

MASSES & **MAINSTREAM**

MATERIALISM and PSYCHOANALYSIS

MILTON HOWARD

New Tasks for Soviet Culture

G. M. MALENKOV

Can Anything Be Done About Hollywood?

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

Sketches of the Volga-Don

BORIS POLEVOI

Muriel Draper
Jessica Smith

War Invades the Libraries
Henry Black

NOVEMBER, 1952

35 cents



MASSES & Mainstream

Editor

SAMUEL SILLEN

Associate Editors

HERBERT APTHEKER

LLOYD L. BROWN
(on leave)

A. B. MAGIL

Contributing Editors

MILTON BLAU

PHILLIP BONOSKY

RICHARD O. BOYER

W. E. B. DU BOIS

ARNAUD D'USSEAU

PHILIP EVERGOOD

HOWARD FAST

BEN FIELD

FREDERICK V. FIELD

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

HUGO GELLERT

BARBARA GILES

MICHAEL GOLD

SHIRLEY GRAHAM

WILLIAM GROPPER

ROBERT GWATHMEY

MILTON HOWARD

CHARLES HUMBOLDT

V. J. JEROME

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

MERIDEL LE SUEUR

JOSEPH NORTH

PAUL ROBESON

HOWARD SELSAM

JOSEPH STAROBIN

JOHN STUART

THEODORE WARD

CHARLES WHITE

November, 1952

Our Time *Samuel Sillen* 1

Sketches of the Volga-Don *Boris Polevoi* 7

Materialism and Psychoanalysis *Milton Howard* 18

Two Poems *Shirle Chapper* 28

New Tasks for Soviet Culture *G. M. Malenkov* 33

Can Anything Be Done About Hollywood?
John Howard Lawson 37

Muriel Draper: The Legacy of a Peace Leader
Jessica Smith 47

Right Face 51

War Invades the Libraries *Henry Black* 52

Books in Review:

Ring Song, by Naomi Replansky:
Charles Humboldt 58

The Reign of Witches, by Elizabeth Law-
son:
Herbert Aptbeker 60

MASSES & MAINSTREAM is published monthly by Masses & Mainstream, Inc., 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y. Subscription rate \$4 a year; foreign and Canada, \$4.50 a year. Single copies 35c; outside the U.S.A., 50c. Registered as second class matter February 25, 1948, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1952.

Our Time

By SAMUEL SILLEN

- *Save the Rosenbergs!*
 - *Scientists Speak Up*
 - *Culture for Peace*
 - *"English for the World!"*
-

NO HUMAN being with a spark of conscience can remain silent in face of the threatened cold-blooded murder of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg.

The whole judicial proceeding against them has been a terrible mockery. They were tried by headlines and hysteria. And now the Supreme Court, which turned its back on Willie McGee and the Martinsville Seven, turns its back on them.

The Rosenbergs were from the outset marked out by the prosecution as necessary victims of the whole drive to whip up war hysteria. They never had a chance to defend themselves against the vicious fantasies of their assailants. They have confronted the ferocity of a wolf pack thirsting for blood.

And in this whole year of torment and trial, cut off from each other and their children, penned up in the deathhouse gloom of Sing Sing, they have maintained an unshatterable dignity and courage which should have

overwhelmed their accusers, were they capable of feeling.

The Supreme Court, with the honorable exception of Mr. Justice Black, has committed a cowardly crime in refusing to review the case. It has thereby given a go-ahead signal to the most bigoted forces in American life.

It has sanctified war hysterics. It has put its imprimatur on the vileness of anti-Semitism. It has proved itself the heartless and cynical creature of the corporations.

The fight to save the Rosenbergs is the fight to keep America free of Buchenwalds and Dachaus. We must win this fight not only for the sake of the Rosenbergs but for the sake of our children.

Snuffing out the lives of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg would hasten the reign of the brute in America. A spinal cord of moral decency would snap in the electric chair with them.

From the death house in Sing Sing the Rosenbergs wrote on the eve of the Supreme Court's infamous refusal to consider their case:

"Our plea to the Supreme Court has been restricted by legal protocol, but before the bar of public opinion we cannot re-assert often or emphatically enough our complete innocence of the charge.

"One matter should be made unequivocally clear, no matter what the result. We will continue in our determination to expose the political frameup perpetrated against us by those who would silence by death, through spurious espionage accusations, our opposition to the conspiracy to impose war abroad and a police state at home.

"We do not want to die. We are young and yearn for a long life of accomplishment. Yet if the only alternative to death is the purchase of life at the cost of personal dignity and abandonment of the struggle for democracy and ethical standards, there is no future for us or any legacy we can leave our children or those who survive and follow them.

"For what is life without the right to live it? Death holds no horror as great as the horror of a sterile existence, devoid of social responsibility and the courage of one's convictions.

"We believe that our fellow Americans share these sentiments. We believe that they will save us and themselves from this conspiracy to put to death innocent Americans."

President Truman can save these young lives. And it is up to us to see that he does so. All of us and our friends and their friends too must call upon the President to end the threat of this unthinkable murder. Let us appeal to all men and women of conscience, whatever their political views, to join in this campaign.

Scientists Speak Up

IT WAS heartening to read the spirited protest against thought control lodged against the government last month by a group of 34 eminent scientists headed by Dr. Albert Einstein.

The scientists specifically condemned Washington's visa and passport policies, and in particular two fascist laws sponsored by Pat McCarran—the so-called Internal Security Act of 1950 and the Nuremberg-style Immigration and Nationality

Act of 1952. These laws, like other decrees enacted in the name "combating Communism," impose police-state penalties, including concentration camps, on every American who refuses to be a robot.

Writing in a special issue of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, a group of 34 reviews a long series of cases that show where the Iron Curtain is really located. Typical cases include:

Dr. Linus Pauling, Nobel Prize chemist of the California Institute of Technology, who earlier this year was refused a passport to visit London for a meeting of the Royal Society where he was invited to discuss proteins. Professor Pauling was denied a passport because of his activities in behalf of peace, but pressure forced the State Department to back down.

Dr. Leonardo Guzman, Professor of Medicine at the University of Santiago and former Prime Minister and Minister of Education of Chile, who was barred from entering the country to study isotopes in their relation to cancer.

Dr. M. L. Oliphant of the Australian National University and Jacques Monod of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, denied visas to come here for scientific conferences.

A number of scientists joining in the protest are involved in an unhappy contradiction. On the one hand they support the government's program; on the other hand they are dismayed by the thought control measures which are the inevitable

consequences of this program.

Thus, an editorial on "America's Paper Curtain," by Dr. Edward A. Shils hails the "far-sightedness" of the administration's bellicose North Atlantic Treaty while deploring the "sheer ignorance in some sections of the State Department." This would make it appear that the ban on scientific interchange is the blunder of some bureaucrat rather than a matter of calculated official policy.

Nevertheless, the protest of the scientists, joined in by such figures as Professors Urey, Compton, and Weisskopf, has great significance in the struggle against fascism.

True far-sightedness is shown in the statement by Dr. Albert Einstein pointing out that the passport issue is a "peripheral symptom of an ailment which has deeper roots." Dr. Einstein, speaking out of a first hand knowledge of how fascism and war developed in Germany, warns:

"The free, unhampered exchange of ideas and scientific conclusions is necessary for the sound development of science as it is in all spheres of cultural life. In my opinion, there can be no doubt that the intervention of political authorities in this country in the free exchange of knowledge between individuals has already had significantly damaging effects.

"First of all, the damage is to be seen in the field of scientific work proper, and, after a while, it will become evident in technology and industrial production.

"The intrusion of the political authorities into the scientific life of our country is especially evident in the obstruction of the travels of American scientists and scholars abroad and of foreign scientists seeking to come to this country.

"Such petty behavior on the part of a

powerful country is only a peripheral symptom of an ailment which has deeper roots.

"Interference with the freedom of the oral and written communication of scientific results, the widespread attitude of political distrust which is supported by an immense police organization, the timidity and the anxiety of individuals to avoid everything which might cause grave suspicion and which could threaten their economic positions—all these are only symptoms, even though they reveal more clearly the threatening character of the illness.

"This attitude explains all of the unpleasant facts which we have designated above as symptoms. It must, if it does not rectify itself, lead to war and to very far-reaching destruction. It finds its expression in the budget of the United States.

"Only if we overcome this obsession can we really turn our attention in a reasonable way to the real political problem, which is, 'How can we contribute to make the life of man on this diminishing earth more secure and more tolerable?'

"The difficulties in securing visas for foreign scientists who wish to visit the United States, and the annoyance that is suffered by some Americans in trying to get passports for traveling abroad, seem to be getting worse with time, and, in fact, threaten to make all satisfactory contact between American and European scientists impossible in the near future."

Dr. Einstein's words should be soberly weighed by the American people as, day in and day out, they read about the mass persecution of teachers, radio artists, doctors, journalists, lawyers. The McCarran and Un-American Committees are trying to scour the brains of the country with the grit of Know-Nothingism. And Attorney General McGranery does his bit with a pledge to protect

America from the wiles of Charles Chaplin.

This official hoodlumism against honest intellectuals has reached such depths of shame that many people who thought only recently that "It Can't Happen Here" are being forced to awaken. There is unquestionably a growing sentiment in the country for repealing the McCarran and Smith Acts, and for restoring the Bill of Rights. The moment is ripe for Americans of the most diverse views to build a common front to stop the onrush of fascism.

Culture for Peace

COMPARE the situation described by the American scientists with the position of the Soviet Union as described in an article on "International Scientific Co-operation" in the Soviet publication *News* (issue of October 1, 1952):

"International co-operation in research is essential to the progress of mankind—this belief has always been basic in Soviet science. The desire to work in concert with scientists the world over in the name of progress is traditional with the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. The Academy has re-established all its prewar contacts and made many new ones, consistently advocating the fellowship of all scientific workers who believe that science should foster peace, prosperity and co-operation among the nations."

In keeping with this policy, Soviet scientists have taken an active part in various international congresses, such as this year's congress of chemists and biochemists in Paris, the geological congress in Algiers, the Interna-

tional Astronomical Congress in Rome. An example of genuine scientific co-operation was the visit of Eugene Pavlovsky, eminent Soviet parasitologist, to India where he read a paper on Leishmaniosis, a disease prevalent in various parts of India.

In turn, Soviet scientists welcome delegations from many countries. To cite a few recent examples, a French medical delegation headed by Dr. Benjamin Weill-Hallé studied the achievements of Soviet medicine. Professor Kathleen Lonsdale, crystallographer, who came to the U.S.S.R. with a delegation of Quakers, made a study of Soviet laboratories; Professors Semerano and Arnaudi of Italy observed at first hand the work of the Institute of Physical Chemistry. Dr. Ukil, director of the Calcutta Medical Institute, and other famous Indian scientists came to discuss their work with Soviet researchers.

Such facts refute the charge that Soviet scientists are sealed off and refuse to maintain international contacts. It is useful to recall that on the contrary Soviet invitations to hold international scientific congresses in the U.S.S.R. have been rejected by various associations whose executive boards are influenced by U.S. policy—for example, the invitation to hold the Eighth International Astronomy Conference in Leningrad last year.

Indeed, on the 35th anniversary of the Socialist Revolution we find the Soviet people and their leaders more determined than ever to strengthen the cause of peace and friendship among the peoples of the

world. The interests of the Soviet Union are "inseparable from the cause of peace the world over," Stalin told the 19th Communist Party Congress in Moscow last month. This is borne out by the report to the Congress by Malenkov, devoted mainly to the problems of peaceful construction and a further rise in the living and cultural standards of the Soviet people. We are pleased to present an excerpt from this report in the current issue, as well as two sketches by Boris Polevoi describing Soviet people who built the Volga-Don Navigation Canal, one of the great postwar construction projects.

The great hopes placed in the land of Socialism by such American visitors as John Reed, Lincoln Steffens, and Theodore Dreiser are being fully realized in our own day. It is the success of the Soviet Union in building a multi-national life free from the exploitation of man by man which arouses the frenzied rage of the trusts whose hold on the people is slipping. But this rage is powerless to reverse the collective will of hundreds of millions the world over.

"English for the World!"

IN THE "American Century" all the colonies of Wall Street will naturally adopt, whether they like it or not, the language of the mother country. "English for the World!"—that is the portentous title of an article by W. L. Werner featured in the Fall Book Issue of the Morgan-financed *Saturday Review* (Oct. 4). "English

for the World!"—that is the cheerful news for the unfortunates who have hitherto had to stumble along in the obsolete dialects of Voltaire and Pushkin, of Goethe, Lu Hsun, and Dante.

"It is," promises the author, "warfare against the Soviet dictatorship without bloodshed, a war against illiteracy and disease that accompany it, a war for democratic ideas, and for world peace."

In this bloodless war, writes Mr. Werner, a professor of American literature at Pennsylvania State College, the United States is winning many battles. Through Hollywood films, radio broadcasts, UNESCO, Fulbright scholars, and above all through that peculiarly efficient "carrier of English in this century, the American Expeditionary Forces in World Wars I and II, in the Korean police action, and in occupied countries."

It is certain that the more wars, police actions, and occupied countries we have, the more English will spread, and with it peace!

There is one obstacle, Mr. Werner notes with understandable alarm. The people he wants to bless with God's tongue are stubborn in their ignorance. Thus in India "the movement to independence has roused dislike for the language of the former rulers. India, it is argued, should have its own language." There is no time to waste:

"The deadline is September 14, 1968. Up to that date the official language of India is English. After that the official language will be Hindi, the largest of the Indian dia-

lects. . . . Our first task in this fight for English as at least (!) the secondary language of the Republic is to get cheap American books there [obviously they must not be British] so that the Indians who already can read English will go on reading it and will continue to absorb democratic American ideas in spite of the national turning to Hindi."

The professor is, of course, not very original. He is advocating a program that U.S. imperialism has practiced from its earliest days. Theodore Roosevelt, the daddy of "English for the World!", wrote concerning Puerto Rico: "After the Organic Act of 1900, the next step was the resolute attempt to stamp out local customs and culture and substitute English for Spanish."

As Pettis Perry notes in the July issue of *Political Affairs*, it was only after a fifty-year struggle by the Puerto Rican people that Spanish was finally adopted, in 1948, as the language for school use. But the fact is, adds Mr. Perry, that "despite this law, even today, most textbooks in use in Puerto Rico, especially from the sixth grade up, are in English, not Spanish. The insultingly specious reason offered for this is that Spanish translations are unavailable!"

Moreover: "Wall Street's music, art, fiction, radio programs and movie productions have swamped

Puerto Rico. There are, indeed, many more Spanish-speaking movies in New York than in Puerto Rico and the shoddy outpourings of Hollywood are shown in Puerto Rico without even the elementary courtesy of Spanish titles."

It is such blessings that Wall Street and its cultural spokesmen now want to pour on the entire world. And they are offended when they are not embraced for their benevolence!

This arrogant, reeking chauvinism has become a commonplace in the bourgeois literary organs. The New York *Times* Book Section (Oct. 12) carries a review of a book by E. S. Sachs, left-wing trade union leader of South Africa. Mr. Sachs correctly notes that "The millions of non-whites do not want to dominate the whites: they want land, education, work and decent living standards, with democratic rights for themselves." But the *Times* reviewer, John Barkham, objects. "This," he writes, "may have been so once, but hardly any longer. If you kick any dog long enough, you will make it savage."

The Hitlerites never surpassed such blatant racism, such contempt for a great people struggling for its freedom. And this in the pages of that great custodian of the free world, the New York *Times*, which should be called upon to apologize for its coarse insult.

For the next several months our Associate Editor Lloyd L. Brown will be on leave to work on a literary project. During this period, A. B. Magil, a former editor of NEW MASSES, will join the editorial staff.—THE EDITORS.

TWO SKETCHES:

1. Seaside Avenue

by **BORIS POLEVOI**

These two sketches are part of a series by Boris Polevoi dealing with the construction of the Volga-Don Navigation Canal. These sketches by the author of Story of a Real Man and We Are Soviet People were popular features in the Soviet press.

