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masses & MAINSTREAM

In this Issue: **ANTI-SOVIET EXPERTS, by Herbert Aptheker** THE LIVING JOHN REED, *by John Stuart* · THE SOVIET CINEMA, *by Sergei Eisenstein* · PETE CACCHIONE, *by Michael Gold* · POEMS BY FAST, MERRIAM, RELLA

To Our Readers:

Concluding its third year as a cultural monthly, *Masses & Mainstream* is determined, despite all odds, to continue its role in the struggle against war and fascism.

To do so, we must turn to our readers for help.

We face the immediate necessity of reducing the size of the magazine – unless your quick response shows that you do not want a curtailed M&M.

The McCarrans and Kilgores are trying to crush all that is decent in American life and culture. Together with you, *M&M* will continue fighting back. It must remain a rallying point for those courageous artists like Howard Fast, Paul Robeson and John Howard Lawson, who symbolize our hopes for peace and freedom.

Shall the magazine – *at a moment like this!* – be stymied for lack of financial support? *M&M* urgently needs your help in raising the $7,500 required to carry us through 1951. We are convinced you will see to it that *M&M* is enabled to perform its vital role in today's struggle.

We ask you to give generously to the magazine that speaks and fights for you.

SAMUEL SILLEN
HERBERT APTHEKER

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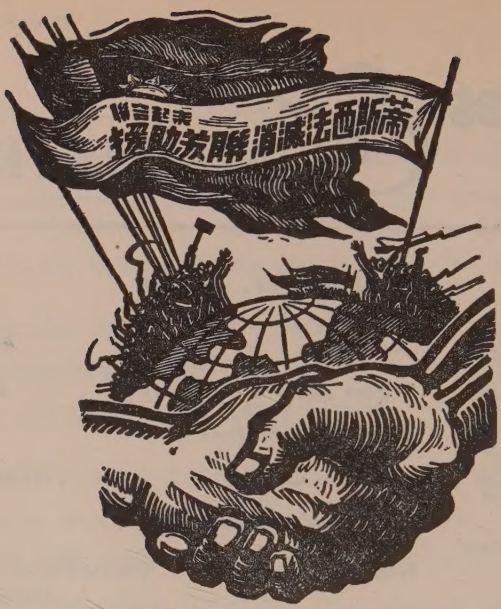

FOR WORLD PEACE, *by Wu Si*

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COVER: The photograph is from an oil painting of John Reed, by Robert Hallowell, a Harvard classmate.

209

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OUR TIME by Samuel Sillen

Nazi Style

FEW Americans, unfortunately, will take the trouble to plough through the fifty closely-printed pages of the "Internal Security Act of 1950." This Mundt-McCarran monstrosity reads like a death certificate of democracy. The foulest piece of legislation in our history begins with a pious denial of any intent to infringe upon the Constitutional guarantees of free speech and press. Then it goes on to wipe out liberties which generations of Americans considered safely won.

For example, Definition 13 reads: "The term 'advocates' includes advises, recommends, furthers by overt act, and admits belief in." To "admit belief in" an idea distasteful to some of the feeble wits running the country becomes a crime that costs you years in prison. You can be deaf, dumb, blind, armless and legless, but so long as that belief is floating around in your head you are as guilty as a well-poisoner.

Or take Definition 8: "The term 'publication' means any circular, newspaper, periodical, pamphlet, book, letter, post card, leaflet, or other publication." The conscientious lawmakers left no loopholes; any combination of two or more letters of the alphabet comes within the purview of Public Law 831, Eighty-first Congress. And please note that any publication—including book, letter, post card, etc.—"circulated or disseminated among two or more persons" may be denied not only the use of the United States mails but "any means or instrumentality of interstate or foreign commerce," including presumably tricycles and scooters.

In its fifty pages the "Internal Security Act" manages to nullify with notable impartiality the rights of citizens and non-citizens alike, sets up concentration camps, deports the foreign-born, punishes past

as well as future beliefs, affiliations and acts. The law ironically claims the country is threatened by totalitarian dictatorship, namely, "the denial of fundamental rights and liberties which are characteristic of a representative form of government, such as freedom of speech, of the press, of assembly and of religious worship, and results in the maintenance of control over the people through fear, terrorism, and brutality." The law itself is the best evidence of this fascist threat.

And anybody who thinks it affects only Communists had better study the law and the Nazi decrees on which it is clearly patterned. Mr. Truman says this Act puts the government in the thought-control business. The President need not be so modest; he set the government up in that enterprise long ago with his "loyalty" program, his persecution of the Communist leaders, the Hollywood Ten, Harry Bridges. The new law merely spells out the meaning of the bi-partisan program to put the country in the *war* business. The "Security Act" crossed the 38th Parallel of freedom back home, but the invasion was long in the making. The bombing of the Constitution goes hand in hand with the bombing of Korea. Between McCarran and MacArthur there is only a division of labor.

The law contends that American believers in socialism are under the "direction and control" of a foreign country. This is a flat lie in support of which nobody can furnish a scintilla of evidence. This Hitlerian lie has many purposes. One is to bludgeon people into support of capitalism, a system which long ago gave up the method of rational persuasion. Another is to browbeat people into obedient silence in the face of the imperialists' drive toward fascism and war masquerading as defense against Soviet "aggression." A third purpose of the "foreign agent" lie is to frighten people away from studying the truth about the Soviet Union and from advocating the peace-bringing cause of American-Soviet friendship.

To submit to this lie is to betray our own people.

This month marks the thirty-third anniversary of the Socialist Revolution. On this anniversary we find even the New York *Times* correspondent in Moscow observing that the Soviet people, under the leadership of Joseph Stalin, are engaged not in annihilating Korea but in building beautiful housing projects, in harnessing rivers, in vast forestry programs. In greeting the Soviet Union on this occasion, one recalls the words of Theodore Dreiser: "But now I am going to report on the Russian government's use of its water power, and the

only question in the minds of Mr. Dies and his friends . . . will be how many rubles I received. There is nothing I can do about this pathological state of mind, and I shall be waiting patiently for Hoover's F.B.I. men to call for me and put me where I can no longer record unpleasant truths." But Dreiser did not wait patiently for the F.B.I. He went with the truth to the American people, for he believed that "there lives on in American people a spirit which is separate from and greater than any of the official acts and statements of America." This was Dreiser's faith: "The people of America have not become slaves yet. . . . They absolutely refuse to accept a submissive slave mentality. That is the great hope of America, as I see it."

And that is our hope too. The American people can be aroused to the meaning of the mental-slave McCarran-Mundt law. They can stop fascism and they can stop war. But only if all progressive men and women have the will, tenacity and courage to unite their forces and insist on making the truth heard.

"A Second Benedict Arnold"

"WAR exists by act of Mexico!" cried President Polk. "Take possession first and negotiate afterward!" roared Senator Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois. "We have a title which has been regarded as valid ever since man existed in a social condition—the title of conquest," reasoned Senator Jefferson Davis of Mississippi. With such weighty arguments did official Washington justify a war of aggression in 1846, a war that ended two years later with the United States grabbing more than half her neighbor's land.

The slaveholders' war was not popular. Opposition at home had to be crushed. The formula was simple: terrorize the advocates of peace, call them traitors to their country, threaten them with the noose. Douglas stormed on the Senate floor, "America wants no friends, acknowledges the fidelity of no citizen who, after war is declared, condemns the justice of her cause or sympathizes with the enemy. All such are traitors in their hearts; and would to God that they would commit such overt act for which they would be dealt with according to their deserts."

But that did not scare Senator Tom Corwin of Ohio who declared, "If I were a Mexican I would tell you: 'Have you not room in your own country? . . . If you come into mine, we will greet you with

bloody hands and welcome you to hospitable graves.'" And in the House, Joshua R. Giddings refused to support "a war against an unoffending people, without adequate or just cause, for the purpose of conquest; with the design of extending slavery. . . . I will not bathe my hands in the blood of the people of Mexico."

Nor was a freshman Representative from Illinois named Lincoln cowed. He introduced a resolution challenging the President to tell the House whether "the spot" on which he claimed the blood of our citizens was shed was indeed U.S. territory. He wanted to know "whether our citizens, whose blood was shed, as in his message declared, were or were not, at that time, armed officers and soldiers, sent into that settlement by the military order of the President, through the Secretary of War." And a few weeks later Lincoln lashed out at a President whose mind, "taxed beyond its power, is running hither and thither, like some tortured creature on a burning surface, finding no position on which it can settle down and be at ease." Lincoln more than suspected

> "that he [President Polk] feels the blood of this war, like the blood of Abel, is crying to Heaven against him; that originally having some strong motive—what, I will not stop now to give my opinion concerning—to involve the two countries in a war, and trusting to escape scrutiny by fixing the public gaze upon the exceeding brightness of military glory—that attractive rainbow that arises in showers of blood—that serpent's eye that charms to destroy—he plunged into it, and has swept on and on till, disappointed in his calculation of the ease with which Mexico might be subdued, he now finds himself he knows not where. . . . At one time urging the national honor, the security of the future, the prevention of foreign interference, and even the good of Mexico herself as among the objects of the war; at another telling us that 'to reject indemnity by refusing a cession of territory, would be to abandon all our just demands, and to wage the war bearing all its expense, without a purpose or definite object.' So then this national honor, security of the future, and everything but territorial indemnity may be considered the no-purpose and indefinite objects of the war!"

In newspapers and at public meetings back home Abraham Lincoln was called "a second Benedict Arnold." No doubt he was termed an

agent of Mexico. His law partner Herndon warned him he might lose the next election. Lincoln wrote back: "Would you have voted what you felt and knew to be a lie?"

How the Writers Voted

WHAT about the writers of the period? Did they vote with their pens for what they felt and knew to be a lie?

Not Ralph Waldo Emerson. He wrote: "We have a bad war, many victories, each of which converts the country into an immense chanticleer. . . . The country needs to be extricated from its delirium at once." And in his famous "Ode" inscribed to W. H. Channing, Emerson wrote bitterly:

"But who is he that prates
Of the culture of mankind,
Of better arts and life?
Go, blindworm, go,
Behold the famous States
Harrying Mexico
With rifle and with knife!"

Nor was John Greenleaf Whittier silent. Whittier poured his shame and wrath into the pages of the Abolitionist *National Era.* His burning sarcasm reminds one of Mark Twain's comments on the later philanthropic junket of U.S. imperialism in the Philippines. For example, in a piece on "Dancing and Sabbath Breaking" the Quaker poet suggested that the clergymen worrying their heads about this subject pay a little attention to the "dance of death" in Mexico:

"We venture no opinion in respect to it, but would simply suggest, with the deference befitting one of the laity, that its attention might be very profitably turned to some recent transactions of our Christian army and navy, engaged in opening the way for the introduction of the Gospel into Mexico. If our Almanac does not deceive us, our navy spent a Sabbath at Tabasco some months ago, and performed 'services' of an impressive but somewhat equivocal kind, sending messengers of peace and good will among the poor benighted Catholics, in the shape of red hot balls and shells. More recently, Gen. Scott has 'kept the Sabbath' on the heights of Cerro

Gordo, storming batteries, blowing whole squadrons into eternity, impaling men on bayonets, and tearing off their limbs with cannon shot. We should like to know what General Assemblies and Conferences think of this way of spending holy time. The occasions referred to were doubtless solemn enough to satisfy a Puritan tythingman—so much so, in short, as dying groans and ghastly corpses could make them. But, apart from this, we cannot see that the storming of forts, and slaughter of women and children on their own hearths, or while kneeling in their places of worship, is a more appropriate Sunday business than the running of the United States mail or the delving of a Seventh-Day Baptist in his potato field. . . ."

This was also the mood and the "overt act" of Henry David Thoreau, who went to Concord jail rather than pay a tax to support a government seeking to extend the sway of the slave-system. Thoreau's essay on "Civil Disobedience," though not published until 1849, was originally a lecture delivered, as the opening paragraph makes clear, during "the present Mexican war, the work of comparatively a few individuals using the standing government as their tool; for, in the outset, the people would not have consented to this measure." Thoreau's famous essay is conventionally treated by literary historians as if it were an abstract exercise in political theory, a fountainhead of anarchist ideas. But it was written explicitly as a protest against the Mexican war:

"How does it become a man to behave toward this American government today? I answer, that he cannot without disgrace be associated with it. I cannot for an instant recognize that political organization as *my* government which is the *slave's* government also. . . . In other words, when a sixth of the population of a nation which has undertaken to be the refuge of liberty are slaves, and a whole country is unjustly overrun and conquered by a foreign army, and subjected to military law, I think that it is not too soon for honest men to rebel and revolutionize. What makes this duty the more urgent is the fact that the country so overrun is not our own, but ours is the invading army."

It is tempting to quote at length from this essay in which Thoreau refers to his own imprisonment and notes that "Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a

prison." One passage brilliantly expresses a theme which runs throughout the essay:

> "There are thousands who are *in opinion* opposed to slavery and to the war, who yet in effect do nothing to put an end to them; who, esteeming themselves children of Washington and Franklin, sit down with their hands in their pockets, and say that they know not what to do, and do nothing; who even postpone the question of freedom to the question of free trade, and quietly read the prices-current along with the latest advices from Mexico, after dinner, and, it may be fall asleep over them both. What is the price-current of an honest man and patriot today? They hesitate, and they regret, and sometimes they petition; but they do nothing in earnest and with effect. They will wait, well disposed for others to remedy the evil, that they may no longer have it to regret. . . ."

The militant opposition of the Negro people found its best voice in Frederick Douglass who denounced the "disgraceful, cruel, and iniquitous war" and the "atrocious robbery" of Mexico. Douglass launched his newspaper, the *North Star,* in Rochester, New York, toward the end of the Mexican War. In one of the early issues the former slave wrote: "Mexico seems a doomed victim to Anglo-Saxon cupidity and love of dominion." No wonder that the New York *Herald,* as Philip Foner points out, urged the people of Rochester to toss Douglass' printing press into the lake and exile the editor to Canada. But that did not dismay Douglass. Listen:

> "Large demands are made on the national treasury (to wit: the poor man's pockets). Eloquent and patriotic speeches are made in the Senate, House of Representatives and State Assemblies: Whig as well as Democratic governors stand stoutly up for the war: experienced and hoary-headed statesmen tax their declining strength and ingenuity to devising ways and means for advancing the infernal work: recruiting sergeants and corporals perambulate the land in search of victims for the sword and food for powder. Wherever there is a sink of iniquity, or a den of pollution, these buzzards may be found in search of their filthy prey. They dive into the rum shop, and gambling house, and other sinks too infamous to name, with swine-like avidity, in pursuit of degraded men to vindicate the insulted honor of our Christian country. . . . The civilization of the age, the voice of the world, the sacredness of human

life, the tremendous expense, the dangers, hardships, and the deep disgrace which must forever attach to our inhuman course, seem to oppose no availing check to the mad spirit of proud ambition, blood, and carnage, let loose in the land.

"We have no preference for parties, regarding this slaveholding crusade. The one is as bad as the other. The friends of peace have nothing to hope from either. The Democrats claim the credit of commencing, and the Whigs monopolize the glory of voting supplies and carrying on the war. . . ."

At the outset of this war James Russell Lowell had begun writing his famous *Biglow Papers,* poems in Yankee dialect that were clipped from the Boston *Courier* and hung up in workshops and village squares throughout New England. Lowell's Hosea Biglow thought all the talk about Manifest Destiny and "extending Freedom's Area" was hokum:

"They may talk o' Freedom's airy
Tell they're pupple in the face,—
It's a grand gret cemetary
Fer the barthrights of our race;
They jest want this Californy
So's to lug new slave-states in
To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,
An to plunder ye like sin."

Just go home and ask our Nancy, says Hosea, if I'd be goose enough to join that kind of war. She wants me for home consumption, let alone the hay's to mow, so let the crowin' cockerel editors do their own shooting:

"Tell ye jest the eend I've come to
Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
An' it makes a handy sum, tu,
Any gump could larn by heart;
Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
Hev one glory an' one shame.
Ev'vy thin' that's done inhuman
Injers all on 'em the same.

'Taint by turnin' out to hack folks
You're agoin' to git your right,

Nor by lookin' down on black folks
Coz you're put upon by wite;
Slavery aint o' nary color,
'Taint the hide thet makes it wus,
All it keers fer in a feller
'S jest to make him fill its pus."

For twenty stanzas this poem went on, edged with deep feeling, slashing at humbug, and Lowell turned out eight more numbers of the Biglow Papers before the end of the Mexican War. Together, they form what is undoubtedly the best body of satirical political verse we have had in this country.

As one re-reads our writers on the Mexican War it is a little more understandable why the ruling class of America has never been enthusiastic about our really vital literature. And least of all today.

ATOM POWER HELD DISTANT

Spokesman Sees Commercial Use 15 to 25 Years Away

CHICAGO, Oct. 17 (AP)—A power industry spokesman said today that even if all problems are solved, the widespread commercial use of atomic power is at least fifteen to twenty-five years away.

Writing in The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists, Philip Sporn, president of the American Gas and Electric Company and chairman of an Atomic Energy Commission advisory committee made these other forecasts:

The experimental phase of atomic power will require another three to five years. An atomic reactor may produce some power in six to ten years. In ten to fifteen years there may be highly limited commercial generation of nuclear power.

He said there are important "unknown factors" that must be solved before it can be stated definitely that atomic fuel ever will compete with coal in producing power.

SOVIET CLAIMS WAY TO GET ATOMIC HEAT

Savant in Moscow Reports Direct Transformation—Proof Needed, Is View Here

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

MOSCOW, Oct. 17—Prof. V. Golubtsov, one of the Soviet Union's leading specialists in atomic energy, today placed on record the unqualified assertion that Soviet science had found the means of directly transforming atomic energy into both electrical power and heat.

This assertion was made in an article entitled "Peace and Energy," published in the Literary Gazette. The savant declared American atomic research had lagged pitifully behind that of Soviet science in the peacetime application of atomic energy and that the Soviet Government now led all foreign science in atomic energetics "by a great margin."

Both clippings from the New York *Times*, October 18, 1950.

October Revolution

by HOWARD FAST

THE little spark,
touched by what suffering and what splendid endeavor,
when I was only three, and lay in my mother's arms!
Sleep gently, my child, oh, gently,
the wild winds blow—sleep, and in your sleep
will be a sound of men singing of tomorrow,
where the red banners unfurl to the morning breeze.

And now my own children sleep.
Sleep, my children, sleep well,
no care, and not for you
shall there be the jail, the knouted whip, diverse terror;
for it is October, my children,
and far away men build in freedom—

Ah, what shall I tell a Korean mother
who holds a broken child in her arms?
Ah, what shall I tell a Grecian maiden
whose lover has gone to return no more?
And my own children—
what shall I tell them when I go away?

If I go away, I will come again,
for this is the time of dawning, of dawning.
Your beautiful world will be like a garden,
and pure will you grow in it,
and proud will you stand in it,
and when you reach out, you will touch my dreams.

This is October, when the workers arose,
and the red banners unfurled in the cleansing wind,
and the sound of their singing was heard all over the world.

The Living John Reed

by JOHN STUART

JOHN REED was thirty-three when he died in Moscow in 1920. In his lifetime he watched a world wither and crumble in the blast of war and then he saw a huge area of it change and turn young again. He was among the first who crossed the frontier to socialism and after crossing it he gained in maturity, free finally of the pestilence of lies and the cruel illusions of the old order. Reed knew that the Russian Revolution had brought a new era to mankind and not even the most savage pressures, the whole army of federal police, all the self-appointed keepers of the American mind, could stop him from interpreting its meaning to his own countrymen. In the Russian Revolution he recognized the fulfillment of ideals and the practicability of dreams he held in common with innumerable Americans long before November, 1917.

Reed spent his childhood in Portland, Oregon, where he was born on October 20, 1887. On his mother's side there were business men, owners of Portland's gas works. His father, who had come from New York to sell farm equipment, was something of a fighter. As a United States marshal under Theodore Roosevelt, he helped in the prosecution of the western land plunderers.

It was at Harvard (1906-1910) that Reed blossomed. Harvard found him boisterous and full of pranks. What he wrote for the *Lampoon* and the *Monthly* was not too different from the things hundreds of Harvard undergraduates have published. If his verse showed a natural poetic gift it did not reveal anything original or trenchant. But what he wrote was important to Reed. It is an index to some of the bitterness he felt towards the Harvard aristocrats. He too was an aristocrat—but from provincial Oregon. The Harvard upper gentry appraised him as too much the eager beaver, a little too un-

NOTE: This article is abridged from the extended introduction to a volume of selected writings of John Reed to be issued by International Publishers.

conventional. He did not meet the rigid standards of the Back Bay brahmins. With his resentment running deep, Jack satirized them in poems and in editorials.

