JUNE
1951

masses & MAINSTREAM

In this Issue:

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 6

masses & MAINSTREAM

June, 1951

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

AMONG THE CONTRIBUTORS

ABNER W. BERRY, who is editor for Negro affairs of the *Daily Worker,* has been reporting the trial of the Trenton Six for that paper.

VASILI GROSSMAN worked as a chemical engineer in the Donbas mining area of the Ukraine until, on Gorky's urging, he became a professional writer in the Thirties. During the Nazi invasion, which began ten years ago this month, Grossman served as a front-line correspondent for *Red Star.* Several of his books have appeared in English, including *The People Immortal, Stalingrad* and *The Years of War.*

ELIZABETH MOOS, distinguished educator, is now facing trial together with Dr. Du Bois and several other leaders of the American peace movement. She is the author of *The Educational System of the Soviet Union,* recently published by the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship.

NAT ROSS is executive secretary of the Civil Rights Congress of New York.

VICENTE LOMBARDO TOLEDANO, Mexican trade union leader, is one of the vice-chairmen of the World Peace Council.

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COVER: A portrayal of Raymonde Dien's heroic action in blocking a munition train destined for the French imperialist troops in Indo-China. The sculpture is the work of a group of young Soviet artists.

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OUR TIME by Samuel Sillen

Blessed Are the Wicked
Du Bois and Peace
"The Hog Let Loose"

Blessed Are The Wicked

MASS bombings and lynchings with a high moral tone. The corpses of Korean children are sprinkled by the killers with the incense of Christian piety. Willie McGee is murdered in a portable electric chair the same night that Truman broadcasts to the world that the United States is "defending freedom with wisdom and courage." And the executioner, correctly attired in the black tie of mourning, is offended because the object of his mercies will not bless him as a benefactor called by Providence to lead the free nations.

The ancient Greeks had a saying: "If you want to do good, first believe that you are bad." The modern imperialists have made a switch: "If you want to do evil, first say that you are good." Righteously they plunder, charitably they kill. Their proclaimed virtue soars as their deeds sink to bottomless depths of depravity. As Karl Marx noted, "the greater the development of antagonism between the growing forces of production and the extant social order, the more does the ideology of the ruling class become permeated with hypocrisy. In addition, the more effectively life unveils the mendacious character of this ideology, the more does the language used by the dominant class become sublime and virtuous."

A fresh example is at hand. It is a book by the former head of the Studebaker Corporation and the Marshall Plan and the present head of the Ford Foundation, Paul G. Hoffman. The book, gotten out as a political primer for mass circulation, is entitled *Peace Can Be Won.* Its cover features a pretty legend by Bernard Baruch: "To win the peace, we must wage the peace."

But the real meaning of title and legend alike is made clear on

the opening page by the author himself. It appears that Mr. Hoffman was planning to give a talk at Wellesley College last spring. His talk was to be entitled "The Cold War Is a Good War." But at dinner in Washington one night his good friend Baruch reprimanded him for this tactical blunder. "You'll never make people understand the true character of this fight," he said, "until you stop talking about the 'cold war' and start talking about waging the peace."

The anti-war sentiment of the people has proved to be so strong that the marauders of Korea and the architects of a new world war have decided to push their aggressions in the name of "waging peace." The battle of rhetoric is on. An outstanding feature of the family spat between Truman and MacArthur is the contest over who can speak in more "sublime and virtuous" language about the horrors of war. The General demands a full-scale war on China and in the same breath says he is shocked and appalled that anybody should call him a warmonger. And the President insists he is "waging peace" while he boasts of the satisfactory number of slain in Korea, while he sends occupying missions to Taiwan (Formosa) and Iceland, while he builds up the striking power of fascists in Japan, Western Germany and Spain.

Many Americans may have forgotten, but the rest of the world has not, that Hitler too was a "peace-loving man." "As a peace-loving man," the Fuhrer announced, "I have made every effort to give this great nation the defense and weapons which are appropriate to persuade the others to peace." And lest there be any mistake about the parallel use of the science of demagogy, we should recall that Hitler added: "Germany is the guarantor of peace because she warns all those who from Moscow endeavor to set the world in flame."

It is especially fitting to recall this on the tenth anniversary of Hitler's peace-loving invasion of the U.S.S.R. When on June 22, 1941, the Nazis pushed their snouts into the Soviet garden they not only revealed the true purpose of all those who deceive their people with myths about Moscow, but they began to teach the world a lesson regarding the much advertised "vulnerability" of the land of socialism.

Paul G. Hoffman's book, with all its pious language, cannot conceal that its real intent, like Hitler's, is to regiment the people for waging war against the Soviet Union. On the second page we already find the American people "forced to fight a third world war" despite all

the noble efforts of the Administration. But this does not dismay the peace-wager. "We should," he says, "wage war not to win a war, but to win a peace." If Hoffman really wanted peace one would suppose he'd favor negotiations. But no, that is waging peace too peacefully. He believes that "negotiations might yield fruit. But not now, not now for a while." The capitalists used to promise us pie in the sky; now it's peace in the sweet by 'n by.

Du Bois and Peace

THE Truman plan for "waging peace" calls in reality for the crushing of every true defender of peace. A case in point is the article in this issue by Elizabeth Moos describing the magnificent peace activities of women in a number of countries. Mrs. Moos has been indicted, together with Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, Abbott Simon, Sylvia Soloff and Kryle Elkin, for having brought such news to the American people through the Peace Information Center. This patriotic activity in behalf of peace is branded as "alien," the work of "foreign agents." Clearly, a key purpose of the trial (it has been postponed to October) is to outlaw the kind of information contained in Mrs. Moos' article. It is to isolate peace-loving Americans from their hundreds of millions of friends in the rest of the world.

The scandalous plot to imprison Dr. Du Bois—and as a "foreign agent!"—lays bare the utter degeneration of the capitalist rulers of this country. The eighty-three-year old scholar whom Truman wants to put in jail for five years embodies within himself all that is most heroic and noble in the traditions of our country. His extraordinary career as a man of letters and fighter for the freedom of all oppressed peoples has brought world renown to Dr. Du Bois, and his persecution is so shamelessly crude that no other proof is needed of how far the country has been driven down the road toward fascism.

Nor can anyone possibly mistake the intent of the government in choosing such an outstanding leader of the Negro people for an "object lesson" in its attempt to stifle the voices of peace. Between the indictment of Dr. Du Bois and the murder of Willie McGee and the Martinsville Seven there is as intimate a connection as there is between "Operation Killer" in Korea and "Operation Killer" at home. The determined march of the Negro people toward national liberation

vitally threatens the war-makers. The legal lynchings are aimed to hold back this march. The fight for Dr. Du Bois as a leader of the American peace forces and the fight for Dr. DuBois as a leader of the Negro people cannot be separated. It is the fight of every American who wants to live in peace and dignity.

Those who dream that the voice of a Du Bois, a Robeson, a Patterson, can be stilled are of course doomed to disappointment. Dr. Du Bois will be one of the principal speakers at the People's Peace Congress to be held in Chicago on June 29, 30 and July 1. This major gathering, sponsored by the American Peace Crusade, is the people's answer to the warlords in Washington. It will unite all Americans who want peace, regardless of lesser differences in the face of this paramount issue. The Peace Congress is expected to have over 5,000 delegates from all parts of the country representing various sections of public opinion. The American Peace Crusade has called upon "everybody to come and bring their ideas, their hopes and plans. Let every American man and woman help shape the destiny of this generation for peace—not the catastrophe of war. This is our supreme patriotic duty."

The people's forces for peace symbolized by Dr. Du Bois cannot be stopped. They will not retreat. They will be heard.

"The Hog Let Loose"

ONE of the neglected American classics that should be dusted off and looked into these days is Horace Traubel's *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, a massive three-volume work long out of print. Traubel was Whitman's devoted Boswell. As a young Socialist in the 1880's he paid a daily visit to the ailing poet and with great care jotted down Whitman's conversations and reminiscences. In this period of sharp labor struggles climaxed by the Haymarket Massacre of 1886, Whitman was deeply concerned about "the more and more insidious grip of capital." His biting comments on Big Business rapacity form a vital part of what John Howard Lawson calls our "hidden heritage."

I shall focus here on Whitman's remarks during the first few days of November, 1888, on the eve of the presidential election in which Harrison defeated Cleveland. On November 1 the poet says: "I am troubled by the merely mercenary influences that seem to be let loose in current legislation: the hog let loose: the grabber, the stealer, the

arrogant honorable so and so. . . ." The next day he describes the "cheap and nasty politics" of the country "with hardly a sincere note anywhere to relieve the tedium of corruption." Rejecting the "contemptible hypocrisies" of the campaign, Whitman observes on November 4: "No man can look into what we call Party politics without seeing what a mockery it all is—how little either Democrats or Republicans know about essential truths." And the following day he says of the commercial press: "I shrink from such pandering organs of opinion: for America's future, the world's, there must be larger, freer, nobler mediums of truth."

In the same pages Whitman protests against the racist law excluding Chinese from the United States. He attacks the jingo philosophy of a capitalism about to enter its imperialist stage: "Can any sound man believe in a patriotism that means America alone?" He scorns the "horrible falsity" of the Malthusian doctrine that the earth is too crowded: "That is a pure confession of incapacity to explain social sores." And he berates the bourgeois "madness to make money whatever happens."

These ideas, culled from only a few days of Whitman's conversations, are typical of the three volumes. Naturally, they have not been widely quoted by the sanctimonious boosters of "Our Way." Can one imagine the State Department's "Voice of America" broadcasting the opinions of America's greatest poet? A current book by Russell Davenport (also a poet) and the editors of *Fortune* entitled *The Permanent Revolution* castigates writers who in the tradition of Whitman, Mark Twain and Dreiser give a "negative" impression of the big trusts. This book, designed to sell the "American way of life" to a benighted world, considers as traitors the best writers this country has produced. This is the real "new criticism."

Whitman, in the pages from which I have quoted, exclaims: "America . . . has thundered against me or been contemptuously silent about me in a way not to be misunderstood." And the late Bernard Shaw once said: "Whitman is a classic. . . . Curious that America should be the only country in which this is not as obvious as the sun in the heavens!" But is it so curious after all? How could the philistine rulers of capitalist culture stomach an artist who took the side of the people and who dared, despite the heavy penalties of poverty, censorship and the deprivation of a wide audience, to tell the truth about

the organized thievery that passes for the Two-Party System? And least of all can they stomach such an artist today. The moral and intellectual level of Benjamin Harrison may have been nothing to brag about, but even he was a Renaissance man next to Harry S. Truman. If this custodian of America's cultural treasures ever so much as heard of Whitman, he has kept it a well-guarded secret.

"The hog let loose," said Whitman. "Long live the hog!" cry the lackeys of imperialism. An item in the New York *Times* from Hollywood reads: "In view of the current Congressional investigation of communism in Hollywood, the announcement by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer of a new project to be called *Mister Congressman,* dealing with the 'plus' side of American politics can certainly be regarded as a handsome gesture." The "plus-side" picture, says Metro executive Dore Schary (a writer for the Social Democratic *New Leader*), will show a "composite" legislator, hard-working and faithful to the common weal. The Congressman is shown to be the victim of an unjust smear because "he happens to believe that a powerful lobby has right on its side."

Thus, the new hero of our time, obedient to the esthetic blueprints of *The Permanent Revolution,* will be the fearless defender of Du Pont against the smears of the people. Glorifying the crook and the killer—this is the lofty mission of capitalist culture. Walt Whitman described this kind of culture aimed at destroying the mind and heart of the plain people. He said that "of all the political horrors it is the most horrible horror." He said that it "talks in filth and exudes the odor of sewage."

And he warned, in those November days of 1888: "Let the Hannas go on now believing that there is no hell—that they are the end, that they are all there is: they will be rudely shaken out of their arrogance one of these days."

We cordially invite our readers to attend a reception in honor of Lloyd L. Brown on the occasion of the publication of his novel, *Iron City.* The affair, co-sponsored by *M&M* and Paul Robeson's paper, *Freedom,* will take place on Friday evening, June 15, at 310 Lenox Ave. (near 125th St.), New York City.

Return to the "Free World"

by JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

IN PRISON, you follow an artificial routine that is hermetically sealed off from the outside world. You read the newspapers, you hear the frantic voices of radio commentators; but the lack of contact or participation is so complete that the sound and fury seem muted, imminent and yet unreal: you are like a fish in an aquarium looking at the stir and movement of dim figures in the world of air and light beyond the sealed glass.

This separation from life—from one's family and work and friends and interests—defines the psychological burden which the prisoner carries. It may seem like an especially heavy burden for the political prisoner, because he is accustomed to a very busy professional and civic life; the sole purpose of the prison sentence is to condemn him to inactivity, to silence his voice—because he speaks for peace, because he shouts the truth against the noisy propaganda of the warmakers. Yet this knowledge also makes the burden easier to bear: one is determined *not* to be silenced, to wait for the opportunity to speak more clearly and strongly.

Other prisoners are not sustained by such a definite hope and purpose. But for all of us the time behind bars is like suspended animation, a trance, a temporary death. Every thought is concentrated on the return to what is always referred to as the "free world."

I heard the phrase forty or fifty times a day during my ten months in the Federal Correctional Institution at Ashland, Kentucky. I thought a great deal about the ironic connection between the prisoners' longing for the "free world" and the use of the term to describe the unstable coalition which serves Wall Street's plans for global conquest.

Since politics and war affect every human being, the connection is not obscure—and it was sensed, uncertainly and in emotional terms,

by many of the men at Ashland. They knew that the "free world" on which all their thoughts were concentrated was dismally out of joint.

The young men look ahead to war. The veterans speak bitterly of the expected return to the army. Among the older men, the talk is of prices and inflation.

At Ashland, a large percentage of the inmates are "whiskey men"—farmers from the hill country of Tennessee and Kentucky who operate stills because it is their traditional and only means of livelihood. Aside from this majority, there is a bewildering assortment of other crimes; boys from eighteen to twenty-five are most frequently sentenced for stealing cars, sometimes as a commercial undertaking but more frequently as a sort of neurotic impulse or protest. There are forgers and petty racketeers and income-tax evaders and professional thieves.

To the writer who loves people—and no one can pretend to be a writer unless that love is deep and abiding—association with these so-called "criminals" is a tragic and rewarding experience. One makes many lasting friendships. But above all, one finds renewed faith in the dignity and power of man. One finds kindness and co-operation and unfailing courage. There is not the slightest doubt that many of these men are able and anxious to live decent honorable lives. But they know what awaits them in the "free world."

They will be shadowed forever by the prejudice that places a label on the ex-convict. Our prison system is a mighty destroyer of homes; there are many divorces; wives stop writing and disappear. Many men will come out into the great arena of "free enterprise" equipped only with a cheap suit given by the government and enough dollars to buy a steak or a bottle. To many, the "free world" is a street of neon lights and noisy bars, burlesque shows and pool rooms.

This is the goal of their painful waiting. Each makes his own plans, studying over his little stock of letters and photographs, which represent the link between the past and the future. Each man can tell you at any minute the exact time that remains to be served. . . . "Four months and eight days and two hours." . . . "A year and two months" . . . "eight hours less if I can go out at midnight."

I SAW an incident on a New York street the other day: an old man lay crumpled on the sidewalk; he was probably drunk, although no one took the trouble to find out; his sunken eyes half closed, his face covered with a stubble of beard, his clothing in disorder, he lay

there while people hurried by. Three men stood near his head picking their teeth and telling noontime jokes.

Such things are too common to deserve comment. I am reminded of another incident that happened several years ago in Los Angeles. A group of us went into a brightly lighted restaurant; in an alley near the door, a ragged man was lying with his head propped against the wall. When we came out an hour later, full of food and wine, someone happened to notice that the man was dead.

Callousness toward suffering is not a new thing. Those who regard it as "seditious" to propose the outlawing of the atom bomb can hardly be expected to worry about the fate of individuals. The occasional appearance of death and despair on busy streets is dwarfed by the mass destruction in Korea.

Yet these things constitute the pattern of *our* society, the pattern of grinding senseless brutality that heartless and ignorant historians call "the eternal truth of history." The routine of a prison emphasizes the waste of human beings which characterizes the whole society. War is an extension of the waste and cruelty which are accepted as "normal" social processes. The profits derived from killing people by starvation and toil are equalled, and indeed exceeded, by the profits derived from killing them with jellied gasoline.

It is difficult to understand how anyone with a mind and a heart can remain silent concerning the evils of our time. For these evils are evident, monstrous, and remediable.

But the tradition of humanism—the tradition of compassion and truth-seeking molded through centuries of struggle and thought—seems to have been abandoned by many American intellectuals. Obscurantism and despair, hatred of man and acceptance of doom, offer an escape from the responsibility of the artist and the scholar. The cynic regards the passion for truth and justice as a pastime which is too expensive to be indulged in. The penalties for crying out against evil, for proclaiming what is good and just, are too heavy.

There can be no doubt about the penalties. But it is a proud thing to speak with honor. I do not wish to exaggerate the importance of the Hollywood Nine—one can no longer speak of ten since Dmytryk's desertion. In a year that has seen the execution of the Martinsville Seven, the long fight of the Trenton Six against a brutal frameup and the "legal" murder of Willie McGee, our cases must be viewed as part of the total picture—a planned and many-sided attack on the Consti-

tution and the Bill of Rights, organized by Congress and the Administration and carried forward by the courts.

We have simply lived up to the responsibility imposed upon us as progressive intellectuals and as patriotic Americans. But in this "time of the toad" it is no small thing for writers to reject the toad's role which so many have accepted. On the eve of our imprisonment we said that our freedom was a casualty of the drive to war. I wrote in an article published in the July, 1950, *Masses & Mainstream*: "The war-makers have gone wild because their plans have been exposed." These words were writen before the outbreak of hostilities in Korea; by the time they appeared in print, the criminal adventure in Korea had begun.

A year ago, it was possible for well-intentioned people to believe that the United States was not wholly committed to a policy of war-at-any-price. Today, few people outside the United States have any doubts about the Administration's intention to rely solely on war as an instrument of policy. In our country, the people are confused and embittered by the year's tragic experience. They know that there is bungling and incompetence in policies that make us hated and condemned throughout the world. They see the mounting casualty lists in Korea, while the generals and politicians argue whether it is wiser to spread the war in Europe or in Asia. The "Great Debate" revolves around Apocalyptic visions of disaster; but none of the distinguished debaters mentions the real issue—the avoidance of disaster by the establishment of the peace for which all the peoples of the earth are clamoring.

Since peace is so obviously necessary and realizable, the war-makers are ready to go to any lengths to suppress the word and the thought. The prosecution of the great Negro scholar, W. E. B. DuBois and his associates in the Peace Information Center, shows that the government intends to establish the rule that *any* advocacy of peace constitutes a crime. The House Committee on Un-American Activities has issued an amazing report in which even the clergy and such moderate groups as the Fellowship of Reconciliation are warned to cease their "seditious" discussion of the possibility of peace.

WHEN my wife met me at the gate of the Ashland "Correctional Institution" at one minute after midnight on the morning of April 9, 1951, I came at last to the end of the months and days and

hours which I had been carefully counting. We hardly knew that the rain was pouring down on us as we walked to the automobile. The "free world" to which I had returned was making another "investigation" of Hollywood. The next morning's papers contained accounts of the new hearings, which continued the Congressional trials of film artists begun in 1947. It may be recalled that the 1947 hearings, conducted under the chairmanship of J. Parnell Thomas, later convicted and jailed for defrauding the government, were abruptly halted because the "Unfriendly Witnesses" exposed the illegal aims of the committee. The public was aroused in 1947; even such newspapers as the Washington *Post* and the New York *Herald Tribune* protested that the committee had gone too for in its open attempt to blacklist and imprison writers of whose opinions it disapproved.

The fascist conspiracy has gone forward alarmingly: the newspapers, and other forms of communication, have been satisfactorily, and painlessly, *co-ordinated.* The majority of the artists called to the hearing as witnesses have asserted their freedom of conscience and belief, ably and with fine scorn for the Committee's intimidation. The statements offered by Gale Sondergaard, Howard da Sylva, Paul Jarrico and many others defend the honor, not only of the individuals, but of American artists, and these statements will be remembered and quoted long after the names of the artists who grovelled before the committee are forgotten.

But reports of the hearings on the radio and in the newspapers paid no attention to the men and women who defended their American democratic heritage. The spotlight of publicity was focussed on the miserable persons, who chose, as one of them phrased it, to "crawl in the mud." There was nothing very remarkable about the testimony of these "friendly witnesses." The artist-stoolpigeon is not very different from any other stoolpigeon.

Yet the occason had a considerable, and portentous, interest. The appearance of the artist-stoolpigeon, a new phenomenon in our society, marked the extent to which the fascist drive has already gone in debasing the arts and poisoning the climate of culture.

