hotel a crowd was already gathering. One of the hoodlums struck at a delegate.

That evening, Steve Fischer, reporter for the New York *Daily Compass,* was mauled and driven out of town.

Sid Ordower was beaten by a gang of thugs as he was about to board a plane to return to Chicago.

John R. Poole, McGee's Jackson attorney, was attacked as he was leaving for Washington to argue a last minute appeal before Justice Burton of the U.S. Supreme Court.

I escaped a beating thanks to a Negro who warned me in time.

The next morning, when Grossman protested to Governor Wright about the beatings, he was told, "How do we know you didn't stage it all to get yourselves some cheap publicity?" A few hours later, Grossman was badly beaten by men carrying police billies!

WILLIE MCGEE was scheduled to die at 12:01 A.M., Thursday, July 27.

I was in the office of Percy Greene, fighting Negro editor of the weekly *Jackson Advocate*. Mr. Green was at a drawing table working on the dummy of his paper when the phone rang.

"It's for you, Brother Hayett. Washington, D. C." He handed me the phone. Our eyes met for a moment, hopefully, and then he looked away, for deep in our hearts we had both given up.

Then I heard the news.

I ran into the outer office and called to the women who work for Mr. Greene. "Please, will one of you run up the street to Rosalee McGee's house and get her. Just bring her here, quick. I want to be the one to tell her. . . ." And then I was ashamed. "No, don't pay any attention to that. Tell her, tell her quickly and bring her here quick. . . ."

I went back into Mr. Greene's room. He was on the phone, and he waved to me to be quiet.

"I want to speak to New York City, Longacre 3-6890," he was telling the operator.

I grinned. That was the N.A.A.C.P. number.

"I want to tell them what you fellows from the C.R.C. did. Maybe they'll shake their backsides and get after Judge Burton for the Martinsville Seven."

I ran downstairs to wait for Rosalee. It was only a couple of blocks to her house.

And then I saw her running. I hurried to meet her. She was waving at me and smiling. We clasped hands.

And then I saw people pouring out of their houses, out of stores, into North Farish Street. Jubilant people watching Rosalee McGee and me and smiling happily. Percy Greene's secretary must have gone through the streets like a town crier. And why not? It was a great day for the Negro people. It was a great day for all America.

Philosophy for WAR

by HARRY K. WELLS

AN INDICATION of the extent to which the ideological preparation of the American people for war has penetrated the philosophical lecture hall may be found in a lecture delivered recently at Columbia University by one of the best known philosophers in the country.

This professor laid a philosophical basis for the doctrine of inevitable war with the Soviet Union in the form of the following argument: the world view of the West is rooted in the traditional logical principle of identity which states that a thing is what it is, and in the principle of non-contradiction which states that A and not-A cannot be affirmed of the same thing at the same time; thus citizen John is citizen John, and it cannot be affirmed that he is at the same time John and not-John, namely the collective. This is individualism and democracy. But in Moscow on the other hand the Communist world outlook is based on contradiction in which it is not only possible but obligatory to affirm both Ivan and not-Ivan, the individual and the collective, at the same time; hence the individual is lost in the collective whole of the state. This is totalitarianism. Therefore, the professor concluded, the basic struggle in the world today is the struggle between the principles of non-contradiction and contradiction, individualism and collectivism. There being no common ground between these diametrically opposed philosophies, the struggle is to the finish and war is inevitable. Here is Truman's war cry echoed in the university classroom.

The philosophy which has met most adequately the needs of the capitalist class has been subjective idealism in all its varied forms. From Berkeley and Hume to Mach and Avenarius to Russell, Wittgenstein and Carnap the formula has been essentially the same, namely to

appear ultra-scientific and yet at the same time to cut the ground from under science by "annihilating" materialism and thereby make room for religion. The fundamental task of subjective idealism was to give at least indirect support to religion through the limiting of science. It accomplished its task by transforming the proposition that all knowledge comes from sense experience into its opposite: all I know is my sensations. In this way science is reduced to mere habitual ways of organizing my experience. It tells me nothing about the nature of the objective material world. Therefore, there is nothing in science which could deny the main tenets of religion. Reason is not a guide to life, but is a mere rationale for what I want to do. The organizing principle and the guide becomes custom, instinct or psychological association.

The capitalist class required science to increase the exploitation of labor, but it also required religion to help maintain itself in power. The reconciliation of these opposites is subjective idealism.

The United States is no exception in this respect. It is true that subjective idealism came rather late, and in coming took on a peculiarly American form. The formula was the same, but the mental cement used to organize experience was changed from mere custom or association to practicality and instrumentality. "Experience" was still rung down as a curtain between man and the world, not only preventing him from knowing the world but making its existence a matter of faith, "animal faith." This reduced science to a mere effective way of organizing experience, a way which had "cash value," as William James put it. So men were left free to believe what they wanted to believe about reality. But this was not enough. Free to believe became "will to believe." Will into existence what you need to live. And if the capitalist class needs god and immortality, will them hard enough and they will exist for you. It is James' dictum that "faith in a fact can help create the fact" (*The Will to Believe*).

CONTEMPORARY American bourgeois philosophy stems in large measure from Charles S. Peirce (1839-1914). Peirce expressed two tendencies: one toward subjective idealism in the form of radical empiricism with a strong pragmatic character; and the other toward objective idealism with a neo-Hegelian flavor. The first was developed on one side by William James and John Dewey into pragmatism and instrumentalism, and on the other into logical positivism and opera-

tionalism; the tendency toward absolute idealism was developed by Josiah Royce, F. S. C. Northrop and A. N. Whitehead.

These two tendencies toward subjective and objective idealism are in no sense contradictory opposites. They are, rather, conflicting differences which find their reconciliation in the nature of idealism in general. They are united both in their antagonism to materialism, and in their support of religion as a weapon in the hands of the ruling class. Their differences lie primarily in the *method* of attacking materialism and the kind of support given to religion. The objective variety of idealism gives open and direct support to religion through the postulation of an ideal world which is the realm of god and immortality and which guarantees absolute free will. The subjective variety gives religion more or less concealed and indirect support through concentrating on the denial of the material world and therefore of science, thus admitting ignorance, obscurantism and scepticism which are in turn easily transformed into blind faith. The end product of both versions of idealism is religion.