Reed also sensed the rebel tradition at Harvard, especially toward the close of his undergraduate days when Harvard's Socialist Club with Walter Lippmann as president, blasted local orthodoxy. In a blurred but articulate way its members recognized the cleavages in their community. Reed never joined the Club, one of several such groups launched at different universities by Upton Sinclair and Jack London, but he was impressed by the freshness in its thinking and by the talk about politics and the world.

As head of the university's Cosmopolitan Club his contact with students from many nations expanded his view just as his feelings for the local rebels sharpened his defiance of the college aristocrats. He could not, however, make up his mind where he stood in his relations with the rebels and the aristocrats. His drive was in the direction of the serious and he found a comfortable bond between himself and the insurgents. Yet the rewards that went with social position at Cambridge were too tempting to be tossed away. He hungered for recognition from all sides. In its quest he spilled his boundless energy into campus activities—literary, athletic, the horseplay that made him different superficially but could not hide his desire to get on in the world according to the rules of his upper-class milieu.

In New York, after he was graduated and had taken a trip to Europe, Reed found himself in the midst of the intellectual dissenters who mirrored the reform and radical movements of the two decades before the first world war. These intellectuals, mostly of the middle class, had discovered the hollowness of a monopoly-encased culture. Their beliefs were a curious mixture, with the essential ingredient a revulsion from the grisly sermons of Puritanism and the tyranny of big business stifling the creative man. They worshipped at many shrines —syndicalism, cubism, anarchism, imagism, feminism. Talk of a vague new freedom enchanted the embattled youth. Some of them went farther. They took an interest in the Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W.) or the Socialist Party. Others continued the muckraking tradition.

A multitude of influences converged on the young rebels who made

the pavements of Greenwich Village their tribal grounds. Most of these rebels, Reed among them, were romanticists whose individualism abhorred discipline, and they often crossed lances with the conformists for the sheer fun of it. But they did try to find out what it was that had upset the dreams of an earlier and more hopeful America. What they produced undeniably improved the artistic landscape; it did not show the way out of the intellectual slum introduced by imperialism. Pragmatism, with its disdain of history and its shibboleth that all truth arrives anew with every individual's experience, had a powerful sway over them. In time the cult of the new in the theatre, in poetry, in painting became an end in itself.

When American workers, to whom some of the dissidents addressed themselves, seemed not to heed or to understand their estheticism, they were disillusioned and the very conformity they were supposedly resisting re-emerged in their work. Their efforts at realism became in the end surrealist, their consciousness egocentric. It was a reflection of their distance from the realities of working-class politics and their failure to understand working-class life. Inbreeding led to intellectual sterility.

In the swirl of this setting Jack Reed's own educative process was complex. His romantic impulses had played him many tricks and his early writing, especially his poetry, showed how hard he sucked life out of a dim past. But in New York the present struck him hard. He saw what he had never quite seen before: a city with many patches of peoples and cultures, and side by side the misery of the poor and the glittering life of the rich. "In New York," he later wrote, "I got my first perceptions of the life of my time. The city and its people were an open book to me; everything had its story, dramatic, full of ironic tragedy and terrible humor. There I first saw that reality transcended all the fine poetic inventions of fastidiousness and medievalism. . . ."

He also listened to the labor leaders, the Socialists and radicals. Some of them he met through Lincoln Steffens, his father's friend. There was little soul scratching in this process of learning nor did Reed become the victim of a tormented ego such as afflicted other novices in social discovery. He had a cold scorn for the frauds "who cling to the skirts of Change." But the ideas he encountered had impact upon him only as he could place them in his catalogue of experience. He

was strongly attracted to the Wobblies. They were in the vortex of labor struggles and represented fighting spirit. To Reed their ardor made the Socialists seem dull. He had met Big Bill Haywood, the Wobbly leader and a Left-wing Socialist, and Haywood's knowledge of the underdog's life fascinated him.

New York was pushing Reed in a leftward direction. Yet the truth also is that he craved the wealth that came with literary success. It was a craving tempered, however, by the fear that success in the fashionable editorial offices meant submission to debased standards. He was beginning to have qualms about his two souls. For the moment he eased the clash between them by ribbing in verse the producers of the current magazine diet. These poems were gentle gibes at best. They revealed both Reed's dissatisfaction with what he had to write to earn his keep and his itch to defy. But he had no purpose beyond defiance. His thinking amounted to contempt for the scrapers, a resistance to the conventional. He was intent on sweeping away the long-bearded corpses blocking the path of the rebels with their urge for innovation and change—almost any kind of change.

When Reed learned that a magazine called *The Masses* was being re-organized and would give the middle and upper classes a good spanking, he quickly offered his services. It was the beginning of a tie which helped him leaven his thinking and as an editor and contributor it exacted from him his finest work as against the articles he published elsewhere and for which he was paid handsomely. In *The Masses* he felt free to speak his mind.

IT WAS in war, either between classes or between states, that Reed learned quickest. In the strike of silk workers in Paterson, New Jersey (1913), Reed had his first contact with labor in active warfare. He was arrested and spent four days in jail. At first he approached the strike as though it were a lark, but his deepest sympathies were aroused when he saw the terror inflicted by the police. More than 2,300 workers had been hauled into the county jail. And like its predecessor at Lawrence, Massachusetts, a year before, the strike in the Paterson textile mills had shocked the country with its revelations of starvation wages while the mill owners stored away enormous profits by exploiting workers and adulterating the silk. The Wobblies who led the strike quickly drew in radical intellectuals from New York. For several weeks

the strike became the focus of Reed's life. He was infuriated by the beatings given the weavers. The talk about labor in a pleasant Fifth Avenue salon took on a different meaning.

Many strikers could hardly speak English but they managed to convey to him their fears and their hopes and Reed felt the need to give them whatever help he could. He marveled at their inventiveness. The mill owners had bedecked the city with flags and banners bearing the inscription "We live under the flag; we fight for this flag; and we will work under this flag." The pickets thrust back with the reply: "We wove the flag; we dyed the flag; we won't scab under the flag."

Bill Haywood introduced him at a strike meeting where he spoke and later Haywood reported in his autobiography how Reed "taught the strikers a song which when sung by 25,000 people made an impression that cannot be realized without hearing such a great crowd give vent to their full voice." With the strike as the major motif, he organized a pageant in the old Madison Square Garden. While the pageant was hailed by the Greenwich Village crowd as a grand innovation in the theatre, it was spoken of by the newspapers as harboring on revolution.

Paterson shook Reed. He learned for himself what books and talk could not teach. Again he worked primarily through his eyes. He saw the oppressors and how they squeezed the lives of workers. But if Paterson shook Reed, it did not shake him into making a lasting commitment beyond the strike itself.

Mexico was a stiffer experience than Paterson. Reed had been assigned to cover the revolt of the peons against a new set of dictators. The assignment came from the *Metropolitan,* a magazine with a large circulation. For Reed it was the big break. He felt flattered that he had been chosen. He was only twenty-six and eager to prove himself.

Reed's writing from Mexico had a lyrical, loving quality. He captured the spirit of the guerrillas, projected himself into their fighting lives. He took the same risks they did, shared their burning thirst, their fears, when he could have stayed at home in comfort without having to live the wretched life of the desert. At first he did not examine in detail the issues of the battle. The guerrillas were the underdogs; they wanted land; they wanted to rid themselves of the men who had assassinated the liberal provisional president, Madero. That was sufficient reason for Reed to identify himself with them. He was uncon-

cerned with what the experts said about Pancho Villa, the guerrilla leader with whose troops he rode. In the American press Villa was a natural object of smear but Reed saw him as a gallant friend of the peasant. The agents of U.S. imperialism spoke of the guerrillas, in fact of all Mexicans, as though they were beasts to be worked to exhaustion for no more than a pittance. Reed knew too that an interventionist conspiracy was in the making up north to protect the siphoning of Mexico's wealth into Wall Street strong boxes.

It was his first big lesson in another kind of oppression and another kind of war: the war of imperialism against a seemingly independent but in fact almost completely subjugated people. At the moment he was there Reed did not relate his Mexican experience to the broader issues rending the hemisphere and the world nor did he see how these issues were the marks of a violent crisis in which a decaying American capitalism was deeply enmeshed. Nor did he see entirely how the Mexican peasant's longings could be duplicated in a dozen places over the globe.

On his return home he defended the guerrillas and showed the harm American interference would bring to the Mexican revolution. When the clamor for intervention reached a high pitch, he wrote in the *Metropolitan* that a war against the Mexicans would bring nothing but tears and disaster. To be sure, he said, "American soldiers will have nothing serious to anticipate in the opposition of the Mexican army. It is the peons and their women, fighting in the streets and at the doors of their houses, that they will have to murder." And what would be changed after American troops left? Nothing. The great estates would be "securely re-established, the foreign interests stronger than ever, because we supported them, and the Mexican revolution to be fought all over again in the indefinite future." It would mean, as he wrote in *The Masses,* imposing on Mexicans "trust government, unemployment, and wage slavery."

In April, 1914, shortly after he came up from Mexico, Reed learned more of the tyranny that went with wage slavery and trust government. At Ludlow, Colorado, mine guards aided by the state militia had burned a tent colony of striking miners, massacring their wives and children. The strike was one of several violent conflicts in Colorado mines which at times assumed the proportions of civil war. Reed

painstakingly traced the web of intrigue between sheriffs, governor, company town officials and mine owners—between the state apparatus and finance. And driven home to him again was the unbridgeable chasm between two classes. He wrote about the strike with scrupulous attention to detail. The whole effort marked his growth as a class-conscious writer not easily satisfied with recording his impressions, but digging deeper into the play of forces behind them.

There could now be little doubt about Reed's relationship to workers and their struggles. He knew better than ever where he belonged and where he was at ease and most effective. He wrote that "the workers produced all the wealth of the world, which went to those who did not earn it." This seemed to many of his Harvard classmates a horrid forfeiture of his social rank. In their eyes Reed's life was shaping into a strange pattern.

Among his former classmates there were also the intellectual snobs. There was Walter Lippmann who in his middle-twenties was being hailed as one of the pontiffs of liberalism in New York. While Reed had regard for Lippmann's talents he was suspicious of the way he sniffed at the world and its people and of his delicately contrived logic. After Reed had returned from Mexico, Lippmann wrote a piece about him in the *New Republic* called "Legendary John Reed." In it the snobbery of the liberal intellectuals toward Reed was given the weight of Lippmann's prestige. In Lippmann's eyes Reed was only a neophyte in serious political matters. And in patronizing Reed, Lippmann helped establish the myth that he was a playboy, that he was unruly, an adventurous college senior acting the cynical man of affairs.

Reed admitted readily that in the early days his knowledge of working-class theory was crude. But he was arriving at Marxism by the pitted route of experience even as Lippmann was discarding his socialist ideas in prim essays. Reed sensed the intellectual sham of it. He rejected the Lippmannesque view of the world and of himself and he would not yield to those friends who shook their heads over his imperviousness to their brand of reason.

THAT was a subtle pressure which Reed withstood. It was nothing, however, compared to the humiliation inflicted upon him by the warmongers who pleaded the justness of the imperialist war that had broken out in 1914. He would not lend himself to the treachery of

supporting the war makers, He kept saying "this is not our war" and to fight it became a fixed passion. Reed called it a traders' war and he would not be taken in "by this editorial buncombe about liberalism going forth to Holy War against Tyranny." His articles in *The Masses* attest to the grit and brilliance with which he fought American war preparations. "He will do well," he said addressing himself to the worker, "to realize that his enemy is not Germany, nor Japan; his enemy is the two percent of the people of the United States who own sixty percent of the national wealth, that band of unscrupulous 'patriots' who have already robbed him of all he has, and are now planning to make a soldier out of him to defend their loot. We advocate that the workingman prepare himself against the enemy. This is our preparedness."

And then he asked the compelling question: "Whose war is this? Not mine. I know that hundreds of thousands of American workingmen employed by our great 'patriots' are not paid a living wage. I have seen poor men sent to jail for long terms without trial, and even without charge. Peaceful strikers, and their wives and children, have been shot to death, burned to death, by private detectives and militiamen. The rich have steadily become richer, and the cost of living higher, and the workers proportionally poorer. These toilers don't want war—not even civil war. But the speculators, the employers, the plutocracy—they want it, just as they did in Germany and England; and with lies and sophistries they will whip up our blood until we are savage and then we'll fight and die for them." "It is a cold economic force," he added in another angry note, "that fanned the fires which burst into this war. The issue is clear with these forces there is no alliance, for peace or war. Against them and their projects is the only place for liberals."

Except for a small number, the intellectuals prostituted their talents to glorify the butchery. With grace and style they spelled out the reasons for a successful imperialist war and used them to veil the ruling-class aggressions at home. There was one intellectual who understood the process of betrayal as well as Reed did. Randolph Bourne had been in Europe on the eve of the war and when war began to stifle the country his conclusions from what he saw ran almost parallel with Reed's. In their own ways both of them—Reed as a Socialist and Bourne as a disillusioned pragmatist—carried on an anti-war fight with Bourne writing scalding essays on the cowards.

Reed could be cheered by this brave voice but he could not help despairing that there were not many more. For a time it seemed to him that the war was crushing all he cherished. His brother and mother to whom he was devoted were rebuking him in letters for his anti-war attitude. Earning a living was difficult. He was no longer sought after although only a year to two before he had been celebrated as a great journalist, compared by the *Metropolitan* with Stephen Crane and Richard Harding Davis.

He might have found it easier to bear his anguish if the people he loved, the workers, had asserted themselves and fought back the hysteria of which they were the victims. But they seemed to him divided, without leadership and blind to their real interests. In his despair he overlooked for the moment the courage and strength he saw among them in Ludlow and Paterson. Had he in his romantic way imagined more about them than was actually true? He had leaped over the first big hurdle and had come to hold the deepest convictions about the class cleavages in capitalist society. It had helped shape him as a writer. Now there was another hurdle: whether the class in which he had placed his faith would reply to the war madness with the strength he knew was in it. He could not be sure.

His doubts were symptomatic of a man who had seemingly allied himself with a class but actually still groped his way on its fringes. Some of the roots of his impatience and misgivings were imbedded in a highly subjective romanticism. Its positive features kept his heart and mind open to new impulses; the negative ones brought dejection when the things which moved him to action did not move workers or moved them all too slowly. He had still to conquer the problem of refashioning consciousness by allowing greater assimilation of himself into the working class. He had still to grasp why social fermentation was a complex process uneven in results and often contradictory to any single individual's most profound wishes.

Despite his low mood, Reed continued fighting "the judicial tyranny, bureaucratic suppression, the industrial barbarism. which followed inevitably the first fine careless rapture of militarism." He could not be indifferent to the tragedy around him or shut himself off to brood over such torment as he felt. Other intellectuals with the same torment could commit the crime of becoming aloof, proclaim that an epoch without ideals had arrived, or make a cult of pessimism out of their

sudden insistence that man was evil. They could even believe that the strength of American capitalism was such that no one could cope with it. Reed, however, recognized his responsibility for finishing what he had begun. There was no place for him on the other side and he was contemptuous of those who had surrendered to it. Resignation from struggle was but another form of helping the imperialists work their will. He would have none of it.

As THE war moved on fragments of news began coming through of insurrection in a large part of Europe. Reed's delight was boundless, for it appeared to him that this was the beginning of the new phase of life he had hoped for in a self-searching piece he wrote when he was almost thirty. The news from Russia stirred him most. It seemed to be the first crack in the imperialist war firmament. Reed had been in Russia in 1915 when he was reporting the war on the eastern front and he had glimpsed something of the country's turmoil. At the time he could not quite answer his own question: "Is there a powerful and destructive fire working in the bowels of Russia, or is it quenched?" Even when the czar was overthrown he still did not believe that a great change was taking place nor did he appreciate how the agony of war had quickened the Russian crisis to the point where the workers would no longer tolerate the old order. Reed watched and waited until he was convinced the real thing was happening. When he was, he went off to see it.

What Reed saw in Petrograd filled him with new vigor. He arrived in the city in September, 1917, shortly after the defeat of Kornilov's plot against the revolution. The triumph over Kornilov's attempt at a *coup d'état* showed clearly the shape of forces in the country. Aligned on the counter-revolutionary side were the Mensheviks, the Social Revolutionaries and the Constitutional Democrats. Reed accurately judged their waning influence. Against them and the treacherous Kerensky government stood the Bolsheviks. Were it not for the Bolsheviks, Kornilov might have taken Petrograd. They had swung the workers and soldiers into the defense of the city. It was clear to Reed that "through the tempest of events tumbling over one another . . . the Bolshevik star steadily rises. The Workers' and Soldiers' Soviet, which has gained immense power since the Kornilov business, is the

real government of Russia again, and the Bolshevik power in the Soviet is growing fast."

Reed wandered over the city, listened to workers talk about their plans for factory control, heard the frightened men of the old regime curse Lenin and his Bolshevik party. In Smolny, the Soviet revolutionary headquarters, he tried to sift rumor from truth. All that he witnessed confirmed him in his belief that he was at the center of a supreme turning point in the history of the world. He was in at the start of the socialist era, the beginning of a change which in its initial stage had, in Lenin's words, wrenched "the first hundred million people of this earth from the clutches of imperialist war and the imperialist world."

When Lenin spoke in Smolny on the night of Thursday, November 8, 1917, uttering the electrifying words: "We shall now proceed to construct the Socialist order!" Reed stood with the rest roaring his approval. "Suddenly, by common impulse," he later recorded, "we found ourselves on our feet, mumbling together into the smooth lifting unison of the *Internationale*. . . . The immense sound rolled through the hail, burst windows and doors and seared into the quiet sky."

During the revolution Reed found the answers to what was gnawing at his heart. No longer was there any question in his mind about workers. The revolution was the kind of school in which he could learn quickly. It taught him, he wrote, "that in the last analysis the property-owning class is loyal only to its own property. That the property-owning class will never readily compromise with the working class. That the mass of the workers are not only capable of great dreams but have in them the power to make dreams come true." Paterson, Mexico, Ludlow, the war itself, prepared him for the revolution, and in Petrograd and Moscow he knew what to look for and how to look at it and thus knitted together were the loose threads of the preceding years. It was a slow, painful maturation but a sure and steady one.

Reed now sought the interconnection between things, the continuous process of shift and change. The difference between most of his earlier writing and that on the revolution was the difference between the close sympathizer and the participant. His identification was complete; he had finally come to know that the revolutionary movement was the anchor of his life. His work thus gained an emotional power beyond a skilled use of adjectives in a rhythmically constructed sentence.

What he wrote about the Russian Revolution in *Ten Days That Shook The World* with its extraordinary weaving of significant detail into a triumphal theme was a measure of the great leap forward he had made.

The book has its serious defects. He was careless in reporting the vote of the secret October meeting of the Bolshevik Central Committee to launch an armed uprising. Reed's lack of familiarity with the parts played by individual members of the Committee, especially that of Stalin, resulted in his assigning to Trotsky a role that did not square with the facts. Yet *Ten Days* was the first account in America of the Russian Revolution's universal impact. The book helped to break the blockade of falsehood. But more, it became a force for socialism by rousing others in the way Reed had been roused. It was both a revolutionary banner and a revolutionary report, compelling millions to think hard on the fundamental question of our time, and thus winning a unique place for itself.

THE boy from Oregon became a prophet of the socialist future. And that future, he discovered for himself, was attainable only through the toil of organization, with the workers consciously fighting for it in their own Marxist party. The war and the revolution had completely exposed the failures of the American Socialist Party and Reed joined with its Left-wing forces to remove the deadly leadership from control. When the attempt failed, he helped to establish what became the Communist Party of the United States.

It was work that required immersion in Marxism and he set himself to studying even though he was being plagued by the federal police. In several articles Reed tried to get at the reasons for the particular way in which the American Federation of Labor had developed. He went on to survey the history of the American socialist movement and why as a party it had lost its militancy. And finally he made an attempt at analyzing the capitalist state in its relation to American working-class struggles.

The articles and such other theoretical writing as he did showed crudities which were as much the evidence of his own inexperience with theory as they were of a movement that had not yet found itself and in which non-Marxist and anti-Marxist influences were strong. But the special stamp of this writing, apart from being a mark of the earnestness with which he took his responsibilities as a Communist,

was his effort to find those features of American history that had handicapped the unfolding of a revolutionary party. In implicit but broader terms he was asking what so many others before him had asked: what had frustrated and cramped American democracy? Up until the time he had begun this examination—although he came prepared with a unique range of experience and he knew who was the central enemy of democracy—his political knowledge was empirical and chaotic. It made for an impetuousness not lessened by the anarchic society in which he moved and by the conflict between what he willed and what he saw actually happening. By digging into the past without losing the focal point of the present, he separated from the confusion of experience those elements in American life that would give sustenance to a new type of party. The Russian Revolution had helped him enormously in confronting this task which, without knowing it, he had long evaded and which had also evaded him until he began using Marxism with the utmost seriousness.

