MASSES & MAINSTREAM

Hemingway and Heroism

MILTON HOWARD

PUBLISHER ON TRIAL

The Lifework of ALEXANDER TRACHTENBERG

SENDER GARLIN

W. E. B. DU BOIS *in Battle for Peace*

DOXEY A. WILKERSON

Portrait of the Artist as a Middle-Aged Man

By DALTON TRUMBO

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Hemingway and Heroism

By MILTON HOWARD

ERNEST Hemingway's new book, *The Old Man and the Sea,* visibly started a tremor, a feeling, genuinely so it seemed, among the middle class writers and critics who express the prevailing literary opinions for our country. This is an unusual thing in contemporary American society where even the least sensitive can feel the advancing numbness of all moral sentiment, the inner paralysis compounded of fear, cowardly prudence, fatalism, and a general running for cover exactly at the moment when the rulers of the country proclaim that we are on the eve of a military crusade to advance freedom.

But Hemingway did manage to start a spurt of moral searching with his book. He got the critics to talk about such half-forgotten subjects as heroism, the courage and nobility of man, the splendors of the endurance of suffering for the sake of an ideal passion, for the sake of unrewarded pride.

The whole episode was flung upon the startled land with all the spectacular technique of *Life Magazine* publicity—the color photos, the full-page ads, the hired blurbs. It was accompanied by the rather self-conscious sentimentality of the newspaper columnists unaccustomed to talking about simplicity and love in the atmosphere of the journalistic brothels.

So strong is the influence of the Hemingway way of life upon his flatterers that the Scripps-Howard columnist, Robert Ruark, vaguely moved by the subject of Hemingway's story of a fight with a fish, wanted to show nevertheless that he had his feet on the ground ("You don't have to worry about Papa with his sixty grand for one story.") And the New York *Times'* assistant book editor, Harvey Breit, achieved effortlessly the following parody of the tough guy in the intellectual life showing off his redeeming familiarity with the hearty facts of sport:

> "This week, Mr. Hemingway is the news truly. Not only the literary news. Like Earl Sande booting home a Derby winner, or Johnny Vander Meer pitching two no-hitters in succession, or the Manassa Mauler battering Big Jess Willard, a book by Papa is front-page news."

And of course there were the battle communiques from Hemingway himself, appearing in cryptic question and answer form in the *Times,* in the *Saturday Review,* in the semi-pornography of Earl Wilson's daily inventory of who-is-obscenitying-whom. Hemingway writes these interviews like a man besieged slipping dangerout notes out under the door, or like someone entombed under a fall of rock in a mine, or like a deep-sea diver who can't come up because the line broke. "How do you feel? Fine." . . . "What are your plans? To take a vacation." . . . "What about fishing? I have enjoyed it ever since I can remember."

So integrally does Hemingway, America's best known writer, feel these matters that it is the awed courtiers who look ridiculous clutching these written-on-prison-wall messages as if they were really saying something tremendous. What they—and his books—tell about Hemingway, whom the canny if not especially cultured editors of *Life* want to transform into another statue in Henry Luce's collection of the Western Man, is another matter of course, as we shall see.

THE secret of the latest Hemingway furor, or at least the organized attempt to start a furor, is to be found, on the one hand, in the nature of the new book, and, on the other, in the political and moral necessities of an upper class whose spiritual poverty, which appals the world, is exactly in inverse ratio to its unprecedented wealth. The planners the national betrayal of America n a hero. They desperately need to their premeditated world crime, t rapidly organized machinery for lir less massacre and violence, with shining paint of heroism.

The men of the Hiroshima ato butchery, of the jellied gaso dropping in tons of fire on the f of mothers and children below, men who clutch with passionate l (their only real love) the weap of germ warfare, have some diffic these days disguising from this tion and the world the fact that t are straining at the limits of hur morality. In the depths of the h dreds of millions of Asian eyes t stares out at us white American look piercing in its agony and m judgment.

Where will the men who own control our American cultural ex ence find the hero for their three h dred billion dollar conspiracy strangle colonial revolutions erase the rising socialist struct of the 20th century?

The owners of *Life-Fortune* t that perhaps they have found the swer in the Hemingway hero. S no writer has been found who in answer to John Chamberla piteous appeal, produce in literat the Business Man As Hero, they now try to hijack a Cuban fisher Santiago, as their Siegfried, and will hold him up before their and paint his picture maybe on t jetbombers.

They can advance the Heming

o as their hero because of the p-seated ambiguities, the false ap- rance of heroism and tragedy h which Hemingway clothes the er hollowness of his heroes. The mingway hero does not frighten m in any way, nor does he make m uneasy. And that is because the mingway hero—and the subject of erature must be the search for hero- n, for the moral vision, or it is thing—in no way challenges or ex- ses them.

N THIS latest book, the Heming- way hero is a man of labor, a fish- man. The Cuban, Santiago, lives one, remembering only his wife, hose picture he keeps under his ean shirt (a detail Hemingway must ve actually observed, but whose real thos is diminished in the context). his fisherman is avoided, rejected, by e other fishermen, by the group, be- use he has not caught a fish in ghty-four days; he is without "luck." o win back their approval, to prove is worth, and to defeat the run of o luck," he goes out far beyond the cepted limits of the fishermen's ruggle and captures a mighty fish, marlin greater and more masterly an any he has ever seen.

He wages a painful struggle over is fish. His pride, his "tricks" and is endurance—"man must endure" —conquer the fish. But on the return, is the sharks which devour his tri- mph and leave him nothing but the oothed, fleshless spine and the fish- ead to show that he had won. But is is enough to prove that he had defeated the "no luck."

He falls in exhaustion (in the form of a crucified man) with the mast over his shoulders. He dreams of "the lions," symbol of greatness, he used to see as a youth on the beaches of Africa, while the boy who adores him and who had been forbidden by his father to work with him now weeps and decides he will go with the Old Man he loves.

In this story, the physical world is "rendered," as Conrad used to say, with a certain imagistic intensity which excites the admiration of critics. There are indeed pretty little achievements in this genre. When the wounded fish finally breaks the surface of the sea, Hemingway "renders" it for us this way: "He came out unendingly and the water poured from his sides." The sharp image is achieved with great economy. It is the choice of the word "unendingly," the exaggeration, combining in the word the physical sight and the emotion at the enormous being of the fish, and the eyes fastening with fear on the almost palpable "water pouring from his sides" which gets the "effect."

This, along with the other "effects," is what excites the connoisseurs, the critics who have turned literature into formalism, the fetish of literary manipulation in disregard of the central aim of any living literatue, the joining of literature with men in their real combat with the real evil which confronts them. For, as we shall see, the celebrated "style" of Hemingway is the enemy of style, which can only

be the heightened speech of heroic men and women ennobling and strengthening each other in solidarity against slavery, evil, and pain.

THE men of the Big Money, the napalm bomb, germ warfare and the atom bomb—and their literary representatives—have seized on this tale, with all its easy symbolisms and heroic appearances, as something important to their spiritual life. They think it vindicates them in some way, and restores to them the lost sense of moral self-respect. The editors of *Life,* who can rage in arguments of learned theology against the damnation of any human soul seeking to live in peace with the peoples of the Socialist state, the Chinese and Asian revolution or the people's democracies, have fallen on this parable with ecstacy. "It is a tragedy, but it tells the nobility of man," they cry.

Similarly, the critic in the *Saturday Review,* Carlos Baker, summons up the shades of Shakespeare's King Lear to express his emotion. "As one of the few genuine tragic writers of modern times Hemingway has memorably engaged the theme familiar to tragic literature." Professor Baker is reminded of

> "Wordsworth's Michael and his leech-gatherer . . . pastoral artfully projected against the English hills and plains and showing the resolution and independence which always tugged at Wordsworth's heart-strings as Santiago's tugs at ours. Yet the pitch attained here and held to is several degrees above the plane of pastoral tragedy. It approaches, as a tragic pattern, the story of King Lear. . . ."

It is most revealing that Prof Baker should cite the idealized toral "resolution and independe of the pre-industrial leech-gath preserving in Wordworth's eye tranquil sense of worth just as th dustrial revolution was to swee this isolated yeomanry with its lete "resolution and independ into oblivion, and in fact to turn lonely virtues, under new social ditions, into their opposite— shibboleths for slavery, for the H erism of the "rugged individua our time.

I say this is revealing, for Pr sor Baker has fastened quite accu on one of the central character of the Hemingway hero which m him palatable to a class that i capable of heroism because it i gaged in anti-human designs. characteristic is that the Her way hero operates outside of co porary society. Like Santiago, fisherman, he goes "beyond the its."

Hemingway's hero broods his antagonist:

> "His choice had been to stay in the dark water far out beyond all snare traps and treacheries. My choice w go there to find him beyond all p Beyond all people in the world. N are joined together and have been noon. And no one to help either o

Thus the battle is joined bet isolated antagonists. The bat therefore rigged in advance as a battle, on false terms, however a kind of pathos enters in, and being the case mainly because i

herman, a man of work and old
th toil, who makes the fight. It
a falsely rigged battle since neither
an nor his enemy in society today
isolated; they are joined not "be-
nd all snares and traps and treach-
ies," but smack in the middle of
e traps and treacheries, socially
eated, historically conditioned,
nich must be destroyed if man is to
n.

It was very wise of Hemingway to
oose for his hero a man of work,
t of money. For the society which
elcomes Hemingway to its bosom
s no sense of work or its heroism;
is society hires workers whom it
sdains as its failures, its "hands"
no have not "succeeded" in trans-
nding work to live by the labor of
hers as the owners of the factories,
e big newspapers, and the generals
. But if there is to be any sense
heroism in art at all it must come
om the men who work, who feed
e world.

In this case, Hemingway has used
the attributes of the working fish-
man—the details given with pas-
onate accuracy—but he has turned
is fisherman into an abstraction. He
a fisherman who does not hate the
h nor the men of the market who
b him. Nor does he have any sense
the social or political evolution
nich in the Cuba of today makes
e class of fishermen and workers
d peasants a menace to the rich.
emingway is stealing the heroism
work for his literary "effect." But
cannot give us the real heroism
the fishermen—like the Negro fish-
ermen along our own Eastern coast who brave hunger in fierce collective struggle with the wealthy canners who fleece them.

It is not necessary that the artist portray the heroism of collective labor collectively; it is possible in art to give the essence of a class embodied in a single figure. Class essences exist only in individuals, in their real connections with each other, and not as an abstraction. Hemingway has not given us the essence of the fisherman, Santiago; he has given us a well-clothed abstraction, but an abstraction nonetheless.

That is why Henry Luce and his literary editors do not fear this quaint fisherman with the air of sorrow while they dread so much the live fishermen of China, Asia, and the "fishermen"—the workers and peasants—who have made themselves master in their own house not "beyond all traps and treacheries" but in heroic and moral combat with these traps and treacheries of the society which prevented them from being full men.

WHAT appears to distinguish Hemingway from the sordid mob of our litterateurs specializing in heaping their hatred of humanity into art is his search at least for truth, a straining for heroism. But what are truth and heroism to him? In his *Death in the Afternoon* he launched his manifesto: "Let those who want to save the world, if you can get to see it clear and as a whole. Then any part you make will represent the whole if it's truly made." In writing

these words he wrote his spiritual epitaph and his literary one as well.

For he is presenting to us the fatal division between moral purpose ("saving the world") and artistic "truth." It is forever impossible "to make it truly" as he seeks merely on the basis of a "seeing it clear," for it is impossible to "see it clear" without seeing it as the intelligence of the rising class, the working class, sees it; it is impossible to "see it clear" and "to make it truly" without grappling not with mythological sharks in a mystical sea but with the real sharks of history.

The war-hungry men in the Luce stable who pant for the blood of the world "to save it from communism" feel no challenge in Hemingway's disclaimer of "saving the world." That kind of withdrawal, at the moment when the moral crisis demands that the men of art speak, is comforting to them. They can use such artists who hymn an abstract heroism in order to avoid the concrete heroism of social struggle.

I have said that Hemingway's book is full of that ambiguity which makes it acceptable to the horrormen of the jelly bomb and the premeditated atomic massacre. The fisherman is a worker—but not the kind who hates his exploiters in the real world of contemporary capitalist society. The fisherman has an enemy —but the enemy is the group of his fellow-fishermen, primitively seen, whose love he seeks to regain. The fisherman loves the fish he "must kill" more than he loves his fellow-fishermen; the Fish becomes M and the men become fish.

The fisherman triumphs thro "endurance"—but must the wo "fishermen" then "endure" the tem of landlords, profit sharks, those who coin children's blood Korea into a "war boom"? If sharks steal the fisherman's triu because he is alone against th does this mean that man cannot against the sharks alone? It c mean that; but the Hemingway mirers exalt his failure as the h of his triumph. Malcolm Co thinks that "he had fought and l and killed the fish as a fisher should and therefore wasn't defe in his ultimate purpose."

Is this the advocacy of fatal the consolation to the people though their defeat is sure at hands of the "sharks" they achi nobility at least in defeat? Bu could mean the opposite in a diffe context; the Hemingway ambig avoids the direct commitment an the context of the real world of temporary history its meaning is loved of the dollar men who do fear it.

WHAT we have in all this which is so ruthlessly marg to the world of real, social me nothing but abstract moral cate ies. It is a form of escape, of lite and moral evasion, however much sion and literary courage may go the personal creation of it. T categories, empty of social content historical aims, can be ominou

heir ambiguity. The cry of the fisherman—"I love you and respect you very much. But I will kill you dead before this day ends"—can be a cry of love for nature; it can also be the alibi for the crimes of humanity killers who tell us that everything must kill everything else.

Did not the gifted creator of the lonely hero conquering Nature, Knut Hamsun and his Izaak, end up this way? Did not the Frenchman, Giono, with his feudal hatred of capitalist hell, singing the glories of "man" making "bread" with his own hands away from "the cities," find a welcome from those other exponents of "bravery" without social and class references or historic aims, the German Nazis? Hemingway may not know this; but his sponsors know it.

That is why in this hardened style which is supposed to seize so powerfully on life, so "truly," one longs for a breath of the life of living men, the heroic men of labor who stand so infinitely superior in morality and human vision to the dying class of the money men. One wants so much to hear the music of living speech, rich with humor and hatred of the rich, keen with the salt of human love and human battle.

This frozen English, so artfully beaten as with a hammer, so remote from the accents of men who know history and are mastering it, can get its effects only as a litany gets it; that is, if you abandon the real world. A style is a moral act, therefore a political act. This style, which seemingly teaches heroism, fits perfectly the politics of evasion and fatalism.

Literary critics praise Hemingway's "concreteness" as the source of his style's distinction. It is true that Hemingway gives the appearance of reality and concreteness, that he fastens with tenacity on the details of the external world. It is this which has been attacked by cloistered critics seeking an intellectualist literature removed from the combats and turbulence of living activity and action. But Hemingway's "concreteness" is not the genuine concreteness which can be achieved only through the seizure of the social essence of a phenomenon or character; and the intellectualism which some of his critics advocate as the antidote would be just as sterile "from the other side" so to speak, perpetuating the gulf so typical of decadent art today between thought and action, between appearance and reality.

That is why Hemingway, seeking for a sense of nobility in life, unable to find it in the rotten world of the Henry Luces, and the bankers and the generals, is able to turn his back on heroic humanity seeking to halt the men of atomic war; it explains why he cannot allow himself to be swerved from his advocacy of isolated heroism long enough to hear the cry of a Steve Nelson who embodies in his battle with the Mellon-Rockefeller sharks more true grandeur and ennobling tragedy than all the Hemingway heroes combined.