Historically, objective idealism was dominant with the subjective form secondary, as with the skeptics of ancient Greece and Rome, throughout slavery and feudalism. But with the coming to power of the capitalist class, subjective idealism became dominant with the objective form secondary. Objective idealism was in too obvious conflict with science to be an effective weapon for the capitalist class. Subjective idealism was the only possible answer to the problem of at least apparently reconciling science and religion. In America as in Europe subjective idealism was at first openly subjective and idealist. This is true of both Peirce and James. They made no real effort to conceal the essential nature of their thinking. Even Dewey in his earlier works took no great pains to cover up his anti-materialism and subjectivism. But with the Russian Revolution, and the rising challenge of dialectical and historical materialism together with the general crisis of capitalism and the sharpening of the class struggle, it became necessary to camouflage both the subjective and the idealist content. This Dewey did through giving a biological character to his concept of experience, pluralizing his subjectivism, calling the resulting philosophy "naturalism" and his method instrumentalist. Thus he talks about effective instruments for shaping the world, but both the instruments and the world *are* experience. The content of subjective

idealism is fully retained, but the form is dressed up to meet the rising challenge of materialism.

Much the same process is manifest in the development of objective idealism. With Royce it is open and religious, but in the works of Whitehead and Northrop it is camouflaged as naturalism and takes its point of departure from "the crisis in physics." Thus the contemporary version of objective idealism claims to be thoroughly scientific and naturalistic. It is an attempt to reinstate metaphysics as a buttress for religion, but at a new level, namely as required by the development of science itself.

Even the endless variety of positivist "schools" now come under the label of naturalism. So that, in general, it may be said that there is one camouflage for all bourgeois philosophies in the United States today, *i.e., naturalism.* This fact is eloquent testimony to the powerful threat of materialism. Also those philosophers who lean toward materialism but are afraid of the "label" use naturalism as protective coloration. Naturalism is therefore the device employed by both shamefaced idealists, subjective and objective, and shamefaced materialists.

THE central organ of ruling class philosophy in the United States is the *Journal of Philosophy,* edited and published by members of the Philosophy Department of Columbia University. Fortnightly the *Journal* carries on its struggle against materialism. Here naturalism in all its idealist forms is paraded in mock battle one with another, but with closed ranks against the common enemy. The latest fads, existentialism, semiotics, cybernetics, vie with the established semi-official pragmatism. The appearance of "free enterprise" is thus maintained with rugged individualist competition. But the competition is in avoiding materialistic premises. From time to time this fact is revealed by an uninitiated contributor. For example, Professor Oliver of the University of Missouri gives the show away in a recent article when in the opening paragraph he says:

> "It is my own opinion that some naturalists succeed better than others in avoiding materialistic premises and modes of thought, but I am not at all sure that any of them can fully clear themselves of all tincture of materialism. I am not sure that I can do this myself, much as I should like to. Materialistic attitudes are ingrained in

most of us, especially those who, like the naturalists, are much concerned with science and science's conclusions. . . . I shall attempt to show, by means of a formal analysis, that the naturalists must incorporate in their conception of nature certain fundamental conditions that are not compatible with any form of materialism. It is hoped that a full consciousness of these conditions and the paradoxes that follow from their negation will help to guide the naturalist in his attempt. . . ."

The "certain fundamental conditions that are not compatible with any form of materialism" are, of course, the subjective operationalist conditions which cut the ground from under scientific knowledge of the world. The sting of the attack on materialism is masked under an attack on "metaphysics," by which is meant reference to anything independent of human experience. In this way the attack is directed ostensibly at objective idealism as much as at objective materialism. Thus the pragmatists, logical positivists and the other variations fight a phony two front war on metaphysics. This is what makes the subjective idealist trap a seductive one.

The philosopher and scientist can carry on an apparent struggle against the metaphysics of objective idealism, but at the same time be relieved of the stigma of materialism. For on their terms materialism is itself "metaphysical." Thus the Missouri professor says "Materialism, it must be remembered, is a metaphysical theory." So materialism is attacked under the guise of attacking all "metaphysics." At the same time, this philosophy which claims to be opposed to objective idealism, perpetuates superstitions, myths and habits among the masses calculated to immobilize them from effective action in behalf of their interests and thus to freeze the existing class relations.

Logical positivism, semantics, semiotics, cybernetics, unified science, etc., etc., are all forms of positivism, which has been primarily concerned with the logical or psychological analysis of language. In all its versions it reduces science to the analysis of the propositions in which it is expressed, and then further reduces the forms of these propositions to supposed innate characteristics of mind. This leaves the positivists with a passive approach to knowledge, completely divorced from practice. It serves as an effective ruling class weapon in immobilizing the scientists, professionals and intellectuals. But it does

not serve as a working philosophy for capitalism in a positive sense. The pragmatists, on the contrary, make the meaning of a proposition consist in the behavior which it calls forth. Thus for them truth consists, not in the relation of a proposition or idea to reality, but in its relation to behavior. Their aim, they say, is the reconstruction or changing of experience; but what they want to change has more to do with subjective experience than with objective reality.

There can be no question that pragmatism is *the* philosophy of U. S. monopoly capitalism. It permeates the entire society, including the labor movement. It shows itself primarily in the anti-theoretical bias, the practical improvisation, the crisis-to-crisis methodology. Pragmatism is the underlying philosophy of the left-wing Keynesism of the Roosevelt "New Deal" and of the right-wing Keynesism of the Truman "Fair Deal." In politics, economics, education, in all fields, it is the dominant philosophy. As such it is the primary ideological class enemy of dialectical materialism.

It is consciously employed as a weapon against Marxism-Leninism, a fact which is explicitly stated by a pragmatist philosopher, Professor Herbert W. Schneider, in his recent *History of American Philosophy,* when he says that political pragmatism "is primarily a theory of power, or rather of powers, pluralistic and opportunistic." It thus provides "a practical substitute for the Marxian concepts of class conflict in a society where classes are vague but conflicts continual." This statement admits that pragmatism is a philosophical expression of political opportunism, and further that a basic aim of pragmatism is to provide an alternative to Marxism. It is plain, too, that the alternative is not a scientific but a "pragmatic" one—that is, it *works* as a camouflage to hide the fact that class conflict is rooted in the nature of capitalist society.