People have asked me about the "psychology" of these actors, directors and writers. I suppose each case could be studied as an example of the systematic debasement and breakdown of human personality, in this case the artist's personality, in trustified America. What a com-

mentary on the meaning of loyalty, as defined by the witch-hunters, to hear John Garfield boast of helping to break a strike, producing records of the Screen Actors' Guild Board to show he voted to walk through picket lines! Workers will be impressed by Garfield's explanation: "I was working on a picture then. It was against my interest for the strike to continue." (*Variety, April* 25, 1951). It is also to Garfield's interest, in May, 1951, to bow to the obvious fact that anti-Communism cannot be convincing without strike-breaking.

The vulgarity and ignorance of the House Un-Americans have brought many moments of comedy. But no dramatist could invent a situation richer in comic overtones than Dmytryk's testimony: addressing a committee that holds the club of blacklist and disgrace over artists who assert their creative independence, Dmytryk claimed that discussions with fellow-craftsmen were an attempt to "intimidate" him. Dmytryk evidently found nothing "intimidating" in accepting Congressman Wood as his guide and mentor. The director of *Crossfire* told the Georgia racist: "The fact that they told us what to do with a picture shocked me very deeply. I have always opposed thought police" (*The Hollywood Reporter,* April 26).

One wonders how a man can indulge in such obscenities in order to save a "career"—as if a career can be worth saving at the price of betraying the people, and thus sacrificing everything that gives worth to life or art. But the artist's genuflection before cheap politicians, begging forgiveness for past sins and promising that he will never again think for himself, has its larger significance in the general decline and debasement of cultural values.

IT IS important to recognize that the fascist drive against culture is an attack on the whole body of humanist and democratic thought. As war demands our lives, so the "conditioning" for war demands total subordination of our minds. The attack is directed against the whole tradition of truth seeking, because truth itself must be outlawed. Simple words, powerful in their simplicity, are "co-ordinated" and deprived of their traditional meaning. Among Wall Street's contemplated conquests, not the least ambitious is the conquest of the dictionary. The word *democracy* is raped by the militarists to describe the rule of force which they seek to impose on recalcitrant nations. The "Free World" is Wall Street's world, its devotion to "freedom"

symbolized by Franco Spain, fascist Greece, despotic Turkey, Yugoslavia gripped by Tito's gang of paid Wall Street agents, Chiang Kai-shek's discredited government pensioned by his American protectors on the island of Taiwan (Formosa)—and the latest, but by no means the least, addition to this libertarian company, resurgent Nazism in Germany.

Is it difficult to arrive at the truth concerning the events that are taking place in the United States and the world? Is the question of war and peace so complicated and many-sided that it cannot be understood by ordinary people? Is there really any doubt about the aggressive character of American foreign policy? Can any rational person believe that we are destroying Korea for the benefit of the Koreans? Is it possible to believe that we are friendly toward China? Is the United States supporting democracy or the interest of the people in any part of the world? Is there any doubt that Secretary of State Acheson's *Total Diplomacy* is preparation for total war, and that his search for *situations of strength* is leading to disastrous situations of weakness? Can anyone follow the revelations in the *Affaire MacArthur* and remain ignorant of the American war plans which have been exposed by General Marshall and by President Truman as well as by MacArthur?

Why are the American people confused and misled concerning these questions—which are so vital to our national security? The answer is to be found in the *Big Lie,* which Hitler found so effective, and which is being used so effectively by his imitators in the United States. The *Big Lie* of "the Communist Menace" embraces the entire system of falsehoods, giving terrible order and brutality to the obscene mess.

The "danger of Communism" is utilized to justify aggression abroad and the preparations for fascism at home. Once we accept the irrational premise, hysteria takes the place of reason; war becomes the only means of combatting fantastic and undefined dangers; non-conformity becomes treason; the total destruction of democracy is portrayed as a small price to pay for the elimination of the non-existent "conspiracy."

I do not mean to suggest that the American people have completely accepted these idiocies. But the people cannot be unaffected by the *Big Lie,* when it is drummed into their ears daily and they are not permitted to hear anything else. The *Big Lie* infects, and to a considerable extent dominates, every field of culture. Books and films exalt the stool-

pigeon as a hero. But it is difficult to break down the hatred of the paid informer which is traditional with every decent American. When the Warner Brothers opened their film hoax, *I Was a Communist for the F.B.I.* in Pittsburgh, they had the city declare a "Cvetic day" in honor of the notorious stoolpigeon who is glamorized in this anti-Semitic, labor-baiting picture. But even though there was a parade to the theatre, and tickets were given away at cut prices, the audience at the "world premiere" was small and the film was withdrawn after a few performances.

THESE disreputable films find their "scholarly" counterpart in the flood of political and historical writing dealing with the problem of "disloyalty." Nathaniel Weyl's *Battle Against Disloyalty* is one of the most recent and typical of these works: it treats Communism exactly as the authoritarian rulers of seventeenth century Massachusetts treated witchcraft, as a disorder of the mind which causes people to speak with the tongues of devils and exert a strange influence upon their neighbors. It is well to remember that there was also a "clear and present danger" in Massachusetts in 1691; Cotton Mather was convinced that the devil intended to invade and conquer before the end of the decade. Mather was an able disputant, with a large fund of theological knowledge, and his warnings of the devil's invasion are a good deal more convincing than today's nonsense about the Red "conspiracy."

The propaganda of fear is conducted with frantic disregard of decency or reason. A course for stoolpigeons has just been annouoced by the University of San Francisco. It is compulsory for seniors studying political science; it deals with the "operation, strategy and tactics of Soviet Power in the United States" (a title that would make Hitler sigh with envy), and students will be assigned to attend meetings of "local organizations listed as Communist fronts." It is appropriately noted by the Roman Catholic University that this course is preparation for an advanced elective course in "the strategy and tactics of modern war" (New York *Herald Tribune,* May 4). These educational activities are closely related to the trade union pressures exerted by clerico-fascism and the censorship which the Roman Catholic Church is exercising over such films as *The Miracle* and *Bicycle Thief.*

The Red scare today is as enlightened as the scare over witches in

the Colonial period. Anyone who wants to know the facts can trace the admirable record of the American Communist Party over the thirty years of its existence. It requires no probes and investigations to find out what Communists think and believe. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that there is "disloyalty" among the people of the United States. There is opposition to war, there is grave suspicion concerning our present policies, there is deep fear of economic difficulties arising from the war economy.

The artists and scholars who yield to anti-Communist hysteria, or who are silent because they are afraid, bear the same responsibility that is borne by the German intellectuals who co-operated or were silent while Hitler prepared Germany for war and gas chambers and national destruction.

The intellectuals who bow to the Hitler lie are generally aware of its absurdity; they bow with a sense of a doom, as if they were kneeling beside their own graves. This is the potency of the lie: it automatically destroys hope, automatically decrees that war and fascism are inevitable as the only means of meeting the mysterious all-encompassing "menace." War is the only way to defeat the "world-wide conspiracy"; since the "conspirators" work through trade unions and people's organizations, and since they speak in terms of democratic rights, the rights of labor and the people must be obliterated in order to reach the "conspirators."

It is the task of honest intellectuals to help the American people see that the only conspiracy is in Wall Street and Washington, that the only threat to peace comes from the greedy financiers and trigger-happy generals who dream of conquering the earth with atomic bombs. We who want to live will speak the truth.

Triumph of Life

A Story by VASILI GROSSMAN

FOR two weeks the small detachment of Red Army men had been fighting their way through war-devastated mining villages in the Donetz steppe. Twice they had been surrounded by the Germans, twice they had broken through and moved farther east. But this time there was no chance of getting out. The Germans had drawn a close ring of infantry, artillery, and mortar batteries around the detachment.

Contrary to all logic and common sense, as it appeared to the German colonel, they were refusing to surrender. The front was already a hundred kilometers away, and here was this handful of Soviet infantrymen entrenched in the ruins of the pit-head building, still firing away. The Germans pounded them with guns and mortars day and night. It was impossible to close in on them—the Red Army men had machine guns and anti-tank rifles, and were evidently well supplied with ammunition, for they were not sparing of it.

The whole business was becoming a scandal. Army headquarters sent an irritated, sarcastic radiogram enquiring whether the colonel needed the support of heavy artillery and tanks. Insulted and chagrined, the colonel sent for his chief-of-staff and battalion commanders.

"You realize," he said, "that defeating this miserable detachment won't bring us any glory, but every hour of its continued existence is a disgrace for me, for each one of you, for the whole regiment." And his face became livid with rage.

At dawn the heavy mortars set to work on the ruins. Heavy yellow-bellied mortar shells sped straight to their objective. It seemed as though every meter of earth had been plowed up by the explosions. One and a half regular issues of ammunition had been used up, but the colonel gave orders to continue firing. More than that—he brought

in the artillery. Great clouds of dust and smoke rose into the air, and the high walls of the building housing the pit-head gear collapsed with a terrific roar.

"Continue firing!" ordered the colonel.

Stones flew in all directions. Iron girders snapped like rotten thread. Concrete crumbled. The colonel watched this terrible work through his field glasses.

"Don't stop firing!" he repeated.

"We must have sent over fifty heavy mortar bombs and thirty artillery shells for every Russian there," remarked the chief-of-staff.

"Don't stop firing!" said the colonel stubbornly.

The soldiers were tired and hungry but they were not given time out for either breakfast or dinner. Not until five o'clock in the afternoon did the colonel give the word for the attack. The battalions charged the ruins from four sides. Everything had been prepared—the Germans carried tommy guns, light machine guns, powerful flamethrowers, explosives, hand grenades, anti-tank grenades, knives, and spades. They drew nearer and nearer the ruins, shouting, brandishing their arms and roaring to drown their fear of the men in the colliery building.

Dead silence met the attackers; not a shot, not a stir. The reconnaisance platoon were the first to break in.

"Hey, you, Russ!" shouted the soldier. "Where are you, Russ?"

But the stone and iron remained silent. Naturally the first thought that entered their heads was that all the Russians had been killed. The officers ordered their men to make a strict search, dig out and count the bodies, and ascertain from the identification cards to which unit the men belonged.

The search was long and thorough, but not one body was found. In a number of places there were pools of blood or bloodstained bandages and tattered, bloodstained shirts. Four light machine guns that had been wrecked by German shells also came to light, but there was no sign of empty tins or wrappers from food concentrates, or bits of rusk. One of the scouts found a half-eaten mangel-wurzel in a hollow.

The soldiers examined the head workings and found traces of blood leading to the shaft. A rope was hanging from an iron rung of the emergency ladder fastened to the wooden facing of the shaft. Evidently

the Russians had descended by the emergency ladder, taking their wounded with them.

Three scouts fastened ropes round their waists and let themselves down, grenades ready in their hands. The seam was at no great depth from the surface, for the shaft did not go down more than seventy meters. The scouts hardly reached the shaft bottom than they began jerking desperately at the ropes. They were drawn up, unconscious and bleeding profusely; the bullet wounds showed that the Russians were there. It was obvious that they could not hold out long—the half-eaten mangel-wurzel was proof that their food supplies had run out.

THE colonel reported all this to his superiors and received another particularly biting telegram from army headquarters; the general tendered his congratulations on the unusually brilliant victory and expressed the hope that within the next few days they would finally succeed in breaking the resistance of the Russians. The colonel was desperate. He realized that the situation was ridiculous.

Thereupon he adopted the following measures. Twice in succession a paper proposing surrender, written in Russian, was let down the shaft. The colonel promised that the lives of those who surrendered would be spared and that the wounded would be cared for. Both times the paper returned bearing the one pencilled word: "No!" Then smoke bombs were tossed down, but evidently the absence of a draught prevented the smoke from spreading through the galleries. Beside himself with rage, the colonel gave orders to round up the women of the mining village and inform them that if the men in the pit refused to surrender, all the women, and children would be shot. Then the women were told to pick three of their number to go down and persuade the Red Army men to surrender in order to save the children. If the Red Army men refused, the pit-shaft would be blown up.

The women chosen were Nyusha Kramarenko, a timberer's wife; Varvara Zotova, who had worked on the coal-washer before the war, and Marya Ignatyevna Moiseyeva, a woman of thirty-seven and the mother of five children, the eldest of whom was a girl of thirteen. Her husband, a blaster who lost his eyesight while laying a charge, had not been working since 1938. The women asked the Germans to allow Kozlov, an elderly miner, to go down with them; they were afraid of losing their way, since the men had probably withdrawn to the interior of the

mine to avoid the smoke bombs. The old man had offered to act as their guide.

The Germans rigged up a block over the pit-shaft and ran the cable from the wrecked cage through it; to the cable they fastened an ordinary tub such as is used for transporting coal along the tunnels.

The delegation was led to the pit-head, followed by a crowd of weeping women and children. They themselves were also in tears as they took leave of their children, their relatives, their village and the blessed daylight.

Old Kozlov led the way, limping to the pit-head. He stumped along, calmly swinging his miner's lamp as he tried to keep ahead of the weeping and wailing women who spoiled the solemn mood that always overcame him when he went down into the mine. Now, too, he gave free reign to his fancy; he imagined the cage slipping down the pit-shaft, the damp air caressing his face; he remembered how he had walked along the quiet tunnel to the coalface with his lamp throwing its light on the trickles of dark water running down the slopes, and the beams covered with greasy, soft coal dust. At the coalface he would take off his jacket and shirt, fold them up, measure the cut and dig into the soft coking coal. An hour later his pal, the safety man, would come to him and ask: "How are you getting on, still digging it out?" And he would wipe off the sweat, smile and answer: "What else would I be doing? As long as I'm alive, I'll be digging it out. Let's sit down and rest for a while." They would sit near the ventilation shaft and set down their lamps, while the stream of air would play softly on his blackened, sweating body, and they would have a leisurely chat about the gas pockets, about the new gallery, about the roof of the main gallery, and joke about the fire boss. Then his pal would say: "Well, Kozlov, I can't be sitting here with you all day," turn up his lamp and get up to go. And he would say: "Get along then, old chap," and himself take up his pick and feel it bite deeply into the soft black coal of the seam. Forty years at the game was no joke!

But no matter how the lame old man hurried, he could not outstrip the women. The air was filled with their cries and weeping.

SOON the group reached the dreary ruins of the pit-head building. Not once had Kozlov been near the place since the day the roly-poly engineer Tatarinov, pale as a ghost, had with his own trembling

hands dynamited the pit-head installations. That had been two days before the Germans came.

Kozlov looked around him and involuntarily removed his cap. The women were wailing. The fine cold drizzle pricked the skin of the old man's bald head. It seemed to him that the women were bewailing the dead pit, while he himself had the strange feeling that he was again at the cemetery, as on that autumn day when he had walked up to his wife's open coffin to take his last farewell.

The Germans were standing around in their capes and greatcoats, talking among themselves and smoking cigarettes as though all this death and desolation was quite natural.

The old man was the first to climb into the tub. Nyusha Kramarenko cried out at the top of her voice:

"Olechka, my little darling, my baby!"

A little girl of about three, her stomach distended from her diet of beets and raw maize, scowled at her mother as though reproving her for her noisy behavior.

"I can't do it! My hands are shaking and my legs are giving way under me!" cried Nyusha. She was afraid of the dark abyss in which the soldiers were hiding. "They'll shoot us all! They won't be able to make anything out in the darkness! We'll all be killed down there, and you'll be killed up here! . . ."

The Germans pushed her into the tub but she braced her feet against the sides. The old man wanted to help her, but lost his balance and struck his head painfully against the metal. The soldiers burst out laughing, and Kozlov, stung to the quick and furious, shouted:

"Get in, you idiot! You're going down the pit, not to Germany. What're you wailing about?"

Varvara Zotova jumped lightly into the tub. Looking around at the weeping women and children who were stretching out their hands to her, she said:

"Don't be scared, you women!"

Her tear-filled eyes suddenly sparkled gaily and mischievously. She liked the idea of this perilous trip. As a girl she had been known for her daring. Just before the war, when she was already a married woman with two children, she used to go to the pub with her husband on paydays, where she would play the accordion, and, tapping with her heavy iron-shod boots, dance with the young loaders, her workmates

on the coal-washer. And today, too, in this terrible and difficult moment, she waved her hand with a reckless, cheery gesture as she called out:

"While there's life there's hope. What is to be will be, eh, Grandad?"

Marya Ignatyevna heaved a fat heavy leg over the edge of the tub, gasping and groaning.

"Varka, lend me a hand," she said. "I don't want that German to touch me, I'll manage without him," and she flopped over into the tub.

To her eldest daughter, who was carrying an eighteen-month-old boy, she said:

"Lidka, don't forget to feed the goat, the leaves are chopped up already. There's no bread, but you take the half pumpkin left from yesterday and boil it in the iron pot, it's under the bed. Borrow some salt from Dmitrievna. And remember, see that the goat doesn't stray or it'll be snapped up in a minute."

The tub swung free and Marya Ignatyevna, losing her balance, grabbed for the side, while Varka Zotova flung an arm round her ample waist.

"What have you got there under your blouse?" she asked in surprise.

Marya made no reply, but snapped angrily at the German corporal:

"Well, what are you waiting for? We're all in, why don't you let us down?"

As though he had understood her words, the corporal gave the signal and the tub descended. Two or three times it bumped against the dark, moss-covered boards of the pit-shaft so violently that all of them were thrown off their feet; then it continued downwards smoothly and they were engulfed in a dank darkness, broken only by the dim light of the lamp, which barely picked out the rotting boards with the thin trickles of water silently running down their sides. Chill, dank air rose from the mine, and the deeper the tub descended, the colder and more terrifying it was.

The women were silent. They had suddenly been cut off from all that was near and dear to them; the sound of weeping and wailing was still in their ears, yet the somber silence of the underground was stealing over them, subduing mind and heart. Their thoughts turned to the men who had been sitting in the gloomy depths for three long days. . . . What were they thinking? What were they feeling? What were they waiting for, what hopes had they? Who were they, young

or old? Whom were they dreaming of, whom were they sorry for? Whence came their strength to live?

The old man turned the light of his lamp on a flat white stone wedged in between two beams.

"It's thirty-six meters from this stone to the shaft bottom," he said. "This is the first gallery. One of you women had better call out or the lads may start shooting."

The women obeyed.

"Don't be afraid boys, it's us!" shouted Zotova.

"It's your own folks, Russians, your own people!" called Nyusha at the top of her voice.

And Marya Ignatyevna trumpeted down:

"Listen, bo-o-oys, don't sho-o-o-t! Bo-o-oys, don't sho-o-ot!"

AT THE shaft bottom they were met by two sentries with tommy guns. Each of them had hand grenades slung from his belt. They stared at the old man and the women, screwing up their eyes painfully at the feeble light of the lamp, shading them with their hands, and finally turning away. This tiny yellow flame no bigger than a baby's little finger, surrounded by a thick metal gauze, dazzled them like bright summer sunlight.

One of them offered his shoulder to help Ignatyevna out, but he had overrated his strength, for when she leaned her weight on him he lost his balance and fell. The other sentry laughed and said:

"Fine one you are, Vanya!"

It was impossible to make out whether they were old or young; thick beards covered their faces, they spoke slowly and moved cautiously like blind men.

"You haven't got a bite of anything with you by any chance, have you?" asked the one who had tried to help Marya Ignatyevna.

The other immediately broke in:

"And even if they have, they'll give it to Comrade Kostitsyn; he'll share it out."

The women kept their eyes fixed on the Red Army men, while the old man, raising his lamp, lighted up the high vault at the shaft bottom.

"Not bad," he growled. "Holding out all right. Those timberers certainly did a good job."

One of the sentries remained at the pit-shaft while the other led the women and the old miner to the commander.

"Where have you settled down here?" asked the old man.

"Right here, through the gate, to the right, and down the corridor, that's where we are."

"That's not a gate," exclaimed Kozlov. "That's the ventilation shutter. On the first slope. . . ."

The sentry walked beside the old man with the women following. A few steps from the shutter stood two machine guns pointing towards the shaft bottom. A few yards further on the old man raised his lamp.

"Are they asleep, or what?" he asked.

"No, they're dead," the sentry replied slowly.

The old man turned the light on the bodies in Red Army greatcoats and tunics. Heads, chests, shoulders and arms were wrapped in bandages and rags, rusty with dried blood. They lay there side by side, pressed close to one another as though for warmth. Some of them wore shoes, with the ends of footcloths sticking out, two were in felt boots, two in jackboots and one barefoot. Their eyes were sunken, their faces covered with stubble.

"Good Lord!" whispered the women looking at the dead. They crossed themselves.

"Come on along. No use standing around here!" said the sentry.

But the women and the old man seemed rooted to the spot. They stared at the bodies, sensing with horror the stench emanating from them. At last they moved on. A faint groan sounded from beyond a turn in the gallery.

"Are we there?" asked the old man.