The Santiagos of this world cannot love the Hemingways who say they love them, but who love them only as they are quaint and harmless and sad and alone, not as they really are, class-conscious, tough, organized, and unbeatable because they know more than their present masters.

This is Hemingway's best piece of writing, for it works up to the maximum the literary effects and the m
als implicit in his view of life
society—the aloneness, the splen
of hard energy and courage, all o
ating in a social vacuum and th
fore an art which cannot hide
terrible hollowness. Being the
that this social and literary attit
can produce it only accentuates
more the bitterness of its inhuma

Boardman Robinson, distinguished political cartoonist and painter, d
last month at the age of 75. A close associate of Art Young and John R
Robinson contributed to *The Masses* and *The Liberator,* forerunners of
magazine. His vigorous drawings for peace, labor, and American-Soviet fri
ship are an enduring part of the progressive tradition. In tribute to his not
achievement as an artist, we present on the next page one of Boardm
Robinson's famous political cartoons, which appeared in the February, 1
issue of *The Liberator.*

Boardman Robinson

"Checkmate, Gentlemen!"

The Liberator, February 1930

Portrait of the Artist as a Middle-Aged Ma

By DALTON TRUMBO

Pennsylvania Station
(long dark, long dark)
Pennsylvania Station at eleven p.m.
(long-dark-blue-black-night)

Man with a bag,
(long dark, long dark)
Man with a bag and a ticket in his hand
(long-dark-blue-black-night)

Pullman berth
(long dark, long dark)
Pullman berth on a Washington train
(long-dark-blue-black-night)

Seconol sleep
(long dark, long dark)
Seconol sleep for a childhood dream
(long-dark-blue-black-night)

Springtime rain
(long dark, long dark)
Springtime rain with the shade drawn tight
(long-dark-blue-black-night)

Dream-train hoot
(long dark, long dark)
Dream train whistle in a nembutol tomb
(long-dark-blue-black-night)

Phantoms claw the earth
Phantoms with long rifles
Rise to the headlight glare
The air-horn shrills to the blood-soaked hills

And the passengers sigh, and the train goes by . . .
It happens every night on the Washington run
When the First New Hampshire Volunteers
Ambushed here by the Hessian Guard
And killed to the very last man and mule
Rise in their rags from their graves by the track
To requisition the train and all supplies
On the order of General Washington
For the army at Valley Forge
For the coatless Continentals
The shoeless Continentals
The hopeless Continentals
In the snows of Valley Forge
(Never mind, camerado, sleep well
Pillow your head against the soft barbiturate dream
Of other men who traveled by this way
For different purposes:
Sleep on and gather strength
Sunrise feathers the Old Dominion sky
The flutes of dawn are striking pitch
And you have work to do . . .)

Benzedrine
(new day, new day)
Benzedrine sharp at nine a.m.
(shining-bright-new-day)

Electric shave
(new day, new day)
Electric shave and chlorophyll teeth
(shining-bright-new-day)

Broadcloth shirt
(new day, new day)
Broadcloth shirt and conservative tie
(shining-bright-new-day)

Taxicab
(new day, new day)
Taxicab to committee room
(shining-bright-new-day)

"Mister Chairman—if you please—
All things in context—
You must understand the times—
The people had no work
They had no place to sleep
They had no food
On Memorial Day ten strikers bled to death
Negroes dangled from the southern cross
Guernica fair upon the rising land
Pulsed with the hot arterial blood
Of murdered and abandoned Spain
And how many millions of Social Democrats
And Communists and Jews and even Quakers
Stood less than a year or two or six
From the warm competitive embrace
Of eager bourgeois oven-makers?"

To the Central Construction
Administration of the SS and Police:

In addition to our conference
Regarding the delivery of
Equipment of simple construction
For the burning of bodies
We are submitting plans for our
Perfected cremation ovens
Which operate on coal
And which have proved to be
Extremely satisfactory.

We guarantee their effectiveness
As well as their durability,
The use of the best material
And our flawless workmanship.
Heil Hitler!

Signed: H. Korn AG

"And I, with your permission, being young
And easily impressed
Not yet mature and earning, say
Ten cents a day—
Well—such things troubled me
And so
Carried away by youthful ardor
Thinking only of what seemed wrong in the world
And blinding myself to all that clearly was so right
I erred as a boy will
Fell away from grace
Yielded to the duplicity of friends
And innocently, stupidly, subversively
Opposed."

Electrically heated tanks
For the manufacture of soap
Our recipe:
Twelve pounds of human fat
Ten quarts of water
Eight ounces to a pound of caustic soda
All boiled for two or three hours
And then cooled.

Signed: Aard AG
Danzig

"But only for a moment, sirs,
And never then whole-heartedly
An artist has no brains for politics
I seldom paid my dues
Avoided meetings as a plague
Couldn't understand Karl Marx
(Nor even read him—God's own truth!)
And generally went my individual way

I grew successful
They made demands
Used my good name unauthorized
Questioned my integrity
Criticized my work
And I left."

We suggest the use
Of light transport trucks
Running on wheels
For carrying the corpses
From the storeroom
To the furnaces
And we include a sketch
Of the dimensions of the trucks.

Signed: Didier Werke AG
Berlin

"It was so short a time!
Believe me, gentlemen, I beg of you—
Considered now in retrospect
The whole affair reveals itself
As a young man's ill-advised idealist dream
Crushing my intellect and making light
Of all my talent: never found I there democracy
As here it functions with these microphones
And never wished I there to thank
As here I thank you for your courtesy

I beg, therefore, your leave to make amends
As every honest American should
As only a real American could
As even General Washington would
Had he changed his mind, or lost the war:
Gentlemen, I have a list
A little list of names——"

The following will be hanged:
Anyone who talks politics
Forms cliques
Loiters around with others
Or who,
For the purpose of supplying
The propaganda of the opposition
With atrocity stories,
Collects true or false information.

Hermann Goering to Dachau
October 1, 1933

Afternoon edition at the Shoreham bar
(headline, headline)
'Three new names and a movie star!'
(country-'tis-of-thee)

Five star final on the New York train
(headline, headline)
'Informed on the dead with apparent pain!'
(land-of-liberty)

Station tab in Baltimore
(headline, headline)
'Committee says he may name more!'
(that-all-men-may-be-free)

Lay in his berth
Took phenobarbitol
Cavorted slowly through euphoria
Heard the little towns pass by
And prayed . . .

Dear God, let me be young again
Let there be anger in my tears
Let once again my words to sing
In the rhythm of people as in other years

Let not, dear God, my belly sour
Let not my hair grow thin
Let not my jowls sag
Nor my breath turn chill
Nor my heartbeat lag
Let not me find myself in these maturer years
Moving through deserted streets alone
In the heart of a city vanquished and betrayed

Let not me innocently round
Some unexpected corner there
And stumble, not on stones, but air

With nothing in my ears but the wind rushing up
And I sedately falling endlessly
Clutching the cool uncompassed void in fright
The long void
The dark void
And the long dark blue black night

AMONG THE CONTRIBUTORS

D. N. Pritt, a former member of the British Parliament, headed the Inter
tional Inquiry into the Reichstag Fire Trial and exposed this N
frame-up against the German Communists.

Irene Paull is a Minnesota writer whose stories have appeared in vari
publications.

Sender Garlin has just published a pamphlet, *Red Tape and Barbed W*
exposing the McCarran Committee.

John Alexander is a British film critic.

Publisher on Trial

The Lifework of ALEXANDER TRACHTENBERG

By SENDER GARLIN

IT WAS late afternoon of December 14, 1934. In the Orozco Room of the New School for Social Research in New York City, cocktail glasses tinkled as the assembled guests engaged in "light conversation." The occasion was the tenth anniversary celebration of International Publishers. The event was sponsored by a group of publishers, editors and authors. The birthday party for International and the man who has guided its destinies since the founding of the firm took place in the midst of the depression, when the seams in the free enterprise system were beginning to gape most conspicuously.

The sponsoring committee, headed by B. W. Huebsch, vice-president of Viking Press, included Roger N. Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union, who had served a prison term as a conscientious objector during World War I; Heywood Broun, celebrated columnist, fighter for good causes and architect of the American Newspaper Guild; Thomas R. Coward of the publishing firm of Coward-McCann; Freda Kirchwey, now editor and publisher of *The Nation;* Malcolm Cowley, critic, and *New Republic* editor; Alvin Johnson, head of the New School for Social Research; Alfred A. Knopf, publisher; W. W. Norton, publisher; and Bennett Cerf, president of Random House. The leading book critics were present, among them John Chamberlain of the New York *Times* and Lewis Gannett of the *Herald Tribune,* also a sponsor.

As part of the general ferment in the land and the struggle of the people around urgent needs, the demand for answers to vital political and economic questions had grown more insistent. Increasing numbers of middle-class intellectuals were beginning to read approvingly the writings of Marx and Lenin. Many of them who, in previous years, had found Karl Marx's books rough going now discovered that his literary style had improved. What is more, familiarity with Marxist ideas had become, to some, a badge of intelligence and "sophistication." It was therefore in the nature of things for prominent figures in the book and

magazine field to express their admiration for the germinal work of this "different" publisher.

They perceived, however dimly, the value of International as a catalyst of ideas. They considered themselves liberals, and Alexander Trachtenberg, as one in advance of them. The existence of International, they felt, made it possible for their publishing activities to take on more life, stimulus and meaning.

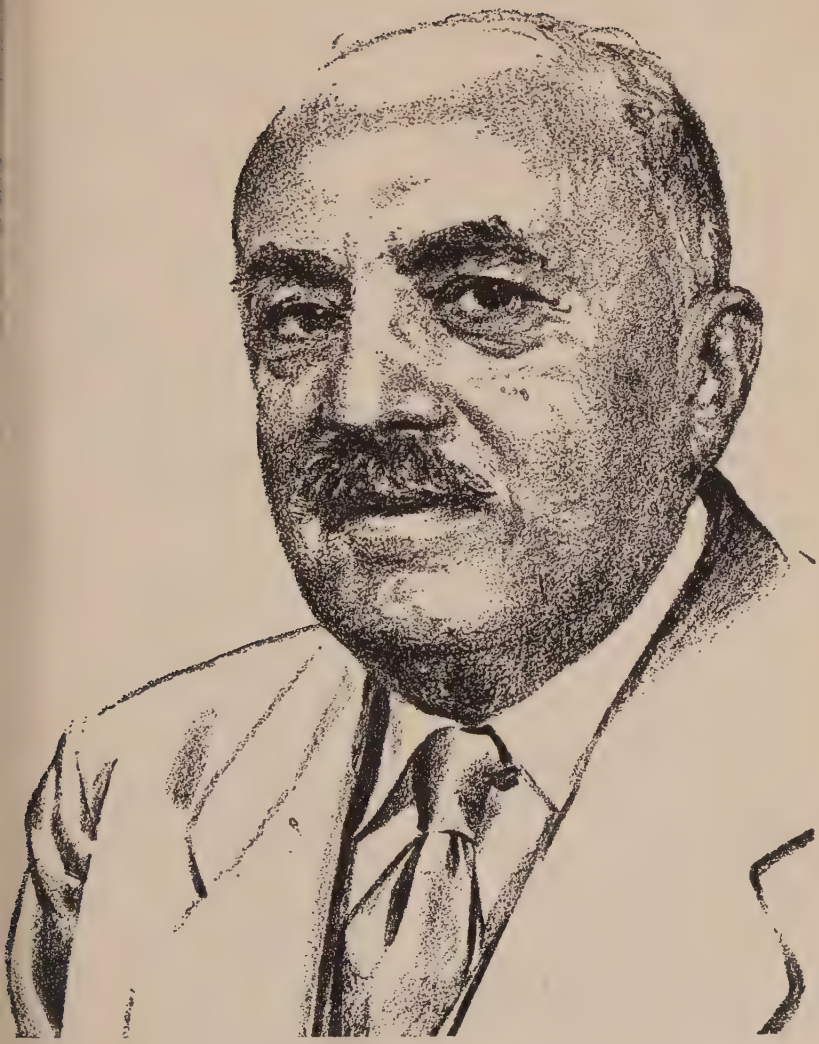
By 1934—the time of the publishers' reception—International had already brought out many volumes by Marx and Engels, some translated into English for the first time, and had begun the publication of Lenin's Collected Works as part of an impressive publishing program. During the eighteen years that followed, the firm continued to issue books which in range, content and ideological pathfinding, were the companions of those that had been acknowledged by the gathering in the Orozco Room. But if the publishing program of International proceeds on the course it charted when it was founded 28 years ago, the political outlook of the book publishers who sponsored the affair has undergone a radical change: the one fact of life to them has become what is expedient in an atmosphere of reaction.

Bennett Cerf, once happy to sponsor an International reception, has ridden the pendulum far. He can boast today that "his" book, Whittaker Chambers' ghoulish self-revelation, *Witness,* tops the best-seller list.

Trachtenberg and the books he has issued are today on trial in Ne York's Foley Square. Those wh have set this trial in motion, the "law," and all who abet them word or silence, are also being tri —before the world's conscience.

FOR almost three decades Alexa der Trachtenberg has walk daily from his small, book-lin Chelsea apartment to his office "publishers' row" on Fourth Avenu There he would spend the day co ferring with authors, editing and vising manuscripts and directing t publication of books that reach t shelves of every reputable library works of universally-recognized i portance in history, economics, philo ophy, science and literature. In add tion to his manifold duties with t publishing house he directs, Trachte berg has engaged in every phase of t movement for a better society.

Today Trachtenberg's routine H been drastically altered. For he and l twelve co-defendants are on tr under an indictment charging th they did "publish and circulate a cause to be published and circulate books, articles and newspapers adv cating the duty and necessity of ov throwing . . . the Government of t U.S. by force and violence." T persecution under the thought-co trol Smith Act compels the publish to spend his days in the United Sta Courthouse on Foley Square inste of in his office on Fourth Avenue. I can work at publishing only aft court. From 10-30 in the morni until 4:30 in the afternoon, five da



ALEXANDER TRACHTENBERG

a week, the 67-year-old publisher listens to "quotations" from the many books he has brought out.

If the books, says Trachtenberg wryly, were read in full and by someone in good voice, he and his colleagues might enjoy the experience and even profit from it as a "refresher course." But this is not a university seminar, nor a study group, even though an unknowing visitor to the court room might get that fleeting impression. It is a *political trial* which, on conviction, can mean five years imprisonment and a $10,000 fine.

The paid and coached witnesses for the prosecution show a remarkable partisan ship for only certain passages in books written over a period of a hundred years—passages pulled out of historical context and used in such juxtaposition as to create a distorted effect. By a sleight-of-hand "connecting up" of quotations with perjured testimony the government seeks to put over its fake claim that the American Communist movement is an organized conspiracy dedicated to violence as a means for effecting social change. So obsessive is the prosecution's dwelling on Lenin's writings on tsarist Russia that Pettis Perry, one of the defendants acting as his own counsel, was constrained to rise at one point in the trial to ask whether these defendants were being charged with advocating overthrow of the Tsar!

IT WAS the tyranny of the tsarist regime that brought Alexander Trachtenberg as a young man to the United States from Russia, 46 y ago. Like so many others of his eration, he took an active part in student movement against oppress Trachtenberg's studies were in rupted by service in the Russo-J nese war of 1904-05. Arriving in U.S. in 1906, he lost no time in sociating himself with the work class movement. He joined the So ist Party, whose great symbol Eugene Victor Debs.

One Sunday in the summer of 1 young Trachtenberg paid a visit friend whose family had a small bacco farm in Connecticut. A ne bor's son drove him to Hartford w he was to take a train back to N York. They arrived in the ca city, found they had time on t hands. The young man, a studen Trinity College, suggested they a stroll on the elm-lined cam Trachtenberg had not then, nor he subsequently, read the works Horatio Alger, but as he and the dent rambled along they encount the president of the institution.

