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nasses & MAINSTREAM

this Issue:

OUR PEOPLE
MAND FREEDOM
by
LIAM L. PATTERSON
d PAUL ROBESON

ESTAPO, U.S.A.
by
CHARD O. BOYER

LENIN AND
MAYAKOVSKY

IA'S "FRIENDS"

BOMB RUSSELL

VILLIAM L. PATTERSON

WORLD CONGRESS FOR PEACE

For a Happy New Year!

In November, 1950, we told our readers: "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.*"

Your response was quick and substantial. Hundreds of you, from every corner of the United States and Canada, came to the magazine's assistance so generously that it was possible to maintain our present 96 pages through December and January.

We have so many exciting features planned—for example, our special February Negro History Issue—that we are doing everything in our power to hold the line.

But we need more help.

And we can get it, for the fact is that, despite the good initial response, only a small part of our readership has so far been accounted for.

If you have not yet helped, won't you send along *now* the check or bill that the magazine needs so much?

If you have already contributed, won't you speak to your friends, or even consider adding to your first donation?

Remember that every dollar counts. We have no "angels." We have only the rank-and-file reader. Please don't let the magazine down.

And a happy, free and peaceful New Year to all our wonderful friends everywhere.

THE EDITORS

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AMONG THE CONTRIBUTORS

PHILLIP BONOSKY has just completed his first novel, *And of the Son,* which deals with working-class life in a Pennsylvania steel town.

RICHARD O. BOYER, author of *The Dark Ship* and *If This Be Treason,* is now working on a novel dealing with the Abolitionist movement.

JOHN FONTANY is a young Illinois writer who served for three years with the U.S. Army in Europe during the war.

JOSEPH NAHEM is a teacher of philosopher at the Jefferson School of Social Science in New York.

ALICE NEEL, whose illustration appears on page 87, has a one-woman show of paintings at the A.C.A. Gallery in New York City through January 13.

ELENA USIEVICH, a Soviet literary critic, is the author of *Vladimir Mayakovsky: A Sketch of his Life and Work.*

COVER: The portrait of William L. Patterson was drawn for *M & M* by the distinguished Negro artist, Charles White.

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

World Congress for Peace

MORE than 2,000 delegates from over eighty countries took part in the Second World Peace Congress held in Warsaw on November 16-22. They met at a grim moment. The danger cannot be exaggerated. "Another world war is already forcing the door," said Alexander Fadeyev. But he added, "It is no use spending time guessing whether the time is far or near when war will finally break through the door; steps must be taken to avert it." Peace can yet be won; it must be and it will be won. That is the message of this historic Congress.

What gives this message reality is the strength and unity of the peace forces represented at Warsaw. Events have confirmed that the defenders of peace are stronger and more numerous than the instigators of war. The greatest of errors today is the failure to understand this true relationship of world forces. Only the superior strength of the peace partisans has kept the atom-bomb politicians and "preventive war" generals in this country from unleashing a catastrophe for all mankind.

The peace sentiment of the American people is growing. There is a widening revulsion against MacArthurism. Opposition to an armament program gone hog-wild, to the building up of Germany and Japan as aggressive military powers, to the alliance with Franco, Chiang Kai-shek and Tito, to the police repression of the peace supporters—this opposition, if united on the broadest possible basis, will defeat the warmakers. Toward this end it is of utmost importance to bring to as many people as possible the thinking and decisions of the Second World Peace Congress. We print below excerpts from several of the speeches as well as three basic resolutions of the peace meeting. We urge that these be studied, discussed and acted upon.

THE EDITORS

ILYA EHRENBURG (*U.S.S.R.*)

WAR is not an earthquake, not a monsoon—war is the act of people and people can prevent war.

It is said that war is inevitable because the world has split into two worlds, because in Moscow there are other laws than in New York, because there are states where Communists are outlawed and other states where Communists draw up the laws.

I am quite willing to allow that from the viewpoint of Mr. Truman, Marxism is a "false philosophy," and that the Soviet system is repugnant to Mr. Acheson. I shall not say what I think of Mr. Truman's philosophy and what my attitude is to the ethics which determine the behavior of Mr. Acheson. However, the superiority of a philosophical system or an economy cannot be proven by war.

War is the greatest of disasters, affecting all peoples, all manifestations of their culture. If Soviet ideas or Soviet books do not please certain Americans they can try to defeat these ideas with ideas, to stigmatize books by books. As for bombs, they are powerless here.

I believe that the way of life in the United States pains me not less than the Soviet way of life pains Mr. Acheson. Nevertheless I stand for peace—for peace not only with the America of Howard Fast and Robeson but also for peace with the America of Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson.

Chekhov once said that if a rifle is hanging on a wall in the first act of a play then in the last act someone will fire it. War cannot be prevented by accumulating arms. War can be prevented only by reducing and destroying armaments.

Various American children's magazines carry comic strips showing how Superman, this new variety of the Nazi *Uebermensch,* kills Russians. . . . If I am told that I am prejudiced, that I accuse only one side, I will reply: it is possible to find shortcomings and mistakes in our press. It is possible to point out that one or another critic judges shallowly or unjustly one or another aspect of the cultural life of the West; but never has a single political leader, a single Deputy, a single journalist or teacher in the Soviet Union called for war against the United States or any other power.

In our schools hatred for other peoples, in particular for the American people, is not fostered. On the contrary, our teachers con-

stantly remind pupils that, besides the America of General MacArthur there is another America, which has given the world Lincoln and Roosevelt, Longfellow and Whitman, the America of great scientists and honest, energetic working people.

FREDERIC JOLIOT-CURIE (*France*)

THE atmosphere of suspicion and war psychosis produced by the armament drive is rendering war very nearly inevitable. Incidentally, this atmosphere of suspicion is not being created without an ulterior motive. The pretext of the threat of aggression makes it possible to resort to social repression; it makes it possible to eliminate, by dubbing them criminals, incendiaries or traitors, people whose only crime is that they denounce social injustice and expose the dangers —and the private profits—of the armament drive.

How can we help but contrast the dangers of this enormous increase in armaments with all that science and technology would make it possible to confer on humanity, if they were applied to works of peace? The war effort of a single month would be sufficient, as Arnold Zweig has recently pointed out, to irrigate the Sahara and thus considerably augment the agricultural produce of the globe.

Humanity is still decimated by such terrible scourges as tuberculosis and cancer. Why not organize a battle against these scourges on the same scale, for example, as that on which the production of atomic bombs or other weapons of destruction is being pursued? Research in this domain is sufficiently advanced to make the victory of such an effort certain.

MME. PAK DEN AI (*Korea*)

THE agrarian reform established throughout Northern Korea put an end forever to the feudal domination of the big landlords and to the pitiless exploitation of the peasants. Over a million hectares of arable land were distributed to 725,000 former poor peasants and agricultural laborers. Then when the new life was beginning in North Korea, the southern part of the country found itself in the hands of the American imperialists who set up a fascist regime there. Facts and documents show indubitably the true authors of the war in Korea.

We have in our possession the copy of a letter from Syngman Rhee to Toho Bron-Oku, his personal representative in Washington. There it is written in black and white, "We are actually ready to undertake unification except that we are short of armaments and equipment. It is essential for us to have armed forces in order to start our march into the North."

On July 14, four American planes machine-gunned Moun-Bon-Gon, a boy from the third class in school as well as eight of his comrades. On August 19, American bombers savagely bombarded the town of Tchon-Tsin, dropping bombs on the residential districts. At the end of the raid 3,626 houses were destroyed, 1,034 persons killed, 2,347 wounded.

After several bombardments of this kind the town of Tchon-Tsin, which had 120,000 inhabitants, was left a heap of ruins.

Among the survivors of the bombardment in Phenien there was a young woman with a child on her back. She did not know that the child had its head severed. No one had the courage to tell her and when she wanted to give her breast to the baby she saw that it was dead. She joined a detachment of partisans.

Our people, having had the bitter experience of colonial servitude, are carrying on the struggle for a free and independent life, the struggle for the right to a life of peace and happiness. Our country is ready to make every sacrifice and every effort in the name of its radiant future.

CHARLES P. HOWARD (*U.S.A.*)

A FEW minutes ago, I witnessed your magnificent demonstration in honor of Korea. Speaking for myself, and also on behalf of my delegation, I would say to the delegates of Korea that there are millions of people in our country, the United States, who hope that Korea will soon secure a just and lasting peace.

Let me say, as a national leader of the Progressive Party, and as a son of my people, that I have the sharpest criticism of the America of Truman and Acheson. On the other hand I must take up the idea expressed here yesterday by Pierre Cot when he said, "We are accused of being supporters of the Soviet Union and enemies of the United States. That is not true. We are supporters of peace and enemies of war."


Picasso
3.11.50.

Yesterday we heard a long and rambling address from Mr. Rogge, who, only the other day, announced his withdrawal from the defense of the Trenton Six. As a Negro and a lawyer, I realize, of course, that in the present situation it is more dangerous to defend the lives of six innocent victims than to be the lawyer of the Yugoslav Embassy in Washington.

But Mr. Rogge does not convey the views of the American Delegation. He is a paid employee of the Yugoslav Government. And I think this Congress should evaluate his speech in the light of that employment.

But what is our problem here? Yes, we are against wars of aggression. We do stand for peace. But we do not stand for the "status quo." Surely what we Negro Americans want is peace together with change. We stand for the inalienable rights of all peoples, including the American people and surely the Negro people. To the peoples of Latin America, to our brothers in India, to the great black people all over the world, I extend the hand of brotherhood.

As a descendant of those who were brought to America in chattel slavery, and whose blood and unpaid labor contributed to the building of that great nation, I—as all my people—look forward to the day when in our land we will be treated with the human dignity and love that has been accorded us here in Poland. This is possible only in a world of peace.

MANIFESTO TO PEOPLES OF THE WORLD

WAR is threatening mankind—every man, woman, and child. The United Nations Organization has failed to justify the hopes of the peoples to preserve peace and tranquillity. The lives of human beings and civilization are in peril!

The peoples of the world hope that the United Nations Organization will resolutely return to the principles that inspired its foundation after World War II, in order to ensure freedom, peace and respect between peoples.

But the peoples of the world have even greater faith in themselves, in their own determination and goodwill. Every thinking person knows that to say "war is inevitable," is to slander mankind.

You, who read this message proclaimed by the Second World Peace

Congress in Warsaw on behalf of the people of eighty nations in all parts of the world, must never forget that the fight for peace is your fight. You must know that hundreds of millions of people have come together and have extended their hands to you. They call on you to take part in the most noble battle ever waged by humanity, firmly confident of its future.

Peace does not wait on us, it must be won. Le us unite our efforts and demand that the war now devastating Korea, a war that tomorrow may set the world ablaze, cease now.

Take action with us against the attempts being made to kindle once more the flames of war in Germany and Japan.

Together with the 500 million people who signed the Stockholm Appeal, demand: Abolition of atomic weapons, general disarmament and control over the implementation of these measures. Strict control over general disarmament and destruction of atomic weapons is technically possible; all that is needed is the will.

Demand the outlawing of propaganda for war. See to it that our peace proposals adopted at this Second World Peace Congress are brought to the notice of representatives in our Parliaments, our Governments and the United Nations Organization.

The forces of the peace-loving peoples of the world are sufficiently great. The voice of the peace-loving peoples is strong enough so that by our common efforts we can insist on a meeting of the representatives of the five great powers.

The Second World Peace Congress is irrefutable proof that men and women gathered from each of the five continents, notwithstanding differences of opinion, can agree in order to avert the scourge of war and to preserve peace.

Let the governments act in the same way and peace will be saved.

ADDRESS TO THE UNITED NATIONS

WHEN the peoples of the world created the United Nations they endowed it with their hopes. The greatest of these was the hope of peace.

But, today, war already disturbs the peaceful life of some peoples and, tomorrow, threatens to disturb the peace of all mankind. If the United Nations has not fulfilled the great hope reposed in it by all the

peoples of the world, both those whose governments are represented in it and those not yet represented, if the United Nations has not guaranteed to mankind security and peace, this is because it has been influenced by forces which have disregarded the only path to universal peace, to the search for general agreement.

If the United Nations is to realize the hopes that the peoples still repose in it, it must return to the path marked out for it by the peoples since the day of its foundation, and, as a first step in this direction, it must secure as soon as possible the calling of a meeting of the five great powers—U.S.A., France, the Soviet Union, Great Britain and the Chinese People's Republic—for discussion and peaceful settlement of existing differences.

The Second World Peace Congress, comprising delegates of eighty countries and expressing the true voice of a humanity longing for peace, demands that immediate consideration be given by the United Nations and by the parliaments to which the governments of the various countries are responsible, the following proposals designed to restore and preserve peace, to restore and preserve confidence among all countries regardless of their social systems:

1. Disquieted by the fact that the war now raging in Korea is not only bringing incalculable disaster upon the people of Korea but also threatens to develop into a new world war, we demand the immediate cessation of hostilities, the withdrawal from Korea of foreign armies and the peaceful settlement of the internal conflict between the two parts of Korea, with the participation of representatives of the Korean people. We demand that the problem be dealt with by the Security Council in its full composition—including the representatives of the Chinese People's Republic. We call for the termination of the intervention by American armed forces on the Chinese island of Taiwan (Formosa) and the cessation of hostilities against the Republic of Viet Nam, operations which both contain the danger of world war.

2. We categorically condemn every move made and measure taken to violate the international agreements forbidding the remilitarization of Germany and Japan. These attempts and measures constitute a grave threat to peace. We demand categorically the signing of a peace treaty with a united and demilitarized Germany, the signing of a peace treaty with Japan and the withdrawal from both these countries of the forces of occupation.

3. We consider the use of force to keep peoples in a state of depend-

ence and colonial subjection as a threat to the cause of peace, and we proclaim the right of these peoples to freedom and independence. At the same time we raise our voices against every form of racial discrimination because it promotes hatred among the nations and constitutes a danger to peace.

4. We consider it necessary to expose the attempts made by the aggressors to confuse the very meaning of what constitutes aggression and, in this way, provide a pretext for foreign intervention in the internal affairs of other nations. We declare that no political, strategic or economic considerations, no motives deriving from the internal situation or any internal conflict in one or another state can justify armed intervention by any other state. Aggression is a criminal act of that state which first employs armed force against another state under any pretext whatever.

5. We hold that propaganda for a new war constitutes a grave threat to the peaceful co-operation of peoples and one of the greatest crimes against humanity.

We address the parliaments of all countries with the request to enact a law for the protection of peace, which shall render liable to punishment as a crime all propaganda for a new war, whatever form it may take.

6. All decent people, whatever their political color, regard ruthless mass destruction of the civil population as a crime against humanity. We demand that an international commission shall be appointed to examine the crimes committed in Korea and, in particular, the question of the responsibility of General MacArthur.

7. Voicing the demands of the peoples who bear upon their shoulders the burdens of war budgets, and firmly resolved to guarantee humanity a stable and lasting peace, we submit for the consideration of the United Nations, of all parliaments and of all peoples the following proposals:

Unconditional prohibition of all types of atomic weapons and of bacteriological, chemical, poison gases, radio-active and all other means of mass destruction;

A declaration that the government that first employs such means shall be considered a war criminal.

The Second World Peace Congress, conscious of its repsonsibility before the peoples, also addresses a solemn call to the great powers and suggests that they carry out, in the course of the years 1951-52, a

progressive, simultaneous and proportional reduction of all armed forces on land, sea and air to the extent of from one-third to one-half.

Such a measure would put a decisive end to the armaments drive and reduce the danger of aggression. It would help to lighten the war budgets which are a heavy burden on all strata of the people. It would help also to restore international confidence and the necessary co-operation between all states, irrespective of their systems.

The Congress declares that control, in relation to prohibition of the atomic weapon and other types of arms of mass annihilation of people as well as ordinary arms and armaments reduction, is technically possible.

Under the Security Council, there should be set up an international control body endowed with authority for inspection. The duty of this body must include control over armaments reduction and also implementation of the ban on atomic, bacteriological, chemical and other means of mass annihilation.

To be effective, this control must relate not only to the military forces, existing armaments and production of armaments, declared by each country, but, at the demand of the International Control Commission, this control must include inspection of suspected military forces, existing armaments and production of armaments that have not been declared.

These proposals for reduction of armed forces represent the first stage along the way to general and complete disarmament which is the final goal of all defenders of peace.

The Second World Peace Congress expresses the belief that peace cannot be guaranteed by seeking a balance of power by means of an armaments drive. The Congress declares that the measures proposed by it do not give any military advantage to one or another side, that they undoubtedly prevent war, ensure security and enhance the well-being of the peoples of the world.

8. We emphasize that, in certain countries, the passage from a peace economy to a war economy is increasingly disturbing normal economic relations and exchange between countries both of raw materials and industrial goods. It is our view that this exerts a pernicious influence on the standard of living of many peoples, that it raises obstacles to economic progress and business relations between all countries and, finally, that this situation is a source of conflicts endangering the peace of the world. Taking into consideration the vital interests of the popu-

lation of all countries, and with the desire to improve conditions throughout the world, we suggest that normal trade relations be restored between the different countries on mutually advantageous conditions satisfying the requirements of the peoples concerned, excluding economic discrimination in any form, and ensuring the development of the national economy, the economic development of states, both large and small.

9. We hold that disruption of cultural relations between the peoples tends to division and loss of mutual understanding, creates a climate of distrust favorable to war propaganda. On the other hand, the strengthening of cultural relations between the peoples creates conditions favorable to mutual understanding and strengthens their trust in the common struggle for peace. We address all governments, urging them to contribute toward improving cultural relations among the peoples in order to enable them to become better acquainted with each other's treasures in the sphere of culture. We suggest also facilitating the organization of international conferences of persons active in the field of culture, the mutual exchange of their visits and the publication and wide diffusion of the literature and art of other countries.

10. Calling upon the United Nations to justify the hopes reposed in it by the peoples of the world, we bring to its attention the fact that we have established a World Council of Peace which will be a body embracing representatives of all the peoples of the world, those within the United Nations and those not yet represented therein, and also the dependent and colonial countries.

The World Council of Peace will call upon the United Nations to fulfil, in practice, its duty in strengthening and developing peaceful co-operation between all countries. It will assume the lofty task of securing a firm and lasting peace, corresponding to the vital interests of all nations. The World Council of Peace will instill in mankind the confidence that, despite all present difficulties which must in no way be minimized, it will accomplish the mission it has undertaken.

RESOLUTION ON STRENGTHENING CULTURAL RELATIONS

With a view to ensuring peaceful collaboration and mutual understanding between peoples, the Second World Congress of the Defenders of Peace considers it necessary to take measures for the strengthening

and development of cultural relations between the different countries. The Congress recommends:

In the Field of Science

The creation of international scientific associations to include scientists from every country.

The organization of scientific congresses in the capitals of each state in turn. Organization of visits of scientists to other countries for closer mutual relations and for the exchange of scientific experience.

Exchange of literature between universities and big libraries. Publication of regular bulletins with notes on material published in the different countries.

The organization of visits to other countries for young people, students, etc., during holidays.

In the Field of the Arts

The organization of tours for theatrical companies, orchestras, ballet companies and outstanding representatives of the arts, as well as the distribution of films.

The organization of music festivals, to familiarize listeners with the music of other countries.

The organization of exhibitions of art and of folk art.

Invitations to representatives of other countries to take part in the celebrations of national commemorations of important dates in history, science, literature and the arts. Commemoration of these dates in other countries.

The translation of literary works, the publication and performance of musical works. Exchange of these as well as notes and articles or critical statements about them.

Widespread publication of world classics in literature and in music and reproduction of paintings, sculptures and world-famous examples of architecture.