"No, this is our hospital," replied the sentry.

Three wounded men were lying on boards. A Red Army man was standing beside one of them, holding a billycan of water to his lips; the other two were absolutely motionless. The old man turned his lamp on them.

The Red Army man with the billycan turned round.

"Who're these people and where are they from?" he asked; then, catching the women's horrified eyes fixed on the two men lying there so utterly still, he added soothingly: "Their troubles will be over in an hour or two."

The wounded man who was drinking said in a weak voice:

"Oh, for some sauerkraut juice, mother!"

"We're a deputation," said Varvara Zotova, with a bitter laugh.

"What sort of a deputation? From the Germans, are you?" asked the orderly.

"Never mind about that now," the sentry interrupted. "You can tell it to the commander."

"Show us a light, Grandad," the wounded man begged. With a groan that seemed to come from way down inside he raised himself and threw off his greatcoat, exposing a leg that was shattered above the knee.

Nyusha Kramarenko gasped.

In the same quiet voice the wounded man asked Kozlov:

"Turn the light this way, please."

He raised himself higher to get a better look. Calmly and intently he examined his leg as though it had nothing to do with him, as though it were something apart from himself, unable to realize that this dead, rotting flesh, this black, gangrenous skin, could be a part of his own familiar, living body.

"Now, there you see for yourself," he said reproachfully. "There are maggots in it, you can see 'em crawling. I told the commander it was no good worrying about me, better to have left me up there. I could have thrown a few grenades and then put a bullet through my head."

"But why should you suffer down here?" asked Nyusha Kramarenko. "If you came up at least they'd clean and bandage your wounds in a hospital."

"Who? The Germans?" retorted the wounded man. "I'd rather let the worms eat me up alive here."

"Come on, now, come on!" the sentry urged. "None of that talk around here, citizens."

"Just a minute," said Marya Ignatyevna, pulling out a piece of bread from under her blouse. She held it out to the wounded man. The sentry raised his tommy gun.

"That's forbidden," he said sternly and authoritatively. "Every crumb of bread in the pit goes to the commander to be distributed. Come along, come along! You're doing no good here."

And they went on past the hospital, which was permeated with the same smell of decaying flesh as the mortuary they had passed a few minutes before.

THE detachment had taken up its position in an abandoned working in the first western gallery of the eastern slope of the mine. Machine guns stood in the gallery and there were even two light mortars there.

When the deputation turned into the gallery, they suddenly heard a sound so unexpected that they involuntarily stopped short. It was the sound of singing coming down the gallery—some song they did not know, a mournful air sung in a muffled, weary voice.

"That's to keep our spirits up, instead of dinner," their guide told them seriously. "This is the second day the commander's been teaching it to us. He says that's the song his father used to sing when he was in prison in tsarist times."

A single voice rose again in long-drawn-out notes:

No foe could mock your passing,
For we were all your own.
We came to close your eagle eyes,
You did not die alone.

"Listen, you women," said Nyusha Kramarenko firmly, "let me go first."

Marya Ignatyevna pushed past Nyusha.

"Get out of my way!" she said. "It's time I had my say."

From the darkness a calm voice sounded:

"What's the matter there?"

The lamp lit up a group of Red Army men lying on the ground around a tall, broad-shouldered man with a fair, round beard, heavily sprinkled with coal dust. The hands and faces of the men around him were just as black as his, their teeth and eyeballs dazzlingly white by contrast.

Old Kozlov looked at them with a thrill of emotion: these were the soldiers whose fame had rung throughout the length and breadth of the Donetz Basin. Somehow he had expected to see them in red breeches, with silver-mounted sabers, a lock of hair showing jauntily from under tall Cossack hats, or caps with shining lacquered peaks. Instead he was looking at the faces of workers, blackened with coal dust, faces just like those of his pals—hewers, timberers, blasters and pony drivers. And looking at them, the old miner realized in his heart

of hearts that the bitter fate they had chosen in preference to being taken prisoner was also his own.

He threw an irate glance at Marya Ignatyevna when she began to speak:

"Comrade Commander," she said, "we've come to you as a kind of deputation."

The commander rose, tall, broad-shouldered and very thin, and the Red Army men immediately rose to their feet. They were wearing quilted jackets and dirty caps with earflaps, and their faces were overgrown with a thick stubble. The women stared at them. These were their brothers, the brothers of their husbands; they used to come home looking like that after the day and night shifts, grimy with coal dust, calm, weary, blinking painfully at the light.

"And what have you deputies come for?" asked the commander with a smile.

"It's very simple," replied Marya Ignatyevna. "The Germans rounded up all the women and cihldren and told us to send some women down to persuade the men in the mine to surrender, and that if we didn't get them to come up they'd shoot all of us and the children too."

"So that's it," said the commander, shaking his head. "And what do you want to tell us?"

Marya Ignatyevna looked the commander straight in the eye. Then she turned to the other women and asked softly and sadly:

"What'll we say, girls?" From under her blouse she pulled out some pieces of bread, boiled beets, potatoes boiled in their jackets, and some dry crusts.

The Red Army men turned away, their eyes lowered, ashamed to stare at the food, so beautiful and impossible was the sight of it, so tempting. They were afraid to look at it, for it was life. The commander alone looked at the cold potatoes and bread without flinching.

"This isn't only my answer," said Marya Ignatyevna. "Our women gave me the things to bring you. It's a good thing I managed to get it here. I was scared the Germans would search me."

She placed the modest gift on a kerchief, bowed low, and brought it over to the commander, saying:

"Excuse us. . . ."

He bowed to her in silence.

"Ignatyevna," said Nyusha Kramarenko softly, "when I saw that

wounded man with the maggots eating him up alive, when I heard what he said I forgot everything!"

Varvara Zotova turned smiling eyes on the Red Army men.

"It looks as though the deputation came for nothing, comrades!" she said.

The men looked at her young face.

"Stay here with us," said one of them, "and marry me."

"That's an idea," said Varvara. "But can you support a wife?"

Everyone laughed.

OVER two hours had passed since the women had come down. The commander and the old miner were talking quietly apart from the rest.

Varvara Zotova was sitting on the ground. One of the men was leaning on his elbow beside her. In the semi-darkness she could see the pallor of his brow through the grime of the coal dust, the bony structure of his face and the veins at his temples showing through the skin. With his mouth half-open like a child's he gazed intently at her face and the whiteness of her neck. Tenderness welled up in her heart. She stroked his hand softly and moved closer to him. His face lit up with a smile and he whispered hoarsely:

"Ekh, why did you come down here to upset us? Women, bread—everything to remind us of the sunshine."

With a swift, sudden movement she threw her arms around him, kissed him, and burst into tears.

The others watched them mutely, seriously, without a thought of laughter or jokes. Not a word broke the silence.

"Well, time for us to go," said Ignatyevna, getting up. "Let's go, Kozlov, shall we?"

"I'll see you as far as the shaft," said the old miner. "But I'm not going up with you. There's nothing for me to do up there."

"What's that?" said Nyusha. "Why, you'll starve to death down here."

"And what if I do?" he replied. "I'll die here with my own people, in the pit where I've worked all my life."

He said this in such a calm determined tone that they realized it was no use arguing with him.

The commander stepped over to the women.

"Well, friends," he said, "don't think harshly of us. It's my opinion that the Germans only wanted to scare you and take us in. Tell your children about us. Let them tell their children that our people know how to die."

"What do you say if we send a letter with them?" said one of the men. "Our last greetings to send our families after the war."

"No letters," replied the commander. "The Germans will probably search them when they come out."

The women left them, weeping as though it were their own husbands or brothers they were leaving there to die.

Twice that night the Germans threw smoke bombs down the shaft. Kostitsyn gave orders to close all the ventilation shutters and pile up chunks of coal against them. The sentries got to the shaft through the air vents and stood guard in gas masks.

The orderly made his way to Kostitsyn through the darkness to report that the wounded men had died.

"It wasn't the smoke bombs, they died their own death," he said, and feeling for Kostitsyn's hand, he pressed a bit of bread into it.

"Mineyev wouldn't eat it. 'Give it back to the commander,' he said. 'It won't do me any good now anyhow.'"

Silently the commander put the bread in his haversack, the detachment's food store.

Hour after hour passed. The lamp flickered and went out. The darkness was complete. For a few seconds Kostitsyn turned on his flashlight; the battery had almost run down, the dark red filaments of the bulb scarcely glowed, too weak to overcome the immensity of the darkness.

Kostitsyn divided the food which Ignatyevna had brought into ten portions. There was one potato and a small piece of bread for each.

"Well, Grandad," he said to the old miner, "are you sorry you decided to stay with us?"

"No," the old man replied. "Why should I be sorry? Here my heart is at peace and my conscience clear."

"Talk to us, Grandad, tell us something interesting," asked a voice out of the darkness.

"That's right, Grandad," another voice chimed in. "Don't be shy, we're all working folk here."

"What kind of work did you do?" asked the old man.

"All kinds. Captain Kostitsyn here used to be a teacher before the war."

"I taught botany in a teachers' training college," said the captain, and burst out laughing.

"There you are. And four of us were fitters, me and three of my buddies."

"And all four of us are named Ivan. The four Ivans."

"Sergeant Ladyin was a compositor, worked in a printshop, and Gavrilov, our medical orderly . . . he's here, isn't he?"

"I'm here," replied another voice. "My doctoring is over."

"Gavrilov used to be in charge of a tool room."

"And then there's Mukhin, he was a barber, and Kuzin comes from a chemical works."

"And that's the lot."

"Who said that? The orderly?" asked the old man.

"That's right. You see, you're getting to know us already."

"So there's not one miner here among you, no one who worked underground?"

"We're all underground men now," said a voice from a distant corner. "All miners."

"Who was that?" asked the old man. "The fitter, wasn't it?"

"Himself in person."

A quiet, rather lazy laugh went up.

"And so now we have to rest."

"We're still in action," said Kostitsyn. "We're in a besieged fortress. We're holding up enemy forces. And remember, comrades, that as long as one of us remains alive, he is a soldier in our army, he is fighting a great battle."

THESE words rang out loudly in the darkness, and no one saw how Kostitsyn wiped away the sweat that covered his face with the effort of pronouncing those fine-sounding words.

"Yes, he's a teacher," thought the miner, "a real teacher," and aloud he said approvingly:

"Yes, boys, your captain could manage our whole mine; he'd be a real manager."

But not one of the men realized what high praise this was, for nobody knew that all his life Kozlov had grumbled at the managers,

saying that the man hadn't been born who could manage such a famous pit, whose shaft Kozlov had sunk with his own hands.

Again the old man's voice sounded through the darkness and it was full of trust and love for the men whose terrible fate he was voluntarily sharing.

"Lads," he said, "I know this pit like a man knows his own wife, like a mother knows her son. I worked here practically all my life, ever since that first gallery was driven forty years ago. There were only three breaks—once in 1905, when they kept me in jail fourteen months for taking part in the uprising against the tsar; then in 1911 when I was in prison another six months for agitating against the tsar, and then again in 1916, when I was sent to the front and was taken prisoner by the Germans."

"There you are!" called out a laughing voice. "You old people do like to talk big, don't you? When we were on the Don there was an old Cossack who was always bragging, showing us the crosses he got from the tsar, always jeering at us. We don't let ourselves get captured alive, but you did!"

"Did you see me in their prison camp?" shouted Kozlov. "Did you see me there? I was captured when I was wounded, when I was unconscious."

"Sergeant, Sergeant!" said Kostitsyn sternly.

"Excuse me, Comrade Captain," came the reply. "No offense meant, I was just kidding."

"That's all right, it doesn't matter," said the old man with a gesture in the darkness, to show that no offense was taken. "I escaped three times," he said in a mollified tone. "The first time it was from Westphalia. I was working in a mine there too, the same kind of work, the same kind of pit, but I just couldn't stand it. I felt I'd rather choke than go on working there."

"How'd they feed you?" asked several voices simultaneously.

"If you can call it feeding! Two hundred and fifty grams of bread, and soup so thin you could see Berlin at the bottom of the plate. Not a drop of fat in it. Just hot water."

"I could do with some of that hot water right now!"

Again the commander's voice rang out:

"Merkulov, remember my orders: no talking about food."

"But I was only talking about hot water. That's not food, Comrade Captain," protested Merkulov in an amiable, weary voice.

"Yes," continued Kozlov, "I worked there about a month and then escaped and made for Holland. I crossed the border, lived sixteen days in Holland, and then managed to board a ship sailing to Norway. Only I never got there. The Germans caught us at sea and took us to Hamburg. They gave me what for there—tied me to a cross. I hung there for two hours, while the doctor's assistant kept feeling my pulse and dashing water over me. Then they sent me to Alsace, to the iron mines, underground work there too. Our revolution came while I was there, so I escaped again, made my way across the whole of Germany. I never spent the night in a village, tried to keep to the workers' settlements. I kept going like that. And when there were only twenty versts left to go, they caught me again and clapped me into jail. I ran away from there for the third time. Made my way to the Baltic provinces, and came down with typhus. There I lay and thought: 'Will I really never get back to the mines after all; am I going to die here?' But I'd been one too many for the Germans, and I was one too many for the typhus too. I got well again. Till '21 I fought in the Civil War, volunteered. You see, I hated the old way of things. When I was still a young fellow I used to distribute 'notices,' as we used to call our leaflets."

"Yes, there's no getting you down, old man," said the soldier sitting next to Kozlov.

"Oh, I'm a rare 'un, I am," said the old man, with childlike boastfulness. "I'm a working man, a revolutionary; I've never begrudged anything for the sake of truth. Well, I came back when they demobilized me, in April. It was evening. I came. . . ." He was silent for a moment, reliving the past in his mind. "I came back, yes, came back again. And I'll tell you the truth, I didn't go to the village, but came straight here. I wanted to take a look at the pit-head. I just stood there and couldn't help crying. I wasn't drunk, but the tears rolled down my face. It's the truth, by God! I looked at the pit and at the slag heap, and just bawled. But some of the folks around recognized me and ran to tell my old woman. 'Your old man's come to life again!' they said. 'He's gone to the pit-head! He's standing there and crying!' And believe me or not, to the last day of her life my old woman could never forgive me for going to the mine first before I went home to her. 'You're a miner,' she'd say, 'you've got a lump of coal where your heart should be.'"

He was silent a moment, then continued:

"But believe me, comrade soldier, you're a working lad too, and I tell you straight: "I've always dreamed of working all my life in this mine, and then dying here."

He addressed his invisible listeners as though they were one man. And he felt that this man was somebody he knew well, that after the hideous times he had lived through fate had brought him an old friend, a worker, who was now sitting beside him in the old abandoned workings, listening to him with understanding and affection.

He reveled in the calm spiritual beauty of the young commander and his men. It felt good to be with them after the days spent among the Germans, who defiled men's souls with petty meanness and cowardly lies.

"Well, comrades," said the commander, "come and get your rations."

"What about a light," said someone jokingly, "to make sure nobody comes twice?"

Everyone laughed at the very idea of such an underhanded act.

"Well, come on, come on; why isn't anyone coming?" said Kostitsyn.

Voices sounded from the darkness:

"Go on, you go. . . . Give our miner his ration first, give it to Grandad. . . . Go on, Grandad, what's the matter with you? Reach out for your ration."

The old man was deeply moved by the unselfishness of these hungry men. He had seen much in his life, had more than once seen starving people pounce on a bit of bread.

After the food had been distributed, the old man stayed beside Kostitsyn.

"There you are, Comrade Kozlov," said the commander. "There are nine of us left. The men are very weak and there's no more bread. I was afraid they'd start bickering and quarrelling when they realized what our position was. And actually there was a time when there was wrangling over every trifle. But then there was a turning point, and I give myself a good deal of credit for it: we had a very serious talk before you came. And now the harder things are, the closer we are to one another; the darker it is, the better friends we all are. Under the tsar my father was sentenced to hard labor when he was still a student, and I often remember the stories he told me when I was a child. 'There was very little hope,' he said, 'but I had faith.' And he taught me: 'There's no such thing as a hopeless situation; fight to the

end, as long as there's breath in your body.' And after all, your hair stands on end when you think how we fought last month, what forces the enemy sent against us—and yet we didn't surrender to those forces, we kept them off. There are nine of us left. We've gone down deep into the earth. Maybe there's a German division standing up there, over our heads. But we're not licked. We'll go on fighting, and we'll get out of here. They'll not be able to rob us of the sky, and the wind, and the grass—we'll get out of here!"

And in the same quiet voice the old man answered:

"Why leave the mine altogether? It's home here. Sometimes you get sick and don't go to the hospital—you lie here in the mine and it cures you."

"We'll get out, we'll get out all right," said Kostitsyn loudly, so that everyone could hear him. "We'll get out of this pit; we're not the kind to take a licking, and we've proved it, comrades!"

He had hardly finished speaking when a heavy, slow, dull shock made the roof and ground tremble. The props creaked and cracked, and chunks of coal rattled to the ground. It seemed as though everything around surged and heaved, and then suddenly clamped together, pressing down on the men who had been thrown to the ground, crushing them, driving the breath from their lungs. There was a moment when it seemed impossible to breathe; the thick fine dust which had settled on the props and walls over the course of so many years had been shaken off and now filled the air.

Coughing and choking, somebody said hoarsely:

"The Germans have blown up the shaft! This is the end. . . ."

2

KOSTITSYN sent two men to examine the shaft. The old miner led the way. It was hard going as in many places the explosion had caused falls or even brought down the roof.

"Follow me, hang on to me," said Kozlov, as he made his way easily and confidently over the piles of coal and the fallen props.

They found the sentries at the shaft bottom—both of them lying in pools of still warm, but already cooling blood. They buried the two men, covering them with chunks of coal.

"And now there are three Ivans left," said one of the men.

For a long time the old man felt his way about, went to the shaft and bustled around noisily, examined the props and roof and exclaimed at the force of the explosion.

"There's villains for you!" he growled. "To blow up the shaft! Whoever heard of such a thing! It's like hitting a baby over the head with a club."

He crawled away somewhere far off, until nothing more could be heard of him. The men called out to him a few times:

"Grandad, hey, Grandad! Come back, mate, the captain's waiting!"

But there was neither sight nor sound of the old man.

"Hope he's all right," said one of the men, and called again: "Hey, there, Grandad! Miner, where are you? Can you hear me?"

"Hey, where are you?" came Kostitsyn's voice from the main gallery.

He crept along till he found the men and they told him of the sentries' death.

"Ivan Korenkov, who wanted to send a letter with the women," said Kostitsyn, and they were all silent. Then Kostitsyn asked:

"And where's our old man?"

"He went off a long time ago. We'll shout out for him," said one of the men, "or maybe we'd better fire a burst from a tommy gun. He'd hear that all right."

"No," said Kostitsyn, "let's wait."

They sat there silently, peering in the direction of the shaft in the vain hope of discerning a ray of light. But the darkness was thick and impenetrable.

"The Germans have buried us, Comrade Commander," said one of the men.

"Come, now," answered Kostitsyn, "don't you know there's no burying us? Look at how many of them we've buried, and we'll bury as many more yet."

"Wouldn't mind doing it, I must say," said the other man.

"I should say," said the first slowly.

But Kostitsyn could hear by their voices that they did not share his confidence.

The rattle of falling coal was heard in the distance, then again silence.

"Rats," remarked one of the men. "What tough luck we've had! Ever since I was a kid I worked hard. At the front I had a heavy

rifle to drag—an anti-tank rifle—and now it's a hard death I've found."

"And I was a botanist," said Kostitsyn, and laughed. It always made him laugh to remember that he had once been a botanist. His former life now seemed to him so radiant, so beautiful, that he had completely forgotten the interminable differences he had had with the head of the chair, had forgotten that his master's dissertation had been a failure and that he had been obliged to swallow his pride and do it over again. Here, in the depths of the ruined mine, he remembered the past as a laboratory with big, wide-open windows, or a woodland glade with the morning sun shining on the dewy grass where he had supervised the collection of specimens for the college herbarium.

"No, that wasn't a rat. It's Grandad fussing about," said the other man.

"Where are you all?" Kozlov's voice sounded from the distance.

They could tell by his heavy, excited breathing, which carried to them from the distance, that something extraordinary had happened, something that caused their hearts to beat in joyful anticipation.

"Where are you? Are you there?" asked Kozlov impatiently. "Good thing I stayed down here with you, lads. Hurry up and let's get back to the commander. I've found a way out."

"I'm here," said Kostitsyn.

"Here's how it is, Comrade Commander. As soon as I got to the shaft I felt a draught; I followed it up and this is what I found. The fall jammed up above and choked the shaft, leaving it clear as far as the first gallery. There's a crevice in the gallery caused by the explosion, and that's where the draught's coming from. There's a cross-cut there for about fifty meters; it leads out into an adit. I used to use it in 1910. I tried to climb up the emergency ladder, and got up about twenty meters, but the rungs had been knocked out further up. So I decided to use up my last matches to investigate, and found things as I've told you. We'll have to put in about ten rungs and clear away some of the rocks blocking the shaft, hack away about two meters, and we'll come out in the old gallery."