The college prexy was interested this chap recently come from R sia. He evidently found this int young man, who spoke and read eral languages, far more advan than the average American alum Trachtenberg indicated that he tended to resume his stu Wouldn't he consider enrolling Trinity? Trachtenberg was some taken aback. He had no money was planning to take night cou at Columbia, but he said he w

ive the invitation some thought. Maybe we can help you financially," ne college president said as they arted.

Shortly before the opening of the ull semester, Trachtenberg received a elegram offering him a tuition schol- rship and dormitory lodgings at rinity. He left for Hartford. His eading had been mostly in Russian, erman and French, and he had never ormally studied English. Yet in his econd semester he won a $75 prize n an English essay contest. He wrote n "The Role of the Students in the ussian Revolution of 1905."

After graduating from Trinity Col- ege, Trachtenberg received a scholar- hip for post-graduate work at Yale niversity, where he spent more than hree years, majoring in economics nd labor. He took a prominent part n student Socialist and other public ctivities. Founder of a Socialist Club t Trinity, he then served as president f the Yale chapter of the Intercol- egiate Socialist Society (headed by ack London, Upton Sinclair and Flor- nce Kelley, translator of Frederick ngels' *Condition of the Working lass in England in 1844.*)

This unusual student did not con- ine his activities to the campus; he vas also a member of the Socialist arty of Connecticut, served on the arty's State Executive Committee, nd was a busy teacher, lecturer and rganizer. His doctoral dissertation, *istory of Legislation for Protection f Coal Miners,* was accepted for pub- ication by the U.S. Department of abor. This study, when it later ap- peared in book form, was praised by the United Mine Workers *Journal,* the *American Economic Review* and other publications.

LEAVING Yale in 1915, Tracht- enberg came to the Rand School of Social Science as staff teacher and soon became a member of the board of directors. This Socialist school, founded ten years earlier, was then situated in an old brownstone house on East 19th St., in New York City. Here Trachtenberg set up a labor research department which served many trade unions, and also initiated the American Labor Yearbooks, sev- eral volumes of which he edited. (This series was a pioneering effort in labor research, upon which the excellent *Labor Fact Books* of the Labor Research Association are mod- eled.) At this time, too, Trachten- berg helped establish education and research departments for a number of trade unions. For some years he was a member of the board of *The Call,* leading Socialist daily, which he helped found in 1908, as well as of the New York State Executive Committee of the Socialist Party.

It was more than 30 years ago, when I was a student at the Rand School, that I first got acquainted with "Trachty." Today, as then, there is the same trim appearance, eyes alternately boyish and pene- trating, the jovial spirit, the eager way of talking of some new or favor- ite project. Except for the gray in the moustache and his somewhat fuller outline, it is hard to believe

that three decades have passed.

The Rand School in those days was a vibrant place. It was a wide-awake center for college teachers like Scott Nearing who were being dismissed for the Socratic crime of stimulating thought, and for young people—workers for the most part—who crowded its classes and public lectures. However, not long after World War I, the Rand School, in the clutches of the Social-Democrats, became a center for professional Red-baiters and the hate-Russia gang.

While the Socialist Party had its Hillquits and Bergers, it had looming above these Eugene V. Debs and Charles E. Ruthenberg, and the thousands who followed Ruthenberg into the Communist ranks after World War I and the Russian Revolution laid bare the condone-compromise-capitulate role of the Second International. During World War I Trachtenberg had fought for implemention of the anti-war resolution, adopted after a fierce struggle at the special 1917 Emergency Convention of the Socialist Party in St. Louis. In this he backed the militant stand taken by Ruthenberg and Debs, both of whom were imprisoned for opposing the war. An authority on Russia and its Revolution, Trachtenberg often took part in debates and contributed articles to the Socialist and metropolitan press on that epochal event.

In 1917, while the Kerensky forces were still precariously in the saddle, Trachtenberg participated in a debate on Russia sponsored by the Intercollegiate Socialist Society at Labor Day Conference. One of opponents was the budding "E specialist" for Hearst, Isaac D Levine, who had just returned fr Russia. Trachtenberg support Lenin's thesis that the Revolut must go forward to a new and hig stage under the slogan of "All P er to the Soviets" or be overwhelm by the counter-revolution.

Later, in the *Masses*, Tracht berg conducted a department on international labor movement which he brought to American re ers the latest and most author tive developments on the wo fronts. In 1920 he became a s economist for the International dies Garment Workers Union.

THE founding of Internatio Publishers in 1924 was the re zation of a long-felt need in American labor movement. Up to time not many of the works of M and Engels were available in Engl and these editions were not auth tic. When not actually marred significant omissions, they were inaccurately translated, in many stances, as to distort their mean These works, too, often carried troductions by free-wheeling tra tors or editors who slurred over content, interpreted it in an op tunist fashion, and failed to show meaning for the American work class.

Examples are Karl Marx's C *Struggles in France,* with Eng introduction as "processed" by

German Social-Democrats, and which served as a text for the early American revisionists of Marxism; the Charles H. Kerr publication of *Landmarks of Scientific Socialism,* which consisted of parts lifted out of Engels' *Anti-Duehring* and arranged to the taste of the editor.

International Publishers added many titles of the basic works of Marx and Engels in authoritative editions, such as the complete *Anti-Duehring, Dialectics of Nature, German Ideology,* and *The Civil War In the United States.*

With the same scholarly care International undertook accurate translations of the works of Lenin and Stalin, few of whose titles were available in 1924. Several volumes of Lenin's Collected Works were published in the early years of the firm, including his famous *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* and his writings dealing with the first World War and the Russian Revolution. Twelve volumes of the Selected Works of Lenin, containing over 6,000 pages—nearly half of his literary output—were published later.

The major works of Stalin dealing with the theory and practice of Marxism-Leninism and the building of Socialism in the Soviet Union have been issued in scientific editions.

The popular writings of Lenin and Stalin have been made available in thirty-odd booklets in low-priced editions in the well-known Little Lenin Library.

The would-be undertakers of democracy at Foley Square seek to stir hostility toward Marxism by stigmatizing it as "foreign." The Marxist science of society, and its development by Lenin and Stalin, is no more foreign to any part of the globe, including America, than the advancement of human thought by the Englishman, Darwin; the Pole, Copernicus; the Frenchman, Diderot.

While International is proud to acknowledge that it has brought to the American people the finest work of Marxists in lands outside the United States, it is also a fact—which the prosecutors at the current trial and their subservient press try to conceal —that International has produced a large number of books by American authors arising out of specifically American conditions and experiences. These titles represent a majority of the firm's output over the years. They include studies in American history and literature, the growth of monopolies, the nature and menace of native fascist movements, American trade union and agrarian problems, Negro history, the socialist and labor movement in the U.S., foreign policy and the control and uses of atomic energy, about ten volumes (prepared by the Labor Research Association) on workers in major American industries.

The little-known histories of William H. Sylvis, Albert Parsons, Joseph Weydemeyer, Eugene V. Debs, William D. Haywood and others have been brought to light. A monumental contribution is the publication of the collected works of the great Negro leader Frederick Douglass, the fourth

volume of which is to appear early next year. Over the years International has published a number of outstanding works by William Z. Foster, including his two most recent books, *Outline Political History of the Americas* and *History of the Communist Party of the United States*. Valuable researches and writings have come from American Marxists on the Negro question, depicting the historic liberation struggle of the Negro people and documenting the truth of Marx's declaration that "Labor in the white skin cannot be free so long as Labor in the black skin is branded."

While International has regarded as its chief function the publication of basic works of political and social science, it has also put out essays, literary criticism, fiction and poetry. In the science field it was International which introduced to American readers twenty years ago Pavlov's studies and writings on conditioned reflexes. A comparatively new department is Young World Books. These have evoked enthusiasm among educators. They are loved by youngsters who learn, through story and picture adapted to their age group, about the world they live in and the people whose labor makes its life and progress possible.

THE test that Trachtenberg brings to a manuscript is: Does it represent an advance in human knowledge? Is it clear, scientific, facts fully verified? Is it useful to the American people? These criteria may not make "best sellers" in the market place, but a large proportion of Internation books are purchased by public an university libraries and are consulte for countless dissertations and book Above all, these books have been fount of understanding for America workers.

It would perhaps not be whol accurate to describe as an enthusia one who, like Trachtenberg, is so rea istic and practical about his publish ing projects. Yet those who have see him display a volume fresh from th press or discuss a work-in-progre with an International author, cann fail to mark his fervor—and the sen of dedication that permeates him. H works constantly to bring to mo people the best in social thinkin Thus, International issued the fu texts of Lenin's *Imperialism* and *Sta and Revolution* and Stalin's *Found tions of Leninism* in editions of 10 000 each. These sold in booklet for to working men and women across th land at ten cents a copy. An edition 100,000 copies of Lenin's *Letter American Workers* (at three cents was quickly sold out. Approx mately a quarter of a million Amer can workers bought *The Communi Manifesto* at a nickel. Similarl after a regular trade edition, the Dea of Canterbury's memorable *Sovi Power* was issued in paper cove priced three copies for $1. It so 400,000 copies. Later Trachtenbe issued the slightly condensed boo in tabloid form at five cents. A tot of 1,500,000 copies was sold in bo editions!

The commercial publishers, wh

ave never been known to cry out
or books with progressive content,
oday systematically reject any work
nat questions the soundness and san-
y of the capitalist system and the
ar program. Some may speak of
IcCarthyism—a real threat, but too
ften their rationalization for going
long with reaction. Huge sums are
evoted to puffing bales of printed
natter which are filled with chauvin-
tic and anti-human sentiment, sick
ith the self-contempt which authors,
cquiescing in "the spirit of the
mes," would portray as common to
ll people. In this atmosphere the at-
ack on International Publishers,
hich for three decades has repre-
ented scientific and humanistic val-
es, can only be understood as a cen-
al part of the warmakers' plot to
ipe out independent thought.

ALEXANDER TRACHTENBERG has indeed advocated the principles f socialism throughout nearly a half entury of public activity, but he is ne first American publisher brought o trial for "advocating and teaching" ne ideas of a life-time. He has never nade a secret of his political views. Having played a vigorous role in the ocialist movement, he joined the Communist Party when it became vident to him that the interests of ne American people could best be erved by this vanguard party of the orking class.

In 1921 he was elected a member f the Party's National Committee nd served on it for many years. The ollowing year he was Communist candidate in New York for the U.S. Senate. He was campaign director for the Communist Party in the presidential campaigns of the Party since 1924. In the current election campaign he is treasurer of the National Election Campaign Committee of which his co-defendant, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, is chairman.

A strong advocate of American-Soviet friendship, Trachtenberg has not only published books and pamphlets on the Soviet Union, but has engaged in various public activities. In 1919 he was among those who formed the American Labor Alliance for Recognition and Trade Relations with Russia. He was named secretary. The Alliance had impressive labor support, and backing from figures like Senator William E. Borah of Idaho. Headed by Timothy Healey, president of the International Union of Firemen and Oilers, several of its other officers were presidents of major unions. Trachtenberg also aided the organization of labor delegations to the Soviet Union so that American workers could see for themselves. He took an active part in the campaign for U.S. recognition of the U.S.S.R.

His continuing interest in workers' education was expressed in his twenty years' association with the Workers School. Nine years ago, Trachtenberg helped found The Jefferson School of Social Science. He is a member of its Board of Trustees. He was also one of the founders of the Labor Research Association in 1927 and has continued working with this important institution for 25

years. In the early thirties he was active in the John Reed Club and other progressive literary organizations, and as publisher he has maintained his avid interest in the broad cultural problems of the working class and the nation.

The Foley Square prosecutors have sought by repetition to build the impression in the public mind that Marxist books are "manuals of arms," blueprints to fit the F.B.I.'s "force and violence" frame-up. What these Wall Street agents must sweat to conceal from the American people is that the books being used as "evidence" to herd men and women to jail are *the manuals of freedom* of our age, just as, in an earlier era, were the writings and utterances of Jefferson, Paine, Lincoln and Douglass—all published in popular editions by International. That there are words which tend to liberate the human mind and develop the capacity of human beings to liberate themselves is true in the deepest sense. But this is beyond the precincts of the cloak-and-dagger melodrama being peddled in and out of the courtroom.

The charge of heresy against victims of the Inquisition was always well-documented. The Nazis "proved" Jews were responsible for all of Germany's ills. Always a suitable diversion has been created at the necessary time by and for those who could no longer proceed in the old way. The writings of great human beings are used today in the same way as the forged Protocols of Zion.

THE indictment of Alexan Trachtenberg and his colleag has stirred world-wide interest, bri ing protests from leading figures Great Britain, India, Australia, D mark, Czechoslovakia and o countries. Of particular interest is editorial which appeared in the B ish *New Statesman and Nation*:

". . . Let us notice that Mr. Tracht berg's politics are irrelevant to the is Naturally the first prosecution is ta against a politically vulnerable publis His firm publishes the Communist w of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin, as as those of Diderot and other non-C munist authors. Hundreds of ultra-resp able journalists review books that may more or less accurately described as M ist-Leninist; sometimes the reviewers e express approval. Would the courts sider such reviews as 'advocacy'? And should prosecutions stop at Marx Leninism? The New Testament and Pai *Rights of Man* have both been held to subversive before now. Is the United St really prepared to accept a situation which whole categories of books are to banned, in which every publisher—inc ing many non-Communist ones—who published books that may be brought this category must search his stock destroy them as criminal literature? students in the United States to be de acquaintance with revolutionary the What remains of the Bill of Rights in U.S. constitution?"

In this country a distinguis group representing the fields of thorship and education have for a committee to aid Trachtenbe defense. A large number of those vited to join the committee h gladly lent their names, contribu to the defense fund and offered

help in various ways. Their views have been summarized by Robert Morss Lovett:

"The attack on International Publishers is outrageous. Milton, whose authority in the matter of freedom of the press will be recognized by liberals, declares in *Areopagitica* that: 'As good almost kill a man as kill a good book.' Here, in killing a publisher there is a massacre of books . . . I am glad to join with you in any effort to defend the freedom of printing."

Similarly, Professor Philip Morrison, nuclear scientist, has written:

"As a scientist I could not fail to speak in warning against those who would make publication of serious works attempting to deal with the desperately grave problems of the science of society itself a crime. I am convinced that most thoughtful Americans entirely indepedent of their agreement with or even acquaintanceship with the ideas conveyed by the books of International Publishers would agree."

On the other hand, some liberals privately explain that if they express support of the committee, they will themselves be persecuted. That the committee for the defense of Mr. Trachtenberg does not consist of hundreds who write, edit and publish books and magazines is to the discredit—not of the publisher on trial —but of those whose fundamental interests he is defending. The practice of introducing Marxist books as evidence of criminal intent menaces not only Alexander Trachtenberg of International, but any publisher, author, printer, distributor, librarian and reader. Did not Associate Justice Hugo Black, in his dissent from the U.S. Supreme Court's decision upholding the Smith Act, assail the Act as "a virulent form of prior censorship"? The bill of particulars, submitted by the government, cites some 40 titles issued by International Publishers. This makes indisputable the fact that — whatever Trachtenberg's political views—*books are on trial* and it becomes the obligation of every American who values the Bill of Rights to come to this publisher's defense

Frederick Douglass, who refused to be either slave or silent, penned these incisive words:

"Those that can but whisper freedom should be doing even that, though they can only be heard from one side of their short fireplace to the other."

The rulers of America have declared war on culture as part of their war on mankind. Those coming to the support of Alexander Trachtenberg are defending, in the most far-reaching sense, the "inalienable rights" without which Americans can have neither freedom nor progress.