He was a pioneer in the exact sense that he tried to pierce the misty thinking that befogged the question of how the promise of American life was to be reached. He was among the first Americans to attempt a genuine Marxist answer. Without a revolutionary party to captain the class struggle the whole issue of what to do and how to do it would remain unresolved. The Bolsheviks through Lenin had shown the way and Reed knew that as an American he could no more reject their experience than the French revolutionary of the eighteenth century could turn away from that of the American revolutionary. Reed did not betray himself into a bourgeois nationalism which fractured the struggles of all working classes and isolated them from each other.

The years since Reed's death have magnified his work in the cause of American-Soviet friendship. In a land not darkened by war madness or by a set of rulers who must blot out the memory of its anti-imperialist heroes, Reed's name would be etched in the national consciousness. Yet it lives as a luminous symbol of peace, of a patriotism that demands one's country play an honorable part in the progressive history of mankind.

THE SOVIET CINEMA

by SERGEI EISENSTEIN

WHEN speeding in one of our fast vehicles through the streets of Moscow, wandering along its new squares and avenues or, in the evenings, standing and gazing with feelings of pride and admiration at the newly constructed buildings with their beautiful architectural features, it is hard to imagine what our capital city looked like thirty years ago. It is hard to believe that on the site of the House of the Council of Ministers stood a row of one-storied huts and that between the Manège and the Hotel Moscow I myself, in 1924, passed through some gateways and courtyards worthy of a place in old Tver or Kostroma. And looking down from the roof of the same hotel on the panorama of the Red Square and Kremlin, one cannot realize that here, at the foot of this ten-story building, where even during the N.E.P. period poulterers' shops flourished, there used to be, ranged along the walls of the game and poultry market, vendors of sour apples or red bilberries, tubs of salted mushrooms or pickled cucumbers.

Moving along Gorky Street, one can no longer recollect even the outlines of the old Tver district, traces of which only now and then peep bashfully through the arcades of the new buildings, showing the fantastic façades of the old houses which have respectfully stepped aside so as not to obstruct the straight line of the highway running from the Historical Museum to the Byelorussia Station.

As we proceed from the center to the outskirts the wonder increases. Before the astonished gaze of the old inhabitant there unfolds a view of industrial giants, clubs and residential districts which

NOTE: This article was written in October, 1947, on the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of the October Revolution. Illness prevented its completion, and the article was published from the unfinished MS. in *Iskusstvo Kino*, 1949, No. 5, after Eisenstein's death. The translation by S. Davis, slightly abridged, is reprinted with permission from the *Anglo-Soviet Journal*, London.

have grown up in place of the former squalid areas huddled around the "Lizina Pond" or the "Kutuzov Cabin." These buildings are the living testimony to Moscow's transformation into a great industrial center, as though symbolizing in its capital the development of the country itself from a backward agrarian land into a great industrial power. Looking at the new factory buildings, one finds it difficult to recall to mind the miserable holes and backyards, the blind alleys and crooked lanes, that formerly occupied their sites.

It will be still more difficult to form a mental picture of the appalling conditions of the cinema, and of film-making generally, at the beginning of the new era inaugurated by the October Socialist Revolution. Today, when the giant Mosfilm has everywhere established splendid pavilions, when studios are buzzing with activity all over Moscow, when the whole country resounds with the fame of the magnificent studios of Leningrad and Kiev, Tbilisi and Sverdlovsk, Tashkent and Baku, Erevan and Stalinabad; and when not only nearby Odessa and Yalta but remote Alma-Ata are proud of their brilliantly equipped film-workshops and studios, which produce pictures based on multi-national cine-culture, it is indeed not easy to realize that only thirty years ago the scope of all this mighty and unprecedented development was limited to a couple of pitiful "houses," from which grew the great, independent, unequalled art of the Soviet cinema.

Those were the tiny studios in Zhitnoy Street with their glass walls and purple curtains, somewhat in the style of the old photographic studios, soon to look like a tumbledown, wooden, palisaded suburban villa somewhere in the jungle highway of enthusiasm, where, trembling for their future, they organized themselves into the *Russ* Company, and later into the *Mezhrabprom.* But from the height of activity—if not in the scope of production, at least in situation, for the studio was then on the roof of "Nirenzee House" (formerly the tallest building in Moscow)—they soon sank into oblivion. From *Sonki-Zolotye Ruchki* to *The Strong Man* (based on Pshibyshevsky), from *Uncle Puda* to *Nevikh Char* and *Dyevikh Gor,* the little cinemas were feeding the curiosity of the spectators with crime, low farcical "humor," shabby "decadence" and "modernism" rehashed in the cheapest "popular" form. This was a pandering to the craving for sensation and thrills on the part of the middle class who formed

the bulk of the pre-revolutionary audiences. Under the aegis of the Temperance Society, which was anxiously guarding the masses not so much against vodka as against "dangerous free-thinking ideas," the cinema of those days went also to the working-class districts. But, of course, the subjects then agitating the workers were not flashed before them on the screen. Here flourished pseudo-popular drama, full of falsehood, designed for the sole purpose of keeping the people in ignorance and backwardness, the performances being in the nature of sermons to impress the people with the wisdom of submission and obedience and other "domestic virtues," so as to divert their thoughts from the questions of social injustice and how best to combat it.

However distant all this may seem to us, the moral and ideal aspect of the cinema of those pre-October days is quite easy to understand. Of course, its younger brother has been greatly enriched and embellished with all the sparkling inventions and glittering technique of the Hollywood "city of wonders." Looking at or reading about these "creations," one thinks, with an involuntary shudder, that had there not been an October upheaval our Russian cinema would also have brought to the world screen, not the embodiment of a Communist ideal, the most progressive ideology in the world, but "ideals" in accord with the esthetic standard of Messrs. Ermoliev, Drankov, and Trofimov, making big profits for their masters Ryabushinsky and Lyanozov by the same recipe whose spiritual poison brings riches to the banks of Wall Street and the financiers of Hollywood.

Isolated attempts at a more serious approach to cinematography were made even in those days. Suffice it to mention only Protazanov, one of the early cinema artists who was particularly sincere and creative in his filming of the October years. In 1916, in defiance of a flood of trash and vulgarity let loose upon the screen, he dramatizes Pushkin's *The Queen of Spades,* thus making the first attempt to bring the Russian classics before a wide public. To the same class belongs his film of the personal and social tragedy of Leo Tolstoy, which, in his lifetime, was banned from the screen by the czarist censors. It is, however, understandable that against the vast background of trash and vulgarity these tentative experiments should have been greeted with irony, with an often mistaken and still more often short-sighted underestimation of the cinematographic achievements then possible.

ALL the more significant is the prophetic estimate of the social importance and possibilities of the cinema made by Lenin as long ago as 1907. Bunch-Bruyevich relates in his reminiscences how, in conversation with him and A. A. Bogdanov, Lenin argued that as long as the cinema remained in the hands of unscrupulous speculators it would do more harm than good by corrupting the tastes of the people with pictures of crime and horror. When the cinema belonged to the people and was under the control of real leaders of social culture, however, it would become one of the most powerful instruments for the education and enlightenment of the masses. But when those prophetic words were spoken the film artists could by no means foresee the profound significance and ideal content, the immense wealth of culture, with which our cinema was to greet the thirtieth anniversary of Soviet power.

The Russian pre-Revolutionary bourgeois critics merely echoed what the bourgeoisie of the West wrote and thought, until the first Soviet films burst among them with a bomb-like explosion. The manifestation in those films of a new concept of cinematography, springing from the new Soviet world-concept, forced its way, as did the Soviet achievements themselves, into that sphere of human activity which had hitherto refused to treat the cinema on a basis of equality with the other arts. Soviet pictures, having broken the *cordon sanitaire* isolation of our country, brought to the astonished Western world a first glimpse of our country's spiritual power, greatness and heroism forged in the fires of the October Revolution.

Frightened out of their wits by those creations, burning with conviction, hastening the coming of a new socialist era in the history of mankind, and calling upon the oppressed to throw off the age-old yoke of exploitation, the bourgeois powers-that-be hastened to put up a censorship-barrier against us. But the peoples of the world greeted the message of these films with enthusiasm. True pictures of the actual revolutionary happenings in the Soviet Union broke down the barrage of poisonous lies and slanders with which the terrified enemies of progress wanted, and still want (and how they want it!), to stifle in their people the natural desire for friendship and understanding with the peoples of the Soviet Union. From their first appearance in the West, our films played the part of standard-bearers of our country's ideals, enlisting friends for it everywhere, opening people's

eyes to its true appearance and mobilizing public opinion for joint action in the struggle for social justice.

Hence the fear and hatred with which the capitalist ruling-classes regard our cinema productions, as is evident from the frantic efforts during the last decade of the censors everywhere to prevent our films from appearing on the world-screen. Is it not a fact that *The Rainbow,* by Wassilewska and Donskoi, is now forbidden by MacArthur to be shown in Japan? This is the film seen by the late President Roosevelt, who recognized in it the rising anger of the people, just as in 1939 he had demanded, to the surprise of the American press, that *Alexander Nevsky* should be brought to the White House, having seen in that, too, the inevitable doom and destruction of the German aggressors as foreshadowed in the crushing of the "Iron swine" by the powerful and serried ranks of the Russian people in the thirteenth century. Hence the violent attacks by the reactionary wing in the British Parliament in connection with the permission given to the Soviet producer, Pudovkin, to stay in England. Hence also the inquiry in 1926 by the reactionary Reichstag into the under-estimation of the power of the Soviet fleet, a power suddenly revealed to them by *The Battleship Potemkin,* which was three times banned and three times broke the fetters of the German censorship.

EXAMPLES of the type of film calculated to exercise a powerful influence in uniting the people in the struggle for friendship and understanding will be found in the *Maxim* trilogy, in the stern character of *The Great Citizen,* in the classic films *Lenin in October* and *Lenin in 1918,* in the immense epic *The Vow* or the absorbingly interesting *Chapayev* and *Schors*—films which successfully demonstrated and insistently demanded the recognition of cinematography as a genuinely great art. Soviet life has brought to the cinema real culture, in respect not only of ideas and subjects, but also of method not only in practice, but also in theory; not only in producing valuable work of educational interest, but in constantly striving to discover scientific principles in cinematography, that art of arts. By applying the methods of Marxism-Leninism, our film specialists have endeavored to penetrate deeper and deeper into the essence of their art, and so have set the first landmarks of cine-poetics and cine-esthetics. In pursuance of their own creative achievements, many Soviet film artist

have built up a system of theoretical principles on the art of the cinema.

No wonder, therefore, that in our country, and in our country alone, as part of the celebrations of the 800th anniversary of the city of Moscow and the 30th anniversary of the October Revolution, the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. has established within its precincts a department for the study of the art and science of cinematography. By that tribute the cinema has been conclusively recognized as an important cultural phenomenon; and it is well to remember that it is the achievements of Soviet film-making that have earned it this recognition! We are growing accustomed to seeing our productions yearly crowned with laurels at international festivals. This recognition accorded to our film artists dates from the earliest days of the Soviet cinema. Indeed, are there not, packed away somewhere among our personal archives, a diploma and a medal from the Paris 1925 exhibition, a large gold medal for my *The Strike,* a silver medal for a film by D. Vertov in 1924 and many other such? And that happened in the still early years, when on the site of the present Mosfilm studios along the Lenin Hills there was only the vast storm-swept and weed-covered expanse of Potilikha! At that time Soviet power had only freed the film industry from private hands and placed it under state control. The years of collapse stared in at the broken snow-covered windows of the studios. Ugly, deformed survivals of private enterprise took advantage of the N.E.P. years and crawled back into their favorite niches, if not as masters or as saboteurs of production, at least as saboteurs in the field of ideas, carrying and trying to infect others with the banalities of the dead past.

The new film-specialists did not bring to the cinema a new tradition, but a new artistic approach, an intense hatred of what was stale and discarded, an irreconcilable hostility to trash and sensationalism, a firm determination to keep out of the cinema the old and outworn practices entirely unsuited to the expression of the new thoughts, new ideas, new feelings and new words of a new era. Where did the Soviet cinema, the first years of its existence, find such power, such unparalleled strength, such a unique medium of expression that, having only just emerged from wretched hovels unworthy of the name of studios, it was nevertheless able to counterpoise to the bourgeois film world of Europe and America such a wealth of new film creations and

cinematographic conceptions? What was the secret of this miracle? An unprecedented upsurge of great ideas, an unparalleled influx of fresh tasks, an enormous number of new demands and requirements in the course of rebuilding on socialist lines one-sixth of the inhabited globe: that is what lay at the foundation of our cinema and was from the very outset the cause of its greatness and originality. To shape it into an instrument of expression capable of helping to solve countless difficult problems, it was necessary to penetrate into the very essence of the art of the cinema, and to develop it to the utmost extent possible.

In order to carry out these great tasks, we have also developed a highly original and unrivalled style of pictures which, like the philosophy they represent, bear no resemblance to any previous films, any more than any former governments resembled either in form or content the Soviet socialist state. It was inevitable that our cinema should reflect, both in form and content, all that is great and original in the new system of our country.

Does it then follow, because of its previous "non-existence," that our unequalled cinema sprang like Minerva from the head of some young film expert? As I have said, when the young artists and producers, burning with irreconcilable hatred toward everything old and bourgeois, entered the arena and engaged in single combat with those who wanted to continue on the same lines as the class the October Revolution had swept aside, they found before them no other models than those they would have nothing to do with. Does this then mean that apart from being inspired with new ideas craving to be represented on the screen they were devoid of any cultural tradition? Cinematographically speaking, yes. But they were richly endowed with other great cultural traditions, the traditions of Russian national culture, and the cultures of the sister nations united with us in the great Union of Soviet Republics.

Being heir to all that is best in the creation of different periods, our epoch, while evolving its own technique of cine-culture, does not, of course, turn away from what is great and valuable in the culture of the past. Be it the tragedies of Shakespeare, the satires of Swift or the delineation of a character or an epoch in the masterpieces of Balzac; be it the sensuous, many-colored art of the East, be it the art of Cervantes or Homer, Rembrandt or Michelangelo—all, at the right moment, serve the artist who strives to achieve distinction for the

Soviet cinema. All these, and other great masters, come to our aid at some time or other to help us solve whatever difficult problem of drama, art, music or character we may come up against in the course of production.

Naturally, it was inevitable that we should first of all draw upon the inexhaustible riches of our Russian cultural heritage, because its traditions and specific qualities are bred in our bones. It was those very traditions that guided the producers of the twenties and thirties, who were called upon by the Revolution to storm the strongholds of the past and to create works having real value and being in accord with the foreseen future. As for the world's masterpieces, we have not infrequently been conscious of their influence when dealing with the great diversity of our Russian culture. Thus, for instance, we came in contact with Swift and Voltaire through the genius of Saltykov-Shchedrin; with Dickens through the fantastic creations of Gogol; with Byron via Lermontov.

WHAT are the essential features in the culture of our motherland that are so clearly depicted in the Soviet cinema? First, of course, must be mentioned the fact that our democratic culture has always invariably marched under the banner of idealism and "enlightenment," as it used to be called. It would be difficult to find anywhere else in the world a culture so inspired with, and so consistently pursuing, from its very beginnings, the ideal of the public good, and always striving, whether with painter's brush or with engraving tool, with the spoken word or with musical composition, to carry thought forward, to contend for the ideal, not to entertain or be entertained, but to serve the people: to serve the people with whatever was considered most necessary at the particular period for the improvement of their conditions and for general progress. Only certain decadent streaks in Russian art and literature during the pre-October period show a departure from this tradition. That happened in the case of some isolated groups and societies who, having betrayed the revolutionary-democratic traditions of the best elements among Russian intellectuals, drifted inevitably into the fold of objectless estheticism devoid of any purpose or ideals. Nor was there even anything original in this peculiar phenomenon. It arrived from the West, lifeless, anemic, with a, to us, very strange tendency to "art for art's sake."

The characteristics of the real tradition of Russian art and literature

are quite different. Let us have a look at the ancient monument, our national pride, *The Tale of the Host of Igor.* Is this merely a sad legend about a Russian prince taken captive by the enemies of his country? Is it only an occasion for a lyrical effusion about his immortal lament for Yaroslavl in far-away Putilovo? Or perhaps the anonymous author only aimed at impressing his audience with wonderful pictures of Igor's campaigns, so as to add deeds of heroism to his ordinary descriptions of nature? No: no: and again no. As already pointed out by Karl Marx, when writing on this work of the Russian popular genius, the idea of the poem was to call upon the Russian princes to unite, as they had done once before against the Mongol invaders. And the "golden word" of Svyatoslav calling on the Russian princes to unite "in defence of our Motherland" rings out with undiminished passion to this day. Thrice the tale is interrupted by a lyrical refrain directing attention to this high purpose, a purpose which pervades the whole poem, and is its chief beauty.

Thus, for twelve hundred years we have heard a passionate political appeal presented to us in the form of brilliantly sublime poetry. Has it not been so with all our literature: moral and political appeals couched in poetic forms, passionate "golden words" addressed to us in images of great artistic worth? Linking the pre-revolutionary with the October period are the two giants Gorky and Mayakovsky, whose "message" is already in line with the highest idealism, the most progressively political, the most consistently Bolshevik-revolutionary. Thus the slogans of our Soviet literature proclaim the same message, more clearly and directly expressed, as that borne by our culture down the ages. When we come to consider the origin and development of the Soviet cinema, we see in it the same features: unrestricted service and passionate devotion to the new ideas.

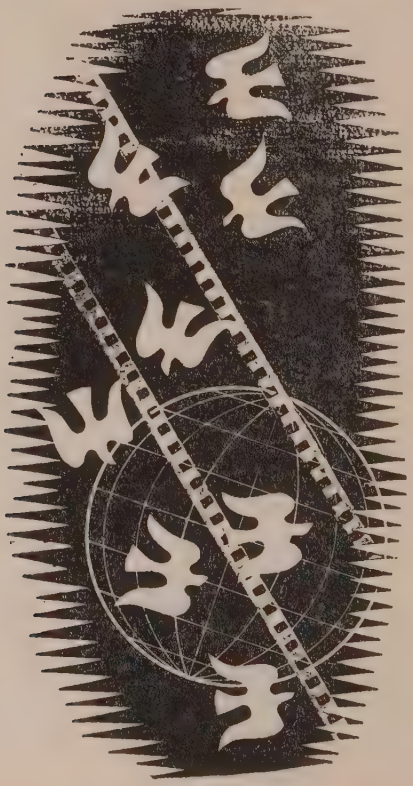
It is to this staunch adherence to the principles of the Revolution that we attribute the rise and development of the Soviet cinema with its great poetic riches, which it could never have acquired in the cramped atmosphere of the West. The unvarying presence of ideals running like an unbroken thread through our earlier Russian culture (in painting, sculpture, music and architecture as well as in literature with which we are here chiefly concerned) was to be seen in the Soviet cinema also, from its very beginnings. The staying-power o

this idealistic continuity is the motif of our people's national consciousness. From the early tales of pathos and the "golden word" of Svyatoslav to the passionate lines on "the national pride of the Great Russians"; from *Dead Souls* and *War and Peace* to Gorky's epics, to *The Iron Flood, The Quiet Don* and *Walking Sorrow,* this great idea permeates the whole. That is why our traditional epics, where the people's yearning to identify themselves with the vast spaces of their motherland finds full expression, are dearer to us than any other form of literature. It is characteristic that our first films were also built on an epic scale such as no other country attempted: we may cite the epics dealing with the first Revolution (*The Battleship Potemkin, Mother, the Maxim* trilogy); with the history of the civil war (*Chapayev, Schors, We Are from Kronstadt*); with the distant past (*Alexander Nevsky, Ivan the Terrible, Minin and Pozharsky*); with times nearer to us (*Peter the Great, Suvorov, Kutuzov*); films depicting the most critical stages in the long revolutionary struggle (*Lenin in October, Lenin in 1918, Man with a Gun, Great Citizen*); and finally those dealing with the history of the latest period, beginning with *The Vow,* and continuing with the epics about the Patriotic War, such as *The Young Guard, The Battle of Stalingrad,* and *The Third Blow.* And is not this idea of greatness and heroism, of national consciousness and multi-national unity, in our country and government, the same as that which breathes in the classics of the past, and thus unites them with the classics of the present and the future?