No one said a word.

At last Kostitsyn broke the silence.

"Well, what did I tell you?" he said calmly and slowly although his heart was pounding. "I said it wouldn't be here we'd be buried."

One of the men suddenly burst into tears.

"Is it really true, shall we really see daylight again?" he said.

"How could you have known all this, Comrade Captain?" whispered the other. "You know, I thought you were just talking to keep our spirits up when you said there was hope for us."

"I told the commander about the first gallery when the women were still down here," said the old man confidently. "It was I who gave him that hope. Only he told me to keep mum until it was certain."

"Nobody wants to die, after all," said the man who had broken down, ashamed of his tears now.

Kostitsyn got up.

"I must examine it myself," he said. "Then we'll call the others here. Come and show me. Wait here, comrades, and if any of the others come, not a word until I return. You understand?"

Once again the men were left alone.

"Shall we really see daylight again?" said one of them. "It actually gives you the creeps to think of it."

"It's all very well to be a hero, but nobody wants to die," growled the other, still unable to forgive himself for betraying his emotion.

NOWHERE in the world, perhaps, has a job been done at the cost of such superhuman effort as that which Kostitsyn and his detachment performed. The merciless darkness numbed their brains and preyed on their hearts, while hunger racked them both when they were working and during their brief periods of rest. Only now, when they saw a way out of their seemingly hopeless plight, did they feel the full weight of the horror that was threatening to crush them; only now did they drink to the dregs the bitterness of their position. The simplest task that would mean an hour's work in the light of day for a strong, healthy man meant long days of exhausting labor for them. There were moments when they literally dropped to the ground, feeling that no power on earth could raise them again. But after a while they got up and, leaning against the wall, set to work again. Some of the men worked in silence, slowly, methodically, lest they waste an extra ounce of strength, others worked with feverish energy for a few minutes, fuming and raging, then collapsed, gasping for breath, and sat there, hands hanging limply, waiting for their strength to return. In the same way thirsty men wait patiently and doggedly for a few drops

of murky, tepid moisture to ooze up out of a dried-up spring. Those who had rejoiced the most in the beginning, and who thought they would be out of the pit in next to no time, were the first to lose heart. Those who had not expected immediate release were calmer and worked more evenly. Sometimes desperate, furious cries would ring out in the darkness:

"Give us light . . . we can't go on without light! . . . How can a man work without grub? . . . If only I could sleep, just sleep! . . . Better to die than work like this! . . ."

The men chewed their leather straps, licked the grease off their rifles, tried to catch rats. But in the darkness the swift, elusive vermin slipped out of their hands. And with bursting heads and ringing ears, reeling with weakness, they returned to their work.

Kostitsyn was like a man of iron. He seemed to be everywhere at once, with the three fitters who were cutting and bending new rungs out of thick iron bars, with the men clearing away the rubble, with those hammering the new rungs into the wall of the shaft. One would have thought he could see the expression on the men's faces despite the darkness, for he was always on the spot when needed, beside the man who felt his strength ebbing away. Sometimes he would help to raise a man who had fallen, and speak a few words of encouragement; sometimes he would say slowly, quietly: "I order you to get up, only the dead have the right to lie down here." He was merciless, pitiless, but he knew that if he permitted himself the slightest weakness or pity for those who collapsed, they would all perish.

Once one of the men, Kuzin by name, fell to the ground and said:

"Do what you like with me, Comrade Captain, I haven't the strength to get up."

"I'll make you get up," said Kostitsyn.

"And how will you do it?" said Kuzin in anguished mockery, breathing heavily. "Shoot me? There's nothing I'd like better. I can't stand this torture any longer."

"No, I won't shoot you," said Kostitsyn. "Lie there if you want to. We'll carry you up to the surface. But when we get up there into the sunlight, I won't give you my hand. I'll spit, and send you packing."

And with a curse Kuzin dragged himself to his feet and staggered off to help clear away the rocks.

ONLY once did Kostitsyn lose his self-control. One of the men came up to him and said in a low voice:

"Sergeant Ladyin's down. I don't know if he's dead or if he's just collapsed; but he doesn't answer when I speak to him."

Kostitsyn knew the sergeant well, a simple, upright man. He knew that if he, the commander, were to be killed or wounded, Ladyin would take his place and lead the men just as he would have done. And when he silently approached the sergeant in the darkness, it was with the knowledge that the latter had worked without a murmur, and had given out sooner than the others simply because he was weak from a recent wound and considerable loss of blood.

"Ladyin!" he called. "Sergeant Ladyin!" and passed his hand over the cold, damp face of the man lying on the ground.

The sergeant made no reply.

Kostitsyn bent over him and dashed the water from his flask over the man's head and chest.

Ladyin stirred.

"Who's that?" he muttered.

"It's me, the captain," replied the commander, bending lower over him.

Ladyin put his arm around Kostitsyn's neck. He pulled himself up till his wet face touched the captain's cheek, and said in a whisper:

"Comrade Kostitsyn! I can't get up. Shoot me."

"Silence!" shouted Kostitsyn. "Silence!"

He left Ladyin and quickly walked off toward where the men were working.

And Ladyin crawled after him, dragging a heavy iron bar; he stopped every few meters to summon his strength, and then crawled on again.

"Here's another rung," he said. "Give it to the men working up above."

Whenever anything went wrong with the work, the men would ask:

"Where's the boss? Grandad, come here! Grandad, where've you got to? Hey, Grandad!"

All of them, including Kostitsyn himself, knew well enough that had it not been for the old man, they would never have been able to cope with the tremendous task they had undertaken, and which they finally carried through. He moved with a sure, light step in the

darkness of the mine, groped around and found the material they needed. It was he who found a hammer and chisel, who brought three rusty picks from a far-off working, and advised the men who were driving in new rungs to make themselves fast with straps and ropes. He was the first to make his way to the upper gallery and there groped around until he found the stones blocking the entrance to the cross-cut. He climbed up and down the shaft as if he felt neither hunger nor fatigue.

THE work was nearing completion. Even the weakest suddenly felt a new influx of strength. Even Kuzin and Ladyin felt stronger, getting to their feet and standing firmly, when a voice shouted down from above:

"The last rung's in!"

The men were drunk with joy. For the last time Kostitsyn led them back to the old workings. There he distributed tommy guns and ordered each man to fasten hand grenades to his belt.

"Comrades," he said, "the time has come to return to the surface. Remember, the war is going on up there. Twenty-seven of us came down here, eight are returning. May the names of those who rest here be remembered forever!"

He led the detachment to the shaft. They walked in silence. Their emotion was too strong for speech.

It was only their nervous elation that gave the men the strength to clamber up the shaky rungs, to draw themselves up meter by meter through the wet, slippery shaft. It took more than two hours for six of them to make their way up to the gallery, but finally they were there, sitting in the low cross-cut, waiting for Kostitsyn and Kozlov, the last two.

No one saw in the darkness how it happened. . . . It seemed to be a cruel, senseless accident that caused the old miner suddenly to lose his grip within a few meters of the cross-cut and sent him hurtling downwards.

"Grandad, Grandad!" several anguished voices cried out simultaneously. But the only reply was a dull thud from below as the old man's body struck the pile of rubble at the shaft bottom.

"How terrible, how senseless," muttered Kostitsyn, shaking the motionless body.

And only the old man himself had felt some minutes before his

death that something strange and terrible was happening to him. "Can it be death?" he thought.

At the very moment when the men had yelled down joyfully that the last rung was in, when the weakest of them felt he could move again, the old man had felt his life's strength ebbing away from him. Never before had he experienced anything like it. His head was spinning, crimson spots flashed and circled before his eyes. Slowly he pulled himself up the shaft leading from the pit where he had worked all his life, and with every movement, with each effort, his grasp weakened, his heart grew colder. Far-off, long-forgotten scenes flashed through his memory—his black-bearded father stepping softly in his bast shoes, leading him to the pit-head . . . the English mine inspector shaking his head and smiling as he looked at the small, eleven-year-old boy who had come to work in the mine. And again a wave of crimson seemed to film his eyes. What was it—sunset in the Donetz Basin, the red sun shining through the smoke and dust; or was it blood, or that bold flaming piece of red cloth which he had pulled out from under his jacket and carried at the head of the huge crowd of ragged miners, his heavy boots clattering as he made straight for the Cossacks and mounted police dashing out from behind the office building? . . . He mustered all his strength to call out, to shout for help. But there was no more strength in him; his lips moved soundlessly.

He pressed up against the cold slippery stone, his fingers clutching the rung. The soft damp mould touched his cheek, water trickled over his forehead, and it seemed to him that his mother's tears were trickling down his face.

Again he tried to shout, to call Kostitsyn, and then his fingers lost their grip and he fell.

3

IT WAS night when they came out into the open. A fine warm rain was falling. Silently the men took off their caps and sat down on the ground. The warm raindrops fell on their bare heads. Not a word was said. The nocturnal darkness seemed bright to eyes accustomed to the heavy blackness of the pit. They drew in deep breaths, looked up at the dark clouds, ran their fingers through the wet blades of spring grass which had pushed their way through last year's dead

stubble. They gazed into the misty night, listened to the rain pattering on the ground. Sometimes a gust of wind came from the east, and they would turn their faces towards it. They gazed and gazed around them, at the wide-open spaces; and peering into the darkness, each man saw what his heart desired.

"Don't let your rifles get wet," said Kostitsyn.

The scout who had been sent out returned. Loudly, boldly, he shouted to them:

"There are no Germans in the village!" he called. "They left three days ago. Come on, hurry up. Two old women are boiling potatoes for us and they've spread out some straw. We'll be able to lie down and have a good sleep. Today is the twenty-sixth. We've been in the pit twelve days. They say that the whole village was saying Masses for us in secret. . . . They thought we were dead."

It was very warm in the house. Their faces must have been terrible, for the two women who brought them hot water and potatoes could not hold back their tears.

The men soon fell asleep, huddled together on the warm damp straw. Kostitsyn sat on a stool with his tommy gun, on guard. He sat there upright, head high, and stared into the darkness that precedes the dawn. He decided to spend a day, a night and another day there, and the following night they could leave. A queer scratching sound caught his ear—something like a mouse gnawing under the floor. He listened intently. No, that was no mouse. The sound seemed at once far off and near, as though someone were timidly, gently and yet stubbornly tapping away with a tiny hammer. Maybe it was the noise of that work underground still in his ears? Sleep was far from him. He sat there and thought of Kozlov.

An old woman came noiselessly down the passage on bare feet. Dawn was breaking. The rim of the sun appeared through the clouds, lighting up a corner of the white stove; drops of water glistened on the window-panes. A hen cackled excitedly. The old woman murmured something to it as she bent over the wicker basket. Again that strange sound.

"What's that?" asked Kostitsyn. "Can you hear, Grandma? As if a tiny hammer were tapping somewhere; or is it only my imagination?

The old woman's reply came quietly from the passage.

"It's here, in the passage. The chicks are hatching; they're breaking through the shells with their beaks."

Kostitsyn looked at the men lying there. They were sleeping soundly, without stirring; breathing slowly and evenly. The sun was shining in on a fragment of broken mirror lying on the table, and the reflection played in a narrow bright strip on the hollow in Kuzin's temple. A wave of tenderness for these men who had borne so much surged through Kostitsyn. It seemed to him that never in his life had he experienced such affection and warmth of feeling.

He gazed at the black, bearded faces, at the heavy, bruised hands of the Red Army men. Tears coursed down his cheeks, but he did not wipe them away, for nobody was there to see Captain Kostitsyn crying.

THE dead Donetz steppe stretches away, majestic and sad. The ruined pit buildings rise out of the mist; the high slagheaps loom darkly, and a bluish smoke from the burning pyrites steals along their dark slopes and then, caught by the wind, is whipped away, leaving only an acrid smell of sulphur behind. The steppe wind runs to and fro between the miners' wrecked cottages and whistles through the gutted office buildings. Doors and shutters hanging on a single hinge creak as they swing back and forth; the rails of the narrow-gauge railway are coated a rusty red. Locomotives stand lifeless under the remains of a blown-up bridge. The powerful elevator mechanism has been blasted away by the force of the explosion, and the 500-meter steel cable has slipped from its drum and lies in coils on the ground. The tapering concrete mouths of the inlet ventilators have been laid bare. The red copper of the torn windings gleams among the wreckage of the mighty dynamos, and the heavy coal-cutting machines lie and rust on the stone floor of the workshops.

It is terrible here at night, in the moonlight. There is no silence in this kingdom of death. The wind whistles through moaning wires; loose sheets of metal roofing clang like bells; a piece of sheet iron that has crumpled up in the fire of the burning building suddenly cracks as it straightens out; a brick comes crashing down, and the door of the tipple creaks as it swings. Patches of moonlight and shadow creep slowly over the earth, climb up the walls, move over the heaps of scrap iron and the charred beams.

Red and green fireflies soar everywhere over the steppe, fade and disappear in the gray mist of clouds bathed in moonlight. The German sentries, terrified in this land of coal and iron which they have

slaughtered, fire shots into the air, trying to drive away the shadows. But the huge expanses swallow up the weak crackling of the tommy guns, the chill skies extinguish the glowing tracer bullets, and again the dead, conquered Donetz coal-field strikes terror into the conqueror, and again tommy-gun bursts rattle, and red and green sparks streak across the sky. Everything here bespeaks a frightful obduracy: boilers have burst their iron sides, unwilling to serve the Germans; iron from the open-hearth furnaces has poured out onto the ground; coal has buried itself under great layers of rock, drowned itself in torrents of brackish water, and the mighty power of electricity has burnt out the machines that generated it.

The sight of the dead Donetz Basin evokes not only grief but a great pride. This appalling scene of desolation is not death. It is a testimony to the triumph of life, which scorns death and conquers it.

WOMEN FOR PEACE

by ELIZABETH MOOS

"TO WORK with women, to organize them, that was always my childhood dream; women can do so much!" Marya Meschtanek, thirty-year-old secretary of the Women's League of Poland for the district of Cracow, spoke proudly. She had a right to pride. The peasant woman who accompanied her exclaimed, "She is the best organizer in all Poland!" This best organizer looked very attractive with her light brown hair so smoothly coiled, her lean face and keen blue eyes. There were four of us women drinking tea in my room in one of the many rest homes high in the Carpathian mountains. Just outside of the window on the long balcony, two middle-aged miners were sunning themselves and chatting with a Warsaw doctor and his wife. It was a wonderful place to rest, with the snow peaks of the Tatras towering just across the road. But Marya Meschtanek had not come to Zakopane to rest. She was here to organize the women of this town for the All-Polish Women's Conference of the League soon to be held in Warsaw. Not a town in Poland is without its Women's League, uniting workers, peasants and professionals throughout the country.

"To realize my dream was not easy," Marya said. "My father worked in a glass factory. That was dangerous, poorly paid work. I always wanted to learn and I did get three years of school." Marya paused and her face hardened. "We didn't learn much, but I saw how some children could go on learning and what good lives the ones that were not workers' children had. I began to think." Marya told how her father had been killed in the factory when she was only ten and how she had to go to work as a servant. All the children worked—"even my sister who was sick." But Marya was determined to learn. "I met some people in workers' organizations who helped me. They got me a job cleaning trains so I could study nights. I learned fast.

I read a lot and I found out that things did not have to be the way they were." She became an active Young Communist.

When I asked Marya about the war time, I saw the grim, tight look of pain come into her eyes—a look I saw many times when I talked with these women who have experienced war in their flesh and in their spirits. "I was married by then," she said, "and I had a baby. But my man was no good. He collaborated, so I divorced him and took the baby to my mother's town." With cold restraint Marya said, "I went on cleaning trains in Cracow, just existing." Her comrades were killed, she could find no one to work with. Gauleiter Frank, one of the worst, ruled the area and things were very bad. The day the Nazis went away, Marya hurried to her mother's town across the river to see her baby. "I found that the Nazis had burned the town and killed my baby and my mother in the very last days when they were leaving. I lost my mind, they tell me. I got back to Cracow somehow and some comrades found me and put me in a hospital. When I got well they sent me to school and I worked for the trade unions and then for the women's organization."

Since 1947, Marya has been in this work that she loves. "I am happy because I know that never more in my country will children weep because they cannot go to school. Never more will they be crying from hunger, never more will they work when they are ten years old as I did. We have the forces to work, the government is our own people's government. It just depends on us to build a good life for our children. Especially it depends on us women."

Marya Meschtanek is but one of the women working with devotion and joy for the *Liga Kobiet* (Women's League of Poland). Wherever work to build the country is going on—and that is everywhere in Poland—you find the women today playing a leading role. They told me that their organization of two million women has at least 100,000 active, directing workers.

The present program is "the defense of peace and the realization of the six year plan for Poland." They regard the two as inseparable. "Peace," they explain, "is a dynamic concept. It means bread and shoes and schools and theatres. It means happy healthy children."

WITH Marya, I visited the offices of the League in Zakopane. They were in a small building, built like most of the mountain homes, with heavy wooden beams, carvings over the windows and

doors and a big tile stove for heat. The office was full of busy women, the walls covered with posters and propaganda material for peace, for Women's Day, against alcoholism. There were tables of magazines and leaflets. The youth organization shares the building and a crowd of boys and girls were gaily and noisily planning a party for the children in a nearby Home for War Orphans. They had just dragged in a Christmas tree and were decorating it for the children.

I asked the women what the League did, in practical terms, to carry out the general program of peace and the six year plan.

The 1,700 members of the League in this mountain town, as elsewhere, they told me, co-operate with all agencies of mother and child care. They initiate and give practical help to creches, kindergartens and after-school recreation centers. They take active responsibility in the nation-wide campaign to end illiteracy; the two million illiterates, heritage of pre-war Poland, will, they believe, all learn to read and write by the end of 1951.

Marya Meschtanek boasted that the women of her district now take an active part in industry and in politics, that many women are elected to the local Councils, municipal and regional; that women drive the buses, study in the technical schools, direct the arts and crafts and sculpture schools for which Zakopane is so famous.

This is an amazing achievement, this change in the women. In such small towns in Poland, women have never before taken a part in public life; never left the prescribed round of home, field, church. Education beyond the most elementary was denied them and many did not have any schooling at all. This transformation has not been simple or easy. There has had to be a struggle to educate the men and of course that is not yet over.

The League is now concentrating upon the work with the peasant women. Before the war the women of the rural areas had been even more deprived than the town women. They were treated like beasts of burden on the land. Health care was unknown. Babies were carried to the fields and left all day under a bush while the mothers worked. Now the peasants are rapidly being organized into the "Peasant Self-Help Organization." This is a new form of organization, the single, unifying focus of all rural activities. The women's section of the "Self-Help" participates in all League activities and carries its campaigns to the farms and is represented in its leadership.

It is a membership group and here in Zakopane 1,000 of the 1,500

peasants had joined by last January. The "Self-Help" has a social fund which operates creches and kindergartens, especially seasonal ones, a precious boon for women in the peak periods of farm activity. There are rest homes and camps too, and houses of culture, with dance and theatre groups. Of great importance in the program are the cooperative stores, where the farmers bring their produce and buy the things they need. So in a great variety of ways the advantages of working together are demonstrated to these people, who for generations were shut out from social activities.

These activities are part of the basic program for peace. The people never let you forget that they understand that these opportunities for a rich life can only be enjoyed in time of peace. War is to them a terrible threat to all they have achieved and this new life they are beginning to experience.

THE women in the central offices of the *Liga Kobiet* in Warsaw carry a tremendous burden of work and responsibility. I spent some time there as their guest and it was they who made it possible for me to visit the schools of Poland. They are a wonderful group of women, each one of whom might be the subject of an article. I will only tell you something about one of them, Madame Mira Nowak, friend and interpreter, who went with me to the mountain towns and who helped me to understand the work of the women.

This frail, young woman carries the work of three ordinary people and does it with so little fuss that it was hard to get her to tell about herself. "I am just like the rest of our women," she said. This mother of two fine youngsters is wife of a busy government official, her household responsibilities are considerable. She works full time for the League of Women, edits their publication among other things. Madame Nowak is getting her doctorate at the university in literature and language, she was studying for her examinations in Old Church Slavonic when we were in the mountains. She had little schooling before the war. In fact, she spent five years in prison. At sixteen Mira was passing out leaflets to workers at the factory gates. Her prison sentence undermined her health, for she was kept in solitary confinement a year, then put in a cell with the worst criminals in an effort to break her spirit and get the names of her comrades from her. Of course the efforts failed. The month before she was set free, by comrades at the outbreak of the war, she had been put on a starvation diet of bread

and water. During the war Mira Nowak was in Iran working in a hospital. With one of the first groups to return, she came back to Warsaw and began her intensive work with the women.

