

MASSES & *MAINSTREAM*

Wall Street, Zionism and Anti-Semitism

A. B. MAGIL

THOUGHTS ON AMERICAN WRITERS

MICHAEL GOLD

THE SOURCES OF OUR STRENGTH

V. J. JEROME

TO THE ROSENBERGS *A POEM*

ETTORE RELLA

Howard Fast, Phillip Bonosky, Martha Millet, Richard O. Boyer

MARCH, 1953

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March, 1953

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CLEMENCY!

The fight to save the Rosenbergs has taken on new dimensions.

This crucial fight has been spurred by President Eisenhower's brutal act that they must die and by the intervention of Pope Pius in their behalf, an act cynically suppressed by the Department of Justice. Millions throughout the world are intensifying their efforts to save these two victims of a coldblooded Wall Street frameup.

In Paris 12,000 persons packed the hall which is the equivalent of New York's Madison Square Garden to protest the Eisenhower decision. In Italy, Britain, the German Democratic Republic, Mexico, Chile, Brazil—everywhere the demand rises that this horrible crime be prevented.

This demand is being raised by many thousands of Americans who are writing Eisenhower asking him to reconsider. Protestant, Catholic and Jewish clergymen are urging clemency.

But all this is not enough.

Have YOU written to the President? If you have, write again. Get your co-workers, friends, relatives, neighbors to write. Have your organizations adopt clemency resolutions and send delegations to Washington.

This is a battle to save not merely two heroic lives, but the honor of America. Time is running out. *The Rosenbergs can and must be saved!*

To the Rosenbergs

By ETTORE RELLA

Whatever shall happen, you have been there—
out there beyond the edge of the night,—
the figure of a man the figure of a woman,
your bodies leaning into the dawn
and moving moving—

whether we are able
(and we are fighting fighting to be able)
to keep that electric, zigzag snake
from touching you—or whether we are not,
you have walked where the grass is silver
in the chill of morning—where the birds
wake in the blowing fog and the land is unknown.

Today is known,—
the jangle of arms and the shouts of command
on the midnight watch of the Stock Exchange,—
the bankers are busy busy busy
fitting out their hatchet-men
with new suits of armor—
fitting them out to ride you down—
you are not supposed to cross the frontier
from today to tomorrow—
they want tomorrow to be like today
and whoever sees it differently
must be wiped out.

Whatever shall happen, you have been there—
whether we are able
(and we are fighting fighting to be able)
or whether we are not,—
there in the grey light your bodies
move forward in the uncertain morning—
and if they stop you

(and they are conniving conniving conniving)
 we shall see
 two monumental people like statues
 catching the red streamers of sunrise—
 and if they don't stop you
 (and we must fight and fight and fight
 to keep them from it)
 we shall see
 two laughing people with birds in their hands—
 and the sunrise will strike across the land
 warming the blood of the long cold night
 and lifting all things to the glory of color—

"hallelujah!" crows the cock—
 "this is the universal sabbath!"

—whether we are able
 or whether we are not
 you will be there

you are there now—
 although confined by steel and stone
 you are at large—
 that's why you hear the sound of their horses
 pounding pounding down the night—
 but even if they overtake you
 (and we shall fight and fight and fight
 to keep them from it)
 but if, even so, they overtake you
 you are alive alive alive—
 and the killers will peer into tomorrow
 and they will see that you are still there
 and they will wish to their abandoned Christ
 that they could find a way to destroy you—

AND THERE IS NO WAY—
 whether we are able
 (oh let us fight and fight to be able!)
 or whether we are not—

you are there now—at large—

VERY LARGE—

and you are alive—

HALLELUJAH!

this is the ancient field where the dawn
wrestles with the night—again and again—
and the field is getting bigger bigger
and the morning, always victorious, stands
taller and taller—

yea, verily,

soon, very soon,
these may very well be the horns
the brazen-throated horns of triumph
proclaiming from the topmost rail
at last at last
the total and the permanent day—

HALLELUJAH!



Andrea Gomez

Our Time

By SAMUEL SILLEN

- *Our Fifth Birthday*
 - *A Blow for Freedom*
 - *Salem Today*
 - *Writers' Peace Appeal*
-

OUR magazine, in its present form, is five years old this month. I say in its present form because in a larger sense we go back forty-two years to the founding of the *Masses* in 1911. That magazine has gone through a number of changes. It appeared after World War I as the *Liberator*, and then from 1926 to 1948 as *New Masses*. In the first issue of *M&M*, referring to this great and enduring tradition, we announced:

"With this issue we re-enter the arena in defiance of those who would outlaw dissent and chain the American people to a program of fascism and war. Our enemies rejoiced prematurely at the rumor of our exit from the literary scene. We have regrouped our energies, not to retire from the battle but to wage it with fresh resolution and confidence."

So we really have two birthdays, and in celebrating one we do not wish to obscure the other, which emphasizes our deep roots in the history

of American intellectuals of the Left.

When *M & M* appeared in March, 1948, the outlines of the succeeding five years were already clear. The opening editorial noted:

"An arrogant government of bankers and generals presses a bipartisan policy of world conquest. Preparations for war against the Soviet Union and the new people's democracies of Europe have passed the stage of hypocritical concealment. And the architects of this desperate strategy, the rulers of a decaying capitalism, are redesigning the land of the free as a land of witch hunts where the F.B.I. inherits the functions of the Gestapo and the Un-American Committee checks our thoughts by the anti-Communist tests of *Mein Kampf*."

Some things we did not foresee in that editorial. There was no anticipation in it of the great Chinese people's victory over feudalism and imperialism, the most decisive event in world history since the October Revolution of 1917. In the past five years, China has turned the scales in favor of the forces of peace in the world. The incredibly rapid post-war advance of the Soviet Union, now moving toward Communism; the consolidation of people's power in the democracies of Eastern Europe; the great upsurge of national independence struggles in the colonial countries; the strength and scope of the movement for peace in all countries—these were the towering developments of the past five years.

The world has made great strides forward in these years, but the same years have tragically confirmed our observation that

"The arsenal of democracy has become the arsenal of world reaction, servicing every scoundrel from Chiang Kai-shek and the Mufti to Tsaldaris and De Gaulle. . . . The American thought-controllers, no less than the German book-burners, want to beat into supine obedience the creative artist, the scientist, the educator. Honesty and independence of intellectual judgment, already banned in the monopoly-controlled cultural media, are to be hounded out of American life."

If there was a need for a magazine like ours in March, 1948, how much greater is the need today, when the danger of fascism and war has grown immeasurably! In 1948 Korea was not in flames and there was no NATO. There was no McCarran Act; a Joe McCarthy could still be considered a crackpot; the Communist leaders had not been jailed for advocating peace; Willie McGee and the Martinsville Seven were still alive; Paul Robeson could still get a passport; and Ethel and Julius Rosenberg could still embrace their children in the quiet of their home.

And now the country has reached its deepest crisis with the victory of Eisenhower and the most reactionary forces in American life. The general's banker regime lost no time in furnishing a cultural symbol of the vigorous, confident "New America" which Dulles and McCarthy have been promising us. Thanks to the vigilance of a Republican Congressman from Chicago, the inaugural concert was purged of Aaron Copeland's symphonic work, *A Lincoln Portrait*.

From the banning of *A Lincoln Portrait* to the spreading of the war

in Asia proved to be only a matter of a few days. Chiang Kai-shek, thrown out of China by a long-suffering people, is to be the Great Emancipator in the moral crusade of General Motors and Du Pont. The Nazis of Western Germany are to be the bulwark of freedom. And the people of Britain, France and Italy are told to squelch their sentimental aspirations for national independence or Stassen will starve them.

Meanwhile, at home, price ceilings are lifted, Taft readies himself for a major onslaught on labor, three congressional committees go gunning after the nation's schools, the big bankers openly take over the government, the McCarthys and Jenners rule the roost.

Never has the country witnessed such contempt for the people here and abroad, such unadorned arrogance and bullying. The Eisenhower Administration is moving fast to extend and complete the process of fascism and the firing of world war begun under Truman. It is moving ruthlessly, partly because that is the nature of this particular beast and partly because the imperialists are desperate. They fear the growing democratic forces in the world; they fear economic collapse; they fear an aroused labor movement; they fear the Negro people. They cannot win if they adopt a facade of moderation, and they cannot win if they are frankly brutal. And it is the fact that they cannot win that goads them into crazy adventures for which the American people as a whole will have to pay.

The shape of all we have treasured America is being twisted beyond recognition. And beyond repair too a long time, unless men and men of decent mind unite in resistance. "We do not breathe well," Emerson said after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law. "There is injury in the air. I have a new experience. I wake in the morning with a painful sensation, which I carry about all day, and which, when traced home, is the odious remembrance of that compromise which has fallen on Massachusetts, which robs the landscape of its beauty, and takes the sunshine out of every hour . . . one cannot open a newspaper without being disgusted with new records of shame."

Emerson criticized the coldness and differentism of scholars and literary men who are lovers of liberty in Greece and Rome and in the England of Milton, but lukewarm lovers of liberty in the America of their own day. Providence, he said, "will not save us but through our own cooperation."

We must unceasingly call on lovers of liberty to be ardent in its defense here, today. We must find ways to persuade lovers of peace that peace can be won. We must seek out the path of that cooperation which alone will save us. This is our resolve as we face the next five years.

Blow for Freedom

DR. ALEXANDER Meiklejohn read a paper of first-rate importance at the recent conference in New York of the Emergency Civil Liberties

Committee. The famed educator brilliantly demolished the Supreme Court's decision in the Dennis Case, which affirmed the conviction of eleven Communist leaders under the Smith Act.

Centering his criticism on the tortuously reasoned concurring opinion of "my old friend" Felix Frankfurter, Dr. Meiklejohn proved that the Court abandoned the First Amendment's guarantee of free speech when it upheld the Smith Act. He declared that "the Supreme Court, more than any other agency or person in our society, must be held responsible for the destruction of those Constitutional principles which that court is commissioned to interpret and defend."

Dr. Meiklejohn's carefully documented study challenged the whole concept of legislating against political opinion as profoundly un-Constitutional:

"A legislative committee which asks the question, 'Are you a Republican?' or 'Are you a Communist?' accompanying the question with the threat of harm or disrepute if the answer is this or that, stands in contempt of the sovereign people to whom it owes submission.

"In the field of political opinion or expression or affiliation, we cannot commit a punishable crime for the reason that, in that field, the lawmakers have no authority to legislate a crime into existence."

Thus, with great clarity and cogency, the distinguished champion of the Bill of Rights demonstrated that opposition to the Smith Act is defense of the Constitution. The same holds true for the McCarran Act, the Un-

American Committee, and all other thought-control laws and agencies. The prosecution of Communist leaders for "advocating" and "teaching," the attempt to make a political party register, the firing of teachers for invoking the Fifth Amendment—all this is in naked defiance of the plainly written Constitutional guarantees of political freedom.

Dr. Meiklejohn's paper, which merits the widest publicity, should help dispel the complacency of those liberals who feel that such questions are "settled" once the Supreme Court has spoken. The fight to restore the Bill of Rights has only begun. The movement for amnesty of all Smith Act prisoners and for repeal of the law itself can take on new strength today.

The conference at which Dr. Meiklejohn spoke was itself a hopeful sign. It was a broad conference of people deeply worried about McCarthyism. An effort was made by Dr. George S. Counts and the so-called Committee for Cultural Freedom to intimidate the sponsors with wild charges of "Red control." To which Professor H. H. Wilson of Princeton gave the right answer. He wired Counts an expression of sympathy with his mental ailment and urged him to seek treatment.

The fact is that the conference was weakened by its own Red-baiting. Some speakers, like Merle Miller, seemed more anxious to turn the gathering into a forum for anti-Sovieteering than for defending Constitutional liberties. This results only

in diverting attention from the real issue which brings people of widely dissimilar political views together to discuss ways of combating something that menaces them all, whatever they think of Communism. It is also disturbing to see how many liberals find it necessary these days to spend the first half of a speech proclaiming the fact, which is obvious to anybody but McCarthy himself, that they are not Communists. Isn't this accepting the Loyalty Oath principle?

Nevertheless, the main thing is the growing awareness of the need to speak up for civil liberties, the need for common action among liberal intellectuals devoted to the Bill of Rights. The conference was a positive achievement. It was a rebuke to Dr. Counts and the other renegades of liberty. And in the paper of Dr. Meiklejohn it reached a high point of courage and clarity.

Salem Today

TO ANOTHER mercilessly inane Broadway season Arthur Miller has again brought a drama of seriousness and substance. In *The Crucible* he goes to the past for a theme, but his choice of the Salem Witch Hunt of 1692 is plainly inspired by what is going on in the country today. It is a pleasure to see McCarthyism challenged on the stage, even though obliquely, by a writer of Miller's talent.

How do you prove you're not a witch? In the hysteria of suspicion and fear described by the play, n

decent person can be safe. It is the holiday of the accuser. Blessed is the lying informer.

Nineteen "witches" were hanged in Salem, and one pressed to death. Miller shows the fanaticism of unreason feeding on the delirious fantasies of young women in the household of Reverend Samuel Parris. This puritan worthy finds the madness useful for overcoming a "faction" in his church. His niece uses it as a weapon to destroy Elizabeth Proctor, whose husband she wants for herself. Vengeance is king, and rumor spreads like contagion.

Overtones of the contemporary scene are heard most clearly in the vestry of the Salem meeting house, where Deputy-Governor Danforth conducts the trial that will send the dissenting John Proctor to the gallows. Proctor's crime is that he will betray neither his own intelligence nor the lives of his friends. Duly recorded by the court as conspirators with the Devil are those citizens who sign a petition. The trial suggests Foley Square with its pre-ordained verdict, its obviously perjured witnesses, its demand for names, its pious pretense of listening to the falsely accused.

All of this offended the pseudo-liberal New York *Post*, which in a long editorial scolded the playwright. The *Post* concedes that there were no witches in 1692, but doesn't Arthur Miller know there are card-carrying broomstick-riders today who poison the minds of innocents with diabolical visions of peace? The only trouble

with Salem, it appears, is that it was a premature witch hunt.

The *Post* would do well to recall that in 1692 there was also a "clear and present danger" to justify the perversion of reason and law. Also, there is no such thing as a "limited" witch-hunt—witness the fact that in the eyes of McCarthy and Winchell (who calls the paper "The Compost") editor James Wechsler is indubitably a witch.

Actually, the play might well be criticized from a quite different position. I think that if Miller had probed more deeply into the events of 1692 he would have enriched his drama and illuminated the present much more clearly.

As John Howard Lawson has shown in a stimulating essay (*New Masses*, Sept. 9, 1947), the Salem trials paralleled an intense political struggle beginning in 1688 and reaching a climax with the introduction of a new Massachusetts charter in 1692. It was a period of democratic ferment. The power of the ruling clergy had to be reinforced by drastic measures. The witchcraft trials and executions were designed to consolidate theocratic control, dramatize the danger of heresy, divert public attention from the real political issues. And resistance was widespread:

"Far from being a matter of public hysteria, the popular opposition was so strong that on several occasions it was necessary to call out the militia to prevent angry crowds from rescuing the victims. As opposition grew and became organized, the whole scheme of persecution was aban-

done. Its abandonment was a decisive political defeat for the theocracy, and marked the end of its power. It also was a milestone on the road to the American Revolution."

The *reasons* for the witch hunt, rooted in the class relations of the time, are missing in *The Crucible*. The motivations in the play are thin. They are seen in terms of personal vengeance, frustration, jealousy or narrowness. One does not see Salem as part of an organized attempt to conserve a dying system of rule. And in the resistance of Proctor and his wife one misses a sense of relation to a larger struggle. Essentially we have here, as in Ibsen's *The Enemy of the People*, which Miller adapted a couple of years ago, the drama of the isolated individual standing up for his convictions.