WE WERE driving in a brand-new Pobeda car, straight from the factory, which had not been "broken in" yet, and hence we moved along at a snail's pace, much to the disgust of the driver who literally gnashed his teeth to see even rattle-trap collective farm trucks speed past us.

The flat monotonous steppes, relieved only by an occasional hoary patch of alkali marshes, moved interminably past our windows with the maddening slowness sometimes experienced in dreams. The traffic was so thick that the dust never had a chance to settle and hung over the steppes in a heavy grey pall.

Everything about us, the poles and the sagging wires of the high-voltage

line that intersected the road, the grass in the roadside ditches, and even the squirrels that stood rigid on the top of their burrows watching the endless stream of traffic—everything was coated with a thick, suede-like film of grey dust. Here and there the dust would suddenly begin to whirl upwards, drawn into a spinning pillar which seemed to press against the low murky sky, but soon it too would dissolve in the same dusty mist.

Even the cool of the autumn evening did not settle the dust. Automobile headlights could not pierce the shimmering grey mass, and cars groped their way forward tooting their horns madly. Driving under such conditions became a hazardous business, and our driver suggested that we turn off the highway and spend the night in a nearby village famed for its kolkhoz chairman, a man of enterprise and initiative who was always ready to welcome anyone from the Volga-Don. The driver turned off the main road onto a

country lane, thus extricating us from our dusty bondage, and an hour later we saw a cluster of electric lights twinkling pleasantly ahead of us.

The car stopped outside a long new building, the collective farm office. There were lights in the windows, and through the vapor-dimmed panes we could see the silhouettes of many people. A stream of bluish tobacco smoke poured out through the open ventilation window. The driver ran inside and reappeared a minute later with a thickset man wearing an army tunic and gleaming top boots. Wiping his shaven head with a handkerchief, he came over to our car, shook hands with us and said in a jovial bass voice:

"Drive straight over to my place. The wife will take care of you. I'll give her a ring. She'll be right glad to see you. Sorry I can't come with you. We have a lecturer here from Moscow. He's giving us a talk on irrigated farming." And turning to the driver he added:

"You haven't forgotten the way, have you, Guardsman? This is Seaside Avenue, and the one at right angles to it is the Embankment. That's where our house is, No. 3. The one with the painted porch. I'll give Gorpina a ring, and she'll have things humming. Like greased lightning she is when she gets going."

BUT we didn't give our hostess a chance to "get going," though it was a very cordial welcome she gave us indeed. The long, painfully slow drive over the dusty steppe

highway had tired us out so completely that after having washed off some of the accumulated grime of travel, we retired to the bedroom where our hostess had already made up beds for us, and stretched out luxuriously between the cool, freshly laundered sheets.

How pleasant it was after our weary wanderings through the dusty steppe to come within reach of water again. And although we had not seen much of our surroundings in the dark, the very names of the streets—Seaside Avenue, Embankment—were deliciously suggestive of cool, moist breezes, the gentle lapping of water and the rustling of reeds by the shore.

The hostess had thoughtfully shaded the lamp, leaving the spacious room, whose walls still exuded a pleasant resinous smell, in semi-darkness. Etched sharply against the lace curtains in this half light were some curious potted plants with round and fluffy-looking fruit where one would have expected to see flowers. They looked strangely out of place in the homey surroundings. I could not help feeling that I had seen them somewhere before, but when and where I could not recall.

Much later, through a dreamy haze I heard the chairman come home. I heard him moving about on tiptoe in his squeaking top boots and soothing his wife in a half-whisper. Having allowed "the folks from the canal" to go to bed without supper. Then I heard him talking on the phone, thanking someone in a hoarse

conspiratorial bass for the fine lecturer, and begging to be allowed to keep him "just for a week, or at least five days, all right, for one more day then," to give consultation to the farmers.

When the chairman finally subsided and evidently retired for the night, two young voices, a man's and a woman's, were heard arguing heatedly as to what was more profitable to plant, rice or cotton, until the chairman in the same conspiratorial whisper ordered them to "hush and get to bed!"

Everything — the unusual street names in this steppe village, the chairman's telephone conversation, the argument over the rice and cotton and those strange plants on the window sill—merged in a general impression of something novel and exciting that held out the promise of something even more unexpected on the morrow. The feeling persisted when I awoke the following morning, and the first thing I discovered when I opened my eyes was that the mysterious flowerpots contained nothing less than several varieties of cotton plants. Down below they were still blooming, but up above hung the ripe bolls on the verge of splitting.

Outside the lace-curtained window the leaves of young acacias fluttered in the wind, but instead of the river or lake that ought by rights to have been visible from the Embankment there lay the grey, dry, naked steppe stretching far into the distance from the eminence on which the village stood.

A HEARTY breakfast awaited us in the next room. But our host was not there. His wife, a tall, slow-moving, sturdily built Cossack woman, neatly dressed and with a white cotton kerchief tied under her chin, told us that "Father" had gone off before dawn with his Moscow visitor to the field where the farm was planning to plant rice and cotton next spring when the irrigation canal would be ready. The farmers had already made some experiments this year, and although water was still very scarce—it had to be pumped from a great depth—the experiments had been successful, and now it was the general ambition to make the irrigated fields produce crops that would become as famous as the grapes which the collective farm had brought with them when they had moved here from the now flooded zone.

"Why is there such a scarcity of water?"

"Well, it's a good thirty kilometres to the Don from here. We have to pump our water up from the wells and it's as hard and salty as can be. Even the cattle don't like it."

We remarked that the names of the village streets didn't seem to suggest a shortage of water.

Our hostess smiled, revealing a row of even, pearly teeth.

"Those names are all right. In the spring the Tsimlyanskaya Sea will come all the way up to our house. That's why this street is called the Embankment, and Seaside Avenue will lead right down to the pier.

Last spring, when we moved from the old place and began settling down here, there was quite an argument about what names to give the streets. You see, in the old place we had only one street. It ran the entire length of the village and overlooked the Don. But now we have streets and avenues and squares. We even have a boulevard. True, the trees aren't big enough yet to give shade to a chicken. But we call it a boulevard just the same. And a fine boulevard it will be when the acacias, willows and cherry trees we've planted grow up."

She lapsed into silence while she busied herself with changing plates and laying fresh helpings before her guests.

"Aren't you lonesome for the old place?"

She sighed.

"To tell the truth I am. After all, I was born and brought up there. My grandfather and great grandfather are buried there. Such a nice vilage it was too, all green grass, trees and flowers. . . . It seemed such a pity to leave it all. It hurts when you have to cut down even an old withered pear tree, and how could we take all that with us? Father, and many of the others too, seem to have forgotten the old place already. They're all taken up with this cotton and rice now. They're so busy looking ahead they've no time to look back, I suppose. Yesterday they were up late arguing about what is better to plant. Some say rice is more profitable, others favor cotton; the coun-

try needs cotton more than rice, they say. Father came home around two in the morning, and the youngsters even later than that. And they kept arguing away till Father hushed them up. The young ones don't ever talk about the old place any more. For them it's already at the bottom of the sea."

SHE placed a vase of grapes on the table, heavy purple clusters with drops of morning dew still sparkling on them.

"Our famous variety. Try them." She smiled as if to herself, and then, fearing that her guests might misinterpret her smile, she hastened to explain. "You think it's queer of us to name our street Seaside Avenue. But do you know what the folks here are arguing about now? The Comsomol lads and girls have thought of a new name for the village. They want to call it Five Seas Village because ships from five inland seas will be put in here before long. At first the older men laughed at the idea, but lately Father has surprised me by saying suddenly out of a clear sky, 'Five Seas Village, hm! Not so bad that, eh, Gorpina?'"

The telephone rang. Our hostess picked up the receiver, moved aside her kerchief and put it to her ear.

"Oh, it's you. No. They're still here. Yes, they're having breakfast. Now listen here, you leave that to me. Don't you try and teach me. All right I'll tell them, but you attend to your own affairs. Taking care of guests my business."

She replaced the receiver on the hook.

"It's himself. He's afraid I'm not taking care of you properly. You know, he's got that canal on the brain. Whenever anyone comes here from the project, he doesn't know what to do with him. It's a good thing you went to bed early last night or he'd have talked you to death. He wants to know everything about the canal."

Half an hour later we took our departure. In the bright morning sunlight Seaside Avenue looked quite jolly with its double row of pleasant little houses which seemed to be standing on tiptoe on their brick foundations. In the middle of this main street was a large square, and around it, in true city fashion, were

grouped a number of large attractive buildings: the club, the collective farm office, the nursery and the pharmacy. Two rows of slender young trees lined the pavements, and newly planted saplings peeped out from behind the new fences.

And although all this was covered with the same grey-green layer of dust, and the elderly water carrier was delivering that as yet precious commodity, water, in a tank fixed on an old truck, it was somehow not difficult to imagine the delightful view of glittering blue expanses of water that would soon open up from the Embankment, or to picture trucks speeding down Seaside Avenue carrying freight to the pier to be loaded on the boats that would come here from five Soviet inland seas.

2. The Consultation

"IT ISN'T as if there was anything remarkable about the whole affair. It's common enough. But if you insist, I can give you the story. First let me explain who Natasha is, because she was the cause of all the trouble. And then you really ought to know something of the background, although as I said before, there isn't much to tell. All in the day's work, so to speak."

Nikolai Chumachenko, senior dredgeman and Comsomol organizer for the crew of one of the best suction dredges on the job, had served in a Guards artillery unit during the war and still retained his spruce, soldierly bearing. Two Orders of the Patriotic War and an Order of the Red Star gleamed on his neat army tunic. He was about to continue when a blue-eyed girl with charming dim-

ples interrupted him. Shaking her fair curls, she clasped her hands in a gesture of mock dismay.

"Heavens!" she cried, "how he drags it out! 'First, and then!' He'll never get to the point. Natasha is the daughter of the dredge crew chief. You know, the famous one. She's nearly a year old now, but in the spring, when this happened, she was only eight months. She's one of the first babies born on the project, and the whole crew is madly in love with her, even old Nikitych, the bosun, who gets quite tongue-tied in the presence of women. And so whenever Natasha has an upset stomach, the whole dredge crew runs a temperature."

The Comsomol organizer tried hard to preserve his rugged calm, but an involuntary smile flitted across his lean, sunburned face.

"Look at her! Would you believe that she is a doctor, a specialist, mind you! Do you think I'd let a flippant young thing like that treat me if I were ill? Fortunately, I never am. But to get back to Natasha. She really did get ill that time, seriously ill, too. It happened during the spring floods, just when we had our hands full.

"Now, our chief has nerves of steel. I've seen him face danger many a time without turning a hair. But then we saw he was cracking up. He didn't say a word to any of us and he worked as hard as usual, but you could see he was in a bad way. He lost weight, his eyes were as red as a rabbit's, and his nerves were so taut

you felt they were bound to snap any moment. But not a word did he say about his little girl. He kept his trouble to himself, didn't want to distract any of us from work.

"Some of the boys asked him what was wrong, but he wouldn't tell them. 'There's nothing wrong,' he said. 'You carry on with the work and let me be.' Got touchy and irritable, and went about looking like a thundercloud. When the boys said that it was no use, they let him alone. Especially since he wasn't letting his worries affect the work, and our dredge was still ahead of all the others.

"And, to tell the truth, there was too much to do to think of anything else. We had decided to make a machine top its projected capacity by half as much again as our contribution to May Day. So you see we had our work cut out for us."

"When it comes to those 'curves of output' they forget everything else on earth!" the girl interrupted, darting a mischievous glance in the dredgeman's direction.

THE barb evidently struck home for he dropped his eyes and pretended not to have heard the remark.

"Well, I'm the Comsomol organizer besides being a dredgeman, and I know man beings mean as much to me as output. And since there was no help in the work I guessed that the trouble lay at home. So one night when the chief was on duty, I went over to his place to find out what was wrong. I found out soon enough. There "

the baby practically dying, the local doctors had given up hope, and the poor mother was going crazy with grief.

"No wonder the chief looked the way he did. He spent all his time between shifts watching at the baby's bedside. I got properly scared, I can tell you. The doctor here was right when she said we all dote on that kid. She's such a sweet little thing, great big blue eyes and red hair like a flame. And there she was, lying on her cot, her little cheeks all sunken and her great, big eyes staring up at you as if pleading for help.

"I thought of that poor fellow, her father, and cold shivers ran down my spine. How could he have borne all this without saying a word to anyone? I decided to take action. I ran over to the dispensary. It was late at night and the place was closed. I couldn't find the bell in the dark and I started banging at the door. Remember, Comrade Doctor?"

"I'm not likely ever to forget it. I was on duty that night. There were no patients, and I had dozed off when suddenly that awful noise. I thought the dyke had burst or something. A nurse came running in, all excited: 'Elizaveta Nikitchna,' she said, 'there's some madman out there trying to break in!' And there he was right behind her.

"You ought to have seen what a sight he looked! Bareheaded, mud up to his knees, the sweat pouring down his face. 'Doctor, come at once. Natasha is dying!' Who Natasha was, and what she was dying of, he didn't

stop to explain. He just pulled me along.

"I told him to wait until I'd get a car, but he said no car could get through the mud and water. It was a distance of two kilometres, and he made me run all the way. I lost my galoshes in the mud, but it was so deep you could have lost a pair of top boots there, let alone galoshes. He carried me over the worst places, the big bear. By the time we got there I looked as if I'd been dragged through a drainpipe, but he wouldn't give me any time to tidy up.

"He led me straight over to the cot. If anyone in medical school had told me that I would ever turn up at a sickbed in that state, I wouldn't have believed it. Well, I caught my breath, washed myself and examined the child. The examination only confirmed the diagnosis made by the other doctors. They had done everything that could be done, but this was a disease that was nearly always fatal for such young children.

"The little girl was already in a coma, the mother was frozen with grief, and this one here—I took him for the father at the time — stood there imploring me to do something. 'You must save her,' he said. 'Perform a miracle if you like, but save her.' 'There are no such things as miracles,' I told him. But he said, 'If a person wants something badly enough he can perform miracles.'"

"And you know, there must be some truth in that. For I suddenly remembered hearing a lot of talk at the Institute clinic where I worked

as interne, about a new method of treating this particular illness which our professor, a famous pediatricist, was working on at the time. I told this citizen here that a cure for the disease had been worked out, but that it was still in the experimental stage and that I didn't know very much about it myself since I had only heard about it.

"And do you know what this silly did? Go on, you good-for-nothing, tell them! There's no need to blush about it now! He picked me up in his arms, me a graduate doctor, and whirled me around the room. . . ."

IT WAS hard to believe that this calm, dignified ex-serviceman could be capable of such a thing, but the dark flush that mantled his sallow cheeks showed that something of the kind must indeed have occurred.

"Yes, yes, he did. And right in front of the mother and the little baby, which, you must admit, was not very tactful, to say the least. What happened after was rather like the situation Chekhov described in his famous story, *A Horsey Name*, except that here it wasn't a matter of curing a bored gentleman's gumboil, but of saving a child's life.

"Like the man in the story, I searched my memory but I couldn't remember exactly what the cure consisted of. And the harder I tried, the more I saw that I had forgotten what were probably the most important details. It was awful to think that the poor baby might die before my eyes

just because I hadn't been interested enough about the professor's experiments at the time to make a note of it.

"But this citizen here wouldn't give me time to think. 'Never mind,' he said, 'the important thing is that Soviet medicine has discovered a cure. Do you know the telephone number of the clinic?' As it happened I did. But what good was that? The clinic was hundreds of miles away in Moscow, while we were stranded here in the steppe. It was the middle of the night, and the flood had cut us off even from the main settlement where the telegraph and inter-urban telephone station are.

"But that didn't worry him. 'Come on,' he said. 'There's a telephone in the hydraulic engineering office. You get that number and leave the rest to me.' How do you like that for self-confidence?"

"What's self-confidence got to do with it? The important thing is to have confidence in Soviet people. All I have that. What's more, I had the number of the clinic, a telephone nearby, a doctor at my side, and not such a bad doctor either as I discovered later on, although I must admit that her turned-up nose and especially all those curls didn't inspire much confidence in me at the time.