"That's Jim"

A Story by IRENE PAULL

IT'S August in Minnesota. Bnt already tawny September is in the air. Watching the soft swaying of the vast, glistening cornfields, I felt no sense of urgency that my car had broken down and I was due in Blue Earth early that evening.

Standing beside my stalled car looking out upon the lush, fruitful prairie, I was taken aback when the clumsy truck loaded with scrap iron drew up to the shoulder of the road and came to a stop. A good-natured face peered out of the driver's seat.

"Trouble?" he asked.

"Yes," I nodded, "thanks. Can you give me a lift to the next town? I'll have to get a garageman to come out and look this heap over. She won't even budge."

"Sure, hop in." He threw open the door. "Swell weather, ain't it? Hell, all this stuff you hear about California, Florida . . . give me good old Minnesota, any old day, that's what I always say. Give me good old Minnesota. Of course when she starts kickin' up a mean northeaster around January, I can't say I'd mind havin' enough green stuff to head for Miami till she blows over." He spat out the window. "This war keeps up and scrap iron pullin' in twenty to thirty bucks a ton . . . who knows . . . every dog has his day."

"You think it's worth the price?" I asked.

"What price?"

"War," I said.

A furrow deepened his good natured face and gave him a bewildered air.

"I'm against war just like the next guy," he said, "but everybody's rakin it in . . . the big boys . . . they're rollin' in it. The way I look at it some has it and some hasn't. As long as it's layin' around, why shouldn't I cash in?"

A model T Ford rumbled painfully up a country road.

"That's what I mean," the driver said with a jerk of his thumb toward the clattering jalopy. "Some has it and some ain't. I got a load a' bath tubs in from the State Home for the Feeble Minded last week. They're remodelin' the joint . . . high time . . . so they unloads these tubs on me and I'm sellin' 'em for seven eight bucks

a piece. Yesterday an old farm woman comes into the yard. She got a dress on 'er hangs like a sack an' these here thick stockins . . . you seen 'em . . . some kinda heavy cotton stuff . . . an' she starts lookin' over these tubs. She picks out one that ain't quite so crummy an' she asks me how much. I says eight bucks an' she says, hmmm . . . like that.

"Pretty soon she takes out a tape measure. You know, like you measure dresses an' stuff. She starts to measure this here bathtub. Then she measures herself. First the tub. Then herself. Sideways and lengthways, from her hips to her feet.

"I think the old dame's blew a fuse so I goes over to talk to a customer. Pretty soon I turns around. Where do you suppose this old lady is? She's sittin' in the bathtub, big as life. She's just sittin' there with the screwiest dreamy look on her face I almost swallows my rear plate.

"When she sees I'm lookin' she gets out embarrassed like and she says, 'I was just tryin' this tub for size. . . .' Mindja, tryin' a tub, can you beat that? 'I'm buyin' it,' she says. 'You see this here is the first honest to goodness bathtub I ever had. Summer time I'll have it in the yard near the hog pond. I won't have to drag water so far from the pump. I can heat it right there in the yard. An' winter time I can have the boys carry it into the kitchen. It's a mighty fine tub,' she says."

He spat out the window again. "Too deep for me," he said succinctly and was quiet.

SUDDENLY he put the breaks on and drew his truck to a dead stop.

"Holy Jesus!" he breathed, "Just get a load a' that iron!"

He was looking out upon a sprawling farmyard, its unkempt appearance contrasting sharply with the neat farms we had passed for miles upon miles. It was so long since the house had been painted its two front windows looked out upon the road like the sorrowful eyes of an old man. My host's eyes were attracted particularly to a tractor that was rusting to death in the center of the yard.

"Three tons of iron layin' around there loose or I'll eat my shirt. Three tons easy. Maybe four. Say . . ." He turned to me with an appealing excitement. "It wouldn't set you back too much, would it, if I stopped here for a few minutes an' raked up this iron, eh? Won't take me long at all."

I said "Sure . . . go ahead. Mind if I come along?"

The driver nodded. "Sure, come on. Show you how easy it is to make a buck these days."

We walked up the yard together and I followed him straight to the tractor which he proceeded to examine with interest and admiration as I've seen my father, a cattle buyer, examine a prize bull.

Suddenly we both turned and saw the farmer watching us. He was lean and withered and gnarled with arthritis. He didn't ask us what we wanted. He hardly seemed interested. Even though he looked at us, I had a strange feeling of not having made

any contact with his consciousness. His dull grey eyes looked as if they had died in his face a long time ago.

"Mighty nice load a' scrap you got here in this yard." The driver grinned. "You can make yourself a nice piece of small change, mister. I'll take the whole works off your hands. Clean up your yard. This here tractor looks like it ain't been used in years."

"My son Jim used to run it," the farmer said, flatly, "before he went to war."

"Yeah? Ain't good to let a piece a' machinery layin' around loose like this. First damn thing you know it's nothin' but a hunk a' scrap. Too bad. I'll take it off your hands . . . lot a' scrap you got in that old plow layin' over there in the field too."

"Let 'er rot," the old man said.

"Let 'er rot!" the driver cried, with genuine amazement. "Why, mister, do you know what you're sayin'? There's a war on. You want to let this here honest to goodness iron rot in the field when our country's in a war? You know we need bullets to shoot gooks. You don't fight wars with beebee guns. It takes bullets. And bullets takes iron."

"Let 'er rot," the old man said. There was a tone of finality in the dead voice, but this did not faze the thick skinned driver. I turned away sick with shame for him as I heard him pleading, "It ain't patriotic, mister. . . ."

IN MY eagerness to disassociate myself from any identification with him, I had walked almost to the farmhouse itself, and I stood at a closed-in pen face to face with an old, bearded goat who eyed me with a friendly curiosity but with the dignity of a patriarch.

And then I was aware of the woman's presence.

"It was Jim's goat," she said.

She too was lean and withered and though she showed no signs of the arthritis that was crippling her husband, she too had deep sunken eyes that a long time ago had died in her face.

"He was just a little shaver when we got him . . . used to try to follow Jim to school so we had to pen him in. Jim was mighty crazy about that goat."

I smiled because the picture of this bearded patriarch following a boy to school had a pleasant element of humor and because I thought I was expected to smile. But the woman was not smiling.

"You got a boy?" she asked flatly, without curiosity.

"Yes." I smiled again because I always smile when I think of him, his dark, chiseled head, his athletic body just blooming into manhood, his smile that brings back his father with a rush of bitter sweetness . . . memories of the boy from the moment he was born. . . . I carry them all in my heart as mothers do . . . like an album that I turn over page by page, and look at, all to myself.

"How old?" she demanded.

"Fourteen in November."

"Pretty soon *he'll* be old enough to die." Though her eyes did not change

or take on any warmth, something in her face looked at me with pity and identification.

The woman made me shudder. She was like a cold breath blowing over my boy.

Was there something in the way love leaped to my eyes when she asked me, "You got a boy?" that broke the dam within her and let down the torrent of her words . . . words that had probably not flowed out of her for years? Was there something in my swift smile when she recalled to me my beloved child that made her know I would understand the boundless joy and abysmal sadness that a mother feels bringing her beautiful son to the brink of manhood in these frightening times?

"Come in," she said.

I FOLLOWED her into the house. The house had a musty smell, like a cluttered attic. It had an even mustier appearance. The mementoes of a boy cluttered the living room—from an overstuffed teddy bear with one eye, propped up against the mirror of the old fashioned buffet, to a bicycle leaning against a wall. Pinned to the walls were a child's drawings in colored crayon on manila paper, one a lively drawing of a boy with a long tassel cap riding down a snow bank on a sled, another an autumn aster. In one corner was a baseball bat, a catcher's mitt, a football helmet, a tricycle with two wheels missing.

Glancing over all the details of this tragic museum I got the gruesome feeling of seeing someone who refuses to bury the dead body of a loved one.

She took out the family album and with her lean, parched hands, began to turn the pages, not with the sweetly melancholy smile that you see on the faces of those who recall the happy moments with departed loved ones. She was not smiling. There was no joy, no nostalgia, no sweet remembering as she turned the pages.

"That's Jim," she said.

I saw a husky baby in the arms of a strong, hearty woman of about forty. She was bursting with pride. I looked at my hostess and could not identify the hearty woman in the picture with the aged and withered woman at my side.

"I was forty-two when he was born an' Pa was fifty. We never thought we'd ever have a baby. He just come to us . . . like a miracle."

Countless snapshots showing Jim creeping, toddling, standing uncertainly against a chair, walking, being held by his mother, being held by his father, all testified to the pride and joy that Jim had brought into this farmhouse.

She turned another page.

"That's Jim," she said.

She pointed to a picture of Jim growing up, graduating from the consolidated school. He had a warm, intelligent face, an eager smile and the open, wide-eyed look of a boy who is full of love and wonder at the world.

"He got the best marks," she said, "the best marks in the school."

There was Jim running the tractor

. . . Jim stroking the goat . . . Jim feeding slop to the hogs . . . there was Jim on his knees bent solemnly over a row of seedling corn . . . a hundred snap shots lovingly recording Jim.

She turned a page and both hands flattened against the heavy paper, pressing it down. She pointed to the one large picture in the center of the page.

"That's Jim," she said, and the way she sucked in her breath when she said it, I knew this was the prized picture of them all. It was Jim in cap and gown graduating from the University of Minnesota's School of Agriculture.

THE words began to flow. . . . "He went to the farm campus in St. Paul and he had all kinds of ideas how to make corn grow bigger . . . the stalks wouldn't be so tall . . . stalks wouldn't need to grow half so tall he said . . . but the corn would be bigger an' sweeter. He said the energy would go to the corn instead of the stalks. An' he had ideas how to keep rust off the wheat an' scabs off the apple trees.

"He used to sit on the tractor down there, singing to himself. I'd look out the window an' see him ridin' the tractor down the fields in the sun, singin' and thinkin' up new ideas how to make things grow better. He was always thinkin' up new things. Our farm was the show place. Farmers used to come around askin' him this an' that . . . he didn't believe in keepin' no learnin' to himself. The pigs he raised on his own speci thought-up diet won first prize the state fair year before he we away an' he called a county meeti an' told the farmers how to mix th feed so everybody could have goo pigs. He'd stand there lookin' over neighbor's fields growin' good, wi pleasure, just like it was his ow When a farmer had a good crop, you think it was money in his own pock the way he'd feel about it. Said liked all life-givin' things . . . didn matter who it gave life to . . . it w just a good thing to have more a more life givin' things . . . better a bigger harvests. . . .

"When he come back from the w we had a big party. Farmers cor from miles around . . . roasted a h pig . . . roasted corn an' spuds . everybody happy to see Jim back. he could help fight rust and droug so everybody could live better. had arthritis and couldn't do no mo farm work an' the farm was begi nin' to go to pot. Then Jim cor back from the war. That was a gre day . . . a mighty great day . . . guess that was the biggest day in Yellow Medicine County. . . ."

"HE CAME back?" I said.

"He come back and then th took him again. Reserves. They se him to Korea soon as the war bro out. Air Force. He didn't wanna He didn't feel like war no more. said he just couldn't kill another ma Said he just couldn't drop anoth bomb down on somebody's farm. Sa there's no sense in this war . . . the

folks over there never done us no harm . . . said there's lots a' things we don't know nothin' about and it ain't for us to go buttin' our noses in other people's business. . . ."

Her eyes stared past me.

"I remember the day he left. He had just plowed up the ground for Pa and hired a man to do the spring seedin' . . . he was standin' right there lookin' out the door an' everything smelled fresh . . . turned over earth always has a special good smell in the spring. . . . 'I'm not a killer,' he says, 'I'm a man who's got a talent for givin' life to things. I'm not a killer. I can't kill.' He keeps sayin' that over an' over . . . 'ain't no sense in this war an' I don't wanna hurt nobody over there . . . if they was sendin' me to build up somethin' . . . bring life to somethin' . . . but I can't kill no more . . . I'm not a killer . . . I can't kill nothin' . . . nobody. . . '

"An' the way he talked an' the way he looked I got a scared feelin' down to the roots of my hair an' creepin' over my flesh when he kept on a' talkin' an' a' lookin' like that . . . 'cause it just wasn't the right kind of a look for a man a' goin' to the war."

Suddenly the door opened from the bedroom and a shock traveled down my spine from head to toe. A weird, disheveled creature stood in the doorway. Its mouth was open and its eyes dazed. It was probably a young man but madness had aged and altered it so much it seemed to have no age, no sex, and no humanity.

As I turned to it with horror frozen on my face, the woman closed the album softly and laid it on the shelf. Without following my eyes to the bedroom door, she said, "That's Jim."

W. E. B. DU BOIS

In Battle for Peace

By DOXEY A. WILKERSON

FIFTY-NINE years ago the young William Edward Burghardt Du Bois vowed on his 25th birthday:

". . . be the Truth what it may I shall seek it . . . — and Heaven nor Hell, God nor Devil shall turn me from my purpose till I die. . . ."

His persistence in this quest in a society whose rulers must try to suppress the truth had a lot to do with the troubles of the older Du Bois on his 83rd birthday. It also does much to explain the development of this remarkable man toward a rare synthesis of theoretical insight and practical leadership in the crucial political struggles of our day—a continuing development which is fully reflected in the analyses of his latest book, *In Battle for Peace*: *The Story of My 83rd Birthday.**

This book is considerably more than its sub-title suggests; for in recounting the dramatic events centes ing around himself and his colleagu in the Peace Information Center du ing most of 1951, Dr. Du Bois al interprets much of his earlier life— and, indeed, of this whole turbule era of social transformation to whic he continues to make such outstan ing progressive contributions.

In Battle for Peace is, first of a the moving story of how the stru gles of masses of peoples through the world beat down the cynical a tempt of our war-bound governme to imprison Dr. Du Bois and his a sociates on the trumped-up char that their activities for peace we dictated by a "foreign principal." is also an autobiographical over-vie of the social forces which long a pulled a brilliant young Negro scho out of his academic "Ivory Towe and thrust him into the practical fre dom struggles of his oppressed pe ple, and which later catapulted hi into the vortex of the supreme poli cal struggle of our time, as a vital a leading world spokesman for pea It is, moreover, a profoundly perce

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* *In Battle for Peace*: *The Story of My 83rd Birthday*, by W. E. B. Du Bois, with comment by Shirley Graham. *Masses & Mainstream*. Popular Edition, $1.00, Cloth Edition, $2.50.

ive critique of our decadent impe-
ialist society, a fervent plea for "all
oyal Americans to preach peace,"
nd a reasoned prophecy of the so-
ialist future of mankind—which "is
oming as sure as the rolling of the
tars."

The whole of *In Battle for Peace* is
nriched by the masterful prose, wit
nd scathing satire for which Du
Bois has long been noted, and espe-
ially by the postscript "Comment"
vith which Shirley Graham concludes
everal of the chapters. These latter
ecount moving human sidelights of
he dramatic political battle which
he and her husband entered on the
ve of their marriage, along with in-
imate glimpses into the consolida-
ion of their union in the midst of
he struggle—insights which the ap-
arently (but really not) austere Dr.
Du Bois could never, himself, record.

2

THE fourteen brief chapters of this 192-page book seem to fall into three groupings. The first six are largely autobiographical, recalling earlier birthday celebrations — with which Du Bois "came to be gradually rather fed up"; his assumption of the Vice Presidency of the Council on African Affairs upon his dismissal for political reasons from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and his somewhat reluctant agreement to the launching under eminent auspices of plans for an 83rd Birthday Dinner; his life-long "Habit of Travel"—fourteen trips abroad, one around the world—which broadened his political horizon and deepened his interest in the struggle for peace; and his long association with the peace movement in our country, even before World War I, and especially through a series of national and international "Peace Congresses" since 1945.