There is a nobility here, but it is one-dimensional, removed from the clash of social forces. This is not a matter of asking the playwright to make forced parallels with the present scene. Rather, a deeper realism in treating the past would necessarily result in a richer understanding of today, as well as in more intense conflict and more resourceful character delineation. It should be noted here that the production falls into an outrageous white chauvinist stereotype in its treatment of the woman slave from Barbados.

But if the play is weak on the underlying social purpose of the witch hunt, it does undoubtedly make a deep impression on the audience with its portrait of the results. Miller has

made a positive contribution to the fight against the McCarthyism that threatens to reduce the theatre, as all the arts, to ashes.

Writers' Peace Appeal

WE HAVE just received the text of a major declaration by the 103 writers who attended the Peace Congress in Vienna. The declaration was presented by Pablo Neruda and signed, among others, by Anna Seghers, Louis Aragon, Jean-Paul Sartre, Konstantin Fedin, Mulk Raj Anand, Jorge Amado, Mao Dun, and Jaroslav Iwaskiewicz. It reads:

"We who believe in the power of the written word and whose calling it is to bear witness for ourselves and others like us, have decided to bring our work into harmony with our aspirations for peace and we declare that we will fight against war by means of our writings.

"How and to what extent this will be done is a matter that each will decide for himself. But over and above religious differences, philosophical, political or literary differences, we are at one in denouncing the war that is being prepared, however this preparation may be masked or appear in the field of literature.

"We are at one in bearing witness on behalf of those who suffer in wars in showing the path of peace and in affirming our confidence in Man.

"We hope with all our heart that this resolution will find an echo among other writers throughout the whole world."

Several proposals were made in the spirit of this resolution:

1. To set up national preparatory committees to work toward an international writers' meeting.
2. To consider a series of visits

writers which could encourage literary works promoting the maintenance of peace.

3. To facilitate meetings between writers which could help understanding among the nations.

4. To collaborate in exchanges between countries and in the distribution of writings serving the cause of peace; in particular to publish such writings in the literary organs of different countries.

The resolution of the 103 writers will surely meet a warm response among peace-minded writers in this

country, many of whom had wished to be present at Vienna but were prevented by the State Department. The appeal is broad. It assumes the widest differences of outlook among its signatories. It has only one program: the expression of the people's sentiment for peace.

In this country, writers for peace have long felt the need for such a resolution and for the type of international writers' meeting which is proposed. They will no doubt undertake serious collective discussion of this question on as broad a basis as possible.

Accept my friendly congratulations on the fifth anniversary of a magazine which arouses the warmest sympathies of all people of good will. I heartily wish you further success in your tireless struggle for peace and friendship among peoples.

ILYA EHRENBURG

For five years *Masses & Mainstream* has given direction to those Americans who love and cherish peace and truth. I wish you strength and success in your persevering struggle for justice and right.

ANNA SEGHERS

Yours has been a great mission, nobly conceived in a day when freedom of thought and expression has well-nigh disappeared from the United States of America. What was the first a venture in scientific exploration and unhampered thinking, has become in the wild struggle for life and liberty almost the one vehicle of real literary expression and free scientific progress, particularly in the social sciences, which North America possesses. May it continue to dare and thrive.

W. E. B. DU BOIS and SHIRLEY GRAHAM

Like the old problem of the priority of the chicken or the egg, who is to say whether the arts are the mother of society or society of the arts? At any rate, both must be made to serve the common aim of human happiness. In these days of widespread demoralization in both the arts and society *Masses & Mainstream* has been unswervingly true to the high principle that art shall serve the people's cause of peace and freedom. May the day be not far distant when a million readers will claim it as their voice.

ROCKWELL KENT

WALL STREET, ZIONISM AND ANTI-SEMITISM

By A. B. MAGIL

"Stop, thief!"

The old threadbare story is perennially new. "Communazi" shouted those who had built up Hitler and engineered Munich. "Red fascism" snarled the admirers and accomplices of the man who made the murders run on time. And now "Soviet anti-Semitism" foams from the lips of those who coddle and collaborate with the neo-nazis of Bonn and turn a blind eye to the bombing of synagogues, the hooligan attacks on Jewish school children, the college quotas and the "churches nearby" ads, and who maintain the racist system of lynch-terror and jimcrow against Negroes.

And who leaps forward as the "defender" of the Jewish people in the United Nations but the unspeakable Trujillo, one of the world's worst fascist murderers, who has on his hands the blood of thousands of Dominican and Haitian patriots!

What is the truth about the recent Prague trial and the arrest of nine Moscow doctors? That truth rests on a fundamental fact:

the desperate, unceasing struggle by the most reactionary imperialist forces to prevent the socialist world from continuing to live and grow, a struggle waged on a scale and with a ferocity that have no precedent. A major instrument of this struggle is espionage, sabotage and wrecking. This is not the traditional espionage conducted against unfriendly—or even friendly—governments. It is espionage, sabotage and wrecking on a wartime footing, designed to create the conditions for the violent overthrow of the socialist regimes against the wishes of their peoples.

This activity has reached the proportions where it has been written into law in the Mutual Security Act, passed by Congress in September 1951 (though obviously it began long before). This act appropriated \$100,000,000 to finance persons "residing in or escapes from" the Soviet Union and the people's democracies—it lists them all—"either to form such persons into elements of the military forces supporting the North Atlantic Treaty Organization or for other purposes." (Emphasis mine—

...B.M.) In an exchange of correspondence with Warren R. Austin, then American delegate to the United Nations, Rep. Charles J. Kersten (R. Wis.), who sponsored this clause, elucidated the "other purposes" as including terror.

The light of these "liberation" activities is by no means being kept under a bushel. For example, Governor Theodore McKeldin of Maryland, who nominated Eisenhower at the Republican national convention, in a speech at Town Hall predicted that "the Eisenhower administration would abandon the policy of trying to contain Communism in favor of incitement of rebellious acts' in nations under the Soviet heel." He spelled out this "incitement" as consisting of:

"... a well-timed explosion in the path of a Communist supply train, a well-placed monkey-wrench in a piece of Soviet war production machinery, a well-managed work of delay, a well-directed bomb at the right time in the right place, a bit of significant information passed on to officials of the free nations."

All this had, of course, already been organized by the Truman administration on a far from piddling scale. Wrote Colonel Leonard H. Nason in the Newark *Star-Ledger* of December 17, 1951: "The size of our diversionary effort behind the Iron Curtain is very large, which explains the frequency with which we get caught."

Yet there are well-meaning people who, while believing in the existence of U.S. espionage and sabotage in the socialist countries, evidently do

not believe in the existence of live spies and saboteurs. Slansky a U.S. agent? Rajk a spy? The Moscow doctors tools of U.S. and British intelligence? Impossible! These are all "show trials," in which innocent men confess crimes they never committed. The logic of the position of such well-meaning, if illogical, people is: either the \$100,000,000 is being wasted on agents who twiddle their thumbs, or the security services of the socialist countries are so monumentally incompetent that they never catch the real spies and saboteurs but bring to trial only the innocent.

OF COURSE, the people who believe in espionage but not in flesh-and-blood spies do not stop to think that nothing about any of these trials is one-hundredth as fantastic as the idea that innocent men will confess to the most heinous crimes, knowing in advance that their reward will be death. Sacco and Vanzetti did not "confess." Neither did Dimitroff despite all the threats of butcher Goering. Gabriel Peri, who faced a Nazi firing squad proclaiming the singing tomorrows of socialism, did not "confess." Julius Fucik under bestial Nazi torture did not "confess." Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, despite the most concentrated moral and psychological torment, did not "confess." These and others like them did not confess because they were innocent. At Prague, Moscow, Warsaw, Budapest, Sofia, Bucharest, men have confessed because they were guilty and the proof of their guilt

was so overwhelming that it left them no alternative.

Incidentally, the press and radio give a distorted impression that these criminals simply get up in court and spout confessions like so many automatons. Legal procedure in the socialist countries is similar to that in use throughout the European continent, which was originally based on the Napoleonic code. Under this system the public trial is preceded by a prolonged period of investigation, during which the chief facts concerning the innocence or guilt of the accused are established.

When first arrested the defendants in the Prague trial for a long time insisted they were innocent, as did the defendants in the Moscow Trotskyite trials in the thirties. Only with the unraveling of the threads of the conspiracy and the accumulation of irrefutable evidence do the accused finally admit their guilt. In the trial itself, while conceding their basic guilt, they often seek to deny or minimize certain aspects of their personal complicity. This leads to frequent sharp exchanges between the accused and the prosecutor, and the behavior of both is anything but robot-like.

Why were the majority of the defendants in the Prague trial and most of the arrested Moscow doctors Jewish? In the first place it should be noted that these are not isolated criminal proceedings, but part of the concerted efforts being made by the socialist governments to root out the agents of foreign imperialist espionage

and sabotage. The Prague and Moscow events are also an integral part of the massive, heroic struggle to eliminate all capitalist elements and influences and to drive full steam ahead toward socialism—in the case of the Soviet Union, toward communism. Thus, if we consider not simply one trial and one group of imperialist agents, but all those arrested on similar charges during the past few years, we find that Jews constitute only a small minority among them.

Secondly, the Prague trial did deal with something new: the espionage of Zionist groups and diplomatic representatives of Israel.* It is therefore not surprising that Czech citizens of Jewish origin were prominently involved. The Moscow arrests in part related to espionage activities carried on in behalf of U.S. intelligence by an American Jewish organization, the Joint Distribution Committee. Again, this involved doctors who are Jewish, though the Soviet government and press did not designate any as such, and the three most important of the doctors are non-Jews.

THERE is an additional reason why Jews figured prominently in the Prague trial. In what countries is it possible for Jews to achieve top posts in the government and in the ruling party? Slansky could become general

* See the excellent pamphlet, *The Truth about the Prague Trial*, by Louis Harad (Jewish Life, \$.10). For further material see also the January, February and March issues of the monthly magazine *Jewish Life*.

secretary of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia. But who is the Jewish national chairman of the Republican Party or the Democratic Party? What Jew was ever chairman of either of these parties?

Jews constitute 3 percent of the population of the United States, but less than two-tenths of 1 percent of the population of Czechoslovakia. Who are the Jews in the Eisenhower cabinet? Is there a single Jew holding the post of even assistant secretary in the Eisenhower administration? Can it be an accident that this Wall Street government, which hypocritically inveighs against non-existent "anti-Semitism behind the Iron Curtain," is so completely *Judenrein*?

In Czechoslovakia, Minister of Justice Stefan Reitz, who brought the Slansky gang to book, is a Jew, as are Foreign Minister Vaclav David, head of the Czech delegation to the current session of the UN, and at least seven members of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. Dr. Gertruda Sekaninova-Catrkova, former chief of the Czech UN delegation, is also Jewish. In Hungary (Jewish population 1.3 percent) President Matyas Rakosi, his two chief co-workers, Erno Gero and Zoltan Vass, and various other high officials are Jewish. In Poland (Jewish population, 0.2 percent), Vice-Premier Hilary Minc and two other members of the United Workers (Communist) Party Political Bureau are Jews.

In Rumania (Jewish population, 0.9 percent), Foreign Minister Bug-

hici, successor to the discredited Ana Pauker, and at least four members of the Central Committee of the Workers (Communist) Party are Jews. In the Soviet Union (Jewish population, 1 percent), there are several Jews on the recently elected Central Committee of the Communist Party; one Jew is on the party's top body, the twenty-five-man presidium. Incidentally, this Jew, Lazar Kaganovitch, has for years been one of the outstanding figures in the Soviet government and Communist Party. Another Jew, Lev Mekhlis, who was prominent in the government, the party and the Red Army, on his death last month, was given a state funeral with the highest honors. Who are the counterparts in the American government of Kaganovitch and Mekhlis?

For the millionaire hell-bent-for-war press and radio it is a simple matter to substitute for the magnificent socialist reality, in which national or racial discrimination is banned, its own custom-built counterfeit. Unfortunately for these counterfeiters, in the very midst of the oncoming "wave of pogroms" and the fullblown "virulent anti-Semitism" of the countries where Communists lead the governments, the German Democratic Republic sentenced three Jew-baiters to severe prison terms. And despite Max Lerner's assurances that Jews have been "excluded" from Soviet journalism, the Soviet press insists on publishing articles, poems, stories by citizens of Jewish origin. Such is the Communist capacity for deceit!

ON JANUARY 11, one day before the announcement of the arrest of the nine Moscow doctors, *Pravda*, central organ of the Communist Party, set the tone for the "anti-Semitic" drive by featuring a story by Boris Polevoi, author of the Stalin prize-winning novel, *Story of a Real Man*. Polevoi happens to be Jewish.

On January 13, the day after the arrests were announced, *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, leading literary-political paper, published an article—no doubt as part of an intensified "anti-Semitic" campaign—by the literary critic I. Pitliar, who is also Jewish.

On January 19, the very day that Foreign Minister Sharett of Israel was denouncing from the rostrum of the Knesset the "campaign of atrocity propaganda and terrorization embarked upon by the Soviet authorities against their Jewish nationals", *Pravda* was confirming his charges by opening its columns to P. Naumov, a Jew, who is its correspondent in Berlin.

More proof of Soviet "anti-Semitism": other recent issues of *Pravda* and *Literaturnaya Gazeta* have published contributions by Boris Gorbakov, David Zaslavsky, I. Gorelik, K. Lapin, Z. Paperni, Maxim Rylsky (the outstanding Ukrainian poet)—all Jews—as well as the internationally famous cartoonist Boris Efimov.

The Soviet cultural delegation that visited England at the end of November included three Jewish artists: Mark Reizen bass baritone, who appears in the film, *The Great Concert*;

and Emil Hilels and A. Yerochin, pianists.

And when the Stalin Peace Prize Committee decided for the first time to give one of its cherished awards to a Soviet citizen, they diabolically chose Ilya Ehrenburg—again a Jew. The words that Ehrenburg spoke in the Kremlin January 28 on receiving his award have possibly a contemporary meaning:

"Irrespective of the national origin of a Soviet person, he is first and foremost a patriot; and he is a genuine internationalist, an enemy of race or national discrimination, a zealous advocate of brotherhood, a fearless defender of peace."

Of course, the position of Jews in Soviet life should not be judged primarily in terms of "big names." The vast majority of Soviet Jews are workers. Among them are shock brigaders, factory managers, heroes of labor, and all are enthusiastically building the new free communist society.

Jews who genuinely work for Socialism, true patriots of their respective countries, are branded as "renegade Jews" by those who purchase renegacy at wholesale and retail. On the other hand, who identified the Slanskys and Kogans with the Jewish people? Not the Czechoslovak government nor the Soviet government. It is the Trumans and Eisenhower, the Ben Gurions and Sharett, the venal press and the Zionist leaders who insist on smearing the Jewish people everywhere by claiming murderers and spies as its true representatives.

his brings us to one of the main issues in this campaign of frenetic falsehoods: are anti-Zionism and anti-Semitism the same? The attempt to equate the two is one of the more obvious frauds being perpetrated on the public. Anyone with even a slight acquaintance with Jewish life knows that Zionism is only one of the political currents among the Jewish people in the capitalist world, and throughout the greater part of its history it has been a minority current. The organized Jewish workers, whether under rightwing or leftwing leadership, were traditionally anti-Zionist. In the United States a major Jewish big business group, represented by the American Jewish Committee, was for years anti-Zionist and today at least non-Zionist, though this has not prevented the Warburgs, the Morgenthau family, and others from digging their claws deep into Israel's economic and political life. In Israel itself there are hundreds of thousands of non-Zionists and also a sector of the public that is anti-Zionist. Are all these anti-Semites?

THE attitude of the Russian Marxists—the Bolsheviks—toward Zionism has always been clear. They opposed it as a bourgeois nationalist movement designed to divert the Jewish masses from the struggle against capitalism and socialism which alone could end their oppression. At the same time the Bolsheviks resolutely fought anti-Semitism, as they fought the barbarities of czarist autocracy against the imprisoned nationalities

of Russia. And when they came to power the Bolsheviks put their principles into practice by outlawing all Zionist activity (not thoughts) and all manifestations of anti-Semitism (again, not thoughts), and establishing genuine equality for the Jews together with all the diverse nationalities of the great Soviet family.