"I see I'll have to get a pair of pince-nez like Chekhov before I can make any impression on people like him, 'psychopathic cases,' one of our old nurses calls them," the doctor went on. "Well, we got to the telephone. This citizen picks up the receiver and

gets the inter-urban station on the wire.

"And you ought to have heard the sugary voice he put on: 'This is Chumachenko from the Comsomol dredge,' he said sweetly. 'How do you do.' It appears the operators know him and the rest of the dredge crew quite well because of the messages of greeting and congratulations that come to them from all over the country. Just the same, they couldn't put us through urgently to Moscow, they said, because all the lines were busy.

"But this comrade wouldn't take no for an answer. Besides, he can argue very convincingly, as you probably know, and by the time he had finished describing the poor little baby at death's door they had Moscow on the wire."

"I got the clinic," Chumachenko took up the story. "And asked for the professor. I said we needed his advice on an urgent matter. The answer I got nearly floored me. Professor so-and-so, they told me, is away on a holiday at Sochi. I nearly howled with disappointment.

"As for her. . . . Come on, Comrade Doctor, tell them what *you* did! She turned on the waterworks. And just then, as always happens with long-distance calls, at the most exciting moment we were cut off, and a nasty wooden sort of voice said: 'Your time's up.' I saw red. 'What do you mean by cutting me off like that,' I yelled. 'This is a matter of life and death. I'm calling from the Volga-Don, from one of the construction works of Communism!'

"And would you believe it, that wooden voice turned velvet in a twinkling: 'From the Volga-Don, did you say? Just a minute. I'm connecting you.' And the next moment the clinic was on the wire again. The doctor on duty at the other end recognized my voice. He also knew that a new method of treating that disease had been tried but unfortunately, being a specialist in tuberculosis of the bone himself, he couldn't give me any exact details of the cure. I asked him to give me the professor's address at the health resort, but he wouldn't hear of it. 'You must be mad,' he said. 'The old man hasn't had a holiday for two years. We cannot allow him to be disturbed.'

"I remembered how I had won over the wooden voice and I decided to try it again. 'Listen here,' I said. 'I'm speaking from the Volga-Don, from the big construction project.' That got him. 'You don't say! Right from the Volga-Don?' 'The very place,' I assured him. 'I can see the famous lock from the window next to my telephone.' I heard some paper rustling at the other end. 'Take down the address,' he said. 'Sochi, Primorye Sanatorium, Room No. 3. Excuse me, I didn't know you were from the Volga-Don.'"

"**Y**OU can't imagine how relieved I felt when we got that address," the doctor interrupted, brushing away some suspicious moisture that clung to her long lashes. "But to get Sochi on the wire turned out to

be not so simple either. But the comrade here used all his powers of persuasion and at last we got through. This time he began the conversation by yelling right off: 'Volga-Don speaking!'"

"No, now, I didn't do anything of the kind. But I did put in a word or two about the project. I told them who wanted to speak to Professor so-and-so urgently. The voice at the other end, an old woman's by the sound of it, said that the professor was in bed, it being way after midnight by now, and that he may be a professor, but in the sanatorium he was a patient like everybody else and couldn't be disturbed. Sanatorium guests could be reached by telephone from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. every Sunday.

"I'm speaking from the Volga-Don and I need the professor urgently,' I said as patiently as I could. 'What's the Volga-Don got to do with it?' she wanted to know. 'Look,' I said, 'to you the Volga-Don, like the other great construction projects, may mean nothing but giant machines. But you forget that the machines are run by people and that these people have children who are liable to get sick just like any other children.' I told her how sick little Natasha was. Well, the old lady weakened finally and went off to call the professor. A minute hadn't passed before I heard a cracked bass voice at the other end: 'Hello, Volga-Don! Professor so-and-so speaking.'"

The girl smiled.

"The stalwart comrade here took

fright when he heard that voice and shoved the receiver into my hand. Well, I explained the whole case as best I could, and I am proud to say the professor praised me for having diagnosed it correctly and also for having telephoned to him. He told me what had to be done, dictated the prescription, slowly and carefully. We were almost cut off several times, but the professor himself uttered the magic word 'Volga-Don' and it worked.

"I thanked him for his help, but when I began apologizing for having disturbed him, he got quite angry with me. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, doctor! I am at your service whenever you need me. I am only too happy to be able to make at least some small contribution to the great undertaking.' And he made me promise to let him know the results of the treatment.

"What happened after that? Oh, after that everything went well. We had a first-class hospital down here and no shortage of medicines. I phoned the prescription to the pharmacists; and our friend here rowed across the river and brought it back. The most amazing thing is that the whole business took no more than two hours. By morning I gave Natasha the first injection, after which this comrade rushed me back to the dispensary with more speed than courtesies, and ran off to that dredge of his to tell the father the good news and relieve him on the shift."

"And what happened after that?"

The two young people exchanged

a glance. The doctor dropped her eyes and blushed, while the dredge-man turned away and proceeded to scrutinize some blemish on the wall with great interest. And then they both burst out laughing.

"Nothing much really! Except that Natasha got well and the dredge crew sent a joint telegram to the professor in Sochi, congratulating him on the success of his method and informing him that in honor of Soviet science we had undertaken to boost our output to 150 per cent."

"And then we moved into this room," the girl said quickly. "It's a brand new house. The dredge chief lives next door. Would you like me to show you Natasha?"

She ran out and returned a few

minutes later with a chubby little girl in her arms. The child examined everybody gravely with her big, blue eyes, suddenly stretched out her plump little arms towards the shining decorations on Nikolai Chumachenko's neat tunic, and smiled, revealing four pearly teeth on top and two tiny sharp ones at the bottom.

"Da-da-da-da!" she babbled happily.

"She knows me already," the dredge-man said with a delighted grin. "Our bosun," he added, "that's the queer old duck who shuts up like a clam when women are around, calls Natasha a clever little matchmaker."

The two young people exchanged a glance that told me all that had been left unsaid.

AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS

HENRY BLACK is Librarian of the Jefferson School of Social Science in New York.

SHIRLE CHAPPER is an undergraduate student in Chicago specializing in American literature.

MILTON HOWARD, whose articles on Ernest Hemingway and Whittaker Chambers appeared in recent issues of *M&M*, is Associate Editor of the *Daily Worker*.

JESSICA SMITH is editor of *New World Review* and author of *People Come First*.

MATERIALISM and PSYCHOANALYSIS

By MILTON HOWARD

A TRENCHANT epitaph on all prevailing bourgeois psychologies was written by Marx and Engels in *The German Ideology*:

"Consciousness can never be anything else than conscious existence. And the existence of men is their *actual life-process*. . . . The demand to change consciousness amounts to a demand to interpret reality in another way, *that is, to accept it by means of another interpretation.*" (My italics, M.H.)

There is not a single current psychological "science" in our country that is capable of studying or even defining consciousness in terms of the individual's "actual life-process." To achieve this, it would have to penetrate to the nature of the social system. It would have to understand also that this social system produces not only neurotic and disoriented victims but a class of individuals destined to replace it with a healthier society, a class which, in the midst of the profit-based society's contempt for the human personality, develops its own tempered, clear-sighted humanism.

The "actual life-process" of the individual means the searching for the origin of the "internal" emotional and intellectual life in the

contradictions and clashes of the external social reality, and not the other way around.

Does the "actual life-process" include the effect of family, early experiences, education, personal history, etc.? It would be an absurdity to say so. On the contrary, the specific peculiarities of the personal history can be understood only by the method of historical materialism, by the method of Marxian social analysis. This alone places these individual factors (which are not and can never be purely individual of course) in their proper setting.

It is the deception of Freudian and post-Freudian schools that they find the "life-process" either mystical or as inherited "drives" centering on sexual war between offspring and parents, or as a study of "character formation" centering on standardizing and falsified formulas about the family extracted completely from the practical basis of the "actual life-process," the social-economic relations and the individual's place within them.

SINCE these schools are incapable of a scientific theory of individual and social behavior, they become essentially religious explanations.

every fundamental aspect, the methodology, ideas and even procedures of all the modern bourgeois psychological schools are a variety of the "religious experience."

The essence of religious experience is philosophic idealism—that is, the illusion that it is our thinking, our inner consciousness, which determines our lives; that the important thing in the achievement of happiness is "to change from within," that the higher reality is "spiritual," and the external real world is base, hostile, evil, and above all unchangeable in any of its essentials. All Freudian and post-Freudian influences and practices are manifestations of this type of illusion that it is basically in the "within" of the individual — either in infancy or in one's instincts — that one must seek the clue to one's actions and life.

The Freudian and post-Freudian schools (Fromm, Horney, Kardiner, etc.) have their own varieties of prayer, confession, penitence, original sin, pardon, the devil. These are wrapped up in secular jargon of course, but they are not much different from the age-old procedures of the priests. Their religious character is not in the least altered because they present themselves as a "psychotherapy for neuroses," or as a means of polishing up one's "Character structure" or as a preachy recipe for "wholesome relatedness to reality."

Freud himself commented on the similarity between the faith mechanism of his procedures and the faith

mechanism of the priests: "I do not think that our successes can compete with those of Lourdes. There are so many more people who believe in the miracles of the Blessed Virgin than in the existence of the Un-conscious." (*New Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis*). A "cure" which is measured by the degree to which the patient "believes" what his curer tells him and which cannot be objectively tested, is clearly nothing but a variety of religious mystical experience.

Contemporary psychoanalytic literature abounds with reference to the growing alliance of organized religion and Freudianism in one or another form. The couch and the confessional are intense rivals for the control of people's minds.

We have space here only for a quotation from one of the leading authorities of Freudian psychiatry in the United States, a man whose opinions are important not only because of his prominence but even more because he heads the famous Menninger Institute where hundreds of practicing psychiatrists are trained. Menninger, a flagrant reactionary politically, cannot help revealing the reactionary heart of his so-called science which his students practice on people:

"Dr. Wertham {who had objected to a book written by a priest and a psychiatrist jointly} doesn't speak for American psychiatry, or represent preponderant psychiatric thinking when he dismisses religion and theology as of no importance to psychiatric thinking and practice. Faith and other components of religion are a very real force in the lives of most people, and no psychiatry can be considered sound

which attempts to ignore any powerful reality. . . . It would be unfortunate if science, including psychiatry, were so presumptuous as to attempt to obstruct religion." (*Saturday Review*, May 13, 1950).

In this warning, Menninger emphasized quite logically the alliance between his "science" and religious faith. What he did not do was to admit that even his so-called science of "therapy" and "adjustment" is itself nothing but a disguised religion decked out in jargon intended to conceal its real character from those seeking science where no science exists.

IN TESTING the truth and usefulness of any approach to psychology, it seems to me that there are four guiding principles. I would list them as follows:

First, what does it say about the classical question for all theories of knowledge? Which does it conceive as primary, the consciousness of man (ideas, emotions, needs)? Or the external world of nature and social practice?

Second, what does it say about the nature of external reality? Does it view this external reality as changing, as changeable? How does the psychology we are testing view the social character of the "environment" within which, or against which, the consciousness acts?

Third, how does it view the interaction of the human consciousness (individually and in collective action) upon this external reality? How

does it view the quality and origin of human nature, and the mechanism of change in the human character?

Finally, how does it view the mechanism of thought, its physiology, the way in which the human brain mediates between the outer world of sensation and social practice, and the "inner world" of thought, feeling, and ideas?

It is on these four points that all contemporary schools of bourgeois psychological thought, whether Freudian, post-Freudian or behaviorist, are shown to be quackery, a numbing of the intelligence, and a cruel deception of the victims of capitalism's immorality and chaos. Let us elaborate briefly on these points.

1. The assertion of the primacy of external reality (nature, society, classes) as the origin and source of man's inner life (thinking, feeling, ideas) is the Rock of Gibraltar of all historical-materialist thinking. All forms of idealism preach the opposite. They ultimately come back to the view that thinking, feeling, or "inner drives" and "instincts," are prior to experience, that they come from within "the depths of personality," from spirit or God, and in the end determine individual behavior, experience, and character. It is this which makes them all varieties of religion, that is non-scientific.

2. The nature of external reality. Working class science proves that "the environment" about which all schools of bourgeois thought talk a lot is a specific kind of environment. It is a capitalist environment with a

specific, historic nature; it is a system with a beginning and an end. It is an environment in which the human personality is not a generalized personality with general laws applicable to all persons at all times, but a personality conditioned by class relations, class ideologies, and class modes of life. A psychology which evades this understanding of the external reality as a class-divided reality is incapable of any scientific validity. It substitutes empty, formalistic definitions and categories for real concrete actuality, and thus tells lies about that which it is describing and analyzing.

WHAT is meant by a formalist non-scientific psychological category? We mean by it essentially what is meant in the Marxist critique of similar categories in economic or social sciences. We mean that any definition of any life process which pretends that it is dealing with a universal, unchanging phenomenon outside of history and good for all social systems must be of necessity a false definition. In Marxist thought, the categories of "freedom," "opportunity," "competition," "supply and demand," "capital," "wages," "justice," "property," or any category whatsoever, can have scientific meaning only if they are referred back to a specific historic society at a specific stage of its development.

These categories are not universal, good for all time and places. They mean different things to different classes. They are not applicable to all human history in the same man-

nér, but apply differently to different societies, slave, feudal, capitalist, socialist or communist.

The same applies to psychological categories. The terms "reality," "hostility," "repression," "adjustment," "love," "harmony," "integration," "effectiveness," etc. cannot have the same significance for different social systems, nor for members of different classes in the same social system.

Moreover, the real way in which these qualities operate in "the actual life-process" of different individuals in different classes must necessarily differ in their content and in the way they affect character and practice. The "integrated" and "adjusted" landlord or employer obviously cannot be "adjusted" and "integrated" in the same fashion as their tenants or their hired laborers. The "personality goals" of the exploiter are not the goals of the exploited.

The quality of family relationships within class-conscious families of the working class, forced into economic and political combinations by the collective character of their work and necessities, cannot be the same as within the isolated, profit-haunted families of the middle classes and the upper class. The nature of "love," though it has a non-class basis in biology, is not above classes or beyond historical-social experience. The master and the slave, the owners and the propertyless, love different things for different reasons and in a different way. The remorselessly greedy individualism of non-working class morality is alien to the collective-

mind, collective-acting working class personality which views its happiness and "integration" in an entirely different, in fact, in an exactly opposite way from other classes. The basic fraud is to drain these categories of their social, historic content, and to apply them to the individual and to society without regard to the "actual life-process."

THIS mysticism disguises itself by appearing to deal materialistically with material development, although always outside the main material force in our society, that is, the social relations and the struggle of classes. Thus, there is a veritable torrent of literature on personal character, family relations, educational methods, social case work, etc. which has this appearance of dealing realistically with real questions. But in all cases, the method is one of tearing the problem or phenomenon out of its social context, and thereby falsifying it.

Are there the now-notorious "aggression" or "withdrawal" characteristics of personality? Of course personalities display, among many other qualities, qualities which can be so described in a superficial, one-sided manner. But these categories, extracted from the socially-conditioned "actual life-process" are meaningless or deceitful.

Is there the problem, so beloved of the latest neo-Freudians, of "relatedness to others"? This is only the classic Marxist insight of the alienation of the human psyche, its atomi-

zation, by means of capitalist commodity society. But the neo-Freudians tear this question away from its roots, give it a purely mystical definition, root it in private will where the cause and the cure are allegedly to be found. Is there "repression"? There is, but of what? And is it necessarily bad? Can there be growth without necessary and fruitful repressions? Is there a deformation of sexuality in commodity society? Most certainly. But it is the whole personality which is deformed by inhuman capitalist relations, not merely sexuality; to refer to "repressed sexuality" as the root cause of all personal and social phenomena is to mock scientific method, to replace the real issue with a falsely defined issue.