The development, in each country, of the art of translation of literary works from other languages.

GESTAPO, U. S. A.

by RICHARD O. BOYER

THE dossier of J. Edgar Hoover, recently compiled by Max Lowenthal in his book about the Federal Bureau of Investigation,* proves among a good many other things that the American state, including the F.B.I., is the obedient servant of Wall Street. Mr. Hoover himself has never had a moment of doubt as to who was his boss. He has used the law and broken the law with the never-varying, single-minded purpose of protecting the profits, the investments and the controlling position of those who own the state.

It is natural, therefore, that Mr. Hoover should have the protection, if not the adulation, of press, radio and motion picture. Although Mr. Lowenthal's study contains carefully documented charges of wholesale official law-breaking, of a country dragooned into thought control and suffering under a police state, the press for the most part refused to mention the charges and instead attacked Mr. Lowenthal. There were cries of *lèse majesté,* an uproar reminiscent of that which seizes the faithful when saint is attacked by infidel.

This, too, is natural since Mr. Hoover has succeeded in creating an America after his own image. We live in the time of the spy, and his values have become the country's. Under the Loyalty Act, whose provisions Mr. Hoover helped formulate, an American may be charged with an offense of whose precise nature he is not specifically informed by a spy who is not named. Under the McCarran Act an American may be sent to jail not for what he believes but for what Congress says he believes. The ancient protections that were once given a defendant are now reserved only for Mr. Hoover's informer. Under the new dispensation the words you speak cannot save you

* *The Federal Bureau of Investigation* by Max Lowenthal, William Sloane Associates. $4.50.

from prosecution because they may be "Aesopian." Neither can condemnation of Communism save you since, according to Mr. Hoover's Louis Budenz, condemnation of Communism often reveals the Communist. This then is Mr. Hoover's America, Mr. Hoover's police state in which you are damned if you do and damned if you don't, in which all normal reality has vanished and in which Mr. Hoover's mania for thirty years has at last become the official law of the land.

Mr. Hoover's credo, the Lowenthal dossier reveals, has always been the *status quo* and to hell with the Bill of Rights; his law, the program of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and forget the First Amendment. His ability to find a Red in every strike has only been matched by his fantastic subserviency to wealth. It is inevitable, therefore, that his dossier contains overwhelming evidence of his failure to use the law against his masters and of his eagerness to use it against their opponents. His idea of the proper way to use the anti-trust laws, for example, is not to use them against the monopolies for which they were drafted but against the labor unions. His record, moreover, is marked by the frequent use of his bureau to break strikes, jail strikers and spy on labor unions on the alleged principle that every American strike for more wages and better conditions is in reality a Kremlin plot for revolution.

Yet perhaps his greatest service to his principals has been his unflagging effort to prohibit any idea or word hinting that the *status quo* might be improved. In his effort to silence the American people and make expression dangerous, he has arrested thousands because of their political opinions, has confiscated vast libraries, literally tons of literature and uncounted truckloads of pamphlets. He differs from the Nazis in this matter of books. He does not burn them. Instead he files them away along with the records that contain the finger prints, descriptions and alleged political views of millions upon millions of Americans, most of the information coming from informers. Mr. Hoover has used the vast machinery at his disposal to solicit the anonymous spying of every American against his neighbor. The results have been an avalanche in which no gossip has been too trivial nor innuendo too base for the files of the F.B.I.

FOR thirty years F.B.I. spies have attended American meetings, concentrating on trade-union meetings, of course, and have taken down the words of Americans for filing away in the hope that they

may sometime be used against them. For thirty years F.B.I. clerks have assiduously read the nation's Negro press, attributing all protest therein to a dire Moscow plot. For thirty years Mr. Hoover has fought the fight for thought control to be rewarded at last by the Loyalty Order, which subjects two million Federal employees to the possibility of charge without right of knowing their accuser or the precise accusation, and the McCarran Act which Mr. Hoover has suggested may apply at once to five hundred thousand Americans. They are, according to current plans, to be jailed by administrative edict which determines their beliefs for them on the basis of legislative act despite anything they themselves may say about what they actually do believe.

It is obvious that Mr. Hoover does not agree with Carey McWilliams who writes in his new book, *Witch Hunt*: "We pledge allegiance to the flag; not to the profit system." Mr. Hoover's loyalty is to capitalism and devotion to it alone is his patriotism. It may be news to him that the founding fathers in framing the First Amendment intended that any and every idea no matter how outrageous to the business community had the right of a hearing. As for Mr. Justice Holmes' dictum that ". . . if in the long run, the beliefs expressed in proletarian dictatorship are destined to be accepted by the dominant forces, the only meaning of free speech is that they should be given their chance and have their way"—it is possible that upon reading this Mr. Hoover merely added the quotation to the jurist's file. For Mr. Hoover is no respecter of position if the holders of it are contesting with the reigning powers. According to testimony before a Senate investigating committee, the F.B.I. shadowed maverick Senators, frequently rifling their mail and hiring spies to enter their employ, especially when they proposed inquiries into big business graft such as the Teapot Dome scandal.

Mr. Hoover, it is said, is inherently unable to believe himself wrong. He believes himself the American spirit incarnate. Thus it is probably with good consicence that he and his bureau, according to voluminous testimony before Congressional committees, have consistently violated as a matter of policy the First, Fifth and Eighth Amendments of the Bill of Rights, have held literally thousands of Americans incommunicado, arrested them without warrant, denied them the right of bail, denied them the right of counsel, forced con-

fessions upon them as a condition for bail, subjected them and their homes to illegal search and seizure without benefit of search warrant as well as subjecting them to cruel and unusual punishment by the crudity of their confinement.

In what he terms the fight to save the Constitution, Mr. Hoover and his principals have nearly destroyed the Constitution. In his crusade to save the country, he characterizes the fight for peace, the struggle for Negro rights, the struggle for a living wage, against censorship and thought control, for the Bill of Rights and academic freedom, against fascism, against the poll tax, against lynching, for adequate housing, for any decency or any reform or any progress as naught but a plot of Moscow. Unless an American endorses war and the *status quo* he is in danger of being deprived of job and freedom.

CONGRESS refused to authorize a Federal bureau of investigation, when application for such a bureau was made by Attorney General Charles J. Bonaparte in 1907, on the grounds that such an agency was likely to develop into a national spy system culminating in the police state. The Attorney General retaliated by creating the bureau through executive fiat in 1908. It had difficulty at first in carving out a place for itself, most federal crimes being adequately cared for by the secret service and postal inspectors. And this was one of the reasons the bureau from its inception was anxious to create a huge jurisdiction by making thought control and the spoken word—both protected by the First Amendment—its special province. It had to violate the Constitution in order to live, break the law that it might pretend to enforce it.

The public received its first gauge of the bureau's efficiency when, during World War I, it swooped down on New York arresting 75,000 people in a draft raid. After these thousands had been held incommunicado for days in packed jails, their frantic wives and families searching for them, it was found that it was all a mistake save in the instance of about half of one per cent of those arrested. The bureau really got under way, however, with the creation of the General Intelligence Division in August, 1919, under Mr. Hoover, its function the protection of the country from all radical thought and thought itself, for virtually any thought not found in the Republican platform was considered cause for prison.

From the very first Mr. Hoover employed the formula he still uses, that the special emergency of the Red menace required the abrogation of the Bill of Rights. Upon taking over as head of the General Intelligence Division, he said in 1919: "The present organized world-wide class struggle threatens the foundations of society and civilization itself." Four months later he declared that the radicals "threaten the happiness of the community, the safety of every individual and the continuance of every home and fireside." When in October, 1918, Congress passed a law providing for the deportation of non-citizens holding objectionable views, Mr. Hoover received a weapon through which he could protect the American home and fireside.

Acting under Attorney General Palmer, he protected the American home through the infamous Palmer raids of November, 1919, and January, 1920. During the raids there was scarcely a brutality known to man that was not used, scarcely a provision of the Constitution that was not flouted. Suicide and insanity, the starvation of families, sickness and tragedy, were the results of the Palmer raids. Ten thousand people were torn from their families in midnight raids, and, after being subjected to every kind of deprivation, humiliation and hardship, more than 6,500 were released. There was no evidence against them even when the sole crime charged was birth and belief. The vast majority of the others were freed, often after weeks of illegal imprisonment. The raids were described as the most colossal example of heartless official lawlessness in the history of the country by the twelve prominent lawyers who signed "A Report Upon the Illegal Practices of the United States Department of Justice."

From the very first, too, Mr. Hoover's special target was organized labor. The Bureau of Investigation broke strike after strike in 1919 and 1920—the steel strike, the coal strike, the railroad strike—by arresting the leaders and thousands of the rank and file. Sometimes they were arrested as non-citizens, sometimes under the Sherman anti-trust law, with the charge that they had combined in restraint of trade. Through the years Mr. Hoover's interest in strikes continued. No matter how low wages or high living costs, he invariably described the strikes as plots of Moscow. Always he collaborated with the spying services of the corporations and often in great nation-wide strikes in a major industry, he organized his Washington office as if it were the headquarters of a general staff, directing co-ordinated war on the many

fronts of a country-wide strike, warning employers of coming moves of the strikers and helping them thwart such moves. The employers frequently praised him, rewarding resigning subordinates with lucrative jobs.

In 1940, the *Railroad Trainman,* official journal of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, declared in an editorial:

> "Hoover is now engaged in a nation-wide search of those whom he considers are indulging in 'subversive activities.' [To] Hoover . . . 'subversive activities' are apt to be any activities or opinions which he dislikes, and that includes the legitimate and lawful activities of organized labor. . . . The equivalent of one person out of every sixty families in America [is] on his shameful list. . . ."

The last statement has been overtaken by time. Hoover's "shameful list" now apparently runs into the millions, although he has modestly said, "We do not have a file on every American." His appropriation has grown from $6,000,000 in 1939 to $44,000,000 ten years later, its size and passage frequently stimulated by predictions of impending violent revolution.

A good part of the money appropriated has been directed to the surveillance of the printed word. There is scarcely a magazine in the country escaping F.B.I. scrutiny, but particular attention has always been given the Negro press. As early as 1920 the bureau was finding that expression of Negro grievances was an evidence of Bolshevism.

The *Messenger,* militant Negro monthly, was described as "the open exponent of defiance and sedition." In a report to Congress on the *Messenger,* the F.B.I. gave what it called the complete report of the *Messenger's* "counsel to the Negro to align himself with Bolshevism." As Mr. Lowenthal points out, "the text of the Negro paper's article did not mention Bolshevism at all, but it contained the *Messenger's* program: 'The time is ripe for a great mass movement among Negroes. It ought to assume four distinct forms, viz., labor unions, farmers' protective unions, co-operative business and socialism.'" Among a good many other Negro papers that aroused Hoover's ire was the Chicago *Whip.* The F.B.I. quoted it as saying, "The colored people . . . must . . . arouse themselves to the fullness of their powers and inherent rights," remarking that here was an obvious case of Communistic sedition. Mr. Hoover's watchdogs also reported to Congress

that a circular issued by Negroes had actually said, "The only power of the Negro is his power as a worker; his only weapon is the strike." This too was emphasized as sedition as was another statement declaring, "The Negro must unite with other workers."

MR. LOWENTHAL deserves better from his country than abuse. At the very least he deserves that his documented statements be made available to the country, or a summary of them, by a press that has refused to do so. Yet because Mr. Lowenthal has been confined to testimony and documents he has not told the whole story here by any means. The record of the F.B.I. is like the well-known iceberg; only the smallest part of it is visible. Mr. Lowenthal suggests that to many an iconoclast of the twenties it would have seemed impossible that the bumptious figure of Mr. Hoover would become the prototype of official America. To many a liberal of the thirties it would have seemed incredible that Mr. Hoover's Hearst-like brain would become the model for much American thinking. While it was always somewhat dangerous to criticize him, criticism of him being tantamount to criticism of capitalism and endorsement of the Reds, still there were in the past a number of hardy souls who challenged his behavior. It is interesting to recall that these included two present Justices of the Supreme Court, Frankfurter and Jackson. Charles Evans Hughes was another, and Senator Walsh of Montana.

It is only comparatively recently that American opinion has become so bull-dozed that there is no analogous public figure today anywhere brave enough to defend the Constitution from Mr. Hoover. Like many other things this abject fright, this total surrender of the American heritage is a result of the so-called cold war. American monopoly will not now allow any of its servants the luxury of independence or integrity. It takes courage to defend the Bill of Rights at a time when so many concoct tortuous rationalizations of why it should not presently apply. The Communist Party is in the forefront of this struggle. It was Eugene Dennis, secretary of the Communist Party of the United States, who said, in refusing to recant and save himself from the year in jail he is now serving, "My own liberty is dear to me. But the liberty of the American people is still more dear."

Leaders of the American bar, when approached by the Communist defendants convicted under the Smith Act for "conspiring to teach and

advocate," were unanimous in their statement that the law was unconstitutional and unanimous in their declaration that they did not dare plead the case before the Supreme Court. This is natural, if regrettable, for the vicissitudes of world politics have made the mind and character of Mr. Hoover the almost unchallenged epitome of Americanism. An America after the image of Hoover has brought us to the brink of disaster abroad and the assassination of the Bill of Rights at home. In Hoover's era it has been agreed that both Constitution and common law are luxuries we cannot afford. In their place we have the atom bomb.

All this may seem to mark triumph for Mr. Hoover's thirty year fight for thought control, but that triumph will be short. In the long view of history Mr. Hoover's career may be chiefly interesting as affording proof of Marxist theory. The nature of the state, any state in a class society, is, in the last analysis, the dictatorship of the dominant class. Mr. Hoover's career reveals the whole power of the American state being directed almost exclusively to buttressing American capital and penalizing those who venture to oppose it or even criticize it. The American in jail for his opinion can understand the meaning of the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie even if the phrase mystifies some scholars.

Yet Marxist theory concerning civil rights offers cheering stuff for the present dark day. Civil rights are not immutable principles gaining their force from statute or court. They have only that force the people give them. They are only valid when the people challenge the dictatorship of monopoly and the degree of their validity is in direct ratio to the success of the people's challenge. When the American people move in their own favor, the Bill of Rights will once more be upheld by the courts. When the American people move for peace abroad and an end of slaughter, when they move for democracy at home and the control of their own lives and their own country, then Mr. Hoover will be only an unpleasant memory.

No Children Are Strangers

by JOSEPH NORTH

WORD flew from door to door in the ramshackle neighborhood and mothers scurried from their kitchens onto the bright pavements in brief, frantic sallies, gathered up their children, shooed them inside and slammed the doors and shutters tight. The nearing crackle of revolver shots punctuated their frightened calls for their young.

Through the war years our town had throbbed, tortured and feverish, and now this had to come. The torpid railroad town along Penn's river had swollen to twice its size as though it had drunk some bloating poison. The press called it prosperity: it reveled in tales of workmen going to their jobs in silk shirts and patent leather shoes.

A vast shipyard had sprung up where reed birds had wheeled for centuries and now the riveters hammered day and night. Tankers to carry oil for the engines of war overseas slid down the ways where once minnows swam and naked children tumbled on the grassy shore. I remember the tugboat towing the first piledriver to its place and I recall our wonderment: they set it up in the little inlet where all the children of the poor went to swim.

The piledrivers pounded and the ships' ways went up. The little city's skyline became a jagged row of derricks and cranes and the narrow streets, some from Revolutionary days, grew crowded with workmen of all nations: Mexicans, Poles, Italians, Russians, Irishmen. Mr. Pew of Sun Oil had brought prosperity to the town, the paper exulted. The merchant of war had also brought up thousands of Negroes from the cottonfields to sweat in the shipyard and in the munitions works on the city's outskirts. Simultaneously Southern whites had come North, and many bore the Kluxer bacillus into the city whose schools had taught, with proper pride, I remember well, that here had been an Underground Railway before the Civil War.

And now this, the "race riot," as they called it, of 1919. What happened here, I later learned, happened in a score of cities across the country at about the same time. Those in East St. Louis received the most notice, but this I saw.

The prosperity born of bloodshed brought its logical violence. Violence upon violence. Before the war, death walked the streets often enough where we lived. They brought Johnny Stevens' father home with an arm sheered off at the elbow and we heard him scream throughout the night. I had gone to the window from my cot and looked across the street at his home where the lights burned all night and none on the street slept. Then boisterous, laughing Abie Ogden who could swim the wide Delaware, had fallen from a freight car the first week he had gone to work on the Reading, and they carried home a shattered seventeen-year-old body in a sheet.

Horror had its timetable and visited us as though we were cursed. The big munitions plant at Eddystone exploded and arched shot and shell senselessly into the city as if it were besieged by some blind, monstrous fate. The children ran down Market Street when they closed the schools and we stood, silent, on the pavements watching them bring the charred bodies to City Hall for kin to recognize. Stretcher after stretcher came from the ambulance: we counted 164.

Then came the plague of flu and the undertakers marched somberly through the neighborhoods of the poor daily. The frightened mothers, sensing that the men of science were helpless, turned to mumbo-jumbo to save us. We wore amulets, little balls of camphor about our necks, to ward off the fatal bug. I can still smell their sickly-sweet odor.

I have often considered the horror with which our propertied class utters the tolling phrase: "overthrow of the government by force and violence." They say it with eyes turned heavenward as though life has unfolded in an idyll of sweet peace. Why, they thrust us into a world where violence walked the streets like a policeman on his beat. It was in the warp of our days and nights. The newspapers, ever responsive to the requirements of their class, buried the tragedies of the poor in a line or two of type, sank the truth deep beneath the lurid columns of titillating scandals, robberies, diverting trivia.

And yet . . . they lived on, loved, brought their children into the world, laughed, ate, drank, dreamed, thought, strove. They came on, stumbling, clawing for life though misfortune surrounded them. Man

proposed, but God—and in our town he was chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Sun Oil Company with the odd name of Mr. Pew—disposed. His world hemmed them in with tragedy, snatched the little frame home they saved their nickels for, gobbled their mortgages in the recurrent crises. Surrounded, yes, yet they were always breaking out of the encirclement, were never trapped, not fully. Their common hardship brought common opposition and man, the gregarious, came to know the brotherhood of the poor. It was in their very idiom of the street: "Take it easy, Jack," "Take care," "You can count on me," "Don't work too hard," "So long," "See you." They were forever in a natural, if illicit, conspiracy against death. This I learned in numberless instances, like the one I relate.

AND so this day, the skinny brown tot ran breathlessly into the house of our next-door neighbor crying, "Grandma, men are shooting guns at us in Market Street." They hunted a dark face, any dark face, and any age was fair game.

The youngster was the grandson of stately Mrs. Trippet whom we had known for a decade as the motherly, soft-voiced Negro woman whose little frame-house was sanctuary for all children. Hers was a haven in that jungle of misery. Poor as she was, and she earned her living washing other people's clothes, there was always the corn muffin or the larded piece of bread, the smile, the laughing word for the brawling, hungry, grimy children of the poor, white or black. Her older grandson, Tom, and I belonged to the same neighborhood gang. We had been playmates as long back as I could remember. Tom was wiry, tall, deft. His dark face bore a sensitive, brooding look that brightened into a flash of sunlight when he smiled.

He was the champion who advanced first when we met the Potter Streeters, for his was the hardest punch, the fleetest foot, the surest eye. We would walk to school together, but we parted at the school gate. He went on to the shabby, red-brick schoolhouse that was Jim Crow and stood a few yards from ours. After school we joined forces again and raced our way back home, often stopping, or being stopped, by bigger kids who called me "kike" and him "nigger." Then came a flurry of fists, a running guerrilla battle along the pavements, across the city's main thoroughfare, into a vacant lot where we had heaped piles of stones for emergencies such as these and the rocks flew.