The women at the League gave me some facts and figures, which will give an idea of the scope of their work. In preparation for the Peace Congress, three million leaflets were distributed by the women in homes, from door to door. During this period, more than 500,000 new members joined the League, most of them from small towns.

The League has been successful in bringing women into industry. Before the war, about 45 per cent of the women workers were servants. Now less than 5 per cent are in this category. Seventeen thousand women now hold executive jobs in industry. Thirty-one per cent of the workers in industry are women. In 1949, there were 6,071 women in government jobs; in 1950 there were 12,287 and of these 1,305 were presidents of local councils. A railway station in Warsaw is now "manned" entirely by women. A central post office in Katovice is staffed by women only. Women are entering the technical and trade schools in large numbers. In the great Technicum in Katowice where there were formerly only men, 500 women have begun their studies.

The League encourages the development of cultural activities and its great National Festival held in Warsaw brought together women from every corner of the country to perform their dances and songs, to exhibit their handicrafts.

Everything that affects women is the concern of the organization. It has set up legal centers for advice on women's rights and on divorce. It co-operates in the work of rehabilitation of prostitutes. Under the auspices of the League, classes in dietetics and cooking are held and in 1950, 29,000 women attended these. These excellent "milk bars" where cocoa or milk, eggs and bread are available for a very low price, are now found in all the cities. These were initiated by the League and contribute both to improving the dietary habits of the people and to undermining alcoholism. Construction workers, street cleaners, drop into the milk bar to warm up with a mug of cocoa and a huge slab of bread and cheese.

THE Women's League of Poland is a young organization. It held its first Congress this March, 1951, in Warsaw. I watched the 1,500 women assemble in the great pentagonal hall of the Warsaw

Polytechnic Institute. They came in their best Sunday costumes, with the brilliant embroidered velvet bodices, many-colored full skirts, flower and ribbon head-dresses so seldom seen now in the cities. There were plenty of smart tailored suits and hats too of course, but the Polish national costumes in their rich artistic beauty predominated.

There was something new, however. The peasant women came with briefcases. They came to carry on necessary business and they felt their dignity. At this Congress there were women doctors and government officials, women miners, farmers, bricklayers and engineers. What an atmosphere of victory as they reviewed their work! To mark the advance of women in new careers just opening to them, a procession marched around the great hall led by a woman machinist and the first woman locomotive engineer. The women miners marched in their work clothes and received a huge ovation. (The miners and building workers are the heroes and heroines of Poland.)

At the Congress there was plenty of self-criticism. I was particularly impressed by a university professor who attacked those women teachers and scientists in the higher schools who are still holding aloof from the League. "Your work is creative only if you use it practically; only if you work with the people," she insisted. "Teachers must join the League; you should speak on the radio, give lectures and special courses for the people who are so eager to learn. You have a responsibility in helping set up libraries, in planning. You women of learning must level the difference between yourselves and the women of the farms and factories. You must raise their understanding and knowledge, use what you have learned to enrich their lives."

And delegates followed one another rapidly to the speakers' stand. (There are no introductions at the meetings in Europe to delay and divert and the business moves forward with dispatch.)

A peasant woman with high red boots, a mop of yellow curls and the inevitable brief case, climbed up to tell about the work of the women in educating farmers for collective work. "It is we who understand," she said. "We women want the cooperative laundries and the nurseries. We know what it means to be alone and we want no more of it and we are bringing our men in." Next, a woman welder from the shipyard at Gdynsk, in her early twenties, very chic with her blue dress and nylon stockings, told of the value of her profession newly opened to women. "I was a servant before the war. Go and

learn as I did. We must have more welders!" And she ended with a ringing call for peace: "We are not afraid of the warmongers. Peace shall triumph!" In response, thousands of the lovely blue scarfs of the League waved as 1,500 women stood up to shout approval, "All for Peace!" *Pokoj!*

Nova Huta is the pride of Poland. This new city of steel was represented by a young woman in overalls with a flaming sign "Nova Huta." She pledged the women steel workers to campaign for the League's program and she too called for women to enter her new field of work. So did the champion bricklayer, now a foreman on the skyscrapers going up on the Marszalkowska Boulevard: "It is not enough to do your own work. You must not rest till peace is won. We women, we citizens must be tireless."

A TIMID little farm woman, Stepania Koval, who, they told me, had never been in the city before, stepped up to the dais to tell of the struggles of the women in her area to organize and to use the rights that are legally theirs. "We have now 60,000 members in our Lublin province who are ready to work. Soon we will not be behind you city women in the fight for peace."

There was Rosalie Schneider, locomotive engineer, who had brought the train filled with women delegates from Katowice to Warsaw with an all-woman crew. Rosalie was a young woman who carried the marks of the Nazi concentration camp where she had been imprisoned for giving bread to a Jew. She received an ovation as she told how she, once a coal-heaver with no education, had studied nights, worked as a mechanic, then as a fireman, how she had studied and studied until she passed the examinations for locomotive engineers.

The place of the League in Polish life is given dignity and recognition by the government. Alexander Zadevski, vice-premier of Poland, spoke at this Congress and so did the beloved poet of Poland, Jaroslaw Jwasziewicz, on the closing evening of the Congress. The premier gave the delegates a supper at a beautiful palace. It was a friendly happy evening with many toasts—although there were some quips about the women fighters for temperance who were now drinking wine! A high spot was a toast given by an elderly peasant from the Warsaw district. She came up to the premier's table and raising her glass said, "In the old days I used to come to town and stand outside to watch the

great people come into this palace for suppers like this. The police would chase me away. I didn't see much. Today I stand in the palace myself, the equal of anyone; I stand beside my vice-premier (throwing her arm around his shoulders) and I drink to my country and my government!"

The women at this Congress sent a message to the women of America:

> "We millions of Polish women want to build a better life and that is why we are determined not to allow another war to break out. We have heard that in your country there is war hysteria; that they terrify you with the false threat of attack on your country. Dear sisters, these nations who are so busy in building up their ruins left from the last war, and who are trying with peaceful work to achieve such enormous possibilities for the well-being of their country, could they want war? Dear sisters, whether or not there is a war depends only and entirely on you. You will sleep in tranquillity if you can oppose the policy of this part of your government that aims at the rearming of Western Europe, who are building up the German and Japanese armies, if you oppose the policy of this group who send your husbands and sons and brothers to Korea for death. Did Korea threaten the liberty and safety of your nation? Think it over in your conscience. Why are your sons dying?"

I HAVE written so much about the women of Poland because their work seems to me a symbol of the power of humanity to conquer death. What they have done to rebuild their war ravaged land is a miracle that gives one new faith in the future of mankind.

In the countries of the Marshall Plan, the struggle for peace is carried on under very different circumstances. There women face persecution and imprisonment when they fight for peace and the right of their children to have life and happiness.

Terror doesn't stop them. In France, twenty-one-year-old Raymonde Dien* threw herself in front of a train to halt the transportation of tanks to the war in Viet-Nam. She was imprisoned for a year, but her name has become a rallying cry for women and she is a national heroine. The French public fully supports the peace fighters. The Nineteen of Roanne, headed by the young teacher Jeanne Pitival, who were imprisoned for demonstrating before a factory that was being

* Portrayed on our cover this issue.

converted from tractor to tank production were all released because of the storm of protest. The noble leader of the Women's International Democratic Federation, the scientist Madame Eugenie Cotton, faces trial because a poster issued by the W.I.D.F. urged mothers to keep their young sons from volunteering for the "dirty war" as the French call the colonial war in Indo-China. Originally scheduled to be tried by a military tribunal, public protest forced this trial to be transferred to the civil courts. The protests continue and the women hope that the case against Mme. Cotton may be dropped.

The women's organizations of France, from left to right, Catholic and non-Catholic, are standing together against the rearmament of Germany. Signs appear in the house windows, on the billboards, in the subway. Strikes and work stoppages, demonstrations, petitions to the American Embassy never cease. The women's organized fight against the war program is widespread and runs deep. They know what war means for them and their children. The sight of U.S. soldiers and sailors, the knowledge that Americans have taken over French ports for arms, does not deter them but increases their resistance to the "new occupation" as many call it.

The story of the women of the Soviet Union is not within the scope of this article, but one cannot give a true picture of the peace movement without describing the pervading faith in the Soviet Union as a power for peace which I found everywhere. The women of the U.S.S.R. seem to represent to the women of other lands the mightiest force, the most consistent bulwark of peace and security. The Soviet women have experienced to the fullest the horrors of war. It is evident that they are building a life of happiness and peace on a scale never before attempted by mankind, as they tell how they are transforming the deserts and forcing nature to the service of man. Beautiful Nina Popova, vice-president of the W.I.D.F., seemed a symbol of the power of womanhood when she took her turn as president of the meeting. One felt, as she spoke, that Jorge Amado, Brazilan novelist, was right when he said: "We are all the peoples reunited and our hands and hearts are mightier by far than all the stacks of weapons; stronger still our universal will."

These women are part of the peace front. The world peace front that stretches from Africa to Norway; from China to Canada and Brazil.

There are 91 million women in that front line. Ten millions more than there were in 1949 when the W.I.D.F. held its meeting in Paris. This indication of the growing forces for peace should give hope and courage to the women in the centers of war hysteria. These 91 million speak for women in 59 countries.

Now the women of Germany are a part of this front line for peace. Of deep significance too is the fact that this year the meeting of the W.I.D.F. was held in Berlin This marked, it seemed to me, a new stage in our march toward human brotherhood as the German women, hostesses to the women of the world, came back into the family of peace-loving peoples.

This meeting in Berlin, on February 1, 1951, was a real women's parliament for peace. Koreans, Chinese, women from Iran and India, England, the Soviet Union and Denmark talked and planned and worked together for a week with the single aim of finding ways to defend peace and to build the best possible life for all our children.

Women from the capitalist lands had come at great risk. Their governments opposed action for peace. They faced loss of jobs or imprisonment when they returned. They spoke bitterly of the war and gangster films and war-inciting radio programs to which their youth are being subjected; to the "atom-bomb drills" and war toys. They told of the lowered living standards, deterioration in schools and health care and of the burden of armaments which takes such a large share of the revenues of their countries.

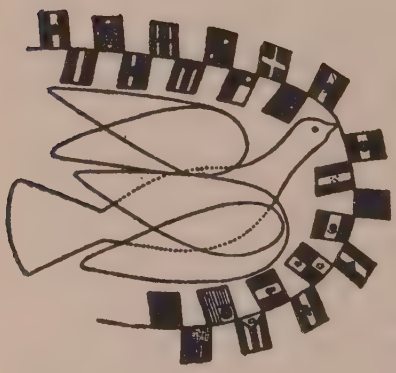
The German women, West as well as East, stand united with the peace forces. Those military men who are saying that the Germans will do as they are told—"get them into uniform and they will march" —are reckoning without the women. French and German mothers at the Berlin Conference came to the dais, embraced and clasped hands. The Polish and German mothers too pledged themselves before the women of the world never again to permit their sons to kill each other. Madame Orlowska, leader of the Polish women greeting the German women said: "The frontier of the Oder and the Neisse, so long bathed in blood, is now a bond between our lands."

Liu-Tsu, Chinese delegate, a slender lovely woman sheathed in dark blue damask, held the women spellbound. She told of the dramatic changes in the status of women in China; of the new life for the

children and of the 450 millions who are fighting for peace. There were three Koreans at the conference. A student from an engineering school, a sturdy twenty-year-old officer in the Korean Army, and the Minister of Culture who was spokesman for the group. She spoke simply and movingly of the agonies of her people.

She too spoke directly to the women of the United States, and called upon them to demand an end to slaughter. The German women came to the Americans and said: "We understand how you feel. But do not wait as we did. Speak up now, before it is too late. Do not wait until the world is once more drowned in blood and tears."

When will the women of America speak up firmly and boldly? They must do so before it is "too late," before the world is drowned in blood and they and their children too.



Films of New China

by YAO HUA

SOON after the liberation some film producers were discussing films with a group of workers. One of the questions was: "How do you like the average Hollywood film?" The answer: "The sooner we have more of our own films the better."

Over 75 per cent of the films shown in Chinese big cities were Hollywood products: the familiar conveyer-made models—gangsters, golden-hearted business tycoons, poor little rich girls, the "eternal triangle" with still a new twist to it and the lone American who won the war in the Pacific. . . . They were pretty intolerable before the people's victory. They were insufferable after.

China's film workers pledged to create a new film industry that would fully serve the people, speak out truthfully and eloquently on the burning questions of the day and whose products, by sheer merit, would drive away Hollywood's imperialist garbage from the screens of the country.

A year later the film workers set themselves a nation-wide public examination. The masses were the judges. On every one of 26 nights from March 8 to April 2 this year, a different new film was shown at 60 cinemas in 20 major cities. At the end of the Film Month there was no doubt left; the film makers have made good on their pledge.

Minister of Cultural Affairs Mao Tun, China's foremost novelist and one who doesn't spare criticism when it is needed, characterized the results of last year's film making: "an outstanding success." Public demand has ousted the Hollywood product. The 26 full-length features, 60 documentaries and 47 newsreels and 43 Soviet films dubbed into Chinese, produced last year, together with re-releases, the 24 films from private studios and good progressive films from abroad assure New China's film public of first-rate entertainment.

The artistic and technical success of the new films is the more astonishing in view of the fact that the average of pre-liberation films was pretty low. The Chinese commercial studios, trying to keep on the right side of the Kuomintang censors, vainly tried to copy the Hollywood product. Few films were able to maintain a high technical level and their integrity as progressive—not to mention revolutionary —films despite the censors' shears. China's pre-liberation film art typically reflected the semi-colonal status of the country under the Kuomintang regime.

In May, 1942, at the famous Literary Meeting in Yenan, Chairman Mao Tse-tung discussed the revolutionary attitude towards literary and artistic work. He urged the art workers of the Liberated Areas to bring their art to the service of the people. He emphasized that "the workers, peasants and armed forces of the people come first. That is why our literature and art must in the first place serve the workers, peasants and soldiers and only in the second place serve the petty-bourgeoisie."

"Literary and artistic criticism has two criteria," he added, "political and artistic. . . . Each of the class societies and each of the classes, however, have different political and artistic criteria. Nevertheless, whatever the class society and class, the political criterion is, as a rule, taken as primary and the artistic criterion as secondary."

The principles set out by Chairman Mao at this discussion have had an enormous influence on the course of development of every branch of art in New China. They could, however, be widely applied in the film industry only after the liberation had freed the city production centers. Then the results were spectacular. With every encouragement from the people's government, the transformed film industry has been able to concentrate all its energies on producing films of significance to the masses of the people, dealing with their life, their thoughts and age-long strivings with the insight of a developed revolutionary artistic vision.

THE BRIDGE, the first film produced by the Northeast Film Studio after liberation, was released in 1949. It tells how, aiding the People's Liberation Army, a group of workers in record time repair a bridge destroyed by the Kuomintang. It is a story of the awakening of the mighty creative potentialities of the working class under the stimulus of the revolution. It was the first time that the Chinese worke-

hero—the new hero of our time—appeared on the screens of China. This was followed by *Daughters of China,* a stirring film of the anti-Japanese guerrillas, that won an international prize of the Fight for Freedom at the Fifth International Film Festival held at Karlovy Vary, Czechoslovakia. The enthusiastic popular reception given them left no doubt of the enormous value of these films in raising the revolutionary consciousness of the Chinese people, of workers, women and youth in the first place.

With this experience in carrying out the guiding line of Chairman Mao, the Cinema Bureau of the Ministry of Cultural Affairs worked out a large-scale production plan for 1951. The studios formerly controlled by the bureaucratic capitalists had been nationalized. Now their technical facilities were reorganized to concentrate production in the three main state studios of Changchun, Peking and Shanghai. (Special aid was given to private studios.) Existing trained personnel was more rationally distributed and new talent was channelled into the industry. These were veteran cadres in many fields of art and technique, members of the more than 300 Literary and Artistic Working Groups that had served during the liberation war in the various people's governments, organizations and field armies. Though few of them had ever worked in films before, they brought to film-making a rich fund of revolutionary experience and knowledge of the people. The majority of experienced film-workers in general, of course, came from the formerly Kuomintang-controlled areas. Intellectuals, mostly from the middle classes, they had never lived among the workers, peasants and the People's Army. Though many of them had participated in various ways in the patriotic movements, they had had relatively little opportunity to get to know the everyday life of the masses. The creative exchange of experience between these two groups quickly made itself felt.

The influx of revolutionary cadres brought a new, healthy democratic realism, a new discipline and efficiency to the industry. The great victory of the people over their oppressors released fresh reserves of creative energy, and the spirit of initiative among artists and technicians. There is a new "working style" in the industry. False pride wilts under the criticism and self-criticism which is now an accepted method of dealing with problems. Film cadres live the simple life of the rest of government workers. They have joined the nation-wide political study movement. There is serious preparation for new films, often in-

volving weeks of work on location, living among the peasants and workers, learning from and helping them. This fusion of the film industry with the people has put its mark on the new films. The whole of the working force of Textile Mill No. 2 in Tientsin collaborated when the *Song of the Red Flag,* a story of textile workers, was filmed there. Villages, units of the People's Army, ordinary citizens, eagerly help the studios.

THE practical results both in greater range and depth of theme and treatment brought by this thorough reorganization of the industry were brilliantly demonstrated in the Film Month organized by the China Film Corporation of Peking, sole distributors of state-produced films. The critic is no longer expected to make allowances for a young industry. The best films hold attention from start to finish.

New Heroes and Heroines adapted from the successful novel of the same name by Kung Chieh and Yen Tien made a strong opening to the Film Month.

The film exposes the crimes of the puppets and the horrifying brutality of the Japanese invaders, when the demoralized Kuomintang army fled from Paiyang Lake. Then the People's Army and the Communist Party come to Central Hopei. The reactionaries are curbed. The people are shown how to organize to protect themselves and improve their livelihood by mutual help and by reducing the rents and interest rates of landlord usurers. There are poignant and heroic moments when the Japanese temporarily re-capture the area and the peasants are commanded but refuse to denounce the Communists. Shih Tung-shan, the director, takes as his major theme the creation of the new heroes and heroines of China out of simple village people through the anti-Japanese struggle and the struggle for the national united front. It is developed through a series of episodes that are as exciting as they are illuminating and true to life.

Seven years ago the people's militia of Paiyang Lake in South Hopei attacked and captured an armed Japanese steamboat and the ammunition on it. When the film group brought their steamboat to Paiyang Lake to re-enact the incident, old memories were stirred. Guerrillas reconstructed the events; brought out their original boats and arms and participated in the scenes. After seeing this film one understands more clearly how the Chinese people emerged triumphant against the enemies and betrayers of their country.

The *Shangjao Concentration Camps* treats of revolutionary heroism and staunchness from another angle. In January, 1941, the Kuomintang by treachery trapped the New Fourth Army, then fighting the Japanese south of the Yangtze, and threw 800 of its men into the infamous Shangjao Concentration Camps. Inside the camps, their jailers used every foul means in the attempt to break their spirit. The film on the incident can rank with Fuchik's *Notes From the Gallows* in depicting the strength of will and faith of the revolutionaries in final victory.

In 1942 the Japanese advance forced the Kuomintang to evacuate the Shangjao camps. The prisoners were marched into Fukien Province through the Wu I Mountains. On the way, they escaped and continued their fight for freedom as guerrillas against the Japanese invaders and their puppets. This history is the setting for some memorable and moving scenes. The dialogue between the prisoners often reaches heights of great poetic beauty.

THE reception given the film version of the famous opera drama, *The White Haired Girl,* left no doubt that it will be as great as popular success as the stage original which it follows faithfully. First produced in Yenan in 1945, this play is already recognized as a landmark in China's theatrical history.

The tragic theme is swiftly introduced. At the Chinese New Year festival, when tradition demands that debts must be settled, an old peasant is at his wit's end. He has nothing with which to repay a grasping and relentless landlord. When he pleads for a chance to pay later, he is told that there can be no postponement. He has a beautiful daughter and the girl can be given up in lieu of the debt. The old man is horrified. More dead than alive he is forced to put his fingerprint to the document "legalizing" the exchange, and then in a passion of remorse commits suicide. It is just when the girl and her peasant betrothed find the body of the old man that the landlord's armed agents come and carry her off. In the big house she is raped by the landlord, and when her pregnancy threatens to interfere with his plans for getting a new concubine, he attempts to kill her. A kindly servant, however, frees her and helps her to escape in the nick of time.

Two years elapse. A legend has grown up in the neighborhood about a girl with white hair, a goddess, who has been seen several times by peasants. It is really the girl, whose long hair has turned snow

white. Her child has died. She lives in a cave and eats the food offerings left by peasants in a way-side temple.