The central feature of pragmatism is experience and its organization through habits, concepts, instruments which "work" to bring about desired ends. The "world" *is* what is experienced, so that everything that is begins and ends in experience. But experience is analyzed out into two levels, primary and secondary. Primary experience is what is given, it is "brute data." Secondary experience is the conceptual-instrumental organization of primary experience. Thus truth does not exist, for there is no objective material world to which our ideas can correspond. The only possible criterion of the "instrumentality" of

organizing habits or ideas is whether they "work" to bring about what men want.

The pragmatists, with Dewey in the lead, have been ingenious in concealing the implications of their theory, and have caused much confusion thereby. There being no such thing as truth, and the criterion being whether an idea works to meet the needs of men, the immediate question arises: The needs of which men? It is at once apparent that in talking of the needs of men the pragmatists are hiding the class nature of their philosophy. It is the needs of the ruling class which are the criterion. What works for the ruling class is an effective way to organize experience. Nothing can expose the big lies of fascism; if they work then they are effective ways to organize experience. If war and fascism work in the organization of the "world," if U.S. world hegemony works, then it means that it meets the needs of "men," *i.e.*, the ruling men.

Theory, in such a view, is removed from primary experience, and is therefore a distortion. The more theory, the further removed from the source which is primary experience. The process of knowing then requires that man continually return to the source, and recapture primary experience without the intervention of mind or theory. Theory, far from guiding practice, gets in the way of practice. Hence improvization is the rule. For history is merely past ways of organizing experience and tells us nothing about either the past of the world or of its future direction of development. Or, as Henry Ford said, "History is bunk." Such a crisis methodology mirrors the crisis character of monopoly capitalism, and in turn reacts back again to fortify, rationalize and heighten that character. Planning beyond single monopolies is impossible in capitalist society. Pragmatism is an ideological reflection of this fact. Hence the improvization in U. S. foreign and domestic policy, buttressed by a philosophy which raises improvization to a principle, whose only criterion is whether it is effective. Pragmatism is highly adaptable. It readily becomes the philosophy of fascism and war under the cover of "democracy" and "Americanism." The American slogan "is it practical?" becomes in philosophy "will it work?"

PRAGMATISM is the dominant philosophy of the war and fascist inciters, but there is another trend in contemporary American philosophy which may become more and more important as a co-partner

with pragmatism on the philosophical front. That is the wing of "naturalism" which is absolute idealism in modern dress. There has for some time now been a rather concerted and widespread attempt to reinstate "metaphysics." The essence of such a move is to give religion more open and direct support. This trend is fast gathering momentum in and out of the universities. Like the empiricist "schools," it is a warmed-up eclecticism presenting nothing essentially new. While the contemporary versions of subjective idealism go back to Berkeley and Hume, this other development returns to the classic tradition of Plato and/or Aristotle. The current trend toward objective idealism is fast becoming an important weapon in the ideological arsenal of the American drive for world hegemony. We see that the latter increasingly tends to take on the cloak of a religious crusade, and objective idealism provides a more direct philosophic rationale for religion. The Catholic Church has its objective idealist philosophy in Thomism, which plays an important role in contemporary philosophy. The Federated Council of Churches, John Foster Dulles' Protestant organization, is now receiving philosophical support from the objective idealist trend.

Lenin in *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* has shown us how the empiricists have utilized the twentieth century revolution in physics to establish subjective idealism. The new trend in the United States utilizes the crisis in physics to establish objective idealism. The leading exponent of this trend is the late A. N. Whitehead. Whitehead characterizes his philosophy as "a transformation of some main doctrines of Absolute Idealism onto a realistic basis" (*Process and Reality*). It is the fundamental contradiction between the dialectical world discovered by modern physics on the one hand, and the static method of formal logic on the others which is exploited by Whitehead to transform materialism into idealism.

Starting from the point of view of nuclear physics, Whitehead concludes that "Nature is process" (*Concept of Nature*). Contemporary physics presents the world as a process in which the passage of one event into another is forever taking place. Thus qualitative change is of the nature of the world: "The passage of an event is its passing into some other event which is not it." This is essentially a dialectical view, for if a thing is continuously in the process of becoming something else, then it cannot be just what it is at any given time, but is both what it was and what it is becoming. It is the conflict of what is passing

away and what is arising; therefore contradiction is of the very nature of the world.

It is here that the irreconcilable clash with the traditional method of formal logic arises. Whitehead's problem is: How can man know the world characterized as contradictory, when all he has as a method is formal logic rooted in the principles of identity and non-contradiction? If he is to avoid scepticism and subjectivism, in short if he is to establish absolute idealism, he must find a way for man to deal intellectually with process. The only possible answer is of course dialectics, but a philosopher cannot accept this without coming into open conflict with the requirements of the ruling class. Therefore, Whitehead had to invent a mechanism which would reconcile the irreconcilable, namely, the dynamic world view and the static method.

Such a mechanism he found in his "theory of objects." "Objects" are the unchanging, self-identical permanences amidst the flux of events:

> "Objects convey the permanences recognized in events, and are recognized as self-identical amid the different circumstances; that is to say, the same object is recognized as related to diverse events. Thus the self-identical object maintains itself amid the flux of events: it is there and then, and it is here and now; and the 'it' which has its being there and here, then and now, is without equivocation the same subject for thought in the various judgments which are made upon it."

Events and objects are the two sides of nature. They are change and permanence, the passing and the eternal. They are this world and the "other" world. Whitehead has had to invent a "realm of eternal objects" which ingress into events to render them self-identical and non-contradictory, and thus amenable to the method of formal logic.

But events and objects are opposites: the one is changing and contradictory; the other eternal and harmonious. The problem now becomes one of how events and objects are related. It is obvious that they cannot be internally or organically related, for in that case change would infect permanence and eternality would disappear. Events and objects, therefore, are related as two absolutely contradictory worlds. The relation is external and mechanical. In fact, the only possible way in which the two worlds can be co-ordinated is through the agency of a divine pre-established harmony. God, who knows all, guarantees that

when an event is ripe the appropriate eternal object will descend from the realm above and ingress into it. Thus God is a necessary postulate flowing from the requirements of physics. There is almost an exact parallel between Whitehead's "realm of eternal objects" and Plato's "realm of eternal ideas," and between Whitehead's "events" and Plato's "Receptacle."

Whitehead, like Plato, has to appeal to God to extricate himself from dualism. He employs the contradiction between his method and his conception of the world as process as a basis for positing a world beyond this world, as well as for God and immortality. Thus he gives direct support to religion, but with the added argument that religion is required by the latest developments in science. Here religion becomes the only answer to the basic problems of physics.