Often we went together to the nearby free library where Tom, breathless, devoured the tales of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. He had argued that we name our gang that, and dedicate ourselves to finding kids in trouble and aiding them. We swore a solemn oath, and the ragged, miniature Knights of the Round Table roamed the streets to right wrongs and champion the weak. Tom was a tall, dark King Arthur.

Now he was a gangly lad of fifteen, reserved, silent. He stood a head taller than I and we had remained close friends at high school which was not Jim Crow, not openly, that is. He had risen in his class to defend a thin, shy, wide-eyed Negro girl recently from the South whose name was Missouri Roberts. The teacher, a rooster of a man from North Carolina, had laughed at her, baited her, because occasionally she signed her name "missouri roberts," omitting the initial capital letters. She was, we knew, largely self-taught, having gone only three seasons to the school in the cotton fields. One day, desperate over her teacher's jibes, she threw the inkwell at him. The furious teacher advanced on the girl and would have struck her had not Tom struck first. For this he had been expelled only a month or so before. Now, today, his young brother, this bright afternoon, came running down the street and into the doorway. "Granny," his eyes wide, "men are shooting at us on Market Street."

MRS TRIPPET ran to my mother, for both were widow-women and their friendship had grown through the years. I can still remember the two: the round, brown face with the carefully combed gray hair near the broad white face with the carefully combed black hair. I can still see them standing by the wooden board fence between our yards, hanging the starched clothes on the line, laughing and in their spare moments passing the time of day. Though the immigrant woman's English had scarcely passed beyond a few hundred words, they made themselves amply understood, learned soon to communicate in the universal language of the poor.

Now Mrs. Trippet stood there, talking in her low voice. "It is a lynch mob," she said, brushing her trembling hand against her brow. "A lynch mob on Market Street." "Lynch, what is that?" the immigrant asked. Mrs. Tripper explained. "Oh," my mother had cried, "oh, a pogrom!"

Mrs. Trippet stared at her. "Thomas isn't home. He is on Market Street."

"And Ichiel isn't home," my mother started, Ichiel, her youngest brother, her favorite, whom she had brought from the old country three years before.

The two mothers stood silent an instant; my mother read the old Negro woman's resolve in her eyes. "No," said the little immigrant, "I will go. Not you. I am younger."

Mrs. Trippet shook her head. "He is my kin and *I* must go find him," she said firmly.

My mother grasped her shoulder. "No," she said fiercely. "I. I walk, I run, I hide, I know what to do." She fairly pushed the aged woman into our house. "I come soon."

As my mother wrapped her shawl about her head, Mrs. Trippet suddenly grasped her, looked at her searchingly, and said, "Careful, child, oh be careful."

My mother nodded, and as she told me afterward, she thought of the pogrom she had seen in Kovolevika where her older brother had fallen. And she went into the street on her search.

Ichiel, a handsome youth of twenty, owned a fiery temper and a tough pride. My mother knew the open street was no place for him at this moment. He had been a cobbler but quickly learned to drive a car and now earned his pay ferrying passengers from one end of the city to the other for a dime. They called the taxi-service "jitneys" in those days.

THE jitneys stood in the city's center, at Third and Market, some ten minutes off by foot. Here was the heart of the Negro slums which doubtless the Kluxers would storm. Mrs. Trippet said Thomas had gone to buy some groceries on Market Street near the jitneys.

When my mother left, Mrs. Trippet turned to me and my three younger brothers. We stood silent, surmising the gravity of the moment. The elderly Negro woman moved quickly from window to window, closed the shutters tight. "Now you all stay inside," she said quietly. She turned to me, "Honey, you keep them pacified." She had brought her young grandson into the house and the five of us went into the darkened kitchen. She locked the back door, kept only a crack open in the curtain through which she could scan the deserted street. "Every-

thing will be all right," she murmured. "God, make everything turn out all right."

I peered through the curtain and saw the small, lonely figure of my mother go up the eerily silent street and turn the corner onto the main thoroughfare where the shots were exploding.

My mother told us later that she found Market Street, usually crowded this time of the afternoon, deserted. She hurried on, passed the heavy stone facade of the first National Bank, its windows shuttered, as on Sundays and holidays, past the silent City Hall with its spire and its bronze plaque which said "George Washington stopped here for counsel with his officers on his way to the Battle of Brandywine in the Revolutionary War for freedom."

A little further on, she met a policeman, running, his face wet with sweat, a revolver in his hand. "Go home," he shouted, "Get back home, quick. There is trouble on these streets."

She shook her head. "No" she replied. He shrugged his shoulders. "Lady, it's your life." And he ran on.

She met a neighbor, a shipyard worker, hurrying home, his cap awry on his head. "Missus," he said, "If I was you I'd get off the street right away."

"No," she replied. He stood a moment, at her side. "Why?" he asked "Because I must," she said. "They're shooting," he warned.

"I heard," she said. He stared at her curiously, hesitated a moment, then went on.

She heard another burst of shots, but they came from a distance some blocks away where the street turned and she couldn't see what happened. As she reached Fourth Street, there, half a block off, she saw a score of shouting men pursuing a slim, tall dark lad and she knew it was Thomas.

"Get the bastard," they screamed, "Get the god-damn 'nigger'."

Tom, racing desperately up the street, saw her. The gang, baying like bloodhounds, was gaining ground. The leader halted to take three shots at the fleeing figure. The bullets caromed off the curbstone.

Tom ran directly toward my mother. She saw the Kluxer in the lead raise his revolver again, and lower it as she took her stand directly in the line of fire. Tom reached her, stumbled breathlessly. She helped him up and when the gang leader grabbed for Tom she stepped between him and the youngster. Her presence had startled them all and

in the brief moment of surprise, Tom shot away, veered into a nearby alley and disappeared.

The leader of the gang turned on her in fury. "If you wasn't a woman," he said, "I'd blow your goddamn brains out." She stood her ground, eyed him. "Brave man," she said. He raised his hand as though to slap her, then dropped it under her gaze. He turned to the gang, barked a few words and they scattered up the street.

She glanced down the alley, hesitated a moment, then continued on to the jitney stand. She waited alone some ten minutes until her brother pulled up. "Come home," she said unceremoniously. She climbed into the Ford and he drove home.

When she arrived Tom sat panting on a kitchen chair, his shirt a ragged strip about his spare, dark chest; his eyes dry and feverish as he stared at her, at us. Mrs. Trippet held a glass of water for him to drink.

My mother took off her shawl, put on her apron. "You, Ichiel," she said, like a captain, "you watch by the door." She helped Mrs. Trippet carry Thomas to the sofa we had in the kitchen by the big coal stove. They took off his shoes, his rag of a shirt, bathed his head.

AFTER nightfall caravans of automobiles sped through the neighborhood shooting into the shuttered widows of Negro homes. Now and then a shot replied. We sat silent in our house. All the lights were out, only a small candle flickered behind the drawn curtains.

Later, three Negro men crept through the dark into the yard. We could see them crouched behind our tall wooden fence and they held something in their hands.

"It is all right," Mrs. Trippet whispered, peering through the curtain over the kitchen window. "My people have come." They stayed there, in the shadows, all the night.

They had heard what had happened and had come to guard. They were still there when dawn broke and we saw National Guardsmen patrolling the streets in groups of three. Martial law had been declared.

Daylight found the children asleep in a huddle on the floor. Tom lay motionless on the kitchen couch. I had sat by the door all night with Ichiel and had nodded into an uneasy sleep near dawn.

I awoke to see the three Negro men at the kitchen table drinking coffee, eating the sandwiches my mother and Mrs. Trippet had pre-

pared. They ate silently, their eyes on the crack between the curtains. "Don't worry, missus," one of them, a stocky man of thirty, told my mother. "We're here. Nothing will happen to you." About noon, when everything had quieted down, they stole through the back door and disappeared.

About that time, our grocer, Mr. Garson, who lived a block away, entered the house. He was a short, red-faced man who spoke with a stutter. "Baila," he said to my mother, "how could you? You a w-w-widow, and with f-f-four orphans. You risked your life, your children's life, f-f-for a stranger?"

She regarded him a cool moment. "When I saw him running in the streets, I saw my children running in the streets," she said. "No children are strangers."

"OLD FRIENDS" of China

by HERBERT APTHEKER

MR. ACHESON insists that all the United States wants in Asia is to help its peoples: "We do not want to take anything from them for ourselves." And for China he has nothing but "friendship," a friendship proven by "fifty years of history." Senator Connally, with the sweep natural to a Texas plantation-owner, insists that the United States "has always been the friend" of China. Mr. Austin falls in between the Acheson-Connally school of Chinese-American historiography. He finds that the United States government has an unbroken record of friendship for China dating back to—precisely—1844 when the Treaty of Wanghai was signed. From then to now, Mr. Austin says the record has been intact, with such notable signposts of goodwill along the way as the Open Door Policy of 1899, the Root-Takahira agreement of 1908 and the fact that "all during the thirties the United States continued to manifest the gravest concern over Japanese aggression against China. . . ."

One can well understand the excitement created, then, by the remarks of General Wu Hsiu-chuan when he appeared before the U. N. Security Council, despite the vigorous—but friendly— opposition of the United States. Speaking on behalf of the People's Republic of China—unrecognized, in a friendly way, by the United States—General Wu said that, "notwithstanding the fact that the peoples of the United States and China have always maintained friendly relations, the American imperialists have always, in their relations with China, been the cunning aggressor. . . . However shamelessly the American imperialists claim to be friends of the Chinese people, the historical record which distinguishes friend from foe cannot be altered." And even of the sacred "Open Door" General Wu declared that "though ostensibly different from the policies of the other imperialist

powers, [it] was in fact an aggressive policy aimed at sharing the spoils with other imperialists."

What a scandal! And after all we had done for "those people" too! The N. Y. *Times,* in reporting the speech, was so shocked that it dropped its well-advertised objectivity under the headline: "Wu Renounces Long American Friendship." The next day the *Times* editorially wondered "what does communism do to men that they lose all sense of truth and every trace of human feeling?" It found intolerable General Wu's statement that "the American people [were] 'always the enemies of China'." Of all lies in history, said the *Times,* "this falsification of American-Chinese relations is the biggest, most shameless and most stupid" and displays a "brazen contempt for truth, for humanity, for history, and for the judgment of mankind."

The *Times,* in its excitement, apparently forgot that it had printed General Wu's speech. The Chinese official had not said that the peoples of the United States and China were enemies. On the contrary, he said, "the peoples of the United States and China have always maintained friendly relations." He did say, "the American imperialists" were the enemies of China. The virtuous *Times* was itself lying in order to accuse another of "contempt for truth."

Let us see what the record of Chinese-American relations tells us about the past. Perhaps this will illuminate the present.

A RESUME of the United States Government's official interest in China begins simultaneously with modern "Western civilization's" first friendly intercession there. This original display of disinterested assistance goes by the name of the Opium War, waged by Great Britain against China in 1842. When the Chinese government attempted to prevent British merchants from illegally importing opium from India into China, the English navy put its misguided friends in their place with some well-aimed shot and shell. Thereupon, China was relieved of Hong Kong, and of twenty-one million dollars and agreed to certain suggested port and tariff regulations. By coincidence an American naval squadron, under Commodore Kearny, was in Chinese waters at the time and suggested to China that whatever privileges were extended to English merchants should be extended to those from the United States, too. This moved an American missionary, one Dr. Nevius, then in China to remark: "Justifiable or not, the Opium War was made use

of in God's providence to inaugurate a new era in our relations with this vast empire."*

The United States continued its role in Asia of jackal to the maturing British lion for half a century. Commodore Kearny's demand was officially repeated in 1844 by a Massachusetts merchant-politician, Caleb Cushing, first U.S. resident commissioner in China. President Tyler, in his instructions, had told Mr. Cushing that he was a peaceful seeker of trade, but remarked: "Finally, you will signify, in decided terms and positive manner, that the government of the United States would find it impossible to remain on terms of friendship and regard for the Emperor, if greater privileges or commercial facilities should be allowed to the subjects of any other government than should be granted to the citizens of the United States."

This "decided" and "positive" display of friendship resulted in the Treaty of Wanghai. This assured American merchants the same treatment granted "the people of any other nation" (*i.e.,* of England) and forbade China from altering its tariff except "in consultation with consuls . . . of the United States." Moreover, here was introduced into modern history the principle of extra-territoriality, whereby U.S. citizens guilty of any crimes in China were *not* to be tried under Chinese law, but were "to be tried and punished only by the [U.S.] Consul."

Mr. Cushing, in reporting his triumph to Washington, commented: "I recognize the debt of gratitude which the United States and all other nations owe to England, for what she has accomplished in China. . . . But in return [this treaty] confers a great benefit on the commerce of the British empire." It was left for Mr. Austin, one hundred and six years later, to tell the United Nations what a friendly and generous gesture toward China the Treaty of Wanghai was!

The next twenty years in Chinese history are dominated by the great, democratic, anti-feudal, peasant revolt, known as the Taiping Uprising (in which 20,000,000 Chinese lost their lives) and by French and British wars of intervention and robbery. American merchants assisted in anti-Taiping expeditions and, indeed, one of them, Frederick Townsend Ward of Salem, Massachusetts, commanded a force for repressing

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* One may find this episode described with refreshing candor in *American Diplomacy in the Orient* (N. Y., 1903) by John W. Foster, John Foster Dulles' grandfather!

the "bandits." American naval vessels aided British and French fleets in the bombarding of Chinese forts (a monument in the Brooklyn Navy Yard celebrates one such attack of 1856) and U.S. forces actually took over a "concession" in Tientsin which was relinquished later on the direct orders of President Lincoln.*

The suppression of the Taiping democrats coincided with the opening of the Chinese forced-labor trade. Many of the rebels were in this way exiled from China. Most of the 500,000 Chinese workers carried to the United States, Latin America and the West Indies from the late fifties to the early eighties came in American vessels under conditions approximating the African slave trade for brutality. Scores of thousands of these workers were barbarously exploited in opening the mines of the west and in building the railroads that span the Rockies. Then, in 1882, with European immigration reaching flood-proportions, with radical reconstruction crushed in the South and with its labor "problem" momentarily in hand, the friendly United States government banned further entry of Chinese and forbade their naturalization.

Until 1943 and the anti-Axis war, and despite repeated protests by China and boycotts of American goods by Chinese, this shameful legislation remained on the books and was rigorously enforced. Moreover, numerous outrages against the person and property of Chinese here went unpunished. Of this whole chauvinist chapter A. Whitney Griswold, now President of Yale University, wrote:

> "The United States could, and did, ignore China's wishes with impunity. It violated existing treaties and dictated others in an overbearing manner. When China balked at the harsh terms demanded by the State Department, Congress dispensed with treaty sanctions altogether, and enacted laws that were even harsher. Scant allowance was made . . . for the sensibilities of a proud and friendly people. The persecution of Chinese subjects in the United States was winked at by the courts and, in effect, condoned by the federal government."**

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* A good account of this period is in Israel Epstein's *The Unfinished Revolution in China* (Boston, 1947).

** A. W. Griswold, *The Far Eastern Policy of the U.S.* (N. Y. 1938), pp. 338-39.

AND what of General Wu's references to the American Open Door policy? Was this, as the United States government spokesmen insist, an act of purest benevolence?

A striking fact appears to begin with. The diplomatic notes by which Secretary of State John Hay projected the Open Door in 1899 were sent to England, Russia, Germany, Japan, Italy and France—but not to China! Yet it *was* China's door. How explain it? Well, the whole house was in hock to seven financiers and if they wanted the door to stay open what they needed was mutual agreement. Given that they'd bloody-well tell the permanent occupant to keep his door open and his mouth shut.

Vultures fall upon a sleeping giant. They agree to share his blood and to drink in moderation. As though vultures could abide by an agreement or curb their greed! As though the giant would sleep forever!

In 1897 the State Department's Bureau of Foreign Commerce referred to "what may be termed an American invasion of the markets of the world" and pointed particularly to China as "one of the most promising." Soon, at the prodding of chambers of commerce, the Secretary of State was anxiously inquiring from Germany and Russia as to their intentions with regard to American property and trade in their Chinese "spheres of influence."

When the United States declared war on Spain in 1898 and Congress solemnly affirmed that we sought only Cuba's freedom, the capitalists knew this meant "we" would pick up assorted pieces of real estate, including the Philippines. Thus, two years before the Senate's ratification of Philippine annexation in 1900, the *New York Journal of Commerce* assumed it and commented that hitherto we had "allowed Great Britain to fight our battle for an open market in China: with our flag floating within 500 miles of Hong Kong we shall be able to give that policy something more than merely moral support in the future."

By September, 1898, President McKinley noted the rapid slicing up of China, but he rejoiced that the country would "be open to international commerce during such alien occupation" and announced that "if no discriminating treatment of American citizens and their trade be found to exist" all would be well. In two months the U.S. Minister to China was telling Secretary Hay that "if real progress is to be made . . . resources developed, markets created, and business established, Orientalism must effectually give way to Occidentalism."

With business—especially such big combines as the American Chinese Development Company—pressing, and England aiding and abetting, the United States in 1899 proposed the Open Door. This, in the doctrine's words, sought "to remove any cause of irritation and to insure at the same time to the commerce of all nations in China the undoubted benefits which should accrue from a formal recognition by the various powers claiming 'spheres of interest' that they shall enjoy perfect equality for their commerce and navigation within such 'spheres.'..." All the good friends of China agreed—the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, the German Kaiser, the Russian Czar and the Japanese Emperor.

Everyone agreed—except the Chinese people. And when they demonstrated their disagreement with "spheres" and "open doors" in the Boxer Uprising of 1900, the friends, with heavy hearts and bloody hands, converted them. Among the earnest friends were some 2,000 American troops, and for another half century such friends remained.

Of course the Chinese people had to indemnify the benevolent Powers. With its share of the loot, the United States, after a proper interval and with fitting fanfare, provided schools as additional tools for the maintenance of this strange friendship.

Statements by American leaders of that period substantiate General Wu's characterization of the Open Door. While today Odgen Reid writes in the N. Y. *Herald Tribune* (December 11, 1950) that "imperialism is Communist slang for democracy," his grandfather, Whitelaw Reid, editor of the old *Tribune,* toured the country in 1899 insisting: "The Pacific Ocean is in our hands now." He wanted, moreover, "to fence in the China Sea," thus "doubling our control of the Pacific and of the fabulous trade the Twentieth Century will see it bear." The U.S. consul-general in Hong Kong, Rousevelle Wildman, published a book in 1900 called *China's Open Door* with a laudatory foreword by Charles Denby, who had just been U.S. Minister to China. Here one reads such choice aphorisms as: "The fear of the warship is the beginning of trade." And, "The best advice I can give to merchants who honestly wish to compete for China's trade, is to imitate the methods of the old-established English and German firms. Gunboats, earnestness, diplomacy will give us our place in the Chinese market."

The same year that screaming eagle, Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana, told the United States Senate: "The Pacific is the ocean of the

commerce of the future. Most future wars will be conflicts for commerce. The power that rules the Pacific, therefore, is the power that rules the world." In arguing against self-government for the Filipinos, he insisted: "They are not capable of self-government. How could they be? . . . They are Orientals, Malays. . . . What alchemy will change the oriental quality of their blood and set the self-governing currents of the American pouring through their Malay vein?" In his peroration, Senator Beveridge brought Jehovah to his assistance: "God has not been preparing the English-speaking and Teutonic peoples for a thousand years for nothing. . . . He has made us the master organizers of the world. . . . He has made us adepts in government that we may administer government among savages and senile peoples."