At length the People's Army enters the district, but its political workers, among whom is the girl's betrothed, find themselves strangely unable to rouse the peasants. The landlords have exploited the people's belief in the white-haired goddess by spreading the rumor that she will bring misfortune to them if they support the Communists. The political workers therefore determine to find out the truth about the "goddess." The fiance hides with a comrade in the temple. The white-haired girl appears. She is recognized by her fiance and brought back to the village. Here she attends the "accusation meeting" against the landlords and leads and inspires the bitter relation of the wrongs suffered by the peasants at their hands.

This meeting starts the land reform and the expropriation of the expropriators.

The play owes its enormous success to its faithful and moving portrayal of the tragedy and triumph of the peasants in the struggle against the old feudal society. The film adds a powerful visual element of reality to all the excellence of the stage version.

These three tales of the people's fighters, martyrs and peasants are undoubtedly the major achievements of the past year, but they are well supported. *The Shepherd's Song of North Shensi* tells of the formation of the famous Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia (Yenan) Border Region in 1933. Two other films deal with the early revolutionary days—the creation of the Soviet base in Kiangsi in *Red Flag on the Green Cliff* and *Light Comes Back to the Earth,* a film history of the Sze-Min-Shan (East Chekiang) Guerrilla Base. *The People's Fighters* is a revolutionary adventure story of the Liberation War based on a scenario by Liu Pai-yu, one of our best war reporters. It traces the exploits of emancipated peasants of the Sungari River who fought in the liberation of the Northeast and of North China.

Woman Locomotive Driver is based on the real life story of Tien Kweiying, China's first woman engine driver. *Sing Aloud and Advance* is based on the story of Chao Kuo-yu, the worker initiator of the new record movement and now the deputy director of the All-China Federation of Labor's Production Department. The theme of *Unite! Fight for the New Day!* is a textile mill strike in Shanghai which preceded the liberation of the Yangtse valley.

The outstanding documentaries are *The Great National Unity of*

China showing the art of the national minorities, *The Visit of the World Federation of Democratic Youth Delegation to China, The People's Army in Production* and *The Road to Victory,* a dynamic story of the Railway Army Corps.

NOT all these films reach the high level of the best. It could hardly be expected, with up to 80 per cent of the artists newcomers to film-making. The most fundamental shortcomings, however, would seem to stem from the fact that producers have too often conceived their material and action in terms of the theatrical stage rather than the cinema with its enormous resources of depth in space and time. This is most clearly seen in *Song of the Red Flag* which otherwise is in many ways a splendid film.

Comparing these films with the previous productions of Chinese studios, quite apart from the entirely mature outlook of their content and the significance of their themes, there has been an immense development in acting, particularly in the portrayal of workers and peasants. This is undoubtedly because the new acting cadres have themselves lived in such intimate relations with the masses of the people. Technically too, in lighting, sound and settings, keen attention to realistic detail has raised the whole standard of production. The musical accompaniment is more than adequate. The democratic reorganization of the studios has brought technicians into closer association with the preliminary planning of work and as a result they show a new keenness in its execution. Considerable and fruitful assistance has also been given in this sphere by the Soviet Union and the People's Democracies. China will play her part in this international exchange by putting several stages at the disposal of Korean guest producers.

The three state studios in Changchun, Peking and Shanghai completed their 1950 plan ahead of schedule. They are already well ahead with the 1951 plan calling for 18 major films. Last year's experience will be the basis for a concerted attempt to raise still further the quality of productions as a step to a bigger program next year. The need for rapid expansion is urgent. The standard of living and culture of the people is rising at an unprecedented rate. The demand for first class films grows apace.

The TRENTON STORY

by ABNER W. BERRY

ABOUT thirty years ago George and Emma English left the Negro ghetto of Savannah, Georgia, for what they thought were the greener and freer fields of New Jersey. After a short stop-over in Camden, the family pushed on to Trenton, settling permanently in that miniature of Pittsburgh or Detroit.

It was in Trenton that Mrs. English, a dark, slight, serene-visaged woman whose weight scarcely exceeds 100 pounds, bore her fourteenth child, a son christened Collis, and promptly entered his name in the family Bible. Collis was a "sickly" baby. Washing and ironing for the money to keep the family alive left little time for the mother to care for her baby who had developed a bad case of rickets. His infancy was passed in a hospital. By the time the child was well enough to go home, he had forgotten his mother and his older sister, Bessie. He cried for the nurses who for so long had substituted for his mother, and mother and sister were hard put to win the little fellow's affections. Attention was showered upon him to the limits imposed by his family's galling poverty, and he came to rely on his mother and sister for any decision that had to be made.

Collis went to school, stopping at the tenth grade. When the second World War broke out he was physically sound enough to be accepted in the Navy. But he contracted malaria and developed a leaky heart and was discharged with a disability pension. Afraid, because of his heart, to make his way along the usually rugged and strenuous economic road which alone is open to a Negro in Jim Crow Trenton Collis helped his mother with washing. Mrs. English, whose two daughters, Delia and Bessie, had married, continued to shower her affections upon her son, her last born. He was her life.

When Collis was still an infant, George W. English, the husband and father, had deserted the family after committing a criminal attack

upon one of the daughters for which the family helped prosecute him. The embittered English, who had practiced as an itinerant preacher, then went from one criminal act to another. But with the fortitude and stamina so characteristic of Negro mothers, Mrs. English swallowed the hurt, continued to work hard and sought and found solace in the prayer circle. Her daughter Bessie went to live in New York. The other daughter, Delia, died, leaving Collis as the only child at home.

Delia's surviving husband, McKinley Forrest, then 35, and his nephew, twenty-four-year-old John McKenzie, were the other two men in the home. The family was completed by eleven-year-old Jean Forrest, daughter of McKinley and Delia. That is how the English household stood on February 6, 1948. But on that day a chain of events set in which altered the flow of the family's history.

SITTING during the month of May, 1951, at the press table in Trenton's Mercer County Court House, I look past the closely cropped hair of Collis English to the bench where sits Superior Court Judge Ralph J. Smalley. Seated next to Collis, on his left, is McKinley Forrest. Still moving leftward, the next man in the semi-circle formed by the six defendants facing the bench is John McKenzie, the third man in the English household. To Collis' right one sees the shock of black curly hair belonging to Ralph Cooper and to the left of McKenzie sits James Thorpe, whose empty right sleeve is a prominent characteristic, and Horace Wilson, a forty-year-old, stoney-faced farm laborer. These are the Trenton Six charged wih the robbery-murder on January 27, 1948, of William Horner, a seventy-two-year-old, second-hand furniture dealer.

These are the men whose conviction and death sentences I have heard Mercer County Prosecutor Mario H. Volpe call for from the all-white jury of eight women and six men. These are the men who have already gone through the ordeal of one trial, a year in the death house at the State Prison and more than three years in jail. But these are also the six "nobodies"—Negro "nobodies"—who have become principals in the Negro people's fight-back against the Jersey sector of the keep-the-Negro-in-his-place offensive.

Forrest, chicken-flicker, was born thirty-eight years ago in Americus, Georgia, a place that should be remembered for the glory of Mrs.

Rosa Lee Ingram in defending her honor against a white would-be attacker and for the infamy of the State of Georgia in jailing her and her two teen-age sons for claiming human dignity. Add to that infamy the lesser one of Forrest's illiteracy, his unseen badge of a more tangible oppression. The twenty-six-year-old Thorpe comes from the more enlightened State of North Carolina. He can "read a little" but cannot write. He has a light complexion and blondish hair, some of which bristles in a mustache.

Wilson left a South Carolina farm in 1939 to seek an atmosphere where his passion for freedom would not result in sudden death. He had only one or two four-week terms in school. McKenzie and Cooper came from small towns in Alabama which gave them a couple of years in school. All of the men, once in Trenton, worked at various marginal jobs. Only Forrest, a well-built man of about 180 pounds, could manage enough work to afford marriage.

How did these men with remarkably similar backgrounds wind up in Judge Smalley's court charged with murder? Why was the Prosecutor so calmly sure of himself on March 5, 1951, when he asked the jury to convict them?

The answer is simple: The six men in front of me in court are Negroes, marginal workers, social expendables in the struggle to maintain the "white rule" of the men who hire, fire, accuse, prosecute, judge and sentence them.

But life is never so simple as a slogan which summarizes it. The State is a complicated apparatus and The Law is an intricate pattern of learned words woven by erudite servants of property.

THESE six men could not know on January 27, 1948, when they either read or were told of the fatal bludgeoning of William Horner that morning in his junky store on North Broad Street, that they would figure in the "solution" of the crime. They could not have known because none had been near the scene of the killing and not all of the men knew each other. Neither Thorpe nor Wilson knew each other. English, McKenzie and Forrest were not known by Thorpe or Wilson. But they were apprehensive, as all Trenton Negroes were, on January 30 when Director of Public Safety Andrew Duch organized a "Crime Crusher" squad, armed with machine guns with orders to "sweep the streets clean of loiterers and criminal suspects," and to "shoot to kill." Of course, the "loiterers and criminal suspects" were Negroes and

scores of them were arrested during the period from January 30 to February 6.

None of the suspects was held and charged with the crime. But on February 6 the estranged and criminal father of Collis English was bailed out of jail where he was taken earlier on a complaint by an eleven-year-old Negro girl of "carnal abuse"—New Jersey's legal euphemism for rape. George W. English, not finding his automobile —a black 1935 tudor Ford—and being told that his son had taken it, had Collis picked up by the police for unauthorized driving. At Trenton's Chancery Lane Police Station, where a police officer has testified "we questioned everybody about the Horner murder," English was questioned about "hitting the old lady" (Horner's common-law wife, Elizabeth Horner, was beaten about the face and head at the time he was killed) and "hitting the old man." In the course of questioning, English mentioned the names of Wilson and Cooper. They were arrested in a dawn raid in zero weather on a community of farm laborers' shacks in Robbinsville, sixteen miles out of Trenton.

When Collis English was formally arrested in his home at 247 Church Street on the evening of February 6, 1948, he was seated at the dinner table with McKinley Forrest and John McKenzie. He was being charged with a misdemeanor, his family thought, so Forrest went down to the Chancery Lane Station on Saturday morning, February 7, to find out what the magistrate had done with the case and to give Collis the keys to the automobile. Forrest never came home. He was held—"charged with investigation," as Detective Lieutenant Andrew F. Delate, then in charge of the Chancery Lane Station, later testified.

On Saturday a fifth man, Thorpe, was brought in when English mentioned a man called "Red" who "carried one shoulder higher than the other." The five men now in custody were "questioned" Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. English, conscious of his heart murmur, beads of cold sweat on his face, in what Dr. James Minor Sullivan, a State witness, later described as a "psycho-neurosis because of his heart condition," furnished names and versions of the crime as demanded.

EITHER due to a mistake by the police or due to a newsman's error, a Trenton newspaper reported on February 10, a Tuesday, that five men had "confessed" to the Horner murder. Mercer County's most cele-

brated crime had been "solved," and County Prosecutor Mario H. Volpe, an ambitious politician on the make who had been appointed eleven months before by Governor Alfred Driscoll, had a headline maker. *The Trenton Times,* the next day, said editorially of the "solution," in which Volpe had played a prominent part, that it was "the result of police work of exceptional character, and the superior officers and patrolmen who worked on the case so effectively are entitled to generous commendation." "Work on the case," it should be noted, was reduced, after February 6, to "working on" Collis English and the others by the police and the Prosecutor himself. The Horner murder was "solved" in Trenton's Chancery Lane Police Station. The "break" came when an undersized Negro with a heart murmur bought a respite from questioning with a list of names said by some policemen to be more than fifty.

Only four "confessions" had been wrung from the five men in custody on the morning of February 10, when the news story was printed. Horace Wilson had militantly protested his innocence to Volpe and the others. When an officer cursed Wilson with a racist epithet, according to a police source who can't be named, the prisoner cursed him back and declared, "I'm not in South Carolina now, I'm up North where I have some rights!" Wilson's stubborn refusal to sign a "confession" was embarrassing to the police in the light of their premature announcement. Wilson, despite lack of evidence against him, was nevertheless held because of being implicated in the other four "statements." Volpe, the literal translation of whose name is "fox," turned Wilson into his main exhibit to prove that pressure was not applied on the others. His personal rancor against the South Carolina-born farm laborer is understandable. But there was still, on the night of February 10, 1948, the problem of correcting the report on the wrong number of confessions. So . . .

John McKenzie, the steady working butcher helper who was seated at the table with Collis English the Friday night when the cops took English away, was arrested in the morning of the following Wednesday, February 11. Within three hours the dazed young Negro was arraigned on a charge of murder. The five others were then removed from the police station to the county jail, leaving McKenzie behind. He had not "confessed," and he was held, Detective Lieutenant Andrew Delate later testified, because "we were not through with him." Before mid-

night the following day—Lincoln's Birthday—a "statement" had been signed by McKenzie. Volpe, a good Republican, had to leave a Lincoln Day dinner to witness a young Negro, described in court as having been in "a controlled state" from drugs or hypnosis, sign what the Prosecutor thought was his death warrant.

"Signing ceremonies" for the others had been held on Tuesday, February 10, and various state witnesses have described the condition of the men at that time. English, a slight dark man, not more than five feet-four inches tall, weighing much under 140 pounds, was so affected by a cardiac conditon to the point of psycho-neurosis that he would, "to keep his heart condition from being worse . . . go along with and testify to almost anything that you suggest." Forrest was in a "state of hysteria," and "was scared to death." Earlier in the same day Forrest had tried to jump out of a window in a fit of hysteria that so frightened the questioning police that a doctor was called who left a three-grain sodium amytal capsule to be administered to him by the police. Sodium amytal is one of the new hypnotic drugs. Thorpe was crying when he asked to sign the typed statement, denied that it was true but said he would because "I will only get a few days or a few months." Cooper was in a drugged state, causing one of the doctors present to ask if he had been smoking reefers.

THESE "signing ceremonies" climaxed the "police work of exceptional character" which "solved" the Horner murder case. But "exceptional" is hardly the word—in fact there are no words which could describe this type of police work, not "Jersey Justice" nor "frame-up" nor "Jim Crow Justice." This is something new. There is in it the strange mixture of Project "X," of the gangsterism that pervades imperialist politics from a Trenton precinct to Washington's White House and the Pentagon, of the callousness toward life not clothed in the skin of the white ruler, of the unholy marriage of Law and official immorality.

Who were the agents of the great State of New Jersey, whose motto is "Liberty and Prosperity," that carried out this post-World War II Shame of a City and a County and a State?

First there was Prosecutor Mario H. Volpe himself, a former judge, before that an officer in the O.S.S. who carries an expression of hurt innocence in court. Volpe knows his way about in the volumes of law

books piled high on his courtroom table. He brought this knowledge to the Chancery Lane Police Station not, as it is clear now, to bring justice, but to plug any loop-holes through which his Negro victims could escape to the limited freedom of the Trenton ghetto. Defense Attorney George Pelletieri told the court that Volpe, at the "signing ceremonies," should have said: "My sworn duty when I took the oath as a member of the bar does not permit me to take this statement." Referring to one of the defendants the defense lawyer continued: "Here was a boy crying out for help, but it was a cry in the wilderness . . . unheeded by the men sworn to protect him."

Assisting Volpe in obtaining the "confessions" was his assistant, Frank H. Lawton, a tall, blondish man with a thin face upon which is traced a slit of a mouth under a wispy mustache and the whole topped by a reddish prematurely bald dome.

Then there is Chief of County Detectives Frank A. Naples, twenty-seven years a cop, with the coarseness that goes with the experience, and described by some as "a fugitive from the Kefauver Crime Hearings." To use race-track parlance, the fifty-four-year-old Naples looks and acts like something by Boss Hague out of Costello.

Lesser aids in "solving" the Horner murder were Lieutenant Andrew Delate. Police Clerk Henry Miller, a fluent and boyish middle-ager who does a hunting and fishing column for a local paper; Patrolmen Nicholas Lichtfuhs, Louis Ammann; Detective Lieutenants Charles Dawson and William Stanley; Detectives Donald Toft, James Creedan.

Chief Naples testified that he kept his clothes on for more than three days and three nights during the grilling of the men. And at all times it was the six Negroes against the leading representatives of the State of New Jersey. Six men, on whose memory was stamped indelibly the lynch mob and police brutality, against the armed source of their fears.

THAT is part of the answer to why I am sitting in Judge Smalley's court looking past the head of Collis English to the bench. I have witnessed all of the motions that courts go through to "guarantee a fair trial." I have heard Judge Smalley smilingly tell the Prosecutor and the defense attorneys that he wants to be "fair to both sides." I have sat through the tedious picking of the jury and learned how better than one-third of those qualified from panels of nearly 300 Mercer County citizens had prejudices against the Negro defendants. I heard

the courtroom groan as Volpe eliminated every Negro talesman. Every day sees the six Negroes facing a white judge, two white state's attorneys and fourteen white jurors.

It is the law that these men stand trial and have the charge proven against them "beyond a reasonable doubt." The law does not cover the fact that the police have no evidence against them, that all the evidence which they do have exonerates them. The law does not honor the fact that police information says that the "suspects" were "three or four" colored men, "light-complected," when all of the defendants, except one, are dark. And the light-complexioned one has only one arm.

There is nothing in the law books about the fact that Mrs. Horner told the police she had bitten one of her attackers on the finger, and that none of these men had a finger bruise when arrested. One of the suspects is said by police informants to have "looked like a boy" and worn "silver-rimmed glasses," a description that covers none of the men now on trial for their lives. The law doesn't cover that, Judge Smalley says, when the defense counsel make motion after motion for their clients' freedom. The police said they were "definitely certain" that the "get-away car was a 1936 Plymouth Sedan with a projection trunk." But the law is allowing Volpe to seek death for six men with "evidence" in "confessions" that the car was a black 1935 Ford with a wheel on the back.

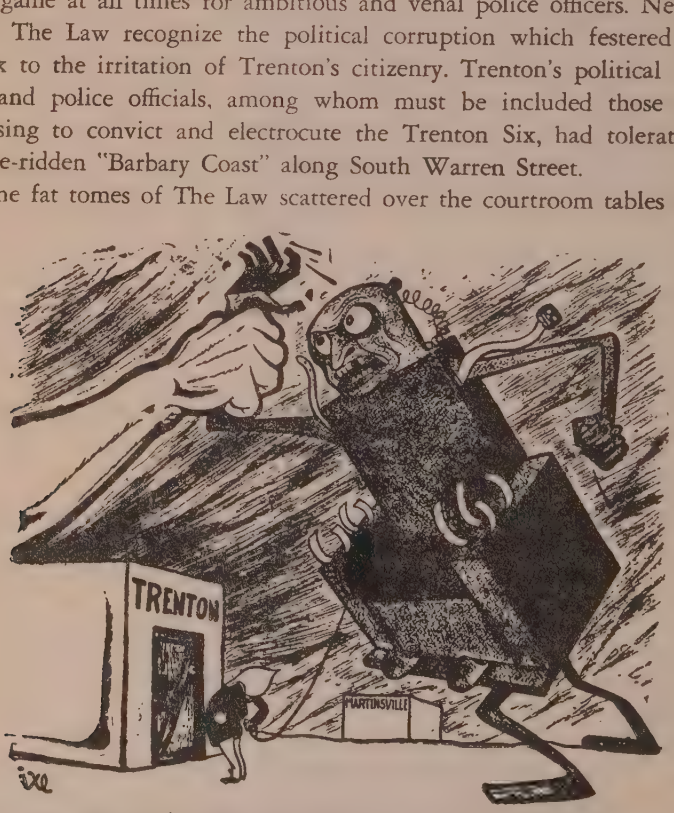
As Judge Smalley makes ruling after ruling it is becoming clearer and clearer that he is worried not so much about the present defendants and their welfare, as he is about future judges and what they will say of his rulings. He is sparring with the future.

This is not written lightly and without documentation. It is known that Judge Smalley has impounded and read important police correspondence in which the present "solution" of the Horner murder was criticized. He has barred this correspondence to the defense, although the Prosecutor has had use of it to prepare his case. Judge Smalley has in his possession the report of Detective Lieutenant William Stanley made four months after the Horner case was officially closed. There is in that report, police department rumor has it, a declaration by the main homicide investigator of Mercer County that would completely upset the Prosecutor's carefully planned case. But not only does the judge sit on the report, he has refused to direct the Prosecutor to call Lieutenant Stanley as a witness so that he might

testify as to what is in the report. Nor has he exercised his own discretion, in the interest of justice to call Stanley.