The Russian classics have similarly had a fruitful and salutary influence on our cinema in respect of particular artistic problems. I could write a whole treatise on Pushkin alone, that great master of words and imagery, in connection with his influence on plastic design in cine-culture. Of no less importance to the cinema, particularly in respect of original optical effects, have been the picturesque, colorful, and essentially cinematic descriptions in the works of Gogol. In Tolstoy we find an inexhaustible mine of the thoughts and feelings of a man guilty of having committed a criminal action. Makers of historical films cannot overlook the painter Surikov. Nor can those concerned with psychological pictures disregard Repin, any more than the student of characterization in cine-portraiture can ignore Serov. The tradition of the great genius Mussorgsky is invaluable for guidance on the subject of dramatic film music. The study of Mayakovsky's

rhythmically woven lines will enrich many a generation of film artists. Gorky is a veritable academy of realistic masterpieces of life and characters.

We must, however, refrain from dilating in detail, in order to illustrate the important role played by Russian culture in the technical and stylistic development of our incomparable Soviet cinema, one matters which would require volumes of study. Suffice it to say that in the course of its thirty years existence Soviet cinematography has maintained and still continues the same great cultural tradition, the unity that has been its chief inspiration from the earliest times to our glorious present.



In the Dead of Summer

by ETTORE RELLA

NEWS ITEM: *". . . August 2, 1950, for the first time in a century, a ban was placed on free speech in New York City's Union Square by Mayor William O'Dwyer and his police department which was upheld by a State Supreme Court judge. But New Yorkers, variously estimated at 2,000 to 15,000, defied the ban to assemble under the sponsorship of the N. Y. Labor Conference for Peace. . . ."*

Old Money-bags,
(dying dying dying—and he knows it),
directs his understudy, the State,
(regime of Harry the Tiny)
to take over—
fearful, arrogant stance—
the colossus at Rhodes was NOTHING,—
THIS colossus
has one clay foot in the New York Exchange
while the other, in a G.I. shoe,
moves up the bloody beachhead
against the future of the world—

Old Money-bags from his wheel-chair
placed at one of the windows which are the eyes
in the barricaded head of clay
pipes his voice
to all three branches of the State—

"the cops must make it look like a riot—
no time to take chances when the chances are
this demonstration would come off well—would
come off PEACEFUL—

and we can't have THAT—
the cops must make themselves NECESSARY—
a trustworthy ring
of clubs and guns and fists
and horses and motorcycles—
and fire ladders, of course, against the man who
will climb the lamppost—
(yes, be prepared for everything—)
ring the square round, I say ring it round
with the face of the law looking outward so it can break
the crowd into fragments and drive 'em
down the spokes of the wheel
away from the center, farther and farther apart
into the dark and narrow streets where they live—
we just can't have that unifying voice
flaring up from the center
like free fireworks
capturing the imagination
in a net of flame—"

"what was THAT?" says the guest (a general)
to the host (a cardinal)—
the cardinal lifts his confessional head from
his chop of the lamb,
meets the eye of his guest
across the lily-white plateau
of damask and the coruscation
of candlelight on the silver and glass—
breathless, the host and his guest
listen—

not the soft fall
of dividends, plashing the stillness of the night—
oh no—oh no—
it's the dribble of clay from the crack in the cast
raining on the sea—
the bones of steel
are giving in, unsettling the entire structure,
the deadpan face, the imperious hands, the territorial feet—

jerked by the zig-zag cracks
from contortion to contortion—
the rage in Money-bag's heart
magnified gigantic—the sculptured head
taking the wide arc for the headlong look
down the bottomless shaft of horizon and water—

from the tax-free fold in the garment of the giant,
the ghost and his guest,
parasites on the parasite,
edge their way down the tipping floor
and peep out, jittery—

five o'clock—
empty, serene square—
the pigeons are nervous,—
they peck each other out of the way
to preëmpt the inedible specks of illusion,
unblinking eyes on the watch
for the lonely, machine-faced whore
with her crumbs of feeling
wrapped in an Automat napkin—
for the mad old man, mister nobody from everywhere,
with his nickel's worth
of hot, cabalistic peanuts
nestling in their secretive cloaks—

"hey mankind—
you noisy, excruciatingly noisy,
and unpredictably moving, though wingless,
pieces of earth—
WHERE'S OUR CHOW?"

Old Money-bags wheels himself to the top of the stair
and screams down the twisting descent into the hollow torso—
"is the glass of my car bullet-proof? have you checked the
tires and the gas? can I trust my chauffeur?—
can I trust YOU?"

the center of a square is the heart of the people—
will a man be lifted up? of course
a man will be lifted up—it's Money-bags
who is dying—not the people—
the people are old as a rock and young as grass—and their heart
takes the dark blood and makes it fresh—

on the roof of the social-democrat union building
the president of American Motors
clutches the arm of the union president
and looks down upon the square

"thank god—now they're using their horses—
it's the only way they'll keep 'em out—
I say Mack—what about YOUR union?
are they down there with the rest?
how about it, Mack?
and where the hell is the fire department?
it'll take a ladder to get that man down—
of course the police could SHOOT him down—
no—not today—it's too soon—but tomorrow—"

the social-democrat union president
thinks of his rank and file
and draws back pale, reminded
of Benito and Petacci, hanging by their heels—

the man on the lamppost
clings to his elevation and shouts,

"PEACE—PEACE—PEACE—"

and the crowd
gathers upon his pulse in the air,
strong as the tide—

the fire department pulls the man down and throws him to
the cops—

maniacal
they fall on the man and bloat themselves
with violence—
just to make sure, as they lift their teeth,
they shove this dismembered member of the future
into a black sack and draw the cord tight—

no use—the black sack
emits an invisible spiral of life
and the cops know it
and they draw away
looking at their hands for mysterious burns—

the sunset
crashes with a wreckage of light
through all the windows of the west
and one more day
sprawls in a gilded spill of blood—
a seagull, high in the sky,
moves with a sure and angular hunch
against the pouring darkness, his eyes,
his faceted, miraculous eyes,
fixed no doubt on the revelation
of flame in the broken folds of the sea—

and there he shall descend and rest,
shall rest
rocked on the very most fundamental
green rhythm of the world—

an isolated woman, driven backward against plate-glass,
looks up at the mounted cops, four abreast,
directly above her, pose of equestrian statue, Victor and
Vanquished,
tugging the front feet of their horses
into the air—
as the feet come down she drops her purse—
the owner of the store, petty-bourgeois pagliaccio, the
classless clown,

runs out to tell the cops, by god they better not
break his glass—
but the glass isn't broken—so he doesn't say it—

"and maybe after all the woman won't be trampled to death,
clinging to her purse—
and maybe, oh let it be so, oh let it be so,
maybe tomorrow life will somehow go on as it is—"

the periphery breaks—regathers at corners—breaks again—but
moves—moves—
there are other squares—

"Keep 'em in fragments—
if they come together they will speak—
and the word they will speak is PEACE PEACE PEACE—
and we can't have THAT—
not till we show the whole god-damned colonial world,
these yellow sonsabitches and those black bastards,
that we mean business,—AMERICAN business—"

as he turns to confront the cop, the young Negro
is whirled off his balance by a half-dozen other cops—
the foot of one cop pins the Negro's head to the pavement—
a plainclothesman sets his foot in the Negro's armpit,
grabs the arm by the hand and twists and pulls—

"what a laugh!—they have pushed me off my feet—
they have pushed me from one square of pavement
two steps along and down on another—
do they think they have pushed the people off their feet?
is that what they think?
don't they know that I am standing, many million strong,
on the basic pavement of Marx and Engels and Lenin?
they don't really think, do they, that they can push
the very necessity of truth off its feet
and down on its back on the sidewalk?
as if they could reach into the sky,
grip the invisible connections from star to star

and twist the eternal shape of the Great Bear
into the sign of the dollar—"

Madison Square—
and the cops are taken by surprise,
and the people start for the center and a voice is lifted—

"PEACE—PEACE—"

the cops charge in and beat the voice down—

this sea of people,
fingering the streets like a conscious flood,
where will it next reassemble,
deep and shining and clear?

any open space, tonight, can become the center of the world—

one of the cops with a fear of water
envisions all the streets of Manhattan
neck-deep in the aftermath
of flood—and the chief of police
inspecting his stations in a rowboat—
bubble—bubble—at the mouth of the cop—
he thinks, "would Adler Elevators
make enough difference?"
a wave of nausea rises in his throat
and he stands as tall as he can
against the driven mass—

Duffy Square—nine o'clock—
triangular patch of concrete against death by traffic—
last stand for the harried day
but the cops are already there
standing on every inch of space—

"how can they get to the center
if we not only stand in the way
but stand ON the center—right on it?"

"excuse me, Captain—
and what if the voice comes out of the ground?—
and it might—don't you think?—the way they're acting—
what do we do THEN?—a voice without a visible mouth—
my god, Captain—THEN what?"

the desperate abracadabra of the belly-dancing ads
twitches in the electric fire on all the façades
and casts a glowing dome of dust
into the sky—

in the traffic lane, between Cop's Island and the people,
the cops of higher rank, stiff as rigor mortis in the
motorcycle sidecars,
waltz with their drivers, like windup toys, good Munich
beer-hall tempo—
flanking the edge of the sidewalk, shore duty hurly-burlies,
hand in hand, ring around the rosy,
examine the shuffled faces of the crowd for the
unshuffled face of subversion—
up and down all the sidestreets,
the cavalry, groomed to a hair,
clackety-clack, restless, in a twittering cloud
of sparrows—

oh the singing fires
of these dear dear diminutive
internationalists
from here on in shall haunt
the rag-wrapped retreat of money
through the snows of time—

the bamboozled tourists, numb with sensation,
stretch their necks for just one look at whatever it is—

"what is it? what is it?
maybe this time at last it will be the
spangle, flashing, flashing,
at the very heart of our dream—"

the captain shouts,

"that man over there—they are lifting him up—
his mouth is open—"

one word—

"PEACE—"

and the cops crack down—

the scrap of sound obeys all the laws of physics,—
floats across the waves of air,
a small, bright object
revealing that somewhere here tonight
a voice has been drowned—

expropriated from their ancient center,
the people, silently, march—march—
one hour—two hours—
through centuries of time
round and round the bloody periphery
knowing the time must come
when they will close in and lift a man up
INVULNERABLE
while the cops
fall like so many lice from the gone disguise
of the manufactured colossus, diminished now
to the size of death,
naked and identified—

above the deep stillness of the square, the pigeons,
suffused with the pink glow of neon,
float like scraps of fantasy
from one lush bank of concrete acanthus to another.

READING BETWEEN THE LIES:

The Anti-Soviet Experts

by HERBERT APTHEKER

"I CHOKE with rage when I recall all the stupid assertions made during the last years. We fell for our own propaganda. Now we are staggering. . . ." Thus did Nazi Army Lieutenant Kurt F. Brandes write in his diary, July 1, 1943, while at the Eastern front. Three months later he was killed.

What was the Nazis' "own propaganda"? In the United States, to cite but a typical reflection, it took the form of articles like George E. Sokolsky's "When Moscow Falls" which appeared in the New York *Sun* two weeks after Hitler attacked the Soviet Union. Sokolsky rejoiced: "There need be no excuses and no explanations except that incompetence, despotism, lack of managerial capacity, lack of initiative, government by fear and purge, left the giant helpless and incapacitated. Troops will rebel against Stalin and they will, of course, have the assistance of Germany."

The master, Trotsky himself, had asserted in the *American Mercury* of 1937, that in the next war "the defeat of the Soviet Union would be inevitable." Why? Because, "In a technical, economic and military sense, imperialism is incomparably more strong." Not only was defeat inevitable back in 1937 and not only did Moscow fall in July, 1941, but Prof. James Burnham (not then, as today, adviser to the State Department) in his *The Managerial Revolution,* published in 1941, found "inevitable" the destruction and parceling-out of the Soviet Union by Germany and Japan. As a matter of fact, the distinguished scholar declared that this division "has already begun."

With such a picture of the Soviet Union—a picture flowing from and necessary to the bourgeoisie—it is not surprising, as Malcolm Cowley reported in the *New Republic,* June 14, 1943, that when the

U.S.S.R. was attacked "many of the Trotskyites in this country thought that Stalin would be afraid to arm the people or that, if he did, they would turn the arms against him." Similarly, in his column of March 6, 1941, Walter Lippmann announced that the Nazis would find the Soviet Union "easy to conquer and well worth conquering."

So, in all good faith and in full confidence, Hitler's Foreign Minister wrote to Mussolini's Foreign Minister immediately after the June, 1941, attack: "The Russia of Stalin will be erased from the map within eight weeks." And the British Chiefs of Staff informed their government that the Nazi effort would "take from six to eight weeks," while Secretary of War Stimson, in summarizing the opinion of the American military leadership, informed President Roosevelt that "Germany will be thoroughly occupied in beating Russia for a minimum of one month and a possible maximum of three months."

And while the American people did not then see these official estimates they were reflected with absolute unanimity in the commercial press: Fletcher Pratt—"It will take a miracle bigger than any since biblical times to save Russia from a quick and complete defeat"; Hanson Baldwin—"It seems probable that Hitler will be able to achieve his main military objectives within a few weeks"; Martin Dies—"Hitler will be in control of Russia within thirty days."

THE days became weeks, the weeks months and the months years, and, apparently, the greatest miracle since biblical times *was* happening. The state which would not dare arm its citizens had put rifles into the hands of scores of millions of men, women and children. The subjects of "government by fear" responded to a life-and-death threat with unparalleled determination, calmness and courage. The government characterized by incompetence, lack of managerial capacity and lack of initiative was being defended successfully by its armed forces, by its aroused citizenry, by its colossal industry against the combined weight of a ruthlessly coordinated economy drawing upon 250,000,000 people and spearheaded by 300 divisions drawn from all Europe, from Spain to Finland. Meanwhile, this "inefficient managerial state" maintained sufficient strength in Asia to neutralize and tie down the bulk of the Japanese Army! And then, miracle of miracles, this government, this people and this army began not only to contain the fascist assault but to repel it and then put it to rout!

The bulk of the American people responded with amazed joy, reflected, for example, in the editorial entitled "The Russian Revelation," in the Boston *Herald* of September 7, 1941:

> "How strange it seems! A nation which was thought to be the most backward, careless, least efficient and least patriotic in the world has checked a mighty host from the nation which has been assumed to be the most advanced in organization, morale, leadership and efficiency. . . . Americans are forced to revise their beliefs as to the physical prowess of the Soviets, the skill of the leaders, the morale of the civilian populace, the willingness of all, women as well as men, to make tremendous sacrifices in order to turn back the invaders."

OF COURSE this was a "revelation." For twenty-five years the rich of the world—and not least of the United States—had deliberately and incessantly lied about the first socialist state. They had several times physically assaulted it, but, above all, they had always vilified it.

When, in 1918, the United States through the Creel Propaganda Committee officially endorsed the so-called Sisson documents and announced, "The present Bolsheviki Government is not a Russian Government at all but a German Government acting solely in the interests of Germany and betraying the Russian people as it betrays Russia's natural allies, for the benefit of the Imperial Government alone," the American people as a whole did not know and could not know that the documents were such transparent forgeries that even the French and British governments had rejected them! When the American people heard their "liberal" President Wilson state in 1919 that the Bolsheviks were "about to brand the men under arms for them, so that they will forever be marked as their servants and slaves" it was difficult for them to believe that this erstwhile scholar was deliberately deceiving them.

The New York *Times* reported on November 1, 1919, that the Bolsheviks were "ravening beasts of prey, a large part of them actual criminals, all of them mad" and thereafter for months that Lenin was dying, dead, wounded, insane, fleeing and resigning and that the Soviet regime had disintegrated, dissolved, disbanded, collapsed. Two months later Walter Lippmann and Charles Merz (the latter is today editor of the New York *Times*) published in the *New Republic* an

analysis of the Russian reportage of the *Times*. Here were their conclusions:

> "The Russian lie is the father of lies. For lie, damned lie, it has been. It was a lie that the people of Russia were calling for military intervention. It was a lie that they believed in Kolchak and Denikin. It was a lie that they did not prefer the Soviet government to anything offered them by the Allied generals and the monarchist cliques. . . .
>
> "And because these lies were the base of a policy of lawless invasion, disgraceful intrigue, bloodshed, devastation and famine, they have had to be established by every device known to panic and credulity."

So it continued to the Second World War. Characteristic was the handling by the American press of the treason trials of the late 1930's. As the American Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., Mr. Joseph Davies—himself a lawyer and present at the trials—confidentially informed the State Department "the members of the diplomatic corps in Moscow, with one exception, were convinced that the treason proceedings clearly established the existence of a political plot to overthrow the government." And at the same time, Mr. Davies wrote, "In discussing the trial [with a fellow diplomat] he said that the defendants were undoubtedly guilty; that all of us who attended the trial had practically agreed on that; *that the outside world, from the press reports, however, seemed to think that the trial was a put-up job . . . that while he knew it was not, it was probably just as well that the outside world should think so.*"

But it was not until the end of 1941 that the State Department permitted Mr. Davies to publish this in his *Mission To Moscow*.

THAT which had provoked amazement—the incontrovertible *fact* of the U.S.S.R.'s successful resistance to the full onslaught of European fascism—also induced revisions of opinions and made possible, for a very brief period, the presentation to the majority of the American people of some truths concerning the Soviet Union.

Two typical early examples of revised opinions may be offered W. Averill Harriman, head of the American mission to the Soviet Union, in commenting on the strength and efficiency of the population, told an American radio audience, October 12, 1941, that "We

discovered that a lot of popular notions about these Russians were wrong." A former technical specialist with the United States government, Kenneth E. Davis, put the matter more fully in *Current History* for September, 1941:

> "From our revised analysis, it would appear that Stalin, far from selling out the democracies, has striven to keep them from selling out themselves. Far from forsaking the basic principles of the Soviet state, he has advanced them by strenghtening the anti-fascist forces of the world. It is entirely possible that when the final history of this great world crisis is written, Stalin will stand out as the man who saved the civilized world in spite of itself through one of the most profoundly brilliant pieces of strategy that has ever been employed by a national leader during an international conflict."

And on Stalin personally, the Nazi-like lies of the W. H. Chamberlins received heavy blows for a time. On the basis of personal contact and observation, Secretary of State Cordell Hull informed Congress in 1943 that he had "found in Marshal Stalin a remarkable personality, one of the great statesmen and leaders of this age," while Ambassador Davies put the whole matter quite neatly by writing: "If you can picture a personality that is exactly opposite to what the most rabid anti-Stalinist anywhere could conceive, then you might picture this man."*

Professional reporters who had been in the U.S.S.R. for several months or years produced volume after volume from 1941 through 1944 of what they had themselves seen and heard and felt. These books, too, coming from publishers like Knopf, Harpers, Houghton Mifflin, etc., contradicted the fables, datelined Riga, Bucharest and Helsinki, of the past. The authors of some of these books were James E. Brown, Erskine Caldwell, Wallace Carroll, Henry C. Cassidy, Walter Duranty, Walter Graebner, Maurice Hindus, Ralph Ingersoll, Larry Lesueur, Ralph Parker, Quentin Reynolds and Alexander Werth.

The weight of their testimony was impressive for while generally the commentary was not profound but rather impressionistic, it was first-hand and based on prolonged observation. Typically, moreover,

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* In his journal for May, 1945, Harry Hopkins declared that Prisident Roosevelt "frequently spoke of the respect and admiration he had for Marshal Stalin" —Robert E. Sherwood, *Roosevelt and Hopkins* (Bantam ed., 1950), II, p. 537

the reporters confessed to having been themselves victims of anti-Soviet propaganda and while several showed distinct remnants of such influence the net impression of their works contradicted such propaganda.

Fairly representative was Quentin Reynolds' *Only The Stars Are Neutral,* published in 1942. Mr. Reynolds, after several months residence in the Soviet Union as a *Collier's* correspondent, wrote:

> "The longer I stayed in Russia, the more I realized the terrific misconceptions we in America and Britain hold in regard to the Soviet Union. . . . I mentally apologized as a Catholic for the things I've thought about Russia's attitude toward religion. I began to wonder while I was in Moscow about the many Senate investigations into Soviet propaganda we have had in Washington these past few years and the thought struck me that perhaps the time and money expended upon those investigations might perhaps have better been spent in the investigation of anti-Soviet propaganda in our country."