Are there the "crises of adolescence," the "sibling rivalry" tearing at the souls of children, the "anxiety" deep in the human soul, the "search for acceptance," to mention but a few of the incantations of the psychological schools? It is obvious that we have here a mixture of the real, the partially-real, and the pure fantasy, but all seen falsely through the eyes of Freudian illusion. The Freudian "anxiety" inherent in human nature is a reactionary myth. There is no inherited "anxiety"; it is a social product. The "sibling rivalry" does not exist in the fashion in which the Freudians describe it, as an inherited biological rivalry for the love of the rival parents as biologic units. The "sibling rivalry" is one *minor* aspect of a real phenomenon which includes not only "rivalry" but also coopera-

tion and affection; this "rivalry" often expresses merely a historically transitory social fact, such as poverty, or the socially degraded position of the *woman* as mother in which the over-burdened mother cannot function maternally for all her children.

Freudianism and its schools either seize on real phenomena and give them a mystically false definition, or invent completely false phenomena which do not exist at all.

WE NOW come to our third test. This is the way a given psychological school explains the nature of the "external reality" and the individual's relation to it.

Here we have an extremely sharp and distinct divergence between the historical-materialist analysis and the host of schools of bourgeois psychology. The latter are incapable of providing an accurate, objectively verifiable, analysis of how the individual human consciousness under class-divided societies is *divided* consciousness; how human consciousness under capitalism is class and national consciousness.

All Freudian, or other non-working class psychological theories in vogue today, are incapable of correctly viewing the *interaction* of the individual and society. They falsely pose an abstract and isolated "individual" being acted upon by another abstraction known as "society." They do not want to see the inescapable relationship between the individual psychology (which exists and has a relative uniqueness) and the indi-

vidual's "actual life-process," that is, his class position and everything that flows from it.

Thus, they do not see that though its variations are necessarily wide because of different individual histories, possible organic hereditary influences, upbringing, etc., the individual consciousness is not merely molded by being acted upon, but is capable of beneficial transformations through reacting upon the external social environment in joint activity with others. Bourgeois psychologies and "psychotherapies" are incapable of envisioning the psychology of the class which capitalism creates not only as its victim but as its conscious and critical antagonist. The "adjustment" they preach is a psychological phrase for accepting capitalist reality "by means of another interpretation" of it. They are capable, as Marx said of another school of thought, only of the "outlook of single individuals in civil society."

In certain variants, such false psychologies (that of Harry Stack Sullivan, for example) prescribe formulas for these "single individuals" in their "inter-relationships," but always as non-class individuals taken out of their "real life-process." They have exhorted people to establish "more meaningful relationships" without any alteration either in their "real life-process" or in their struggle to alter it in cooperative activity.

The personality conceived in Freudian terms is merely the victim of society and wages war against it regardless of its historic content (feu-

dal, capitalist or socialist). The individual is acted upon by society which confronts him as a separate power. He can have no other relationship with it than to ward off its blows or resist its restrictions on his flaming "id" where comically seethe all desires for unbridled, criminally instinctive "pleasure." The heart of this corruption is political passivity, contempt for the liberating force of the masses. It is the perfect image of the greedy petty-bourgeois dreaming of the luxuriant excesses of the big bourgeois, but unable to afford them.

We have in the U.S.A. a variant of these nakedly mystical schools of the hidden devil in man's nature, of the unconscious determinant in the individual's personal history. These are the theories of Karen Horney and Eric Fromm. Their particular formula is to use the jargon of a "progressive sociology" to doctor up the Freudian mysticism and to offer improvement of the "character structure" through having expensive talks with a character "fixer."

These "left wing" Freudian schools disapprove of the dismal outlook of Freud and his unchangeable and inherited "drives." But they substitute for this their own idealist formulas. Instead of the fraud of the unconscious inherited "drives" for sexual cohabitation with one's parents (the Oedipus Complex), they use the same Unconscious in another way — the alleged frustrations of childhood imposed by parental authority are seen as decisive in deforming the individ-

ual's present life because he is unconscious of the way his parents have deformed him.

The real practical relationships in the family, the real practical evolution of the child, not as an abstraction but as a member of a social group with social problems, and the real social relationships of the individual, are all seen without any reference to the "real life-process," to classes or class ideology. Instead we get the idealist formula of changing one's self by talking, but talking without any ideological content or any program of practical collaboration with others against the alien and hostile social system.

WE NOW come to the final point in the four-point testing of psychological claims. This is the mechanism of thought, the relationship of the higher to the lower nervous activity, the way in which emotions and physiology are inextricably interrelated, the way in which the brain "matter organized in a special way" functions and mediates between the human organism and its "actual living conditions."

We refer here to the tremendous scientific revolution in physiology, psychology, and all related fields known as the Pavlovian system of the functioning of the higher nervous system through conditioned reflexes through the interaction of the unconscious functions (not the Unconscious) within the organism and conscious thought.

It is impossible here to give more

than the briefest definition of this Pavlovian thought, which is the materialist-physical basis for the Marxist theory of knowledge, and for all developments in every field of psychology, education, character study, as well as in medicine, psychiatry, and biology.

This Pavlovian basis for a scientific psychology is given in Pavlov's discovery of the mechanism of the conditioned reflex, in his theory of the first and second signal systems, and in the predominant role of the highest brain functions in the cerebral cortex. This discovery has been woefully misunderstood or distorted in the United States into a sort of behaviorism, a theory of mechanistic "reflex" which reduces all the complexities of thought and emotion to glands, chemical reactions, and muscular responses to stimuli. The name of Pavlov recalls vaguely something about a dog's mouth flowing with saliva when a bell rings. That is about as much as most of us have been permitted to know about it.

In reality, the most advanced science in the study of man, Soviet science, bases itself today on the creative power of the Pavlovian insight. Of this epochal concept of the new path in science, described in the reports of the historic Scientific Session on the Physiological Teachings of I. P. Pavlov, we in the United States have been kept in ignorance. The speeches of the physiologists, K. M. Bykov and A. G. Ivan-Smolenski, available in English, are procurable only with great difficulty. Yet they are the key-

stone to any advance in our understanding of materialism, in psychology, psychiatry, and medical theory.

Briefly, here are some of the Pavlovian ideas which shatter the pretensions of all Freudian and post-Freudian mysticisms which base themselves on the separation of the "internal drives" or "internal conflict" from the outside social reality with its class-created conflicts:

1. External factors influence all processes in the organism through the medium of the cerebral cortex of the brain.

2. Through the conditioned reflex, all inner processes of the central nervous system are subordinated to the cerebral cortex. The external environment is thus inseparably connected with the internal.

3. The higher nervous activity — that is the physical basis of thought and feeling—is the result of definite and continuous interplay of factors of both the internal and external environment.

K. M. Bykov notes:

"By his experimental investigations, I. P. Pavlov enriched the Marxist-Leninist theory of knowledge which recognizes the existence of the objective world independent of our consciousness, a world reflected in man's sensations and consciousness. The great physiologist contributed much to our understanding of how 'the subjective image of the objective world' (Lenin) is formed through a complex reflex act, thereby substantiating the dialectical unity of the subjective and the objective, the psychical and the physical."

This viewpoint challenges all the myths of the Freudians since it roots

the entire internal life of man (his needs, desires, ideas) in the concrete conditions of his existence, in man's changing experience, in the "actual life-process" viewed as changing and changeable. Pavlov destroys the myth of the inherited Un-conscious as a separate, mystical entity unaffected by history.

The above view also challenges all the false systems which proceed from an abstract, classless individual acted upon by an equally unhistoric, unchanging and unchangeable environment since it shows that the individual does not exist prior to the environment. The individual is both a creation of that external social reality on the one hand, and changes himself by changing that reality on the other. The nature of the individual consciousness is nothing but the sum total of the organism's life and experience, in the form of inherited adaptations, and in the form of current activity which is socially-conditioned activity.

Bykov states that through Pavlov's work, in which Pavlov consciously challenged the whole Freudian hodgepodge, "the road was opened for the experimental study of the most intricate psychical processes on the basis of a materialistic conception of the so-called spiritual phenomena. This movement which Pavlov initiated in science is truly vast."

Bykov warns against any attempt to reduce the great reaches of thought, the creative power of theory, to either sheer biology or sheer "spirit" or any other form of religious mysticism:

"One of the most important cornerstones of modern medicine is biology. The laws of biology form the theoretical groundwork of all the cardinal problems of medical theory and practice. Inasmuch, however, as medical sciences study the *human* organism from all points of view, medicine, in both its theoretical and practical aspects, must also rest on the so-called humanities. That is why any attempt to build up a theoretical foundation of the science of medicine on either the basis of biology alone or psychology alone inevitably has led and will lead to a crude mechanistic world outlook, and in the long run, to sterile idealism and fideism."

This routs the behaviorist, mechanistical schools which reduce consciousness thought to physiology, the schools which make it the slave of the irrational or the Un-conscious, or which manufacture mystical theories of personality and mental health on the basis of "psychology alone."

But what is the content of the "humanities" in Bykov's statement? It is nothing else than the predominant effect of conscious thought, of class ideology and class purpose and morality, growing out of class practice and reacting upon that practice in a critical-revolutionary manner. It exalts the creativity of revolutionary theory, of aspirations, goals. Though neurosis is not merely a deformation of ideology, ideology is a potent shield against neurosis, at least what passes for neurosis among individuals socially disoriented.

It would be foolish to imagine that this outline summary of the social and philosophical issues involved in the struggle against Freudianism

in its different forms has solved all problems. This is not so. The physical exploration of the brain's processes needs enormous extension on the basis of Pavlov's work. There is also the intricate question of the relationships of the inherited physiology (which is not unchangeable) to the socially-conditioned mind. There are the relationships of individual to class psychology. There is the question as to what, if anything, is non-class and social and what is national and class in the human personality.

There is the prime question for psychiatric science: to what extent are neuroses (real ones, not just feelings of unhappiness, boredom, or social uselessness) a result of personal-ideological disorientations, and to what extent are they physiological in their basis? This needs to be studied materialistically in all its concreteness.

For let us never cease to repeat that Freudianism—and all its fashionable variants in the United States today—acts as a major counter-revolution in thought, as a strong mystical trend undermining progress in politics, art, and social life.

It would be equally foolish to imagine that a political-philosophic criticism of the Freudian and post-Freudian analysts, advisers, counsellors who are to be found in our social agencies, schools, and medical institutions will automatically provide for the system of care which the social decay makes so necessary for its victims now. Essential to any criticism of Freudianism is the practical strug-

gle against the conditions which produce breakdowns, and practical struggle for hospitals, care centers, rest, economic security, to the degree that it is possible to win these under the present system.

This writer, who is not a psychologist but a political journalist, urges that Freudianism be routed not only politically, and in the arts, as a pervasive, reactionary illusion which shields the social system from its victims; but also that it be refuted psychologically, "from within" so to speak. Its theories of "repression" and the "unconscious" and all the later classless variations of "personality conflicts" must be replaced by a materialist psychology of the individual and of social consciousness.

American Marxists have here a wide open field for advance, for research, study, activity. The professionals in these fields have the duty of combating the obscurantism which infests their fields, as Marxists making new contributions, and as friends and allies of all honest scientists seeking to defend the materialist heritage of science.

That this is no easy matter is seen in the fact that Soviet psychologists and psychiatrists have only just begun to tackle it, and are a far way off from a fully elaborated psychological science. But the challenge is a noble one. It is the challenge of liberating man's mind as he achieves ever-widening mastery of life, creates the real basis for human joy, builds for himself "truly human conditions," the goal of Marxism.

Two Poems:

Days Of Anger

I imagine there are winds of Summer
in South Africa, brimmed with odors
from the crops and trees, which also
rustle dust on narrow Alabama roads.

I imagine there are days of anger
in South Africa, when the salt of tyranny
is rubbed into the open flesh of freedom
that only civil disobedience can heal.

The tendrils of my feelings reach
across the broad Atlantic, and here,
lost within Chicago, I know the tears,
the blood, the strength of native Africans.

A Bantu found a diamond—a clear bright gem.
It shone in the eyes of the imperialists
who came, in sympathy with banks and bones,
and buried the black men in ghettoes.

O Harlem in Johannesburg,
and Cicero in compounds
close to the blues
of the mines . . .

Using words as fat as books of law:

The Natives Development Act
The Native Trust and Land Act
The Native Representation Act

And, sometimes, using words as lean and brief as worms:

Children and young men on the reservations,
famine eats the cattle and the shrubs,

come—work and die upon these fertile fields
colonized by England. We give you a pass to breathe.

O Buchenwald in Africa,
and Goebbels on the trim
green lawn is sipping
his 3 o'clock tea . . .

I imagine there are rains of Autumn
in South Africa, which bite the earth
and run to lakes and rivers; like rains
and rocks that shaped the Mississippi.

I imagine in Johannesburg a Mother,
pregnant with child and future days,
whispers to the air, alert in Georgia,
whispers to a world of listening air:

Queen Elizabeth
you wear us on your crown.
8 million thorns
upon your regal head
will prick you
at your coronation.

Queen Elizabeth,
you shall not have my son
to smother in the slums
or concentration camps.

8 million voices
shout for freedom!

Dr. Malan,
you are half a man
and half
the Bank of England.
We Africans are priceless.
Our muscles dazzle

with the sweat of labor.
We till the fields,
and raise the cattle,
work the mines^{*}
and, in the factories,
we manufacture freedom.

This land is ours,
and you intrude
upon it.

Portrait Of A Man

My father was a carpenter for thirty years
before the depression caught his heart
and broke it as if it were an old dry limb
and not filled with red sap and bursting,

a veteran of World War I, he hated war,
the sacrificial front and martyred mothers,
and one Memorial Day when guns were tolling
at 11 a.m., he wept on the kitchen table,

he never could accept his real adversaries,
although he knew the bankers did not give
a damn for common men, he blamed himself
for rice and canned milk on the dinner table,

he was a Roosevelt man, believed in the NRA
and the government for the many,
but he would not take relief, he blamed himself
for lack of "getting somewhere" . . .

he blamed his lack of education, his ungrammatical
"ain'ts" and "don'ts" for working only with
a saw and hammer in his hands, discounting
the pleasure of the music of his tools,

the sun upon his face and arms, the bright air,
the embryonic building rising from the earth
to touch the noon above the shadows,
he often used the dictionary,

and many were his moods, I remember him
in the Summer sadness, sitting on the porch,
barely moving, never speaking, seeming one
with blank and dusk,

his rage in the bowl of night, when I,
trembling in my room, heard muffled tears
and curses from my father's world
beyond my understanding,

and his manic surprise with moments of life,
when song and wine and dancing
bit into the edges of his desperation,
and the neighbors, laughing . . .

and I, a child, surprised that days and nights
could have so many meanings, that one
beyond my simple years could need my love,
the weapon of a daughter's love,

but even this was not enough
to pay the bills, to fill the empty eyes,
relieve the guilt of silent hands
in silent mornings, silent sunsets,

"Father, I need a dress, a dime for the show,
all the other kids have, a carnival isn't fun
unless. . . ." Each beggar palm and beggar voice,
a knife to his bleeding conscience,

and our anguish on the holidays when anticipation
went as hungry to bed as when it woke,
never enough string to cut or lids to open
both for child and Santa Claus.

I would search for him in neighborhood saloons
where juke boxes prayed, "God, Roll Out The Barrel,"
or he would stumble home, alone, to break
the unpaid-for furniture,

to hurt a hostile world slowly killing him
 and his large degree of will to live,
 to defy by hurling a dish or slapping his wife,
 to defy his executioner,

for at least, at least, at least,
 he was Lord of his Home,
 his family,
 his private property

with a garden to plant
 and a fence to paint
 and hedges to trim
 and taxes to pay
 as certain as death,

he was a union man, the union did a thing or two,
 but he would not join the march on hunger,
 would not call each man his "brother,"
 depending on his dying individual strength,

my grief is thick with lessons,
 sick with too-late and the passive fog
 that hides his obscure grave
 and no more attention,

his was a young, unfortunate cross,
 his body still brimming with red sap and bursting,
 but he hated himself too hard, too long,
 for being but a victim of a tragic time,

no battalion of friends and brothers
 mourned him slowly into the deep loss
 heaving with flowers and never-forget
 except my populated eyes and heart

crying then and now,
 crying for attention
 to this murder.