THE utter sophistry of the contention that nothing outside the court affects this case is readily demonstrated. In the first place, the cry for blood that went up in Trenton editorial rooms after the old furniture dealer was found fatally bludgeoned was due to the fact that the "suspects" were said to be Negroes. The "crime crusher" squad could operate as a Gestapo only because Trenton Negroes live in a ghetto quaintly dubbed by its inhabitants, "Burma Road." There is nothing in The Law about the social set-up which makes Negroes fair game at all times for ambitious and venal police officers. Neither does The Law recognize the political corruption which festered and stank to the irritation of Trenton's citizenry. Trenton's political leaders and police officials, among whom must be included those now pressing to convict and electrocute the Trenton Six, had tolerated a crime-ridden "Barbary Coast" along South Warren Street.

The fat tomes of The Law scattered over the courtroom tables have



THEY SHALL NOT DIE!—From the French newspaper, *Droit et Liberté*, accompanying an article on the case by Milly Salwen and Phillip Bonosky, reprinted from *M&M*.

nothing to say of the fact that Trenton is a war industry town, dominated by those captains of industry who stoke the furnaces of Truman's anti-Communist, anti-Asian crusade. Thermoid Rubber Company, one of Mercer County's principal employers, is run by a man named Schluter, a professed racist who had to be restrained by law from organizing his workers in anti-Negro, anti-Semitic and anti-Catholic groups. The DeLaval Corporation, a chief source of steam turbines, is well-known for its Jim Crow hiring policy. Roebling Steel hires Negroes on the rough jobs. Bayer Aspirin, that off-shoot from a Nazi cartel, has its main plant in Trenton—with a policy that keeps Negroes "in their place."

It was not until 1948 that The Law recognized that Trenton's elementary schools were Jim Crow, and in that same year Volpe's law firm defended the Casa Lido, a "Barbary Coast" night spot, against a Negro who pressed for his right to be served there. The Law, if we are to believe our Jersey history, was made for corporations. In the beginning they were the State—and so they have remained.

Volpe's Law, which had worked so splendidly for him in 1948 in convicting the six Negroes and sending them to the death house, did not hear the courtroom cry of Mrs. Bessie English Mitchell. "Kill me!" Mrs. Mitchell cried as Judge Charles H. Hutchinson pronounced sentence, "You have taken all we have!" The Law did not know Mrs. Mitchell, who up to that time had been a quiet housewife and a domestic worker; and Mrs. Mitchell did not know The Law. But she sought justice for her brother Collis and the other five defendants. Everyone she spoke to—the local National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Department of Justice, independent lawyers and plain citizens—all shrugged their shoulders and declined to intervene in a "murder case."

But the buxom young pleasant-faced woman persevered. She was literally clutching at straws when a leaflet waved to her from the curb of a ghetto street. It was signed by the Civil Rights Congress. From that day onward, the State of New Jersey, the corporations which control it, and The Law which upholds them has had to recognize the "Trenton Six" and look to their legal behavior.

THE Civil Rights Congress aroused the people around the world and they intervened. The New Jersey Supreme Court reversed the sentence of the lower court and ordered the trial judge to be more

careful with the evidence. The victory was only partial; the murder indictment was not vacated; the men were removed from the death cells, but they remained in jail subject to a "fair trial" for murder. That was back in July, 1949. Two years later, in a new courtroom presided over by a different judge, the six Negroes are being re-tried. The defendants are better dressed, more confident. Five new attorneys have replaced those whom the first trial court appointed—and the lawyers believe in the innocence of their clients. Judge Smalley rules more carefully, ponders the law meticulously, but the content of his rulings does not differ from that of his predecessor. When he has had to rule against the State on points of law, Judge Smalley has answered the Prosecutor's objections with, "The last thing I want to do is to be unfair to the prosecution. . . ." And when the Mercer County Grand Jury was sworn by him last May, he told the jurors:

"I don't know of any prosecutor for whom I have a higher regard than the one you have here in this county." A former judge and now a Trenton Six defense attorney, George Pellettieri, gave his estimate of Volpe on the following day: "I say Mr. Volpe is a good lawyer . . . a clever lawyer . . . and I say he is a good prosecutor to have sent these six men to the electric chair [in 1948] on the evidence he had."

Judge Smalley has thrown out the "confessions" of McKenzie and Thorpe, but allowed the prosecutor to hold the two men with twelve shackling words attributed to them by a police officer. He has honored the other "confessions," which State witnesses have testified were tainted from the same sources as those thrown out. And the trial wanders through the legal maze to the accompaniment of debates and dissertations on The Law according to New Jersey . . . *State vs Bunk . . . Watts vs Indiana . . . Wigmore On Evidence* . . . and *State vs Cooper,* as the Trenton Six case will be known to future law students.

VIEWING these proceedings for one day, Mrs. Amy Mallard, whose husband was dragged from beside her in an automobile and lynched a few years ago in Lyons, Georgia, remarked, "Now I know that these things happen outside of Georgia, too." Mrs. Mallard was talking about lynchings. With her husband it was quick and violent and "illegal," carried out by hooded men whose identity was supposedly concealed. Here it was different. Day by day, Mrs. English,

the bowed, wizened mother of Collis, watches from her second row seat the rope of The Law circle her son's neck. Only on Monday and Tuesday mornings is her seat vacant, as on these days she must do the washing and the ironing with which Collis was aiding her on that Tuesday morning more than three years ago when Horner was killed. James Thorpe, Sr., his wife and his aging mother are present daily in the court that is usually full. Mrs. Bessie Mitchell, except for the times when she is aiding other victims of the same type of "justice," sits with the families.

Certainly, sitting in this modern, air-conditioned New Jersey courtroom, no one would readily equate it with a mob scene. It is far from it. And the principals are far from mob members. The cherub-faced Volpe, whose tapering fingers continually leaf through the books before him, is far from the now stereotyped Southern backwoods lyncher. His assistant, Lawton, is an ultra-urbane man with the well-tailored look of the "Man of Distinction" in the whiskey advertisements, and he uses "Mr." and "Mrs." when addressing Negroes. Judge Smalley, whose bald, ruddy countenance shifts from that of the wise old owl to that of a patient St. Bernard, is no white-robed Kleagle; his are the robes of justice—white, corporation-dictated justice, but justice. And who ever heard of hanging six men with books?

Nevertheless, we spectators have been watching a lynching prepared by the State of New Jersey. It is not the result of a white woman's cry of "rape!" in Mississippi; it results from corrupt white politicians' cry of "murder!" But its meaning is the same: the sacrifice of black life for white imperialist rule. The attorneys, Raymond Pace Alexander, Frank S. Katzenbach, Clifford R. Moore, J. Mercer Burrell, George Pellettieri and Arthur Garfield Hayes, are making the best of the legal and forensic weapons they have. But few arguments in law have been known to halt a lynching. That puts it squarely up to the people. What are we going to do about it?

GOOD NEIGHBOR TALKS BACK

by VICENTE LOMBARDO TOLEDANO

ON FEBRUARY 21, 1951, Mr. Forney Rankin, Counsellor of the United States Embassy in Mexico, delivered an interesting speech at the Mexican-North American Institute for Cultural Relations. The printed text was sent to the press for publication; unfortunately, our newspapers failed to realize its political significance and barely mentioned it. For that reason I should like to analyze Mr. Rankin's speech, for the sake of those Mexicans interested in our country's policies and in world politics.

Without distorting any of Mr. Rankin's ideas, I should like to present them in what seems to me to be a more logical sequence, commencing with his abstract or general premises and proceeding then to his concrete statements. I have taken the liberty of commenting on each one of his points, in as careful and sober a manner as possible.

1

RANKIN: *In every one of the atoms constituting the human body, positive and negative forces co-exist without ever causing a destructive clash.*

COMMENT: Mr. Rankin was a student of biology until the closing years of the last century. He seems unaware of the findings of present-day science, particularly contemporary physics, which definitely reject the theory that the human body, and matter in general, are integrated by means of atoms.

The positive and negative forces in man are not rooted in the atoms of his body but in man's life-process itself; and this process is subject to the general laws of all things existing in the universe.

2

RANKIN: *Ever since man learned to meditate on the mysteries of the universe, there have been forces for good and forces for evil.*

COMMENT: The so-called forces for good and for evil—or rather

the positive and negative forces of which Mr. Rankin himself speaks—did not originate in man's meditations concerning the mysteries of the universe, nor do they still operate because man does not know what nature is. The forces for good—to use Mr. Rankin's term—are, from the point of view of the interest of mankind, those which stimulate man to material, political and moral progress; the forces for evil are those which prevent the betterment of mankind.

3

RANKIN: *There exist diametrically opposed theories which are struggling for the material and spiritual domination of the world: one of these is democracy, the other communism.*

COMMENT: Here Mr. Rankin means, I presume, that democracy is a force for good and communism a force for evil. I should like to ask, in the first place, if the democracy of which the U.S. Embassy Counsellor speaks is the democracy prescribed by Abraham Lincoln or that prescribed by President Harry S. Truman. I should like further to ask if a people can impose its own concept of democracy on other peoples; because to the Soviet peoples the government of their country is a true and genuine democracy, just as they believe that the present government of the United States is a truly democratic regime in name only.

4

RANKIN: *The Mexican people and the other peoples of North America have inherited the democratic doctrine from their forebears.*

COMMENT: In present-day Mexico, unfortunately, democracy is still on the way to being achieved; in that sense, the heritage of our ancestors is only the aspiration toward a democratic regime, not a true and fully developed democratic regime. As for democracy in the United States, which is in reality the rule of the big financial monopolies, it is clear that there too we see, not the heritage of the Founding Fathers of the great country to the north of us, but United States imperialism, which is a contemporary phenomenon that began to develop around the turn of the twentieth century.

5

RANKIN: *The communist doctrine denies the spiritual values of our Christian civilization and proposes to place all peoples in the straitjacket of its police-state system of government.*

COMMENT: The characteristic of Western civilization—to use a favorite expression of the present United States government—is not

Christianity but the concepts arising from the bourgeois-democratic revolution of the eighteenth century, which assert that the rights of man and the unrestricted freedoms of the individual are the basis and aim of social institutions. The characteristic of communist doctrine is the belief that man's liberation is basic; but that this cannot take place without first doing away with the system of economic exploitation. The prevailing system in the United States is not one based on spiritual values; on the contrary, it is based on the economic values of a small numbers of owners of the chief sources of material production, who dictate the conditions of existence for the mass of the population in the United States.

6

RANKIN: *Democracy and communism cannot co-exist in human society. Free enterprise and the planned economy of the police-states cannot co-exist.*

COMMENT: It is curious that Mr. Rankin now discovers, in the year 1951, that democracy and communism cannot co-exist, when as a matter of fact they have been and are now co-existing. Moreover, Mr. Rankin seems unaware of the historical development of the Soviet Union and confuses socialism with communism, toward which the U.S.S.R. is now moving.

In reality, from 1917 to the present the socialist and capitalist systems have co-existed in the world; and these two social systems have not only co-existed, during World War II they were allied and fought together against the powerful threat of the fascist powers led by Nazi Germany. Today not only is the Soviet Union in existence; there are also the People's Democracies of Europe and Asia, which are moving toward socialism. And they have made socialism so important a social system that it has been embraced by approximately half of the earth's inhabitants. As for the co-existence of capitalism and planned economy, not only is it possible but it has been a factor on the world scene for over thirty years. It is a factor today, even though within several capitalist countries the governments are trying—albeit unsuccessfully—to plan their national economy.

But what is really amusing is that there are still people like Mr. Rankin who dare to assert that the economy of the United States is based on free enterprise, when many studies have been made by officials of the U.S. government and Congress, declaring that free enterprise has long since ceased to exist in the U.S. and that for some time now American

economic power has been in the ruthless iron grip of the monopolists—each day fewer in number and wielding greater power. Free enterprise in the United States, in the economic field, is a thing of the past; as is the case in practically every country in the world.

7

RANKIN: *Such co-existence is not possible because the totalitarian regimes are not willing to tolerate the existence of other forms of government.*

COMMENT: In Mr. Rankin's Point 6, it was he who declared that the capitalist and the socialist systems cannot co-exist. Now it appears that the socialists are the ones who deny the possibility of the two social systems co-existing. There is an obvious contradiction in Mr. Rankin's statements; and as a matter of fact it is the socialist system—more concretely, the Soviet regime—which constantly proclaims its belief in the possibility of the co-existence of various forms of government.

8

RANKIN: *The totalitarian regimes are against the teachings of nature itself.*

COMMENT: If by totalitarian regime Mr. Rankin means the socialist regime, it is hardly worth while taking his words seriously, for the very same thing which the imperialist magnates now say concerning the permanence of their way of life was said in the distant past by those who believed that primitive communism would be the permanent form of society; the same thing was said concerning the system of slavery; then later concerning the feudal system; and finally it was said by those who thought that capitalism would be permanent and unalterable. What nature—that is, history—produces by means of man's creative energy is not only not contrary to nature, it is the highest expression of nature itself. In their day the ancient and now-outmoded social systems *were natural,* just as the capitalist system too arose for natural—i.e., historic—reasons. Today the socialist system is another of the great fruits of nature, the most recent one that has come into being.

9

RANKIN: *That is why the world is divided into aggressive communist imperialism, on the one hand, and the peace-loving democratic nations on the other. The United States belongs to the latter group.*

COMMENT: I did not know it was the Soviet Union which stole the Isthmus of Panama from Colombia, or which invaded Nicaragua and

Santo Domingo. Nor did I know that in order to *help* Cuba gain her independence the U.S.S.R. emerged with a part of that island's territory and took over Puerto Rico and the Philippine Islands as colonies. I did not know that Russia fought an unjust war against Mexico and invaded it on several occasions. Similarly, I did not know that Russia owned most of the mines and industries throughout Latin America, as well as most of the oil and other vital sources of raw materials. Nor did I know that the occupation of Taiwan and the violation of China's territorial waters by the United States Fleet, as well as the invasion of Korea, were acts demonstrating the peace-loving attitude of the present government of the United States.

Now I realize that I was wrong.

Likewise, I did not know that the frequent statements by prominent leaders in the United States, including President Truman himself, to the effect that the atom bomb might be dropped on Korea, were democratic and peace-loving statements. But now I know; and that is why I feel grateful to Mr. Rankin for having revealed this important news to the Mexican people.

Finally, I thought—until I read the speech I am analyzing here—that proposals for disarmament, for banning the atom bomb, and other steps suggested by all devotees of peace and by the socialist governments were peace-loving suggestions. Now I see that they are really aggressive proposals opposed to the peaceful plans of Washington.

10

RANKIN: *The bases of U.S. foreign policy are, among others, the following*:

(a) U.S. foreign policy is shaped by the people—by the workers and farmers, by university and political groups, and by what we call "public opinion."

COMMENT: I believe I know what the workers in the U.S. are thinking and I feel sure that most of them are opposed to the present policies of their government. I am also acquainted with the views of university groups, and I know that Mr. Rankin's statement is not accurate. Finally, without going too far afield for examples, every day I keep reading that many Americans prominent in political life—including an ex-President of the United States—register sharp disagreement with President Truman's policies. Do not these all add up to the fact that U.S. foreign policy is not shaped by the American people?

(*b*) *U.S. policy is based on freedom for all races.*

COMMENT: All those who read the foregoing will smile a melancholy smile. To assert, in the name of the United States government, that in that country all the races of mankind have equal rights—when anti-Negro persecution has intensified sharply; when Mexico keeps protesting the mistreatment of its farm workers whom, in an evil hour, it permitted to leave our country in order to work as serfs for the rich landlords of our neighbor to the north; when the government of Panama and many other Latin-American governments have protested against the vicious discrimination between white and Negro Americans and between U.S. whites and Latin Americans in the Canal Zone—to make such an assertion is the height of bitter irony.

(*c*) *U.S. foreign policy is also based on maintaining and strengthening the Inter-American system.*

COMMENT: We shall soon see what the Inter-American system signifies to Washington's diplomatic representatives in our country.

11

RANKIN: *Inter-American policy consists of the following*:

(*a*) *This policy favors political stability within a democratic framework.*

COMMENT: We knew that the United States government had nothing to do with the *coup d'état* against the constitutional government of Costa Rica; that it was not at all implicated in the military uprising which overturned the legitimate government of Peru; that it had nothing to do with the fall of the constitutional government in Venezuela; that it was not involved in the *coup* in Nicaragua which laid low the constitutional government; that it was completely innocent in the many attempts to overthrow the constitutional government of Guatemala; and that, in brief, it positively does not interfere in the internal affairs of the nations of Latin America! To assert that the Washington government favors political stability within a democratic framework in Latin America is almost an insult—and only a Latin American who is deaf, dumb and blind can swallow such an assertion.

(*b*) *Inter-American policy fosters economic and social progress throughout the Western Hemisphere.*

COMMENT: There is no doubt that the Inter-American policy enunciated by the Washington government is wise and humanitarian, since

we all know that Mexico is threatened by Asia, the Soviet Union, and Europe, and that the same is true of Cuba, the Dominican Republic, and the nations of Central and South America. History has demonstrated that for over a century we Latin Americans have been gravely menaced by the non-American nations.

12

RANKIN: *U.S. foreign policy is sincere. The sincerity of this policy is proved by Point Four in President Truman's program.*

COMMENT: Let us see what President Truman's Point Four program is.

13

RANKIN: *Point Four of President Truman's program consists of apportioning economic aid to certain countries to enable them fully to develop their natural resources.*

COMMENT: If that is Point Four of President Truman's program, Latin America should now be engaged in industrializing and developing its natural resources. But is that the case? I do not think we need insist on this point.

14

RANKIN: *Point Four has been in effect in Mexico for over ten years. Here are the proofs: U.S. capital investment in Mexico as well as in other Latin American countries; the aid given Mexico in the campaign against the hoof-and-mouth disease among our cattle; the introduction of hybrid corn into Mexico; several studies in biology and metallurgy; credits granted Mexico for exploiting its natural resources, especially its water-power resources.*

COMMENT: As for U.S. capital investment in Mexico, let me simply remind my readers of the motives behind it. The case of the expropriation of the North American oil companies, in 1938, is the best example of the services performed by U.S. capital in Mexico. As for the hoof-and-mouth disease, the help given us in our fight against that malady was to prevent the contagion from spreading to cattle herds in the United States. I refrain at this point from discussing several other matters related to the hoof-and-mouth disease. If that malady had occurred in Argentina or Brazil, not Mexico, it is obvious that the U.S. Congress and the White House would not have displayed such an active interest. Similar comment could be made concerning the aid given in our fly-extermination campaign. As for the credits granted

Mexico to enable it to exploit certain natural resources, particularly water power—in other words, to develop our country's power and light—all Mexicans know that the money allotted by the United States simply strengthened the hold of the North American power trust. During World War II, it took over the British light-and-power monopoly and now openly controls the industrialization of our country.

15

RANKIN: *This is the spirit on which U.S. policy toward Mexico and all Latin America is based. But in order to understand this spirit, one must understand the American way of life. The peoples as well as the governments of Latin America must understand this.*

COMMENT: Up to now, what we Latin Americans know of the American way of life is either capital investment, with its serious political consequences; or the importation of U.S. manufactures and goods flooding our markets, such as Coca Cola, Nescafé, *Selecciones* [the Spanish-language edition of *Reader's Digest*], etc. Frankly we don't like that American way of life; we prefer to go on living in our own way. As for the U.S. government's attempt to understand our people, unfortunately it seems that thus far the effort has failed signally.

16

RANKIN: *I should like to make it clear that, though we are strict in our business dealings, we are generous and we believe in the Christian concept of "love thy neighbor as thyself."*

COMMENT: Need I comment on this fantastic assertion? It would arouse a whole train of ideas in even the most backward Mexican, if he were lucky enough to hear it expressed.

17

RANKIN: *With that in mind we are fostering intercultural relations and developing our information services abroad.*

COMMENT: In other words, to paraphrase the old Spanish proverb: praying to God and robbing one's neighbor.

18

RANKIN: *As far as Mexico is concerned, it is true that we have a border separating us and that there are differences between us. But despite the accidental differences of history, ideologically we speak the same language.*

COMMENT: What a statement! To call the loss of more than half of our country's territory in the Mexican War of 1947, the invasion of

Vera Cruz in 1914, the "anti-bandit" expeditions, the refusal to give up El Chamizal, and other adventures of the same ilk "accidental differences of history"! Does Mr. Rankin really think that we Mexicans are a people without memory and without ideals?

19

RANKIN: *In the ideological conflict between our world and the communist world, we believe that the nations of Latin America are called upon to play an important role.*

COMMENT: Speaking bluntly, this means that we are called upon to submit to the "American way of life" of the United States, to help that powerful nation wage a war of aggression against the countries which do not accept its "way of life."

20

RANKIN: *It is the duty of the United States to extend its ideas of freedom and independence to all the countries in the world which do not enjoy them.*

COMMENT: That's plain talk! According to Mr. Rankin, an accredited representative of the U.S. government in Mexico, fate has entrusted the strongest country in our hemisphere with the task of imposing its concept of freedom and independence everywhere. Mr. Rankin, we call that imperialism—whether in Mexico, Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic, Colombia, Italy, France, the Philippines, Japan, or in Korea.