Vast masses of the American people, Negro and white together, opposed this robber policy, but the ruling class, its newspapers and its government, approved it. *Senator Beveridge's own speech was read and approved, prior to delivery, by Mr. Perkins of J. P. Morgan & Co., Mr. McCall of the New York Life Insurance Co., Mr. Dodd of Dood-Mead Publishers, by Governor Theodore Roosevelt of New York, by the U.S. Secretary of State and by President McKinley!**

It was John Hay, himself, the Secretary of State during the enunciation of the Open Door, who, in weighing an American quarrel with Czarist Russia over Manchuria, wrote a friend in 1903 that "the open hand will not be so convincing to the poor devils of Chinks as the raised club."**

All, all, as Acheson-Austin-Connally & Co. insist, in the name of friendship!

WHAT about the twentieth century? The story has been one of sharply increased efforts at American financial penetration, meeting heightening Chinese resistance. Simultaneously, intra-imperialist squabbles over China intensified, especially as the might of Japanese and American imperialism grew more rapidly than that of their fellow-plunderers.

The contradictions implicit in all this multiplied many times as the

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* See Claude G. Bowers, *Beveridge and the Progressive Era* (N. Y., 1932), pp. 119-121.

** W. R. Thayer, *The Life and Letters of John Hay* (Boston, 1916), II, p. 369.

bonds of capitalism cracked and the Soviet Union appeared. Immediately, in 1919, Soviet Russia publicly declared it "annulled all treaties concluded between the former government of Russia and China, abandons all conquests of Chinese territory and all Russian concessions in China, and restores to China without compensation and for all time all that was predatorily seized from her by the Czarist government and the Russian bourgeoisie."

What a change this meant for China, for Asia, for the colonial world! Just fifteen years before, Czarist Russia and Imperial Japan had fought on her soil as to which might more fully exploit Manchuria, with the United States helping to finance Japan (through Edward H. Harriman and Kuhn, Loeb & Co.).

Typically, too, a State Department official wrote to the U.S. Minister to China in the summer of 1908: "'Wall Street' is feeling confident again and is looking for the investment of capital. . . . It has turned to Manchuria and wants the latest advice on the situation up there. . . . Accordingly, the Secretary [of State] . . . sent word that he wanted [Willard] Straight recalled for the purpose of furnishing information to the interested parties."* Now, Mr. Straight was a representative of J. P. Morgan & Co., and simultaneously U. S. consul-general at Mukden. This provides some of the background for the Root-Takahira agreement of November, 1908, between the United States and Japan. Here was reaffirmed the Open Door policy and here the United States recognized Japan's special interest in Manchuria in return for her promise to keep hands off "our" Philippines. It was left, once again, for Mr. Austin, forty-two years later, to tell the United Nations what a friendly and generous gesture to China was the Root-Takahira agreement!

Characteristic of the period, too, were numerous consortiums, or loans under the most usurious conditions, forced upon China by international bankers and not least those from the United States. Always these were predicated upon political, if not directly military, pressure, sometimes personally applied by the highest figures. Indicative is this communication, sent in 1909 by President Taft to Prince Chun, regent of China, in connection with a pending "loan" involving, among others, J. P. Morgan & Co., Edward H. Harriman and the National City Bank:

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* Quoted in A. W. Griswold, cited work, p. 139.

"I am disturbed at the reports that there is certain prejudiced opposition to your Government's arranging for equal participation by American capital in the present railway loan. . . . I send this message not doubting that your reflection upon the broad phases of this subject will at once have results satisfactory to both countries. . . . I have resorted to this somewhat unusually direct communication with your Imperial Highness, because of the high importance that I attach to the successful result of our present negotiations."*

From 1910 on, with the beginnings of the modern Chinese Revolution led by Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the imperialists have been busy, through puppets, "loans," treaties and bombs, attempting to restrain China's liberation effort and to intensify the exploitation of her peoples. But more important than a hundred Lansing-Ishii notes and Washington Naval Treaties was the letter Dr. Sun Yat-sen wrote to the Central Executive Committee of the U.S.S.R. shortly before his death in March, 1925:

"Dear Comrades, [Dr. Sun began]. While I am here laid low by a sickness against which human skill is helpless, my thoughts are turned to you and to the fate of my country. You are at the head of a union of free republics—the heritage which the immortal Lenin bequeathed to the oppressed peoples. With the aid of this heritage the victims of imperialism will inevitably achieve their liberation from the international system which since ancient times has been rooted in slavery, war and injustice. . . . In bidding you farewell, dear comrades, I express the hope that the day is near when the U.S.S.R. will welcome mighty and free China as a friend and ally, and that in the great struggle for the liberation of the oppressed peoples of the world both allies will march side by side to victory."

Now, will Acheson-Austin-Connally and Co. please explain to the United Nations why Dr. Sun did not write such a letter to the United States Cabinet rather than to the C.E.C. of the Soviet Union? Did he possibly know that the Cabinet was dominated by such a friend of China as Herbert Hoover, who, "once, expounding his views on labor

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* *United States Foreign Relations,* 1909 (Government Printing Office) p. 178. For a definitive study of the consortium method see Frederick V. Field, *American Participation in the China Consortium* (University of Chicago Press, 1931).

troubles to a friend, told how he had always found that chaining a Chinese coolie to a stake for a day in the hot sun was conducive to good discipline and a minimum of strikes"?*

Or perhaps Dr. Sun had met that typical correspondent of the American free press, one Rodney Gilbert (lately glorifier for the N. Y. *Herald Tribune* of the virtues of Chiang Kai-shek) who was writing in the twenties about "the blatant clamor of the Chinese radicals for their sovereign rights," the "anti-foreign rabble," "the unspeakable drool . . . about China's rights and aspirations . . ."?**

Meanwhile, the N. Y. *Times* in its disgustingly patronizing way was explaining to the Chinese who called for an end to unequal treaties, "Obviously this cannot be done at the moment" (January 23, 1927); and to those who demanded independence, "The Chinese were determined to be unreasonable whether faced by force or kindness" (February 2, 1927); and that, in any case, the Chinese "Reds hope by their plots and their propaganda to further the cause of Russian imperialism" (March 19, 1927).

To all of which there was then still in American public life one like Senator Borah of Idaho who wrote a friend: "It seems to me that we are overworking these days the 'red' proposition. . . . The 'reds' are not the authors of the child labor rules in China. The 'reds' are not in control of forty of her different cities and ports; and the 'reds' are not maintaining the unjust and unfair customs laws."***

BY THE thirties the general crisis of capitalism was plain to see. Everywhere the turn toward fascism appeared; everywhere depression and unemployment; everywhere jingoism, militarism and aggression. Everywhere, that is, except in the U.S.S.R.

The nearest plunderer, the Japanese ruling class, fell upon China in 1931 like a tiger and while feeding on its body whetted its appetite for devouring the Soviet Union. The other robbers, envious and distrustful, nevertheless urged her on and helped her.

Said the New York *Times,* December 12, 1931, from Harbin:

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* [Robert S. Allen and Drew Pearson], *Washington Merry-Go-Round* (N. Y., 1932), p. 63.

** Quoted in Dorothy Borg, *American Policy and the Chinese Revolution 1925-1928* (N. Y., 1947), p. 92.

*** C. O. Johnson, *Borah of Idaho* (N. Y., 1936), p. 349.

"It becomes evident that Japan's present military adventure into Manchuria is primarily aimed against the Soviet Union. . . . Many foreign observers, and not a few of the Japanese themselves, believe that Japan will force a war on Russia in the near future, believing that if such a war is inevitable Japan should push her advantage now rather than wait until Russia can complete her Five-Year Plan and become more efficient mechanically and industrially."

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Ralph Hendershot, Scripps-Howard financial editor wrote, October 29, 1931: "The Chinese-Japanese squabble, even though it develops into a war, may not be as detrimental as it appears. It might even stimulate trade a bit, and if Russia becomes involved even in a minor way, she may be forced to give up her Five-Year Plan, which has caused no little concern in this country."

Somewhat later, the New York *World-Telegram* (February 2, 1932) reported: "Wall Street remained definitely sympathetic toward the Japanese adventure in China, regarding it as basically a bit of international policing which would benefit business all over the world."

Toward the end of the thirties Japan moved down from Manchuria and Jehol intent upon conquering all China. During these years the United States was Japan's main foreign source of arms and supplies and money. The United States bought 85 per cent of the raw silk exported by Japan in 1935; she bought one-fourth of all Japan's exports in 1936 and sold her one-third of all imports. From 1937 to 1938 the United States sold Japan over $325,000,000 worth of war materials, including 75 per cent of Japan's gasoline and over 30 per cent of her steel.

Therefore, said Madame Sun Yat-sen at the time: "If the United States and Great Britain would stop supplying Japan with war materials, the Japanese aggression would be halted within a few months." Former Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson, in a letter to the N. Y. *Times* on October 6, 1937, cited "the lamentable fact" that "the aggression of Japan" was made possible only with the "effective and predominant assistance" of the United States and Great Britain. No wonder Japan's Foreign Minister Hirota found, "America's atttitude towards the China incident is fair and just."

And a dozen years later Mr. Austin tells the United Nations that "all during the thirties the United States continued to manifest the

gravest concern over Japanese aggression against China" as further proof of "friendship."

There were, in the United States, many who did "manifest the gravest concern," and displayed it not by making profit from bombs that murdered Chinese but by boycotting Japanese products. The entire Left, led by the Communist Party, and the organized labor movement, both A.F. of L. and C.I.O., and masses of Negro people participated in this "premature anti-fascism." Despite boss terror and ridicule by the rich, this boycott helped preserve the honor of the American people and did force a severe decline in importation of Japanese goods by 1938.

Meanwhile, the U.S.S.R. exported no war products to Japan, but rather "openly showed its approval of Chinese resistance from the very beginning, and from the very beginning supplied China with war material and financial aid to the best of its ability."*

During the Second World War, the Anglo-American imperialists continued their support of the traitor Chiang, whose reactionary Kuomintang clique followed the policy of yielding to Japan, blockading the Communists, squeezing the life-blood out of the Chinese masses.

Joseph W. Stilwell, deputy commander in the Chinese-Burma-India theatre and Chiang's Chief of Staff, wrote: "Chiang Kai-shek is the head of a one-party government supported by a Gestapo and a party secret service. He is now organizing an S.S. of 100,000 members. . . . He will not make an effort to fight [Japan] seriously. He wants to finish the war coasting, with a big supply of material, so as to perpetuate his regime." In Chiang's rule General Stilwell saw, "Greed, corruption, favoritism, more taxes, a ruined currency, terrible waste of life, callous disregard of all the rights of men." And the Communists? They "reduce taxes, rents, interest. Raise production, and standard of living. Participate in government. Practice what they preach."

After three years Stilwell was forced out by Chiang and his American masters. On his return, as his wife testifies, he was surrounded by "the atmosphere of crime" and wondered, only half-facetiously, whether the Army had "a cell ready for me at Leavenworth."**

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* Owen and Eleanor Lattimore, *The Making of Modern China* (N. Y., 1944), p. 167.

** Theodore H. White, ed., *The Stilwell Papers* (N. Y., 1948).

The post V-J Day period started out auspiciously with this promise from President Truman on December 15, 1945:

> "The United States government has long subscribed to the principle that the management of internal affairs is the responsibility of the peoples of sovereign nations. . . . United States support will not extend to United States military intervention to influence the course of any Chinese internal strife. . . . The United States government considers that the detailed steps necessary to the achievement of political unity in China must be worked out by the Chinese themselves and that intervention by any foreign government in these matters would be inappropriate."

The world now knows that fair promises from President Truman herald foul deeds. The lesson came quickly. The New York *Herald Tribune* editorially summed up the matter as of July 24, 1946:

> "Troops controlled by Chinese reactionaries have been transported, armed and trained by Americans. . . . The Kuomintang treasury has been supported by the American treasury. Kuomintang transportation routes have been guarded by American bayonets in American hands. . . . The Chinese reactionaries fully count on American aid for a full-scale civil war. But their very reason for this assumption is sufficient reason to deny what they ask."

A month later Benjamin Welles, Sumner's son, reported in the N. Y. *Times* from China the presence of some 45,000 American Marines. He wrote that, "Not only do the Marines admit the validity of the Communists' charge that America is aiding one Chinese faction against the other, but they also complain strongly among themselves because of Washington's policy."

By the year's end, the *New Statesman and Nation* (November 23, 1946) observed of United States activities in China that "One could find no better example of imperialism than for a great and powerful nation to beat down every defense of an economically undeveloped nation, and thus, as the price of supporting a corrupt and reactionary government in civil war, obtain a grip over its entire economic life."

Meanwhile the last Russian troops had left China by April, 1946. In January, 1947, Secretary of State Marshall reported seeing no evi-

dence of Soviet help to either side in the Chinese civil war and such hostile commentators as George Fielding Eliot and Christopher Rand confessed the same fact later in 1947.

But American absorption of the real function of government in Kuomintang China continued and its military interference became a universally known fact. On November 17, 1948, the New York *Times* published a letter from Dr. Lucius C. Porter, head of the North China Language School in Peiping and Professor Randolph C. Sailer of the American endowed Yenching University in the same still-Kuomintang city. These men said they feared "that our fellow-countrymen at home are not fully aware of one way in which American 'aid' to China is being used in a way that violates American interests as well as human decency and is working powerfully toward the losing of our battle for men's minds here." They went on to describe the brutal bombing of cities lost by Chiang and said the indiscriminate killing was "entrenching hatred." And the hatred of the Chinese people was directed against the American government for "these planes and their fuel are mostly from America. Many of their pilots are trained there. Their bombs and ammunition are largely American made. . . ."

But Chiang—despite his American backing—continued to lose and desperation appeared in the United States. By December 12, 1948, Hanson Baldwin was writing in the N. Y. *Times* of the advisability of rearming and using Japanese manpower. Supplies and money and "advisers" continued to pour into Chiang's regime, but it continued to shrink. Not enough! screamed the American Chiangs, and by January, 1949, William C. Bullitt was calling for $800,000,000 and direct, total intervention by the United States in the Chinese civil war, while by March, 1949, Senator McCarran proposed $1,500,000,000 immediately be appropriated for the same end.

But nothing helped. The giant had awakened and shaken off the vultures forever. History had vindicated the analysis made by Eugene Dennis in his November, 1945, report to the National Committee of the Communist Party. He said:

> "The present course of America's policy . . . is calculated to prevent the emergence of a strong and progressive China, to make China an American tool and appendage, and to erect a new anti-Soviet bulwark in the Far East. This policy is doomed to failure.

It ignores the real relationship of forces in China and in the Pacific area. And it is as un-American as it is anti-Chinese and anti-Soviet. For it is a policy which can only lead to prolonged civil war in China, to increased imperialist intervention by the United States and to a further worsening of the relations of the great powers in the Pacific . . . it . . . endangers peace and democratic progress in the Far East and hence in the world. . . ."*

Four years later and four years late the United States government told the story itself. Its own official report of *United States Relations With China* confessed that the Chinese Communists were "the most dynamic force in China." They had "improved the conditions of the peasants" who "for the first time have something to fight for" and they would therefore "continue to fight any government that . . . deprives them of these newly won gains." The United States had paid "more than fifty percent of the monetary expenditures of the Chinese government," while for the Communists "there is little evidence of material assistance from Moscow." Ambassador Stuart informed President Truman that "Our China Aid Program . . . prolonged civil war" and so the United States bears "the onus for supporting and keeping in power an unpopular regime which does not have the interests of the country at heart."

Apparently, all this was not a fitting climax to the Acheson-Austin-Connally record of "friendship." They are intent upon adding their own.

Certain it is that General Wu is absolutely correct when he says "the American imperialists have always, in their relations with China, been the cunning aggressor." "The historical record," as he says, "which distinguishes friend from foe cannot be altered."

BUT that record certainly was and is being falsified. Why? The American ruling class falsifies the past in order to help corrupt the present and betray the future.

Its purpose in the past was to conquer China and thus Asia. Its purpose now is to conquer Korea and Chinese bases from which to assault the Soviet Union.

This is why in the midst of the premature rejoicing of October, 1950, the Los Angeles *Times* threw aside all restraint:

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* *Political Affairs,* December, 1945, pp. 1065-66.

"The United States has won another war. . . . Despite the fiction of carrying out a U.N. police action, we have a clearer claim to write our own ticket than in 1918 or even in 1945. For we have not only become the mightiest of military nations, we also stand as the fountainhead of the world's diplomatic leadership, of the world's wealth. . . . Who else dominates the seven seas and the air above them? . . . We truthfully bestride the world like a colossus. Well, somebody's got to be boss. What are we waiting for?"

With somewhat more aplomb, Senator Sparkman of Alabama told the U. N. Economic Committee on October 25: "I wonder how many people appreciate the significance of the war in Korea on the international investment picture. It is possible that the long-range effect of the Korean war will be beneficial to the international flow of private capital."

On to China! See what lies beyond. Did not General Wedemeyer say in 1947 that a Communist China would result "in denying us important air bases for use as staging areas for bombing attacks" whereas a Chiang China would "provide important air and naval bases and . . . manpower"? Does not General Chennault, in his memoirs published in 1949, see air bases in China from which "the slender thread of Russian communications between Eastern and Western Siberia could be snapped" and that "these are the stakes for which we are playing in China"?

Yes, on to China! Did we promise not to cross the thirty-eight parallel? Well, in January, 1950, President Truman and Secretary Acheson both solemnly reaffirmed the Cairo declaration that Formosa (Taiwan) is Chinese, but six months later both professed such doubts about its status that they wanted the "question" submitted to the U. N., while the U.S. Navy "neutralized" it.

Finally, didn't General MacArthur, that master Orientalist, affirm that when the Chinese Republic warned it would not tolerate a hostile, aggressive alien-dominated regime at its border it was "bluffing"? Didn't he, who really knew the "Oriental mind," assert "the Chinese were demoralized" and didn't he therefore expect "a pushover"? (*U.S. News & World Report,* December 8, 1950, pp. 21-22).

He got his "pushover," and with it lost how many precious young lives?

General Wu not only was correct in blasting the imperialist policy of the United States as a policy traditionally hostile to the Chinese people. He spoke truly, too, when he affirmed that this policy "is detrimental to the interests of the American people." It is this real distinction between the interests of the American ruling class and the American people that Acheson-Austin-Connally & Co. seek to hide by their falsification of the past. It is this real distinction which, if grasped and acted upon, guarantees the defeat of American imperialism and a future of peace and freedom for all humanity.

Out of the Frying-Pan and into the Soup

by IRA WALLACH

This is the story, as tender as it is tough, of a strange love that flowered briefly in postwar Paris, and then conked out. This was written in Ebbetts Field while a relief pitcher—guy by the name of Hemingway—was coming in from the bullpen. Hemingway pitched one strike and two cojones. *Then he shot the batter.*

HE FILLED the mortar with grapeshot and waited in the shooting can. He could hear the whir of snipe wings in the pre-dawn light. Then a pair of snipe came in from the ocean, one mallard and one gabardine flying in formation. He waited till they were directly overhead. His hand was steady on the mortar and he knew he was shooting as well as ever. He fired. The mallard and the gabardine made a half turn, then dropped into the marsh. He could hear the splash, and he watched with satisfaction as the dog set out through the marshes to retrieve. The grapeshot had also brought down one sparrow, one *caneton,* and a B-36.

The shooter packed up the mortar. I can still shoot, he thought, and shoot like I did when I was twenty or thirty, shoot as good as any uniformed civilian in the platoon. He started to get sore at those who couldn't shoot as well, but then he said to himself, this was a wonderful shoot. I've got to keep it whole and true. I can't let anything spoil it.