Meanwhile analytical works appeared assessing the experiences of the war as these bore on the U.S.S.R. Thus, Under-Secretary of State Sumner Welles confessed that official Washington in 1941 had been terribly misinformed about Russia. And, in his *The Time For Decision* (1944) he found, "The achievements represented by the victorious struggle of the Soviet Union during the past two years have never been excelled by any other nation. They would not have been possible save through the efforts of a united and selflessly patriotic people." Similarly, Professor Foster Rhea Dulles of Ohio State University thought it perfectly clear in his *The Road To Teheran* (1944) that "The Russian people had shown themselves singleheartedly united behind Communist leadership in heroic, self-sacrificing defense of their homeland . . . here was striking proof that many of the ideas about the Soviet Union popularly held in this country had been founded on a total misconception of what was actually happening in Russia and of the sentiments of the Russian people."

Simultaneously the War Department was showing to about eight million soldiers the stirring and sympathetic film, *Battle For Russia,* and issuing, two copies per company, the pamphlet *Our Russian Ally.* The pamphlet, coming in January, 1945, some eighteen months after the film, contained much anti-Soviet material but its general orientation suited its title. In this work, prepared by a board of the

American Historical Association in consultation with the Foreign Policy Association and distributed through official channels by the Army, one learned that Russia was not "mysterious" but that most Americans did not have the facts about this land. The pamphlet referred to the "cultural independence for national and racial groups" and the "political and economic unity among them" achieved in the U.S.S.R. Some idea was conveyed of the phenomenal industrial advances of the country and American youth learned that "Today the younger generation [in the Soviet Union] is relatively free of the hatreds and prejudices accumulated during centuries of one form of absolutism or another. Every young man and woman feels that, if he or she is bright and hard-working, undreamed-of opportunities for achievement lie ahead. This feeling of confidence has done much to create enthusiasm on the part of the younger generation."

Meanwhile there came the most moving words of friendship, understanding and even devotion from the pens of Senators, Generals and the President of the United States.

Thus, it was to mark the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Red Army that General MacArthur cabled to Moscow, February 23, 1942, that "the hopes of civilization rest upon the worthy banners of the courageous Red Army." Senator James E. Murray of Montana chose to say in the pages of *New Masses* on June 27, 1944: "The Russian people have always distinguished themselves by their lofty humanism. The great Russian writers—Tolstoy, Gorky, Lenin, and the many others—were always heard in defense of the persecuted and have always fought for the brotherhood of man. Since gaining their freedom in 1917 they have toiled to translate into reality the dreams of those great minds of their country."

At the ruins of Stalingrad in 1943, Mr. Joseph Davies, as the personal representative of President Roosevelt, spoke briefly in a simple ceremony: *"Here in immortal Stalingrad . . . I lay this simple wreath of Russian spring flowers on the grave of the unknown Soviet soldier. Even in death he is gloriously typifying the supreme heroism and devotion to freedom of our unconquerable ally, the Soviet Union, its great leaders, its glorious Red Army and its heroically undaunted Soviet people."*

No wonder that in these days a militant young trade-union leader, Mr. Joseph Curran of the National Maritime Union, remarked in

New Masses on November 9, 1943, that "The decades of anti-Soviet smears in America are only now beginning to be slowly refuted." And as late as October, 1945, other trade-union leaders had some interesting things to say about Soviet Russia. During that month eleven representatives of the C.I.O., headed by James B. Carey and including Albert J. Fitzgerald, Reid Robinson, Lee Pressman, John Abt, John Green, Allan S. Haywood, Emil Rieve, visited several cities and factories in the U.S.S.R. They went with the particular object of learning, as Philip Murray stated in his introduction to their printed report, "the truth about the Soviet trade union movement."

The report was submitted by Mr. Carey and carried no dissenting voice. Mr. Carey, speaking for the delegation, said they had "been deeply moved by the personal warmth and friendship" shown to them by the Soviet workers. He emphasized that no American could himself see the Soviet Union and its peoples without being "moved by the same feeling of deep human sympathy which we have felt and by the same desire to assist and co-operate in the great tasks in which the Soviet people are now engaged."

The delegation, said Mr. Carey, was especially impressed by the manner in which "the Soviet trade unions . . . promoted the interests of the workers" and by the "many activities of a social welfare and cultural character and the comprehensive nature of the social security system which they operate."

What we have seen for ourselves, said Mr. Carey, has "increased our pride in being associated with such a great trade-union movement through the World Federation of Trade Unions."

At the meetings held for the delegates by their Soviet brothers, the Russian workers were told by the Americans—and all this is duly printed in the *Report*: "We must break down the propaganda that you have no democracy at home"; or, again, "We've seen the price you have paid to establish freedom for all peoples of the world. We in America are determined that no force within or without is ever going to turn us against your people again."

And in the visitors' book at the Museum of the Heroic Defense of Leningrad are the following words:

> "To the Heroic People of Leningrad: We hail your great feats that have surpassed anything in history. What you have accom-

plished to defend the freedom of the people of your land and the civilization of the world, will remain in the memory of the workers forever. On to victory together, with peace and prosperity.—James B. Carey for the C.I.O. delegation."

The same man, less than five years later, was announcing that in the next war he would join the fascists against the Communists. Did "the Heroic People of Leningrad" change or did Mr. Carey change?

MR. JOSEPH CURRAN was quite correct—in 1943—when he told readers of *New Masses* that "The decades of anti-Soviet smears in America are only now beginning to be slowly refuted." It is clear that the words needing emphasis in this remark are *"beginning"* and *"slowly."* For notwithstanding the evidence presented above of an unquestionable improvement in the reportage on the Soviet Union during, and as part of, the great war against fascism, the fact is that the improvement was partial, and of very brief duration. The further fact is that while sectors of the apparatus of communication improved, other and very important ones did not, but rather maintained a uniformly bitter anti-Soviet viewpoint.

It is not to be forgotten that Prime Minister Churchill in the very speech of June 22, 1941, announcing in effect that whatever Hitler had hoped, his attack on the Soviet Union would not bring England's withdrawal from the war, made a point of declaring: "The Nazi regime is indistinguishable from the worst features of communism. . . . No one has been a more consistent opponent of communism than I have for the last twenty-five years, I will unsay no words that I've spoken about it."

At about the same time America's sour counter-part of Churchill, Herbert Hoover, said that Russia's being attacked made any description of a war against Hitler as a fight for freedom "a gargantuan jest," while Senator Taft felt Hitler's defeat by the Soviet Union "would be far more dangerous to the United States" than the destruction of Nazism. And the New York *Times* of June 24, 1941, was careful to place on its first page the news that one Senator Truman from Missouri felt the United States should help "whatever side seemed to be losing. If we see that Germany is winning we ought to help Russia, and if Russia is winning we ought to help Germany and that way let them kill as many as possible." It would appear that the

liberator of Korea has possessed a tender heart for many years! One may add that this early bi-partisanship of Hoover, Taft and Truman already reflected an identification with the *Wall Street Journal* which, in August, 1941, declared that for the United States to offer any assistance to the invaded Soviet Union would be "to fly in the face of morals"—morals, of course, being that *Journal's* central concern.

Indeed the warmest passion of the appeasers—hatred of the Soviet Union—burned as fiercely in what passes for their hearts after the United States became an ally of the Soviet Union as it had before. And, of course, the appeasers of yesterday are the war-provocateurs of today, because they favored fascism then as now.* The most widely-circulated newspapers—the Hearst, McCormick, Patterson, Gannett, Scripps-Howard chains — and magazines like the *Saturday Evening Post, Reader's Digest,* plus their Social-Democratic and Trotskyist extensions like the *New Leader, American Mercury* and the *Jewish Daily Forward*—kept up an incessant Soviet-hating campaign equal to and frequently quoted by the Nazi press.

It is the owners and hirelings of these organs that President Roosevelt's closest co-worker, Harry Hopkins, had in mind when he stated in his journal in August, 1945, less than six months before he died: "There are plenty of people in America who would have been perfectly willing to see our armies go right on through Germany and fight with Russia after Germany was defeated. They represented nobody but themselves and no government worth its salt in control of our country would ever permit that group to influence our official actions."

It is perhaps needless to remark that *this group is today's government.*

THE reactionary interests reflected propagandistically in the last mentioned publications were reflected also, of course, in the actual conduct of the war. From November, 1941, through January, 1942,

* John Gunther puts this well: "It is interesting that the most ferocious isolationists vis-a-vis Germany and Japan in 1940 and 1941 are, by and large, the most ferocious interventionists today, begging the United States to attack the Soviet Union. The resultant implication is hard to resist that they were fascist sympathizers then, and something close to fascist now"—*Roosevelt in Retrospect,* Harper, 1950, p. 320-21.

less than half the American war equipment promised the U.S.S.R. was delivered and it took the personal intercession of the President late in March, 1942, to lift strange barriers. As a dozen books have documented, there was a deliberate two-year delay in opening the second-front. The pro-fascists courted Vichy, bolstered the Fascists, Darlan and Peyrouton, blessed Franco, maintained diplomatic relations with Mannerheim's Finland till June 30, 1944, maintained King Victor Emmanuel in power in Italy after September, 1943, propped up King George in Greece and King Peter in Yugoslavia, encouraged Otto of Hapsburg, welcomed the fascist Smetona of Lithuania. . . .

And some things were not made public. It was not then known, for example, as Andrew Rothstein has recently demonstrated,* "that Mr. Churchill had already, in October, 1942, circulated a memorandum as Prime Minister, advocating the formation of a United States of Europe after the war—including Spain and Turkey—to prevent the 'measureless disaster if Russian barbarism overlaid the culture and independence of the ancient States of Europe,' *i.e.,* to act as an anti-Soviet bloc."

As Soviet arms indicated eventual victory toward the end of 1942, and, especially, early in 1943 with the Stalingrad victory, anti-Soviet propaganda gained a new lease of life.

The American correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* on March 20, 1943, reported an altered atmosphere. He stated that while Roosevelt still showed no desire to acquire "bases right and left" others in Washington did. He noted that many in high places suddenly were ready "on the slightest provocation" to abuse the Soviet Union. "While there is a vast admiration among the great mass of people for the Red Army," he concluded, "the men of money and power still seem suspicious, even hostile, to the Soviet."

This hostility became so open—for example, David Dubinsky expressed the ardent wish, in the *Jewish Daily Forward* of May 3, 1943, that the Soviet Union might be "shot to pieces"—that it evoked sharply rebuking editorials. These editorials appeared because the labor movement, mass organizations, a potent Left, the New Deal political alliance and the war's progressive nature cried out against the Soviet-baiters. They make fascinating reading today.

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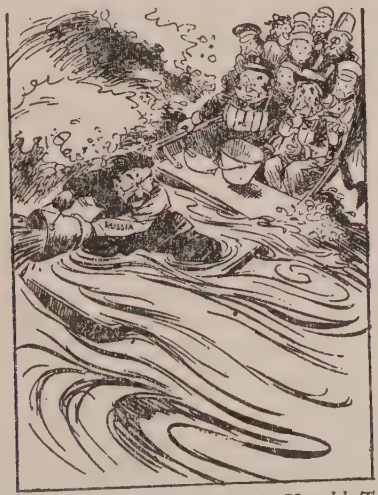
* *A History of the U.S.S.R.* (Pelican Books, London, 1950), p. 355.

The New York *Herald Tribune* said on February 11, 1943: "There are but two choices before the democracies now. One is to cooperate with Russia in rebuilding the world—as there is an excellent chance of doing, if we believe in the strength of our own principles and prove it by applying them. The other is to get involved in intrigues with all the reactionary and anti-democratic forces in Europe, the only result of which will be to alienate the Kremlin." Three days later the New York *Times* noted a developing crescendo of anti-Soviet reports "in private conversations, in the press, over the radio and in Congress." These, said the *Times,* "carry the danger that they will provide a fertile ground for the latest Nazi propaganda with which Hitler hopes to escape the consequences of defeat—the propaganda which raises the bogey of a Bolshevist domination of Europe in an effort to scare the world, divide the United Nations and therewith pave the way for a compromise peace."

Freda Kirchwey warned in the *Nation* on February 27, 1943, that "A return to pre-war power politics, built on a system of reactionary states held together by American food and Allied arms, would confirm Russia's old fears—fears which Allied foreign policy has done little to dispel." A month later, writing in the *New Republic,* George Soule



"All in the Same Boat," N. Y. *Herald Tribune* (Reprinted in *New Masses,* July 28, 1942).

declared that a continuance of anti-Soviet maneuvering would lead to a postwar effort "to build up a new 'cordon sanitaire' of anti-Bolshevist states, and may even, after the dissolution of the Nazis, connive at the erection of a newly powerful Germany as an essential element in the balance of power, a nation in which the old military caste will have a chance to resume its accustomed role."

As a natural concomitant of the increasing boldness of reaction and the openness with which it projected an anti-Soviet policy came a distinct rise in home-brewed Red-baiting. The mass magazines and newspapers and many public officials, towards the close of 1942, adopted this line with vigor. By 1943, the savants, Professors John L. Childs and George S. Counts, published, through John Day, a "high level" condensation of the Goebbels-Hearst line under the title *America, Russia and the Communist Party in the Post-War World*. Here was projected the inevitability of war between the United States and the U.S.S.R., and the propriety of treating the Communist Party at home as a conspiratorial, foreign-dominated clique.

In this period very effective replies came to such really seditious propaganda from most respectable sources and these likewise make rewarding reading today. One example must suffice. The Associated Press correspondent in Moscow, Wallace Carroll, in his book, *We're In This With Russia* published by Houghton Mifflin in 1942, wrote:

> "American Communists, or their equivalent, would exist even if there were no Comintern and no Soviet Government. They will undoubtedly go on working for communism with the devotion and persistence which are the characteristics of communists in all countries. American communists, however, are not a Soviet-American affair. They are Americans with all the rights and duties of Americans. . . . The Czarist police hounded the communists more ruthlessly and perhaps more efficiently than the American police will ever be able to do. They beat them, tortured them, exiled them, shot them, and still the Bolsheviks won."

BUT, as the *Nation* warned in discussing "Russia After the War" on April 3, 1943, many of the rich insisted on the inevitability of a Third World War—a "thought entertained by powerful forces in the United States which fear any modification of property relationships

and are made uneasy by the possible existence of a powerful and successful collectivist state in the world." Harry Hopkins, it will be remembered, commented privately in August, 1945, that this group wanted "to see our armies go right on through Germany and fight with Russia." This immediately reflected itself in the publication of and generally favorable reception accorded to the books of two Soviet deserters, Barmine's *One Who Survived* and Kravchenko's *I Chose Freedom,* while the Book-of-the-Month Club, in 1945, chose to distribute Aldanov's *Fifth Seal,* a fictionalized version of Trotskyism. And in a coast-to-coast broadcast the Hon. Clare Booth Luce, on May 29, 1945, put life into the burned-out tongue of Goebbels by talking of communism as "murder" and "slavery" and of the "heartbreaking pity" it was to contemplate the "enslaved Russian people" whom it was our duty to liberate!

Thus, when Leo Gruliow, American Representative for Russian War Relief for two years, returned to the United States late in 1945, the first words from an American businessman that he heard were: "So you've been to Russia! Well, tell me, we going to have to fight them?" And Mr. Gruliow was shocked for while the Russians had asked him many questions—"How do Americans live? Why do you have lynchings"—"they hadn't asked that one."*

Preparations being considered sufficient, Winston Churchill himself was carried to Fulton, Missouri, in March, 1946. During the war, as we have seen, Mr. Churchill had boasted of his consistent anti-communism, but he had not referred to his equally consistent pro-fascism. On January 20, 1927, for example, the organizer of anti-Soviet intervention had remarked in Rome:

> "I could not help being charmed by Signor Mussolini's gentle and simple bearing. . . . Your movement has rendered a service to the whole world. . . . Italy has shown that there is a way of fighting the subversive forces which can rally the masses of people, to value and wish to defend the honor and stability of civilized society. She has provided the necessary antidote to the Russian poison. *Hereafter no great nation will go unprovided with an ultimate means of protection against the cancerous growth of Bolshevism."*

* "It's Strange To Be Home," by Leo Gruliow in the *Antioch Review,* Summer, 1947.

So Mr. Churchill, in officially launching the cold war at Fulton, Missouri, knew well what he was doing, as did the applauding President, who less than five years before had projected the policy of "killing as many as possible."

TODAY one picks up his morning paper and reads of the oppressed minorities of the U.S.S.R. groaning for liberation. Now, a prize-winning psychologist, Dr. Gustave M. Gilbert, urges that "we take our cue from Goering and get the truth to the Russian people" (N. Y. *Times,* September 6, 1950). Now, again, professors insist that the Soviet leaders are suffering from "delusions of persecution that occur in the paranoic psychotic" (Dr. R. K. White, N. Y. *Times,* September 6, 1950). Now, again, "the best military minds believe Russia is a second-class power with a third-class army," according to John M. Hancock, former U.S. representative on the U.N. Atomic Energy Commission.

Organs of the rich will play rich men's tunes. Where is the labor union whose activities were honestly reported in the boss press? Where is the oppressed nationality that has been written about with dignity and respect in the boss press? What then would be the boss press' treatment of a land where workers rule and where chauvinism is a high crime?

While Clare Booth Luce and Winston Churchill were beating the war drums, Ilya Ehrenburg was writing in May, 1945: ". . . if the dream of the Golden Age should ever come true, it will be because the soldiers of liberty marched thousands of miles to plant the banner of freedom, brotherhood and light in the city of darkness. . . . Shoulder to shoulder with us fought our gallant Allies, and fidelity triumphed over perfidy. . . . A new era has begun, an era of plowmen and masons, doctors and architects, of gardeners and school-teachers, of printers and poets."

Which shall it be? Shall an American officer enter in his diary: "I choke with rage when I recall all the stupid assertions made during the last years. We fell for our own propaganda. Now we are staggering . . ." as did the Nazi seven years ago? Or shall we defy the new Hitlers, shall we struggle against them and shall we and our children march "shoulder to shoulder" to the "Golden Age" of peace and creative labor?

right face

"THE HIGHER CULTURE"

I. Literature

"Miss Yorke's novel, while it is even more depraved, is much more successful."—*Orville Prescott reviews novels by Tennessee Williams and Susan Yorke in the N. Y.* Times.

II. Cinema

"This is CAGNEY as you want him . . . with a gun . . . vicious . . . merciless, deadly! CAGNEY—brutal with women—savage with men!" —Warner Brothers advertises *Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye.*

III. Society

"It's the debutante and college set that will feel the biggest personal inroads of the Korean war. The young and lovely are already beginning to wonder who's going to be left in the stagline for the Christmas season."—*Elise Morrow quotes the Washington elite in the San Francisco* Chronicle.

IV. Higher Education

"After leading my congregation in prayer services, I would invite them to the rifle range for practice in firearms. I believe we should have total preparedness based on the laws of the jungle—that we should learn every art and science of killing."—The Rev. Dr. E. C. Nance, President of the University of Tampa, quoted in the Chicago *Tribune.*

V. Radio

"If anyone comes to your door and talks about peace, hold him and call the police."—*Spot announcement given at regular intervals over the radio in Birmingham, Alabama.*

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

COUNTY PAPER

by JOSEPH NORTH

THE river birds cried along the waterfront, a world apart as they had been for centuries since William Penn's schooners came up from the Atlantic seas. Wheeling, dipping, they ignored the puffing freighters as they had the white, spanking sails of the Quaker.

Something drew us to the riverside, something of its sad beauty solaced us after the hectic, generally senseless, sometimes insane, hustle and bustle of the newsroom.

Often we wandered down to the wharf of an evening, the tall, red-headed Irishman who had, at twenty-six, poured eleven years into the presses that rolled wildly morning and night. "Eleven nutty years," he said. At first he had cottoned to the nervous excitement, had delighted in the cheap conquest of the "hot story," reveled in the role of *ersatz* public figure that is the reporter. But something restless, brooding, thoughtful in him had grown weary. "Sometimes I feel like those presses are rolling over me, rolling me flat," he said, suddenly hurling a stone out into the river.

Tim earned his pay sifting the county news and editing the accumulation of local trivia which, the publisher said, make news. The paper's inside pages seemed, Tim said, like a two-penny version of Genesis. "It's got more begats than the Bible."

"I make $55 a week for telling posterity who married whom, who begat whom, who died from what, and when and where. I can recite 25,000 births, deaths, marriages, appendectomies, accidents, birthday parties, coming out parties, card parties, Sodality parties, Wednesday night meetings of the Epworth League, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the business sessions of Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, the Four Square Club, the Hi-Y shindigs, the American Legion clambakes. And God only knows what it all adds up to."