In a similar manner F.S.C. Northrop recasts objective idealism through exploitation of the crisis in physics. He deals with the age-old problem of flux and permanence, which he traces back to Heraclitus and Parmenides, and which is heightened through developments in twentieth century physics. He accepts Parmenides characterization of the Heraclitean flux as involving "contradiction." But he also accepts Parmenides' assumption that only the permanent is real, because it alone excludes contradiction and affirms the traditional conception of the principle of identity.

For Northrop the principle of identity means "that the notion of eternity is more fundamental than the idea of temporality." The idea of permanence is more fundamental than the idea of change. This is of course the traditional ruling class position. "The idea that reality is eternally what it is," he says, "is a necessary part of our observation of the extensive fact of stuff." For if it were not "eternally what it is," if it were not permanent, we could not observe it. If we are to observe nature, we must "observe it as something which is eternal first, and come upon the discovery of temporality in its parts later." In short, "We observe nature to be extensive stuff which involves permanence as a part of its very nature, and the notion of time is a local detail." The problem becomes, how to get permanence as a fundamental feature of nature when contemporary physics presents us with a world characterized as process, as events continually becoming other events.

Northrop, like Whitehead, finds the solution in dualism, in splitting the world into two aspects and then inventing a god to unite them. He finds a "polar opposition of physical and formal principles at the

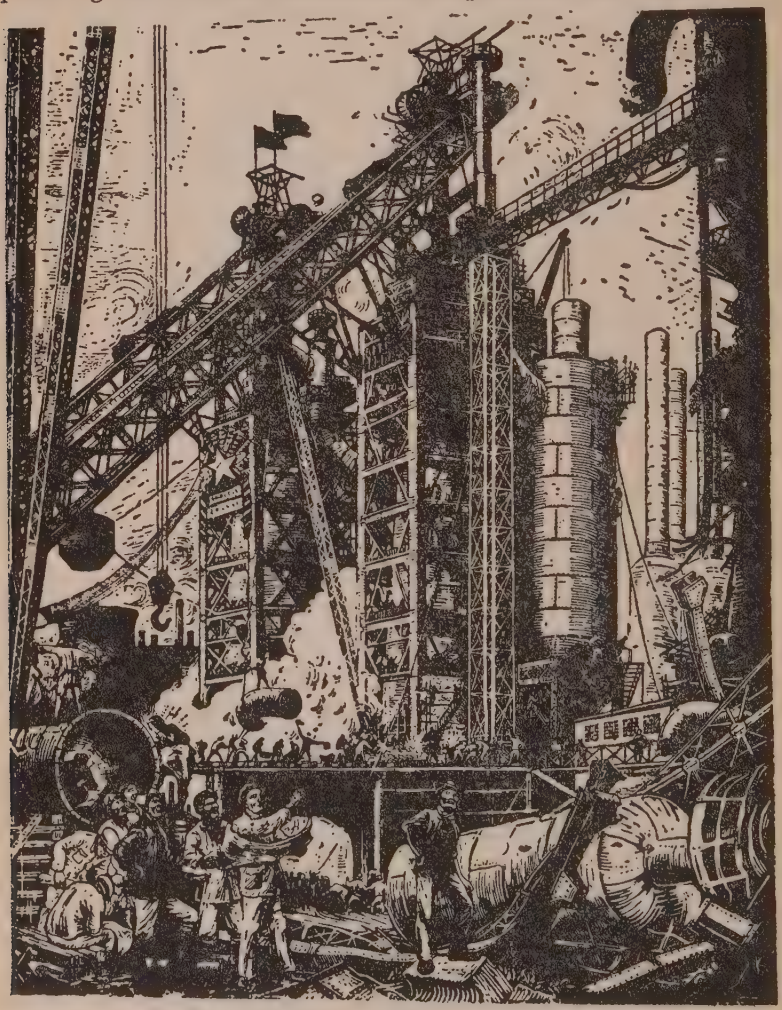
foundation of nature." The two poles are also called the "microscopic" and the "macroscopic." The former is changing and "inconsistent"; the latter "eternal," "consistent" and "rational." It is the "macroscopic" or "formal" principle which renders the "microscopic" rational, for it puts the mark of the eternal and unchanging on the flux and thereby makes it amenable to traditional method based on the principles of identity and non-contradiction: "It is the static macroscopic principle which gives mind its determinateness, man his character and places upon the temporal flow of forms the touch of the eternal which stops them long enough in their vague transition from one into another, to reveal their character." This is a classic statement of the contradiction exploited by bourgeois philosophers to reestablish idealism.

Both Northrop and Whithead take advantage of the complete bankruptcy of traditional philosophic method, the method of formal logic, to transform the materialism of science into the obscurantism required by the capitalist class. Instead of revolutionizing the method to fit the content of science, they call in God to salvage it. Thus Northrop concludes that "One has but to specify what this involves in the case of the macroscopic atom, to find oneself confronted with the divine being."

CONTEMPORARY American philosophers fully bear out Lenin's thesis that "the professors of philosophy are scientific salesmen of theology." The pragmatists peddle a philosophy which raises sheer opportunist expediency to the level of a supreme principle, nay the only principle. Pragmatism is a philosophy to eliminate philosophy, to eliminate theory and all principles of right and wrong, true and false. Sheer opportunism is the essential content of pragmatism. It is the perfected intellectual prostitute willing and ready to serve imperialist aggression, war and fascism. The Whiteheads and the Northrops prostitute science in the service of clericalism, lending a religious fervor to the crusade against the peoples of the world. The one school provides a cover for the other, for they are united in their fear and hatred of the working masses armed with the science of Marxism-Leninism.

The professors serve the monopolists well, but at the same time they reveal the complete intellectual degeneracy of their masters. Their enemy is dialectical materialism, the philosophy of the working class, science and progress. As Zhdanov pointed out, the center of the struggle against Marxism has shifted to the United States and American re-

actionary bourgeois philosophy plays a leading role in this struggle. Decayed idealist theories are its contribution, and Zhdanov warns, "We know from the experience of our victory over fascism into what a blind alley the idealist philosophy has led whole nations." The pedantic idealism of Northrop, Whitehead and Dewey leads logically to the open gangster philosophy of a Sidney Hook and a James Burnham preaching atom war and concentration camps for all who oppose it.