Here also are accounts of the organization of the Peace Information Center in the spring of 1950, and its collection of more than 2,500,000 signatures to the Stockholm Appeal ("The reputation of Dean Acheson, United States Secretary of State, will never recover from his deliberate attempt to misrepresent the origin, intent and word of this great appeal."); and of Du Bois' notable campaign for election to the United States Senate, entered upon as a means of speaking out for peace and of furthering the re-election of Vito Marcantonio, who "has acted with courage, intelligence and steadfast integrity in the face of ridicule, mud-slinging and cheating."

The next four chapters tell the exciting story of the organized, worldwide campaign to defeat the frame-up "foreign agent" indictment of the leaders of the Peace Information Center — Dr. Du Bois, Mrs. Elizabeth Moos, Abbott Simon, Kyrle Elkin and Miss Sylvia Soloff. Here are vividly related accounts of "The Indictment"—four months after the P.I.C. had been dissolved, in the midst of wedding preparations by Dr. Du Bois and Shirley Graham, and on the eve of the scheduled testimonial dinner

sponsored by several hundred leaders in all walks of life; and of "The Birthday Dinner" — which the Essex House's last-minute cancellation of the Dinner Committee's contract and the frightened withdrawal of three main speakers threatened to wreck.

This occasion was transformed into a genuine people's victory by the steadfast leadership of Dinner Chairman E. Franklin Frazier and his associates, by hasty rearrangement of the program and transfer of the affair to Small's Paradise in Harlem, and especially by "the awakening of Harlem's pride which swamped the Dinner Committee with more paid reservations than could possibly be accommodated"—all of which was immediately followed by the public wedding ceremony and reception, and a relaxing honeymoon trip to Nassau.

Here are the poignant experiences of an eminent and venerable scholar and civic leader whom the Department of Justice sought to picture as "An Indicted Criminal"—the fingerprinting, search for concealed weapons and handcuffing of Du Bois at the arraignment in Washington, the deliberately fostered cloud of suspicion of treasonous behavior, the shying away of many long-time friends and associates, the "silence or violent condemnation" of the commercial press —but also the rallying to the defense by the Negro masses and the Negro press, by progressive trade unions and other groups in our country, and especially by peace and other people's organizations throughout the world (". . . it is no exaggeration to say that their interest and indignat kept me out of prison").

Here also is the story of the c tral defense agency — the Natio Committee to Defend Dr. W. E. Du Bois and Associates in the Pe Information Center—its extensive ganizing, letter-writing and publi campaign, and two "Pilgrimages Defense" which carried Dr. and M Du Bois on vigorous speaking to across the country—with the re that "at last we got our case bef the world . . . [and] a stream of c tributions to meet our expenses ca from all over the country, in sm sums, but an aggregate wh amounted to over $35,000. Justice not free in the United States."

THE climax of the book comes the last group of chapters, wh center around the trial and acqui of Dr. Du Bois and his associa Here is the sordid story—"Oh! J Rogge"—of how a one-time "liber who early defined his life ambit as "to make money," personally vited Dr. Du Bois to his home help organize the Peace Informat Center and later turned up to tes falsely (and most ineffectually) the chief government witness at trial ("And so, in my mind—I t not unjustly—to Wallace the We I now add, Rogge the Rat"). Thi followed by a precise analysis of narrow legal issue and the broa political issues involved in the t a review of the day-to-day proce ings in the courtroom, and a dram account of "The Acquittal"—wh

ame suddenly, even before the de-ense was called upon to present its ase.

Here also is a series of caustic com-nents on "this extraordinary trial . . . in which the government] was un-ble with all its power and money to onvince one of its own judges that had sufficient evidence to lay before jury"; on the enormous costs of jus-ce in the courts of our land ("What rns me cold in all this experience is ne certainty that thousands of inno-ent victims are in jail today because ney had neither money nor friends o help them. . . . God only knows ow many who were as innocent as I nd my colleagues are today in hell."); nd on the contrast between most Negro business and professional lead-rs, who remained silent while Du Bois fought for his freedom and for eace, and the militant support he eceived from the Negro masses — vhich "began slowly as soon as they ould understand the facts, and then welled in astonishing volume as the rial neared."

The concluding Chapter, "Interpre-itions," opens with this paradox:

"Blessed are the Peacemakers for they nall be called Communists. Is this shame or the Peacemakers or praise for the Com-munists? Accursed are the Communists, or they claim to be Peacemakers. Is this name for the Communists or praise for ne Peacemakers?"

There follows a trenchant analysis f the basic material forces which nderlie the war drive of U.S. impe-ialism and its efforts to suppress the eace movement, the Negro libera-tion movement and all independent political thought and action behind a spurious cloak of "anti-communist" hysteria. There is also a forthright declaration of the author's own position as regards the main contending forces of our time—firmly within the world camp of peace, democracy and socialism.

Here is probably the most rounded statement to appear in recent years of the world outlook of W. E. B. Du Bois, and of his view of the relation which the Negro question bears to the broader political issues of our age. The whole is done with deep historical insight—and with much of that superb prose-poetry for which Du Bois is justly famed, as in this striking paragraph toward the end of the chapter:

"For many years now I have viewed in long procession the pale dreams of men wandering vaguely yet rhythmically down the years. Yet never in any single year has the frustration and paradox of life stood out so clearly as in this year when, having finished 83 years of my life in decency and honor, with something done and something planned, I stepped into the 84th year with handcuffs on my wrists. Like the utter rending of precious fabric I was witnessing the blood-stained collapse of Atlantic culture finding burial on the ancient ruins of the Mediterranean efforts to civilize mankind. I saw this caricature and contradiction of mighty ideals, in frantic dying struggle, trying with lewd incest again to rape the All1Mother Asia from northern Heartland to southern sea, from Russia to India. And when weak and isolated by race I tried to make faint protest against this world suicide, I was slandered and shamed and threatened with five years in prison and $10,000 fine."

An eleven page "Appendix" includes the text of Dr. Du Bois' address at the All-Russian Peace Congress in Moscow in 1949, illustrative 83rd Birthday Greetings from countries throughout the world, a brief note on the acclaim with which the acquittal was greeted in most quarters, and an ironic little postscript by Shirley Graham—telling of the receipt on the morning of their wedding anniversary of a State Department notice that the passports of Dr. and Mrs. Du Bois had been withdrawn.

3

IN BATTLE FOR PEACE not only documents and interprets the Peace Information Center Case of 1951; it also throws considerable light on the background and development of its distinguished author.

In an earlier autobiographical piece Dr. Du Bois records how he went to Atlanta University in 1897 to pioneer in developing a systematic, rounded, 100-year program of studies of Negro life, operating on "the firm belief that race prejudice was based on widespread ignorance," for which his "long-term remedy was Truth: carefully gathered scientific proof that neither color nor race determines the limits of a man's capacity or desert."

But the serene perspective he then held was soon shattered by the murderous mass violence directed against the Negro people with the maturing of U.S. imperialism around the turn of the century; and in 1910 he left the relative calm of academic life a plunged into the urgent practi struggles "Along the Color Line" as a founder and leader of N.A.A.C and the fighting editor of its ma zine *Crisis.*

"I faced situations which called shrieked—for action, even before any tailed, scientific study could possibly prepared. . . . I saw before me a probl that could not await the last word science, but demanded immediate act to prevent social death."

Du Bois was coming gradually understand that "there could be rift between theory and practic that "the social scientist could not apart and study *in vacuo";* and th even "the ordered knowledge wh research and tireless observati might give" must be sought "in midst of action."*

Would that many more students society could grasp this fundamen insight!

In his most recent book, Du B tells how he also came to discard idealist misconception of the r cause of Jim Crow oppression. In course of the struggles against lyn ing and for civil rights during 1920's, he writes, "I began to l toward the Marxian view of poli as at bottom economics, and said in the resolutions which for year wrote for annual meetings of N.A.A.C.P."

"Slowly I came to recognize that

* W. E. B. Du Bois, "My Evol Program for Negro Freedom," *What Negro Wants,* edited by Rayford Lo 1944.

cause of . . . [the Negro's] suffering was not primarily a matter of ethics, but of ease of exploitation; of the larger profit which could be had from low-paid Negro labor. . . ."

Previously he had written: "I believe in the dictum of Karl Marx, that the economic foundation of a nation is widely decisive for its politics, its art and its culture."**

The early Du Bois was preoccupied with the special problems of the Negro race, in the Americas and in Africa (he organized and led several meetings of the Pan-African Congress during the years immediately following World War I); but the very struggles in which he engaged led toward an understanding of the organic link between the special oppression of the Negro peoples and the exploitation of the working class on a world scale. This understanding was accentuated when the C.I.O. movement of the 1930's began to organize masses of Negro workers into the unions. Then, he tells us: "I began slowly to emerge from my provincial racialism and to envisage the broader problems of work and income as affecting all men regardless of color or nationality."

The Du Bois of the Niagara Movement and the nascent N.A.A.C.P. believed that the liberation of his people would come through "social guidance" and "uplift" of the Negro masses by a small, college-trained Negro intelligentsia.

"I insisted, therefore, on the education of a Talented Tenth, assuming naively that these trained members of the learned professions would supply leadership for the working classes."

But much of this "Talented Tenth" assumed the political role characteristic of any other petty bourgeoisie: ". . . a large and powerful portion of the educated and well-to-do Negroes are refusing to forge forward in social leadership of anyone, even their own people." As a result of many experiences—not the least being those associated with his 83rd birthday — the Du Bois of today has come to understand that the effective progressive leadership of the working class Negro masses must come *mainly* from their own ranks, from Negroes "trained as workers and not as exploiting aristocrats."

HE HAS also come to see the importance of Negro-white and international working class unity—another insight strengthened by the struggles around the Peace Information Center: "Without the help of the trade unionists, white and black, without the Progressives and radicals, without Socialists and Communists and lovers of peace all over the world, my voice would now be stilled forever."

Dr. Du Bois recalls in *In Battle for Peace* that his first trip to the Soviet Union, in 1928, "was for me a never-to-be-forgotten experience, and it strengthened my basic belief in Socialism as the one great road to prog-

** *Ibid.*, p. 61.

ress." Subsequently he has come even more "to respect and admire" the U.S.S.R.

> "I regard that land as today the most hopeful nation on earth, not because of its theory, but because of what it has accomplished. It has in a generation raised hundreds of millions of debased serfs out of illiteracy, superstition and poverty to self-respecting, hard-working manhood."

Especially is he impressed with the Soviet Union's system of popular education: "There is in the world no system equal to it. If American Negroes had half the chance of the Russians to learn to read, write and count, there would be no Negro question today. No nation which plans tyranny establishes such public education."

The basic contradiction inherent in capitalist society — which generates impoverishment, national oppression, fascism and war, and also the revolutionary struggles of the working class —is clearly formulated in this volume:

> "Our present economic problem stems from the fact that while production is increasingly a social process, the distribution of its results still remains largely a matter of the individual judgment of persons who happen to have the power or who seize the power to decide, and on the basis of concepts of property and income which no longer correspond to fact."

Likewise spelled out is the necessity, the historic trend toward and the inevitability of "social control of production and distribution of wealth" on a world scale: "You cannot stop this line of thought from growing in an intelligent world if you kill all the youth and dye the oceans red with blood." Thus, Du Bois understands the fundamental nature of the conflict between the rising forces of world socialism and the declining forces of moribund capitalism—and hence what lies behind the current threat of war.

Moreover, on the basis of this understanding, Du Bois also sees the futility and horrible consequences of another world war. He rejects the view that war is inevitable; urges abandonment of the "Truman Doctrine . . . which is bound to lead to disaster"; and calls for a foreign policy predicated upon the peaceful coexistence of the capitalist and socialist worlds: "I am convinced today that both systems can live together without war and with helpful competition. Stalin has said so, but Truman has not."

As regards these and many other fundamental understandings, *In Battle for Peace* reflects the gradual and continuing development of the world view and political program of W. E. B. Du Bois. It also reflects his impatience with mere "understanding." Du Bois *acts*—marshalling his great talents and strength for effective leadership in an ever-broadening political arena; and out of such practical struggles come deeper theoretical insights, leading to still more effective action.

IT IS this continuing unity of theory and practice — expressed through life-long involvement in the Negro liberation movement, with its funda-

mental and inherent antithesis of imperialism and its strong and manifold international ties—which constitutes in my opinion the key explanation of why the idealist young scholar who began his work at Atlanta University 5 years ago emerges now as a recognized leader and spokesman of the people's forces for peace, democracy and socialism on a world scale.

A dominant note running throughout this fighting book—as through the life of its fighting author—is the bold and confident challenge of the forces of political reaction. Du Bois has always been incorrigibly honest and frank—even to the point of alienating many persons who might otherwise have been his friends; and he still disdains to pull his punches and play it "safe."

At the very time he learned that the Department of Justice was trying to brand him as a "foreign agent" he accepted the American Labor Party's nomination for U.S. Senator in order more effectively to carry forward his struggle for peace. Some time after the formal indictment, when rising mass protests were beginning to jolt the State and Justice Departments out of their white chauvinist underestimation of Du Bois, he flatly rejected a proffered "deal" which would have ended the case without establishing his innocence. In the very midst of the trial he went to Boston to speak out against the war policy of our government and to call for a new crusade for peace and freedom: "What we have done, we can do again. But not by silence—not by refusing to face the ugly facts."

No wonder the trusts which dominate our government wanted to put this man in prison!

No wonder the democratic and peace forces throughout the world rallied in triumphant struggle to defend his freedom!

4

THE analyses of *In Battle for Peace* are not without some limitations; but these by no means impair the great value of the book as a weapon in the struggle for democracy and peace.

There are a number of conceptions and formulations in this book with which I, as a Marxist, would disagree. For example, Du Bois tends to label practically every form of public ownership or control of economic activity as "socialism"—from the New Deal planning of Roosevelt to the conduct and regulation of transportation, industry and foreign trade by ours and other capitalist-dominated governments. He thereby tends to negate the crucial fact that there can be no real collective ownership and operation of the means of production in the interest of the whole people without working class control of the state.

One also finds here occasional tendencies toward almost mystical conceptions about the Negro race. Illustrative is Du Bois' account of his earlier effort—which he still says "was once possible"—to check class differentiation among Negroes through fostering an "inner Negro cultural ideal . . . built on ancient African

communism, supported and developed by memory of slavery and experience of caste, which would drive the Negro group into a spiritual unity precluding the development of economic classes and inner class struggle." Such philosophical idealism seems incongruous in the writings of a great scholar who predicates most of his analyses on the scientific, materialist conception of reality.

Along with a correct appraisal of the necessary leading role of the working class Negro masses in the fight for Negro freedom, there is also evident in this book a tendency to "write off" most of the Negro petty bourgeoisie as incurably self-seeking and reactionary. Du Bois is careful to note exceptions in the case of "that smaller part of the Negro intelligentsia which has shared my vision"; but it is clear that he expects very little that is progressive from "a large and powerful portion of the educated and well-to-do Negroes."