Since the county covered by the paper had more than a quarter million variegated souls, he knew a great deal in his odd, quiet way. He owned the classificatory mind of a provincial Linnaeus. He knew which were the old settlers and the new, their approximate wealth, what litigation they broke their heads over, what properties they bought, sold or fleeced. He knew the open and secret scandals of the upper strata, the amatory adventures and the financial. And he would relate them around the newsroom table in an unemotional, flat voice which never changed.

Yet he never quite drowned beneath the seas of trivia. Nor, as a matter of fact, did the rest of the staff. All were men of a similar mold —sons of the poor, the workingmen, in the main—and I often marvelled at the enormous amount of local information they had. They were historians of a peculiar sort: unsung, unknown, more often than not, obliged to be mendacious, but they did know the score.

What appeared in the paper represented an infinitesimal fraction of what they knew. And what they knew sickened their souls. It corroded them, bred a hopeless cynicism that left no margin for an ideal.

JIM was a Catholic and the mysteries of the Church, of creation, of death occupied him greatly. His folks were shipyard workers— his father was a molder in the old yard that once built Yankee clippers—and they had dreams for him, dreams of the priesthood. But something went awry and he ran copy in the newsroom at the age of fifteen and became a cub reporter in the following year.

We talked often of confession, original sin, mortal sin, immortality and Darwin. He had, withal, an inquiring mind, but a mystic strain ran through much of what he said. The logic of Darwin attracted and repelled him at the same time. "I can see the ape standing up and finally walking like a man; I can see his mind grow until he became a candidate for membership in the Kiwanis Club." A few moments later he added, "But who put the soul in man? That I can't see." And then with a snort, "Soul!" You could feel one-half of him tearing at the other half.

We groped in those years, those dime-store Twenties that glittered like a Woolworth tiara. We groped for a conviction. The newspaper sent us stumbling across the fat, flabby figure of handsome Harding, through the miasma about Teapot Dome, over the cracker-barrel

adoration of Cal Coolidge, deafened by the bang-bang of the speak-easy and big-money-talk era. Something was wrong, Tim and I felt, but what, where, who? Who was responsible?

It was an era in which Ivy Lee transformed John D. Rockefeller from a household villain into an octogenarian philanthropist. At ten I recall John D. was anathema, his name a curse, his corporation a public enemy. When I was twenty-five he had been scrubbed, manicured, daintied, shriven, into a Lord Bountiful of 80-odd who gave his colossal wealth to the public weal, and the machine-gun massacre of miners' wives and children of Ludlow was forgotten. It was the era of chain-belt myths that could turn evil into good, insanity into the eternal code of life. This was our job of journalism, though we did not see it, not fully.

Youths like Tim and me stumbled through a jungle of antiquated ideas that hemmed us in from our earliest years. Yet something nagged us. We knew something was missing. We walked with poverty every day; misery was our assignment; and we were in and out of the homes of the poor most of our hours on the quest of the hot story.

The newspaper was a university that taught contempt for truth, and slavish devotion to the expedient. We had to learn, with our first week's pay envelope, who were the sacred cows and who were fair game. We knew whom to shield and whom to smear. We knew the poor were always fair game; they had no protector in the king's court.

THE newsroom was a private newspaperman's forum in those stretches after the deadline when time hung on the reporters' hands. Especially in the late hours, near midnight. The city had quieted down; news, in the main, had gone to an uneasy bed; an infrequent car tooted its horn and you could hear the long, low wail of the locomotive on the B. and O. And the men talked their hearts out.

They despised the publisher. He had once been the accountant for the paper, a slight, foul-mouthed, beady-eyed ramrod of a man with sleek, black hair who walked, as the sports editor said, "like he had a broom up his ass." His penchant for money and power had enabled him to squirm and wiggle his way to ownership of the paper. Nobody knew quite how he had done it. But conjectures, rumors, were infinite. Some swore he had bought the paper on money he had raised—through

blackmail—from the bootleg ring that controlled the city's politics. Others thought the senator's family that had previously owned it had sold out to him because he had, through the years, come to know too much. That he knew a lot that was shady and crooked nobody doubted.

I had had my experience with him too. I wrote a daily column called "Think It Over" and had described a scene at the local Ford assembly plant. A long line of men seeking employment stood out in the open, drenched to the skin, while the autos of the industry's executives stood parked, shiny and sleek, beneath a long covering shed.

The publisher had come thundering down, waving the paper, and told the editor that one more such column and he'd have to get me the hell out of here. The editor, a tall, slow-speaking man with a pair of sharp eyes behind his spectacles, had been brought down from Pulitzer's *World* in New York. He told me of the flare-up, dryly, yet somehow apologetically, for he had a decent streak and appeared to have liberal ideas. He was a painstaking editor, a man of considerable erudition. He read a great deal of history, spoke often to me of Bancroft, Gibbon, his favorites. He had worked on a Pulitzer paper under Claude Bowers, the historian, and admired him. The editor delved into our rich local history, became an authority on the Underground Railway that had flourished here in the 1840's. He had his quirks—long stretches of hostile silences and grim-faced brooding. Sometimes he seemed ill with boredom bred of the town, the job—I couldn't tell which—and once a month he would be missing for three or four days. "Dead drunk," the city editor once whispered to me. He would, gossip had it, lock himself in the bedroom of his home, where he went through a couple quarts of Bourbon drinking himself into a lonely stupor. But he never got drunk in public.

I became, in a way, a protege of his, respected him, admired his indubitable newspaper craft. Like all the others he was a man utterly without illusion. But he had no ideal either. His only ambition, he once told me, was to be "a big frog in a small puddle, not a small frog in a big one."

"The boss said remember we get a full page ad from Ford's every goddamn Saturday," the editor told me. He said it with the trace of a sneer, then clammed up.

The boss stood high in Republican command, and was a pillar in

the local Presbyterian church. His paper's politics traditionally stood with Boise Penrose, the master G.O.P. ward-heeler. Naturally it had backed Harding for president and the corruption in the capital could only be matched by that of the town. The publisher, who paid his hymn-singing respects to God on Sunday, stood neck-deep in the organized thievery of municipal politics on Monday. His drive for power could only be matched by his grab for the dollar.

"Why, the mealy-mouthed son-of-a-bitch," Tim said in one of his infrequent lapses into profanity, "we walked out on him, just about, the day last month he walked into the men's room and screwed the fifty-watt bulb out and put a dim, purple light in its place."

The publisher had told the city editor in his shrill falsetto that rang throughout the long city room that the bright lights were enough to burn up his profits. And besides, the staff loitered inside reading newspapers when they should be out on their beat earning their pay.

IT WAS in this atmosphere one day in 1927 that the news ticker carried a story which sent the heavylidded office into an uproar. The telegraph editor came hurtling out of his cubicle, his green eyeshade awry over his tall, narrow forehead. Waving the strip of yellow paper, he said, "Look at this." His excitement brought the men from their desks and what they saw evoked a crackle of agitation that rivalled their reception of the Loeb-Leopold murder case.

The story announced that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics had proposed universal disarmament.

"Bullshit," said the publisher who, characteristically, happened to be snooping around the newsroom, staring at everybody through his horn-rimmed glasses. He turned about and noticed that our prim society editor, a small woman with a pair of large gray eyes stood behind him. He reddened, this Presbyterian elder, apologized quickly and said stiffly, "I meant rubbish."

Our society editor, who came from Swarthmore, stood higher in the social scale than any of us on the paper. She was a Quaker. Our county had many of that sect and they had flourished in the community for generations. Their odd customs were acceptable because most were folk of substance who had grown rich with the country and had plenty of what-it-takes in the First National Bank.

She pretended not to hear the publisher and she glanced down at the

story. "It seems entirely reasonable to me," she concluded instantly, with her characteristic primness of speech. "Entirely reasonable and I honor them for it."

"Rubbish," the publisher exploded again, as though he had been personally insulted.

"It is certainly not rubbish," she said stubbornly, "it is reasonable. They propose to disarm and they propose we disarm. All nations disarm. Who then has the advantage over whom? Mankind gains. What's wrong with that?"

"Politics," the publisher said, taking off his spectacles and wiping them. "Politics. It's for home consumption. The Bolsheviks know nobody will go for it, but the people will lap it up. They know damn well no nation would ever disarm. Good God, they can't afford to. The whole damn thing is politics, that's all, I say. Politics!"

I glanced at the little Quaker, and caught her eye. Tim sat twirling a heavy lead pencil and he looked up at me. We sat silent. I thought of the word "politics," the publisher's brand. I suppose something of the sort passed through the little Quaker's mind for she replied instantly, "If *that's* politics, it's the kind I favor."

Her tone revealed the accusation and the beady-eyed ramrod shot her a suspicious glance. Emboldened by her stand, I said, "I don't know the why or wherefore. But anybody who proposes disarmament ought to get a hearing. Why can't nations disarm?"

The publisher looked me up and down. My column on Ford's evidently rankled still. "You," he said, "you. You'd be for them against your own country anyway. Water seeks its level," he said and stalked from the room.

The staff sat silent a moment looking down at their desks, embarrassed at my public chastisement.

"Well," the editor said after a while, "we need copy."

LATER he took me aside. "He'll cool down. I'll talk to him. But keep your mouth shut, will you? He's already got you tagged as a Bolshevik, can't you see?"

I couldn't see. Twenty-two is no age for caution. "He knows where he can stick his job," I said.

Word flew around the plant and I sensed the glances of the men in the composing room as I passed by. An old English printer whom

we regarded as something of an eccentric, a tall fellow with a shock of grizzly gray hair that hung over his forehead, followed me into the corridor.

"Stand your ground, laddy," he said, looking quickly about him. "Stand fast." And he passed on as though he had said nothing. I looked at his long, spare back, observed his quick, jerky walk and a thought flashed through my mind.

We knew of course, there were Communists in the city, and occasionally we ran a squib on a meeting they held on the Square. "I wonder . . ." I thought. And decided promptly that I would seek him out.

We sat on the large rolls of newspaper stock in the dimly-lit circulation department and he munched on a sandwich, opening his thermos bottle. "No, I'm not a Communist," he replied. "But I once was a member of the British Labor Party in the old country. I know a bit about Russia. And I do believe in socialism."

I wanted to ask the question the little Quaker had asked. "Why did the Russians come up with this proposal. Why didn't we?"

"A good question, laddy," he replied, puffing on his pipe. "A truly searching question." He sipped his tea from the thermos bottle cap and looked at me. "I'll tell you. Heed me well."

He delivered the first lecture on socialism I had ever heard. "Why do you think they killed ten million men in the world war? Because the Kaiser's business men challenged the Allies' business men. A socialist nation consumes its own wealth. Double production and you live twice as well. Triple it and you eat three mutton chops instead of one. There's no need for war under socialism. Hence it is reasonable that they are the first to propose disarmament."

"Is that clear?" he asked. I continued silent. "Well, think it over," he said. "Class is dismissed."

I THOUGHT about it that evening, talked to Tim about it on the wharf. I was still chewing it over at my desk the next morning when the copy boy came by and said, glancing away, that the publisher wanted to see me. I went upstairs to his office, suspecting that the editor had spoken to him, had persuaded him to "have a talk" with me.

He waved me to an easy chair by his desk, offered me a cigar. "Well, son," he said, "you know you have a future with this paper. We like your column. One of these days we'll need an assistant editor."

He rose, walked around the desk and suddenly asked, "Anything wrong with the pay?"

I shrugged my shoulders. I was earning $70 a week then, and in those days before the Guild, that was not regarded as poor. I had no kick.

"Not bad, eh?" he said before I could reply. "Well, there's another five dollar bill in your envelope beginning this week."

He pointed a finger at me. "Now listen," he said harshly. "I'm going to talk plain, straight from the shoulder. You've got to watch your step, see? Oh, I know. When I was a kid I had radical ideas, too. I read Bob Ingersoll and all. But that column you wrote. Realize that could cost us our Ford account? Understand? What the hell do you think you could accomplish by it?"

He lit his cigar again. "This Russky stuff. Let me tell you this. There's no country in the world gives a man a square deal like this one. Take me. Fifteen years ago I was a pauper, not a pot to piss in. Today I own a newspaper." He waved his cigar. "A newspaper. A damn good one too. Any man with savvy can make a go of it here. Think it over, like your column says, think it over."

He walked toward the door, dismissed me. I thought it over, all right. Seventy-five bucks a week, assistant city editor. A future. Maybe sometime the old pay-check would climb to $100. A little home in the suburbs, rose-trellis, a Chevvie, polished bright, a green lawn with a hose on it, a little wife with a print apron in the kitchen, a couple of kids. What more could a man want?

"What the hell happened to the boss?" I asked the editor the first chance I had. He smiled. "Oh, he's not a bad sort. He knows a bargain and he'll shell out for one." Then, looking out the window, he added, "the syndicate man was up from Baltimore, said the *Sun* was asking about your column." He warned me not to mention that to anyone.

The *Sun*, Mencken's paper, was a magic name those days in a newspaper office. I was awhirl thinking it over when the editor said, "Come on down to the Bar tonight. Joe's mob will be there, they're going to have a floor show. Might as well watch the natives celebrate." He asked me to pick him up at six in McBride's office.

McBride was the county political boss. His office across the street occupied the top floor of the town's biggest building, eight stories high with a marble front. I arrived about six and knocked on the mahogany door. A tall, fat policeman opened it. "Hi, Scoop," he said

jovially. "Come on in. Your boss said for you to hang around a few minutes, he'd be out soon."

I could hear their voices in an inner room, and I sat down on a large leather chair by the window. A picture of Harding hung on one wall, Penrose on another. After a while somebody walked out and left the door ajar.

I could see inside. Standing about the large glass-topped desk that stretched half across the room stood the G.O.P. boss, a police lieutenant, the publisher and the editor. All were puffing on cigars, the room was bluish with smoke, but I could see their eyes, peculiar, transfixed, staring at the table and I glanced down at it. The police lieutenant had spread a vast pile of dollar bills across the glass surface and the tall political boss was counting it, sorting it into neat heaps.

He stood there, imperturbable, dressed in his ankle-length, tight-fitting overcoat with its velvet collar, his velour hat on the top of his head. He was immobile, save for his moving hands. His eyes didn't waver from the greenbacks.

Another policeman entered, put his hand in an inside pocket, drew a huge wad of bills that he tossed on the table. The lieutenant glanced at him, glanced at the roll, and shoved it toward McBride. The boss, without looking up, continued sorting the bills and pushed a rising pile before each of the men standing there.

I had heard of the Saturday night pay-off, but this was the first time I had witnessed the ritual. So it was here the greenbacks funnelled in from the speakeasies, the whorehouses, the gambling dens, the brow-beaten little shopkeepers.

The door closed suddenly with a bang and I turned my face away quickly. After a while the editor emerged, poker-faced, striding in a slow dignity and said, "Let's go." We descended, silent, to the street, got into his car. "We'll take a little ride before we go over to Joe's," he said. "Okay with you?" I shrugged my shoulders.

I don't recall whether it was the next day at work, or a few days after, when I sought out the old printer and Tim and I went out with him for a beer. At the bar I looked at him, hesitantly, uneasily. "Tell us more about this socialism," I said finally. He lifted his glass, glanced at me and Tim, "I figured maybe you'd be interested," he replied.

The Climate of Terror

by EVE MERRIAM

CAN the tree, uprooted from earth, echo any green?
Leaf, whirling in wind, bear fruit upon the air?
This is my native ground.

My husband, my unborn seed, childhood, womantime
Leaf-tangled and liquid with memoried hope,
Hand, heart are here.

Now it is Judgment Day.
American, ashamed, I cannot abdicate.
In the dock I stand.

Once I hated Germans.
All. My voice was cold and hard as a stone.
The last meek clerk filing his pallid papers
Who never saw a gas chamber, never fired a gun,
The mother crooning My baby, my baby is my whole wide world . . .
Murderers.

Still I would tear out tree from ground
And wait stupidly for April;
Exile hand from arm, breath from body,
Pump my heart into a glass jar—

—Pleading to the Koreans north and south:
Not I who stake your birthright,
Not my commandment "Shoot and then ask questions."

—To the Viet-Namese, the Huks, the human targets everywhere:
These bullets marked made in U.S.A.
I did not order them,
My name is less capitalized than Du Pont.

—To the marshallized millions
By the grace of gold and trumanity
Starving on a mash of gangster films and Coca-Cola:
This meal was not my planning.

—To the women of China, in daylight after blindness,
Blinking at the nightmare boast:
"I dropped the atom bomb and I would do it again."
Understand, I have no access to the White House.

—To the conscience of the world:
I am not the Chase National Bank,
Neither General Motors nor MacArthur.

Do not curse me.
Do not spit upon my head.
I am not the wardrobe-traveled tourist
Modelling this season's dollar;
I am that other America
Standing aside
Good, kind, disliking Jim Crow.

(Blood upon my dress?
Berry stains from a picnic in the sun.

A shadow covers the sun,
A fiery cross . . .)

So the hand broken off at the arm
Like a deadwood branch;
Maggots picnic on the stump.
So the breath from the body
Gaping, ghostly:
Shall the glass jar live?

American, ashamed, I cannot abdicate.
There is no separation.
There is no separate peace.

Whom shall I blame?
The squirrel, the robin, the cow champing in the grass?
Being human, being American,
I cast a shadow across the sun.

My hand upon the vault,
My touch upon the trigger.

My native land defaced with more than billboards.
The iodine bottle fed to children for milk,
The cesspool drained into a dinner glass
And thirstily crying for more,
Crying Communist, Communist,
And crying for more.
Hostages: teacher, artist, scientist, worker
And more, war more . . .
The Bull of Birmingham snorts:
"Twenty-four hours for all the Reds to get out of town,"
And his horns are gouging for
Every daughter and son of Sojourner Truth.
In the State capital of Mississippi
Newspaper editor and governor declare a holiday:
Open season for hunting down "civil righters."
Epithet: you dirty Constitution-lover.
On to Union Square, New York, where the mounted police
Add to their chivalry: women and young people first
And allthegoddamjews.
Detectives' heel on a Negro's neck:
"Now will you say Mister?"

Hiding my face, hugging my silence,
Into the dock I fall.

Joliot-Curie unbending stands above me.

Nina Popova will not stroke my brow.
From Malaya cutting through the jungle and the foreman's lash,
From the mines of Africa fiercer than diamonds
The jury's eyes melt down my hiding place.
From Neruda's Chile, the copper mine-shaft under the twilight s
Rises in noonbright judgment;
From the Mexican mountain-top, farmer tilling the purple cliff
Leaps down to vow his verdict;
From the ends of the earth
The unmistaking universal call.

Criminal, your government, your condemnation.
Your country the climate of terror.
Shall you be exempt because
You perspire in the heat?
Guilty.
Shall you be relieved
By fanning yourself with a kerchief?
Guilty!
You must stamp out the fire with your own burning hands.
Guilty.

Of only the greatest crime do I plead
Not guilty.

That of despair,
That of the barren stub-end of the world.

Return
Breath to body, flesh to flesh,
Tree to root
And stand my native ground.

Behold, with pain with burning and with ashes
The leaf put forth
And the tiny fisted bud;
I am fruitful at last,
I multiply.

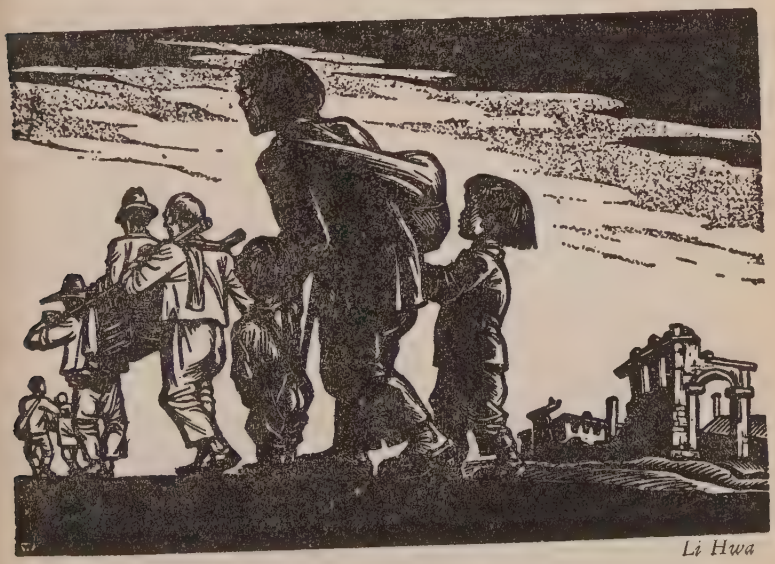
The few, the thousandfold
The strong and the timid (I too am timid)
Stand our native ground.