BUILDING NEW CHINA, by Li Hwa. From the Peking biweekly, *People's China*

books in review

Key to Victory

IDEAS THEY CANNOT JAIL, by Eugene Dennis. *International Publishers.* Cloth, $1.25; paper, $.50.

SUPPOSE you held the hand of the American people and put into it the poetry of Pablo Neruda, and when it was read you said: "Those are the words of a Communist." And put into the same hand Gorky's description of his grandmother and when it was read you said: "Those are the words of a Communist." And put into the same hand O'Casey's account of his mother's burial and when it was read you said: "Those are the words of a Communist."

Could a hand which had held such words or those of Fuchik, Dreiser, Aragon, Sholokhov, Guillen or Nexö, ever thereafter be raised in anger against a Communist?

To ask the question is to answer it. The American bourgeoisie has asked itself this question and, knowing the answer, has taken the path of fascism and war. It has taken the path of illegalizing the question and thus erasing the answer.

But it is all in vain. It has been tried a hundred times before, and under very much more auspicious circumstances, but always and everywhere it has failed. Why? Because the artistry, passion, and beauty of the lives and writings of the Fuchiks and Gorkys spring from the truth, from necessity, from life. They are the exquisite flowers proving the soil's sweetness. And the soil is everywhere; it is the earth itself and a Neruda speaks for all who, dwelling upon it, require freedom and peace.

For over one hundred years Marxism has been damned incessantly and banned repeatedly but it has not been refuted. And the pulsating upholder and implementer of that universal science, of that truth, has been and is, everywhere, the Communist Parties that inevitably arise.

To all this our country is no exception and thus it is that this September marks the thirty-first

anniversary of the Communist Party of the United States. Now, at this most critical moment in the drama-packed life of that Party, its imprisoned General Secretary, Eugene Dennis, provides through his book, *Ideas They Cannot Jail,* a splendid tool with which to bulwark and build the Party.

Dennis is, as William Z. Foster points out in his introduction, "the most outstanding victim of the severe persecution now being directed against the Communists." His volume deals with the central issues in American life during the post-war years. Here will be found an authoritative presentation of the Communist Party's position and activities in the struggles for peace, Negro liberation, civil liberties, a strong labor movement and the building of a united, mass, anti-fascist coalition. Since the author has had a major role in all of these efforts the writing has a spontaneity and life about it that will firmly hold the reader's attention. This is especially true in the sections of the work dealing with the efforts to smash the Un-American Activities Committee and the Foley Square frame-up.

Most American people, to this day, have no idea why Eugene Dennis is in jail, what the Un-American Activities Committee actually is, the nature of the two counts in the indictment of the Party's National Committee and the manner in which Medina conducted the trial. This mass ignorance is necessary to the frame-up's success; to break through this fog is to guarantee the frame-up's smashing. Dennis' book provides the reader with an instrument to penetrate that fog.

Readers of this book will understand that which must be understood today, namely, as Dennis made clear in 1946, "anti-Communism, if it is not combatted and overcome in time, can ravage and destroy the most powerful of modern nations." They will grasp the political and economic realities linking the effort to illegalize the Communist Party with the "still more hideous crime" as Dennis pointed out in August, 1948, of plotting to subject "the American people to the force and violence of fascist dictatorship, and the peoples of the world to the force and violence of atomic warfare." They will see that Dennis warned in 1948 that "The attempt to brand as treason the patriotic struggle for peace threatens the suppression of all movements in defense of the people's living standards and democratic rights," and they will find explained the indissoluble unity between the crusade for peace and all other movements seeking a decent way of life.

The reader will understand that a fascism-aspiring ruling class will be stopped from launching an atomic war by the people's resistance, only by the people's *im-*

posing peace. To the fascist-mind Hiroshima is glory — Hiroshima where at 8:15 a.m., August 6, 1945 there were 76,000 houses and 312,000 men, women and children, while a second later, 8,400 houses remained and but 136,000 maimed and burned human beings existed.

Dennis' book provides the reader with the analysis needed to understand the meaning of white chauvinism in terms of the battle against American fascism and against war. He will then comprehend to the full the Government's scuttling of F.E.P.C., its restraining of Paul Robeson and the scandalous insulting of William L. Patterson of the Civil Rights Congress.

The nature of fascism itself and its emergence as a simultaneous reflection of a divided labor movement and the weakness and instability of capitalism is made clear by Dennis so that the reader will understand "the crying need of the hour"—anti-fascist unity.

This volume, then, answers a "crying need of the hour" for it deals clearly, simply and directly, from the Communist viewpoint, with the central issues of today. In Shelley's words, Dennis

> ". . . stands amid the silent dungeon-depths
> More free and fearless than the trembling judge,
> Who, clothed in venal power, vainly strove

To bind the impassive spirit. . . ."

He has shown that neither legalistic illusions nor fatalistic and pessimistic attitudes will do since both result in passivity. Organized, united militant mass anti-fascist activity—this is the key to victory and this is the theme of Dennis' *Ideas They Cannot Jail.*

HERBERT APTHEKER

Mental Health

SOVIET PSYCHIATRY, by Joseph Wortis. The Williams & Wilkins Co. $5.

WHEN a unique book makes its appearance — a trail-blazer in its field—there is always the temptation to describe it as long overdue. Yet in the case of Dr. Wortis' survey of psychiatric theory and practice in the U.S.S.R. it is impossible to imagine a more apposite comment. Those American Marxists who have been engaged, in recent years, with an increasingly critical estimation of psychiatric practices and doctrines current in our country have always found themselves confronted with a question to which their own ignorance was a dusty answer: "Well, what do they do in the Soviet Union?" Many other individuals who have developed the sensible habit of looking to the Soviet Union for progressive work in the fields of science and social management have so far found their questions regarding Soviet psychiatry largely unanswered. As a result of this lack of relevant material—in English, of course—and in the face of the immense and continuous barrage of anti-Soviet propaganda many curious opinions have developed even among progressives as to the provisions for the care of the emotionally and mentally disordered in the first socialist country.