New Tasks for Soviet Culture

By **G. M. MALENKOV**

World-wide attention was centered last month on the 19th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union held in Moscow. The following is an excerpt from the Report to that Congress delivered by Mr. Malenkov on behalf of the Central Committee of the CPSU.

THE achievements in all branches of the national economy brought about further improvement in the living and cultural standards of Soviet society. This is quite natural. There could have been no other result because in our country socialist production is developed for the purpose of satisfying to the highest degree the constantly growing material and cultural requirements of society.

The main index of the rising standard of living of the Soviet people is the steady growth of the national income. Between 1940 and 1951 the national income of the U.S.S.R. rose by 83 per cent. As distinct from the capitalist countries, where more than half the national income is appropriated by the exploiting class, in the

Soviet Union the entire national income is the property of the working people. About three-quarters of the national income is used for satisfying the personal material and cultural needs of the working people of the U.S.S.R. and the remainder goes for expanding socialist production and for other state and social needs. . . .

Expenditure on education increased from 22.5 billion roubles in 1940 to 57.3 billion roubles in 1951, that is, by more than two and a half times. In the postwar years alone, 23,500 school buildings have been erected. The number of people attending school in the U.S.S.R. is now 57 million, or nearly eight million more than in 1940. Seven-year and ten-year schooling has been considerably expanded; from 1940 to 1951 inclusive the number of pupils in 5-10 grades increased by 25 per cent. The number of pupils in secondary technical schools and other specialized secondary schools increased by 40 per cent, and the number of students attending establishments of higher learning increased by 67 per cent.

In 1952 alone the higher education

establishments graduated 221,000 young specialists for the various branches of the national economy and enrolled 375,000 new students. Now working in the Soviet Union are approximately 5,500,000 specialists with diplomas from higher schools and specialized secondary schools, that is, 2.2 times more than before the war.

Taking into account the ever-increasing significance of science in the life of our society, the Party displays daily concern for its development. The Soviet state launched the construction and equipment of a big network of scientific research institutions and has created the most favorable conditions for the flowering of science; it has ensured large-scale training of scientific personnel.

The number of research institutes, laboratories and other scientific institutions in the U.S.S.R. increased from 1,560 in 1939 to 2,900 by the beginning of 1952. The number of scientific workers almost doubled during the same period. State expenditure for the promotion of science between 1946-1951 amounted to 47.2 billion roubles.

During the period under review the network of cultural and educational establishments in the towns and rural localities was expanded on a broad scale. At the present time the country has 380,000 libraries of various types. Since 1939 the number of libraries has increased by more than 120,000. Annual book printings have reached 800 million copies, an increase of 1.8 times since 1940. In

the period since 1939 the number of sound-film installations in the towns and villages has been almost trebled.

LITERATURE and art constitute an integral and most important component of Soviet culture. We have recorded major achievements in developing Soviet literature, the fine arts, the theatre and the cinema. A striking illustration of this is the annual award of Stalin Prizes to numerous gifted workers in these spheres. The high title of Stalin Prize Winner has been conferred upon 2,339 men and women of literature and art.

It would, however, be incorrect not to see, because of the great achievements, the big shortcomings in our literature and art. The point is that despite important successes in developing literature and art, the ideological and artistic level of many works is still not high enough. Many mediocre and dull works, and sometimes simply potboilers which distort Soviet reality, still crop up in literature and art. In the work of some writers and artists, the vibrant and variegated life of Soviet society is portrayed in a spiritless and boring manner.

The shortcomings in the cinema that important and popular forms of art, have not been eliminated. Our film people know how to make good pictures, pictures of high educational value, but their number is still small. Our cinematography has every possibility for making plenty of good films of various kinds but this pos-

sibility is poorly utilized.

The fact that the ideological and cultural level of the Soviet man has risen immeasurably must be taken into account; the Party helps him to improve his tastes by placing at his disposal the best works of literature and art. The Soviet public does not tolerate dull, empty and false works, and it makes high demands on our writers and artists.

In their works our writers and artists should pillory the faults, shortcomings and unhealthy phenomena to be met with in society; they must create positive artistic images of the men and women of the new type in all their splendor and human dignity, and thereby promote the inculcation in the people of our society of traits, habits and customs free from the ulcers and vices to which capitalism gives rise.

Yet in our Soviet fiction and dramaturgy, just as in cinematography, such types of works as satire are non-existent to this day. It would be incorrect to think that our Soviet reality does not provide any material for satire. We need Soviet Gogols and Shchedrins whose scorching satire would burn out all that is negative, decaying and moribund, everything that acts as a brake on our march onward.

Our Soviet literature and art must boldly portray life's contradictions and conflicts, must skillfully employ the weapon of criticism as an effective means of education. The strength and the significance of realistic art are that it can and must

bring to the fore and disclose the lofty spiritual qualities and typical positive traits of character of the ordinary man, create a vivid artistic image of him that would be worthy of being an example and an object of emulation to others.

In creating artistic images, our artists, writers and art workers must always remember that the typical is not only that which is most frequently encountered, but that which most fully and pointedly expresses the essence of the given social force. In the Marxist-Leninist understanding, the typical by no means signifies some sort of statistical average. Typicalness corresponds to the essence of the given social-historical phenomenon; it is not merely the most widespread, frequently occurring and ordinary phenomenon.

Conscious hyperbole and accentuation of an image does not exclude typicalness but discloses it more fully and emphasizes it. The typical is the basic sphere of manifestation of the Party approach to realistic art. The problem of typicalness is always a political problem.

The lofty and noble task confronting workers in literature and art can be successfully resolved only if we conduct a decisive battle against hackwork by our artists and writers, if falseness and rottenness are mercilessly rooted out of works of literature and art. A tremendous responsibility in the great struggle to nurture that which is new and radiant and to extirpate that which is decrepit and moribund in the life of society rests

with our workers in literature and art. It is the duty of our writers, artists, composers and cinema workers to study the life of Soviet society more deeply, to create major works of art worthy of our great people.

Comrades, we have won big successes in improving the Soviet people's material well-being and in advancing their culture. But we cannot rest content with what has been

achieved. The task is, on the basis of the development of the entire national economy, to ensure a further steady rise in the material and cultural level of the Soviet people. Our Party will continue to display unceasing concern for satisfying to the maximum the constantly growing requirements of the Soviet people, because their welfare and their prosperity is the supreme law for our Party.



Can Anything Be Done

ABOUT HOLLYWOOD?

By JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

(This is the third and concluding article of a series based on Mr. Lawson's Film in the Battle of Ideas, to be published as a booklet by Masses & Mainstream. The present article includes two chapters from the concluding section. These chapters follow an extended discussion of the social and political ideas presented in recent films.)

MARXIST understanding of the function of culture in a class society provides the guide for an effective ideological struggle. The analysis that I have presented of the propaganda role of films is designed to stimulate practical activity—the kind of activity which, unfortunately, has not as yet developed on a broad scale in the United States: the organization of the audience, the people, led by the working class, to oppose Hollywood's anti-democratic and immoral propaganda, and to seek a healthier film culture.

A mass campaign is possible and necessary; it can win wide support and make its effect felt on the screen.

Such a mass campaign can also create favorable conditions for the production and distribution of independent films, reflecting the interests and aspirations of the people.

Yet this proposition, which seems self-evident, is apparently subject to a good deal of questioning on the part of many progressives. The struggle against the corrupting influence of Hollywood pictures is weakened and delayed by confusion as to how the struggle is to be conducted—or whether it can be conducted at all. Many people seem to feel that nothing can be done about the commercial film, and that we might as well abandon the field to the enemy. The persecution of film workers by the Un-American Committee and the industry's wholesale exclusion of competent craftsmen on grounds of "political unreliability" has evoked considerable protest, but it has also, in certain minds, tended to confirm the view that protest is ineffectual.

The idea that it is futile to attack film propaganda indicates lack of confidence in the capacity of the

masses to grasp the issues and to organize effectively to influence the content of pictures. It indicates a failure to see the *ideological* struggle, the struggle to expose and defeat fascist and war propaganda, in its necessary connection with the political and economic struggles.

There are those who will accept the ideas of Marxism in their application to political and economic activity but find them "negative" and "discouraging" in their application to the cultural struggle. They seem to feel that emphasis on class control of Hollywood films tends to paralyze activity and to negate the possibility of effective protest.

Let us return to the fundamental question of base and superstructure. The formulation in an earlier article (*Masses and Mainstream*, July, 1952) has been criticized on the ground that the statement describing films as "one of the most essential parts of the cultural superstructure . . . utilized with special care and attention by the ruling class," proves it is hopeless to do anything about the commercial motion picture. The statement that the superstructure serves and defends the base, or economic structure, correctly characterizes the role of bourgeois culture as an instrument of class control. Does a worker fight less effectively for wages and hours when he realizes that the bosses control the police and the courts? The same worker, when equipped with this knowledge concerning the class control of films, is able to see through the myth that the screen of-

fers "pure entertainment" and to grasp the importance of organized resistance to monopoly film propaganda.

Is there any reason why a worker should pay several dollars to take his family to movies which educate his son to be a callous killer and potential strikebreaker, and teach his daughter that life is a game of sex and money? Is there any reason why the Negro people should pay to see movies which preach racism, "Anglo-Saxon Supremacy," and the annihilation of the colored people of colonial areas?

THERE is a further question: granted that audience protest is desirable, how can it affect Wall Street's control or modify Wall Street's policies? In a way this is like asking: "Will a strike change the anti-labor policies of the employers?" Everyone knows that trade union struggle does not change the intentions of the corporations. But everyone also knows that a strong labor movement can win tremendous gains for workers.

It is certainly true that organized protest, however vigorous it may be, will not cause Wall Street to abandon its control of Hollywood or to cease the use of films for its class aims. We need not hope that film magnates like Darryl Zanuck or Cecil B. DeMille will be converted to the democratic faith. But mass pressure can force concessions in the content of the films they produce.

Bourgeois culture serves to con-

solidate and defend the capitalist base by holding the minds of the masses in thrall, creating illusions and concealing the class control of society, and thus paralyzing popular opposition to the ruling class. Today Wall Street and Washington are trying to forestall a mass breakaway from their ideological control by moving as rapidly as possible to suppress books and thought itself. But the speed with which they move is not dependent solely on their will or their possession of police power. They must strive to maintain themselves in power with the aid of ideological ruses and rationalizations, expressed also in the sphere of culture.

Under present conditions, with growing world-wide resistance to Wall Street's war plans and increasing dissatisfaction at home with the unjust war in Korea, the objective conditions exist for the forces of peace and democracy to make real gains in the battle of ideas. This battle must be waged on two fronts. The struggle against the corrupting influence of the commercial film must be combined with the struggle for an independent motion picture art, genuinely free from Wall Street control.

The struggle on both fronts will have an effect on the content of Hollywood films. If popular protest is strong, Hollywood will attempt to head it off by concessions. If independent offerings reach large audiences, Hollywood will woo these audiences with concessions. If there is effective mass pressure, Hollywood's

response will involve real gains, which can be of value in the development of further pressure and the securing of greater gains. But nothing can be achieved by over-estimating these concessions, or ignoring the class interest which motivates them.

Changes in cinematic content will be designed to sow new illusions, to obscure basic issues and to appease protest. For example, it is possible to win jobs for Negro workers in the motion picture industry; it is also possible to force production of films which give, at least to a limited extent, honest portrayals of Negro life. This would be a very real accomplishment. But it would *not* cut through the web of reformist illusions which the dominant culture seeks to impose. Only independent production with the full participation of Negro artists can express in any profound and full sense the creative capacities and aspirations of the Negro people.

Changes in film content will reflect the general relationship of forces in the nation, and will always remain within the context of the over-all strategy of finance capital. Tactical concessions do not lessen Wall Street's appetite for profits or its desire to exploit human misery.

How are we to explain the attitude of progressives who fight Wall Street in trade union or political activity, and at the same time leave unchallenged the ideological line in films made by Wall Street? How naive must one be to suppose that monopoly capital desires to popularize the revolt of the Negro people

of Haiti in *Lydia Bailey*, or to endorse the revolutionary aspirations of Mexican peasants in *Viva Zapata!*?

Such naiveté would be the occasion for laughter or lamentation if we heard it expressed on economic or political questions. What would we say of a progressive trade unionist who praised the giant corporations for their sympathy for Negro workers and their opposition to Jim Crow? The praise is no less ridiculous when it is offered to the same corporations for their production of "Negro interest" films.

To view *The Well* or *A Streetcar Named Desire*, or even such an apparently innocuous film as *An American in Paris*, without a class approach, without alertness and partisanship, is an abandonment of struggle on the vital ideological field of battle.

A BROAD movement to expose the celluloid poison that is dishonestly labeled entertainment will include many people who do not understand the class character of art. The struggle for peace and democracy embraces men and women of diverse opinions on many levels of understanding. Many people are shocked by the threat of atomic war, and yet unwilling to believe that the United States is an imperialist power. Many workers are ready to fight for their rights without endorsing the theory of surplus value. People who have never heard of the cultural superstructure are nonetheless opposed to films which incite to war, encourage crime, and degrade the human spirit.

However, deeper understanding strengthens democratic action. Sections of the middle class, including middle class intellectuals, are increasingly aware of the danger of war and the threat of fascism. But their awareness may bring only paralyzing fear, if their failure to understand the relationship of class forces leads them to overestimate the power of the dominant class and to underestimate the gathering strength of the working class and the Negro people.

Illusions concerning Wall Street's use of films are often motivated by a desire to find crumbs of comfort in an apparently hopeless situation. Those who applaud Hollywood's occasional "New Look" ventures are overawed by Wall Street's cultural dominance and unwilling to concede the possibilities of a broad movement for a democratic culture. They help to mask the function of the cultural superstructure at the very moment when it is most necessary to expose it.

We can have very little faith in the common sense of the people of our country if we assume that they are incapable of seeing through the fraud perpetrated on their theatre screens. One need only stand in the lobby of a motion picture theatre and listen to the comment of the departing audience, to find that many of them feel a healthy disrespect for the entertainment. The comments, to be sure, tend to cynicism and apathy. But the industry's expensive advertising campaign, announcing foolishly

that "movies are better than ever," is a confession of Hollywood's impotence in the face of passive sales-resistance.

The weakness of Hollywood is defined in falling box office receipts. The period of witch-hunts in the industry and fascist propaganda on the screen has witnessed a spectacular decline in attendance. An article published in *Life* in August, 1951, noted that during the previous year 100 theaters had closed in Philadelphia, 31 in Cleveland, 134 in the state of California. The one year saw 3,000 movie houses shut their doors in the United States. (Robert Coughlan, "Now It Is Trouble That Is Supercolossal in Hollywood," *Life*, August 13, 1951). In 1944, 90 million tickets were sold each week in the United States. In 1952 weekly sales dropped to 35 million! Hollywood attempts to blame television for its troubles, but detailed statistical studies do not support this conclusion. (Geoffrey Wagner, "The Lost Audience," *Quarterly of Film, Radio and Television*, Summer, 1952).

Because film is more than a commodity—it is propaganda—the film crisis is serious culturally as well as financially. It remains for effective audience organization to tell Hollywood why the people do not like its films and what the people want done about it.

PUBLIC campaigns have been conducted against a few pictures which were exceptionally crass examples of Hollywood's contempt for

democracy and truth. A long fight was waged against the unspeakable slanders of the Negro people in *The Birth of a Nation*. But the film is still shown. Similar distortions of history in *Gone With the Wind* and many other pictures have not aroused wide protest. Several Jewish organizations exposed the anti-Semitism of *I Was a Communist for the FBI* and the English picture, *Oliver Twist*. There was shocked protest against the adulation of the Nazis in *The Desert Fox*, but it was not sufficient to force Twentieth Century-Fox to repudiate and withdraw the film. There are many problems of audience organization, but we shall take up only certain broad questions of program. The first requirement, programmatically and organizationally, is labor's participation and leadership.