Stalin has made the Soviet and Marxist position on anti-Semitism crystal-clear:

"National and racial chauvinism is a relic of the misanthropic mores peculiar to the period of cannibalism. Anti-Semitism, as the most extreme form of chauvinism, is the most dangerous survival of cannibalism. Anti-Semitism is useful to the exploiters as a shock absorber, pulling capitalism out from under the blows of the working class. Anti-Semitism is dangerous to the working class as a false path leading them off from the correct road and leading them into the jungles. Therefore, Communists, as consistent internationalists, cannot but be irreconcilable enemies of anti-Semitism. In the U.S.S.R. anti-Semitism is most severely prosecuted as a phenomenon deeply inimical to the Soviet order."

Marxists oppose Zionism not because it is Jewish, but because it is capitalist—because of its *class character*. The historic decree of the Soviet government, issued on August 9, 1918, over Lenin's signature, calling for "uncompromising measures to tear the anti-Semitic movement out by the roots," made precisely that class distinction between Jew and Jew which is implicit in the Marxist opposition to Zionism:

"In the Russian Socialist Federated

Rise in Neo-Nazism Is Shown By Survey in West Germany

**Big Majority Found Unwilling to Resist
Revival of National Socialism—Youth
Strongly Shares Trend, U. S. Learns**

By **DREW MIDDLETON**

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

BONN, Germany, Jan. 17 — unnecessary since there would be
Steady gains for neo-Nazism among widespread resistance to any Nazi
the youth of Germany and adher- group seeking power in this
ents of the Free Democratic party country.

REDS REPORT TRIAL OF 3 ANTI-SEMITES

**East German News Agency Says
They Received Jail Terms
for 'Slandering' Jews**

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

BERLIN, Jan. 28—A. D. N., East
Germany's official news agency,
reported today that in three separate trials persons who had "slandered" Jews had received terms up
to two years at hard labor.

The announcement obviously

West and East: two vivid tokens of the true situation. A survey of the U.S. High Commissioner's office reveals the rise of neo-Nazism and anti-Semitism under the U.S.-sponsored Bonn regime. In the German Democratic Republic, on the other hand, Jew-baiters are severely punished.

Soviet Republic, where the principle of self-determination of the toiling masses of all nations has been proclaimed, there is no room for national oppression. The Jewish bourgeois are our enemies, *not as Jews but as bourgeois. The Jewish worker is our brother.*" (Emphasis mine—A.B.M.)

This distinction is no less important as between Israel's reactionary, pro-imperialist government and the people of Israel, among whom no less than 43 percent of the adults signed the petition for a five-power peace pact. In other countries Marxists also distinguish between the capitalist leaders of Zionism (including the rightwing "laborites"), who have identified themselves completely with imperialism, especially the Wall Street brand, and workers, professionals and small business men influ-

enced by Zionism. Just as the prosecution of Cardinal Mindszenty could not be considered an assault on the overwhelmingly Catholic masses of Hungary, so the prosecution or exposure of Zionist leaders cannot be regarded as directed at the Jewish masses or even that sector which is Zionist.

IS IT conceivable that leading Zionists and the Zionist government of Israel would conduct espionage and sabotage in behalf of foreign masters?

Espionage is not an abstraction. It is a branch of politics and a branch of war—which is a continuation of politics by other means. The espionage directed by U.S. intelligence is designed to achieve political and military objectives that are part and

parcel of the central policy of rejecting peaceful co-existence with the socialist countries and preparing for war against them, as well as against capitalist rivals. Is there in the ideology and history of Zionism and in the record of the Israel government a *political basis* for the espionage activities with which they have been charged?

From its inception as a political movement in the last years of the nineteenth century Zionism exhibited three major characteristics: hostility to socialism; extreme pro-imperialism; and renunciation of the struggle against anti-Semitism. The writings of the two principal ideologists of Zionism, Leo Pinsker and Theodor Herzl, and the political activities of the latter, who was the founder of the world Zionist movement, abound in documentation of these three characteristics, which express the reactionary class essence of Zionism.

In his pamphlet, *Auto-Emancipation*, published in 1882, Pinsker, a Russian Jewish physician, diagnosed anti-Semitism in purely subjective and racist terms as a psychic disease inherited by all non-Jews. He drew the logical conclusion that "we must give up contending against these hostile impulses as we must against every other inherited predisposition." (*Auto-Emancipation*, pp. 7, 8.)

Herzl, the Austro-Hungarian Jewish bourgeois journalist, from somewhat different premises, drew the same conclusion: "From the beginning I understood the emptiness and futility of efforts to 'combat anti-

Semitism.'" (*Theodor Herzl: Excerpts from His Diaries*, p. 3.)

Herzl's central appeal to the crowned heads of European reaction, whose aid he courted, was that Zionism would make their countries *Judenrein*. This idea he also developed in *The Jewish State*, which has become the Bible of the Zionist movement. Inevitably this position led to a meeting of minds between Herzl in his capacity as leader of the world Zionist movement and the worst Jew-baiters. Thus, one month after the horrible Kishinev pogrom, which outraged world public opinion, Herzl wrote a fawning letter to the chief instigator of the pogrom, the tsar's Minister of the Interior, von Plehve. In the letter he attacked the revolutionary movement and offered Zionism as a means of combating its influence among the Jewish youth. On August 10, 1903 Herzl recorded in his diary his interview with von Plehve. He quoted the tsar's pogromist-in-chief as saying:

"We were sympathetic to your Zionist movement as long as it helped to further emigration. You don't have to begin justifying the movement to me. You are preaching to a convert." (*Theodor Herzl: Excerpts from His Diaries*, p. 112.)

One of the outstanding contemporary leaders of world Zionism, Yitschak Gruenbaum, who was Minister of the Interior in Israel's first provisional government, states that the tsarist government at first "favored the growth and expansion

of the Zionist movement" since "Zionism distracted the attention of the Jews from the struggle against the tsarist regime and from interest in Russia and Russian conditions." (*History of Zionism*, Part II, p. 66.) Among these "Russian conditions" was anti-Semitism.

HERZL aligned himself and the Zionist movement with the most reactionary imperialist interests, impartially offering to serve Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, the Sultan of Turkey, Tsar Nicholas, or Queen Victoria. The kind of Jewish state that this leader of a "liberation" movement projected was indicated in a letter written in 1896 to the chaplain of the British Embassy in Vienna with the request that its contents be made known to the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury. The letter proposed "the erection of an autonomous Jewish *subject state* in Palestine, similar to Egypt, under the sovereignty of the Sultan." (*Theodor Herzl: Excerpts from His Diaries*, pp. 37-38. Emphasis mine—A.M.B.)

In *The Jewish State* (p. 96) he defined the function of this subject state more precisely: "If His Majesty the Sultan were to give us Palestine, we would in return undertake to regulate the whole finances of Turkey. We should there form a portion of a rampart of Europe against Asia, an outpost of civilization as opposed to barbarism."

That last sentence reads as if it might be an excerpt from a speech at last year's convention of the Zionist

Organization of America.

Herzl's successors in leadership of the Zionist movement, while discarding some of his extravagances, followed in his political footsteps. They alternately pledged loyalty to the Ottoman Empire and the British Empire, depending on who was boss, and eventually to the Wall Street empire. And the Zionist leaders, whether those of the Right like Vladimir Jabotinsky, admirer of Mussolini, or "laborites" and "socialists" like Ben Gurion and Sharett, also clung in various forms to the concept of a Jewish vassal state. The record of the Israel government in this respect speaks loudly. It is a record of crass national betrayal.*

From all this, shall we conclude that when Truman, Acheson and Henry Morgenthau got together with Ben Gurion and Sharett in Washington in 1947 and demanded espionage and subversive activity in the people's democracies in return for U.S. support of Zionist aims in Palestine—this was the testimony of Shimon Orenstein, former employee of the Israel legation at Prague—that the men who later became the two chief leaders of Israel's government refused? Is it possible to swallow such rubbish?

THE pious protestations of the Israel and American Zionist

* For additional material on Zionism and Israel, see *Israel in Crisis* by A. B. Magil (International Publishers, \$1.25), and *Israel and Dollar Diplomacy* by Victor Perlo (New Century Publishers, \$.25).

aders ring especially hollow in view of their past espionage activities, about which they have even boasted. I refer specifically to espionage during the first world war—an imperialist war—before the establishment of the Soviet state. For example, in that period there was a prominent Palestine Zionist named Aaron Aaronsohn. In his book, *The Realities of American-Palestine Relations*, published in 1949 and described on the jacket as “based upon official records hitherto held confidential,” Frank E. Manuel, a pro-Zionist writer, describes Aaronsohn (p. 180) as “the chief organizer of a British spy ring among the Jewish colonists in Palestine.” According to Manuel, Aaronsohn numbered among his admirers Justice Louis D. Brandeis, then head of the American Zionist organization. Later Aaronsohn became a member of the Zionist Commission which was sent to Palestine in 1918 under the chairmanship of that not very secret British agent, Dr. Chaim Weizmann.

Then there was the case of Sara Aaronson. Arrested in 1915 by the Turkish authorities, this woman, according to Israel Cohen’s official history, *The Zionist Movement* (p. 110), published by the Zionist Organization of America, “bravely refused under torture to divulge anything about the intelligence she conveyed at night to a British submarine that called near Athlit.”

And espionage in behalf of imperialism was by no means a monopoly of Palestine Zionists. Jacob de Haas, former executive secretary

of the Zionist Organization of America, in an article, “Brandeis in Zionism,” in the February 1928 issue of the *Menorah Journal*, proudly pointed to these achievements of his colleagues:

“A real organization does not exhibit all its strength on parade, though that ostentatious form of demonstration was not overlooked when the need arose. . . . Did the British need to obtain a contact in Odessa, or were they in need of a trustworthy agent in Harbin? Did President Wilson require at short notice a thousand word summary detailing who was who in the Kerensky upheaval in Russia? The New York office rendered all these services, asking nothing but receiving much, the respect and good will of the men whose signatures counted in great affairs. Thousands of Zionists served, and served well, in that far-flung line which the organization maintained during the long trying period when victory seemed in the balance.”

As for the German Zionists, there was the case of the internationally known Zionist leader, Dr. Alfred Nossig, who began as a spy for Kaiser Wilhelm’s government in 1913 and ended thirty years later as a Gestapo agent who was executed by the underground organization of the Warsaw Ghetto fighters.

In face of this past record, shall we conclude that Zionist agents have engaged in espionage only against capitalist governments, that despite their rabidly anti-Communist and anti-Soviet views and their servile dependence on U.S. big capital, the Ben Gurions and Sharets have as a matter of principle refused to spy against socialist regimes? No doubt Hanson

W. Baldwin, military expert of the *New York Times*, spoke from intimate knowledge when he wrote (January 29) that "the British Intelligence Services with perhaps 3,000 employes and Israel's with perhaps 300, produce end results—in the form of facts and analyses—that are fully as useful in guiding national policy and perhaps more accurate than those produced by our much larger agencies."

In the matter of national and racial discrimination the leaders of Israel's government also live in a decidedly glass house. Have they not reduced the Arab minority of Israel, constituting 10 percent of the population, to the status of third-class citizenship? Third-class because the second-class citizens are Jews—the Jews of darker skin, now about 40 percent of the Jewish population, who have come from the Middle East, Asia and Northern Africa to find themselves stepchildren in the "Jewish homeland," victims of all kinds of discriminatory practices.

As for the Joint Distribution Committee (JDC), like the Zionist movement, the Freemasons, and various religious groups, this is an organization which by virtue of its international character can readily be utilized by imperialist intelligence services, provided of course the leadership is willing. JDC is largely controlled by non-Zionist Jewish bankers and industrialists who are allied with Zionist big business in the United Jewish Appeal. JDC is one of the two principal beneficiaries of the Appeal and

through interlocking directorates, philanthropic "aid" to Israel and to Jewish communities in Europe is linked with the economic exploitation of Israel by private American corporations, Jewish and non-Jewish. All this necessarily has its political counterpart, not the least aspect of which is espionage.

That JDC at one time performed genuine services in the rehabilitation of Jews in the Soviet Union and other countries does not negate the fact that its big business leaders also placed it at the service of U.S. intelligence. When Israel Jacobson, JDC representative in Hungary, was expelled from that country for espionage in 1949, we received an inkling of what could lie beneath the mask of charity. The Prague trial gave us another inkling, and the arrest of the Moscow doctors a third.

THE truth about the national policy of the socialist countries and its specific application to the Jewish people is no mystery. The only curtain over it is the curtain of lies and frauds prefabricated by those who have taken up the Hitler banner of anti-Communism and world conquest. Ten years ago a prominent American Jew said:

"What Jew, or non-Jew for that matter, dares shut his eyes to the menacing poison of anti-Semitism which has not only murdered two million helpless Jews, but has been the entering wedge with which Hitler has divided peoples and conquered nations? In Russia that wedge failed him. It failed because Russia has

Since the October Revolution forbidden discrimination between man and man, Jew and non-Jew. Real equality, regardless of race, religion, or nationality is a cornerstone of Soviet policy. Here—let the world take note—is the key to the courage, morale, and unity of the Russian people.

"That this humane, wise, and far-seeing Soviet policy is not a mere scrap of paper, that it is the Soviet way of life, testify from first-hand knowledge."

That statement was made not by a man of the Left or even a liberal, but by a Jewish member of the ruling class at a time when the exigencies of the anti-fascist war made it expedient to permit something of the truth to become known. Those words were spoken by the late James N. Rosenberg, wealthy lawyer and business man who at the time was honorary chairman of the Joint Distribution Committee.

What was true ten years ago is true today. This is even admitted by the *Jewish Frontier*, Labor Zionist monthly published by the American party comrades of Ben Gurion and Sharett. An article in its January issue describes as "unmistakable facts" that "the Bolsheviks, upon coming to power, stamped out pogroms in the Soviet Union; that residential, educational and many other restrictions based on race and nationality have been done away with in the U.S.S.R." The article continues:

"If by anti-Semitism we mean exclusion of Jews from summer resorts, or from medical colleges, or from residence in specific locations, or from holding certain public offices, then *we must admit*

that there has been no anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union for many years." (Emphasis mine—A.B.M.)

The article, nevertheless, insists that the Soviet regime is anti-Semitic because it does not adopt a bourgeois nationalist approach to the Jewish people nor does it cultivate Hebrew, which, incidentally, has not been the language of Jews anywhere outside of Palestine.

What is true of the U.S.S.R. is also true of the people's democracies, which have lifted the nightmare of anti-Semitic persecution from those Jews, so tragically reduced in number, who survived the Nazi holocaust. In all these countries national equality has not only been written into constitutions and legal codes, but what is even more important, into daily life through concrete measures to assist all nations and peoples to advance to the highest economic and cultural levels.

For the Jewish population of the U.S.S.R. this policy has been applied in a twofold way. For those who aspired to an independent national life the Jewish Autonomous Region in Birobidjan was set aside. But the very absence of discrimination caused the overwhelming majority of Soviet Jews to feel no need for a territory and an economic life of their own. These Jews, who are increasingly abandoning Yiddish, have voluntarily chosen to become integrated into the socialist nations — the Russians, Ukrainians, Lithuanians, etc.—among whom they live and of which they are a part.

THE national policy of the socialist countries is a *class* policy—and that's where the capitalist shoe pinches. It operates in behalf of the working people of the socialist nations and national groups, and against the class enemy of the working people: the capitalists and all manifestations of their influence. In other words, the Leninist-Stalinist national policy is simultaneously a policy of struggle against *bourgeois nationalism*.

Bourgeois nationalism is the opposite of proletarian internationalism. It is also the opposite of the truly national and patriotic, that is, the interests of the overwhelming majority of the nation. Bourgeois nationalism may be briefly defined as that ideology and political activity which substitutes for the solidarity of the workers of all countries, solidarity with "their own" capitalists in subordination to the interests of the capitalists, which are falsely presented as national interests; as against the peaceful, democratic cooperation of peoples, bourgeois nationalism promotes national hostility, oppression and war. Zionism is a major form of that bourgeois nationalism which is specifically Jewish.