He was sixty and a Private First Class in the Army of the United States, but he had been a corporal and he had had two hemispheres shot from under him, not that he didn't know he was going to lose them, but they said go in with the hemispheres, and he went in with the two hemispheres because he was a soldier and that was what he was

NOTE: This story is from a book by Mr. Wallach entitled *Hopalong-Freud, and other Characters from Modern Literature* to be published by Henry Schuman, Inc., in March.

supposed to do. And now he was sixty and a Private First Class in the Army of the United States, and it didn't look as though he would live to be a corporal again.

Goddam, he would have liked to sit down and talk this over with General O'Dwyer, or General Julius Ochs Adler, or General Wood or General Sarnoff.

Fornicate them all!

The driver reached the outskirts of Paris. The P.F.C. slumped in the rear of the limousine, his trenchcoat collar high about his face as they crossed the river, blue-green as rivers are in Wisconsin.

"Here we are, sir," said the driver.

"Shut your goddam mouth and talk when you're told to talk." He was sixty and he was a Private First Class in the Army of the United States. I shouldn't have said that he thought. I've got to hang on to my temper. "You like Toulouse-Lautrec?" he asked the driver.

"I don't like to lose anybody," said the driver.

They pulled up in front of the hotel. The P.F.C. dismissed the driver and walked into the bar. Pierre embraced him. Pierre wore a paper-clip on his lapel.

"Brother Shifter," said the P.F.C., joyfully seizing Pierre by the shoulders and shaking him. The P.F.C. shined his own paper-clip. The Shifters were a sort of unofficial club for men who loved the infantry.

The P.F.C. looked out the window at the hotel's lawn. It was wide, expansive, flanked by a hedgerow, with two knolls making high points. "Pierre," he said, "if you were in command of two men charged with policing this area, what would you do?"

Pierre hesitated. He had never been a P.F.C., and he was unfamiliar with military problems that encompassed more than bed-making. "I'd start on the flank and take that first knoll."

The P.F.C. smiled grimly. He knew that the first knoll would fall of its own weight. The way to do it was to work from the flank outward, bypass the knoll, come up around the second knoll, driving hard and true, taking the loose paper up with the butts, just as he had done when he was in Fort Bragg. But that was when he was a corporal. The hell with it all, he said to himself. Fornicate it.

"Where's Mignonette?" he asked.

Pierre's voiced softened. "Over at *La Chienne Morte.*"

"Alone?"

"I'll call," said Pierre, picking up the phone. He spoke a few minutes, then hung up. "She's there," he said, "but not alone, Mon P.F.C."

"Not alone?"

"No, Mon P.F.C.," Pierre said.

"There are people with her?"

"Yes, there are people with her," said Pierre.

"She is not alone," said the P.F.C.

"No. She is not alone. There are people with her." Pierre looked away. He loved them both, the P.F.C. and Mignonette.

The P.F.C. drank a whiskey.

"Don't be a silly," said Pierre. "She'll be alone soon."

"I'm not a silly. I'm a bitter." The hell with the sillies, he thought, and the hell with the bitters, and the alives and the stupids. He thought of the deads, and the deads, he thought, were better than the alives and the stupids, and they were every bit as good as the bitters, too.

"Bring me some Citronella '16 from the cask," he said.

"I've saved it for you, Mon P.F.C.," said Pierre. He went to the cellar to get it, and the P.F.C. sat there, waiting for Mignonette to be alone, and drinking the true Citronella, a silky wine, not a grand wine, but a good true honest wine and a brave one, and not a snivelling cowardly wine, devious and untrue.

Then the phone rang, and Pierre answered it. He turned quietly and said, "It's all right now, Mon P.F.C. She is alone."

The P.F.C. put a cask of Citronella in his shirt and slipped away.

HE WALKED along the streets where the rain fell always and it was falling today like it had fallen that day when he was corporal, and the raking fire came down, and he lost the hemisphere because somebody said go, and he went because he was a soldier and a corporal in the Army of the United States. He passed the little corner shop with the hams in the window, and the Spam, and the Wheaties, and the Brillo, and the Farina, and two mops with bright new handles, and a row of ketchup, straight-standing, honest ketchup. Then he reached *La Chienne Morte* and stopped at the bar for a whiskey collins. After he took a sip he turned and saw her at a corner table.

She was tall for her age, and fresh, with a young unspoiled beauty and a hint of a bust development. She wore her confirmation bouquet

boldly, and when she laughed her laughter spilled down over her pinafore and you looked at her knee-length socks and you could feel your heart breaking as you looked. The P.F.C. strode over. "Hello," he murmured, sitting down next to her. He took her hands in his.

"I'm sorry I'm late, grandpop," she murmured. "Tell me all about your tactical and strategic conclusions concerning the Second World War. I want to share everything with you."

Tell her what? About the deads and the alives and General O'Dwyer and General Adler, or the time outside Bragg he outflanked the C.O. and sneaked back after bed-check, or the bloody fight up the hill to the USO Club where he lost his whole contingent because the chaplain, who had never delivered a sermon in anger, said it would be a good show?

"Do you love me?" he asked, changing the subject.

"I love you," she said.

"Let me see your profile," he said.

"Where is it?" she asked, simply.

"On the side of your face," he said, turning her head.

"You know so much, grandpop," she whispered. "And you're so wise and kind."

"I love you true," he said. "I love you straight. I love you honest. I love you sincere."

They each had a double Martini. "It is necessary to say," he continued, "that I have seen many lovelies in my time. But you are the loveliest of the lovelies. And now, let us drink some of the true Citronella and stop this talking and love each other. Then we shall go out."

He poured two more glasses of Citronella from the cask. She lifted her glass and drank it straight and decent, without making a show of it, but putting it right into her mouth and letting it drain down to her true intestines. He watched her.

"I love you whatever that is," he said.

"I love you whatever that is," she answered.

"You are mine whatever that is," he said. "My only mine, my real mine."

"I am your real mine and you are my real mine," she said, "whatever that is."

They walked out, taking a new cask of Citronella with them. They

walked until they reached the river. "Fornicate the river," he muttered.

"I do not know what that means," she murmured. "Does it make you lonely?"

"I am always lonely even when I am with you, but when I am with you I am not lonely by myself but with you. Naturally, I do not like to be lonely by myself, but with you." Well, he thought, I said it gently, and I was gentle this time, and I'm sorry I said fornicate the river. I must remember not to say that again.

ON THE surface of the river an old telephone booth floated by. The P.F.C. took her by the arm and led her to the bank of the river. Then he retrieved the telephone booth with a long pole. He opened the door. She got in. Then he gave a strong push and jumped in after her, closing the door behind them. They floated along. They lay together under an old copy of *Le Temps*. He tucked a headline under his chin.

"You're crushing my confirmation bouquet," she whispered.

"I love you," he answered.

"Again," she murmured.

"My turn."

"No, no! Mine! Mine!"

"Please!"

"Stop! I love you!"

"You are my good, my true."

A voice said, "Five cents for the next five minutes, please." They ignored it.

"Stop, pop!"

"I can't!"

"My turn."

"You are my short, my tall."

"Don't let's think of anything."

"All right. Nothing. Let's not think."

The phone booth floated under a bridge. Above them the evening sun shone through the panes of the door. He put his foot through the classified ads as he writhed in sweet desperation.

"We're home, pop," she said.

The phone booth pulled up at the hotel. They got out quietly in the

street where the moon shone always, and they walked hand in hand until they came to his room.

She sat on the edge of the bed. "Does your bridgework hurt now?" she asked.

"No," he lied. It always hurt, and he loved the hurt because he loved all scars and all pain and all the marks that men carry with them if they are men who have slugged it out and taken it, and given it if they had it in them to give.

"I love it," she said. "Let me hold it in my hand."

"No." He shrank back.

"I love it because it's yours and it hurts," she whispered. He relented. He slipped her the temporary bridge and turned away.

She sat there fondling the bridgework and holding it to her cheek. "It makes me feel sad and glad and unhappy and I love it because it's yours."

"I love you," he said, as his gums slapped. "Give me my teeth and let me go."

She kissed him true and fierce and firm and honest.

He got up and left.

The car drove out of Paris. "Take the next left turn to Pamplona," he said to the driver.

"Yes," said the driver.

"Yes, sir," said the P.F.C.

"Yes, sir," amended the driver. "Would you like to lose Lautrec?"

"Don't give me any of your Fra Fillipo Lippi," said the P.F.C.

In the back seat the P.F.C. thought about the shoot. Behind him the outlines of Paris faded. Morosely, he shined his paper clip. He had handled the mortar well and although he didn't get many snipe, he got them the way he liked to get them. And he had said goodbye to Mignonette and this was his last love, and that was that.

The hell with the fats and the thins!

Bertrand Russell:
A-BOMB PHILOSOPHER

by JOSEPH NAHEM

IN NOVEMBER, 1948, Bertrand Russell called for an immediate A-bomb war against the Soviet Union. In November, 1950, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature "as a defender of humanity and freedom."

The very same week that he received the award, Russell delivered three lectures at Columbia University in New York. His presence here in November was not accidental. Russell was imported from Britain by Wall Street as a sort of intellectual Marshall Plan in reverse. He was given the job of employing his philosophy and his literary reputation to help mobilize the American people for war.

Russell's three lectures at Columbia summed up the anti-democratic, anti-scientific, anti-humanist character of his thought. "RUSSELL SEES PERIL IN SCIENTIFIC VIEW" was the headline of the New York *Times* report of the first lecture. Russell declared that the "philosophy of human power being suggested by the triumphs of science may, if unchecked, inspire a form of unwisdom from which disastrous consequences may result." The imperialists today try to eradicate the belief that science can provide real knowledge which will lead to peaceful human betterment. They seek to crush the idea that social science—Marxism-Leninism—can lead to true human power by establishing socialism. Russell, therefore, true to his class, attacks both natural and social science.

But imperialism also perverts science into an instrument of domination and aggressive war. In his talks at Eisenhower's academy Russell proposed the scientific breeding of men for war. He predicted a new "armaments race": a *genetic* competition between "Russia and the Western World . . . to breed a race stronger, more intelligent and more

resistant to disease than any race of man that has hitherto existed."

Renewing his 1948 call for an atomic war, Russell now spelled out his demand for the destruction of democracy and of national sovereignty. Behind glib phrases of freedom, Russell attacked labor's right to strike as "highly dangerous" and "undesirable." He termed the existence of separate nations in Western Europe "an unmitigated misfortune." Russell stated: "There are now only two sovereign states, Russia (with satellites) and the United States (with satellites). If either becomes proponderant either by victory in war or by an obvious military superiority, the preponderant power can establish a single authority over the whole world, and thus make future wars impossible. At first, this authority will, in certain regions, be based on force, but if the Western nations are in control, force will as soon as possible give way to consent."

This advocacy of world domination by the United States through atomic war and fascist methods is made doubly dangerous by Russell's reputation as a "liberal thinker." With philosophical jargon he strives to persuade the people that they are helpless and impotent. "The universe is vast and men are but tiny specks on an insignificant planet," he writes, adding that we must "realize our minuteness and our impotence in the face of cosmic forces." Advising the people of the "Western world" to view passing events "under the aspect of eternity," he says: "Those who can learn to do this will find a painful present much more bearable than it would otherwise be." Indeed, the British philosopher declares that such an attitude "takes away the frantic quality of misfortune and prevents the trend toward madness that comes with overwhelming disaster."

Never has philosophy been reduced to such vile depths. Russell proposes the overwhelming disaster of an A-bomb war and, at the same time, calls for peaceful resignation by the people. He demands the end of democratic rights and national independence of all peoples and piously preaches that the remedy for the world's ills is "Christian love."

RUSSELL'S philosophy is not divorced from his political views. All philosophy is class philosophy. Russell's philosophy not only objectively reflects imperialist ideology but it has been deliberately developed by Russell to advance imperialist aims.

His basic philosophy is subjective idealism. Denying the existence of the objective material world, he reduces everything to mere experience—to the sensations which we have. There is no matter to give us sensations; matter itself, for Russell, is only a collection of sensations. Cause and effect are also non-existent; there is only "succession." One thing is not caused by another; it merely follows another thing.

He calls his philosophy "neutral monism" and poses as neutral in the basic philosophical struggle between materialism and idealism. "I am not a materialist," he writes, "although I am even further removed from idealism." This "third force" position in philosophy plays the same role as it does in the labor movement—it seeks to win support for the ruling class while pretending neutrality and "objectivity."

Subjective idealism in its various forms is the dominant philosophy of imperialism in the United States and in England today. Here it takes the form of pragmatism, while in Britain it appears as logical positivism and "neutral monism." It has as its goal the crippling of natural and social science. By denying that there is a real world whose laws we can understand and control scientifically, it opens the way to reaction and obscurantism in every field.

Russell's philosophy tells us that "all knowledge is doubtful" and that "the human intellect is unable to find conclusive answers to many questions of profound importance to mankind." Hence, there is "peril in the scientific view" and danger in believing in collective human effort. It is "power" that determines human history, Russell declares, and in this epoch U.S. imperialist power will decide the world's future.

Russell denies that there is any criterion for knowledge; we can judge behavior and action of governments and individuals only by "the practical consequences" of such action. Therefore, it is the practical results achieved by imperialism in maintaining itself in power which is important—so national sovereignty must go, unions must be smashed.

There is, thus, the closest interconnection between Russell's politics and philosophy.

THE New York *Times,* in commenting on the Nobel award to Russell, called him "a true liberal" with "provocative, daring social ideas." It described him as "an unregenerate idol-breaker, continually embroiled with 'authority' over socialism, pacifism, marriage, sex and philosophy." Granted Russell's present reactionary position set forth above, it may

be felt that this "true liberal" has been only recently corrupted by imperialist pressure and that the frantic drive toward war and fascism has frightened him away from "daring social ideas." What has been Russell's past role?

Actually, all of Russell's writings since the turn of the century have reflected imperialist ideology. Pseudo-socialism, hatred of democracy, attacks on science, violent red-baiting and Soviet-hating, chauvinism, anti-Semitism, and justification of imperialist war—all parade through his works in open or in masked fashion.

Russell passed through a brief period during which his basic reactionary ideas were disguised by the label of "socialism." He called himself a guild socialist and pretended to be seeking a middle ground between syndicalism and Marxist socialism. Russell has long since given up this disguise and stated openly his support of monopoly capitalism. His first book, *German Social Democracy,* written in 1896, was an assault on Marxism.

He has since put forward every reactionary theory of history coined by bourgeois ideologists in their fight against Marxism. Thus, he has espoused the "instinct theory" of history. Love of property is based on "the hoarding instinct." In fact, he wrote in *Bolshevism* (1920), "four passions—acquisitiveness, vanity, rivalry, and love of power—are, after the basic instincts (food, drink and sex), the prime movers of almost all that happens in politics. Their operation is intensified and regularized by herd instinct." What could be more natural than for this aristocratic product of imperialist Britain to speak of "herd instinct"? Aristocrats, on the other hand, according to Lord Russell, are "courageous, energetic, capable of command."

How explain wars? "War grows out of ordinary human nature," writes Russell in *Why Men Fight* (1917), "There is an impulse of aggression and an impulse of resistance to aggression." And revolutions? In *What I Believe* (1925), he says, "Much of the driving force of revolutionary movement is due to envy of the rich."

Russell does not miss out on the "chance theory" of history—indeed, he cannot be outdone in this field. In *Freedom vs. Organization* (1934), he asserts: "If Henry VIII had not fallen in love with Ann Boleyn, the United States would not exist." Unabashed by this absurdity, Russell says further: "I do not believe that, if Bismarck had died in infancy, the history of Europe during the past seventy years would have been

at all closely similar to what it has been." Intrigued by this concept of accidental birth, Russell stated in another work: "I believe that if a hundred men of the seventeenth century had been killed in infancy, the modern world would not exist." This appeared in a book called *The Scientific Outlook* (1931).

One more example will suffice to bring us up to date on the rapid "development" of Russell's social theories. In the best bourgeois tradition, he holds that great men determine history. Closing his three lectures at Columbia University, Russell solemnly declared, "The near future must either be much better or much worse than the past. Which it is to be will be decided by the whim of a few individuals." Appropriately enough, he added, "This may sound unscientific but it is true."

Russell declares he is for democracy—and at the same time claims that the very nature of man will not permit freedom and equality. "Among men, as among other gregarious animals," Russell writes, "the united action is determined partly by the common passions of the herd, partly by imitation of leaders. The art of politics consists of causing the latter to prevail over the former." If Russell had not assured us that he was for democracy, we might have called this the "art" of fascism. That this was not a mere slip of the pen is shown in another of his books, suitably entitled *Power* (1938), "Most people feel that politics is difficult, and that they had better follow a leader—they feel this instinctively and unconsciously, as dogs do with their masters." Russell's "democracy" and "humanism" are thus shown to be their very opposite—the fuehrer state leading the animal-like masses.

Russell was an open appeaser of German fascism before World War II. "Down to and including the time of Munich," he wrote, "I supported the policy of conciliation [like] Chamberlain, Lord Lothian, Lord Halifax and most of the previous advocates of peace." He added, (and this was written in February, 1941), "I still think that the arguments for the policy of conciliation were very strong." The aristocratic Munichman could not but regret that the imperialists had been unable to unite in a war on the Soviet Union.

WHEN Russell was informed that he had been awarded the Nobel Prize, he commented that this was one of the two great honors of his life, the other being the Order of Merit of the British Empire. Russell more than earned this latter award, for he has always espoused

the doctrine of "white man's burden." In 1918, Russell wrote in *Roads to Freedom* that Africa was "inhabited by a quite uncivilized population." "The European governments," he said, "cannot divest themselves of responsibility in regard to Africa. They must govern there, and the best that can be hoped is that they govern with a minimum of cruelty and rapacity."

Russell's writings are shot through with every variety of imperialist chauvinism. Deeply concerned with the "menace" of increasing population, Russell says, in the same book, "Negroes may continue to increase in the tropics, but are not likely to be a serious menace to the white inhabitants of temperate regions. There remains, of course, the Yellow Peril; but by the time that begins to be serious, it is quite likely that the birthrate will also have begun to decline among the races of Asia. If not, there are other means of dealing with this question. . . ." Russell's "other means" today is the use of the A-bomb against China, the Soviet Union and any country that stands in the way of aggression. He proposes a "war of principle" to defend "Western Christian Civilization" against "the Eastern danger."

A generation ago Russell unwittingly characterized himself and monopoly capital when he wrote, "It is in moments of panic that cruelty becomes most widespread and most atrocious. Reactionaries everywhere appeal to fear." The moment of panic has arrived. Russell's call for an A-bomb attack is a sign of the desperation that has seized the imperialists.

Bertrand Russell began his writing in 1896. This was the period of the change of capitalism to its highest and dying stage—imperialism. This British peer has been the spokesman of imperialism from its birth to its present period of death throes. The Nobel prize is a reward for his long and faithful services.

The great Warsaw Congress of Defenders of Peace, held in November, 1950, called on all countries to pass a law which would make the dissemination of propaganda for war a crime Under such a law, Bertrand Russell would be convicted as a poisonous enemy of mankind.

The Ill-Tempered Steel

by JOHN FONTANY

I LOST my boyish laughter in the
Valley of the Rhine,
On a day when the laughter of the gods of war
Drowned out the mortal.
And received for my loss, two bits
Of shiny metal. One, a spirochete-shaped splinter
Out of Dusseldorf-by-Krupp, that lodged in my spine.
The other, a heart-shaped trinket
They pinned to my breast.
Krupp's splinter pains me
Only when it rains, the heart-shaped trinket
Pains my soul every night and every day
That steel splinters rain on the valleys
Of the Naktong and the Han.