Up to the present time, the labor movement has shown a rather striking apathy to motion pictures, expressing no real concern about the anti-labor propaganda that is displayed, or more or less concealed, in many current films. It is understandable that certain union leaders do not speak out against anti-Communist and war-inciting films, since these leaders have given their support to the war drive and its accompaniment of Red-baiting. It is also not surprising that trade union officials who encourage discriminatory practices in their own organizations are insensitive to Hollywood's "white supremacy" propaganda. But trade unionists cannot be wholly indifferent to a powerful means of communication

which has always falsified the life of American workers.

Hollywood's unwritten law decrees that only the middle and upper classes provide themes suitable for film presentation, and that workers shall appear on the screen only in subordinate or comic roles. There have been occasional infractions of the law. Pictures have dealt with working class families, generally in terms of the ambitions of young people to escape from poverty and cross "to the right side of the tracks." A few films, such as *How Green Was My Valley*, have dealt sentimentally and unrealistically with strike situations. But it is significant that the scene of the film is not the Monongahela Valley but a quaint region of Wales, and the sympathy with which individual miners are treated is counter-balanced by the usual hints at the danger of "mob violence" and the usual emphasis on the good intentions of the employers.

During the 1930's one film, *Grapes of Wrath*, dealt seriously with economic struggle. But it did not touch the problems of industrial workers, and its portrayal of the tragedy of migratory farm labor in California was marred by a negative and defeatist ending. There were stories of home front production during the Second World War, but it would be a gratuitous insult to labor to classify *Swingshift Maisie* as a film about workers.

The industry has avoided making films which are direct propaganda for the Taft-Hartley law, though the producers' repeated efforts to disrupt

the organizations of film workers leave no doubt that they would be delighted to express their hatred of labor on the screen. The fact that the attack on labor is veiled is a tribute to the strength of organized labor. But the attack camouflaged under the illusion of "pure entertainment" is no less damaging.

The labor movement pays a heavy price for accepting the illusion. Workers and their families see films which urge them to despise the values by which they live, and to emulate the corrupt values of their enemies. Big Business is in the happy position of making the workers pay for propaganda directed against themselves.

In the past three years, workers have begun to appear on the screen—in anti-Communist pictures, which are based on the theory that militant trade union activity borders on treason. This Red-bating campaign is designed primarily to weaken the labor movement. As the trade unions become increasingly aware of the fascist danger, they cannot avoid recognizing the role that films are playing in the ideological preparation for fascism. It is tragic that recognition of this simple fact has been so long delayed.

Leaders of progressive unions bear a share of the responsibility. Their apathy toward films has impeded rank and file understanding of the motion picture as a propaganda weapon. This understanding can be developed by an educational campaign, accompanied by concrete demands on the film companies.

THE Negro people constitute another potent force which can be mobilized in alliance with the labor movement to expose the industry's Jim Crow policies and to demand that Hollywood devote real attention to Negro characters and themes. Here again, theoretical clarity is a guide to effective action. It is instructive to consider what might have happened at the time of the appearance of the first cycle of "Negro interest" films, if important sections of the labor movement together with Negro organizations had used the cycle as a basis for sharp demands upon the industry. There were excellent opportunities for a broad campaign around these films. The Negro people were not deceived by the pretense that Hollywood had changed its ways. They did not see themselves in a Negro soldier who is paralyzed by the "psychological" effects of prejudice, or in a young Negro woman (played, of course, by a white actress) who learns to "know her place" among her people and to abandon the attempt to "escape" through marriage to a white man.

The Negro people, obviously, were not enchanted by this insulting "New Look" at the same old stereotypes. But it must be recorded that many white progressives were shamefully deceived. All too few leaders of labor and of people's organizations displayed interest in the films. There could have been a mass movement of education and protest which would have shaken Hollywood's complacency and prepared the way for real gains.

Instead of urging a campaign, some influential white progressives hailed the films as a "real advance," or argued that it would be "unwise" to attack them, since the Negro people are glad to have any representation on the Jim Crow screens of the United States. This is the counsel of despair. It contains a marked element of white chauvinism in its underestimation of the militancy and consciousness of the Negro people, who are in no mood to accept small favors, a little gloss of "dignity" while murder walks the streets in a police uniform and children die in disease-ridden slums.

It is obvious now, as we look back over the past three years, that the films produced in 1949 did not lead to serious exploration by Hollywood of material dealing with Negro life and did not make a dent in the Jim Crow employment practices of the studios. It is not enough to say that the organized fight against Jim Crow on the screen and in the industry is three years late. It is fifty years late.

Hollywood Jim Crow is conscious policy, ordered by the owners of the studios, and systematically carried out by everyone in authority from vice-presidents to assistant casting directors. When Negro characters appear on the screen, even in "Negro interest" films, these characters are Jim Crowed in the scenes in which they appear. Cinematic segregation of Negroes goes with their total exclusion from 99 per cent of the pictures produced in the United States.

They are not permitted to appear even in street scenes or crowds. Negro actors are employed so rarely and irregularly that it is in most cases impossible for them to earn a living from their profession. Negro musicians are excluded from studio orchestras, and are employed only when a script calls for the appearance of a Negro band.

Negroes are excluded from all other skilled, technical or professional jobs. Out of 33,687 hourly wage earners listed in 1949, there were 175 Negroes; 165 were classified as janitors or maintenance workers; nine were commissary porters or maids, and one was a hair-dresser employed to assist Negro actors only.

In April, 1952, M-G-M employed a Negro woman as a writer, and she was given an associate membership in the Screen Writers Guild. The publicity accompanying this unusual event was intended, like the "New Look" films, to absolve Hollywood of all its sins. It should rather be regarded as shameful proof of the industry's discriminatory practices, as well as proof that writers have done almost nothing during all these years to conduct a real fight against discrimination in the writing field. It should be a signal for every honest writer to join with other artists to end the Jim Crow system that lies behind this token concession, and to demand that Negro writers, artists and technicians receive the recognition they deserve.

The fight for full recognition of the dignity and equality of the Negro

people on the screen will never achieve any valid results unless it is linked with the fight for full job recognition—on every level, in every area of production, distribution and exhibition, from executives to theater ushers. The industry is extremely sensitive to attacks on its lily-white employment policies. It cannot afford to have the underlying purpose of these policies exposed. Real concessions can be won if the demands are pressed with vigor and clarity.

ANOTHER important aspect of audience organization relates to the degradation of women on the screen. Women's organizations with the most divergent political views have a common interest in cultivating respect for woman's personality and in combating representation of women as chattels, objects of pornographic slander, and instigators of crime. The millions of women who are actively engaged in social and educational work cannot be indifferent to the influence of films on the conduct and aims of young people on family life and on attitudes toward money, morals and social responsibility.

An attitude of tolerant amusement toward the film's mockery of women indicates failure to grasp the political significance of the woman question. Hollywood's vulgarities cannot be dismissed as adolescent sexuality or even as senile decay. Films degrade women because their degradation is an economic and political necessity

of the drive to fascism and war.*

The affronts to woman's dignity and worth in almost every Hollywood film are linked to the pattern of sexuality and violence. Hollywood's false glamor is one of the industry's most precious assets. The glamor is contrived by the methods used in expensive bawdy houses, and a campaign to show that this "cultural" exploitation of women is closely related to their economic exploitation in crime and prostitution would be of incalculable value. It would force Hollywood to take a defensive position, for the glamor myth is the heart of the "pure entertainment" myth.

Young people have a special interest in film propaganda, because it is directed chiefly to the youth. The motion picture is a major line of communication between the financiers and generals who are the instigators of war and the young men and women whose lives will be sacrificed. It is astonishing that progressive youth organizations have shown so little initiative in dealing with specific issues raised by many recent films—misrepresentation of school and college life, portrayal of young people as morons and potential criminals, contempt for education and science. Analysis of this "cultural" pattern would reveal its purpose—to develop a generation of robots, devoid of

thought or generous feeling, regimented for destruction.

The Jewish masses have not forgotten the lessons of Hitlerism. They are not blind to the fact that the ideology of the war drive bears a sickening similarity to the ideology that prepared for the destruction of six million Jews in Europe. Reactionary leaders of some Jewish organizations may seek to obscure the connection between anti-Semitic pictures and the smearing of swastikas on synagogues, but the masses of the Jewish people cannot ignore the connection.

Mass activity on the film front is especially important as a contribution to international solidarity. The people of other countries look to us to demonstrate that Hollywood does not speak for the people of the United States, and that we are not a nation of brutes and gangsters. It is particularly important for us to speak out in defense of people whose customs and traditions are insulted by Hollywood.

Viva Zapata! may again serve as an illustration. In August, 1952, news dispatches reported that the picture had been banned in Mexico on the ground that it defamed Zapata and misrepresented Mexican history. We can imagine the urgent messages that passed between Twentieth Century-Fox, the State Department and the United States embassy in Mexico City. Mexico's declaration of cultural sovereignty could not be permitted: in exposing one film, it tended to expose Hollywood's propaganda role. Within a few days, the ban was re-

* In an earlier chapter, Mr. Lawson deals with the social pattern underlying the portrayal of women in such films as *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Westward the Women*, *An American in Paris*, and others.

scinded and it was announced from Mexico City that the picture would be shown.

This outrageous interference in another nation's internal affairs might have been more difficult if trade unions and people's organizations in the United States had previously spoken out against the film. Opposition to *Viva Zapata!* in this country, even if it had not prevented the showing of the film, would have been a gesture of friendship toward our neighbors in Mexico, demonstrating our respect for their traditions, our love for one of their greatest democratic leaders.

MAJOR aspects of a realistic program of audience organization may be summarized as follows: (1) Motion picture representation of workers as people, honest portrayals of the lives of working men and women, and recognition of labor's contribution to the nation's welfare; (2) portrayal of Negro characters and themes with decent respect for Negro life and history, introduction of Negroes as equals and participants in films which are not exclusively devoted to Negro themes, and jobs for Negroes on all levels and in all phases of production, distribution and exhibition; (3) respect for woman's personality and an end to degrading generalization about woman's "inferiority"; (4) Recognition of the great constructive role the national

groups have played, and continue to play, in American life; (5) Honest treatment of the foreign-born and national minorities, elimination of anti-Semitic scenes, lines or characterizations, and insulting stereotypes of "foreigners," and an end to the "Anglo-Saxon superiority" viewpoint; (6) Interpretation of history that accords with facts and avoids anti-democratic propaganda or insults to popular traditions, in picturization of the history of the United States and also in treatment of the history of the Americas and other nations; (7) Elimination of material which encourages crime, sadism and perversion, which glorifies gangsters, political informers, and which calls for mob violence; (8) finally, as the meaning and aim of the whole program, recognition that war propaganda is a crime against humanity.

On motion picture screens, the American people see our democratic heritage mocked and rejected. They see and hear the face and voice of fascism and war. If the face is unmasked and the voice identified, the people will no longer be deceived by the thin illusion that Hollywood is merely trying to entertain and amuse them.*

* NOTE: Mr. Lawson's booklet concludes with two chapters, on "The Responsibility of the Artist" and "Independent Production," which deal with the possibilities of a genuinely creative film culture, serving the people and reflecting their lives and hopes.

The Legacy of a Peace Leader—

MURIEL DRAPER

by JESSICA SMITH

The editors of M & M join the supporters of peace and democratic culture everywhere in expressing deep grief over the loss of Muriel Draper. A few weeks before her death, this devoted fighter for the happiness of all people wrote a will bequeathing to her good friends, among whom we were proud to be included, "my unexpended energies in the cause of peace and my everlasting love." Appropriately the Muriel Draper Memorial Committee, headed by Halois Moorhead Robinson, is raising funds to send a woman to the Peace Congress in Vienna on December 12th to speak for peace-loving Americans in the name of Muriel Draper.

We print below part of a talk by Jessica Smith, editor of New World Review, at the memorial meeting held in New York on October 5th. The meeting was addressed by outstanding leaders of the American peace movement and received numerous messages from abroad. Marie-Claude Vaillant-Couturier, General Secretary of the Women's International Democratic Federation, uniting 135 million women of 65 countries,

cabled: "As a tribute to Muriel Draper's memory let us intensify our efforts to stop the terrible war in Korea, to condemn germ war, and to insure lasting peace for us and our children." Nina Popova, speaking for Soviet women, cabled: "We feel that the high memory of Muriel Draper who gave her whole energy and her life to this noble cause will be an inspiration to American women in their work for peace."

MURIEL Draper's early years, as a young woman living in Italy and England on the eve of the first World War, were spent in a charmed circle of some of the most gifted people of those times—people who wrote, like Henry James and Norman Douglas; people who painted, like Sargent; people who acted, like the great Dusé, but above all, people who came to her home to make music. The story of those years is recorded in her book *Music at Midnight*. It is the story of how a few fortunate people shared together a social life enriched and beautified by cultural treasures both of the past

and of their own creation.

Muriel Draper's later years were spent in the heart of the people's movement here in her own country—among those who worked for the rights of labor, for full equality and dignity for the Negro people, for the right of all children to health and happiness, for the freedom of their mothers to combine family life with work they love, and above all for the right of all to share in the good things of life in a world at peace.

The story of these years is recorded in a greater book—it is part of the story of humanity's forward march, of its struggles for the great economic and social changes which alone can bring freedom, true democracy and peace.

I do not know just how or when Muriel crossed the span that led from the world of music at midnight to the world of what she later called "noise at noon." But it seems to me symbolic that when the news of World War I came crashing into her life and the lives of millions of others—her first response was to go out into the streets of London, away from her charmed circle, out among the people.

When she later found her place in the people's movement, it was to plunge with all her heart and soul and mind, right into the thick of the struggle against the growing threat of fascism and war. She was not content merely to lend her name, to sit on platforms, to make speeches. She insisted on learning all the less glam-

orous things that are needed to get work done, to organize, to reach the people, to get action. And once she found her place in the ranks of the people, deserted by so many others when the going got rough, she never wavered, her courage never failed.

She saw clearly the great need of friendly relations between America and the Soviet Union as the best guarantee of our country's security and a peaceful world. When the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship was organized ten years ago, its founders turned naturally to Muriel to set up the Council's Committee of Women, of which she became the beloved chairman. She drew into the Committee a devoted group of women. Their concern was to develop friendship and understanding between the women of the two countries through exchanging information on questions of special interest to women, on child care, on family relationships, on problems of health and education. And beyond this, to mobilize the interest of American women in the over-all work of the Council for peaceful and friendly relations between the two countries.

In the days when avenues of communication now closed were still open, Muriel made great contributions in the cultural interchange which made it possible to bring to the American people knowledge of the rich creative life of the Soviet people in the fields of music, art, literature, drama, ballet.

As a member of the National Board of the Council in recent years,

she continued to put her main energies into bringing the truth about the Soviet Union to the American people as the primary need in advancing the cause of peace.

In this as in all her work, she not only gave the kind of leadership which is an enduring inspiration to all who worked with her, but also gave herself unstintingly to the driest organizational tasks. When technical help was limited, she was there to address envelopes, and to work with Muriel on such occasions was a joyous experience, for she brought laughter into whatever had to be done, along with the deeply serious devotion of her rare and lovely spirit. And above all, she brought the gift of friendship and love into her work, with her sensitive response to each individual.

I SHOULD like to bring you some of her own gifted words. Just before illness struck her down, I had talked with her about writing some articles for our magazine about the wonderful work women throughout the world are doing for peace, articles she wanted to write to give encouragement and strength to the peace movement in this country, and especially to arouse us to greater efforts to end the dreadful war in Korea. I wish those articles might have been written. But the last article she wrote for us also carries a strong and inspiring message for today.

She wrote it as a "thank you letter" to the Soviet Women's Anti-

Fascist Committee who had invited her to their country in 1949, after she had represented American women at the momentous Peace Congress of the Women's International Democratic Federation in Budapest.

She thanked her dear friends for what she had learned in their country, and these are her words—"of your part of a world that people everywhere are beginning to make—a world where women and children and men will live and work together in the happy security of peace."

She spoke of her welcome into their families, into their homes, and again I quote her words—"I went into great houses filled with sunlight, music, flowers and wise women, where the beloved children of the countless dead are alive and growing because their mothers and fathers fought to keep them blessedly safe from the enemy of us all."