Chauvinism is an extreme form of the nationalism of oppressing nations. One of the most harmful types of chauvinism is anti-Semitism. In our country an even more pernicious expression of imperialist nationalism is white chauvinism. Imperialist war and fascism are likewise manifestations of rampant bourgeois national-

ism on the part of monopoly capitalist ruling classes. While in colonial and semi-colonial countries bourgeois nationalism may under certain circumstances and for limited periods play a positive role in relation to foreign imperialism and native feudal reaction, this does not hold for the nationalism of imperialist ruling classes or for that which may seek to re-assert itself in socialist countries.

From the first day of the establishment of the Soviet regime the struggle against bourgeois nationalism was an integral part of the process of liberation and development of the many nations, nationalities and ethnic groups that were building the new society. In the early period the main fire was directed at Great Russian chauvinism; Stalin repeatedly emphasized the importance of mercilessly combatting this type of nationalism which, as he pointed out in 1923, created "the risk that the Russian proletariat may forfeit the confidence of the formerly oppressed peoples, which it won in the days of the October Revolution." At the same time the fight was also waged against local nationalism, which reflected "the dissatisfaction of the dying classes in the previously oppressed nations with the regime of the proletarian dictatorship, their striving to separate themselves into their national state and there establish their own class supremacy." (Stalin: political report to the sixteenth congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, 1930.)

It may be asked: what dying classes are there in the Soviet Union today? No such classes exist any longer, though there still are a small number of individuals who were members of the old hostile classes or had ties with them. It should be borne in mind that capitalist economy in agriculture, trade and industry was not eliminated in the U.S.S.R. till about the end of 1932 with the completion of the first Five-Year Plan. Remnants of capitalist economic relations persisted for several years thereafter.

In the realm of ideas, Marxists have often emphasized, development tends to lag behind material changes. Moreover, as Stalin pointed out, "the survivals of capitalism in people's minds are much more tenacious in the sphere of the national problem than in any other sphere. They are more tenacious because they are able to disguise themselves well in national costume." (Report to the seventeenth congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, 1934.)

ANOTHER major consideration was that the Soviet Union was subjected to capitalist military invasion in 1941, and this brought with it in the occupied Soviet regions bourgeois political and ideological penetration in its worst form. The revival among some sections of the Soviet population of bourgeois nationalism was a problem that the Soviet government was compelled to grapple with during and after the war.

Fraternity Suspends Williams Unit For Admitting a Jewish Student

Special to The New York Times.
WILLIAMSTOWN, Mass., Feb. 9.—The Williams College chapter of Phi Delta Theta was suspended last night from membership in the national fraternity for accepting a Jewish student in contravention of a clause in its constitution that restricts membership to "men of white and full Aryan blood."

*Where real anti-Semitism exists
and grows: here in the U.S.A.*

It should also be remembered that several million persons have become Soviet citizens only within the recent period. It was not till 1939-40 that the Baltic countries, Bessarabia, western Ukraine and western Byelorussia became part of the Soviet federation. They had previously been under semi-fascist or fascist regimes. Such new citizens inevitably brought with them a considerable baggage of bourgeois nationalist influences.

Among these new Soviet citizens were about 500,000 Jews, who were saved by the Red Army from the Nazi crematoria. They constitute today about one-fifth of the Jewish population of the U.S.S.R. A large proportion of these newcomers also brought with them bourgeois nationalist tendencies. In addition, the sufferings of the Jewish people at the hands of the Hitler murderbund, while sharpening the patriotism of Jewish workers and binding them more closely to the other Soviet peoples, undoubtedly awakened latent nationalist tendencies among some Jews of bourgeois or petty-bourgeois origin.

All these diverse lingering nationalisms, whether Ukrainian, Kazakian, Georgian, Jewish, etc., now affect only an insignificant number of people and might in the present stage of Soviet society assume relatively innocuous forms were it not for the fact—a towering fact—that the class enemy, defeated within the country, is fighting all the more desperately from without to achieve its aims. And thus every nationalist in a socialist country (that is, every person who not merely thinks nationalist thoughts but acts on them) becomes for the imperialist intelligence services a potential spy and saboteur. Such spies and saboteurs are few in number, but it does not take many to do a great deal of damage.

There has been no concentration on Jewish nationalism to the exclusion of other types; on the contrary, one can say that in the Soviet Union the struggle against Jewish bourgeois nationalism lagged far behind that waged against other nationalisms. At the same time the Soviet and people's democratic press have by no means relaxed the fight against what *Pravda* (January 15) called "zoological racism of the Hitlerites." A sharp distinction between anti-Zionism and anti-Semitism has been drawn by the Soviet and Czech press and in a major statement by President Klement Gottwald of Czechoslovakia.

If in the United States and other capitalist countries the word "Jewish" in an unfavorable context carries anti-Semitic connotations, who is to blame for this? "Jewish" is not a

smear word in the Soviet Union and the people's democracies in any context. No Soviet Jewish worker regards "Jewish bourgeois nationalism" as directed at him, but rather at his special class enemy. And the description of some of the defendants in the Prague trial as "Jewish bourgeois nationalists" was no more anti-Semitic than the characterization of the defendant Clementis as a "Slovak bourgeois nationalist" was anti-Slovak.

THE charge that the Soviet Union and the people's democracies are practicing or encouraging anti-Semitism in any shape or form is an unmitigated lie. The truth is the direct opposite: in no other countries are Jews as Jews so secure, so completely equal in status with non-Jews. In no other countries does the law impose severe penalties for discrimination of any kind because of nationality or race and the advocacy of national or racial hatred. In no other countries is anti-Semitism actively combated not only through legal measures but through the education of the people in the spirit of socialist internationalism and the brotherhood of all peoples. In no other countries have the social roots of anti-Semitism, embedded in the monopoly-capitalist system which breeds and thrives on national and racial antagonism, been relentlessly burnt out with the flame of workingclass power.

As Dr. Moshe Sneh, member of the Israel parliament and until his recent expulsion from Mapam, left

labor Zionist party, leader of its left wing, wrote in a recent article:

"Communism and anti-Semitism are two contradictory things—two opposites. But in order to prop up the house of David (Ben Gurion), which is on the verge of collapse, in order to bring our state into an imperialist-fascist-anti-Semitic alliance with McCarthy and MacArthur, Guderian and Kesselring, Adenauer, and Tito and Franco, the spokesmen of the Voice of America in the Israel Knesset [parliament] have dragged out this counterfeited tale: Communism is anti-Semitism."

This fraudulent campaign has a cold and calculated purpose: to disintegrate the growing world resistance to Washington's war and witch-hunt policies, and to lure millions, especially Jews, into supporting the preparations for atomic slaughter in alliance with those who murdered six million Jews in the last war.

This charlatan crusade to "liberate" the only really liberated Jews has the further purpose of distracting attention from and struggle against actual anti-Semitism, which is growing in the United States and Western Germany under the impulse of the Wall Street war drive. And what a godsend for Israel's unpopular government, this warmly embraced pretext for emasculating the widespread opposition to its financial deal with Bonn, for assaulting the country's vigorous peace movement, for crushing all dissent from policies that have produced hunger and economic ruin and converted Israel into a Wall

Street semi-colony and war base.

To force millions to accept such madness it is necessary to stand on its head the reality of socialist life. A monstrous transvaluation of all political and moral values—"fair is foul, and foul is fair"—has been undertaken by those for whom the summit of human culture is the atom bomb. Unfortunately, the pernicious anti-Soviet propaganda that has deluged our country for years and the intellectual terror which has invaded all spheres of our national life have left many honest Americans so devoid of rational defenses that some have swallowed this latest fake.

The hoax of "anti-Semitism" in the socialist countries must be rejected by millions. It is a cynical, war-inciting frameup. Its chief perpetrator is that ruling class which is universally recognized as a specialist in such fabrications—from the Mollie McGuire and Haymarket cases down through Tom Mooney, Sacco and Vanzetti, the Scottsboro Boys to the Willie McGee, Martinsville Seven, Rosa Lee Ingram, and Rosenberg frameups. The myth of "anti-Semitism" in the socialist countries is today's Reichstag fire fraud. And it smells no less of war and of real anti-Semitism than its Nazi precursor. All peace-loving men and women, Jewish and non-Jewish, irrespective of their views on Zionism and other questions, have the duty to search out the truth on this issue before they discover too late that this Big Lie is lethal.

Williamsburgh Summer

By MARTHA MILLET

Scene through the window's upper half: a tree's
Fern fingers, reaching to a sky the blue
Of flowers I half-glimpsed one country day,
Unheeding; being slum inheritor,
Like father, mother, and their parents too;
They being once upon a childhood time
By wonder warmed; soon to the rolling mills
Their lives were led; in alley-lengths of gloom
Sat laboring, windows nailed; the stinking cloth
Sewed ceiling high in mightier coffin-webs
Than spiders have the craft to weave. What spark
Shed its bare rays and was their only sun . . . ?

Motion. Commotion. O this herd of hearts,
Feverish, flushed and pinched by Cyclop tongs
To labor, and pay out, and pay the songs
Out of the rifled breast . . . as on this street. . . .

The stone dies from the wall. The old stone dies.
A building falls and dies that silent way;
An atom flower in reverse. One's dead.
Yet only one. God's hand. . . . They count it luck,
And they recount this softer martyrdom
In summer heat beneath a corpse-white sky.

"The sky—what is it?" always the children ask;
Portioned in squares of window, battened down
On stoops where people nightly sit and sigh
More than they speak; then up they groan, to shrink
From the bed furnaces. . . . The fern leaves in
The bog of sky give signals not of air,
No small fresh dream. . . . "*What is it, Ma, the sky?*"

A thousand gasps poured out upon the night.

No mercy there. Even the stars are far
And give no look into the eyes. All night
I hear the shrilling clamor of the cats,
The children cry. . . .

In my own name, and in that of the Danish comrades, I congratulate you most warmly on your anniversary. We have all had a hard struggle, and yours not the least, in the fight with the hydra. The beast has many heads: we have cut off most of them in our common struggle. But one remains, the most evil of all—the threat of war.

The beast has only this one way of asserting itself; this is its final head. If we cut it off the beast will be dead. And we will in common cut it off: our peace movement is stronger than all the evil forces in the world. To us war is an atavism, a survival of the period of cannibalism. It is a blot on our present-day society and must be rubbed out, and with it we will erase the entire old and rotten system. For the war danger is the sole and final reason for being of the old, as the right to work and peaceful construction is our life-giving slogan.

Where you are, dear friends, you have a special task. You are closer to the breeding ground of war than we are. Today you are in the front ranks of our common struggle, and as such we admire you for your courageous past and wish you further strength and endurance in the days ahead.

MARTIN ANDERSON NEXO

The mouthpieces of Wall Street have long ago justified every crime committed by the Nazis and threaten the world with atom and hydrogen bombs. They write about "freedom" in the U.S.A., but say not a word about sedition trials, death sentences against the Rosenbergs, or lynching of Negroes and Smith Act convictions.

M & M has stood in the way of this medieval tide. It has used and urged the use of culture as a weapon for progress. It has helped many keep on a course from which it might have been easy to stray under the pressure of dollars, "fame" and "freedom" from harassment.

STEVE NELSON

I salute *Masses & Mainstream* on its fifth anniversary. I salute this warrior for peace joyously and with pride. Every issue is proof that the dream of our people is alive and is eternal, proof that no despot can ever kill the dream of peace and universal brotherhood.

JOSEPH NORTH

Meeting on the Hill

By PHILLIP BONOSKY

BENEDICT watched his father carefully spoon up the last of the cabbage soup, wipe his thick mustache with the back of his hands, first with the left and then with the right, refuse more, look suddenly up as though he had just been reminded, and then rise from the table.

He sighed, gave a stretch, and said casually: "I'm going to see Jacobis."

It was dark outside. A train of hot-metal cars had dumped, and the leaning side of the slag hill lay burning and quivering under the starless night. The shambling shadows of cows coming home late from the meadows crossed the street, and the pale light from the street lamps drenched their bony spines. They lowed and their heavy udders swung ponderously. Dogs shot like lightning out of an alley and disappeared as quickly between the houses. Never still, the Mill roared hoarsely.

Shortly after his father had left, Benedict also rose.

"I have to go to see the Father," he announced, also casually.

His mother turned. "So late?"

Benedict nodded. Joey hurriedly packed his soup away and jumped up.

"I gotta go, too," he declared.

"You stay!" Benedict cried, fiercely.

Joey withdrew with an injured look, but set his lip rebelliously.

All day rumors had spread through the Hollow. The streets had been unusually deserted, and pairs of troopers had patrolled them on horses. Mr. Draugraubas lay peacefully in a hospital. The other man, Peter Janicki, had died; he lay at home.

Outside he could sense shadows moving in and out of the alleys. Doors softly opened, revealing for a brief instant the yellow outline of a workingman; then shut like a sigh. Children were off the streets. Homeless dogs, frightened by the stillness, fled with no one chasing. Clouds, darker than the night, scudded across the sky; a sudden chilly wind rose and careened across the hills.

Behind him he caught sight of his little brother, following like a

leaf, and he hid behind a pole. When Joey came by Benedict reached out his arm and dragged him over by the neck. Gruffly he shouted into his ear: "Go home!" and hit him with his knuckles over the head. "You can't come!"

Joey fell back—but when Benedict moved, he moved, too. Benedict shook his fist at him, and then suddenly turned and ran. Soon there were no street-lights: only the faint gray of the road to guide him. He felt that he was no longer alone. There was a soft shuffling tread along the road. He stopped to listen and sensed shadows passing him by. Someone touched him, but moved on without speaking. He smelled the incinerator; he smelled the choked odor of the dump, and his shoulders jerked.

The road turned sharply off into the scrub of the hills. They could smell carbon from the opened and abandoned eternally-burning pits. Rabbits fled before them: and suddenly a shudder of wings rose at his feet and a dark bird stumbled drunkenly through the sky. He sensed where to go without knowing. The road had disappeared. Now branches suddenly snatched at him. He smelled crabapple trees whose lingering blossoms fell on his hair as he brushed by.

Now he felt more and more men around him. The darkness congealed. They were moving elbow to elbow now. And suddenly they stopped.

He was shivering. He heard his teeth chattering lonesomely. There were muffled uneasy curses; choked-

off laughter: a feeling of violence hid behind the darkness. Benedict remembered Mr. Janicki crawling along the yellow road, trailing blood: and he shuddered more. He remembered Lena's chalk face as she staggered after her mother. He remembered that other, suddenly stranger's, face; the masked but hostile look she had turned on him. He longed for his father.

A MUTTER began to rise. It moved quickly through the packed men. There was a hollow whistle. Somebody laughed nervously. He shivered again and almost dropped to his knees. He stood stiff, cold, as though on the edge of a cliff. Something—a dog—whined and pushed between his legs. More whistles. "Well, where is he?" That was the first voice Benedict heard. It sounded so clear and normal that he jumped.

Then a voice ahead of them responded from the dark.

"Everybody here?" it asked.

"Yes, yes," voices responded from all around; and suddenly Benedict sensed the organized quality of the arrangement of these replies. He could feel too how big the crowd was.

"All right, boys," the same confident voice that spoke as though in a lighted room returned from the dark. "Take care of our unwelcome visitors!"

There was an immediate scuffle and shuffle at different points in the darkness; a startled cry, choked off; a half-curse; a body thudding to the

ground; grunts; a naked fist hitting on a bone. Then absolute silence again; followed in a moment by quiet satisfied laughter. A man beside Benedict lunged and knocked him over. Hands reached for the man. Benedict caught the white flash of teeth, a frightened upturn of the silk of an eye. Someone clambered over the fallen one, pinned his arms together, hissed in his ear: "You Drobak—spy!" Pushed a gag into his mouth, whipped rope around his arms and tied a red workingman's handkerchief over his eyes. He rolled him over on his face into the coal-specked ground.