There are those who, while generally sympathetic to the aims of socialism, are so convinced that a collective society does not concern itself about the individual that they cannot imagine the socialist Soviet Union paying much attention to what is, in their eyes, an individual-oriented science. There are those who, quite mechanically, appear to believe that the successful establishment of socialism in a country automatically solves all personal problems and abolishes the need for psychiatry. Such a view is that of the economic determinist, who is able to overlook the heavy inheritance of capitalist ideology which must be struggled against during the entire period of transition from capitalism to the final stage of communism. There are those who remain obdurately convinced as to the unchangeableness of "basic human nature" and blandly assume that a socialist society must meet the same psychiatric problems and deal with them in the same way

as a capitalist society. Finally, there are those who are convinced that the emotional problems of people are different (and very likely less severe) under socialism and that psychiatric care must also be different, but simply have little information on the actual details of Soviet psychiatric theory and practice. Wortis' book should go a long way toward clearing up mistaken viewpoints and supplying us with a great quantity of badly needed information in the process.

Since any review of so rich a book can only deal adequately with a limited number of problems, we wish to touch on only two or three which should be of the greatest interest to the American reader. First, on the general trend of Soviet psychiatry. The Soviet psychiatrist is essentially a materialist and an environmentalist. There is no room in his conceptual storehouse either for instinctual drives, innate abilities or purely "psychological" explanations of human behavior. As A. N. Leontiev puts it:

> ". . . Only the anatomical and physical traits of the organism are innate. These traits do not in themselves determine directly one's abilities; abilities are formed only in the process of development of appropriate activities. Consequently, they are dependent on the concrete conditions which make a given activity possible."

From this it is easy to see why Soviet psychiatry stands squarely on the two pillars of neurophysiol-

ogy and social manipulation (work therapy, emphasis on out-patient care rather than prolonged hospitalization, occupational re-training, etc.), with pure psychotherapy playing a relatively minor role. From this also we see why the work of Pavlov has had such a deep influence on Soviet psychiatry, since while this work is not free from typical mistakes of the mechanical materialist variety, it possesses the virtue of being consistently materialist (it constantly has sought for physiological explanations of psychological phenomena) and is generally oriented toward an understanding of the learning process. It was Pavlov's influence also (combined with the basically materialist outlook of Soviet psychiatry) which, in Wortis' opinion, accounts for the enormous emphasis Soviet psychiatrists place on physiological methods of treatment — shock treatments, neurosurgery, chemical dosage, etc. — even for those disorders which the bulk of American psychiatrists regard as purely functional (non-organic).

On the other hand, the Soviet psychiatrist is also a social scientist and engages in massive alteration of the social environment of the patient, both in management and treatment. Wortis points out that the emphasis in the Soviet Union is on out-patient care, with the hospital reserved only for the most acute and dangerous patients. It is felt that isolation from normal human society and separation from productive social labor serve to aggravate mental illness. Naturally, there is a great concentration on preventive psychiatry, and a whole network of community clinics, sheltered workshops, training and retraining facilities and elaborate systems of foster care. From this it also follows that the field of child psychiatry is enormously developed in the Soviet Union as compared to the insignificant role this field plays in American psychiatry.

Thus, the general trend of Soviet psychiatry is in the direction of neurophysiology on the one hand, and social influence on the other, with the individualized, purely psychotherapeutic methods of treatment (see the discussion on psychoanalysis below) squeezed into a minor and increasingly subordinate position. To those who are familiar with the basic Marxist view of human personality, and are also aware of the immense possibilities afforded by a socialist society for environmental manipulation, this over-all direction of Soviet psychiatry appears quite logical and inevitable.

A second problem of quite general interest is, of course, the attitude of Soviet psychiatry to psychoanalysis, particularly the Freudian doctrines which today dominate in American psychiatry. It should not be news that Soviet psychiatrists are sharply critical of psychoanalysis, regarding its theo-

ries as reactionary and obscurantist and its therapeutic methods as wasteful of time and relatively ineffective. As Wortis summarizes the opinions of the leading Soviet psychiatrists, their criticisms of psychoanalysis are as follows: (1) it is ultra-individualistic, explaining social life as the sum of the behavior of individuals, rather than individual behavior as a social product; (2) Freud has no understanding of the social conditions of human behavior; (3) Freud minimizes the role of consciousness, which Soviet psychology regards as the highest product of evolution and to which it assigns the dominant role over unconscious impulses; (4) as a method of treatment it is uneconomic and wasteful since only a small number of patients can be covered by it and it "fixes the attention of the patient on intimate personal experiences," thus turning his attention away from society; (5) Freud's biologism leads him to subjective idealism, to a "negation of social influences and an explanation of the behavior of man by exclusively internal forces, through his psychological and biological drives." As E. T. Chernakov puts it:

> "The constant theme of bourgeois psychology is the problem of inner personality conflicts; the eternal struggle of two entities:—the human and the animal; the conscious and the unconscious; the rational and the instinctual; the social and the biological, and so on. . . . The tenacity with which these theories persist can be largely attributed to their usefulness to the scientific lackeys of the ruling classes, who utilize them for the purpose of concealing the real contradictions which beset a class society. This is done by presenting these contradictions as inner conflicts, by reducing social contradictions to the contradictory nature of the human soul."

As one reads through Wortis' book, it becomes clear that the real "doctor" in the Soviet Union is the socialist society itself, that the abolition of exploitation of man by man and, with this, the possibility of the disappearance of man's inhumanity to man provide the most important conditions for mental health. Scattered throughout the book are comments which give glimpses of the amazing possibilities inherent in a socialist society for the development of healthy personality and the treatment of the disordered, opportunities which simply do not exist in our own dog-eat-dog social system. We are told, for example, that "it is the doctor's role to help the patient to rearrange his life so that he has a better schedule of work, sleep, recreation, etc.," and we reflect wryly how rarely this is practically possible in our own country. Repeatedly it is pointed out that productive and creative work on the part of the patient is a basic therapeutic tool in the Soviet Union, and we reflect on how inappropriate such a device would be

in America, where labor is most often meaningless, degrading, for the benefit of the private proprietor alone. Again, we are informed that "the cardinal virtues inculcated in children are 'love of work' and 'love of people.' In the Soviet Union it is believed that lack of these is basically responsible for most juvenile delinquency," and we comprehend why juvenile delinquency destroys thousands of youngsters annually in our own country but has almost vanished as a problem in the socialist Soviet Union.