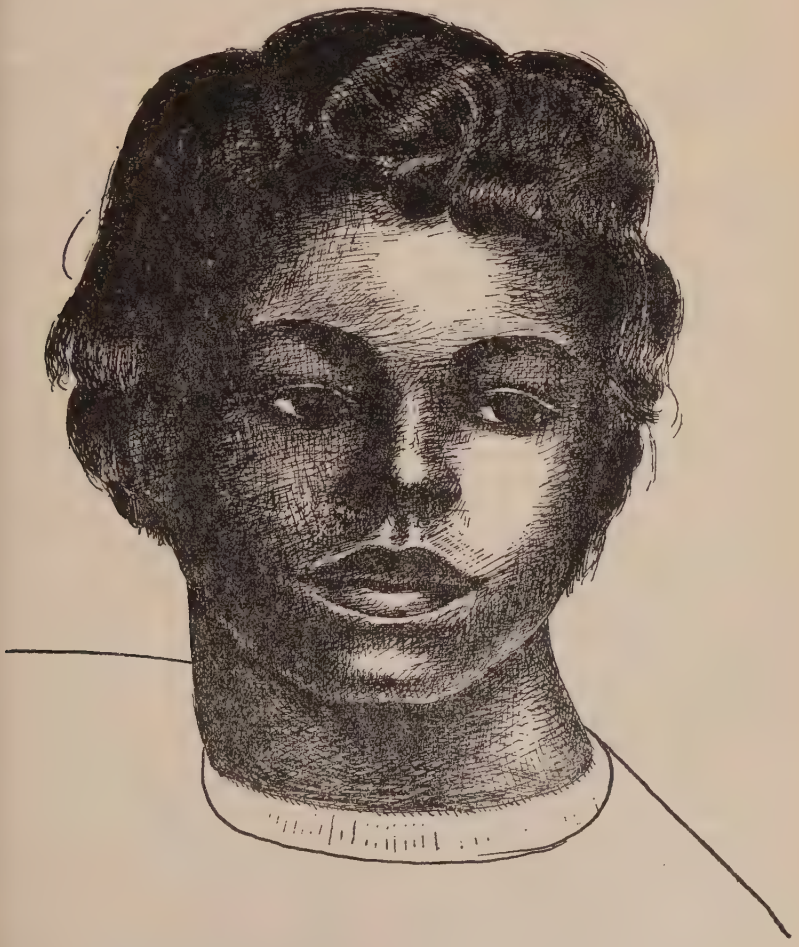
This attitude is understandable in the light of the prevailing accommodation of most of the Negro business and professional class to the over-all imperialist policies of our government, strikingly manifest in their indifference or frightened silence while Du Bois was fighting to stay out of prison. Nevertheless, it would be a serious political error to minimize the important role of the Negro middle class in the inherently anti-imperialist struggles which are now being directed against Jim Crow oppression, or to underestimate the still substantial revolutionary poten tial which this petty bourgeois stra tum of the oppressed Negro people can be expected to reveal at a high stage in the development of the class struggle in our country.

Du Bois, himself—along with Paul Robeson and Benjamin Dav —must be viewed as a precursor many more leaders of vision an power who will step forward out the ranks of the Negro middle cla once the allied U.S. working cla assumes—as it surely will—its ind pendent political role as the leadi and decisive force for progress America. I fear that, having aba doned his once cherished "Talent Tenth," Du Bois now tends towa the opposite extreme.

BUT the importance of this bo can never be measured by the e tent to which its analyses are in tec nical accord with all the princip of dialectical and historical materi ism. It must be appraised, rather, terms of its meaning for the life-an death struggles which now confro the Negro people and the worki class of our country.

In Battle for Peace is an extrem valuable weapon in the fight peace, for Negro freedom, for right to teach and advocate socialis and for independent political acti in the fall elections. *Masses & Mainstream* is to be congratulated its publication, and especially their production of the very attr tive popular edition at a surprisin low price.

In this critical year of 1952 the world renowned scholar and recognized "Dean of American Letters," Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, has placed in our hands a resounding challenge to the Big Lie that war is inevitable and that communism is a menace. He has issued here a powerful call for the fighting unity of all freedom-loving Americans in the struggle for democracy and peace. I urge progressives everywhere to guarantee the wide distribution and use of this fighting book among Negro and white workers and intellectuals throughout our country.



Drawing by Edward Strickland

Festival of Democratic Films

By JOHN ALEXANDER

THE International Film Festival held this summer in Karlovy Vary, Czechoslovakia, gathered 92 film experts from 26 countries and lasted a full three weeks. Presenting a record number of films, this Festival, the seventh, showed serious advances over those held in previous years.

It reflected the advancing power of both peaceful construction in the Soviet Union and her international role (exemplified in her film, *The Unforgettable Year 1919,* which won the Grand Prize); it showed the deeper national roots acquired by film makers in People's China and the People's Democracies; it revealed also a new stage in the fight for peace in international cinema in which the struggle of the people themselves is overcoming many barriers set up by government censorship and prejudice in the Western countries.

From the viewpoint of the colonial and dependent countries the Festival was also an important advance. India and Indonesia officially participated for the first time. India's feature film *Babla* and Indonesia's *The Cripple* indicated that, with the advance of their peace movements, films in these two countries will increasingly learn from the experience of the peace camp and take a new, positive course. The Festival was also highlighted by films from Korea and Vietnam showing the fighting spirit and confidence of these countries battling for independence.

Again, the feature film from Uruguay, *Dream Thief,* which was introduced by its director Lirio Rodriguez and the feature from Australia, *Captain Thunderbolt* (introduced by Edward Allison of the Australian Realist Film group) emphasized that, in spite of technical and other difficulties, progressive films can and will be made in such countries which, owing to the collaborationist role of their own bourgeoisie, lack a serious technical basis for national film industries.

In all these ways the Festival revealed in films (as in politics) the growing strength and consolidation of the peace camp and the growing isolation of the imperialist warmongers and their satellite governments. Well could A. S. Fedorov, leader of the Soviet delegation, state in his broadcast talk to the Czechoslovak people, that the Festival "is the greatest review of progressive film art in the world."

MIKHAIL Chiaurelli, director of *The Oath* (1946) and the *Fall of Berlin* (1950), introduced his film *The Unforgettable Year 1919,* dealing with the "most perilous days of the young republic" when the armies of intervention, instigated mainly by Winston Churchill, were thrown back from Petrograd and the British navy forced to withdraw from Soviet waters. The film, which has a tremendous epic power, shows Lenin and Stalin directing the political and military strategy and features the same pair who played in *The Fall of Berlin,* B. Andreyev and M. Kovalevova, again as the young representatives of the new forces.

Sharing the Grand Prize with *The Unforgettable Year 1919* was *Friendship Prevails,* a full length documentary directed jointly by the Soviet Ivan Pyryev and the Dutch Joris Ivens; and *The Condemned Village* from the German DEFA studios. The power of youth and creative confidence permeates *Friendship Prevails,* which deals with the Berlin Youth Festival of 1951. *The Condemned Village* shows the united fight of a West German community against a demand by the American occupationists that their village land should make way for an air base.

The latter film had already been received with especial warmth and pride in the German Democratic Republic, where it was seen as the most advanced yet made by DEFA on the common struggle against war and imperialism of the whole German people. A film of broad appeal and deep sympathies, it was the first to be directed by M. Hellweg, formerly a leading actor in pre-war Germany and, up to 1949, working in West Germany, who introduced its showing at the Festival. A second introduction was made by the scriptwriter, K. Stern, who referred to the storm the film had caused in sections of the press in West Germany (normally quite silent over DEFA films), one paper calling it "filmed hatred." To this charge Stern replied:

> "I will admit that there is hatred in our film but it is not directed against other nations or part of our nation. It is a hatred of war, of everything that destroys the peaceful life of our people. This hatred, as we believe, is not only permitted but righteous and holy wrath; for it springs from a fine love, the people's love for life, happiness and peace."

From China and Korea came both feature films and a series of documentaries revealing the heroism and sacrifices made by both peoples in the Korean war and their burning confidence in victory. Four Chinese feature films were especially well received. Li Chang Hua's *People's Warriors* dealt with the national liberation army fighting Chiang Kai Shek and U.S. imperialism until final victory. *The Red Flag on the Green Rock* told the story of a family taking part in the epic liberation struggles of the thirties, including the "Long March." *Shang Yao Concentration Camp* dealt with the heroic fight of the Chinese patriots, led by the Communist Party, against Chiang's repression after 1941. *United for To-*

morrow showed the resistance of women textile workers in Shanghai to the Kuomintang in 1948-9.

Many Korean films were shown. *Back to the Front,* a historic documentary, was produced under conditions of terrible difficulties in underground studios, presenting to the world the story of the U.S. imperialists' atrocities and of the Korean resistance. Two Korean newsreels were also introduced, followed by three documentaries, *Bacteriological Barbarism, August 15th, 1951* (showing the celebration of the sixth anniversary of Korea's liberation from Japanese occupation) and *Fighting Railwaymen* on the courageous work of the railway workers in the Liberation war.

In the new tradition was the Chinese film *Fighting Vietnam,* made jointly by Chinese and Vietnamese technicians. Introducing it Chang Che Ling, of the Chinese delegation, gave a stirring picture of both the past successes of the Viet Nam Liberation Movement, under the leadership of Ho Chi Min, and of confidence in victory. In the same vein of warm solidarity were *Victory of the People of Inner Mongolia,* made by Chinese and Mongolians, and *The Mongolian People's Republic,* a documentary made by Soviet and Mongolian film artists; *The Road to Glory,* the first Albanian film, made with Soviet help and *Fighting Korea,* a Czechoslovak feature length documentary made from pictures taken by Korean cameramen.

ON THE screens at Karlovy Va came alive the cultural traditio of the countries of peace. From th Soviet Union came *Broken Fette* the story of the great Ukrainian poe Taras Shevchenko; in the outstan ing Hungarian films *Semmelwei Erkel* and *Mrs. Deri* the fight of th Hungarian people against the Au tro-Hungarian Empire in the 19 century for a national science, ope and theatre respectively was pc trayed. In the fight for a true inte pretation of national culture the features provided lessons in the stu particularly of the interactions these leaders' work with the conte porary people's movements. Th theme was found also in Polan *The Young Chopin,* as in many doc mentaries and art films. From Fran too, came *Monsieur Fabre,* whose d rector, Henri Diamant-Berger (spea ing as a representative of the offic French society for the distribution French films abroad) stressed the n tional character of the film and hero.

Of particular interest as a film a 19th century subject was the Czec oslovak feature, *The Great Adve ture,* dealing with the work of Czechoslovak anthropologist who e plored Africa, believing in friendsh between white and colored peop and was faced with opposition fr both British imperialists intent empire plunder at that period a from official circles in Prague. At time when the color question is tively before world public opini in many different ways *The Great A*

enture states clearly the standpoint f the peace camp from a humanistic nd scientific point of view.

On the theme of peaceful, constructive labor the new Hungarian eature, *Baptism of Fire,* was found o be the most successful and warded the Labor Prize. Dealing vith the movement towards co-operatives after the 1945 Land Reform n Hungary the film portrays a medium farmer who, as the scriptvriter Erno Urban put it, "is tied oy innumerable bonds of emotion, family and economic interest to the embittered enemy of socialism, the kulaks." This farmer finds his way o the co-operatives after hard personal and political struggles "aided and shown the right way by the workers party, represented in our case by a simple countrywoman who, oy her profoundly human and unselfish attitude, and her work as secretary of the village party organization, serves as a model to all working farmers."

IN MANY documentaries, such as the German *Work in a New Spirit* or the Slovak film in color *Rainbow over Slovakia,* this theme of the heroism of work and the transformation of man in the process found expression. In connection with the documentary films of the great construction projects (with particular reference to *Moscow Constructions*) a Soviet representative pointed out that they had decided to make short documentaries instead of feature-length on these subjects: "The reason for this decision was that in view of the rapid pace of Soviet life the time required to make feature length films was sometimes too long and films were often out of date by the time they appeared."

In the Soviet documentary *The Universe,* in the Polish *Earth our Planet* and in the Czechoslovak *Polarography,* as well as in many science, cartoon and puppet films, the viewpoint of peace was put forward on the scientific basis of life and the vast opportunities lying before mankind for adventure in invention, exploration and research. This concept penetrated deeply into films for children (of which there were many) such as the Hungarian documentary on child care and teaching characteristicaly called *They Need Peace. Brave Sarmiko,* a Soviet color cartoon, related the adventures of two children in the Polar regions of the USSR; the Czechoslovak color cartoon *The Tree With the Golden Apples,* told of animals co-operating with man to enrich the strain of natural fruit for the benefit of both. A beautiful cartoon, *Christmas Night,* made in the new fluorescent colors, was based on a Gogol fairy story.

On the great historical traditions of the Communist and Workers Parties appeared many films, such as *Wilhelm Pieck,* a full length biography from Germany; *Mitrea Cocor,* a new feature film from Rumania dealing with the struggle against the German invaders; *Homage to Stalin* and *Fighting Road* (a history of the Bulgarian Communist

Party) from Bulgaria, which also sent a distinguished feature film, *Danka.* This, the third Bulgarian feature film, was produced after a recent reorganization of the Bulgarian film industry and achieved the difficult task—the most important now facing the film industries of the People's Democracies and the German Democratic Republic—of interpreting the inner changes taking place in the new citizens.

The Chinese delegation stated they now had 1,700 mobile cinemas, "only a beginning," and that, in 1952, they would make 13 feature films, 10 feature length documentaries and many others. Referring to the great and increasing impact now being made by their films in the whole of Asia a delegate said:

> "Even in countries still under imperialist rule we found ways of presenting Chinese films despite the blockade imposed by government authorities. The people of these countries have been aroused and their desire and resolve to see Chinese films has in many cases won the right to have them shown regularly in the cinemas."

They referred especially to the success of Chinese films at the International Film Festival held in India earlier this year.

GEORGES Sadoul, who introduced a French feature, *La Nuit est Mon Royaume,* gave a serious picture of the Hollywood threat and the attempts made by the French Government, in alliance with Wall Street, to destroy French national film production. He stressed the growth of public's resistance to these threat a movement which, originating fr progressive film workers, now braces not only the leading di tors, actors and actresses but is coming deeply rooted in the p ple. In the two weeks before spoke new waves of protest, follow a token strike at the end of June all French studios, had forced government to suspend the nego tions they were carrying on with U.S. resulting in what Sadoul ca "a decisive victory over the Ho wood dictatorship."

Referring to the rising quality French film production (as a re of which Czechoslovakia is imp ing ten French films this year), doul said: "Today the best of films, whether directly or indire express the optimistic conviction man is master of his fate and those forces of evil which, in year 1952 are no longer a metaph cal, fateful necessity but are a rately identifiable with the name the American warmongers, will defeated." An instance of t trends was *L'Auberge Rouge,* a satirical comedy directed by Cla Autant Lara (who sent a warm m sage to the Festival).

From Italy came a similar s of the Wall Street threat, of gov ment repression and of the ri power of the peace movement. Western Europe, it is still the ians who are leading," said Pro sor A. M. Brousil, Czechoslo chairman of the Festival jury.

Italian delegation referred to the new, healthy realistic trend, citing particularly from recent films de Sanis' *Rome Ore Undici,* Visconti's *Bellissima* (starring Anna Magnani); de Sica's *Umberto D;* Castellani's *Due Soldi di Speranza* and Lattuada's *The Mantle.*

The most significant success in Italy was the formation of a new production company on a co-operative basis whose first film, *Achtung Banditi,* was introduced at the Festival by its young director, Carlo Lizzani. This film, which was regarded as outstanding among the Festival entries, deals with the Italian Resistance in Genoa during the last war and is currently a commercial success wherever it is shown in Italy. Presenting a copy to the Korean delegate in a striking ceremony the Italian delegates said the gift was "a small token of gratitude" from, among other organizations, the National Association of Italian Partisans, and said of the film:

> "The history of the production of *Achtung Banditi* confirms that the alliance of progressive intellectuals and working people has reality in our country and at the same time proves that the unity of Italians in the spirit of the defense of peace and national independence is becoming more assured and powerful."