From the night of the poor we gather,
And in the darkness build
Not waiting for the darkness to lift,
But pushing it back, rolling the morning in

Taking (for we know it is ours to demand)
As the solid ground beneath our feet
Peace

Taken for granted, natural,
Peace indivisible and everywhere, unbroken as sunlight,
A firm foothold

And go on
To taller things.



Li Hwa

MAKING OF A COMMUNIST:

Pete Cacchione

by MICHAEL GOLD

THREE years ago, November 6, 1947, Peter V. Cacchione died mourned by thousands of New Yorkers, who in tenements, trac union halls and barbershops remembered his humanity and courag

The "Honorable Pete" was a Communist, the first to be elected to major legislative position in the United States. He was a pioneer wh made a genuine contribution to the art of a people's politics i corporation-ruled America. He studied that art, consciously and pr foundly, and his campaigns were classics of generalship and politica sensitivity.

Pete's greatest gift was that he had a genuine love for people. An people loved Pete. He was most loved where he was most known, b his intimates and co-workers. Pete was the son of Italian immigrant and inherited the Latin gusto for life, the warmth and openness But it was America that was his true mother. He was truly as Ame ican in character as Lincoln—shrewd, homely, anecdotal, folk-inspire

Pete was really a small-town American, though his fame was c New York. Until he was thirty-five, he had never cut his home-tie with the little town of Sayre, in Pennsylvania, where he'd spent h boyhood and manhood, where he'd worked, loved, and been forme

Sayre had some 6,000 inhabitants when Pete lived there. It is junction point on the Lehigh Valley railroad. There is a big repa shop for locomotives and freight cars. By day and by night the litt town in the beautiful Susquehanna Valley is haunted by a freightyar symphony: harsh whistles and furious clanging bells, the hissing c steam and rumble and roar of long marching box-car regiments.

The cafeterias, saloons and streets of Sayre are always occupied b lounging railroaders, men with haughty sunburned faces dressed i

striped coveralls and high-peaked caps. They talk mostly about their work, about hot boxes, fast or slow runs, blizzards, car knockers, hogheads, cranky supers, the lazy call boy, the switchman who was crushed last week in the yards. At the age of fifteen, during his summer vacations from high school, Pete Cacchione worked as riveter in the railroad shops. For several years, he worked as a brakeman on the freight run from Sayre to Coxton. All his life Pete remained romantic about railroading. "Boy, it was almost socialism!" he'd grin, half-seriously. "Everyone doing the job together. You can't run a railroad with individualism. You didn't often see a boss! And there was fresh air and an adventure every day."

His father, Bernardo, stiff-collared and proud, ran a grocery and bakery in partnership with his brother-in-law. The two families lived in an old twelve-room house on the wrong side of the tracks. They had sixteen children between them; there was also a sick neighbor's child they raised. There were boarders, section gang bachelors paying three dollars a week for room and meals. Pete's mother, big, kind, capable, peasant Anna Maria, fed with her sister's help more than twenty persons three times a day. It was a house always overflowing with visitors and argumentation, with wine, singing, gusts of young laughter, games, theatricals, school home work, knitting, eating. The rugs were rolled up almost every night and the youngsters danced. Pete loved dancing; he won several first prizes for his waltzing in contests at the Knights of Columbus balls.

He was one of the best-known and most popular young people in Sayre. With his brother Tommy he organized a dance band called the "Midnight Ramblers." Pete played the banjo and did the calling for square dances. The youngsters travelled up and down the Valley in the Cacchione bakery truck, playing for weddings, school dances, Knights of Columbus affairs, at basketball games and barn dances.

Pete was a great organizer, even then. He organized and managed, with Father King, the baseball and football teams at the Knights of Columbus. He managed all the theatricals there; and was appointed Director of Youth Activities by the K. of C. Council.

Pete was known as the first boy of Italian parentage to graduate from the Sayre High School. He was a symbol of their progress and Americanization to the older Italians. Pete was also famed for his

battle with the principal. This man, a Kluxer of sorts, sneered at "Wops" in the assembly one morning. Pete stood up in one of his splendid rages and defended his people. The principal ordered him to come down into the basement for a beating. But Pete beat him up, instead, and was almost expelled for it.

Yes, it was all American, it could serve as a Hollywood movie, it could go over the air waves to Europe as a sample of our land where nobody is ever unhappy. Yet there'd been big strikes, lockouts and other labor struggles in the Valley, where railroading and coal mining are the main livelihood. There was even a little group of Socialists in Sayre. One of them, an old moonstruck Gael and retired engineer, told me when I visited Sayre that he had spent years preaching socialism at Pete.

"There was never a stauncher guy than Pete," said the old engineer. "But he argued against me; he was true to the Church and couldn't see the hell made on earth by the parasites. My father was crippled in a mine blast. I went into the coal breaker when I was ten years old. My fingers was always so raw and bloody my poor mother used to have to feed me, the whilst her tears wet my face. Why wouldn't I be a rebel and a Socialist? There was ten children and always hunger in my house. But Pete hadn't got his own face rubbed into the mud and blood. That's the only way Americans ever learn anything, I guess. They won't listen to Christ and Galileo, or Gene Debs, Martin Irons or John Siney. The parasites murdered Irons in this Valley, where he was organizing for the Knights of Labor. Siney, his partner, died forgotten in a Texas poorhouse. Their hearts was broke, like Pete's trying to arouse the sleepers of America. But only suffering can do it, I guess. They had to suffer in Europe till they seen the light. I ain't a pessimist though, boy. Some day I believe America is going to catch up with China."

So Pete was an American worker, going in and out of the petty bourgeoisie. For a year he ran the shoeshine and hat cleaning concession at the local hotel, then for several years he prospered as an insurance agent. Like the rest of Sayre, he was even a registered Republican. Only in the Al Smith campaign of 1928 was the conservative pattern broken. Ku Kluxers of nearby Waverly held a hooded parade against the Pope. All sorts of horror fiction, of the kind now

used against Communists, was being promulgated against Catholics.

Pete and the Catholics of Sayre switched to Al Smith, and Pete knew his first political campaign. Before that, the outside world had only broken into Sayre with a war. Pete and other boys were drafted and taken. It was a mere ripple in a peaceful green pond, however.

America hasn't been invaded, or really suffered from war since the bloody days of the Civil War. With us fear of another depression is greater than any fear or memory of war. Sayre could not escape the American famine that began in 1929, and that shattered all the fables about an eternally-increasing prosperity, a perfect "new capitalism."

Thousands of men were laid off by the Lehigh. One of Pete's brothers left for Ohio, to look for a machine shop job a friend wrote him about. His sister Molly went to Elmira to work as a waitress. And Father Bernardo, under that formal exterior, had too kind a heart. He could refuse credit to none of his jobless friends and customers. The family business was going bankrupt.

Pete now heard from a friend that anyone with a truck could make a pile of money hauling gravel and stone on contract at Boulder Dam, then in construction. The papers were full of Boulder Dam. Pete's family decided it was worth trying. They mortgaged the family house. They bought a truck on time and filled it with a year's groceries. They sent Pete off with their kisses, tears and prayers to the god of success.

In a month he was back, hungry, sick, ruined. Two natives of Las Vegas, who claimed they "Knew the ropes," had swindled Pete out of everything. He was ashamed to talk about it even in later years, even to his beloved wife Dorothy. He telephoned from a pay station to Mary, his sister, and she met him in an old shed. She begged, she cried, urging him to come home even for a night.

"No, Mary," he said, somberly. "I'm too ragged and lousy. Mom would get an awful shock. And I lost that truck. I can't come back till I've made good on the truck."

He took a boxcar for New York. On his first night there, the future City Councilman slept in the Municipal Lodging House, in that bleak windy dormitory on the old abandoned pier, among five hundred melancholy Americans who coughed and groaned in their sleep, had nightmares and fits of weeping. They were victims of the capitalist breakdown. Pete Cacchione, 35 years old, felt like a failure. Or was he a victim, too? He hadn't yet figured it out.

He was the average American, trusting, hard-working, fond of good times, loyal to friends and family, wanting only a car, a radio, and a good frigidaire, to keep him happy as a king. But on the long hike back from Boulder Dam Pete had seen many thousands of Americans like himself, not only with no car, radio or frigidaire, but with no food or shelter. Whole families, with little children! They weren't hobos, but America's machinists, coal miners, railroaders, steel workers, farmers, the true wealth of the nation, its people! They sat around little fires in the roadside hobo jungles and argued all night about social justice and the economic system. Pete learned more in that month on the road than in all the peaceful years of Sayre.

In New York he soon encountered the men and women in the unemployed councils. They made soapbox speeches outside the flophouses and breadlines. He met them on the Bowery, saw their headquarters around town. But he stayed away from it all; he was too prejudiced. One freezing day, however, he went into a ragpicker's cellar that was now an unemployed council. They had a warm stove. A meeting was going on. Pete heard stories of misery like his own and worse. But these people weren't crushed. They were mad, fighting mad against callous office holders, cruel landlords, lying politicos.

One of the men, a stocky, wisecracking taxi driver with a mop of wild hair, asked for volunteers to put back the furniture of an evicted family who'd slept on the sidewalk all night. In half an hour Pete was carrying an old woman up three flights of tenement stairs. A cop arrived, but the rescue work continued. When the volunteers went down the street, neighbors stopped them and asked the council's help in other emergencies. Before the day was done, Pete had enlisted, without being fully aware of it, "in the international of the poor against the international of the rich," to recall a phrase he used later in a speech. He never deserted the flag of the poor.

For several years Pete slept on floors of these basement headquarters. He ate mulligan stew whose materials were panhandled every day at neighboring stores. The great debating at these councils went on by day and night. Pete's face became familiar at relief stations and eviction scenes. He was reading books, too, studying social theory. But loyalty to the Church still made him resist the new ideas.

"Always in a big hurry, that Pete," recalled a shipyard worker who was with Pete those days. "You could almost see him grow. The people

liked him. They could see right away he was an honest man. Pete learned fast, and he was always in action. But he was killing himself night and day. We tried to slow him down, to save him. But he had a temper. Shut up, there's too much to be done! Get off your cans and help, instead of stopping me! But he was knocking himself out."

I remember Pete during that time. He had gone from the councils into organization work among unemployed veterans. He was captain of a post in a basement on East Third, where he ate, slept, and organized hungry veterans. Pete was a stocky, square-shouldered man with a plain face and earnest eyes that were then wide and shining like a hungry child's. His broad face was pale and fatigued. He wore a blue suit. It was patched in many places, and neat.

SOME happy day many books will be written about the American famine of 1930, and the men and women who led the people in a fight for life. That epoch severely shook the American belief in the divinity and infallibility of capitalism. The Golden Calf would never be trusted so blindly again. I can remember well the peak of capitalism, the presidentiads of Wilson, Coolidge, Harding. After the Hoover depression, American psychology was different, I know. The difference became apparent in the four-time vote for Roosevelt. Thousands of changed people like Cacchione were one of the main fruits of the depression.

Pete went on several of the big Hunger Marches to Washington. I can remember meeting him that time when the Hoover police isolated, in January weather, two thousand marchers on a bare hillside. Hundreds of cops with machine guns and tommy guns surrounded us. For three nights, people had to sleep on the cold hillside. No food, sanitation or nursing of the sick was permitted. It was the sketch of a concentration camp. And the armed cops kept on drinking whisky continually and were itching for slaughter. Yet the marchers did enter Washington and march to the Capitol. Pete led a group of New Yorkers. Later he captained 600 New York jobless veterans who joined twenty thousand others from all over America and set up a camp on Anacostia Flats to agitate for the bonus. Pete was there when General MacArthur, in his fanciest gold-trimmed uniform and riding pants, directed the cavalry in driving out the vets and their women and children. He burned their tents, he bayoneted and pounded the people.

Two babies were trampled to death. Pete saw two men killed. When Pete came back to New York he joined the Communist Party.

He had recognized from the first that this was the only political party in America to proclaim that there was famine, and to make social insurance its main program. It was inevitable that Communists should play a leading role in the unemployment councils and veterans' posts. They stood for unity, they worked with the plain people of all parties and creeds and they had a program. Pete liked what he saw of Communists. They lived on an ethical level that resembled his own, and tolerated no petty, ambitious careerists in their ranks, no thieves, drunkards or exploiters, and nobody eaten with prejudice against Negroes, Italians, Jews and other minorities. They tolerated none who were cowardly (although he saw how fraternally they gave courage to the timid and disheartened), and none who hypocritically mouthed one way of life while following another.

There was a second Bonus March in 1935. That year the bonus was finally won. Pete Cacchione left the veterans organization of which he was now national adjutant, a full-time official who made organizing trips by box car and whose official salary was twenty-five cents a day. He had received a notice from the Lehigh Valley railroad calling him back to work. But he forfeited the job and his years of seniority, dedicated himself to Communism.

PETE entered one of the Party schools. He worked there with his usual honesty and seriousness. When he came out, he was appointed head of the Party organization in the Bronx. It was felt that Cacchione had special gifts for rooting the Party in neighborhood life.

Pete had never sought to lead, neither had he been frightened by the responsibilities of leadership. He had only been outspoken in the face of injustice when others were silent, quick when others were slow, confident where others had been doubters. Now the Party was urging him to take himself seriously as a leader of men.

He threw the strength and prestige of the Party, both considerable after its five years of leadership of the unemployed, into campaigns for improved subway service, lower gas and electric rates, against Nazism among police and school teachers, as well as into the world fight for collective security, for the alliance against fascism by all mankind. This was the pre-Munich period, and the movement for collective

security was ridiculed as another Trojan horse, a Moscow plot. Cacchione gave life to the local issues and to the great and continual fight for world peace of the Communists.

After a time he asked to become Chairman of the Brooklyn Communist Party organization. And this is when Pete entered upon greatness and final tragedy.

Brooklyn and he were made for each other. Though it is a borough of three millions, it is the most regional and small-town-like of the five boroughs. There were miles of streets with frame houses like those in Sayre. There was local patriotism, and a small town neighborliness. Pete, the former organizer of stags and baseball games for the Knights of Columbus, found himself at home.

Dorothy Rosenfeld came to Brooklyn as his secretary. She was the girl who for years had done volunteer secretarial work at the veteran's organization, slaving late into the night after long days at her paid job in a business office. Dorothy had been an ardent Zionist and pacifist. But she had seen her parents and sisters waste and die in the sweatshops and tenements. The depression had changed her as much as it had Pete. Their common beliefs and activities brought them together. A year after Pete came to Brooklyn, he married his soft-spoken, gentle Dorothy. They have a son, now ten, who looks like his father.

Pete formed a wonderful team of co-leaders in Brooklyn, Carl Vedro, Ben Davis and many others. Some day a book will be written about the pioneer work of these mechanics, surgeons, radio repair men, housewives, garment workers, Negro and Italian longshoremen. They were Shelley's nerve of conscience, along whose sensitive length registered Brooklyn's social wrongs "otherwise unfelt." The record of their campaigns forms a portrait of Brooklyn under capitalism: the hundreds of square miles of slums; the jails converted into schools, iron bars still slung across classroom windows; the understaffed hospitals with less than nine thousand beds for a population of three million; the dangerous waterfront, where hundreds of longshoremen were injured and killed yearly by lack of safeguards and by overladen slingloads; the laundries where Negro women were forced to work for as little as $7 a full week; the gangsterism and corruption in Brooklyn borough politics; the Christian Front school teachers who brought anti-Semitism into the classroom; a police department that terrorized the Negro

neighborhoods; the public utilities that underpaid their workers and overcharged their consumers.

Pete and his co-workers used all the modern techniques of public speech. They put out interesting leaflets; they provided singers and entertainers at their street meetings. Pete was one of the few Communist leaders in this country who made a scientific study of all the techniques for reaching people. His pamphlet on public speaking is a gem of original research and thinking. He left a large book in manuscript along the same lines.

In 1937, during the Spanish putsch by the fascists, Pete got a passport and tried to get leave to fight in Spain. This was refused by the Party. Pete had begun to prove himself too valuable in Brooklyn.

A BOOK can be written about Pete's campaigns for the City Council; I have the space here for only the slightest hints. Pete was the first to grasp that under proportional representation, a minority party now had a chance to elect. He persuaded the Party to allow him a small budget to make a campaign in Brooklyn.

Pete addressed hundreds of street meetings. He believed a great deal in home visiting and went from tenement to tenement and talked to anyone, everyone. He studied the needs of each neighborhood, and educated the voters on how to fight for such needs. He spoke at factory gates, along the docks, in Negro churches, Jewish synagogues and Baptist churches. He talked with humor, with the Sayre neighborliness, with a fund of folk tales. He used no demagogy, but gave people the facts. He was a great teacher of reality.

Pete and the Communist Party had staged a major campaign to help the C.I.O., then being organized. He was known to tens of thousands of Brooklyn workers. The Negroes and Jews knew him for his fight against bigotry. Pete had made more friends among the people than the old line politicos ever could guess. He began climbing in straw polls. On election day the polling places were in possession of the usual Democratic and Republican tricksters. They were as confident of success as ever, because counting the votes was more important than winning them. The final counting was done in a big Armory. The tricksters were there en masse. A shout, a rush of papers, a tangle of arms, a few curses—and a batch of Cacchione votes would disappear. Pete went about fighting for every vote. It was apparent to

him, he said, that a Communist could be elected only by getting three times the number of necessary votes.

But with all that, with all the traditional thieving, done in a united front by both old parties against Cacchione, the final tally showed that Pete had lost by only 245 ballots. It was too costly to have a recheck made. Pete felt bad that a Red-baiting enemy of the unemployed, Abner Surpless, had stolen his seat. But he set to work for the next election, in 1939. In the space of a single year he had won 41,000 Brooklyn voters. And he had become a city-wide name, a public figure.

He concentrated more this time on the Italian voters. It was necessary to wean them from the evil Mussolini agents that were poisoning the Italian community. Pete began to collect materials for a book on the Italian-Americans and their history. He began studying Italian, which he knew only slightly. He went back to Marxist theoretical studies; and was as active as ever in debates, house-to-house visiting, conferences, anti-fascist tours. Pete started a weekly column in the *Worker,* written with a sensitive feeling for things, with his gusto, humor and pity.

There was a great deal of pessimism in America. Madrid had fallen, stabbed by its friends France, England and America. In Brooklyn, Pete Panto, a brave young Communist longshoreman, was murdered by the racketeers. The reactionaries in Congress were attacking the Soviet Union and praising Hitler and Mussolini.

Pete's second campaign was fought in a more hostile atmosphere than the first. The courts ruled him off the ballot by a typical legal thievery. But Pete and his valiant crew proceeded to stage a write-in campaign. Imagine teaching Americans to spell the name Cacchione! It had to be accurate, or the ballot was void. Everyone agreed the thing was impossible. But Pete and his brave Brooklynites proceeded to perform a miracle. Nobody had granted him more than 7,000 votes. He received 25,000 valid votes, an "even more remarkable vote" than in 1937, said the New York *World-Telegram.*

IT WAS a month after Hitler's armies, on their long march to defeat and death, crossed the Soviet borders. Pete had gone to Ebbets Field to relax at a ball game with Carl Vedro, his comrade and campaign manager. A player hit a long fly. Pete discovered that he couldn't see it. A sharp pain ran through his eyeballs. He had long had symptoms of eye-strain, and now he went to various doctors. He was told

nothing much could be done for him. His eyes were badly diseased and would grow worse. They discovered that his heart was badly strained. He hadn't seen a doctor for years. He had used up his life-blood in the hard struggles for the unemployed and the veterans, in the New York political battles. Pete was forced to rest in a hospital for many months. His friends proceeded with the next campaign for Councilman. They visited some 400,000 homes. Pete made only two speeches at the end of the campaign. He was elected this time.

Pete went back to the grind that had almost killed him. It is the beginning of Promethean tragedy. He goes through two more of these endless and terribly-exhausting campaigns. There are two strikes on him—his heart, his eyesight. But nothing will daunt him. Not even the Party can make him give up. He testifies at hearings against the fascists in New York schools. He campaigns for Roosevelt and sells the most war bonds of any Councilman. He writes a play about a Bowery flophouse, works on his Italo-American book. Dorothy reads to him. Other friends take over as much of his work as he will let them. He marches in a St. Patrick Day parade, in high hat and frock coat with other Councilmen, blind but proud. He campaigns and munist to hold high office. He teaches a class at the Jefferson School in public speech and the technique of practical politics.