It is however, a real weakness of Wortis' book that much more emphasis is placed upon the physiological and chemical methods of treating seriously disordered (psychotic) patients than upon the unique social arrangements of the new society. In this he may, perhaps, be mirroring the past of Soviet psychiatry, but his own account suggests that this does not yield an adequate picture of its present and future. At the end of his book he presents us with several extremely interesting appendices, which consist of a series of translated documents taken from current controversy in Soviet psychiatry and psychology. From these documents, it is clear that Soviet psychiatry is passing through the same phase of searching criticism and self-criticism as has been taking place in the fields of philosophy, biology, literature, art and music. From these sharp critiques, we gather that many leading Soviet psychiatrists and psychologists have not been able fully to absorb and apply in their work the basic principles of dialectical materialism, have uncritically incorporated many wholly bourgeois psychological concepts and, worst of all from the socialist point of view, have not taken as the object of their study the new Soviet man "who acts and develops under the conditions of our Soviet reality, but some human personality in general, taken abstractly and in isolation from concrete socio-economic conditions." Again and again, in these critiques, it is pointed out that Soviet psychology has not been sufficiently partisan, that it has not criticized bourgeois psychology but merely borrowed from it, that it has been eclectic. Above all, the criticisms point out that the main problem of Soviet psychology must be to study how different socio-economic conditions affect the development of personality. It is impossible to study "man in general" but only concrete men who live under concrete conditions: "the psychology of Soviet man must become the central problem of the Soviet science of psychology."

Thus, Wortis' book appears to stand on its head, and we learn, with some sense of bafflement, only when we read the last few pages that much of what has been reported to us throughout the volume about the theories and prac-

tices of Soviet psychiatry is currently under assault within Soviet psychiatry itself. This reviewer feels that Wortis' report on Soviet psychiatry is itself insufficiently dialectical, that he does not present us with an all-rounded picture of Soviet psychiatry as a living science which has passed through various phases, which has made mistakes but struggles to correct them, which has tried to purge itself of bourgeois ideology but has done so, as yet, only incompletely. The one-sided emphasis on neurophysiology in Wortis' account of Soviet psychiatry may reflect the kind of mechanical materialism with which a science newly turned toward Marxism often attempts to counter the idealist trends of bourgeois science. Thus, one feels somewhat disappointed at an account of Soviet psychiatry which spends many pages summarizing the various types of shock treatments for the psychotic patient but only a paragraph or two on the massive social effort that wiped out prostitution and has virtually eliminated juvenile delinquency as a serious problem.

Despite this shortcoming, Wortis' book is a contribution of great value to the discussions now going on in Marxist circles with regard to psychiatric theory and practice; and it provides an effective answer to the notion that a collective society ignores the welfare of the individual. The reader will be well advised, however, to read the Appendix first, so that the remainder of the material of the book will be in proper perspective.

Above all, at a time when every medium of communication in our country is attempting to convince us that the Soviet Communists are nothing but a gang of bloodthirsty cannibals, it is enlightening to read a serious and calm account of the considerable time, thought and energy which the socialist Soviet Union invests in the well-being of its citizens. What a contrast to our own country, which reserves its most highly regarded therapeutic method for a limited number of private patients with the money to pay for it, and permits the overwhelming bulk of its people to struggle along almost without assistance in the face of the terrible pressures of a decaying society!

GEORGE STEWART

A Marxist on Israel

ISRAEL IN CRISIS, by A. B. Magil. *International Publishers.* Paper edition, $1.25; cloth edition, $2.50.

THE magnificent upsurge of sympathy for the Israeli fight for national liberation aligned people with the progressive, anti-imperialistic trend that it represented. But this complex event also revealed that many progressives, both Jewish and non-Jewish, still cling to a number of fallacious ideas about the Jewish

people. The notion that the Jewish people is unique and somehow does not operate under the same social laws that govern all other peoples is not easily dispelled. There are many progressives who agree that class struggle pervades society, but who often in practice work as though this did not apply to the Jewish community.

Yet, real concern for the Jewish people and for the people of Israel makes imperative greater clarity on these questions, requires a partisanship that is informed. The danger to Israel and to the Jewish people today is great, and this is all the more reason why the inadequacies in understanding, only too frequently manifested during Israel's fight for independence, need to be overcome. In part such mistakes resulted from neglect of Jewish problems by the Left. But this failing is now being overcome. One outstanding evidence of this is the publication of A. B. Magil's compact and comprehensive *Crisis in Israel.* The book fuses deep feeling for Israel with a clear Marxist understanding of its problems.

But the book is more than this. It is an admirably documented statement of the Marxist position on most of the basic questions confronting the Jewish people of the capitalist world. For any thorough inquiry into the problems of Israel necessarily involves examination of the Jewish question as a whole.

The main theme of the book is the struggle of the common people of Palestine, both Jews and Arabs, to throw off the oppressive domination of British and American imperialism and latterly to realize self-determination and independent nationhood in Israel. Magil traces the history of Jewish colonization in Palestine and its intense nationalistic character and the consequent relegation of the Arabs to a position of political, social and economic inferiority. He shows the rise of the Jewish nation during the thirties and forties as refugees from Nazism poured into Palestine in the tens of thousands and in the postwar struggle for independence.

Exposing the imperialistic nature of British and American relations to this struggle, Magil makes clear that the fight for national liberation was not concluded, but only begun with the proclamation of the Jewish state. Especially valuable is his factual account of British and American economic interests in Israel, the foreign exploitation of oil resources and the position of Palestine as the "cockpit of empire."

What are Israel's capabilities for resisting this powerful attempt to make the country a semi-colony of the Anglo-American imperialists and a pawn in the cold war? Magil's social and economic analysis of Israel throws

light on this question. He describes the social composition of the people. He shows the strengths and weaknesses of the Jewish and Arab working classes and the corrupting influence of nationalistic Zionist ideology on the Jews. He summarizes the programs and class affiliations of the large variety of political parties in the country. He tears away widespread illusions about the Israel Federation of Labor (Histadrut) and the "socialist" character of the cooperative farm movement.

The situation of the Arabs in Palestine as an oppressed minority is made clear. Magil briefly shows the development of the Arab liberation movement and distinguishes clearly between the authentic people's aspect of that movement and the nationalistic exploitation by the feudal Arab puppets of the Anglo-American imperialists. However, Magil tends in his concluding chapter to underplay the part of the Arabs in the future of Israel.