Regretting the departure of de Sica to Hollywood, where "already he is in difficulties . . . and . . . accused of being a Communist," the delegation stated that they could not tell precisely what realistic films would be made in the future, adding the important statement, applicable in all Atlantic Pact and "neutral" countries:

> "The question of greater freedom for expression is linked for these artists with the success of the general political struggle for realistic art."

A British delegate, Ralph Bond, referred also to the situation in the British film industry and some aspects of the fight being made by British film technicians. Two British films were shown—*White Corridors,* a serious study of scientific work and *Where No Vultures Fly,* a film on an African subject which, while having a healthy air of adventure and freedom from Hollywood conventions, gives a limited and patronizing picture of the African people. A representative of the British Rank Organization introduced the latter film welcoming the aims of the Festival and wishing it success. It is possible that, in line with the policy of these countries, Czechoslovakia may import more British films this year.

This deeply inspiring Festival concluded with a Peace Message to film workers of the world in the full knowledge that its principles are not only winning ever wider recognition but that they are increasingly being put into practice by more and more of the world's producers.

A British Lawyer's Plea

FOR AMNESTY

By D. N. PRITT

STUDYING the judgments handed down by the Supreme Court on June 4, 1951, confirming the conviction of the eleven Communists tried before Judge Medina in New York in the light of the historical background, I am moved to three main conclusions, which lead me to support more whole-heartedly than ever the demand for an amnesty for the Smith Act victims—victims of unjust trials under an unjust Act passed and applied in violation of the finest American traditions.

My conclusions are that the case presents striking illustrations:

(1) of the way in which the ruling class in any country will break all its most cherished rules and traditions of civil liberty whenever it is —rightly or wrongly—frightened by critics or opponents who seek to exercise the civil liberty to criticize or oppose it;

(2) of the particular tendency of a ruling class, in such circumstances, to practice the double hypocrisy of boasting of its observance of civil liberties whilst violating them, and of accusing its enemies of violatin them;

(3) of the powerful influence which judges even of the greate eminence are unconsciously subjecte by the opinions and fears of the cla from which they are drawn.

The first of these three points very striking. The right of fr speech, a tradition which our co mon ancestors carried from Brita to America—largely because it w in grave danger in Britain—and th for greater security enshrined in t First Amendment to the Constitutio was long cherished and preserved wi a fair measure of consistency. B more recently, and above all in the Smith Act cases, the ruling class, an excess of fear passing to hyster has trampled on this right with unscrupulous violence akin to th employed by the British ruling class every major emergency of the l three centuries.

And the additional protection to derived from the First Amendmer which in effect invoked the aid of t judicature to protect the citizen fro

gislation depriving him of free eech, has proved illusory; for the preme Court has joined with the gislature to provide an effective eapon against legitimate propaganda d in particular against the expound- g of a political doctrine under hich nearly half the world is already ving, developing, and seeking peace.

If one seeks for clear statements both the basic principle of free eech as enshrined in the First mendment and of the narrow field exception—that of "clear and pres- t danger"—with which judicial thority has recognized that the ba- c principle must give way to direct d immediate threats to the safety of e state, one finds such statements ovided with admirable clarity—in rvice, perhaps to uneasy consciences -by the very judges who voted in e majority of the Supreme Court r the grave injury to the First mendment which their decision rep- sents.

Let me begin with Chief Justice inson. In his judgment, with which ree of his colleagues concurred, he called an earlier judgment of the ourt that "the basis of the First mendment is the hypothesis that eech can rebut speech, propaganda ill answer propaganda, free debate f ideas will result in the wisest gov- nmental policies." And he states the mitation equally well, with a quota- on from Mr. Justice Holmes in the mous Schenck case:

> "The question in every case is whether e words used are used in such circum- ances and are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that they will bring about the substantive evils that Congress has a right to prevent."

Mr. Justice Frankfurter, another of the majority judges, delivered a separate—and manifestly very uneasy—judgment, in which he thus described the limitation:

> "What finally emerges from the 'clear and present danger' cases is a working principle that the substantive evil must be extremely serious and the degree of imminence extremely high before utterances can be punished. Those cases . . . do no more than recognize a minimum compulsion of the Bill of Rights. For the First Amendment does not speak equivocally. It prohibits *any law 'abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press.'*" (My Italics.)

But, having stated the principle and the very narrow limitation, the six majority judges proceed, by such legal subtleties as the drawing of fragile distinctions between speech and advocacy, to justify the Smith Act and the convictions thereunder of the accused Communists (against whom—as the judges themselves point out—no charge is made of sabotage or espionage, of violence or attempt to overthrow the Government, indeed of any action at all) for the mere advocacy of the most widely held political doctrine in the world.

Let me turn once again to Mr. Justice Frankfurter for an admirable statement of the contention of the accused Communists. He puts it so well that he should have led himself to vote with the minority:

> "The appellants maintain that they have a right to advocate a political theory, so

long at least as their advocacy does not create an immediate danger of obvious magnitude to the very existence of our present scheme of society."

Thus do distinguished citizens of a nation whose independence and very political existence spring from and depend on the revolution of 1776 treat a political party, solely because it looks ultimately—like every genuine progressive political force—to revolution as a step in historical advancement. If one seeks then for a statement of the utter futility of attempting to fight political doctrines by such legal suppression, we can turn to another judge, voting in the majority, Mr. Justice Jackson. He puts it well:

"No decision of this Court can forestall revolution whenever the existing government fails to command the respect and loyalty of the people, and sufficient distress and discontent is allowed to grow up among the masses. . . . No government can long prevent revolution by outlawry."

I can end my discussion of the first point by quoting the admirable if short dissenting judgment of Mr. Justice Black, in which he demonstrates clearly the thesis as to the behavior of a frightened ruling class. He does this by looking at the hopeful reverse of the medal—the expectation that, when the hysteria is gone, sound judgment will return.

"There is hope," he says, "that in calmer times, when present pressures, passions and fears subside, this or some later Court will restore the First Amendment liberties to the high preferred place where they belong in a free society."

THE second point—of the accc panying hypocrisy—can be ill trated by many examples, of whic must give only a few. It is now cc monplace that the "free world" alias the frightened world, alias n nopoly capitalism—robs us of f speech while slandering the Soc ist states for restricting it, impris us for our ideas while accusing " East" of "thought control," rec the passports of its own citizens a refuses visas to foreigners while co ing Goebbels' tales of "Socia iron curtains," and reduces many its own honest citizens to humi tion, destitution, and prison w witch hunts and supremely un-Am can "Un-American Committees," the testimony of renegades, po spies, and professional perjur while charging the Socialist sta with "persecution" of self-confes traitors; it even implies that th people are not traitors while it bo of its expensive and elaborate effo to manufacture and sustain as m traitors as possible!

Here the quotations given by sc of the judges are again, in a so what different fashion, instruct Read this:

"The question must be asked . whether suppression of . . . opinion is true defense (of liberty). Mill's remin from history as to what has happe when suppression was most virulently ercised ought to warn us that no deba ever permanently won by shutting o ears or by even the most Draconian pc of silencing opponents. The *debate* m be won. And it must be won with information. Where there are lies,

ust be shown for what they are. Where ere are errors, they must be refuted. It ould be a major defeat if the enemies of emocracy forced us to abandon our faith the power of informed discussion and brought us down to their own level."

That cogent denunciation of the hole policy of the Smith Act, and of ny Court prepared to do grave in- ry to the whole doctrine of free peech in order to support the Act, s to be found, if you please, in the dgment of a *majority* judge, Mr. ustice Frankfurter! (And a little pi- uancy is added by the circumstance at the writer he quoted was the Director General of the British Broadcasting Corporation, under hose guidance every point made in is article was grossly violated by that Corporation.)

The same judge also quotes what hould have been a warning to him- elf and his colleagues from Mr. George F. Kennan, who refers to the subjective emotional stresses and emptations to which we are exposed n our attempt to deal with this do- nestic problem" (of Communism), nd asserts (quite rightly) that these tresses and temptations (to which the Court, like Congress, was succumb- ng) constitute "a danger that some- hing may occur in our own minds nd souls which will make us . . . ike the representatives of that very ower we are trying to combat." Mr. Kennan goes on to give his idea of Communism, and to say that his own uling-class has acquired its charac- eristics:

". . . intolerant, secretive, suspicious, cruel, and terrified of internal dissension because we have lost our own belief in ourselves and in the power of our ideals."

Mr. Kennan may well be a better judge of his own ruling class than of Communists! We must be grateful to Mr. Justice Frankfurter for quoting Mr. Kennan, even if we cannot quite see what led him to do so; but we can wish fervently that the judge had accepted Mr. Kennan's warning, and served his own great reputation by voting the other way.

THE third point is illustrated, primarily, by the mere tragic fact that the majority judges supported the Act and the convictions, and have thus followed the general trend of thought—or rather of panic—of their class and betrayed the trust laid upon them by their office to protect the constitutional rights of the citizens against an unscrupulous tyrannical or hysterical executive. But this is not all. In the effort to justify their decision, the judges have resorted to political or semi-political statements of alleged facts, many of which cannot be based on the Record, and could therefore only be justified, if at all, by the doctrine of "judicial notice."

This is an Anglo-Saxon legal doctrine which provides a very limited exception to the rule that everthing must be proved by evidence. Under this doctrine, the Court accepts without proof matters that are too well-known to admit of doubt. The doctrine is normally confined to the law itself, to divisions of time, to

geographical facts, and to such things as that night follows day. If a thing admits of doubt, it does not admit of "judicial notice."

But the Supreme Court in this case, and other American courts in other cases, have permitted themselves to take "judicial notice" of what they call Communism. Communism is a word of highly varied and disputable meanings, on which the press and other sources of information in the "free world" have long made it virtually impossible for any but the most careful and systematic students of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism to have any clear or accurate idea at all.

The judges in this case, with these handicaps, presented some particularly unhappy examples of misinformation. Mr. Justice Jackson, for example, devoted one-fourth of his judgment to a dissertation on Communism which would be laughable in a student of one-tenth of his mental stature, including a narrative of the events of February, 1948, in Czechoslovakia bearing not the faintest relation to the facts of history.

So much for the main lessons a political lawyer, of this case. have written little of the admir dissenting judgments of Jus Black and Douglas, it is not for misunderstanding of their im tance or their cogency, but bec they do not expose themselves criticism, and on the contr merely demonstrate the strength the tradition enshrined in the I Amendment and the wrongness the majority decision. The judgm of Mr. Justice Douglas, in partic is a valuable and powerful staten of the view which is recognized many already, and must soon recognized by many more, as the rect one.

It is for the lovers of the tr tion of free speech everywhere work for an amnesty for all Smith Act victims, including t lawyers, and to do everything their power to bring America b to her true traditions, and away f fascism.

We urge our readers to communicate with and support the Natio Committee to Win Amnesty for Smith Act Victims, Room 643, 799 Bro way, New York 3, N. Y. Letters and wires calling for amnesty should addressed to President Truman.

books in review

Education for Freedom

THE ROAD TO LIFE: An Epic of Education, by A. S. Makarenko. *Foreign Language Publishing House, Moscow.* 3 vols, $3.75.

"THE ROAD TO LIFE" is the true story of a school for homeless boys and girls, written by its founder and director, Anton S. Makarenko. There was a Soviet motion picture of the same name and theme, which was memorable in its own right, but the book is on another level entirely. An enthralling story which Maxim Gorky called "one of the best examples of Soviet literature," it is at the same time a scientific document, opening new vistas of education and dealing in the most profound way with the psychology and development of the human personality.

And the book is also a chapter of contemporary history, a thrilling picture of the Soviet Union in its first decade, giving us an insight into the forces that were unleashed when a country of 200 million people began to move on the road to socialism, beset with seemingly insuperable difficulties, and yet advancing with a power that nothing could stop.

The story begins in 1920 when Makarenko, a school teacher of 32, agrees to set up a school for young people who are not only homeless but have been living a life of hooliganism and crime, not stopping at killing. They were the victims of the depredations of war and counter-revolution. The task he accepts is one from which all the educational "experts" flee, preferring to sit in their offices, and set up little educational utopias on paper, adorned with phrases about the "free flowering of the child mind."

Makarenko is given some acres of run-down land and some dilapidated buildings looted by the kulaks living in the surrounding territory. Money is provided, but there is almost nothing that it can buy. Food and clothing are scarce. Fighting is still going on against Wrangel, the Polish army, Petlura, and the White Guards financed by United States and British capitalists. The well-to-do peasants, satisfied to seize whatever extra land they can get but hostile to socialism, have even taken control of the local village Soviet.

How was the young teacher to start? What was he to aim at? As

Makarenko puts it, the boys were "in frank opposition not only to our pedagogical system but to the very principles of human culture itself." He had read all the pedagogical tracts he could find, but they were useless to him. His task was presumably to "reform" these youthful "moral defectives," make them into useful and normal citizens. But what, in the Russia of the 1920's, was a "normal citizen?"

It was Makarenko's genius that he saw the only correct solution: to make them from the start into a force for the future, a leading force, an education to others, a socialist force. In other words it was to build a "collective." And this was to be done with almost no facilities, no material ways to make the collective life more attractive. All they had was land, and their own hands. Life was hard; every gain had to be the product of strenuous labor.

His first step was to break down in the boys the hard shell of cynicism and suspicion, the feeling that every one's hand was turned against them, the self-protection which took the form of acts of cruelty. But the way he analyzed the problem indicates the difference between his psychology and that of the bourgeois world.

"We had hardly any children of workers, the proletariat was for them something remote and unknown. . . . Hence there remained a wide field for all sorts of eccentricity, for the manifestation of personalities sunk in semibarbarity, demoralized by spiritual loneliness."

He fought to arouse a question within the boys and girls, to fan spark of struggle. And this the c lective could do, for it was itself struggle, in the first place a strugg against nature. But what he s again, so profoundly, was that the h man being is not really to be boug with a few gifts, or handouts, displays of affection. Much mo deep was the joy in finding out ho human beings can work togeth and in this activity beginning to d cover perspectives opening up f themselves, to see that they had "future," and that it was a practic workable path.

And the collective was also a stru gle against hostile forces outside. O of the first accomplishments, aft the most elementary efforts at sa tation and bare habitation, was take on the task of protecting the su rounding forests, state proper against the kulaks and petty specu tors who were cutting down the tre and selling the wood. And alo with this he begins to break dov the gangster pseudo-honor, the pr tection of thieves among themselv

"It was not so much moral expostu tions or occasional outbursts of wrath, this fascinating and vital struggle w hostile elements which fostered the fi shy growth of a healthy collective spi Of an evening we would hold lengthy d cussions, laughing our fill, sometimes e broidering on the subjects of our adve tures, till we gradually became that tegral unit known as the Gorky Colon

It is an astonishing step, to ma boys who had been living by thieve into protectors of state property. B

in Makarenko's psychology there is no such idiocy as a "criminal mentality." The bourgeois world, of course, must see crime in this mystic way, for to see it as a social problem would be also to see how much it is a part of bourgeois life itself, where "success" as against "stealing" is simply a matter of knowing how to take someone else's property "legally" or through knowing the judge.

To Makarenko, the boys had to be made to see the "crime" problem in its true light: on the one hand, anarchism, loneliness, self-destruction; on the other, their own growth and development as human beings, in a way that only many hands could make possible. Once they could taste the joys of living like social human beings, and feel potentialities in themselves which they had never dreamed of, no hardship or obstacle could stop them.

Makarenko added another stroke of genius, which went against every prevalent principle of pedagogy and "reform." It was to ignore entirely the young peoples' past. He didn't even want to know what it was!