She saw their artists "dancing more brilliantly than on any stage in the world today, heard them singing in the operas, the folk songs and chorales of the old world and the new."

She saw the Soviet people building for the present and the future. She went into factories, talked to the workers, marveled at their warm human relationships, their sense of security, their deep interest in our country, their joy in their work, the sense of reciprocal trust and mutual gain she found everywhere. She summed it up in these words so deeply perceptive of the fundamen-

tal values of life in a socialist society:

"Is this attitude a common one because *everyone* in the Soviet Union is a worker? I believe that to be the reason. . . . Every artist, every deputy, every scientist, every cook, every engineer, housewife and citizen is a worker in a different sense than the one we usually give the word. It is in the sense that work is as natural to them as breathing—an integral part of the whole civilization they are beginning to enjoy as a result of their staggering labors. Work in itself brings to them the chance of an increase of knowledge, more food, a richer culture, leisure. . . ."

Muriel ended her thank you letter with the words:

"I came back to the dear people of my own great country refreshed and encour-

aged by what you are doing to make a worthy of the dignity of mankind—a we want to live as all good people do—peace with one another and ourselves."

And so her friends, refreshed and encouraged by the precious heritage she has left us, express our thanks to Muriel for all she did to make such a life, for enriching all of our lives in the process, a gratitude we can best express by putting forth greater energies in the immediate task of ending the Korean war, by renewed dedication to the cause of human progress and enduring peace, to the making of a world of abundance and security, a world full of music for who wish it, by midnight or by day, a world full of beauty created and shared by all the people.

A broad appeal has been issued by the World Council of Peace inviting men and women of all views and faiths to take part in the Congress of the Peoples for Peace which opens in Vienna on December 12th.

The Editors of M&M strongly support this appeal to all those who wish to make the spirit of negotiation prevail over resort to force.

We urge readers seeking detailed information about the Congress to communicate with the U.S. Sponsoring Committee for Representation to the Congress of the Peoples for Peace, 40 West 46 Street, New York, N. Y.

Right Face

Innocent Abroad

"Peekskill Military Academy, a preparatory school, will offer a new course called 'techniques of espionage' in the autumn. One of the lecturers will be Robert A. Vogeler, who spent 17 months in a Hungarian prison as an alleged spy. He is a trustee of the school."—*Associated Press dispatch from Peekskill, N. Y.*

Man's Best Friend

"The Gaines (dog food) Division of the General Foods Corp. is offering dog blankets with the slogans: 'Quit yapping—Get registered and Vote,' and 'Vote as you dog-gone please, but Vote!'" —*Newsweek* reports on how Business is doing its bit in the campaign to elect a new President of the United States.

Perfectionist

"Ports of the world around are open to American warships day and night. Our airmen are stationed in the most distant lands. Yet all is by no means perfect." *Adlai Stevenson to the American Legion.*

Calculated Risk

"I don't say 'yes' to anything now except cancer, polio, and cerebral palsy, and things like that." Judy Holliday assures the McCarran Committee that her new way of life is up to snuff.

We invite readers' contributions to this department. Original clippings are requested.

War Invades the Libraries

By HENRY BLACK

LIBRARIES have no more escaped the ravages of reaction and the war drive than have schools or scientific institutes. And librarians, like school teachers and scientists, are being driven, whether they like it or not (and most of them do not) into political activities.

While there are not many really good libraries in the U.S.—of the nearly 12,000 separately organized libraries only 300 to 400 public libraries and about the same number of college and university libraries have the budget and staff to do anything like good work—they are of very considerable importance. The larger public library systems (as in Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, Los Angeles) are, with all their limitations, major educational centers. What has been happening to them in this period?

Though recent national statistics are lacking—the latest comprehensive figures for public libraries are for 1944—the main trends are clear. The fundamental point is that library service as a whole has not been growing. And since educational institutions cannot merely mark time, this means a deterioration.

There have been gains here and there. In a number of states there are now at least some state-aid programs (public libraries, like most

school systems, are usually financed from municipal budgets and are severely affected by antiquated real estate tax systems). Some individual libraries have grown; in some centers, as in Louisville, Ky., where the main library is now open to Negroes and there is one Negro on the board of trustees, there have been gains in the battle against discrimination.

But these occasional gains, registering the pressure of the people, are more than balanced by retreats and losses. Ten years ago one-third of the American people were without any sort of library service, and another third were serviced by libraries so poor and limited as to raise the question as to whether they should be counted. The situation today is not significantly different.

Budget and salary figures are illustrative. Public library budgets have increased, in some cases sharply. But after even very rough allowance has been made for inflated prices what one might call the "real budgets" have either barely held their own or have decreased.

In a number of university and college libraries this decrease assumes a special form. The Defense Department, the Atomic Energy Commission and other governmental war agencies are making tremendous demands on the universities. Usually these agen-

cies pay for direct instructional and research laboratory expense, but make no provision for increased demands on the library, so the Library Director is confronted not only with a freezing or decline of his "real budget" but with increased demands for specialized, expensive books and periodicals as well as heavier demands on his already overworked reference staff.

With regard to salaries the situation is similar. In 1938-39 new graduates from library schools could reasonably expect to get from \$1800 to \$2000 in the first job; now they can expect to get between \$3000 and \$3500, or—occasionally if they have special language or other skills—even \$4000. But again, after allowing conservatively for a 50 percent depreciation in the dollar, they will probably be getting a little less than before the war.

NOT only has the quantity of public library service failed to grow in the face of a considerably increased population, but its quality has also been declining. This decline is not a sudden development, but the fruition of tendencies that began twenty and thirty years ago. The public library has always been cut by a deep contradiction. It is democratic in origin and purpose; most library workers are honest and hardworking in their efforts to serve the whole people. But control is generally in the hands of the more reactionary elements of American society. Boards of Trustees rarely include representatives of the labor movement, the Negro people, or

even of teachers and other professionals. Other conservative factors are the screening of prospective students by library schools and the domination of professional associations by heads of the very largest libraries.

Actual book selection has become more and more a reflection of publishers' advertising budgets, the recommendations of book clubs and other strictly commercial forces. There are, to be sure, individual librarians who take book selection seriously and spend a good deal of time reading and discussing the new books, but they are a minority. Most public libraries are weak in such fields as American history, personal and family problems, and usually also in the arts. One fairly large branch library that I visited recently had exactly four books on psychology and psychiatry published within the last twenty years. A frequently revealing test of any public library book stock is the proportion of books on astronomy, biology or physics that are less than ten or fifteen years old.

Some of the larger public libraries (such as Cleveland and Newark) have very good business and technology departments, but serious material on economic problems is likely to be old. In the library of one eastern industrial city with a quarter million population, 85 percent of the books on labor problems and trade unions are more than 25 years old. Incidentally, even ten years ago only about 160 public libraries subscribed to the *American Federationist*, official organ of the A. F. of L. As would be

expected, most public and college libraries have little—and occasionally nothing—on the Negro people or other oppressed minorities. Naturally, too, material on the Soviet Union and the people's governments in eastern Europe and Asia is generally ignored. Some of the larger systems—Chicago, for example—are gradually cutting down their collections of foreign-language materials and service to foreign-language communities.

This lopsidedness in book selection is the main explanation for the decline in book circulation (thirteen percent in the last two years in cities over 100,000) which is bothering the administrators of the larger libraries.

The low quality of book selection, until the last few years, was not primarily a result of overt censorship; rather it reflected both excessive reliance on commercial book reviewing services and lack of information. Since the end of World War II the situation has been changing. One large public library, Seattle, recently refused to accept a copy of *We Charge Genocide*, published by the Civil Rights Congress, as a gift. Several of the larger systems are utilizing a variation of a very old dodge: while they will routinely order 75 copies of almost any current mystery, they will buy two or three copies of, say, a book by Howard Fast. Thus no one can say that they bar Fast; it's just that most borrowers will never have a chance to read his books.

LIBRARIES, particularly the big ones, are quite complex institu-

tions, and one could trace the decline in service, the falling off in standards, in scores of other ways. Here we can mention only a couple: typical administrative changes and the increasing intervention of federal governmental officials.

A number of the larger libraries have been experimenting with changes in internal organization; for example, with new combinations of activities and functions in order and cataloguing departments. In the process women are squeezed out of the highest administrative positions—this in a profession where 90 percent of the workers are women. Only one of the libraries in cities with population over a million is now headed by a woman.

At another level, there has been in recent years considerable discussion about cutting the cost of library cataloguing. Much of this discussion is too technical to be of interest to the layman, but nearly all of it moves in the direction of further restriction. One writer, for example, in proposing the elimination of certain types of information from the card catalog says quite frankly that the reader must reconcile himself to more running around, spending more time on locating his books; for the university graduate student or scientific worker this means either some lengthening of his working day or cutting his activity.

In libraries, as elsewhere, there are attempts to escape real problems by going back to the past. Among cata-

loguers there is a good deal of talk about returning to the classed catalog. This is a device which, fortunately, few library users have ever heard of. In a classed catalog cards are arranged, not alphabetically but according to some previously adopted "logical" system. Thus if one wanted a biography of George Washington one would look not under "Washington" but under an abstract number like 973.4409. Where would the reader have found that number? Well, that's another story; suffice it here that he would have had to look in a second file and thus waste some time. The class catalog was generally used up to the 1880's but has since been almost completely abandoned, principally because it does waste time both for readers and librarians. The attempt to revive it (one library, Boston University, has gone back to it) illustrates the fact that the obscurantism of the last stages of imperialism affects even the most routine and technical activities.

IF SPACE were available one could cite numerous other illustrations of the amorphous but real tendency toward restriction, rather than of expansion, of services. Some of the university library directors are discussing possible ways of limiting the use of manuscript collections to "qualified scholars." And there have been numerous casualties, suspensions and reductions in size, among what librarians call "bibliographical tools," the printed indexes and catalogs, the abstract journals and other publica-

tions which list, organize and summarize vast quantities of technological and scientific literature.

Another recent development is the increased intervention of federal governmental agencies and officials in library work in order to force libraries more fully into support of war preparations. The new editor of the *Library Journal* (the principal national professional journal), Helen Wessels, came to that position directly from the State Department. The Librarian of Congress, Dr. Luther Evans, spends a large part of his time at U.N.E.S.C.O. meetings and at conferences which seem to some of us a little remote from the job of administering the national library.

His Chief Assistant Librarian, Verner Clapp, also flits about the world—to Tokyo, London, Paris—with considerable frequency. Mr. Clapp, incidentally, is the gentleman who demanded a few years ago that the Japanese Romanize their system of writing in order to simplify the work of their U.S. "occupiers" (now their "allies"). He is also reported to be the person chiefly responsible for seeing that the United Nations Library does not fall behind other departments of that organization in becoming an adjunct of the State Department.

Two or three sections of the American Library Association are directly and chiefly concerned with recruiting librarians for work in Army establishments and State Department "information centers" abroad—a task in which their success has been some-

thing less than brilliant; one gathers that there are numerous librarians who are not specially tempted even by the higher salaries and opportunities to travel offered by the Army and the State Department.

HOW are the 60,000 librarians of the United States reacting to these pressures? Historically, a big contradiction in the library field has been this: On the one hand, the function of libraries is the collection, organization and dissemination of printed materials; consequently *all* the internal technical and administrative problems of libraries are, to some extent, ideological or political problems. On the other hand, the great majority of librarians come out of the lower middle class; a goodly proportion of them went into library work in order to escape the conflicts that arise in other fields, and at the same time the ultimate control of most libraries has been in very "safe" hands.

This leads to a curious situation. Librarians as a group have been so isolated from political activities that they are more willing to push ahead, to take good positions on intellectual freedom or other issues than are, say, school teachers. At the same time the situation was made to order for the demagogues and the Social Democrats.

The recent annual conference of the American Library Association in New York City gave several illustrations of this. To take but one here,

an important part of the conference was a two-day Institute on Intellectual Freedom. The A.L.A. has had a Committee on Intellectual Freedom for several years and both the Committee and the governing body of the A.L.A. have passed excellent resolutions on intellectual freedom against "labeling" (some veteran organizations have demanded that library copies of books, pamphlets and magazines issued by "subversive" organizations be labeled as such). At the Institute some very good papers were read and there was considerable discussion from the floor.

Julian Boyd, Librarian of Princeton University and editor of the Jefferson papers, emphasized an oft-neglected point, that speaking of civil rights and intellectual freedom as a peculiarly American tradition was wrong and chauvinistic, that these things are fought for by all people everywhere. Later, however, his position was weakened by wandering into technicalities; at one point he said he was quite certain that the Smith Act would never be used against libraries. That prediction may be right or wrong, but is irrelevant; whether libraries are attacked under the Smith Act, through the McCarran Act, through financial pressure or through restrictions by their Boards may well be merely a technical point determined by the convenience of the reactionaries; the fact is that they are being attacked.

THE rank-and-file of librarians still see censorship in terms of stupid

or ignorant individuals and are as yet very unclear about the main problem, the repressive policies, first of all, of the government itself. Attempts at censorship by local organizations or officious individuals have to be dealt with, of course (and one of the things brought out at the Institute was the good job being done by the California Library Association on this level), but they are not in any sense the main problem.

Part of the attack was made at the Institute itself by Ralph Munn, Director of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. His position, which got considerable opposition from the floor, is that libraries ought to have what he called "open Communist material"; he felt that libraries should definitely stock magazines like *Masses and Mainstream* and *New World Review* (his examples) as well as the works of Stalin, but that librarians should be very careful to screen out the books with "hidden Communist propaganda."

At first glance this seems merely silly; Mr. Munn, however, is not foolish or silly. Another look shows that he is concerned precisely with generally democratic and progressive literature. His reasoning presumably is that the formal and openly Marxist literature will not be used too much—and ultimately any really serious or insistent readers can be reported to the police, but that generally progressive material—the books and magazines that suggest that peace is a good thing, that women have some rights, that wages and hours are not

quite what they should be—these are the really dangerous things.

This approach, as mentioned, got considerable opposition from the floor. But the opposition was limited, diffused. An interesting side note was the fact that a query from the floor as to what the A.L.A. could do about the increasing interference by federal agencies with the importing of foreign books and magazines was ignored. Most librarians don't know how to get hold of such a problem, involving as it does a critical attitude toward the government. And the top administrators of the very largest libraries are part of the apparatus for avoiding any serious discussion.

Aside from the question of intellectual freedom, this basic conflict between working librarians and top administrative or policy people was reflected in a number of the more specialized sessions (cataloguing, special types of libraries, reference, etc.), though here it is overlain by a cover of technical problems that *seem* to be non-political but never actually are.

The main pattern in libraries is similar to that in schools and other cultural institutions. The reactionaries are whittling away, cutting services, trying to get rid of people who object, lending all the support they can to Washington's war program; they have done a good deal of damage and will do more. But they do not have anything resembling a free hand.

books in review

A Living Voice

RING SONG, by Naomi Replansky. *Scribners*. \$2.50.

THE hostility of capitalist society to art is reflected in art itself in three distinct ways. First as effect: the artist accepts as the inevitable condition of man, and of himself, that degraded view which capitalism propagates. His consciousness is simple *product*, unable to view itself or to conceive of any change in the world which appears as its eternal enemy. That is the path of decadent art, ending in complete surrender and service to the forces which stunted its development in the first place.

In revolutionary art, on the contrary, capitalism has produced another gravedigger; the artist, understanding the relation of his consciousness to society, sees, not the world, but a specific class as his enemy and throws all his mental powers into the struggle to overcome the material and spiritual forces of oppression. Such art, explicitly bound with the working class and all subjugated peoples, is turned toward the future in a conscious, militant fashion.

Then there is a third form, more difficult of definition, yet unmistakably closer to liberating art than to decadence. The artist's consciousness

shows signs of hurt and yet does not succumb to them, is almost and yet not swamped by the horrors it watches, is bent but does not break. It looks back intently toward the cities of the plain, yet is somehow not turned into salt. If the reader is too distracted by the artist's subjectivity he will miss those hints which direct him to carry the content a step further and to continue in himself what the artist could not quite finish. But once he recognizes the transitional character of such art, he will find that politics—in the sense that "everything is politics"—though it never emerges in full creative strength, is not missing from it.