"All right, brothers?"

"All right!" someone answered from behind and ahead, from the left and from the right again, as though posted, as though possessing and organizing the darkness. Benedict felt a strange sense of penetrating eyes, though he could see no one.

Nor could he see the man who had been issuing the orders in that calm, matter-of-fact voice. The voice came out of the dark somewhere ahead. Benedict pulled himself to his feet. The caught spy lay writhing gently on the ground. Benedict suddenly wanted to kick him. Suddenly, too, his fear left him. He felt a strange shaking thrill; the darkness had erupted with strength. The voices he heard were all somehow familiar, the tones of his people; and the voice rising out of the dark, speaking almost carelessly—this, too, sounded hauntingly familiar.

It came again: "Brothers, all the

stoolies, company spies, FBI men, finks and rats have all been removed, I hope, from the meeting." Quiet laughter. "Now we'll get started."

A match suddenly flared up. Benedict jumped. "Dobrik!" he cried, astounded. There was more laughter. The same broad humorous face, the same grin as though he was always surprised to find that people listened to him: it was Dobrik from jail! Dobrik crawling along the stone floor for a pencil-stub! Dobrik telling him that they were both alike—because they refused to give the police names! Smiling ruefully through the blood on his face and scolding himself for having let himself be caught! It was Dobrik!

He strained toward the image held in the match-light, and then the light went out.

"Joe Magarac," someone said knowingly, laughing softly.

BENEDICT was quivering. The memory of the bitter night rushed back to him. *What was he doing here?* "Why, you're the union man!" he had said with surprise. "Son, that man's a Communist—" but he remembered the bloody hand coming through the frenzied air to settle on his head. He shuddered.

"Well, brothers," Dobrik's voice came again, speaking as though he were sitting on a chair across the table from everyone. "I've been to the Amalgamated Iron and Steel Workers and they don't give us any satisfaction. No hope at all. They won't touch us."

Murmurs.

"We'll go without them!" a voice
ed.

"Yeh, we can do that," Dobrik continued. "They're against any strike, Boyle tells me: but when we walk out, we're going to bring the Amalgamated craft boys out with us, too!" "You tell 'em, Doby!" somebody called—except that his voice was muffled and could not be heard beyond those there.

Dobrik continued in his easy, informal manner, except that his voice was also in deadly earnest. "It's got to be fast, got to be secret. No names, no leaders. *Everybody* is leader this time. We'll be in the woods. You understand. *Furstay?*"

"*Furstay,*" they laughed.

Dobrik's voice got serious. "Those of you in the Hollow—what's the matter? What happened?"

"They're kicking us out now, Doby!"

"I know that," Dobrik said impatiently. "That's not what I mean." They sensed that he leaned toward them in the darkness. "You let them throw our colored brothers out without lifting a finger!" he accused.

"They was scabs, Doby," someone complained defensively.

"They're n-----s, Doby," somebody else chimed in. "They don't understand union talk!"

Silence instead of Dobrik's voice. Finally, it said: "Look around you." Benedict looked. There was solid darkness. "Now," Dobrik demanded, "tell me: who's white, who's black?"

Muffled laughter followed this.

"You willing to take your chances," Dobrik cried, "with the guy next to you *whoever he is?*"

"Got to, Doby," they cried.

"Tell me," he demanded cuttingly again, "is he white or is he black?"

Again there was laughter, some sheepishly.

"Can't tell, Doby." And then a voice picked up. "But they're still scabs, Doby! How do we know they ain't going to scab on us again?"

"Company brought a lot of colored up from the South to break the 1919 strike," Dobrik began. "They didn't know what they were coming for—they were packed in freight-cars and first thing they knew—bang! they were inside the Mill, scabbing! Who the hell did that?" he demanded furiously. "You going to keep them responsible for what the Company did to them too?"

He waited in the darkness, and then said: "Light a match." Again a match flared up, and this time, instead of Dobrik's face, there was a Negro man's. The workers laughed, and cried: "Hi, Cliff, how'd you get up there?" (Benedict jumped—the long fingers on his throat! "He's a union man," Mother Burns had explained, as though it unpuzzled his strange and even threatening behavior.) Clifford waved his hand, and suddenly the match went out.

"You all know him," Dobrik said from the darkness. "You didn't know it—you couldn't see—but he's been up here beside me." He paused and when he spoke again his voice was chiding them: "You let 'em throw

your colored brothers out, and what happened yesterday?"

Benedict whispered the names to himself: "Dragraubas, Janicki."

"Everybody walks out this time!" Dobrik said sharply.

"We're with you, Doby," answered a voice. "Anything you say, Doby!"

"A FEW weeks ago," Dobrik resumed in a softly mocking voice, "you all got a letter." Wry laughter burst out, in which Dobrik's softly joined. "You from the Hollow, know what the Company wants you to do? Sell out, or starve out—and the Company will take over the whole Hollow—millions of dollars of property—to build a new Mill on! a new modern Mill—with new chipping machines and electric furnaces—take half the men they got now to do twice the work!" Wounded angry cries. "We can't let that happen!" he said indignantly. "Where we going to go? Don't sell at Bank's price; hold on. We'll fix 'em!" To the others he added: "You see: they fired our brothers living in the Hollow. Why, do you think?"

"Company thinks they work too hard. Give 'em a rest!"

Appreciative laughter.

"Of course," Dobrik said, broadly sarcastic. "Big vacation. With no pay!"

The crowd enjoyed him: they loved to throw remarks up and have them come back pointed with bitter wit. And all during the exchange Benedict felt thrills bursting over him—a strange fantastic sense of freedom;

of a restoration of liberty he had never known was absent. There was a flow of spontaneous power that ignited the darkness.

"Company fire the men to make them sell!" Dobrik cried angrily.

This was the first time his voice had shown anger. Benedict felt himself getting hot, as though the anger had burned him. Strange, too, he felt as though he anticipated every remark of Dobrik's, and that the passion was his own expressed passion; and it was *he* speaking in a tumultuous voice over the rolling darkened hill.

"Now: some of you: you hide out in the hills. You know where."

"They'll come after us, Doby!"

"We'll take care of them!" another voice from the crowd replied confidently.

"We'll send a committee in a few days with your demands," Dobrik continued. "Ten cents an hour from laborers to blowers. Recognition of the union. No yellow-dogs. Grievance machinery."

"Fire the spies!"

"We'll take care of them ourselves," Dobrik replied.

"These?" someone begged.

"No," Dobrik said contemptuously. "They're no use to the Company now. The Company'll fire them!"

Happy laughter greeted this. Benedict, too, found himself laughing. The mysterious, the frightening darkness was gone. Darkness now was safety. No one saw them there, not even stars. And in this profound darkness they could speak the truth

they had kept hidden in their hearts. The voices were warm—and for the first time it seemed to Benedict—all of them underwent that mysterious change, as his father did when he changed from English to his own language, as though they lurked behind their citizens' cloak of humility and obedience, ignorance and even drunkenness, for moments of freedom like this. How content they were, he thought with surprise, how free they were—how different from the way they came to church!

HIS teeth were bared in an unconscious grin as he pushed through the darkness to Dobrik's casual, firm voice. He felt as though Dobrik was bound to know he was there: that, if he caught sight of him, he would say: "I remember you!" and smile at him. He squirmed with pleasure.

"So they fired you!" he heard Dobrik's dry comment. "Fired you before the next payment was due. What you going to pay the Bank with—beans you grow out on the hills? When you lose your house—then they'll hire you back again!"

"We'll tell 'em to go to Hell, Doby!" sounded an uncertain voice.

"Bank and Company are one!" Dobrik went on. A match lit magically and up in the darkness they saw two hands tightly gripped together. "What Company say, Bank do!" he said.

Grumbles and muffled curses followed this.

"But—!" And here his voice had

an arresting command in it. The murmurs went out as if cut with a knife. "But, workers are one, too!" Again the match flared up, and in the fantastic light a dark and light fist, gripped tightly together, knocked the Bank and Company down with one blow. Hushed cheers rose from the packed audience as though it was the climax to a Punch and Judy show. Benedict swayed: his heart pounded. Across the shadow of his mind flashed the frantic memory of Mother Burns rushing to her empty cabin, kicking her skirts into froth. A pang shot through him: and he regretfully longed now to follow her.

"Yeah," cried the same skeptical cynical voice from somewhere in the darkness. "They'll bring in the n-----s—you'll see. We gotta keep 'em out *now!*"

There was silence again at the head of the meeting. The men waited in the darkness.

Again, but this time a flashlight, a circle of light miraculously appeared. They could see the shadow of Dobrik's head. Suddenly he pulled a white hand into the bright light, shaded by someone's cupped hands. Then he brought, with frightening quickness, a knife into the light, and snapped open a long steel blade. There were involuntary gasps from the workers, followed by short laughter as the men pushed forward with fascination. Benedict controlled a shudder, giggled, and strained against the man in front of him who himself was straining. Dobrik now brought the knife, sharp blade down, on the

white wrist, whose raised veins seemed to be quivering with moving blood. The wrist attempted to jerk away but Dobrik held it in a grip of iron.

"If I cut," Dobrik's angry voice came to them all, "what color's your blood going to be?"

"Red, Doby!" the owner of the hand blurted out. "But for Christ's sake, Doby, don't do it."

Men laughed. Benedict shuddered deliciously.

Suddenly from the opposite side of the lit circle another hand shot—this time a dark hand. Dobrik gripped it firmly around the wrist and brought the knife down on it.

He turned to the shadow where the white face would be.

"What color?" he demanded sternly.

"Red!" the other gasped, quickly, as though he had no time to dally.

Everybody on the hill roared, and the laughter—itself somehow controlled and disciplined—swept up and down like a joyous wind.

DOBRIK lifted his head and looked out into the darkness from which the previous voice had come.

"Anybody want to *test* that?" he cried. "Come on up here!"

Profound silence.

He waited as though to give the doubter every opportunity; then when it was clear that nobody was going to come up to challenge whatever he was proving, he said to the men in grave, measured voice:

"Yes, that's what I mean. His blood and your blood, they got but one color, and that's the *same* color: red. It don't matter to me what the color of your skin is as long as you got red blood in your veins! And if you got the heart to go with it, and you're a union man, then I'm here to defend your right to be my brother—" and he shook his own gripped fist in the light—"till there's not a drop of my own blood in these veins!"

They laughed and they cheered, but carefully and mutedly. Benedict's cheeks were burning with an extreme excitement.

A man pushed his way through the crowd, like a wind going through wheat. There was an intense silence at the point where Dobrik was speaking; the flashlight went out, and the great darkness returned. Then, in a voice as calm as the one he had used all evening, Dobrik said: "The State Troopers are on their way out on the hills. I guess we finished up our business here. So, we'll call this meeting adjourned till you get word again. Keep in touch with our stewards. Follow out everything. Goodnight, brothers!"

And immediately it seemed the darkness moved in deeper. The squirming man, trussed on the ground, jerked like a dying fish. Benedict squeamishly stepped over him and hurried back over the hill.

Again, as he walked, he sensed shapes passing him in the darkness. But now, instead of the sinister he felt the friendly movement of men he knew. He was satisfied to let the

darkness that included him include them. The burning mines wafted the sharp carbon odor across the hill. He smelled cow dung soon; and then the incinerator. The gray road curved like the thumb and forefinger around . . . Now, a sudden wind brought the sour smell of the Ditch that remained uncovered at this far point and entered the concrete culvert only at the place where the houses began. The same wind brought a grain of pig-don, still hot, and nicked his cheek. With a rush of wind two horses suddenly charged around the hill and galloped up the road. He threw himself into the thick grass beside the road and shook as they thundered by.

He walked stooping through the tough grass along the road and suddenly stumbled over Joey squatting in the grass like a bird on a nest. They both cried out with fear, and then

Joey's teeth began to chatter. Benedict rolled him over and clamped his jaws together to stop the noise. In the silence it seemed to carry through the night. Then he took Joey by the hand and led him through the back alleys home.

There was no light in the house, and when he entered he lit none. Both sat in the dark kitchen, trembling. When they heard footsteps on the porch, they froze. The door softly opened and they sensed their father entering and in a moment he was climbing upstairs; and then they heard the springs, and then the shoes come off.

Benedict punched Joe on the head. Joey understood.

This is an excerpt from a novel to be published shortly by *Masses & Mainstream*.

Warm fraternal greetings to the editors and readers of *Masses & Mainstream*. Not an issue missed in five critical Truman years is verily a cause for rejoicing. Anniversaries are also an occasion for stock-taking. Editors analyze past issues, discover shortcomings, make plans for improvements. Readers examine the extent of their participation in widening the magazine's influence.

Culture is a weapon. Sharpen it and give it to ever larger numbers of readers to aid them in their fight against the obscurantism and intellectual hoodlumism now being forced upon our educational and cultural institutions.

How about a resolve to double the present circulation of *M & M* by the next anniversary?

ALEXANDER TRACHTENBERG

Thoughts on American Writers

By MICHAEL GOLD

THE bankers and generals claim they are fighting Stalin, but it is Lincoln who lies bleeding from their wounds.

As if socialism and the workers' movement in America only began with the birth of the Soviet Union! This lie about history is as typical of fascism as its lies about race.

There was a socialist movement in America a hundred years before the Russian Revolution. Horace Greeley and Bronson Alcott preached utopian communism and Emerson and Thoreau heard them. Among the Abolitionists were men like Wendell Phillips who wanted to abolish wage slavery and replace capitalism with a system of brotherhood and collective ownership.

The history made by the working class, its progress and ideals, are too universal to be confined in the little frameup charge of "conspiracy." I myself joined the socialist movement years before the Russian Revolution, when it was impossible to be "directed from Moscow." Eugene V. Debs, Bill Haywood, John Reed were among those Americans who first inspired me in socialism.

Also the fact that I was out of work! The year was 1914, and there was another big unemployment crisis in which I was a victim. I was nineteen years old and had been working since my twelfth year. My father had been sick for years; I was the main support of a family. So when I was thrown out of a job it was a tragedy that loomed bigger to me than all the proud skyscrapers.

I had tramped weary miles that morning on the job hunt, then stumbled into a big demonstration of the unemployed in Union Square. I listened to the speakers. An army of cops attacked us out of nowhere. I saw a woman worker slugged to the ground. I rushed impulsively to help her and was slugged by a sweaty cop with the eyes of a killer.

I bought my first copy of the *Masses* at that meeting with a dime. I had been saving for emergencies. The magazine started my education in socialism. Its romantic spirit appealed to the young; its realism interpreted my life to me. It inspired me to write a poem on unemployment, my first public writing. The poem's appearance in the *Masses* was my

ance into letters. I wanted to be witness to the wrongs done my people, the American workers.

But maybe there were subversive forces in my childhood that prepared me for socialism. The New York Public Library, for instance. I was an ardent reader, and some of my favorite authors were Charles Dickens, Victor Hugo, Mark Twain—conspirators all against the system of profit and war.

I THINK I read everything Mark Twain had ever published. He was popular with my generation; all the East Side had a warm feeling for his friend of the 1905 Russian Revolution who had lent his name and presence to many meetings of protest against tsarist massacres of the Jews. He liked to visit the East Side, and I saw him one day when he came to a performance of his *The Prince and the Pauper* at the Educational Alliance, a settlement house. A mob of little paupers were rioting around the doors of the free theatre. A carriage rolled up and out stepped a magnificent old man with a crown of white hair and a pirate mustache. He wore a white suit and smoked a big cigar. We cheered him, and he smiled and put his hand on our heads and passed on.

Mark Twain was a subversive conspirator, by the definitions now prevalent. He was an agitator for peace like Paul Robeson and Howard Fast. He was against American imperialism. He was for the Russian Revolution and the American people.

John Reed had a great influence on me, as he had on so many of that generation. He lies by the Kremlin wall, and the Russians honor him as we do Lafayette. John Reed, there's little doubt, would be railroaded as a "foreign conspirator" today.