Central to the whole book is Magil's exposition of the bourgeois nationalistic character of Zionism. His sketch of the Zionist movement brings out its reactionary roots, its dependence on imperialism, its false conceptions of the Jewish people as a world "nation" and its chauvinistic policy toward the Arabs. Magil shows the application of these Zionist principles in the development of the Jewish community in Palestine and their influence on current policies and struggles in Israel, as well as their implications for the relation of Jews outside Israel to the Jewish nation in Israel.

These problems involve all of us, whether or not we are Jewish. The Middle East is one of the vital areas where the future of the world is being determined. Furthermore, the fate of the Jewish people is closely linked to that future. Magil's book helps us enormously toward a clear understanding of the role that Israel and the Jewish people must play in shaping this future.

LOUIS HARAP

The Happy Worrier

HOW TO BE DELIRIOUSLY HAPPY, by Ira Wallach. *Schuman.* $2.50.

NOT since Samuel Smiles swept provincial America with his many-editioned classic, *Self-Help,* have there been such easy pickings for writers of recipes on how to feel happy and strong in our bedevilled land. We are the richest country in the capitalist world, but also the most hagridden with inward miseries of every description. The land of the "free individual" produces more miserable individuals than any nation in the world. This is not a paradox, but merely the inevitable outcome of the fact that as the commodities we make pile up in their glitter-

ing heaps, the soul is crushed out of the people. They are alienated from their work, their tools and their products. Or, they are salesmen, jobbers, brokers, petty merchants, all chewing the bitter cud of individual success.

Amid this spiritual vacuum, filled with gadgets and radiant cars driven by careworn drivers, there is a vast market for "inspiration" literature, "personality" studies and psychoanalytical quackeries on a vast scale. It is only in America that the head of an immense industrial corporation can plaster signs all over his factories and offices on which appear one awesome incantation: "Think." Presumably this will replace the ugly materialism of "Eat."

Ira Wallach enters this intellectual underworld armed with a nimble intelligence and a gift for the ludicrous. His "Foible Gomkin Method for Being Deliriously Happy" is a cutting caricature of the inspirational literature which fills drug stores and for which the New York *Times* takes full page ads almost every week. Foible Gomkin's "relaxation secrets" are hilarious. His estimate of the Oedipus-Ridden Infant charms one: "In soiling himself, he is in reality soiling his father image. He would suborn a jury if he had half a chance." Other subjects are "Through Confidence to Cash," "It Takes Two to Make a Couple" and "The Happy Worrier."

Wallach's method suffers somewhat from the fact that to get a laugh you must know the target as well as he knows it, that is, you must be able to recognize the original books of inspiration he is satirizing. This makes the humor private when it should be more universal in its reference. The work of Ted Tinsley in the *Daily Worker,* when it seizes hold of common experience, shows how much better this thing can be. Wallach is to be complimented for his foray into this field. Voltaire destroyed the Leibnizian foolishness with *Candide.* How parched we are for the new Candides which will make capitalism and its grotesque follies their target.

MILTON HOWARD

Catalogues and Classes . . .

"CATALOGUE" is an old and musty word derived from the Latin *catalogus*, meaning a counting up, a register, roll, record, index, schedule, enumeration, inventory. It is a word far removed from the clash and battle of classes that is ushering in the century of Socialism.

It is true that on occasions in the past poets have seized upon this word and infused into it a living, dynamic quality that lifted it out of the realm of dusty archives, dry data and drab statistics. Thus you will find the King James version of the Bible vividly describing "a *catalogue* of David's mighty men." Then, too, the fiery English poet and painter, William Blake, once composed "a descriptive *catalogue* of pictures and historical and poetic inventions" for an exhibition of his water colors that he personally organized in May, 1809, in protest against their rejection by the bureaucrats of the British Institute and Royal Academy. And in one of Shakespeare's dramas, a central player speaks the line: "Ay, in the *catalogue* ye go for men."

But "CATALOGUE" is hardly the kind of word to get excited about—that is, unless and until one has seen the new 1950 catalogue of New Century Publishers. That *is* something to get excited about.

The Marxist scholar and member of the French National Academy, Roger Garaudy, once wrote that "A good book is a book that does not leave the reader intact; it is a challenge hurled at us to change something in ourselves and in the world." He hit the nail on the head! For this little 32-page catalogue covers an entire century's span, teeming with epic struggles and change that have transformed the face of the whole world. It lists hundreds of books and pamphlets which no inquisition—from Torquemada's Spain to Cotton Mather's Salem, and from Hitler's Berlin to Medina's Foley Square —can ever succeed in destroying. They range all the way from *The Communist Manifesto*, written over a hundred years ago by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, to Gus Hall's *Hands Off Korea and Formosa*, published barely a month ago out of the living history of today.

It includes listings on "The American Labor Movement"; "The Communist Party of the United States"; "The Struggle for Negro Liberation"; "The Soviet Union"; "Political Economy"; and "Marxism-Leniism—Historical and Dialectical Materialism" as well as works of criticism, biography, science, fiction, poetry.

Copies of the new 1950 catalogue are available—for free—either from New Century or your Workers and Progressive Bookshop.

NEW CENTURY PUBLISHERS, 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

NEVER AGAIN!

On the morning of August 6, 1945, an atomic bomb fell upon Hiroshima. The bomb destroyed 66,000 houses and killed over 175,000 people.

A survivor, Mrs. Yoka Ota, has written:

"On the roads I saw thousands upon thousands of men, women and children, fleeing the hell of Hiroshima. All of them, without exception, were covered with terrible wounds. Their eyebrows were completely burned off; on their faces and hands the skin was burned too and hung in strips. If many of them held their two arms stretched toward the sky, it was purely to try and calm the pain. . . . The men's braces were as if stencilled in their flesh and you could see the patterns of the women's dresses printed on their skins. . . .

". . . unfortunate creatures had their whole bodies swollen up, like drowned men who have been a long time in the water. Their eyelids were swollen so that their eyes were completely shut, while the skin all around was bright red. . . . These pitiful victims covered with atrocious wounds came to lie down on the burning sand of the beach. They were all blind. . . .

"A woman was lying on the ground, her head split open horizontally. The whole inside of her head was red, like a watermelon. In spite of this horrible wound the woman was still alive and crawled along the ground, leaving behind her a long red streak. . . . I went to take hold of the knees of a dead body on the ground, to pull it into the side of the road and clear the way. The skin stuck to my hands, it came away from the bones. . . ."

Never Again! Tell Your Neighbor! Write to the President! Get Signatures to the Stockholm Peace Pledge!

—The Editors