The keynote of all his activity in and out of the Council is "Unity Against Hitler." This man who is almost completely blind, walks about the streets of New York on his life-work. When a friend hails him, of the ten thousand he knows, he immediately can tell him by the voice. And he smiles at everyone, that same warm neighborly smile. He carries his head high; he is a fighter. He has a stroke, but comes back to fight on. In the 1947 campaign he polls 75,000 votes for the Council, the highest any candidate had received. "I cannot boast of a piece of legislation bearing my name," he said. "Every one of my bills has been defeated in the Council. Yet the people of Brooklyn have given me a greater vote with each succeeding election."

He was commanded to take a trip West with his family. It was the only possible way to make him rest. But he debated in Denver, he spoke at different cities, in the City Halls; he met his comrades and friends along the way. It was his first transcontinental trip. When he returned, he felt refreshed. Actually, his condition was worse.

He went back to the Council and made some memorable speeches for the five-cent fare, which he had studied to the last detail. His Brooklyn friends gave him a birthday picnic in September. He loved picnics and went around sampling food from the hampers of Italians, Jews, Spanish, Puerto Ricans and Negro comrades. There was baseball, beer, hot dogs, singing and dancing everywhere. Pete shook hands cheerfully with everyone, he recognized each voice. There were 6,000 friends, some from neighboring states, many of them fellow-battlers of the unemployment days. His mother was in from Sayre, his sisters and a brother, were present. In the evening there was a Chaplin film, a piano recital, songs by the great Robeson. All of it was a festival of the people. It summed up all he had struggled for, a happy humanity, a world of brothers.

Pete Cacchione was fifty when he died. Twelve thousand persons filed past his coffin, weeping. Many more thousands stood in the raw wind to hear his funeral services. City officials said their official words. Comrades-at-arms, trade union leaders, a militant Congressman, Negro ministers, wept as they spoke. The people loved Pete. He had come from the people, he never deserted their cause.

And in this darkest of hours, thousands of other Pete Cacchiones are being prepared. They don't know it yet, we don't know them. But they will be forced, as Pete was, out of the immortal womb of freedom. The people of America are no fools or cowards. They were never Nazi goose-steppers. Pete Cacchione had also been a Catholic, a Republican, and a small-town American. His noble life will light the way for other Americans. He was not the caricature Communist monster that Goebbels created, and the American press now copies. He was a great human soul that the future will know how to honor.

books in review

Fast's New Novel

THE PROUD AND THE FREE, by Howard Fast. *Little, Brown.* $3.00.

THE good news in a nutshell is this: *The Proud and the Free* is even better than Howard Fast's previous novels of the American Revolution—*Conceived in Liberty, The Unvanquished* and *Citizen Tom Paine.* It has all the stirring qualities of these earlier books: the passion for freedom, the power to bring far-off days vividly and significantly close to our own, the skill of a captivating story-teller. But it has something else too. It has a greater maturity. And this is reflected above all in the search for a more realistic and complex depiction of the social cross-currents in the Revolutionary War.

Fast cuts through the popular legend that this was a classless war and that all who fought it had an absolute identity of aim and interest: the son of indentured servants and the big landowner, the Negro soldier and the slaveholder, the artisan and the profiteer. This novel shows us men in the ranks waging the battle for national independence under the leadership of the "gentry" but at the same time in conflict with it. In dedicating the book to the memory of "their still unrealized dream," Fast points up his basic theme that the aspirations of the plain people went beyond the limits of the bourgeois revolution which, while progressive, imposed its own form of class oppression. In making this emphasis, however, Fast tends to blur, because he takes too much for granted, the real democratic achievements of the Revolution.

One of the most dramatic episodes of the war is brought to life here—the January, 1781, revolt in the Pennsylvania Line of the Continental Army. This little-known event was dealt with by Carl Van Doren in his *Mutiny in January* several years ago, but it remained for Howard Fast to give it the flesh and bone of living people. He portrays the freezing, starving men of the "foreign brigades" who for many months had been denied pay, blankets, a warming drink, while they heard of officers carousing in Philadelphia. They had joined a war of liberation and they now found themselves, after years of bitter hardship, treated like serfs, whipped, shot down. Theirs was no easy decision to form their own

Committee of Sergeants to replace the authority of General Anthony Wayne and his officers. Some of the men argued that they were giving up the Revolution, but most felt they were just beginning it: "Who made this noble thing into a pigsty? Who is traitor to who?"

The march from Morristown to Princeton, the collapse of the revolt, and the later stage of the episode at York are recalled by Jamie Stuart who was a leader of the Eleventh Regiment. His narration has great poignancy. For he is recreating the days of his youth with the Continental Army from the viewpoint of an old man. As an Abolitionist, his house a station on the underground railway, he sees the link between two different generations of the proud and the free whom the rulers call traitors. "How many lies have been told about those times! But how many lies have been told about the young men who call themselves Abolitionists today! So it may be that if I look back, it will not only be the rambling memories of an old man, but a clue to that which lies ahead."

Jamie Stuart's parents had been bound over as servants from Glasgow, and since "childhood is for those who can afford it" he had a rough enough time before he enlisted at the age of sixteen. He is in a position to give us a convincing and sympathetic account of men like Jack Maloney, who had deserted the redcoats after reading a book by Tom Paine; of the Irish Catholic Danny Connell, the Jew Leon Levy, the Negro Holt and the Poles and Germans who were representative of the "foreign brigades." Though the novel underplays the positive role of the "Yankees," it is true, as Van Doren has shown, that the regiments in the Pennsylvania Line had a preponderance of foreign born on account of the heavy emigration to Pennsylvania in the decade or two before the Revolution. Jamie Stuart's narrative stresses that these men, objects of scorn by the officers, had a special stake in freedom. They were not "arrogant, undisciplined riff-raff" but thoughtful men of courage who dreamed of true freedom and were ready to fight for it. These men did not want to help the British; on the contrary, they aimed to strengthen the new America.

In simple and singing prose, filled with the earthy idiom of these men, Jamie Stuart re-creates the conflicts in their hearts, the days of anguish and of exalted hope, the noble tragedy of their strike for independence. It is a story of a comradeship that towers over all the privations and hardships and the tyrannies of the officers. And woven into the tale is Jamie Stuart's love for Molly Bracken, daughter of the Lutheran parson in York whose

faith Jamie could not share. (While Molly is in some respects a richer personality than the women in Fast's earlier novels she is still not a fully developed character.) The mood of this narrative is beautifully sustained, and through all the tenderness and anger and sense of tragedy there runs the feeling that these men who suffered for human dignity and freedom did not do so fruitlessly. "Their story is only half told. Another chapter is being written by those angry souls who call themselves Abolitionists, and I think there will be chapters after that as well. There would be no hope in such a tale as this if it were not unfinished."

It is certain that a new chapter is being written by men like Howard Fast who are today jailed for carrying on the American freedom fight. It is a proud thing for a man to come out of prison, where he was sent by the Un-American Committee and Truman's courts, with a novel like this. It is as stinging a rebuke as I can think of to the thought-controllers who pose as the custodians of true Americanism. Let their lackeys write a book like this before they boast of their spiritual virtues! They can only write of decay and depravity and death.

Naturally these crusaders for freedom have made every effort to hide the very existence of this book from the American people. As I write this, weeks after the novel was made available to reviewers, it has been ignored by the entire "free press" with one exception. That was Sterling North in the New York *World Telegram*. And what does this brilliant critic say? He accuses the book of "treason"! He says it glorifies a "socialist uprising," glamorizes "mutiny," fans "violent class prejudice." In other words, send Howard Fast back to jail! The book reviewers have become little G-men. Undoubtedly Sterling North must feel cheated because he cannot get his clutches on the late Carl Van Doren who wrote concerning the revolt of the Pennsylvania regiments: "To Americans it will sound natural, and yet somehow encouraging, that so many native and foreign-born American soldiers, at a time when there was hardly yet an American nation at all, instinctively took it for granted that they should ask and receive redress of their wrongs in what has come to be called an American way."

Apparently Carl Van Doren was in error. That is not the American way. Sterling North says "Moscow should make this required reading in all Soviet schools." The American way, it seems, is to ban it in the schools. Jamie Stuart and his comrades would have had something to say about that.

SAMUEL SILLEN

Revolutionary Poet

THE YOUNG SHELLEY, by Kenneth Neill Cameron. *Macmillan.* $6.00.

SHELLEY has been misrepresented and scorned by bourgeois critics from Matthew Arnold to T. S. Eliot. For them he is an "ineffectual angel," an eccentric and a second-rate poet. Marxists have always had a different view. Frederick Engels called Shelley a "genius" and "prophet" who found most of his readers in the proletariat. Karl Marx, speaking with regret of Shelley's having died at twenty-nine, said he was a "thoroughgoing revolutionist and would always have belonged to the Socialist vanguard." Today Shelley is read far more widely in the Soviet Union than in his native England, which drove him into exile.

Only by seeing Shelley as an active fighter in the social struggles of his time can one appreciate his stature. This is the great value of the study by Professor Cameron of Indiana University. With careful scholarship he riddles the nonsensical myth, built up in pseudo-biographical works like Andre Maurois' *Ariel,* that Shelley was a vaporous bohemian, romantically charming because he was not of this world. The truth is that Shelley, a disciple of Paine, Condorcet and other spokesmen of the American and French Revolutions, was a radical and profound thinker; he collided with reaction in politics, in religion, in morals; and he consciously devoted his art to the cause of progressive humanity.

In tracking down the relation between Shelley's ideas and the living experiences of a time that was building in the poet's words, "monuments of tyranny and injustice," *The Young Shelley* makes a real contribution. The book is mainly devoted to the years 1809-1813. Cameron holds that the foundations of the poet's ideas were laid down in this period, and he disputes the widely held opinion that Shelley changed basically in his later period. "The theme of *Queen Mab* is the theme of *Prometheus Unbound;* the revolutionary spirit of *A Letter to Lord Ellenborough* is the spirit of *Hellas.*"

Shelley was expelled from Oxford in 1811 for writing a pamphlet on the *Necessity of Atheism.* The next two years, culminating in the publication of *Queen Mab,* were amazingly crowded: the decisive break with his father, Sir Timothy; the elopement with Harriet Westbrook; the trip to Ireland and the *Address to the Irish People* with its powerful indictment of war and colonial conquest; the persecution by the spies of the Home Office and the subsequent *Letter to Lord Ellenborough,* which Cameron restores to its proper rank as a classic of the struggle for freedom of

speech; the meeting with William Godwin. When we reach the final section, "Poet and Propagandist," we are richly prepared for the judgment that *Queen Mab,* in spite of the wide reading behind it, "is not a bookish poem but a poem arising from life, the reaction of a mind sharpened by shattering experience to the social realities of the world around it . . . the bitter and angry cry of a young revolutionary."

Influenced by the most advanced thinkers of the bourgeois revolution, Shelley was able to break through the horizons of bourgeois society, even if only in a utopian form. His sympathy with the working class and all the oppressed was profound and genuine, his criticism of capitalist values was searching. The following passage by the twenty-year old author of *Queen Mab,* with its attack on the cash nexus of capitalism, is surely one that the authors of *The Communist Manifesto* must have appreciated particularly:

All things are sold . . . even life itself
And the poor pittance which the law allows
Of liberty, the fellowship of man,
Those duties which his heart of human love
Should urge him to perform instinctively,
Are bought and sold as in a public mart
Of undisguised selfishness, that sets
On each its price, the Stamp mark of her reign.
Even love itself is sold; the solace of all woe
Is turned to deadliest agony. . .

It is most unfortunate that this discerning and scholarly contribution to our understanding of Shelley should be marred by an opening section which gets into the worst tangle of psychoanalytical jargon I have run across in some time. Attempting to account for Shelley's personality, Cameron as he tells us in a preface, consulted some clinical psychiatrists. They played havoc with his sense of humor and routed his scholarship. With a profusion of speculative perhapses and may haves involving "projection," ambivalence," "male ideal" and so forth Cameron inevitably lands in a reactionary swamp when he says: "The acquisition of feminine characteristics—his love of romantic intrigue and gossip, for instance was lifelong—implies a rejection of a male pattern." Fortunately Cameron drops this ranting line after a few pages and levels off to his real book, which admirably refutes his own Freudian gossip.

About one-third of the volume is in the form of footnotes, but these (all 1,132 of them) are safely stowed in the back. This is not what the book trade calls a "popular biography." Sections of

it suffer from that over-elaboration of minutiae which is the bane of learned societies. Shelley's ardor is missing in the prose. Yet these shortcomings are incidental to a work that takes as its sympathetic point of departure Shelley's growth as a radical thinker and fighter. The book not only adds to our knowledge of Shelley but provides a weapon against the "new critics" who have kicked this undoubtedly subversive poet out of the American colleges just as the Oxford pundits did over a hundred years ago.

S. S.

Images of War

FACE OF A HERO, by Louis Falstein. *Harcourt, Brace.* $3.00.

"THE difficulty had been in bridging the distance between belief and action," says Ben Isaacs, the narrator-hero of this novel. For him, as for nearly everyone else, "the decision had been made." And Ben found himself a gunner in a B-24, based in Italy, flying bombing missions over Vienna and Ploesti. Ben is in his thirties; old for the Air Corps, he is called Pop. *Face of a Hero* is the journal of fifty missions, that seemingly endless gauntlet that had to be run between life and life. It is the account of Ben's development from the first fearful flight, when he vomited with fear, to his last. And it is the story of the crew of the "Flying Foxhole," how they lived and died.

For the other members of the crew, survival is the only problem; but Ben is a Jew, and in the American army this could mean a separate, small war of one's own. The close feeling that develops in an air crew did not permit of any violent expressions of anti-Semitism; yet Dooley speaks of the "Jew-war" and says: "If I was a Jew like Ben, maybe I'd feel like fighting in this thing."

The situation of the progressive in the American army is handled well. Falstein gives us a sense of the anger and anguish we all, on occasion, felt. The "conqueror" attitude of American soldiers in Italy, France, England has left those countries with a bitter memory of their "liberators." Falstein understands that this was not entirely the fault of the individual soldier. When the army briefed them on Italy, he writes, the important fact was the high venereal disease rate. "Stay away from the gooks!" they were told.

There is, of course, another side to this, one that's often missed: the anguish of the non-progressive soldier who has no reason for fighting, and can only ask himself, "What am I doing here?" and never find an answer. Falstein, through his warmly human narrator, conveys this aspect too.

The author has observed men and war closely; the novel is, for the most part, a faithful report of what he saw, heard, felt. It is always excellent reportage; but it does not, often enough, rise to the demands of the novel form. Whole chapters are careful reports of action, rather than, as they must be, dramatic reconstructions of action. Of one bombing mission, we read of the frightened crew: ". . . the puking, retching, hysterical boys. . . ." Yet there are none of the imaginatively conceived details of human behavior that can bring a scene alive and set it in motion in one's mind. The prose itself is often flat, careless.

We have the right to demand more of Falstein, for he is capable of writing such lines as this, of the Red Cross lady who sleeps with the colonel at night and has a second lieutenant for lover in the afternoons: "Then you saw her smile and you knew she forgave the Italians for being Italian." One gets the feeling that Mr. Falstein is a better writer than he usually permits himself to be; that, perhaps out of a lack of assurance, he imitates writers who are very much his inferior.

Falstein's novel will not please the air-war boys. His accounts of bombing missions and of the competitiveness between air-groups give us a picture of the air corps we never had before. No one sings about the wild blue yonder. The high brass of the Italy-based air force is envious of the publicity given their England-based brothers. An harassed public relations officer cries, "If we could only work up a Congressional Medal for somebody."

Falstein's men are members of the strategic air force. After reading this novel it is difficult to write *strategic* without quotation marks. We learn that the famous Norden bombsight was not often used. Most bombardiers "either toggled their bombs or pushed them off the racks with their feet. There was not one target was ever knocked out." One says. "You know something, I think we missed the target." The answer is "Who gives a s——?"

It is the answer of those who fought for nothing at all. "They fought," Ben Isaacs tells us, "on sheer guts." He decides that these men are "truly the heroes of this war." It is a decision one might better expect of the public relations officer. These men who fought without consciousness of the war's meaning are something less than heroes. It is Ben alone who achieves the face of a hero —"calmness," he calls it, finally —for it was he alone who had understanding.

WARREN MILLER

Letters

To M & M:

"LONGITUDE 49" was a welcome change of dramatic fare from the vain mystic tragedies of the bourgois or petty bourgeois to the life-blood problems of the working class. But for the sake of the new talent, the new theatre it has opened up, even more for the successful struggle of the working class to win its essential allies, Tank's play must make a complete change over into working-class drama. This means it must be cleansed of its anti-woman bourgeois filth, which is at home only in an unseaworthy vessel like *Mister Roberts.*

The action of the play takes place aboard ship in the port of an imperialist dominated, non-"Caucasian" country. There are no women in the play; yet its heavy burden of humor resides in anti-woman broadsides which are neither resented nor refuted by any character—even though these canards directly slander a colored people!

Women have nothing with which to identify themselves in the play but prostitution (or anonymity); ". . . only 15 and never been 'kissed'" (followed by wisecracking complaints about the exhaustion of youth and virginity in this unhappy hunting ground for the cash-paying conquerors, who should have the best but must take what there is). And the line of lines, which recalls Jimmy Cannon's infamous column on how to make Korean women smell like Lana Turner: "The first time [she] was a dog, the second time it was Rita Hayworth—no, the second time it was still a dog."

One character, a Brooklyn stereotype, celebrates the possession not only of of the "dog" but also of a stereotype dumb chorus girl-friend back home. Brooklyn's homely old crony possesses a philosophy of seduction which can be summarized: "Pick 'em old and homely—not because modesty demands an appropriate match but because it's cheaper that way." But if homeliness or maturity in women is a special biologic affront which suggests unbecoming resistance to the male prerogative, the biggest beef of these characters is that they have to pay the *money* price of subjugation. Their recourse is to blame the merchandise because human value is left out; but they're only kidding about it to relieve themselves from the really serious matters!

Such anti-human comedy takes its toll. For example, Brooklyn cannot break out of stereotype to press a point about patronizing Negroes. At the tragic turning-point of the play he enters with a "Hi, Cookie" to the Negro cook. "Not Cookie; Alexander, the name is Alexander," says the cook fiercely, now aware of the full rightful dignity of his people. "All *r-i-i-ght,* Alexander," replies Brooklyn in comic concession. The audience laughs, and not much later Brooklyn reverts to the patronizing sobriquet without checking himself up.

Unfortunately the anti-woman vulgarity of *Longitude* 49 has been

defended by some men, including the author (I have heard no women defend it). Their main argument is: "That's the way things are; in this case that's the way sailors think and talk." This mirror theory and method of art, naturalism, is wrong for anyone; but it is useless to the Marxist artist, whose class (audience) needs not mirrors of life but tools to change it. There are many negative aspects of the way things are — white chauvinism, imperialism, war, for instance— which a Marxist artist, like any other Marxist, must always oppose or be responsible for helping to maintain. In other words, the Marxist engineer of the soul cherishes the workers and their allies, hates and fights everything which harms them. If he cannot distinguish between bourgeois infection and working-class health, he himself is infected with cynicism.

Tank cannot successfully challenge white chauvinism by casting his humor in the image of "male superiority," for this "male superiority," especially as it affects Negro women reinforces white chauvinism. Tank knew better than to slander the wife of the Negro seaman; but he did not use the seaman's homesickness to interpret the sailors' deprivation in terms of the bosses' ideology on women. If aggressive, contemptuous, predatory anti-woman attitudes are typical of sailors, certainly it is not the nature of sailors which is to blame, but the shipowners, who cut off sailors from family life and from normal relations of solidarity with working-class women. There is plenty to say about the degradation of women, which is the degradation of all humanity — as Gorky said it—but not with gags.

There is nothing funny about prostitution, nor about the sexual domination of those already cruelly oppressed by the entire weight of imperialism. Humor is hardly the word for the suggestion that the entire mass of women in a subject area is given to prostitution. There is nothing funny about the vicious slanders which characterize women as a bestial species, at best "attractively" convenient, at worst offenders against all the male prerogatives.

Above all the oppression of women is neither funny nor inconsequential to Marxists. We want to marshal the women of the world for peace, a struggle which is and has always been one in which they have taken leadership as the mothers of the future and the civilian victims of aggressors, a struggle in which women now take part as equal, active, fighting members of the socialist working class. This means that our Marxist criticism and self-criticism must be addressed to the neglected position of women in the class struggle here. Barnard Rubin and Isidor Schneider should re-examine their reviews of *Longitude* 49 in this light.

MARIE MICHAEL

New York