Our People Demand Freedom

No group in the United States feels so keenly the oppression of American imperialism and understands so clearly the hypocrisy of its "democratic" protestations, as the Negro people. They stand, therefore, in the forefront of the struggle against war and fascism.

Two of the most stalwart leaders in this struggle are William L. Patterson, National Executive Secretary of the Civil Rights Congress, and Paul Robeson. The United States government, recognizing their leadership, has forbidden Mr. Robeson from traveling abroad and seeks to jail Mr. Patterson on the grounds of "contempt of Congress."

We are happy to present to our readers extracts from a speech made in Prague by Mr. Patterson this winter, and from the recorded message sent by Mr. Robeson to the recently held Second World Peace Congress.—The Editors.

William L. Patterson

As is well known, there are two United States of America: the one for which the growing army of the partisans of peace is truly a gallant representative, and the United States represented by the atomic and hydrogen bombists, who are cursed and reviled wherever progressive humanity gathers in conference. There is the U.S.A. for whom such courageous and militant trade unionists as Harry Bridges, Harold Christoffel, Ferdinand Smith and Irving Potash speak, and the U.S.A. where labor is disgraced by the presence of the corrupt and venal "leadership" of the William Greens, Murrays, Reuthers and Careys. There is the America of that world-famed and beloved figure, Paul Robeson, who symbolizes the heroism of black men and women, and

that of the murderous lyncher Rankin who sits in Congress, by virtue of the denial of the vote to poor white and black, as a spokesman for the lynchers of Mississippi and all white supremacists. There is the land which has produced such splendid dynamic writers as Howard Fast, Albert Maltz and John Howard Lawson, and the land from which such enemies of the people as John Dos Passos and Ezra Pound have emerged. . . .

Lastly, and most vital, there is the America for which the Communist Party speaks, an America led by William Z. Foster and the imprisoned but dauntless Eugene Dennis, an America fighting for a socialist democracy where respect for human dignity will govern the relations of man with his fellow man, where peace and plenty will replace war and crises; and there is the America run by two criminal political parties, an America run for the benefit of the murderous Wall Street bankers and industrialists and the common garden-variety of gangsters such as Chicago's late Al Capone and New York's Frank Costello.

These two Americas are locked in that struggle which today divides the world. The major issues are world peace as opposed to world war and at home democracy as opposed to fascism. All other differences are subordinated to these all-embracing questions. . . .

There is confusion. Out of it comes a certain neutralization of the people, a great passivity, but the people have not been won for war. They do not yet actively and militantly fight the government's policies but neither do they give them dynamic support. This fact alarms reaction still more and will drive it to greater deeds of violence and legal persecution. These will not win the people. The fight against the drive toward fascism at home when linked to the struggle for peace can only help to clarify the masses, dispel the fog of confusion.

The struggle for the Constitutional rights of the Communist Party is a major, a most fundamental, part of the fight against fascism. The violations of the Constitutional right of free speech are beginning to cause grave fears in many quarters. Dr. Albert Einstein said recently: "The concentration of economic and political power in the hands of a few has brought material slavery upon the scientist . . . who like a soldier, is compelled to sacrifice his own life, and what is more, to destroy others even when he is convinced that the sacrifice is meaningless."

Dr. Einstein does not yet clearly see that the logical alternative to this "sacrifice" is relentless struggle against the present rulers of America and that such a struggle must have as its central demand the protection of the rights of the Communist Party. But continued attempts to destroy Constitutional liberties and human rights must bring Dr. Einstein and all honest scientists to the acceptance of the struggle. They need not "sacrifice" themselves. . . .

Crime in government, crimes in business, a criminal government run by criminals. The attack upon minority political parties, particularly the "legal" drive against the Communists, is a criminal violation of the Constitution. The attacks upon the 175 organization declared subversive without benefit of court action are in their nature criminal. But the major crime of government is the systematic, persistent and organized attempts to dehumanize 16,000,000 American Negroes.

MOST of the early accumulation of wealth on which the immense industrial strength of the U.S.A. rests came from the slave trade and slave economy. With the conclusion of the Civil War which ended chattel slavery, American capitalism, about to enter the era of imperialism, began systematically to turn the Negro masses into a source of super-profits. The newly emancipated black slaves had won their freedom. It was not given to them. They had played a decisive part in the most crucial days of that revolution. But the gains they had won were taken from them by the leaders of the Republican Party, who in the interests of Northern capital made a deal with the defeated Southern landowners. Political power was restored to the landlords on their agreement that they would extract from their former slaves and the poor whites the raw materials which the South could produce (cotton, sugar, lumber) and which capital needed in its drive toward an industrial empire. The deal still holds.

The landlords organized a terror as ruthless as that of czarist Russia with its "black hundreds." Negroes were driven back to the land. The poor whites were incited against them. The K.K.K. became a mass organization of violence and murder. Organized in 1867 by General Forrest, one of the leaders of the defeated counter-revolution, it exists and flourishes today with the sanction of the Federal government. It is virtually a weapon of the bourgeois state against the people.

The poor whites and poorer blacks were driven out of the Southern

state legislatures where they had entrenched themselves after the victorious revolution. Laws were enacted by the landlords establishing a semi-slavery regime with share-cropping on the land and all kinds of vagrancy measures to entrap the hapless Negro "freedmen."

With the turn of the century the landlords had consolidated their positions in the Southern states, and acting as a bloc in the Congress they and the financiers were able to dominate it. All this was in violation of the Federal Constitution. All this was with the blessings of Republicans and Democrats who since 1876 have been in bi-partisan agreement on the exploitation and oppression of black Americans. Now American imperialism demanded the crystallization of the degraded position of the Negro masses through whose exploitation extra billions could be made and whom it hoped to use as a reserve of reaction against the poor whites and the working class.

The government of big business made lynching, segregation, mob terror, police brutality, the ghetto with its terrible slums a *policy of government.* Six thousand lynchings have taken place in the U.S.A. but no lyncher has been punished. Nowhere, North, South, East or West, has a black American rights that a white American is bound to respect. Washington, D. C., capital of the U.S.A., has been called even by bourgeois writers "the disgrace of the Nation." . . .

But the end is in sight. The interests of the Negro masses have more and more merged with the interests of the working class. The white working class cannot free itself without the aid of its black brother. The words Karl Marx uttered in the sixties of the last century, that, "labor in the white skin cannot emancipate itself while labor in the black skin is branded," were never more true than today. The Communist Party is the one political group in America which has recognized the vitality of this truism and in theory and practice seeks to secure that unity in struggle which will emancipate white as well as black in America.

The stalwart figure of Paul Robeson stands like a beacon in the forefront of the Negro liberation struggle. This black man who is a superb artist is the hated enemy of American imperialism. He relentlessly condemns all of its intrigues and machinations. He is a foremost spokesman for peace. No voice speaks louder for friendship and trade with the great Soviet Union. He is the champion of free trade unions. He demands freedom for the writer, actor, lawyer and people's spokes-

man. A great people's artist has become a world leader in the battle for human rights and democracy. . . .

The State Department has revoked Robeson's passport privileges. It has terrorized hall owners so that Robeson cannot get a prominent hall in which to sing in the States. The Department of Justice has thrown its protective arms around the K.K.K. and those who incite to mob violence against Negroes. Militant Negroes are grabbed right and left under the President's Loyalty Order. A conspiracy of a criminal government to prevent Negroes from enjoying Constitutional liberties or being treated with human dignity exists. But all this has only sharpened the will of the Negro people to struggle. Their struggles will merge not only with the peace movement, not only with the fight of labor in America but as well with that of the colonial peoples of Asia and Africa as a threat to the atomic bombists. . . .

Paul Robeson

A CENTURY ago a great leader in the freedom struggles of my people, Frederick Douglass, stood in England as you do today* and called for the support of the British people in the battle to overthrow slavery. He recognized then that the interest of his enslaved people could not possibly be served by any aggressive policy of the slaveholding government. He said to a British friend:

> "Sir, you need not be afraid of war with America while we have slavery in the United States. We have three million of peacemakers there, sir, the American slaveholders can appreciate these peacemakers, three million of them stand there on the shores of America and when our statesmen get warm why these three million cool, when our legislators' tempers get excited, these peacemakers say, 'keep your tempers down, brethren.' The Congress talks about going to war, but these peacemakers suggest what will you do at home?
>
> "When these slaveholders declaim about shouldering their muskets, buckling on their knapsacks, girding on their swords, and going to

* Mr. Robeson's message was sent to Sheffield, England, where the Peace Congress was scheduled to be held. At the last minute the British Labor Government prevented this by barring most of the delegates. [Eds.]

beat back the scourge of foreign invaders, they are told by these friendly monitors, 'Remember, your wives and children are at home. Reflect that we are at home. We are on the plantations, you'd better stay at home and look after us. . . .' The slaveholders know this, they understand it well enough."

In the same farewell speech to the British people Frederick Douglass explained his feelings on returning to the United States. He said:

"But I go back to the Unitel States not as I landed here—I came a slave—I go back a free man. I came here a thing, I go back a human being. I came here despised and maligned, I go back with reputation and celebrity, for I am sure that if the Americans were to believe one tithe of all that has been said in this country respecting me, they would certainly admit me to be a little better than they had hitherto supposed I was.

"I return, but as a human being in better circumstances than when I came. Still, I go back to toil. I do not go to America to sit still, remain quiet and enjoy ease and comfort. I prefer living a life of activity in the service of my brethen. I glory in the conflict that I may hereafter exult in the victory."

The life and struggles of this outstanding American of the nineteenth century afford me great inspiration as I find myself separated from you by the edict of the United States State Department. You may be assured while I remain in the United States a victim of the detestable program of house arrests initiated by our government, while I cannot be in your midst and among many friends from all parts of the world, as has been my custom in years past, I do not remain quietly or to live a life of ease.

I remain in the United States as Douglass returned to it, and in his words, "for the sake of my brethren." I remain to suffer with them, to toil with them, to endure insult with them, to undergo outrage with them, to lift up my voice in their behalf, to speak and work in their vindication and struggle in their ranks for that emancipation which shall yet be achieved by the power of truth and of principle for that oppressed people. And so today at this World Peace Congress we move forward in the best traditions of world democracy, representing as we do the hundred of millions throughout the world whose problems are much the same. We are peoples of all faiths, all lands, all colors, of

all political beliefs, united by the common thirst for freedom, security and peace.

Over here our American press and commentators and politicians would discourage these basic human aspirations because Communists adhere to them as well as others. Now I have seen the liberty-loving people and peace-seeking partisans in many parts of the world, and though many of them are not, it is also true that many are Communists. They represent a new way of life in the world, a new way that has won the allegiance of almost half the world's population. In the last war they were the first to die in nation after nation. They were the heart of the underground anti-fascist movement, and city after city in Europe displays monuments to their heroism. They need no apologies. They have been and are the solid core of the struggle for freedom. And today in America we proudly fight to free the eleven leaders, the Communist leaders, of the American working class, as well as many others who suffer bitter persecution. In this struggle for peace and a decent life, I am sure that we shall win. One simple reason why we shall win is that our friends are so much more numerous than our enemies. There are millions and millions all over the world who are determined never to give up the fight for freedom, decency, equality, abundance and peace.

And surely this conference will give the deepest hope and courage as the spokesmen of the millions of people throughout the globe, the mass of working humanity in every land—in Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, Australia, pledge themselves anew that the Truman Plan for the world shall not prevail, that peace shall conquer war, that men shall live as brothers, not as beasts.

Unified, I am sure that we can beat back the attacks against the living standards and the very lives of the people, that we can stop the drive toward fascism, that we can halt the chariot of war in its tracks. And we will help to bring to pass in the world the dreams our fathers dreamed of lands that are free, of people growing in friendship, in love, in co-operation and peace. This is history's challenge to us. I know as do you that we shall not fail.

LENIN AND MAYAKOVSKY

by ELENA USIEVICH

"Mayakovsky was and remains the best, the most talented poet of our Soviet epoch."

STALIN

MAYAKOVSKY'S entire work is indissolubly bound up with the people's struggle for communism and with the Communist vanguard leading that struggle. It follows from the very nature of his work that he should have set himself the task of representing in poetic form the Communist Party of Lenin and Stalin, the portraits of the best people put forth by the revolution and guiding its development.

Mayakovsky's first poem on Lenin, entitled *Vladimir Ilyich,* was written in April, 1920, in honor of Lenin's fiftieth birthday:

I
sing
the faith of the world
in Lenin,
and my faith, too.
No poet would I be,
if this I did not sing—
five-pointed stars studding the sky,
*the limitless vault of the RCP. . . .**

Mayakovsky wrote a second poem on Lenin in March, 1923, after

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NOTE: We publish this essay in commemoration of the twenty-seventh Anniversary of Lenin's death on January 21, 1924.

* Russian Communist Party.

the government bulletins had made known that Lenin was seriously ill and his life in danger. This was a short poem: *We Don't Believe!* We don't believe that Lenin can die—so did Mayakovsky formulate the first thought of millions of people and their piercing anguish. But the hard, precise words of the bulletin forced people to believe the unbelievable and prepared them for the grief about to befall the nation. The poet poured forth the emotions overwhelming him, and in the same spontaneous burst of feeling gave expression to the idea of Lenin's immortality:

> *Would you keep the lightning from blazing?*
> *No! no muffling the voice of the storm!*
> *Lenin's voice will ring through ages*
> *a strident thousand-paged alarm. . . .*

Later, in the poem *Vladimir Ilyich Lenin,* dedicated to the Russian Communist Party, he expressed the same thought in one of the first verses of the introduction:

> *Time again for Lenin's slogans whirlwind driving.*
> *Shall we shed out tears in a shower?*
> *Lenin is now the most live of all living,*
> *Our weapon, our knowledge, our power.*

Mayakovsky probably conceived this poem as early as 1923, but he did not set to work on it until a short time after Lenin's death and completed it at the beginning of October, 1924. He kept at the poem for over half a year and, contrary to his custom, neither gave readings nor published finished parts or excerpts anywhere. He needed those months for meditation and diligent work on the main ideas, ideas not held by him alone, and also to restrain the overstrong voice of his personal feelings, his boundless admiration for Lenin's personality and heartrending grief at his death from drowning out any of the thoughts and feelings which the name Lenin evokes in the whole Communist Party, the Soviet people and all the oppressed peoples of the world:

> *It's time I begin the story of Lenin.*
> *But not because sorrow no longer remains,*

time now because anguish's sharp complaining
has become a clarified deep-pondered pain.

Mayakovsky wrote in his autobiography that he "felt very nervous about this poem, as it would have been easy to reduce it to a political pamphlet in verse." In other words, he feared that the poem would not be effective. In the introduction to the poem itself he voices another fear, also connected with his anxiety for its effectiveness. Mayakovsky was afraid of making Lenin's greatness seem similar to that of others hallowed by history. He felt it his obligation, in so far as it was in the power of a contemporary, to preserve the imprint of those features which were characteristic of Lenin alone, as a personality reflecting the peculiar, unique essence of the proletarian socialist revolution.

Mayakovsky begins the story of Lenin—"the most earthly of all who lived on this earth of men"—by showing how the age-old struggle of the classes paved the way for his appearance. Workers exploited by capitalism, starving unemployed, peasants doomed to extinction, Negroes writhing under the overseer's whip—all called: "Come, defender and avenger!" He had to come.

There is nothing of the cult of the Messiah in this. The people who dreamed, not of a divine, but of a human avenger and deliverer, pictured him each in their own manner, without knowing as yet who he would be or whence he would derive his strength. But through their strong faith spoke the inner voice of history, for, according to Marxism, history is no unrelated sequence of generations and epochs but has a unifying content. The history of mankind is the history of the struggle for mankind's emancipation.

THE first part of Mayakovsky's poem is devoted to the history of bourgeois society from its origin to its last, imperialist stage. The portrait of the future leader takes on clearer contours as class contradictions grow sharper and the working-class revolution matures. Marx, the first man to discover the laws of history and to give the proletariat the revolutionary science of socialism and the principles of self-organization, could only delineate the future decisive battles. But Marx knew:

He'll come,
the mighty man of practice,
and lead on the field of battle
and not of books!

It was in Russia that there existed together the objective conditions which in October, 1917, led to the breaking of the first link in the chain of world imperialism, and a popular mood which made millions of people, even those hitherto ignorant of the elements of political science, revolutionaries as soon as Lenin's word reached them:

I knew a worker, an illiterate fellow.
He'd never tasted the alphabet's salt.
But he'd heard Lenin speak,
and he knew—all. . . .

But even this revolutionary mood of the masses could not have become an effective force had not the workers, following Lenin and his faithful companions-in-arms, succeeded in creating the highest form of their revolutionary class organization—the Bolshevik Party.

The Party—backbone of the working class.
The Party—our cause's immortality.
The Party—the one thing that will not betray me.

The poem takes the reader through the events of Lenin's life preceding the October revolution; through the change of governments, and the overthrow of old, obsolete authorities, down to the great day in October. At last comes the day of the uprising:

Smolny vibrates with the rumble of battle.
Below stand gunners in cartridge-belts girt.
You're to report to Comrade Stalin.
There's his room—third door right.
—Comrades! no stopping now! no stalling!
Into the armored cars—and off to the fight!

And Lenin is everywhere—listening to everyone, understanding

everything, and inspiring faith in all by his intimate knowledge of the masses and belief in them, by his understanding of the enemy and realization of his inevitable doom.

Then followed the struggle against German imperialism, and Lenin's wise decision to conclude the Peace of Brest, which gave the country a respite and enabled it to prepare for the grim war against the interventionists and White Guards:

We bedded in swamps, we fed on bark,
yet marched on, red-starred millions strong,
and Ilyich was in each man, kept each in heart
over a front eleven thousand versts long.

The armed enemies were defeated; the Party took in hand the anarchistic leanings of the property-minded strata of the peasantry; the general economic upsurge of the country began; the Soviet Union won a stronger position among the bourgeois states, who despaired of crushing it by force; the influence of communism spread to all ends of the world:

No force on earth can stop us,
Labor's engine speeds us ahead.
Suddenly fall five-ton tidings—
Ilyich is dead.

Part Three of the poem ranks among Mayakovsky's most perfectly integrated and solid works. In the first two parts, the descriptive material also plays a subordinate role to the poetic, figurative generalizations of the idea; nevertheless, one can separate the narrative-factual passages from the generalizing passages and verses. At times the tendency to factual completeness and unbroken narration temporarily pushes the main idea of the poem into the background. This is not so in Part Three, in every line of which the facts merge completely with the emotions, and every word is a necessary part of the artistic whole.

On January 22, 1924, Mayakovsky was present at the session of the Second All-Union Congress of Soviets in the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow where M. I. Kalinin announced Lenin's death. He was present

at Lenin's funeral on Red Square. He said it was his duty to write about it as an eye-witness. And he wrote, not merely as an eye-witness, but as a participant in Lenin's great work. In those days his heart and thoughts were one with the Party, with the entire country.

> *If the words of a miracle man would resound*
> *that we should now die—to give him back breath—*
> *the dam of the streets would be razed to the ground*
> *and people would rush with a song*
> *to their death.*

Lenin's strength, the strength of Leninism, is the undying strength of the people. Even a blow like the loss of Lenin could not undermine the might of the Party he created. Its ranks were swelled by hundreds of thousands of new members:

> *The fist of Europe is clenched in vain.*
> *We'll crush them to dust. Stand back! Don't try!*
> *Even death a communist-organizer became—*
> *death itself—when Ilyich died.*

The poem concludes with a call for loyalty to the revolution and struggle for its final triumph—the call of Lenin, inscribed on a banner which millions of hands raise aloft.