That, my fellow-Mexicans, is the great civilizing mission of the present government of the United States of America.

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

right face

BAFFLED

"It might be well to remember that no amount of military might can fight a growing universal concept that America is a land of warmongers."—New York *Public Relations News.*

IDEALS & PRACTICES

"One of the great postwar challenges to the United States is the need for putting our practices in line with our ideals . . . Improvement of race relations, the most difficult job on earth, should be a major part of the country's achievement in this regard. We must demonstrate the productivity of our economy. To bring this about every Negro should be given a chance to put his best efforts at production at the highest level possible. Any bar put up against this is a crime."—Henry R. Luce to a luncheon of the Urban League on May 8, 1947.

• On May 8, *1951*, the Luce publications—*Time, Life, Fortune*—which employ 1,550 workers, had on their payroll exactly 17 Negroes of whom eight were porters.

PRESCRIPTION

Q. *"Dear Doctor: The news about possible wars and airplane bombings always throws me into a state bordering on hysteria. How can we fearful people free ourselves from hysteria?"*—Flora V.

A. "Get out of your easy chair . . . and you'll grow more relieved, for fear hides in armchairs, especially in front of radios. Go downstairs and fire the furnace, if it is winter, or sprinkle the lawn, or lock your windows or even brush your teeth."—Dr. George W. Crane in the Portland *Oregonian.*

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

books in review

Bugle Call

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY, by James Jones. *Scribners.* $4.50.

TO UNDERSTAND James Jones' sensational novel of army life now heading the best-seller lists, we have to see it as a reflection of what is going on in the United States today. While most of the novel deals with the U.S. Army of 1941—the book ends a few weeks after Pearl Harbor—its mentality is that which the rulers of our country are now trying to fasten on the people.

This is expressed in the novel's chauvinism, cynicism and brutality. Jones' outlook promotes the acceptance of mass slaughter, and a new world war.

From Here to Eternity is on the surface an "exposure" of U.S. army life. An air of reality is given by the detailed documentation of the sights and sounds of camp, training ground and battle scene, plus a recklessness with four-letter words intended to make the reader believe that such strong meat represents the "real thing."

There is a bravado air of "attacking the army," including the graft, incompetence, lack of principle, back-door politics, among the brass, but actually ending up as an attack on the rank-and-file soldiers, who are shown to be a stupid, cruel and prejudiced mass.

In this respect *From Here To Eternity* tops all the other post-war books of this type. It has pages upon pages vividly describing the daytime life and even more the night-life of the army, leaning heavily on drunken binges and brothels. It piles up obscenity to the point where it becomes obvious that the author is cursing his readers and the world itself. It has a super-abundance of violent scenes in which human beings exhibit the most bestial cruelty to one another, drawn with a careful detail to the very twist of the knife in the flesh, and with an imagery itself sadistic, finding its metaphors in sex and violence.

Combined with this naturalistic detail is an utter mindlessness, a complete inability to do any rational thinking, a terrifying ignorance of the simplest political, economic and historical facts—and all of this confusion put forth as profound philosophy. It is a portrayal of a voyage in Hell, the Hell of army life, drawn by an inmate of the Inferno who has

no other standards than that of the Inferno itself. That the bourgeois critics are discussing whether this is a great novel or an almost-great is itself a sign of how low literary and intellectual values have sunk.

The scene is Honolulu, the time 1941. The story is of a soldier who wants to make the army his career, a "thirty-year man." He loves to dress in a snappy uniform, march in close-order drill, play the bugle. His company commander wants him to be a boxer. He refuses. He is given "the treatment," and it eventually breaks him. He lands in the stockade. Released, he deserts, murders the brutal stockade sergeant, and lives for a while with a prostitute. When the Pearl Harbor attack comes, he tries to rejoin his outfit, and is shot by his fellow soldiers.

There are some other lines of plot, one revolving about the first sergeant, who has an affair with the company commander's wife, and another about a Jewish soldier named Bloom and an Italian named Maggio, purporting to present the author's "sympathy with minorities."

Jones' scream of rage against the army turns into praise of militarism. The writer's anger is that the army doesn't permit a man to be a "good soldier." His idea of a "good soldier" is not that of an enlightened soldier, a defender of his home, land and family, whose courage comes from his solidarity with other human beings. It is a love for uniform, drill, and bugle calls, a yearning for the mindless life in which all problems of food, shelter and ideas are taken care of by the higher authorities, a contempt for all civilians. It is little wonder the editorial writer for *Life* magazine, while deploring the book's obscenity, finds in it a wholesome "respect for army traditions."

Far more repulsive than the obscenity is the book's racism. This also appears in the hypocrisy of a plea for "racial tolerance." But in the character of the Jewish corporal, Bloom, the author draws upon all his talents to create the most obnoxious human being he can think of. His defense is that he is attacking Bloom, not the Jewish people. There are also "good Jews" here and there in the book. But it is significantly only Bloom who is "sensitive" to the "Jewish problem."

And this is characteristic of the author's treatment of Italian, Negro, Hawaiian, Chinese, Slav and all other non-Anglo-Saxons. The writing, in the author's own words as well as in those of his leading characters, is saturated with every filthy racist and chauvinist term. The author's "defense" of national groups is to have the Italian, the Jew, the Hawaiian, themselves use these racist terms, caricaturing themselves, all in a spirit of "camaraderie."

The author-protagonist describes

himself as a "revolutionist fighting for the underdog":

"He had even made himself a philosophy of life out of it. So that he had gone right on, unable to stop believing that if the Communists were the underdog in Spain then he believed in fighting for the Communists in Spain; but that if the Communists were the top dog back home in Russia and the (what would you call them in Russia? the traitors, I guess) traitors were the bottom dog, then he believed in fighting for the traitors and against the Communists. He believed in fighting for the Jews in Germany, and against the Jews in Wall Street and Hollywood. . . . This too-ingrained-to-be-forgotten philosophy of life had led him, a Southerner, to believe in fighting for the Negroes against the Whites everywhere, because the Negroes were nowhere the top dog, at least as yet."

But of course neither the author nor his hero does any fighting for the Negro people, or for anybody exploited. The philosophy itself is an infantile ignorance, a "know-nothingness" which looks upon the entire history of the world, past, present and future, as a simple matter of underdogs fighting top dogs, and then becoming themselves top dogs, ad infinitum. You support the slaves against the slave-owners, and if they win, you fight for the slave owners to get their slaves back.

The "philosophy" is sheer pretence. Both the writer and his "hero" are so wrapped up in themselves that they would not see an "underdog" under their nose. Hawaii, for example, the H waiians are the "underdogs." B far from "fighting" for them, t "hero" walks among them as blatant white supremacist, tre ing the men as if they were lower order of humanity descri able only in vile racist terms, a the women as if they existed or to be his sexual servants. T "underdog" philosophy is a d guised wallowing in self-pity. It this self-pity, with sentimentali ladled out by the gallon, reachi a climax in the "hero's" fir lingering death and transfiguratio that seems to have made the bou geois reviewers weep.

There is a stab at decryi fascism, a scene where the auth "exposes" a fascist-minded Ge eral Slater, a junker-mind ve much like the General who fills similar role in *The Naked a the Dead.* But even this gestu is shallow and disarming. F there is no inkling that the fasci minded "big brass" are agents f the great banks and trusts. Fascis in Italy and Germany rose w exactly the same "underdog" dem gogy of *From Here To Eterni* with screams of Hitler and Mu solini that they were "oppresse by the Jews, the "internatio bankers." It is revealing that t author of *From Here To Etern* is already set to fight the "Jew in a Wall Street—and Hollywo —actually owned by the Morga and Rockefellers.

Unfortunately some people consider books like this progressive because they "expose" the army. But the army itself is wiser, with its saying that "the good soldier always gripes." One cannot fight war or militaristic corruption with the belief that corruption stems mysteriously from the "brass" and from the soldiers themselves. The key to corruption, which the mass of war books do not even touch, is the capitalist nature of the army, the relation of its brass and its very organization to the thinking and needs of the economic rulers.

From Here To Eternity is a most dangerous literary product of the U.S. war drive, a prime example of bourgeois decadence: superficial naturalism pretending to be realism; ignorance pretending to be ultimate knowledge; a scream of rage pretending to be militancy; bravado and sadism pretending to be courage and manliness; an utterly sentimental self-centeredness pretending to be love of humanity.

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

Aggression in Korea

DOCUMENTS AND MATERIALS EXPOSING THE INSTIGATORS OF THE CIVIL WAR IN KOREA. Published by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea. Pyongyang. 1950.

ONE year ago the Korean War began. Of the thirty million men, women and children in Korea in June, 1950, three million have been killed and six million have been wounded. War-induced disease has carried off additional hundreds of thousands. Great and ancient cities, with their homes, hospitals, schools, factories, cultural and artistic treasures have been ground into dust and scores of villages have been razed. Tens of thousands of men of American, Chinese and other nationalities have died and been maimed in the Calm Peninsula.

This death, destruction and suffering was produced by the ruling class of the United States, by those who tremble for fear the war may end; those who would make the word "peace" obscene; those who "corner markets" and "swing big deals"; those who build air-conditioned kennels for their dogs with the rent-money gouged out of slums and ghettoes.

And this book under review provides the evidence to prove this responsibility. Not all the evidence, of course, but enough is here so that if one knew nothing else, this alone would be convincing.

This book consists of over 250 pages of textual and photostatic reproduction of documents found in the summer of 1950 by the army of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea among the abandoned archives of the Syngman Rhee government. The documents cover the period from December, 1948, to June, 1950, and

originated with or were addressed to such figures as President Rhee, his Ambassador to the United States, his representative to the United Nations, U.S. Ambassador Muccio, John Foster Dulles, two U.S. Admirals and several American advisers of Rhee.

The volume's essential content may be presented by excerpting from or paraphrasing ten of the documents. The overall strategy of the aggressors is nicely summarized in the following paragraph written to Rhee on December 3, 1948, by Yoon Peong-Koo, one of Rhee's key advisers on foreign affairs, then operating from California. He wrote:

"But to carry on the coming struggle to a victorious conclusion, the forces of defense such as the armies of America, Japan, China and Korea must be coordinated and led by a supreme commander with triple objectives, namely: The Japanese push through north-eastward and pass Vladivostok; Korean and American armies, after liberating our Northern territory, march through Liatong peninsula and up to Harbin; and a revitalized Chinese Nationalist army to recover China's lost territory including Shantong Province; and after such a victorious conclusion, the Korean and American armies hold Manchuria until the cost of liberation be fully repaid by means of the development of the natural resources of that part of East Asia by the combined capital and labor of Manchuria, Korea and America and that until democracy and peace be firmly established there."

Five months later Chang Myu (known here as John M. Chang) Rhee's Ambassador to the Unite States, wrote to Rhee:

"General Wedemeyer's personal an confidential advice is that highl trained, trustworthy and competer young men be sent to North Kore to infiltrate among the Koreans there sow distrust in the communist caus and the People's Government and pr pare the way for the Republic. Mean while, the General will do his utmo for us and will consult with Secretar Acheson in our behalf."

During the same month, Apri 1949, President Rhee was urgin his Representative to the Unite Nations, Cho Byunk-Ok* t "frankly discuss" the Korean que tion "in fullest confidence wit high officials of both the Unite Nations and the United States He was to tell them "in a strictl confidential manner . . . what plan we have for the unification c north and south." Let them unde

* Also known as Chough Pyung-O Prior to his appointment as U.N Representative, Dr. Chough was Chi of the notoriously sadistic Police D partment of the U.S. Military Go ernment in South Korea. In 1950 h became Rhee's Minister of the Interic from which post he was removed April, 1951. He was fired at the i sistence of the South Korean Assemb because of responsibility for the K chang massacre of last February. C that slaughter, the New York *Tim* (April 25, 1951) belatedly and i conspicuously reported: "The bull riddled bodies of more than 300 adu and children were all that were left the community. As many as 1,000 m have been killed in the massacre."

tand that "we are ready for the nification now in every respect ut one; namely, we lack arms nd ammunition." Therefore, con-inued the democratic, non-aggres-ive, peaceful and beloved leader f the Korean people, "we need wo naval vessels . . . we need atrol boats . . . we need 200,000 oldiers . . . we need planes . . . e need them now."

By June, 1949, the global-minded Mr. Yoon Peong-Koo had eturned from California to Korea nd was writing President Rhee f interesting conversations with J.S. Ambassador Muccio. The lat-er promised, for example, that, On the matter of aid to be given s with U.S. air and ocean fleets n case we have to fight the North Bear . . . he would do the cultiva-ion work for the matter with his Government so that things shall e ready in case we need."

The next month Rhee was pant-ng for more money from the E.C.A. funds to be dispensed by Truman. Rhee told his Ambassa-or Chang to press South Korea's laims to "a lion's share" of the noney. Explain, he directed, that America's investment in Korea vill pay more dividend than all he other receiving nations can ield." And, in the same letter, the Ambassador was told that Rhee ad decided to offer the United tates "the privilege of using all ur open ports as temporary mo-ile bases." The letter concluded: Of course, we do not want to create any impression that we are giving any of our naval or air bases to the United States or any other foreign power because that will create bad impression all around." "Of course"—sublime patriots!

Simultaneously, the South Korean Chief of Naval Operations offers several naval bases—not in vain!—to Admiral Radford of the U.S. Pacific Fleet; while in Washington, one J. J. Williams, a Rhee agent, visits Admiral Denfield, then U.S. Chief of Naval Operations, and urges the appointment of an American officer to oversee Rhee's fleet.

In September, 1949, Rhee informs another of his American agents, Dr. Robert T. Oliver of the University of Pennsylvania: "I feel strongly that now is the most psychological moment when we should take an aggressive measure. . . .* Then our line of defense must be strengthened along the Tumen and Yalu Rivers [*i.e.*, the Manchurian border]."

Cho Byunk-Ok, Rhee's U.N. Representative, whom we have already met, read "with great care and interest" this letter to Dr. Oliver. He told Rhee, in October,

*By the summer of 1949 explicit assertions of aggressive intent on the part of Rhee's government were permitted publication in the commercial press. Thus a Seoul dispatch in the N.Y. *Herald Tribune* (August 5, 1949) read: "The one outstanding thing about the South Korean army . . . is its outspoken desire to take the offensive against North Korea."

1949, that "the proposals you expounded therein are, under the circumstances prevailing, the only logical and ultimate method of bringing about our desired unification." Yet, Cho felt "the time is not opportune" and, as evidence of this, reported that just lately "the Greek Government itself has been persuaded by friendly powers from taking military steps against Albania." Therefore, Ambassador Chang, Dr. Oliver and he "agree that this matter should be regarded as the basic plan of our Government that should be carried out when we are ready and the time is opportune."

In November, 1949, Cho reiterates this theme in a letter to Rhee and adds that "a third world war" is inevitable, that it alone will solve "all these world problems" and that Rhee's plans had to be meshed into that fact.

And then, triumph of triumphs, on June 18, 1950, Rhee tells Ambassador Chang that his talks with the visiting John Foster Dulles went very well and that the representative of the U.S. State Department saw everything exactly as Rhee did—"He agreed with all my policy and no doubt will do his best after his return."

One week later Mr. Rhee's "aggressive measure" occurred, the time was "opportune" and Mr. Dulles, Mr. Acheson, Mr. Truman all did their "best."

Meanwhile, Rhee's home-front security measures were proceedi under U.S. supervision. Thus, printed (and photostated) in t volume is a U.S. Counter Int ligence Corps report, dated Jar ary 27, 1949, telling of the exe tion of 69 seditious folk: "Th all appeared to be young and e mated overall average of eighte years of age. . . . One very you prisoner tied to the post v singing the Communist Ba Song, and the last group sang they were trucked to the p they sang a Loyal Korean Ar song."

And seventy pages of text a photostats show how thoroug General Wedemeyer's "perso and confidential advice" to saboteurs was followed. For these pages are presented, fr Rhee's records, the names, nu bers, posts, salaries and tasks (son, assassination, sabotage a other manifestations of West Civilization) of the fascist generates sent into the Kor People's Democratic Republic Rhee, agent of American imper ism.

No nation in modern hist has suffered so terribly as Ko Her staggering catastrophe is direct result of United States perialist aggression and the inc trovertible documentary evide of that fact is contained in t volume.

HERBERT APTHEKE

Scottsboro Distorted

THEY SHALL BE FREE, by Allan K. Chalmers. *Doubleday.* $3.00.

THE long struggle to free the Scottsboro defendants which began in 1931 was of the greatest importance in American history. The most significant result of this struggle was that it broke a conspiracy of silence on the Negro question and laid naked before America and the world the nature of the barbarous oppression of the Negro people in the South.

The Scottsboro fight broke through the prison-house of the South, raised the banner of struggle for Negro liberation to new heights, unleashed the campaign against the poll tax and for the right to vote, and gave impetus to the heroic sharecroppers' struggles in the thirties. The Scottsboro fight prepared the way for the alliance between labor and the Negro people without which the C.I.O. might have been stillborn. And finally it helped to advance the movement in America against fascism and war and to join the workers of Europe and America in solidarity actions against Nazism.

But none of this appears in *They Shall Be Free,* which purports to be "the complete story of the Scottsboro case." Even worse than this unpardonable omission is the fact that Dr. Chalmers tries to distort irrefutable facts of history, namely, that it was the left wing, particularly the Communist Party and the International Labor Defense, which from the beginning gave the main leadership to the American and world forces that wrested the innocent Scottsboro defendants from death.

In his introduction to the book, Walter White brazenly attempts to sharpen this distortion by claiming that the left wing actually made more difficult the chances for victory in the Scottsboro case. While Dr. Chalmers reiterates this slander, he is at the same time obliged to recognize the role of the left wing, and acknowledges, with obvious reluctance, that, "if I had been sitting in the Kilby death house in 1931, I too should have chosen the I.L.D."

For the irrefutable fact is that on April 9, 1931, a few hours after the death verdict had been proclaimed in Alabama, the I.L.D. intervened to stay the execution. Mass demonstrations in Harlem and throughout the country, meetings in the deep South, world-wide protests and the European tour of Mrs. Ada Wright, and countless other actions helped to win ultimate victory.

There is no doubt that numerous organizations and individuals of every political and religious persuasion made contributions to this fight in one way or another, and that certainly includes Dr.

Chalmers who headed the loose united front body, the Scottsboro Defense Committee, from its inception in 1935. But the fundamental fact is that the main leadership in rousing the masses of people to action and protest in the long Scottsboro fight was in the firm hands of the left wing.

If this reviewer may hazard a guess, he will say that *They Shall Be Free* was published by Doubleday as a counterweight to its previous publication of *Scottsboro Boy* by Haywood Patterson and Earl Conrad. For Dr. Chalmers' more pretentious effort adds little that is not in *Scottsboro Boy,* a splendid presentation of certain aspects of the Scottsboro fight. *They Shall Be Free* attempts to negate the role of mass struggle and democratic activity and to overplay the role of top level negotiations, particularly with Southern politicians of the Bourbon variety.

If Dr. Chalmers is interested in naming important participants in the Scottsboro fight, why does he totally ignore the role of William L. Patterson, now National Executive Secretary of the Civil Rights Congress, who more than any single individual was responsible for the Scottsboro victory? It was Patterson who led some of the most militant and dramatic mass actions, including the White House visit with Ruby Bates, to interview Vice-President Garner. It was Patterson's leadership which was largely respo sible for the magnificent cou room and legal activity of t I.L.D. and its momentous stru gle against the all-white jury sy tem waged by Joseph Brodsk Benjamin J. Davis, Irving Schwa Walter Pollack, Osmond Fraenk and others. Why does Dr. Cha mers ignore the role of J. Lou Engdahl, Anna Damon, and t countless others who fought ha and long? Why ignore the cou age of the left wingers in t South who fought for years wit out respite and who assisted Ru Bates in leaving Huntsville, Al bama, and exposing the ra frame-up in open court—an e posure which served as a maj break in the case?

In spite of the self-sacrificin inspiring leadership of the le wing—in Alabama and the Bla Belt of the South, throughout t United States and world-wide— Dr. Chalmers has the brazen a dacity to say that the "Comm nists would have been content lose the case"!

Dr. Chalmers' thesis is obje tively an accommodation to t frame-up and lynch system in t South and a cover-up for the a quiescence in and support for th system by the U. S. governmen

In this period of strugg against the lynchers and the w makers, Dr. Chalmers' book is disservice to the broadest unit front, to the mobilization of individuals and organizations

dless of political or religious suasion, to save the Trenton , Mrs. Rosa Lee Ingram and the merous other "Scottsboro" vic- ns of lynching and frame-up.

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