Walt Whitman was the greatest influence of my youth. I have read him so many different times and in such varying moods that I believe I could sit down and write a book about him without a moment of research. He is part of me, for better or worse. Walt might be railroaded today. Horace Traubel, his friend and biographer, tells us how Walt signed an amnesty petition for the victims of the Haymarket frameup. He felt very strongly about that case. If he felt like that about the Rosenbergs today, he would be called a "foreign agent."

Living echoes of the Civil War also prepared me for socialist ideas. That struggle against slavery was still close to my generation. The principal of my public school was a grand old white-bearded Colonel Smith who liked to tell us anecdotes of the war at morning assemblies. Many Civil War veterans were still alive, and the father of one of my friends was Corporal Michael Gold, an upright, fiery old man who survived until quite recently when he died at the age of 95. I took his name for a pen-name when I needed one, and he never seemed to mind or to reproach me.

So it is 38 years since the veil fell from my eyes and I learned that this cruel capitalism was only mortal and could be replaced by a more humane

and efficient social system. In the years since I have seen many cults come and go in bourgeois literature—escapists, abstractionists, Freudians, and mystics of art, foggy symbolists, clowns and trained seals and sex-mad pygmies of the pen.

But even at their best, in the supreme expression of the bourgeois individualist, in a James Joyce or T. S. Eliot, defeat follows them like a mangy cur. They are up a historic blind alley and have no future. But year after year I have seen the great proletarian dawn unfold over the world, revealing new human miracles. The self-exiled, self-contemplating bourgeois author who rejects the people rejects reality and its wonders. Only in the real world, with its endless change and growth, can be found fresh and inspiring material for art.

A NATIONAL literature can be based only on truth and the people. It is not the bankers and generals and their captive intellectuals who are the nation. The Americans who make steel, man the ships, plow the soil, heal in hospitals—these are the nation. And any writer who cuts himself off from them cannot be a true national author in the sense of Tolstoy, Dickens, Whitman, Sean O'Casey or Theodore Dreiser.

In America as soon as a writer establishes his talent and achieves success, he falls prey to the great machine of corruption. Hemingway explained the process in a judgment he once passed on others. "Something happens to our good writers at a cer-

tain stage," he said. "They make money. Then they have to raise their standard of living and they are caught. They have to write to keep up their establishments, their wives and so on and they write slop."

Van Wyck Brooks has written several books to prove that no writer was ever permitted to grow to full stature in America. "Our literature is one long list of spiritual casualties," he wrote. "The blighted career, the arrested career, the diverted career are with us the rule."

Brooks made a certain *mystique* out of the process, not seeing too clearly its material base. Also he tended to exaggerate the decay, and to ignore the healthy proletarian seed always germinating under the dirt. Yet it's true: our best-known writers are not fulfilling in this crisis their task of spiritual leadership.

Some of them, like Hemingway and Caldwell, seem as neutral as the grave. Yet Hemingway himself came into literature as a rebel against capitalism and war. He was one of that "lost generation" whose post-war disillusionment with American imperialism brought into literature a pessimism and defeatism it had never known. At a later period he took an anti-fascist stand, siding with the Loyalists against Franco. Where is the voice of this greatly gifted writer in today's struggle for peace and against fascism in America?

There is also Carl Sandburg. "Success does not become Carl," dryly commented Frank Lloyd Wright. It is hard to realize today that Sand-

urg began his writing, not in the pages of the commercial press, but in socialist and I.W.W. magazines. The first poem of his I ever read was in the *International Socialist Review*, then edited by that proletarian giant, Bill Haywood. Other early poems came out in the *Masses*.

I remember a long walk I took through working-class Chicago with Sandburg one dark night during the depression. He discoursed so eloquently in his slow massive manner about the workers, their troubles, their spiritual beauty. The workers were the most important class in America, he said, and he was firmly on their side.

I thought of this the other day when the Luce press and other journals made an advertising agency fuss over Sandburg's 75th birthday. I noticed many photos of him surrounded by bankers, generals, and other pillars of the monopolies; the fat boys grinned proudly at the former labor poet.

"The people, yes," Sandburg once sang. But where does he stand today in the people's fight against creeping fascism? Does the fake applause of Luce drown out the cries of mothers and children burned by the napalm which Luce blesses?

IN A much lower category there are the jungle howls of Upton Sinclair and John Steinbeck for war against the lands of socialism. For years Sinclair was this country's leading Socialist author. This generation has almost forgotten that for millions of workers everywhere he was the

best-known American writer. Now the Lanny Budd books have brought him wealth; he is a bourgeois success; and he has lost all contact or concern with the American people. No, he is wound up in the crazy atomic war plans of the masters.

John Steinbeck is another example of what Van Wyck Brooks called the "diverted career." After years of mystic floundering, Steinbeck just once came close to truth and the people. He managed to express them realistically in that epic of the depression, *The Grapes of Wrath*.

I recall a meeting with him a few years before he wrote the book. I arrived with Harry Carlisle by car in the forested California valley where Steinbeck had his cabin. (Carlisle, a British novelist, is now up for deportation as too much of a democrat for America!) Steinbeck greeted us with exuberant hugs and whoopings. He was a big burly figure in old pants and shirt. There was a gallon of gin on the table. He and a neighbor were working their way through. We joined the party.

It proved to be a festival and a funeral. Steinbeck showed us the telegram he had received that morning from his publisher. His *Of Mice and Men* had just appeared. It was proving to be a runaway success.

Steinbeck wept into his gin: "It's my first success! And it scares me to death. I'm scared. I don't want to be rich! A writer should stay poor and honest! What's going to happen to me now?"

It has happened, alas! The cabin

author is now a figure in plushy night clubs. The gods of Winchell are his gods now. He visits Franco Spain and sings its praises, while the blood of resisting heroes flows in the streets. In the pages of *Collier's* he is a busy propagandist for atomic imperialism. His novels have degenerated from year to year.

THE two decisive classes of our time are the big capitalists and the workers. This Marxist truth is one that middle-class intellectuals find it very difficult to accept. But there is another truth—that the middle class professionals and intellectuals, small business men and small farmers, are necessary to the workers too. Without these allies in a united front, fascism can't be stopped in time.

Today the pressure of creeping fascism is especially hard on the artist, doctor, lawyer, teacher, and other middle-class professionals. There has been a lot of fear and crawling. But there has been heroism and resistance too.

And the American people will grow. They learned great and unforgettable lessons in the depression. They are entering a vaster period of national experience and education.

I believe the majority live in a state of suspension and shock. They are waiting to see what will happen next. This is a mood that prevailed in France during the first months of the Nazi occupation. It was named "attentism"—the disease of waiting for things to happen to one.

The French came out of it, as will large sections of our own middle class. They will begin to move when labor moves against fascism. Literature will aspire and live again, as it did during the depression.

During the depression the people rose "like lions after slumber." Labor led the surge of struggle for social progress. This was reflected in a cultural renaissance, not of a few geniuses but of the nation, with roots in every village crossroads and skyscrapered city.

In the current hysteria, when reaction has deadened the hearts of so many writers, there have been attempts to smear and slander the renaissance of the Hungry Thirties. But the opportunists can't undo history or burn up all the books and paintings of the period.

We are entering the most difficult and most hopeful era of our history. Fascism will be resisted. A new people's literature will grow. There are fewer proletarian writers and artists than a decade ago. Repression has taken its toll, and prosperity has killed off a lot of truly creative writing. But I believe the proletarian writers of today are more mature than those of any previous generation. They will be able to give better leadership to middle class writers who will in growing numbers take their stand for freedom and peace.

LET me give you an example of what I mean. Eugene O'Neill began his career with some sea plays at the little Provincetown Players

theatre. I was a member of that group, and they put on some tenement plays I wrote. So I can remember drinking with O'Neill at the old Hellhole and his showing us a newspaper clipping at which he swore bitterly: "I'll crucify the bastard! I'll crucify him." The clipping reported a speech by a pompous reactionary in the Senate who had called the W.W. "apes."

The clipping crystallized into O'Neill's play about a stoker, *The Hairy Ape*. He wrote this play, I am sure, with anti-capitalist passion. But if you compare O'Neill's play with young Herb Tank's recent sea play, *Longitude 49*, you will find that O'Neill is a tourist who writes from the outside. He hasn't portrayed a stoker but himself. Into the mind of the stoker he puts his own middle-class rootlessness, decadence, guilt and defeatism—a metaphysical hash that belongs in existentialist cafes, not in an American foc'sle.

Herb Tank shipped out for years and isn't a tourist. His seamen belong on a ship and are human beings, not puppets for a philosophy. Their drama is not imaginary, it is one of work relationships, deeply observed and understood by the author.

I look back at the novels of Claude McKay, with whom I served as co-editor of the *Liberator* for several years. He was a fine lyrical poet, and his poems of the Negro liberation struggle are classics. But in his novels Claude McKay was badly affected by

the time and the influence of white writers like Carl Van Vechten. Negro authors could now reach a big audience among whites, but only if they forgot their people's wrongs and concentrated on gin, sex, and the cabaret. Though Claude McKay worked on our magazine, he could not give a proletarian example to other writers.

But Lloyd Brown, an editor of today's *Masses*, is a mature proletarian writer. In his novel, *Iron City*, written in a simple, powerful style, he portrays new people, the progressive Negro worker who has hope, courage, theory, and the look of a history-maker. There is the same maturity and epic simplicity in the writings of Phillip Bonosky, a steel worker and the son of a steel worker. The work of writers like Brown and Bonosky is deeply rooted in the life of the people. There is nothing synthetic in these new writers, no literary posturing.

I salute such writers and artists with a full heart. They are our successors in the old battle for human brotherhood, for peace, a creative life, socialism.

The proletarian writers are already being persecuted by bloodhounds of fascism. But they will go on writing and make further contributions to the People's Front that must inevitably rise to save America. The proletarian writer has an unshakable faith in the masses. What other creed can stem the tide of fascism and war?



LIFE
COLLECT



"At the present time the Soviet Communists are carrying out a policy which they call encirclement."—John Foster Dulles.

The Sources of Our Strength

By **V. J. JEROME**

AT THE beginning of this trial, your Honor, I pleaded not guilty. As I await your sentence I affirm my position that I am not guilty of the charge of conspiracy alleged against me. I associate myself with these comrades of mine who have spoken before me in rejecting this charge.

As a Marxist I could be under no illusion about the outcome of this case. Despite the vaunted nine-and-a-half-month-long trial, the week-long deliberation of the jury and the several blandishments of the Court in most cases, let me add, in matters pertaining to trifles), the verdict came as no surprise. For Marxism brings the understanding that official justice in any class society can never rise higher than the interests of the dominant class. When, therefore, these interests, as in our country today, dictate a policy of aggression abroad and fascist encroachment at home, what justice can be meted out to those who determinedly take a stand for peace and for the preservation of the people's Bill of Rights?

Dante said that in the perverse

government, the honest citizen is accounted seditious. Truly, the blindfolded symbol holding the scales does not see the gilded hand of Capital short-weighing justice.

We could receive no fair trial, your Honor, because, to begin with, the basic premise on which we were indicted and tried was a deception. For, by means of the thought-control Smith Act, the Government, with monstrous demagoguery, placed us in the dock as criminals and sought to conceal from the people that our ideas, our doctrines, our books were on trial.

The people's attachment to the Constitution brought the Government to deny that this was a thought-control trial. Such a denial was also contained in your Honor's charge to the jury.

But what do the facts reveal? The Smith Act trials not only aim to outlaw the teachings of Marxism-Leninism as well as their adherents; they are designed to terrorize the entire American people into abdicating their right of association, of utterance, of thought itself. A New

York Times editorial of a week ago stated, your Honor: "The associate Commissioner of Education of the State of New York said the other day that a 'philosophy of fear' has developed on many college campuses where professors are completely leaving out controversial issues, and 'any unorthodox or unpopular position is sidetracked' because 'they are afraid the Communist label will be pinned on them.'"

Here is public admission—one of a mounting number—of the effect of the Smith Act trials. This philosophy of fear stalks the land. Truly, this is a season of sainted stool-pigeons and canonized cowards.

Yet the Government knows well that to present our ideas for trial in open court, it would have to allow the light of truth to be shed on the teachings of Marxism-Leninism. And so it came about that the ideas which were tried were bogus ideas of Marxism-Leninism, disfigurements of everything we stand for. What was presented by the prosecution to the jury was not the truthful, humanist doctrines of the great thinkers, Marx and Lenin, but the evil vaporings from the witches' cauldron of the prosecutors, Marks and Lane. "Fair is foul and foul is fair"—*that* became the Government's code of perversion. With such force and violence against truth, the prosecution sought to "prove" that the Men of Wall Street, who press gold from the blood of American youths sent to fight an unjust war against the Korean people, are the "patriots," while

the Communists, who strive to achieve a speedy end to the war and to bring our country upon the way of peace, are the "traitors."

By that perverse logic, the imperialist ruling class, standing with its heel on the neck of the Negro people, is the paragon of democracy, free to lynch and abet lynch-law, but Benjamin Davis, stalwart fighter for Negro freedom, who represents the interests of the people in the New York City Council, is cast into prison as a "conspirator" against democracy! Only by such perversity could the charge of conspiracy have been laid against the Communist Party—the Party which openly and proudly proclaims its aim of socialism, the Party which is the true leader of the working class in countless mass struggles, the champion of the Negro people and of all the oppressed and the most valiant fighter for peace and democracy. Yes, only by recourse to such colossal demagogues could the Government which functions as the Executive Committee of Wall Street, bent on war for world dominance, vilify in this court the socialist essence and the peace pursuing foreign policy of the Soviet Union.

YOUR Honor, the classical words of Marxism-Leninism form the heart and core of the Government's evidence. In this connection I cannot refrain from referring to a revealing statement in the prosecutor's summation. He said to the jury:

"Now of course, let us not be misled, ladies and gentlemen, by the use of the word 'classics.' We use the same words ourselves all the time, but our familiarity, for example, with the classics of English literature is no indication of the relationship between these defendants and their classics. Many of the classics in English literature, unfortunately—it is true of me and it is, I am sure, of many of you—we never read after we leave school, and yet we do refer to them as classics. But, of course, that is not true, as the evidence has clearly shown, of the Marxist-Leninist classics in this case. They are read and re-read. They are studied and re-studied with ever-increasing intensity."

With such a distinction, your Honor, the prosecution tried to set apart the Communists and their culture as something alien, scheming, sinister. Yes, we affirm our never-ending study of the Marxist-Leninist classics. We study and re-study these great, epoch-making works in order to draw from this fountain-head of scientific learning an ever-greater knowledge of the determining laws of the world we live in.

We pursue this study with ever-increasing intensity so that we may succeed in achieving the coalition of the people to withstand the oppressive and ruinous program of the monopolists and war-makers, and to attain for our children, for the America of tomorrow, a happier state of existence.

We go to this source of revolutionary theory to draw the guidance for the social practice that will realize an America committed to the people's welfare; an America with real, not formal, democracy, and with full

equality for the Negro people; an America devoted to permanent peace and international friendship, so that our country will not be condemned and hated, but respected and loved, by the nations.

The achievement of such an American way of life will represent the historic leap from the brutal system of imperialism to the humane order of a Socialist America.

Furthermore, as to the classics, we Communists treasure all the classics of literature that have contributed to humanity's heritage of culture. The intensity with which we study is not limited to the Marxist-Leninist sources, rich as these are; it is extended also to the classics to which the prosecutor and the monopoly capitalist class he represents never return. Cultural heritage is a principle of the Marxist science of literature and the arts. We fight to preserve the non-Marxist works of literature, art and science which the class represented by the prosecution seeks to suppress and destroy because of their progressive content.

We need only point to such instances as the "outlawing" of the Darwinian theory of evolution in the shameful Scopes trial in Tennessee; or the banning of Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* from public libraries; or the dictated cancellation of a projected Hollywood film on the theme of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, because *Hiawatha* in the classic poem breathes the message of peace.