The oppressors can take no comfort here. The eye sees too clearly the ruin they have caused; the heart hates them too unswervingly. And the mind continually implies and reaches toward the simple, open, comradely relations which are only now becoming fully realized under socialism. Naomi Replansky's poems, which have appeared most recently in *New Masses*, *Masses and Mainstream* and *The California Quarterly*, are in this category.

Today it is rare to find lines whose statement of the most simple factual elements can produce the shattering physical effect which Housman demanded of true poetry. They are found very often here. For example

My spoon was lifted when the bomb
 came down
 That left no face, no hand, no spoon to
 hold.
 Two hundred thousand died in my home
 town.
 This came to pass before my soup was
 cold."

The image, needing no metaphor, extends far beyond itself. Its force is derived from its extraordinary sensuous compression as well as from the pull exerted by the unstated social comment which a lesser poet could not resist making.

This method is the reverse of rhetorical. It does not employ figures of speech like rings and sequins to decorate an idea. The landscape does not give away from line to line so that the poem is held together only by what the reader feels the poet is trying, unsuccessfully, to say. Over and over one is struck by her unerring choice of some specific scene, emotion or person in terms of which a generalization is, or rather, finds itself, made flesh. Once conceived, things and people are invested with a real life upon whose duration and intensity the larger meaning depends, welling out of them as it were.

Naomi Replansky's respect for concrete living shows itself in another aspect of her work. Instead of employing the loose, oratorical free verse too often used and abused by progressive poets, she plays close but imaginative variations on traditional and popular forms with strongly marked rhythms and refrains, often rhymed, always lyrical. She is fond

of fable, riddle and parable, media whose direct and yet teasing nature has never lost its charm for people. Making ordinary experience flare up with common words and common forms, she evokes a spontaneous response which many contemporary poets may secretly yearn for but almost never get. She is one of the few American poets who can hope to take poetry beyond its coterie audience.

It is true that she often expresses the feelings of people who stand more toward the edge of society than at its center: the lonely, those looked upon as clowns or ghosts by solid citizens, those whom, unlike the workers as a class, the exploiters do not think they have to fear. It is characteristic that one of her talismans, in a poem of that name, should be "A flap-shoed walker in a gold paved town." One could not call hers a poetry of confidence, though its limitations stem more from temperament than from intellectual viewpoint.

Having noted this, one should not press the point too hard; one might forget that the flap-shoed walker, Chaplin, is also Neruda's "father of tenderness" whom the bourgeois boycotted as soon as they realized that he was not merely funny and whom they now hound with inexhaustible malice. Readers of *Masses and Mainstream* will find powerful poems on subjects specifically near to them: on the Nazi slaughter of the Jews, racist oppression, political and religious persecution, the woman question, the degradation and victimization of hu-

man beings by the profit system, the waste of human energy and dehumanization of labor under capitalism.

Nor is the theme of resistance absent. *The Six Million* ends so:

"No miracle could spare them,
No angel leaned upon them,
Their bodies made a mountain
That never touched the heavens.
Whose lightning struck the killers?
Whose rain drowned out the fires?
My brothers and my sisters,
Only men could shield them
From the cold hands of men."

The lover in *Restless Dialogue*, trying to drown out the street sounds of violence in self-destroying passion, asks, "What do you want, honey, tell me what you want." And is answered, "Anything but lie here, anything but listen. Swordpoint, knife-edge, at last turn outward."

Even when the tone is tragic, the salvation of the individual is seen in his not allowing his perception to rot through routine, complacency or self-absorbed isolation, in his increasing his personal gifts through solidarity with others. For nothing living and good can survive such separateness as modern bourgeois art has had imposed upon it and now imposes upon itself:

"How long say how long
Can a lone animal
Devour its young
And its race not vanish.

So long just so long
Can these colors and sounds
Wander and be rich
In the sealed tunnel."

The lines, so knowing, warn of death, but the voice speaking is of life.

CHARLES HUMBOLDT

Jefferson and Sedition

THE REIGN OF WITCHES: The Struggle against the Alien and Sedition Laws. Elizabeth Lawson, with an introduction by William L. Patterson. *Civil Rights Congress*, N. Y. 35c

THERE could hardly be a more timely pamphlet than Elizabeth Lawson's *The Reign of Witches*. Thomas Jefferson called the years of the Alien and Sedition Acts. Elizabeth Lawson's notable writings in the past—such as her pioneering work in the history of the American Negro people, her study of Thaddeus Stevens, and her account of the rise of the Republican Party—similarly have possessed the salient virtue of immediate usefulness in present struggles.

In the 1790's, the Federalists, mortally desperate by mounting signs of popular unrest, sought to perpetuate their reactionary rule by a campaign of lies, terror and imprisonment directed against leaders of this unrest. Their discontent, as Elizabeth Lawson shows, was attributed by them not to the waging of an undeclared and contested war (with France); or to the building-up of a large military and naval establishment; or to the imposition of onerous taxes, especially upon the poor; or to the toadying to England at the cost of national pride and damage to the farmers' and planters' economic interests; or to the

grossing of the public lands by the rich; or to the financial speculations, accompanied by gross corruption, on the part of the few at the expense of the many.

No, the unrest was attributed to the machinations of a foreign power, revolutionary France, whose rulers—godless fiends—sought, through kindred lost souls, through “foreign agents” (like Thomas Jefferson), to destroy the God-fearing world, the United States included.

Thus, protest was labeled sedition and organized opposition, treason. Thus, *thoughts* expressive of such protest and opposition must be made criminal, and if the First Amendment specifically puts the expression of opinion beyond the power of Congress, so much the worse for the Constitution. Laws are needed and laws are passed, Constitution or no, and the laws—the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798—neatly proscribe opinions hostile to the course of the Government and link such opinions with “aliens,” *i.e.*, with “anti-Americans.”

To enforce such a program, whose actual object, as Thomas Paine said, “was the overthrow of the representative system of government,” it was necessary that the country be deluged with spies, informers, and similar vermin. Then followed loss of employment for the unorthodox, banning of meetings, arrests of writers, editors, scientists, workers, public leaders, harassment of lawyers, packed juries, vindictive Medinas, repentant renegades, and the inevitable convictions, all of which are graphically

described by Elizabeth Lawson.

But none of this solved the day-to-day problems of the American people. Most of them were not cowed. The frightful French did not attack and the people did not want war, and the alien-baiting did not reduce taxes, let alone pay them. And so, finally, as Miss Lawson writes: “The people rose in their wrath, created their popular political societies and their own political party, fought every encroachment upon their liberties, every new persecution, and at the polls so decisively rejected the reactionary party that it never returned to power.”

For the cause of the discontent was not in France, of course, but in the United States, and the discontent found organizational expression in the new Democratic Party which, under the brilliant leadership of Jefferson, triumphed in 1800. The foul Acts of persecution were eliminated and, said President Jefferson: “I discharged every person under punishment or prosecution under the sedition law, because I considered, and now consider, that law to be a nullity, as absolute and as palpable as if Congress had ordered us to fall down and worship a golden calf.”

It is the details of this exciting and illuminating story that Elizabeth Lawson tells in this work, demonstrating, as William L. Patterson writes in the introduction, that “From the arsenals of yesterday, we may still requisition weapons for today.” Miss Lawson tells the story very well indeed, and her partisan-

ship on the side of progress—quite unlike the “two-sided” academic objectivity of John C. Miller’s *Crisis in Freedom*—helps her achieve true objectivity.

The work, intensely valuable as it is, would have benefited by a greater concern with analysis than it now has. This is especially true in terms of helping the reader clearly understand the sources of the Jeffersonian victory and the extent of Federalist estrangement from the desires and interests of the American people.

It would have been well, for example, to show the reader the class-based hatred of any enhancement of the people’s power—of democracy in any sense at all—which was characteristic of the Federalist leadership. This was true from a Fisher Ames who felt democracy was “the worst of all governments,” to a Harrison Gray Otis who declared: “The delusions of democracy, like other delusions of the human mind, cannot be resisted by reason and truth alone.”

This was related to the intense economic and ideological ties of most of the Federalists with the British ruling class, and one of the central themes of American history, for the first century of our country’s existence, was to break its economic subordination to Britain. Thus, while the Federalists falsely accused the Jeffersonians of being “French agents,” the Hamiltonians themselves constituted, to a considerable degree, a pro-British faction. John Adams himself so accused Hamilton privately, an accusation which helped

precipitate the Hamilton-Adams which Miss Lawson describes.

Had this been borne in mind, Miss Lawson, in describing the render of American interests characterized the Jay Treaty (1794) with England, would have recounted Hamilton’s near-treason (his secret informing the British Minister of the details of the American plans) which helped explain that British diplomatic victory. In recounting Hamilton’s militarist plans, too, this approach would have led to tell the reader of his secret maneuvering to commit the United States to war against Spain, as an ally of England, with American troops to invade Latin America.

Similarly, the whole policy of alliance with France would have been more comprehensible—a policy which persisted in that President Adams finally removed his Secretary of State, Pickering, for sabotaging efforts for peace. Finally, the reader would have understood the Federalists’ failure to go through with the prosecution of William Duane, editor of the chief Jeffersonian paper, the *Philadelphia Aurora*. The failure was not really due to a “technicality,” as Miss Lawson says. This was the Federalist explanation; but the actual reason was that Duane had a copy of a letter from President Adams himself, written early in the 1790’s, in which Adams had cited concrete evidences of decisive British influence in Federalist politics.

It is clear then, that many of the rulers who shouted “alien ager

were themselves, in fact, such agents, and this helps explain not only much about their policies but also about their tactics, including plots to thwart illegally the election of Jefferson to the Presidency.

These suggestions are offered in the hope of strengthening a very fine contribution to the writing of American history and to the present struggle against reaction. Elizabeth Lawson's *The Reign of Witches* deserves the widest possible circulation as an illuminating re-creation of a part of our nation's past that can serve to help secure for the American people a future of freedom and peace, rather than of fascism and war.

HERBERT APTHEKER

Coming! A Volume of Poems by

NAZIM HIKMET

While some of these poems have appeared previously in *M&M*, the majority are translated into English for the first time. In them you will recognize the voice of one of the foremost poets of our epoch. This volume will be issued in a companion format to Pablo Neruda's *Let the Railsplitter Awake*.

Popular Edition 50c; Cloth \$2.50

A Masses & Mainstream Book

Distributed by

NEW CENTURY PUBLISHERS

832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Jewish Life

"The Indispensable Magazine
for the Progressive Jew"

6th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE (Nov.)

CONTENTS

- Is Stevenson the "Lesser Evil"?
- Not Wanted: U.S. Nuremberg Law
by Theodore Jacobs
- Lehman Attacks McCarthy-McCarran
- Behind the "Reparations" Pact
by Leonard Piper
- Amnesty for Political Prisoners
- The AJC and ADL Walk Out
by Louis Harap
- Visit to Warsaw Jewish Institute
by Dora Teitelbaum
- One Hand Washes the Other, a short story
by Yuri Subl
- An Angry Song, a poem by Matthew Hall
- The Jews and Their Friends
by Maxim Gorky
- New Steps to Israel as Colony
by Victor Perlo
- Jews Must Fight Jimcrow Housing
- Also, review by Morris U. Schappes; news

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

\$2.50 a year in U.S. and Possessions;
\$3.00 elsewhere

JEWISH LIFE

22 E. 17 St., Room 601,
New York 3, N. Y.

Enclosed please find check (money order)

for \$..... for one year sub.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

THE EDITORS offer YOU this book FREE!

IN BATTLE FOR PEACE

By W. E. B. DU BOIS

"GLOWING WORDS IN THIS FLAMING TESTIMONY . . ."

P. L. PRATTIS in the *Pittsburgh Courier*

"I FEEL SORRY FOR ANYONE WHO DOESN'T READ THIS BOOK."

M. GRIGSBY in the San Francisco *People's World*

"IN THE TRADITION OF THE GREAT HUMANISTS . . . SHOULD ENCOURAGE AND INSPIRE US ALL."

DESMOND BUCKLE in the London *Daily Worker*

**A FREE COPY WITH EVERY SUBSCRIPTION TO
MASSES & MAINSTREAM**

Annual subscription \$4; Two years \$7

MASSES & MAINSTREAM

832 Broadway

New York 3, N. Y.

Enclosed is \$.....for a subscription to MASSES & MAINSTREAM.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

HISTORY OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES

By WILLIAM Z. FOSTER

Here is the first complete and authoritative history of the origin, struggles, experiences, growth of the Communist Party as vanguard of the American working class, and the profound and significant lessons of its struggles for all advanced workers. Vast in scope, all-embracing in the range of political and ideological activities and developments it covers, this long-awaited volume is at once a history of the trade union and labor movements, of the liberation struggles of the Negro people, of the working farmers and women's and youth movements, of the continuous struggle to steer a correct Marxist course that, avoiding the pitfalls of opportunism and sectarianism, would forge a broad front of all toiling people, led by the working class, for peace, democracy, Socialism.

AN INTERNATIONAL BOOK. Price \$6.00
NEW CENTURY PUBLISHERS—832 Broadway, New York 3

BOOKS *for your* PERMANENT LIBRARY

A LANTERN FOR JEREMY, <i>by V. J. Jerome</i>	\$2.50
IRON CITY, <i>by Lloyd L. Brown</i>	\$1.50
DAUGHTERS AND SONS, <i>by Kung Chueh and Yuan Ching</i>	\$3.50
WE CAN BE FRIENDS, <i>by Carl Marzani</i>	\$1.00
HEART OF SPAIN, <i>edited by Alvah Bessie</i>	\$4.50
SPARTACUS, <i>by Howard Fast</i>	\$2.50
LET THE RAILSPLITTER AWAKE, <i>by Pablo Neruda</i>	.50
LITERATURE AND ART, <i>by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels</i>	\$1.85
CULTURE IN A CHANGING WORLD, <i>by V. J. Jerome</i>	.35
HOW MUSIC EXPRESSES IDEAS, <i>by Sidney Finkelstein</i>	.90
SOCIAL ROOTS OF THE ARTS, <i>by Louis Harap</i>	\$2.50
NOTES FROM THE GALLOWS, <i>by Julius Fuchik</i>	.60
THE CITIZEN WRITER, <i>by Albert Maltz</i>	.25
COLD WAR IN THE CLASSROOM, <i>by Samuel Sillen</i>	.10
ESSAYS IN LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, MUSIC, <i>by A. A. Zhdanov</i>	.60
THE NEGRO IN HOLLYWOOD FILMS, <i>by V. J. Jerome</i>	.25
GRASP THE WEAPON OF CULTURE, <i>by V. J. Jerome</i>	.10

New Century Publishers

832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

A GREAT BOOK . . . BY A GREAT AMERICAN!

IN BATTLE FOR PEACE

By W. E. B. Du Bois

With Commentary by **SHIRLEY GRAHAM**

"In this volume, Dr. W.E.B. Du Bois and his wife, Shirley Graham, have given readers an exceedingly rewarding vantage point from which to view the world struggle for peace.

"Here is personal reporting practiced as an art, full of charm, charged with deep emotional feeling, put down in prose that sings, and is guided by the discipline of the trained but imaginative social scientist. . . .

"Anyone reading this book cannot escape experiencing the thrill of sharing an intimacy with one of the world's truly great personalities. We share with him his disillusionment with his former belief that the 'Talented Tenth' would furnish the leadership for American Negroes, and the birth of the realization that leadership would come from the working class. . . .

"*In Battle for Peace* is reporting at its best, by a dean of American letters in collaboration with his wife, both of whom are peace partisans eloquently defending the right of Americans to advocate peace. They have used as their arguments a meaningful slice of their lives. It's a must!"

—ABNER W. BERRY in *The Worker*

A Masses & Mainstream Book

At All Bookstores

Price \$1.00

Distributed by

NEW CENTURY PUBLISHERS • 832 Broadway, New York 3