"As far back as 1922 I had asked the Commission not to send me any more personal records. We quite sincerely ceased to interest ourselves in the past offenses of our charges, and with such success that the latter soon began to forget them themselves. I rejoiced exceedingly to see how all retrospective interest was gradually receding from the colony, how the very memory of days which had been vile, diseased and alien to this had disappeared. In this respect we attained the limits of our ideal—even the new arrivals were ashamed to talk about their feats."

There is a scene where he sends a boy, who had left the colony out of bravado and then had come back, to collect the colony funds, first 500 rubles and then 2,000. The boy, Semyon, brings it back and demands that Makarenko count it.

"What for?"

"Please count it!"

"But you counted it, didn't you?"

"Count it, I tell you!"

"Leave me alone!"

He clasped his throat . . . "You're making a fool of me! You couldn't trust me so! It's impossible! Don't you see? It's impossible! You're taking the risk on purpose! I know! On purpose!"

He sank on to a chair, breathless.

"I have to pay heavily for your services," I said.

"Pay? How?" said Semyon, leaning forward abruptly.

"By putting up with your hysterics — that's how!"

Semyon gripped the window sill.

"Anton Semyonovich!" he growled.

"What's the matter with you?" I cried, really a little alarmed by now.

"If you only knew! If you only knew! All the way I was galloping along the road I kept thinking—if only there was a God! If only God would send somebody out of the woods to attack me! If there were ten of them, any number of them. . . . I would shoot, I'd bite, I'd worry them like a dog, so long as there was life left in me. . . . And you know, I almost cried. I knew quite well you were sitting here thinking: 'Will he bring it, or won't he?' You were taking quite a risk, weren't you?"

"You're a funny guy, Semyon! There's always a risk with money. You can't bring a bundle of notes into the colony without risk. But I thought to myself that if you bring the money the risk will be less. You're young, strong, a splendid horseman, you could get away from any bandit, while they'd easily catch me."

Semyon winked joyfully:

"You're an artful chap, Anton Semyonovich."

"What have I to be artful about?" I said. "You know how to go for money now, and in the future you'll get it for me again. There's no special art needed for that. I'm not a bit afraid. I know very well that you're just as honest as I am. I knew it before—couldn't you see that?"

"No, I thought you didn't know that," said Semyon, and he left the office, singing a Ukrainian song at the top of his voice.

There is discipline in the colony, and punishment, which takes the remarkable form of depriving the offender for a time of the right to associate and work with the others. For this discipline and punishment, Makarenko is attacked by the "educational authorities." It "creates slaves," they cry. The personality must be left to "grow freely," out of its own "inner laws."

But the discipline is necessary, simply because it is a way of putting into reasonable form the demands that life itself outside makes upon the colonists. They are facing demanding tasks. And from the first, it is conscious discipline. They see what the tasks are. They learn how freedom is gained, not from ignoring the laws of real life, but facing them, accepting them, making them serve human welfare.

As the collective grows into an organism of its own, with its own inner and outer life, the discipline becomes part of the collective life. The older youths begin to take the new arrivals in hand. More and more the problems that arise in the collective are solved by the "Commandh Council" of the boys themselves. I tachments for special jobs are set with rotating commanders. The b begin to taste the joys of respon bility, leadership, planning for oth Green shoots of new personality pear.

Soon in the Gorky Colony, bo learning, at first avoided like plague, begins to take on attracti It opens a path to higher scho to careers as agronomists, engine teachers.

With the opening of the secc volume there is a qualitative cha in the tone of the book. A m of rippling humor and radiant c fidence in the future takes over. T boys are stretching their wings. ready in the early days of the col culture had begun to play a role its life. It took the form of re ings from the classics of Russian erature, and the boys are especi impressed by the writings and story of Maxim Gorky, after wh the colony proudly names itself.

But now they build a stage benches, and put on dramatic p formances. At first a "drama circ among them puts on the plays, this becomes too onerous, and s everybody takes his or her turn acting, directing, scenic design. T put on classics like Gogol's *The spector General* and Gorky's *Lower Depths,* as well as contemp ary Soviet plays.

The cold is intense, both on st and in the auditorium, but peo come from miles about to see

plays, and they have packed houses. The description of the performances is often hilarious. Sometimes it is conscious humor, when the youthful actors mischievously alter the name of a stage character into that of Makarenko. And it is sometimes unforeseen. But what is wonderful is that still under conditions of dire poverty, for its is only 1924, this group of former waifs and cast-offs has become a force for culture, education and enlightenment in the entire countryside.

After six years, when the Gorky Colony has transformed first one then another, larger, weed-ridden estate into a flourishing model farm, and has sent off its "first and best" with an inspiring ceremony to the higher schools, a new task calls them. The colony is asked whether it will leave its grounds to a peasant commune and move with its eighty developed members and forty newcomers into another school at Kuryazh, where 300 waifs are living under conditions of utter filth, demoralization and depravity, ruled by gangster cliques among themselves, robbing and terrorizing the countryside.

The Gorkyites undertake the job, with a full realization of its difficulties.

"Never before had there been such an atmosphere of friendly solidarity, such a profound sense of collective responsibility. The slightest transgression was met with unmitigated astonishment, and a curt, expressive adjuration. 'And you mean to go to Kuryazh!' . . .

"It was a joy, perhaps the deepest joy the world has to give—this feeling of interdependence, of the strength and flexibility of human relations, of the calm, vast power of the collective, vibrating in an atmosphere permeated with its own force. All this could be read in the colonists' eyes, in their movements, their expressions, their gait, their work. All eyes were turned to the north, where an ignorant horde, united by poverty, anarchy and dull obstinacy, was waiting for us with fierce snarls behind thick walls."

So they leave the land which they had transformed with their toil, "wrested from the chaos of ruin," as they had left their first home. "We just didn't like looking back."

The engagement of the 120 with the 300 makes up the third volume of the book, the crown of the story. For what is now being tested is not Makarenko himself but the force he has created, the organism, the collective, which must prove itself by its ability to transform others.

The forces are unequal in numbers, but the power of the Gorky collective is unbeatable. At first Makarenko arrives with nine Gorkyites, to prepare the ground for the coming of the others. The Kuryazh boys refuse to do any work, showing up only for meals. The following excerpt gives an inkling of the kind of moral pressure a group of even nine can exert.

"I noted with secret malice how hard it had now become for the Kuryazhites to make their way to the dining room, and go about their business after having imbibed nourishment, their path encumbered by logs, ditches, two-handled saws, raised axes, puddles of semi-liquid clay, heaps of quicklime, and—their own consciences. All the signs showed me that real

tragedies were going on in their souls—no mere melodramas but real Shakespearean tragedies. 'To be, or not to be'—that was their question.

"They would stand about in small groups wherever work was going on, and then, glancing furtively over their shoulders at their comrades, shuffle off to the dormitories with guilty, meditative steps. But there was no longer anything exciting to do in the dormitories, there wasn't even anything left to steal. Once again they would wander out to get closer to the work going on, ashamed to lower their prestige in their comrades' eyes by raising the white flag and asking to be allowed at least to carry something from one place to another. The Gorkyites sped past them like flying boats, ready to avoid any and every obstacle by leaping into the air. The Kuryazhites, overwhelmed by this purposefulness, would once again fall into the pose of a Hamlet or a Coriolanus. Their position was perhaps even more tragic, for nobody had ever called out to Hamlet in spirited tones: 'Get out of the way! There's two hours till dinner-time.' "

In the course of the third volume Makarenko sums up his differences with the "Olympians," the "experts in social education," who had made him feel "like a wolf being hunted." The greater his successes, the more vicious had been their attacks. He was to them a "militarist," "good at his job, but a poor theoretician," a destroyer of "free souls." The truth is that Makarenko was a profound, creative theoretician. Finding the prevalent pedagogical theories worthless, he fell back on Marxism-Leninism, in which he had received so rich an education in 1905-1907 and 1917-1920. He was able to put his finger on the essential errors of the "pedagogical Olympus."

" 'Up above' the 'child' was regard as a creature filled with some spe gaseous substance for which no one had yet found a name. In reality it was same old-fashioned soul on which apostles of old had practiced their sk It was assumed (the working hypothes that this substance was capable of self- velopment, if only it was let alone. H of books had been written on the subj but all of them, in their essence, mer repeated the dictums of Rousseau:

" *'Childhood should be regarded w awe. . . .'*

" *'Beware of tampering with nature!'*

"The principal dogma of this creed c sisted in the statement that, given aforementioned awe and respect for ture, the substance will inevitably deve into a communist personality. In rea the only things that grew under s purely natural conditions were what alw does grow when nature is left to herself just ordinary weeds: but this did not se to trouble anyone — abstract ideas principles were what the Olympians h dear."

It is not hard to recognize in th false theories which dressed the selves up as "socialism" the sa "progressive education" so prevale in our own country, offering its now as the only alternative to t degeneration of public educati with its overcrowded classrooms, segregation, its aged and dilapidat buildings, its frequently incompet and now terrorized teachers. H real education, equipping the ch with the knowledge necessary to ma the world an understandable pla vanishes as much from the one from the other.

"Progressive education" was bo out of John Dewey's pragmatis which taught that there was no

ing people could really know, and was further bolstered by Freudianism, which taught that knowledge, development, the understanding of reality, the education in the social heritage, were "repressions" of the "instincts." It uses such attractive words as "freedom" and "self-expression," but to "progressive education" freedom means the avoidance of reality, the "protection" of the child from any knowledge of the laws and make-up of the world in which he would have to live.

While admitting a smattering of science, what "progressive education" leaves out is precisely the essential aspect of the real world, namely that it is a place of *struggle.* It uses such brave words as "practice," "learning from doing"—this deceptive mask of realism is interlaced through all pragmatic theory—but what it does is to create little make-believe, artificial "environments" in which everything seems sweetly harmonious. But on leaving this make-believe harmony, the product of "progressive education" inevitably finds himself disarmed in the face of the real world which seems now a place of utter chaos in which the only guide is self-interest.

There is an obvious parallel between the false educational theories that sprouted in the Soviet Union during the 1920's and early 30's, and the pseudo-modernism and leftism that infiltrated Soviet artistic life during that period. The wiping out of melody from music and reality from stage and canvas, which were advanced as "revolutionary" and "anti-bourgeois" were nothing but anarchism, the wiping out of the cultural heritage itself.

In some cases these cults were hiding places for wrecking Trotskyite elements. It is little wonder that John Dewey and his colleague, George S. Counts, found Soviet education so "interesting" in the 1920's, and turned into such fanatical Red-baiters in the middle 30's when most of this nonsense was thrown out, after some rich and fruitful public discussions, and it became apparent that socialism had put itself on a stronger cultural footing.

And although *The Road to Life* is written with a warm love for people and joy in life, it contains also the grim story of the battle forced on Makarenko by the unprincipled, arrogant apostles of "true liberation," who were outraged when their theories were subjected to genuine, realistic criticism. They almost destroyed Makarenko, and did for many years keep his ideas from being known and discussed.

The Road to Life was published in 1935. It was followed by other writings ranging from novels to pedagogical treatises. These books formed part of the basis for a thorough overhauling of Soviet education. Makarenko died in 1939, for he was one who "did not spare himself, and his constitution was undermined by strenuous toil."

Like the other cultural achievements of socialism, this book is a splendid addition to world knowl-

edge. It is a revelation of the potentialities of people and of the "beauty and strength of the human personality." It is a fascinating book to read; the rich literary quality is preserved in the English translation by Ivy Litvinov. Here is a source for many fruitful discussions by parents and teachers, by all who are concerned with children and teen-agers.

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

Fighting Surgeon

THE SCAPEL, THE SWORD, by Ted Allan and Sydney Gordon. *Little, Brown.* $5.00.

HERE is a book that illustrates one paradox of our time. Published by Little, Brown & Company, which not so long ago shamelessly purged its progressive editor, Angus Cameron, at the behest of the Un-Americans, it deals with the life and death of an outstanding Canadian Communist, Dr. Norman Bethune.

That Dr. Bethune himself, had he lived till today, would have been the victim of the Canadian and U.S. witch-hunters, there can be no doubt. For he was a man who took seriously the Hippocratic Oath, and he committed various other sins that cannot find absolution in the present atmosphere:

He was outspokenly in favor of socialized medicine;

He fought for the Spanish Republic, where his transfusions of whole blood—for the first time on any battlefield—won world-wide acclaim;

He organized mobile operati units in Chinese guerrilla territory behalf of the 8th Route Army;

And, of course, he implemented famous statement — "Twenty-f years ago it was thought contempti to be called a Socialist. Today it ridiculous not to be one"—by joini the Canadian Communist Party 1937, on his return from Spain.

The roster of Dr. Norm Bethune's accomplishments is st gering. He was not only a thora surgeon of international renown; was also an innovator of surgical struments used in every hospital day. He was a writer of passion painter and sculptor; a poet; an ganizer and public speaker; a teach critic, medical theoretician and pr titioner respected and even reve by those who detested his politi opinions.

It was Norman Bethune w coined the phrase: "Be a lea though you only lead yourself, every leader starts by first lead himself."

He put this axiom into practice leading himself from the brink of grave—he was dying of tuberculo at the age of 36—back to health a a concentrated activity that litera burned him to death at the age of

In those thirteen years Bethune came something more than the "gr surgeon" he had set his heart on ing when he was a youth. He beca a great man; a lover of mankind w placed his fellow men and women far ahead of his own interests th

on his death, another Canadian physician stated publicly:

"Norman Bethune boasted he was a Communist. I say he was a Saint of God."

Such "blasphemy," of course, would curl the hair of Senators McCarran and McCarthy, but on the level the speaker was using, it was an exact description of Bethune.

In a session with his Chinese guerilla doctors, whom Bethune trained even as he worked, the Canadian was criticized for being "irascible." He was impatient with those who had no technique, who were careless or irresponsible, who did not exhibit his own utter selflessness.

In his diary that night, Bethune wrote the following words:

"I was 'irascible,' they said, when things didn't go the way they should; when they did things incorrectly; when they were inefficient. I was asked by each of them to be kinder (in my tone of voice) when I found that they did something wrong. I promised. Will I never learn? I promised—and fifteen minutes later was being extremely icy to a (male) nurse because of crude handling of a dressing. . . .

"He asked Tung (the interpreter) to remind me of my promise.

"I answered: 'Yes, I remember. But remind him also that a life is involved when he's sloppy.'

"I said it quietly, though, and to the nurse I added: 'It is not up to me to forgive you for a sloppy dressing, but to the wounded soldier.'

"The soldier (a bad arm wound—shell splinter) looked up at him and said gravely: 'I forgive you.'

"The nurse almost cried. I don't think I shall ever have to be 'irascible' with him again. And I don't think I shall ever want to be."

This shattering episode is only one of many such incidents which Ted Allan (who knew Bethune in Spain) and Sydney Gordon, the authors of *The Scalpel, the Sword* have discovered that illuminate the life and death of this great leader.

The book gives every evidence of being a labor of love and well it might be, for Bethune's love of humanity (despite his irascibility) was the mark of the man. He was constantly being called to account for his refusal to protect himself, his endless hours at the operating table without rest or food, his lack of sleep. He paid no attention.

And it was his determination to complete a series of operations, when the Japanese were less than ten minutes from his front-line outfit, that killed Bethune. For in haste, working without rubber gloves, he cut his finger.

Septicemia developed and killed the doctor whose name is celebrated throughout China every year on the anniversary of his death. A chain of hospitals and medical schools named after Bethune stretches today from Yenan to Peking. His name, while he lived, became a battle-cry for the 8th Route Army:

"Attack! Bethune is here to care for the wounded!"

The Scalpel, the Sword is an inspir-

ing book; it inspires in the reader something of the courage and determination that animated the man whose story Allan and Gordon have finally told—in words as exalted as those he used himself when he wanted to move people.

ALVAH BESSIE