The effect produced by the poem *Vladimir Ilyich Lenin,* especially the concluding part, was extraordinarily great. Worker auditoriums received it as something long awaited and necessary, something that helped to clarify and give expression to their own emotions. Even professional literateurs, who in judging a new work often find it difficult to get away from the influence of set forms, recognized the poem as a great achievement of Soviet literature. But Mayakovsky did not consider that with this poem he had completed the great task devolving upon him as one of the generation that saw October and Lenin, that witnessed the struggle and the first victories of the socialist revolution. He continued his work in tens and hundreds of poems dedicated to the principles and practical problems of Communist policy.

We must point out here two important circumstances, which are not duly taken into account in the literature on Mayakovsky.

The first of these is the exceptional position occupied by the poems *We Don't Believe!* and *Vladimir Ilyich Lenin* in the history of Mayakovsky's development as a realistic artist. Both these works, which speak in the name of the masses and to the masses, are undoubtedly realistic, and for the Mayakovsky of that time are in the highest degree free from the intricacies and abstractions of his prerevolutionary poetical thinking. They belong, in all respects, to the poetry of socialist realism.

The second circumstance is the undoubted connection between the poems *Vladimir Ilyich Lenin* and *Good!* (1927).

It should be recalled that Mayakovsky regarded *Good!* as a "program poem, like the *Cloud in Trousers* in its time" (*i.e.,* in 1914). Why did he attribute such importance to the *Cloud in Trousers?* The poet answers this question in his autobiography: "I feel a sense of craftsmanship. Can master the subject. Am raising the problem of subject matter. Of revolutionary subject matter. Am pondering over a *Cloud in Trousers.*"

MAYAKOVSKY considered *Good!* the high-water mark of his development over the past fourteen years. He saw he had "invented devices for elaborating chronicle and agitational material," that he had found a way of poetically presenting "details that may prove the first step into the future," of presenting "facts of different historic caliber legitimate only through personal associations" so as to unite in one work different views of the picture of life.

As we see, the poet here enumerates a series of elements that were to be poetically incorporated in the poem *Vladimir Ilyich Lenin.* At that time Mayakovsky, according to his own words, feared that he had not yet discovered the means to unite harmoniously such heterogeneous material and might simplify the picture, reducing the poem to a mere narration of the main political facts. But in 1927, after three years of intensive poetic practice, with the consciousness of his realistic achievements and his shortcomings in the poem on Lenin, he decided once more to take up the theme of the Party, of Lenin; and he wrote the poem *Good!*

The factual material of the poem is treated, for the most part, in chronological order. But it is far more limited in the time it covers (only one decade, from 1917 to 1927) than the poem *Vladimir*

Ilyich Lenin, although of practically the same length—as a matter of fact, *Good!* is even slightly longer. It may be objected that this time limit is set by the theme itself, since the poem *Good!* was written for the tenth anniversary of the October revolution. But this objection does not stand criticism; indeed, it was by no means necessary to begin a poem about Lenin 200 years before Lenin's birth. On the other hand, in the poem about the October revolution it could have been shown that the history of the preparation for the socialist revolution began a very long time ago. What is important here is not the difference of external setting in the two poems, but the different approach to the solution of the artistic problem in them. The ten years covered by the poem *Good!* furnish a vast body of material, sufficient in volume for an epic. And as in the poem *Vladimir Ilyich Lenin,* Mayakovsky feels that the time has not yet come, or, perhaps, his powers are not yet mature enough to treat this material with sufficient insight and completeness.

Enough of legend and epic and ode—
Like a telegram fly my verse!
At the stream called "fact" with parched lip
Lean down and slake your thirst,
Old time like a telegraph wire hums,
So hums the truth in my heart.

The swiftness of a telegraph message, facts above all—does not this very formulation of aim bear in it the danger of "mere narration" that Mayakovsky tried so hard to avoid in his poem on Lenin? By no means; the words: "so hums the truth in my heart" give a different meaning to the poet's insistence on facts. Do not these words recall the emotions experienced during Lenin's funeral?

As if for a minute, face to face
you remained with the only infinite truth.

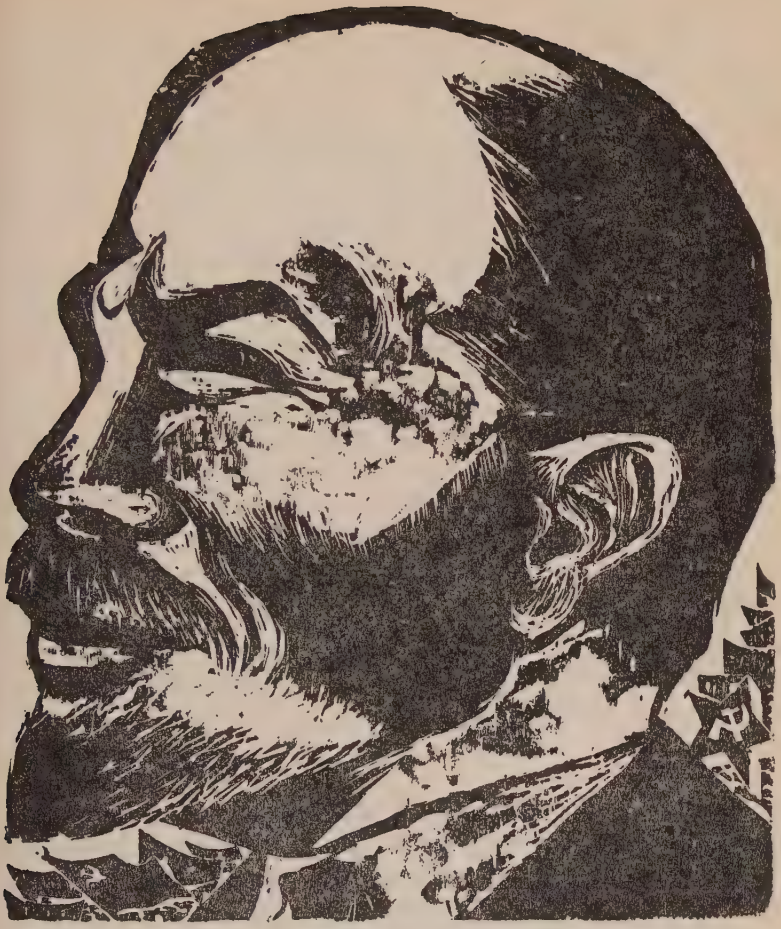
That was a moment in which the poet's sense of unity with the Communist Party, with the working class, attained unprecedented force. That was one of the heights to which the poem *Vladimir Ilyich Lenin* led him. And the opening verses of the poem *Good!* are undoubtedly

based on the emotional experiences of the days of Lenin's last illness and death, and the events bound up with them.

The organic unity of the poet and the people in their perception of life gives the word "fact" the significance of something personally experienced, the work of one's own hands. As regards such facts there is no danger whatsoever of a descriptive approach; each one of them takes shape in the image of working, suffering and struggling human beings, as they do in Part Three of this poem and the strongest parts of the poem *Vladimir Ilyich Lenin.*

THE poem *Good!* is divided into nineteen sections, each of which represents an episode complete in itself. The events are seen now at close hand, now from a distance, in general perspective. At times the poet takes his reader inside some group of the two huge opposed camps—the proletariat and the bourgeoisie; at other times he gives a bird's-eye view of the entire field of battle—revolutionary Petrograd, revolutionary Russia. Of great significance as a means of description is the poet's use of direct speech, which is always characteristic as regards vocabulary, rhythm and sound quality. All these poetic devices serve to give a concrete depiction of events through the characters of the people whose wills and aspirations clashed in them. And the whirlwind of human masses raised by the revolution is pervaded throughout by the idea of the Bolshevik Party, the party of Lenin and Stalin.

In Section Two, with which the poem proper opens (Section One is introductory), this idea is shown as it appeared immediately after the February revolution to the wide masses, who, ignorant of political platforms, nevertheless saw in the Bolsheviks the representatives of their vital interests, recognizing them by their main slogans, so intelligible to all working people, by their honest political behavior, by their very language. In Section Five this image grows out of a sharp contrast; White Guard officers who have joined forces with the Mensheviks and Social-Revolutionaries speak among themselves in their "rotten intellectual jargon" (Mayakovsky's expression in one of his speeches), arguing that they are the "real socialists" and dreaming of letting loose bloody terror against the unruly people and the Bolsheviks, those "false socialists." Meanwhile, workers on one of the city's outskirts are listening to the brief and businesslike explanation of a representative of the Bolshevik War Buro to the armed detachments (expressed in lively and vigorous idiom) on the tasks of the uprising.



American Graphic Workshop

In a ragged coat, his name unknown, —
He came to set the date.
To rise today, he said, is soon,
after tomorrow — late.
Tomorrow, then.
Well, they're in for it!
Kerensky will get it in the neck!
And old Alexandra Fjedorovna
we'll dump right out of the royal bed!

"He" is not named; the worker representative of the "War Buro" must hide his identity. But there is really no need to name him, for all the workers realize that it can be no other than Lenin.

Section Six—the storming of the Winter Palace and the overthrow of the Provisional government—shows how the military plan of Lenin and Stalin was carried out and describes the organized action of detachments composed of people who by their inclinations and habits might have been thought capable only of spontaneous, unorganized outbursts.

The next section is the famous conversation with the poet, Alexander Blok, whom Mayakovsky encounters at night near a bonfire on the scene of recent fighting. Blok was divided in his attitude toward the revolution. Mayakovsky brings this out in the passage concluding:

But Christ to Blok would not appear.
Blok's eyes gaze wistfully . . .

which helps to explain what made Blok stop in his fine revolutionary poem *The Twelve* (which Mayakovsky rated extremely highly, as one of the first reflections of the living language of the revolutionary streets in Soviet poetry) and drove him away from the true solution into the sphere of hazy symbolism. But Mayakovsky is concerned less with Blok than with the essential character and meaning of the events as such. The lines quoted above are followed by a storm of voices—by the revolutionary songs of the worker Red Guards, by shouts interspersed with gunshots and blows and by the mischievous popular couplets of the unruly elements

Hey, little apple, rosy-cheeked,
Strike left and right,
at Red and White.

Blok's mistake was not that he saw in the revolution things not actually present there (as the old Russian proverb runs, "fear has big eyes"). By no means. Unrestrainable, destructive, anarchistic elements existed and could not fail to exist in a land where whole strata of the population had been doomed to unmitigated darkness almost to the very eve of the revolutionary upheaval. Mayakovsky, too, portrays those elements and their menace to the revolution. But through the babble of shouts and cries rings the clear, firm, revolutionary song of the workers, in a voice which gradually draws others after it, uniting all in one harmonious chorus:

The whirlwind
from impulse to trigger swift,
the fire
and pungent smoke of the fray —
the Party
harnessed with skilful hand
directed, drew up in ordered array.

With each new section of the poem we see the growth of the Communist Party's organizing power; we see it in the first Communist *subbotniks* (rest days on which the population came out to do voluntary work on some special task), in the way love of the socialist homeland is instilled in the popular masses, in the militant rallying of the people against the interventionist.

ONE section treats of cold, another—of hunger. Mayakovsky depicts the dangerous enemies of the young republic through the suffering of people dear to him. But all these sufferings only make him love his socialist land more fervently and passionately.

A land sweet-smelling as the rose
you quit and no regret,—
but a land with which you hungered and froze,
you'll love to your dying breath.

American imperialism, together with the Entente, tried to throttle the Soviet Republic with the hand of hunger.

To your faces, fatter than pigs' behinds,

rounder than soup tureens,
from our poverty-stricken land I shout·
"This land I love!"
A man can forget when and where
he grew a paunch and jowl,
but a land with which he hunger shared
he never can forget!

Neither war nor devastation could break the will of the people, who followed the Communist Party. Suddenly, the international counter-revolution, by the hand of the Social-Revolutionary Kaplan, sends a bullet into the heart of the Party—into Lenin. That entire day of the Soviet land is full of anguish for Lenin; and the sunset at its close is colored red, as if with drops of the blood drawn by Kaplan's bullet. But the wrath of the people strikes out at the crouching counter-revolution:

Millions rallied around Ilyich,
against the white sharp-fanged beast,
and poured into Lenin their will to live,
of all medicines the best.

Lenin's life is saved, rekindling the masses' will to victory. The Communist Party, the Soviet people emerge from this trial, too, more united, stronger:

But a land you won in struggle grim
and three-quarters dead to life restored,
where you rise with a bullet and bed with a gun,
where you merge as one with the masses,—
with such a land you can meet life,
work, rejoicing, and death!

NO OTHER poet, not even Mayakovsky himself in his other works, has ever succeeded in expressing the human aspect of the struggle for the Soviet country in those years in such all-embracing entirety, with such lifelike completeness and power. Mayakovsky was fully justified in considering the poem *Good!* an index of the growth of his artistic craftsmanship.

This higher level of craftsmanship is also evident in the poetic conception of the last three sections of the poem (seventeen, eighteen and nineteen), which make up its concluding part.

Section Seventeen deal with the rebirth of the country won by five years of bloody battles and superhuman toil.

In the ranks of the builders
I take my stand
All hail this day of our native land,
thrice hail its radiant morrow!

In the general state plans of economic development, in the first successes achieved by the introduction of machinery into agriculture—in all this we see how "the houses of the commune take shape."

But this section, breathing the joy and confidence of creative endeavor, is followed by another whose tragic solemnity puts us in mind of the funeral rites in the poem *Lenin.* It depicts a night on Red Square before the mausoleum of Lenin and the graves of his companions-in-arms. The graves of the heroes of the revolution are more than a monument to bygone years; they call for noble service in the cause of communism, recall the purity of Bolshevist ideals, of a revolutionary's responsibility to the peoples and his sacrifices in the struggle for communism.

Mayakovsky's verses on the triumphant rise of socialism, on the beautiful life of the Soviet citizen, are filled with *personal* joy. For depth and force of personal emotions called forth by social progress Mayakovsky has no equal among poets.

The poem *Good!* sings of the successes achieved not only in the struggle to strengthen the Soviet power, but also in the building of the socialist economy and development of socialist forms of daily life. The material of this poem reflects the new achievements of socialism in the three years following Lenin's death. In the course of those three years the Communist Party, led by J. V. Stalin, fulfilled the tasks mapped out by Lenin prior to the stage of the "new economic policy," and prepared the wide-scale offensive of socialism—the reconstruction of the entire economy and social structure of the Soviet country according to the Stalin plans.

Mayakovsky remained to the end an "agitator" and "leader," mobilizing the masses for fulfilling the tasks set by the Party.

I don't want to be
a wayside flower,
plucked after work
in an idle hour.
*I want Gosplan**
to sweat in debate
assigning my output
as part of the State . . .
. . . I want the pen
to equal the gun,
to be listed
with iron
in industry.
And the Politbureau's agenda:
Item I,
To be Stalin's Report on
"THE OUTPUT OF POETRY" . . .

All Mayakovsky's work of the Soviet period served to further the common work of the Soviet people, headed by the Communist Party. His poems are an effective weapon in the struggle for communism and a monument to the victories of the Party of Lenin and Stalin.

* Gosplan—State Planning Commission of the U.S.S.R.

right face

HIGHER LEARNING

Princeton

"President Harold W. Dodds, of Princeton University, said that total disarmament was the only way to world peace—and the way to disarmament was to arm now to the teeth."—*Associated Press reports Dr. Dodds' remarks to his undergraduates.*

Indiana University

"'A real peace is the biggest secret weapon the Russians have right now,' said Dean Arthur Weimer, of the School of Business Administration of Indiana University."—Associated Press reports Dr. Weimer's remarks to the Society of Residential Appraisers meeting in Miami.

Georgetown University

"Dr. Hunter Guthrie, President of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., in a commencement address said: 'In the education world today we are witnessing the foolhardy attempt to bring into being or to understand a thing which has neither form nor matter, is subject to no standard or norm, has neither limitation nor definition: The sacred fetish of academic freedom. This is the soft under-belly of our American way of life. . . .'"—Reported in the *Teachers Bulletin.*

"Democratic" Therapy

"Although the incidence of mouth cancer would undoubtedly be lessened by eliminating the main etiologic factors such as syphilis, the smoking habit and all dietary deficiencies, this goal is Utopian and hardly feasible in a democratic society."—*Dr. Hayes Martin in* Mouth Cancer and the Dentist.

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

I Live on the Bowery

by PHILLIP BONOSKY

I SPENT my first week in New York in a "hotel" for men on Rivington Street. I couldn't find another place cheap enough. I didn't know when I came there that it was actually a flophouse, and the way I felt then I didn't care.

I was taken upstairs in an old smelling elevator run by a man who looked as though he wouldn't change his expression a flicker if the cable broke (as it threatened) and we fell to our ends. He took me to a little cell, which had in it only a narrow cot; the floor was cement, and an airshaft ran through it so that the sounds of the house could be heard all day and night. Drifters and transients lived here: old men beached for life, men who had come, like sick dogs, to die here, without names, family or past.

All night long I heard the ravings and the weepings and the chokings of men in their troubled and violent dreams. Screaming and terror rang up and down the halls until the men frantically shouted back, cursing the one who had let go of himself, "Shut up! Go to sleep!" There was quiet crying too, the moaning of old men who, released by the night, wept in the innocence of their whisky dreams.

In the morning, I got up and opened the cell door. A man, in his bare feet, carrying a half-gallon oil can in his hand, came shuffling down the hall. He was coughing and spitting in the can. He saw my stare of horror, gaily lifted the can toward me, and said with a grin, "Some spittoon, eh?" Then he went off to the latrine and spat his rotted lungs into the wash bowl.

I hurried from the place, without washing.

A year later, the newspapers reported that Mayor O'Dwyer had sent families on relief into this flophouse to live with their children. The Marshall Plan was at its height.

Later, I came to live in the Italian section a block off the Bowery. At first, I would go over to the bodies of the men fallen in the doorways and look at their faces because I thought they were dead. After a while, I passed them by the way everybody does.

For there are too many of them: the Bowery is estimated to have 25,000 drifters like these. This population has existed for decades: surely over a million workers have at one time or another passed through the hell of the Bowery? In 1921, Mike Gold wrote:

> "The Bowery is a little city of the damned. It is the bottom of the whirlpool that sucks forever downward the frail boat of the wage worker. There men come when they have made a misstep to one side or the other in the eternal tight-rope balancing over the precipice of hunger that is the proletarian life. Here they come when they are weakest, to seek Lethe in drink and dirt and shiftlessness. Here workers come when they are sick and friendless, and need a quiet place to die."

IT IS 1949. I keep notes on my life here.

My window opens on the back windows of a flophouse. When I look up from my writing I see the men. They remind me of Gorky's creatures that once were men, but there is something more utterly sucked out of them, it seems. Here, there is the double curse of American life: to be poor is to be beneath contempt, to be outside the pale. I know how easy it is for a worker to reach this state; I've seen it happen. I have, too, the feeling workers have toward them: mixed sympathy and hatred, horror and pity, fear and rage. I've been broke often enough to know the horrible hatred American capitalist life has for the man who is down; how ruthless it is, how it stamps on him and crushes him as if he were a leper! The Bowery for him!

The Italians try to live decent lives with the derelicts reminding them constantly how narrow the line is between life and death. Their children live among the strewn bodies like flowers that grow up between corpses on a battlefield. They play ballgames jumping over men lying in their path. I saw boys use a sleeping body as a base! . . .

When I come home at night, I turn the corner and my eyes involuntarily go up. On top of our church there stands a concrete Christ with arms outstretched over our slums. Sometimes it is lit up by a hidden floodlight and the stars look down behind the stone head. Beneath, but hidden from sight, lie the bodies of three men, clasped

in some weird alcoholic dream of love—or are cold on this pavement and hold each other for warmth. A block away is a hospital for cats and dogs, and a man lies moaning on the stone doorstep. . . .