THE smothering of culture was evidenced in this courtroom when the prosecution tried to keep from the jury readings from my essay "Let Us Grasp the Weapon of Culture"—the very article which the Government cited against me as the so-called "overt act" in the conspiracy to imprison me and my comrades! This article exposes the pro-imperialist, militarist, chauvinist and destructive ends to which the arts and sciences are today being directed in our country. It cries out against the harnessing of scientists and artists to the war machine of imperialism, against the debasing of their work and the degrading of their minds. It summons the cultural workers of our land to assert themselves in struggle for a literature and a scientific endeavor in the highest democratic American tradition in accordance with the need of our time.

The social message in my "overt act," as also in my pamphlet, *The Negro in Hollywood Films*, offered as evidence against me, and in my pamphlet *Culture in a Changing World*, published in 1947, instances the defense of democracy by an American Communist in the cultural sphere which the Communist Party carries on all along the line.

Indeed, profound truth fills the words uttered at the recent Congress

of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union by Joseph Stalin that upon the Communists everywhere today devolves the task of preserving the democracy—yes, the bourgeois democracy—which the fascist-minded monopoly capitalists are bent on destroying.

Your Honor, as I look upon the systematic distortion of Marxism-Leninism month after month in this court in the name of justice, and upon the embellishment of the vicious system of imperialist capitalism under which we live, there comes to my mind a fable, with the telling of which I shall close my statement before sentence.

A group of people stood before a show window admiring an imposing painting of a gladiator and a lion. In that painting the conquering gladiator's heel crushed the lion's throat. The onlookers stood in rapt wonderment before that prowess. Just then a lion passed by and he too stopped to gaze at the painting. As he passed on he was heard to murmur, "It would be the lion on top, had a lion painted the picture."

Indeed, your Honor, over vast stretches of the earth the picture is already being repainted. And in good time, your Honor, it will also be repainted here.

Right Face

Golden Rule

"It has been good being here and I hope to see you all in Washington very shortly. We shall seek your advice on many occasions and I know it will be given to us graciously, although selfishly. I like that term because so long as you are selfish you are going to see that we help you in this selfishness which to me is the first step toward the building of a sound economy."—*Rep. Jesse P. Wolcott (R., Mich.), chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, in a speech to the Conference of Home Builders (real estate lobby), Oklahoma City.*

Varm-up Time

"CAIRO— . . . the Government dissolved all political parties, confiscated their funds and announced a three-year period to establish democratic rule in Egypt."—*From the New York Times.*

Literary Find

"There isn't a good poem in *The Arrivistes*, but Louis Simpson is as promising a new poet as I've read in some time."—*Randall Jarrell in Partisan Review.*

Tightening the Belt

"Washington—Charles E. Wilson's family, a wife and six children, told him to go ahead and take the post of Defense Secretary regardless of any financial sacrifice involved. . . . He said they put it this way:

"'You have been very good to all of us. If you worked hard at General Motors for another two and a half years you might leave another \$100,000 apiece to us when you die, but we don't want that. We think you can do something down there, and if you feel equal to it you should go.'"—*United Press dispatch.*

Years of Battle

By HOWARD FAST

WHILE it may be that anniversaries are traditionally and inescapably boring, they are necessary to note. They serve to some degree as a clock does, imparting a sense of time, and very often, a note of urgency. This particular fifth anniversary of a very particular and extraordinary magazine must be seen as a most unusual event, framed by most unusual circumstances. *Masses and Mainstream* was born in a very troubled time indeed; it drew its first breaths in the cold air of cold war; in its childhood it saw a climate of terror being prepared; its youth was within an existing condition of terror; and now its fine maturity of five years gives fruit, even as dozens of additional political prisoners enter the prisons of the Federal Government.

Stretching an analogy to consider a periodical as one might a soldier, I salute a magazine born and nurtured in battle. There have been few moments of peace and contemplation for *Masses and Mainstream*; instead, five unusual, amazing, and quite unparalleled years of uninterrupted struggle for peace, for freedom, for

democracy, and for the ordinary elements of human dignity.

The five years seem less than that. I speak of them with intimate recollection, since I was there at the birth, and witnessed the labor pains that brought a magazine to life. Our hearts were high then, and the future we saw, I must admit, did not entirely resemble the actuality it came to be. Some two years before *Masses and Mainstream* came into being, many of us were beginning to scent in the air that bitterly familiar smell which has been described as fascism. In April of 1946, in *New Masses*, a well loved and venerable fighter which sired the present subject of discussion, I wrote a thing which entitled "Reveille for Writers." The editors of *New Masses*, in their kindness to me, gave it the following subtitle:

"A call to all men of good will to be counted in the march up freedom road. The ivory tower is no refuge from the atom bomb."

I said at that time that it was later than people thought. It was also earlier. Those of us who fought so des-

erately to keep *New Masses* alive were keenly aware that a future was in the making that was unprecedented in our land. Good people and wise people and decent people might possibly do bad and foolish and indecent things under the stress of a terror new to America and new to the lives of American intellectuals.

The years since then have been full years, and many things have happened here in America, and in other places in the world as well. If our concern were to be limited to intellectuals whom we have known and worked with, then we would have to say that in those years the listing became considerable of those who preferred shame and retreat to honor and attack. The miracle of the moment is, of course, that within this period of cold war and police terror, a magazine of the Left came into being and endured for five years, and now prepares itself cheerfully not simply to endure the next five, but to move into them with anger, indignation, and resistance.

WE ARE by no means at a moment of summing up. At best, we have paused for a little while at a way-station, or a bit of cover in the midst of the field of battle. But in any case this can be said, that five years have proven a point which those of us on the editorial board of *Masses and Mainstream* made quite specifically five years and more ago: the point being that those who resist will survive. As intellectuals we have taken up a noble and challenging

banner, the banner of Whitman, Douglass, John Reed and Theodore Dreiser. Our struggle for peace is joined with the struggle of Aragon, Neruda, Ehrenburg and Hikmet. And we draw strength from bold and noble men like Steve Nelson, whose twenty-year prison sentence for "sedition" is a national shame that must rouse the protests of all men and women of conscience.

On the masthead of our editorial page is a very proud list of names indeed, and there are several times as many more who are not listed there. These I would not presume to name and particularize as partisan fighters of the cold war. Never troubled by lack of weapons, unabashed, and very often with a mighty dignity, they have fought on as intellectuals through five years of growing terror and police-state intimidation. I know almost all of them personally, and it has been a good thing to see how they grew in dignity and courage, and in their understanding of the world in general, and of each other.

The fifth anniversary of *Masses and Mainstream* is also a fifth anniversary for the group of intellectuals who surround it. Even today, when we are still perhaps a considerable distance from the final outcome of this conflict, the measurement of these people against the cowards, the renegades, the namers of names, the comen of literature and the stool-pigeons of letters is quite obvious. The unperturbed and proud bearing of those intellectuals who have re-

mained faithful to the people wipes out the stain of dirty little men who have tried hard to make dishonor a permanent part of the American tradition.

The five years of *Masses and Mainstream* are five years of struggle by

America's intellectuals under the leadership of the left. Theirs is the honor of neither abdicating nor retreating. We have reached a point where we can say with some certainty that the next five years will not lessen their purpose.

Short of the Mark

We had hoped that with this issue—marking *M&M's* fifth anniversary—we would be over the top in the drive for \$7,500 to carry the magazine effectively through 1953.

But we are still far short of the mark.

We'd like to make a suggestion.

How about organizing an *M&M* fifth anniversary party in your home? Get your friends together, pool your ideas about how the magazine might be improved, and let us have the benefit of your discussions. And also the aid of whatever funds you can raise at such a party.

We don't want to be shrill about our financial needs. We know that all our readers are already giving generously to many good causes.

At the same time we urge you to consider seriously how tough it is to keep a progressive cultural magazine going in this period. Thanks to our readers we've held our own for five years. But it's the next year we're thinking of now.

We thank the many readers who have already responded. If they can do more, all the better. To all our other friends we say: Let's wind up the campaign quickly.

We have received many enthusiastic comments on the February Negro History Week issue. With your help *M&M* can make new advances in the fight for people's culture, freedom and peace.

THE EDITORS

Greetings, M&M!

I personally, and on behalf of all Chinese writers and artists, wish you greater success in developing American people's culture and defending world peace. May the friendship and solidarity between the peace-loving Chinese and American peoples be further developed and strengthened. Chinese writers and artists, like all Chinese people, have high regard and warm feelings toward all Americans of good-will, who possess a glorious history of struggle for democracy, freedom and national independence, and who are today stubbornly upholding the democratic tradition of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln.

We are confident that this glorious tradition will prevail, overcoming all serious difficulties in defense of the highest common interest of the American people and the peoples of the world—the triumph of peace.

KUO MO-JO

President, All China Federation
of Literature and Art Circles

My warmest greetings to the militant literary magazine that has been following the glorious democratic traditions in literature and has united all those who hold high the banner of peace and friendship among peoples. I wish you, dear friends, fruitful work, new and great achievements in your noble activity.

ALEXEI SURKOV

Assistant General Secretary, Union of Soviet Writers

May your excellent publication live long to carry on its present effective and constructive work.

These are indeed critical days, with Wall Street feverishly organizing its forces for an aggressive war of world conquest. President Truman, with his ultra-militarist, get-tough-with-Russia policies, has now been replaced by President Eisenhower, who is going to try to carry this general line to its conclusion of an attempt at world domination through a great war.

The people have the power to put a halt to this murderous program, but it will take lots of educational work to arouse them to the great peril of the situation now confronting them. *Masses & Mainstream* has been a vital force in the struggle so far against the warmongers, and the need for it in the future will be even more pressing. I extend all good wishes to your journal.

WILLIAM Z. FOSTER

The people of the United States need *Masses & Mainstream* now as never before. Successive waves of fascist-like legislation, Congressional inquisitions, the machinations of the McCarthys and McCarrans, beat against the provisions of the Bill of Rights, seeking to destroy our Constitutional liberties. A veritable Niagara of anti-Semitism and racist filth is poured out upon the people through almost every official channel and medium of propaganda.

Against this deluge, *Masses & Mainstream* has consistently sought to mobilize the heroic figures who defend the cultural front. It has constantly given opportunity of expression to white and Negro writers who sought, through the power of the pen, to inspire greater staunchness and courage in the people and to rally them for struggles for peace and democracy.

WILLIAM L. PATTERSON
National Executive Secretary,
Civil Rights Congress

The fifth anniversary of *M & M* is a fifth victory for a healthy, vigorous American culture. The active salesmen of cultural reaction, the fashionable proponents of dilettante art and of obscure or idle literature—(of whom we have a sickening abundance)—cannot have the intellectual field to themselves so long as *M & M* is there to challenge them. Happy birthday! Many more!

ALBERT MALTZ

Here for the first time I met Nazim Hikmet and Pablo Neruda. Here for the first time I had the opportunity to read Marxist literary criticism in American terms. And here I have found a place where I can join with other writers, Negro and white, who seek to show the reality of our lives in this land.

YVONNE GREGORY

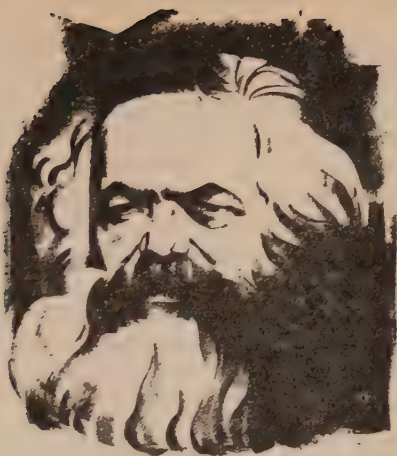
In the midst of the present offensive of all the evil forces of reaction, of obscurantism and war in Eisenhower's United States, and the defection of many weak-kneed former liberals, your organ is a beacon of human civilization and decency in the cause of freedom, culture and peace. Your courageous stand expresses the true traditions and interests of the American people, and points the way to their future victory.

The good wishes of progressive people in all countries are with you in this fight.

R. PALME DUTT
Editor, *Labour Monthly*, London

Additional greetings will be published in our next issue.—THE EDITORS.

MARX and the WITCH-HUNTERS



HUGO GELLERT

March 14 is the seventieth anniversary of the death of Karl Marx, founder of scientific socialism, greatest leader of the working class of the nineteenth century, and one of the titans of human culture of all time. On this occasion we present two excerpts from the volume, *Marx and Engels: Letters to Americans* (1848-1895), to be issued this month by International Publishers, with an introduction by Alexander Trachtenberg.

These excerpts deal with the Cologne Communist trial, staged by the Prussian government in 1852 in order to crush the workers' movement following the defeat of the 1848 revolution. The defendants were eleven members of the Communist League, led by Marx and Engels. Seven were convicted of high treason and given sentences ranging from three to six years; four were acquitted.

Resemblances to certain other trials being held a hundred years later in our own country are of course not accidental. The use of stoolpigeons, injured witnesses and forgeries by the chief of police, Stieber, was a feature of the Cologne trial. An article on the trial appeared in the December 22, 1852, issue of the *New York Daily Tribune*. Probably written by Engels, though Marx was the paper's regular correspondent, the article stated: "And when at last they [the defendants] were brought before a jury, there was not a single overt act of a treasonable nature proved against them. And yet they were convicted, and you will speedily see how."

Concerning one Hirsch, a police spy, who for a brief period belonged to the organization of German Communist refugees in London until he was exposed, the article commented:

"From his retreat in Kensington, where he never met one of the communists in question, he manufactured every week pretended reports of

pretended sittings of a pretended Central Committee of that very conspiracy which the Prussian police could not get hold of."

The first letter is from Marx to Joseph Weydemeyer (1818-1866), pioneer Marxist leader who came to the United States from Germany after the 1848 revolution. Weydemeyer served in the Union Army in the Civil War and rose to the rank of brigadier-general. He was a leading figure in the United States section of the International Workingmen's Association (First International) and remained a close co-worker of Marx and Engels until his death.

The second letter is from Marx's wife, Jenny, to Adolph Cluss, who had been a member of the Communist League in Mainz and emigrated to the United States, where he worked as a journalist and later as an engineer in the Washington navy yard.

Other individuals mentioned in these letters are:

Ferdinand Freiligrath, famous German revolutionary poet, member of the Communist League and associate editor of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*; he later joined the bourgeois democrats.

Johann Gottfried Kinkel, German democratic poet, who headed the petty-bourgeois German exiles in London in the 1850's and 1860's.

Wilhelm Liebknecht, a founder and leader of the German Social-Democratic Party.

Giuseppe Mazzini, Italian bourgeois revolutionary, who fought for the national unification of Italy.

Ferdinand Wolff, German democratic publicist, member of the Communist League and of the editorial staff of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*; he broke with Marx in the 1850's.

THE EDITORS

[London] February 13, 1852
DEAR WEYDEMEYER:

Enclosed the continuation of my article. The thing is expanding as I work on it, and you will get two more articles on this subject [*The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*.] Besides this, I am sending you something on Signor Mazzini in the next mail. Copies of your paper should have arrived long ago. In order to write for a paper, one must

get to see it, as you know; and if my collaborators see their things in print it will increase their zeal.

I enclose a note on the situation of our friends in jail in Cologne. Make an article out of this note.

They have been imprisoned for ten months by now.

In November the case came before the court of inquiry, which decided to hold them for jury trial. After this the case was transferred to the

iminal court. The latter handed down its decision just before Christmas; it reads: "In view of the absence of facts constituting a crime, there is no basis for sustaining the indictment" (but in view of the importance that the government attaches to this case, we are afraid we might lose our jobs if the judicial prosecution of the defendants were dismissed), "we therefore return the case to the examining magistrate for the elucidation of various matters." The principal reason for the delay is the government's conviction that it would be disgracefully defeated in a jury trial. In the interim it hopes to set up a supreme court to try cases of treason or, at the very least, to abolish trial by jury for all political offenses—a bill to that effect has already been introduced into the Prussian Upper House. Our friends are held in solitary confinement, isolated from one another and from the world outside; they are not allowed mail or visitors, and they don't even get books, which have never been denied to common criminals in Prussia.