Today the bodies are strewn around the streets as if a machine-gun had gone through. One man lies flat on his back with his red face up to the boiling sun. Another, his empty gums sucked in, clutches one shoe in his arms. Where's the other shoe? A loudspeaker of the local mission house speaks in a girl's voice, "Why prolong your misery? Why don't you come in? Let us help you." The down-and-out look from burnt faces and dripping eyes at the sidewalk, while their heads are like empty halls where nothing but the huge whispers of alcohol reverberate. The voice of the girl doesn't enter here; nothing but death enters here. . . .

I've seen men lying in their filth; I've seen, at night, men rummaging through garbage cans for food. I've seen them eat around the rotted edges of oranges they fished from some corrupted depth. Men old enough to be my grandfather stop me and beg me for three cents, or two cents or eight cents—somehow persuading by these odd figures that they only need help, not handouts. "Sooner or later," I tell myself, "if I do nothing about what surrounds me, it will end by making me less a man. To be forced to witness degradation, and to be unable to do anything about it, corrupts even the strongest a little. The whole scheme is that: make one accept this whether you like it or not, and thus, tacitly, *to become an accomplice to it!*" Like the Nazis and their persecutions! Only here it's been going on for generations—and one is supposed to become calloused. . . .

A man with iron-gray hair, the leathery face of an ex-service man, the cold eyes of a sadist, rounds up about thirty men. With a club he hurries them against the wall, where they stand blinking at him, not understanding what is happening, only afraid of authority—any kind of authority. When one hollowed-out old man protests mildly, the Legionnaire pulls back a rock-like fist and aims it at the old man who wilts back into the wall.

A little boy, not more than six, too young and innocent to know the American Way, cries, "Why are you picking on those guys for?"

"Go away!" commands the iron-gray man.

He makes them stand up stiff, like weird, broken soldiers; if they slump, he pokes them with the stick until they force their ruined eyes open and their flabby backs straight. They stand a strange wobbling

line of helpless faded men looking out of bleached eyes at this torturer who stands swinging a club at them—at this man who had found creatures whom no law protected and on whom he could safely vent some bitter passions.

They stand for an hour, shaking. Some collapse in a heap, and he leaves them there with a sneer. Then he orders them away, beating them across the rump. They dance awkwardly, hideously away, and slink back into the alleys and doorways to fight for living space again with cats and dogs.

The Legionnaire leaves with a smirk. Who is he? What delight does he take out of this performance? . . .

Two little boys are playing a weird game. Their puckish sweet faces are clean, and their clothes are neat. They creep along the side of the building until they come to the corner where a man lies sprawled in alcoholic death. Leaning over the man and around the corner, they yell in their high baby voices, with their puckish grins, at four or five swaying drunks who are standing around an uplifted bottle. "You're bums!" they shriek with glee.

Then one of the men, with a horribly distorted grin—a kind of destroyed memory of playfulness, of taking children on one's knee and dandling them—disengages himself from the others and starts toward the kids in mock anger, stretching his red ruined face and opening his battered mouth; and the children with a shriek of real horror dash back over the sprawled man to their own door. In a minute they are creeping back again like mice. . . .

Hobbling from the car in back to the car in front, dirt ground into his face, running eyes, he goes with a dirty rag wiping the windows. The man inside the car curses him, finally throws open the door and bangs him with the heavy thing, and the man goes sprawling into the gutter. . . . Coming down the street an old man on crutches, a wound on his head, his foot bandaged, and tied to his crutch his other shoe. As though from the wars. . . .

After midnight, some creature that looks like a mole goes from doorway to doorway where the drunks have lain, picking up empty whiskey bottles, which he places in a sack and carries over his shoulder. He goes tinkling about from doorway to doorway, and I can hear him as I come. Where does he sell the bottles and for how much? Even the poor outcasts provide salvage for someone. I notice an old man with a push-cart. He stops at a curb and picks up a cardboard box, which he flattens and piles on his cart, which already has other flattened cardboards, rags, bottles. It's long after midnight. . . .

Sammy, of Sammy's Bowery Follies, poses for the newspapers. He has "adopted" one of the men on the Bowery, supplied him with a haircut, bath and a few dollars and a job. The ruined man assures the newspapers that it was all his own fault that he ended up on the Bowery, and he surely was going to go straight from now on. Sammy smirks. The newspapers smirk. Slummers come here from uptown and Sammy obligingly has his bouncers run an old man out of his joint for the photographers. It's "color." The old man comes in again an hour later to repeat the performance. . . .

I turn the corner. Propped against the wall, with his legs spread out on the pavement, is a man with a mask of blood over his face. There is a deep hideous gash, showing the bone, in his forehead. His dazed eyes stare into nothing. I shudder. But beside him, almost touching his feet, squats a little boy of four completely absorbed in a pile of sand which a man is shoveling. I stare dumbfounded for a while, but the child never notices the bloody face. . . .

I hear a muffled, cursing, pleading voice. I stop and look across the street to where a man is stretched on his stomach on the cold pavement. It's below freezing. He's crying: "Help me, somebody! Don't let me die here! I'm freezing to death, Goddam you! Lord God, help me!"

A man comes out of a beer-joint and stands beside me. "I'd help him," he says moodily, "but he'd say I was trying to go through his pockets. I helped a guy once who was laying right in front of a car. He accused me of trying to rob him. . . ."

"It'll do him no good lying there," I say.

He shivers and shrugs.

Young men come up the street. "Help me!" the man roars, lying prone, raising his arms.

"——you, you bum!" they shout jovially back. . . .

But don't think these men who can't lift their hands or tell you what day or year it is or what their names are don't make a profit for somebody. There's a profit to be made from everybody! Even from these creatures lower than animals. Flop-houses charge exorbitant prices for little cells, worse even than the one I stayed in, and I paid $8 or $9 a week for that. Liquor stores keep in stock the kind of wine that these men can afford, wine that has been sopped up with a mop from a dirty floor. The derelicts are their main customers, and bring their pennies in scabby hands to the well-dressed poisoners, who then go home uptown in their cars. Then the railroad companies have their offices here for hiring men on their labor gangs. They take them out to the wilderness and keep them like work-slaves penned up in the wilds for as long as they last. Then, of course, the hospitals come down here regularly with their meat-wagons to take off corpses and near-corpses for students. Also, the blood banks don't find it beneath them to drain blood from these men for a few dollars—blood for which they pay money and which these men drink up. They literally drink up their own blood! . . .

Eight men were picked up dead in this block last night. They died of wood alcohol. . . .

It's after midnight. A man lies over the curb, his ashen face cold in the mixed moon- and street-light. A small group stands around him. A cop is talking with another cop. One of the men bends over and touches the dead man. "Gone all right," he says, straightening up. His friend adds, with a philosophical tone that is typical of men here,

"He's better off. That's the way I want to go." I turn to the man next to me, "No," I said, "I haven't got a match." We begin to talk. "I live on the Bowery," he admits. "What brought you here?" I ask. He glances at me and cries belligerently: "I'm just on it till I get a job. that's all!" He looks pugnaciously at me and I explain: "I just wanted to know." "Don't worry," he assures me, "I'll be off it—I'll get a job."

But everybody knows you never get off the Bowery.

He takes a final look at the dead man, shudders and hurries off. I, too, turn the corner to where my stone Christ on top of the church is ablaze. His stone arms are uplifted over all who suffer and die. . . .

In December, 1949, *Life* published a photograph of two men lying on a curb. This was palmed off as an exposé of alleged poverty behind the "Iron Curtain."

For a ten-cent subway ride the masters of *Life, Time* and *Fortune* can see scenes that are horrible beyond description, destitution which beggars the imagination, depravity unequalled in any country in the world. I see it every day with my own eyes. I live in the midst of it. I smell it: the stench that rises like a cloud day and night over the entire area. And this has existed for generations: *millions* of workers have come to this hell and thousands have died here. And men have coined money from their deaths. . . .

June, 1950. Final irony. I've been asked to move. My landlord has sold the house to an Orthodox priest who has turned the establishment into a flophouse for Ukrainian D.P.'s. I watch these D.P.'s arrive: their trunks come from Germany. They have been fascists and have been used as prison guards in concentration camps where Jews and anti-fascists and simple ordinary people have died by the millions. Now, before the advance of the liberated peoples, they have fled to their last hope: America.

But what a grim joke! Here, they sleep on cots six and eight to a room; here a stench invades their nostrils day and night. Here when they leave the house, they see thousands of human beings dying before their eyes in the last throes of the peculiar American agony of death on the Bowery. No juster fate could have been visited on them. Those whom they have tortured in Europe may rest in peace. Their jailers are here on the Bowery. Soon they will wish they were in hell.

books in review

Lawson's History

THE HIDDEN HERITAGE, by John Howard Lawson. *Citadel.* $3.50.

THE HIDDEN HERITAGE reinterprets the whole background of American culture in the only framework which yields full and valid insights—the age-old and "unceasing struggle between the oppressor and the oppressed." It reviews the development of the arts and of thought in their interrelations with the economic and social milieu from which they emerge—"as a reflection of the social forces and an instrument of social change." In so doing, of necessity, it explodes some of the most cherished myths and distortions of bourgeois historiography.

John Howard Lawson has here produced a mature, and careful work of Marxist scholarship that will contribute substantially, as its author obviously intended, to the triumph of working-class values in the cultural and political struggles of our time.

It is rare and salutary in these days of hurried publications to come across a book which is comprehensive in scope, theoretically sound and, for the most part, "finished" in form. *The Hidden Heritage* is such a book. It essays no less than to trace and interpret the many, many facets of our cultural background over a period of more than five centuries—from the beginnings of the decline of feudalism to the establishment of permanent English colonies in North America. Suggestive of this broad scope are the titles of its six major divisions:

I. The Decline of Catholic Power (1075-1434).

II. The Challenge of Humanism (1450-1600).

III. The Colonial Pattern (1492-1600).

IV. The European Background of English Colonization (1593-1607).

V. The European Background of English Colonization (1607-1618).

VI. The English Colonies (1618-1628).

Moreover, each of the book's forty chapters, which cover more than 500 pages, leaves one with the satisfaction of having read a well-rounded, exceedingly well-written, critical essay.

It would be an error to assume that *The Hidden Heritage* relates solely to developments of more than three centuries ago; its

over-all focus is on our times. The beginning of the Inquisition in the thirteenth century, for example, is seen to be instructive as to "the methods employed in our 'American century' to restrict the right of association and outlaw dangerous thoughts." The rise and early persecution of Protestantism is not only discussed in terms of the peasant uprisings of the late fifteenth century and the early sixteenth century struggle of the Catholic Church to suppress the emerging bourgeoisie; it is also related to developments in our day:

"Propaganda against innovators follows a depressingly familiar pattern. It is discomforting to find that all the things which are said about Communists today were said about the Protestants three and a half centuries ago."

So, likewise, is the corporate form of colonial power in Massachusetts and Virginia discussed, not only to illuminate the exploitative political structure of early seventeenth century America, but also to interpret the class character of the Constitution drafted in the late eighteenth century, the class basis of the Supreme Court's "personification" of the trusts in the nineteenth century and the essential nature of our government today:

". . . staffed by the dapper, corrupt and soulless representatives of the trusts, man's aspiring spirit has been changed for a stock certificate, and the cartel stands supreme, as the church stood in the Middle Ages, the symbol of the soul."

Similarly, Lawson's interpretation of *The Tempest,* in the light of Shakespeare's England in 1611, leads to analysis of Herman Melville's retreat and deterioration following *Moby Dick* in the mid-nineteenth century and to appraisal of the glorification of Melville's corruption by the decadent Lewis Mumford in our times.

To cite one more example: The official "Malthusian" proposal for reducing the surplus population of expropriated farmers in England, following the Midland Riots of the "Levellers" in 1607, is not only related to the earlier appearance of this doctrine among the Aztecs in the Valley of Mexico and in sixteenth century France and England; it is also discussed in relation to the classic formulation of the theory by Thomas R. Malthus at the end of the eighteenth century, to its critique by Marx in *Capital* in the mid-nineteenth century and to the current "epidemic of neo-Malthusianism" reflected in the writings of William Vogt and Frank W. Notestein.

In this latter connection, as throughout the entire volume, the contemporary orientation of *The Hidden Heritage* is made quite

explicit by the author's tongue-in-cheek comment:

"It seems strange in this era of scientific advance that technology cannot solve the problem of food production to maintain a decent standard of living for the world's population of approximately 2,100,000,000. Many scientists hold that the methods of production which are at present available can provide satisfactorily for at least a billion more than the present population."

The fact that *The Hidden Heritage* focuses continually on recent and current events in our cultural history serves, of course, to enhance its value as a weapon in our times; but its frequent excursions beyond the historic period around which the book is formally organized also impose substantial limitations on the unity and coherence of the work as a whole. The chapter entitled "Coriolanus," for example, proceeds from Shakespeare's play to a discourse on the "question of patriotism," which leads to Beethoven's *Eroica* and *Leonore* in the early nineteenth century, then to *The Fall of British Tyranny* just before the outbreak of the American Revolution, and then back to the political role of Francis Bacon in the court of King James. Like most other chapters, it provides an interesting and important analysis, constituting a literary unit in itself; but its structural relation to the chapters which immediately precede and follow is a bit tenuous. Similarly, a few chapters—like that on "The Fishermen"—although clearly relevant to the general theme of the book, are by no means necessary to its organic unity. As the author points out in the "Preface," we do not have here "a history in the conventional sense"; we have, rather, "a series of studies and explorations in the field of cultural history."

Only an able Marxist could have written—or even conceived—this book; for none other would have the theoretical tools essential for the analyses here made. One must have a functional command of the relations between structure and superstructure to understand the magnificent artistic achievements represented by the medieval cathedrals in terms of the migrant population resulting from the social disintegration of

the crusading period; the Church's eagerness to use this dangerous surplus of workers for its own profit and as a means of securing a larger control over the life of the cities; the anxiety of the substantial burghers over the social unrest reflected in the Beggar's Crusade; and the developing conflict between the skilled artisans and the ruling mercantile group.

"The clergy offered their services in solving these difficulties—if the people of wealth would pay the cost of cathedral building. . . . The gain for the clergy was enormous, being the difference between the total amount collected and the cost of production with unskilled labor that was reduced virtually to slave status."

Only an understanding of the arts in their interrelation with the economic base could lead to the interpretation of Leonardo Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* as "the embodiment of a class . . . a women of the bourgeoisie"; or could interpret the early Shakespeare within the framework of the contradictions inherent in the growing struggle between the Queen and the bourgeoisie during the popular discontent of "The Famine Years," and the crown's use of the stage as a major weapon of propaganda in attempting to secure the allegiance of the London population:

"In theory, the crown's control of the theatre was absolute; but plays were of no value as propaganda unless they touched the passions and sensibilities of the audience. On the other hand, if plays spoke the language and thought of the people, they ceased to serve the interests of the court. No art form was ever more explosively impregnated with the contradictions between a peoples' art and art dedicated to the maintenance of power than the theatre which Shakespeare entered in 1591."

Many a bourgeois historian has proceeded from the ideal concepts of the "bad Indians" and "noble colonists" to interpret the early conflicts between the English settlers and the aboriginal inhabitants of the lands they were invading; but the Marxist author of *The Hidden Heritage* chose, instead, the Morgan-Engels "emphasis on productive organization as the basic factor in social evolution . . . [as] an appropriate starting point for an examination of the contact between the Indians and the Europeans in the first years of English colonization."

As a result, he is able to see the struggle over tools—"obviously . . . the key to agricultural production"—as the root cause of

the developing conflicts during the summer of 1608; and the Indians' theft of tools, with consequent hardship and social unrest among the English settlers, as "the social reason for the dictatorship" which Captain John Smith established over the young colony during the following winter. The author must have had in mind more modern variants of this social process when he commented: "In order to meet the danger, the small group of 'gentlemen' who ruled the community were willing to delegate their authority to one individual."

Similarly, it is through use of the unique Marxist tool of analysis, dialectical and historical materialism, that Lawson is able to pierce and expose the net-work of myths and distortions with which bourgeois historiography and literature have all but obscured the economic and social pressures which led to the colonization of America, and the sordid and exploitative class relations by which the great majority of the colonists were oppressed. Among the casualties of his analysis, all here explained in meaningful and realistic terms, are the Vespucci hoax that deprived Columbus of full credit for the discovery of America; the deliberately fabricated legend of the "heroic" John Smith, including the impossible Pocahontas myth; the allegedly religious motivations and beautiful—indeed "communist"—relations of the community established at Plymouth; the supposed beginnings of "pure democracy" in the new world with the opening of the House of Burgesses in Virginia in 1619—just three weeks before "the arrival of a ship in the James River with twenty Negroes for sale"; and especially the all-pervading myth that our cultural heritage is "Anglo-Saxon" in its origins.

The Marxist premises which underlie *The Hidden Heritage* are revealed, not only in its methodology, but also in its selection of topics for emphasis. One is impressed, for example, with the substantial and continuing attention given to the woman question; with the major emphasis on the Negro question; with the primary focus throughout on the struggles of the peoples of many lands against oppression—of the peasants on the countryside, the craftsmen in the cities, fishermen, Jews, Negroes, the Indians of Spanish-America as well as North America—and the reflection of those struggles in "the great currents of culture, Indian, European and African, that met and intermingled in the Western hemisphere."

Not one of these emphases would emerge in a bourgeois analysis of our cultural heritage. Their presence in Lawson's book is by no means accidental; it is a necessary result of the class bias with

which a Marxist scholar proceeds in his work.

There is a cult of so-called "objectivity" among academic social scientists which loudly proclaims its "unbiased" approach to scientific inquiry. Adherents of this cult delude their audience — and perhaps also themselves; for there is not, nor can there be, any such thing as "unbiased" research in a society whose dominant characteristic is the all-pervasive struggle of economic classes. The very formulation of the problem to be investigated, the determination of what to look for, the interpretation of what one finds—all involve the expression of class values. Nothing illustrates this basic fact more clearly than the ruling class bias which permeates the works of the "kept" social scientists of the bourgeoisie.

The Marxist scholar deludes neither himself nor his audience with nonsense about "unbiased" social research. He has a very definite bias, defined by the values of the working class; and the very fact that he makes that bias explicit enables him, far more than the bourgeois scientists, to approximate closely to true objectivity. Moreover, the fact that the Marxist scholar's particular bias rests upon the values of the great masses of people guarantees that the emphases of his analyses will correspond most closely to social reality.

Lawson is a Marxist; he proceeds from the working-class bias and uses the theoretical tools of a Marxist scholar. This is why his analyses can yield the profound generalization that "cultural history emerges in its truth and grandeur when it is seen as an unceasing struggle between the oppressor and the oppressed." That is why he understands, and helps others to understand, that "the people are the creators of history; they have toiled through the long night of the past to create the promise that is dawning upon the earth."

The Hidden Heritage went to press as its author went to jail—"imprisoned *as a writer.*" He remains in jail, a victim of the modern "Prosperos" whose imperialist greed and brutality fear the power of a people's artist who dares to strengthen the hopes and confidence of the "Calibans" now struggling to repossess the world which once was theirs.

But John Howard Lawson knows, and we suspect his oppressors are coming to realize, that "Prospero's magic is not eternal. Shakespeare's vision of bounteous crops and merry harvesters will become reality, and the cloud-capped towers and solemn temples of privilege will melt away like an 'insubstantial pageant,' to 'leave not a wrack behind.'"

DOXEY A. WILKERSON

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