The brazen verdict of the criminal court would have been impossible if the press had been in the least interested in the case. But the liberal papers, like the *Kölnische Zeitung*, kept silent out of cowardice, while the "democratic" ones (including the lithographed *Korrespondenz*, which Kinkel is printing with American funds) were silent out of hatred of the Communists, fear of losing their own authority, and envy of the "new" martyrs. . . .

Best regards from my family to yours.

Yours,
K. MARX

[London, October 28, 1852]

DEAR MR. CLUSS:

You will, no doubt, have been following the monster trial of the communists in the *Kölnische Zeitung*. The session of October 23 gave the whole trial an imposing and interesting turn, so favorable for the defendants that we are all beginning to feel a little better. You may imagine that the "Marx Party" is active day and night and has to work with head, hands, and feet. . . . All the assertions of the police are lies. They steal, forge, break open desks, swear false oaths, perjure themselves, claiming they have the right to do so against the communists who stand *hors la société* [outside society]! It is truly hair-raising to see all this, and how the police, in their most villainous form, are taking over all the functions of the Ministry of Justice, pushing Saedt into the background, introducing unauthenticated slips of paper, mere rumors, reports, and hearsay as actually judicially proven facts, as evidence.

All the proofs of forgery had to be submitted from here; thus, my husband has to work all day at it, far into the night. Affidavits by the landlords had to be submitted, and the handwriting of Liebknecht and Rings, the men who are alleged to have written the minutes, had to be officially certified to prove the forgery by the police. Then all the papers, in six or eight

copies, must be sent to Germany by the most devious channels, via Frankfurt, Paris, etc., as all letters addressed to my husband, as well as all letters sent from here to Cologne, are opened and confiscated. The whole thing is now a struggle between the police and my husband, who is being blamed for everything: the whole revolution, even the conduct of the trial.

Freiligrath, Marx, Engels, and Wolff issued the enclosed statement. We are sending it to the *Tribune* today. You can publish it, too. . . .

Jenny Marx.

Stieber has now denounced my husband as an Austrian spy. By way of reply, my husband dug up a wonderful letter that Stieber wrote to him during the period of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, which really compromises Stieber. . . . In brief, things will come to pass that would be unbelievable if one didn't actually witness them. All these police tales divert the public and thus the jurors from the indictment itself, and the bourgeoisie's hatred of these dreadful incendiaries is paralyzed by their horror of the police villainy, so that by now we may even count on our friends' acquittal. The battle against this official power, buttressed with gold and all the weapons, is very interesting, of course, and all the more glorious if we should end up victorious, since on one side there are money and power and everything else, whereas we often didn't know where to get the paper we needed to write letters, etc., etc.

STATEMENT TO THE PRESS:*

The undersigned call your attention to the attitude of the Prussian press, even including the most reactionary papers, such as *Neue Preussische Zeitung*, during the pending trial of the Communists at Cologne and to the honorable discretion they observed at a moment when scarcely a third part of the witnesses have been examined, where none of the produced documents has been verified, and not a word has fallen yet from the defense. While those papers, at the worst, represent the Cologne prisoners and the undersigned, their London friends, as dangerous conspirators, who alone are responsible for the whole European history of the last four years and for all the revolutionary commotions of 1848 and 1849, there are two public organs, the *Times* and the *Daily News*, which have not hesitated to represent the Cologne prisoners and the undersigned as a gang of swindlers, "sturdy beggars," etc.

The undersigned address to the English public the same demand which the defenders of the accused have addressed to the public in Germany—to suspend their judgment and to wait for the end of the trial. Were they to give further explanations at the present time, the Prussian government might obtain the means of baffling a revelation of police-tricks, perjury, forgery of documents, falsifications of dates, thefts, etc., unprece-

* This statement was written in English.

ated even in the records of Prussian political justice. When those relations shall have been made in the course of the present proceedings, public opinion in England will know how to qualify the anonymous scribes of the *Times* and the *Daily News*,

who make themselves the advocates and mouthpieces of the most infamous and subaltern government spies.

FR. ENGELS, F. FREILIGRATH,
K. MARX, W. WOLFF.

The progressive intellectuals of our country follow with closest attention and deep sympathy the struggle of their American brothers. Your magazine and that very struggle bring them confirmation of the soundness of their hopes. For if the French intellectuals, enlightened by the party of the working class, the party of our dear Maurice Thorez, resist with all their energy the hateful occupation of our land by American troops and business men, the intolerable invasion of the perverted ideology of American imperialists, the vassalization of our government by the war-mongering leaders of your country—on the other hand, they feel solidarity with the democratic-minded intellectuals of America, progressives and fighters for peace, in your struggles for peace and against injustice.

They are at your side in your activity against the shameful witch-hunt, against the jailing of the Communist leaders, the best sons of the American people; against the legal assassination of fighters for peace, such as the Rosenbergs; against fascism; against the dirty war in Korea; against germ warfare; against preparations for an anti-Soviet war.

They know that you, like them, defend stubbornly and resolutely the national heritage of American culture, made up of works born of the people's struggles for independence, against slavery, for democracy and social progress. These works are a precious treasure for all progressive humanity, and the French intellectuals are grateful to you for preserving them and carrying them still higher.

Courage and confidence, comrades of struggle in the U.S.A.

For the Editorial Committee of *La Nouvelle Critique*
JEAN KANAPA, Editor-in-chief

Your defense of America's democratic culture and your work to develop truly people's culture are an inspiration in these times.

ALAN MAX
Managing Editor, *Daily Worker*

books in review

Labor Fighter

BROTHER BILL MCKIE: *Building the Union at Ford*, by Phillip Bonosky. With a foreword by William Z. Foster. *International Publishers*. Paper, \$1.50; cloth, \$2.25.

THIS book is of first-rate importance. It is a vivid, compelling narrative of the trade union organization of the sinister, open-shop Ford Empire; of Ford murders and Ford framings; of pitched battles with Ford's army of 8,000 paid thugs; of secret meetings and an underground organization as necessary at Dearborn under Ford as in France under Hitler. It has the pace and discipline of a novel, not only revealing the development of character, but showing a time in all the fullness and the effect of that time on the growth of human beings. It brings us back to the great days of the burgeoning CIO when "defeat" seemed to be only a word in the dictionary; to the brave days of the sit-down in the Fisher body plant at Flint which inspired a hundred other sitdowns almost as important; to the time when Communist and non-Communist worked together with such success that the

open-shop of the mass industries was shattered and the labor movement grew from 3,000,000 to 15,000,000 members.

This story, told in moving human terms and largely through the experiences of Bill McKie, cannot be read without a feeling of hope and courage. If what many thought was impossible was accomplished in the past, it can also be accomplished in the future. The story is important because it persuasively demonstrates the way out, the solution to the problems facing the American people. The reader knows when he has arrived at the book's last page that Eisenhower's fascist threat will be defeated by American labor and its allies and he knows why the working class carries the hope of the future. The book's great virtue, it seems to me, is that it convincingly reveals to the workers for whom it was written why the American working class needs the Communist Party; how Communist and non-Communist working together can solve the problems confronting the American people and how they cannot be solved without this unity.

Bonosky's story begins with the

ival of Bill McKie in Detroit from
otland at the age of fifty-two in
27. He succeeds in getting a job
a sheet metal worker in Ford's.
nosky writes:

"He was still stunned as he passed
ough and saw for the first time that
at assembly belt from which a new
del-T Ford rolled every fourteen min-
s. It moved in a relentless way, but
, it seemed to him then in his simi-
ity, too fast; except when he looked at
faces of the men swarming over the
inished bodies, twisting a bolt, fitting
teering wheel—jumping from one to
next, on and on, without a pause—
saw, for he first time in his life, the
d Face.

"It was a human mask. There was no
pression in it except extreme concen-
tion. The eyes looked at nothing but
job. They showed nothing—no feel-
no thought. Each man stood alone,
lated, at bay, surrounded by possible
emies. He had the strange feeling of
king at walking dead men. His eyes
veiled from face to face; none lit up,
he returned his asking glance. Like an
less mirror they gave him back only
s dead-set expression all down the
e."

The spy-ridden plant, in which
ery policy was designed to break
e spirit of its 60,000 workers, was
ch a nightmare that those working
ere literally fled, actually ran from
at the end of each shift. "Then
ce outside the gates," Bonosky
ites, "a fantastic thing happens.
everybody suddenly breaks into a run
a run that grows wildly into an on-
shing stampede; and in a moment
ousands of them are running as
ough some madman was behind

them. They run until the shadow of
the factory is off their backs, until
they cannot hear or see Ford."

Fear was as much a product of
Ford as the Model-T. Every rule and
regulation had the purpose of sepa-
rating each man from his fellow. The
slightest whisper of organization re-
sulted in firing at the least and quite
possibly in brutal assault. Negro was
pitted against white, foreign-born
against native, every man against his
neighbor and yet all this was not
enough. For Bill McKie, long a class-
conscious worker, was in the plant and
he found after cautious search that
others were also fighting for organi-
zation far underneath the surface of
terror and brutality. They were the
Communists and other militants and
McKie joined them and the Party.

If the middle and late thirties were
days of victory, it was because of the
long years of brave and patient work
through the twenties and before by
the Communists, the Trade Union
Educational League and the Trade
Union Unity League, which fought
under William Z. Foster for indus-
trial unionism. The days of victory
were purchased by the painstaking,
constant work, day in and night out,
by such men as Bill McKie at a time
when a mistake might eventuate in
starvation or violent death.

For years as Bill McKie walked
through the Ford plant—his work
moved him from department to de-
partment—he dreamed of the great
day when Ford was organized, when
its workmen changed from employees
into men. That in his mind was more

than a dream. It was creative activity of as high an order as the writing of a symphony. For he and his brothers, took this great disorder of thousands of separated, fear-driven humans and welded them together into a victorious unity that changed the hard facts of life itself. Each day before work, each night after the shift was over, he traveled from house to house organizing the union at little secret meetings where names were never used and which were attended by Slavs and Negroes and by white workers who had come up from Georgia. And while he worked he studied Marxism, that science which turns workers into makers of history rather than its victims.

This work of McKie and hundreds of others, work that extended through the depression and through the thirties, and through demonstrations and strikes sold out and strikers killed, was rewarded in 1941 when Ford was organized, when Ford was, down, closed tighter than a drum until he recognized the union. Joe York, young Communist leader, was slain by Ford bullets, as were Joe Bussel and Coleman Leny and Joe De Blasio, but Ford was organized—and so was steel and all of auto and rubber and the mass industries of America. As William Z. Foster writes in his foreword:

"One of the most instructive features of this book written out of the heart of industrial America, is the graphic way in which it outlines the key role of the Communist Party in the organization of the automobile industry. From way back

in the early twenties—when the AL leaders were hopelessly defeated with their obsolete system of craft unionism and their policies of class collaboration—it was the Communists, ardent fighters for industrial unionism, for unity between Negro and white workers, for a militant union policy, who led the bitter fight. And it was they, too, who were also on the front line during the stirring days of victory in the latter thirties."

This book can be a mighty aid in building progressive strength in the unions if we remember that the book on the shelves is a book uncompleted, that it does not come alive until it is read. It points the way, to our writers and our press. The industrial heartland, stretching from Pittsburgh through Youngstown and Akron to Gary, Chicago and Detroit remains still largely unexplored by the press and writer of the left. Our magazines, our newspapers, should contain more of the heat of the blast furnace, the beat of the assembly line, the grime and smoke of production, the grievances, aspirations and problems of that working class that is destined to lead our country. We have the high politics of labor but not the struggle of individual human beings in the actual fire of work. Bonosky's book is an example of what can be done and an important contribution in the fight to save the American people from the threatening designs of Dulles, Eisenhower and their associated billionaires to smash labor and rule the world.

RICHARD O. BOYER

America's Working Women

WOMEN WHO WORK, by Grace Hutchins. International Publishers. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, \$.75.

HERE, in Grace Hutchins' latest book, is a brief yet comprehensive picture of the status of women in the United States today—and what is being done about it. Nearly 19,000,000 women are in the labor force here (there were only 2,000,000 in 1870). A quarter of these have children under 18. In New York State, in 1951, women's weekly wages in manufacturing averaged \$44.06, while men's averaged \$77.61. Of all trade union members in the United States, 21 percent are women.

These figures give a living picture of the major aspects of the woman question under capitalism today. First, women are a large and stable part of the working force. Second, the "double burden" of work outside the home and care of the family falls heavily upon a substantial number of women. Third, the discrimination against women in terms of unequal pay (and other conditions, such as job segregation and seniority) is open and obvious. And finally, women are not only a reserve but an integral and important part of the workers' struggle for higher wages and better conditions generally.

But, as the book shows time and again, the discrimination against women has its own particular forms. Take the woman who works and also has a family to care for. She

puts in a 90-hour week. Read it again—a 90-hour week. Forty hours in the shop, and 50 hours at home, looking after the children, cooking, cleaning, doing laundry and dishes. As Engels wrote in *The Origin of the Family*, "The modern family is founded on the open or concealed domestic slavery of the wife."

And on the job, what do she and her sisters encounter? Wages for skilled work lower than those paid to the least skilled men; separate seniority lists by which women are fired first and upgraded last (if at all); back-breaking labor on the farms where migrant women workers earn the princely sum of \$234 a year; speed-up so great that, as one textile worker put it, they "just drop to the floor."

And of course, the discrimination operates doubly against Negro women. Several sections of the book bring together the key facts and figures which reveal precisely how the triple oppression of Negro women—as Negroes, as women, as workers—operates in practice. Over half of all non-white women workers earn less than \$654 a year! Of the 1,867,000 non-white women in the labor force, 59 percent work in the domestic and personal services. In about half of all non-white families, it takes more than one wage-earner to bring in the family income.

In the pages of *Women Who Work*, the overall picture of how capitalism oppresses women economically comes to life. Government figures, trade union surveys (notably

those of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, UE), reports of individual workers build up the description of how the ruling class systematically depresses the conditions of women—for profit.

But this is only half the book and half the picture. The women are not accepting these conditions, in accordance with the classical bourgeois idea of women as "passive" and "submissive." They are fighting back!

During the New Jersey Zinc strike the women who manned the picket lines when the men were arrested, in the face of extreme employer violence, were not "passive," and the strike was won. Key in the struggle, as the book shows, is the unity of Negro and white in the battle for civil rights and fair employment practices. The heroism of such women as Mrs. Rosalie McGee, Mrs. Bessie Mitchell, Mrs. Amy Mallard, and Mrs. Josephine Grayson, under the most bitter persecution, is a matter of pride and source of strength for all women. In the fight for peace, women are a leading force, and Miss Hutchins documents this with concrete information from both this country and other parts of the world.

In short, the book demolishes the myths of male supremacy. More than that, it puts the fight against male supremacy high on the agenda for all who are concerned with the struggle for democracy, peace, and socialism. It shows in terms of our own specific situation in this country what Lenin said some thirty years ago in his conversation with Clara Zetkin: that

women will not be drawn into the struggle for socialism "if we only and always put forward that one demand, though it were with the trumpets of Jericho. No, no! The women must be made conscious of the political connection between our demands and their own suffering, needs, and wishes."

Women still constitute a small percentage of trade union leadership. And all too few unions (with a few exceptions like UE and Packinghouse) have programs to meet women's "own suffering, needs, and wishes." In many progressive organizations, the words are there, but they remain just that—words only.

One might note a few things lacking in the book, lacking perhaps because material was not available or because of the book's particular limits. Farm women are not dealt with very specifically as women, but rather in terms of farm conditions in general. The women's organizations discussed are for the most part those of the Left. But what of church auxiliaries, women's clubs, professional associations, and the like? It would be useful to know something of the programs of the less progressive organizations and the degree of their influence among women generally.

Within its 96 pages, however, *Women Who Work* brings together a great many facts which are essential for both men and women if women are to be drawn fully into the struggle against war and fascism.

ELIZABETH M. BACON

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