MASSES & MAINSTREAM

STALIN AND CULTURE

THE FULFILMENT OF MAN

SAMUEL SILLEN

STALIN AND PEACE

ALTERNATIVE TO DISASTER

A. B. MAGIL

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JOSEPH STALIN (1879-1953)

STALIN AND CULTURE

The Fulfilment of Man

By SAMUEL SILLEN

THE death of Joseph Stalin was a grievous blow to the partisans of progress everywhere.

For he was the greatest spokesman in our time of mankind's striving for peace and happiness. To hundreds of millions in all lands his name symbolizes a life free from the exploitation of man by man, a life in which the precious forces and abilities of the working people are unchained.

This cannot be undone by a press which considers the mouthing of obscenities to be the highest form of "psychological warfare." The philistine convulsions of this press can only underscore the moral superiority of the man it defames. And this moral superiority is above all seen in terms of human culture.

Capitalism, as Marx noted, drowns all spiritual values in the icy water of egotistical calculation. It converts human worth into exchange value. "Man and his needs disappear from its field of vision," wrote Stalin.

For all human interests are weighed in the scales of greed. The driving need to obtain the maximum profit is the basic law of modern capitalism.

But the basic law of socialism, as Stalin demonstrated, is "the securing of the maximum satisfaction of the constantly rising material and cultural requirements of society" through the perfection of production. Not profit-seeking, but man and his needs—that was the dominating concern of Joseph Stalin.

"Of all the valuable capital the world possesses," he once said, "the most valuable and decisive is people." This humanism permeated his approach to questions of culture. He continued and enriched Lenin's teaching that culture belongs to the people and must embrace ever broader masses on ever higher levels of achievement.

Under Stalin's guidance a cultural revolution of stupendous dimensions was effected in the Soviet Union. A technically backward country with a semi-literate population was transformed in a generation. Today 35 million people attend school in the Soviet Union; annual book printings have reached 800 million copies; an

there are 368,000 libraries of various types.

In 1917 there were 96 higher educational institutions in the country with an enrollment of 117,000. Today there are 887 such institutions with 1,400,000 students. In the period from 1940 to 1952, expenditure on education increased from 22.5 to 57.2 billion roubles. In these years the number of cinemas in towns and villages has trebled.

Under Soviet rule, 48 formerly submerged nationalities have created their own written language. In such Soviet Republics as Turkmenia, Uzbekistan and Azerbaijan the development of higher education far surpasses that of the Western European countries.

A numerous, new Soviet intelligentsia has arisen as a result of this cultural revolution. By 1936 Stalin could report:

> "Our Soviet intelligentsia is an entirely new intelligentsia, bound up by its very roots with the working class and the peasantry. In the first place, the composition of the intelligentsia has changed. People who came from the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie constitute but a small percentage of our Soviet intelligentsia; 80 to 90 per cent of the Soviet intelligentsia are people who have come from the working class, from the peasantry, or from other strata of the working population.
>
> "Finally, the very nature of the activities of the intelligentsia has changed. Formerly it had to serve the wealthy classes, for it had no alternative. Today it must serve the people, for there are no longer any exploiting classes. And that is precisely why it is now an equal member of Soviet society . . ."

Today there are two million teachers in the Soviet Union, over two million engineering and technical personnel, about 400,000 agricultural specialists, 300,000 physicians and 900,000 doctors' assistants, nurses and other medical personnel.

YET this greatly broadened popular base of culture was conceived by Stalin to be only a beginning. He emphasized in his last major work, *Economic Problems of Socialism in the U.S.S.R.*, that a further substantial advance in the cultural standards of all the people is required to pave the way for the transition to communism.

It is necessary, he wrote, "to ensure such a cultural advancement of society as will secure for all members of society the all-round development of their physical and mental abilities, so that the members of society may be in a position to receive an education sufficient to enable them to be active agents of social development, and in a position freely to choose their occupations and not be tied all their lives, owing to the existing division of labor, to some one occupation."

To achieve this, Stalin urged the need to shorten the working day to six, and subsequently to five hours, so that all workers would have the necessary free time to receive an all-round education. He showed the importance of introducing universal compulsory polytechnical education. And he stressed the fact that "the abolition of the essential distinction

between mental and physical labor by raising the cultural and technical level of the workers to that of the technical personnel cannot but be of paramount importance for us."

Compare this lofty aim—indeed, this developing reality—with Marx's vivid description in *Capital* of the dehumanizing character of capitalist production. Division of labor under capitalism, wrote Marx, "converts the laborer into a crippled monstrosity, by forcing his detail dexterity at the expense of a world of productive capabilities and instincts; just as in the States of La Plata they butcher a whole beast for the sake of his hide or his tallow."

The fulfilment of man's many-sided capabilities, the "all-round development" of both his physical and mental powers, is the goal of the socialist humanism taught by Stalin.

But this can only be achieved collectively under the leadership of the working class and its Party. Stalin showed writers, artists, and scientists that they could grow only by learning from the people, by reflecting their lives truthfully, and by serving their needs. "The workers and peasants," he said, "who work without fuss and noise, who build factories and mills, sink mines, lay railways, build collective farms and state farms, those who create all the good things of life, who feed and clothe the whole world—they are the real heroes and creators of the new life." Impotent is the artist who holds himself aloof from these true creators and is blind to their grandeur.

The artist must confront life directly. Stalin once said in a conversation with Gregory Alexandrov, the film producer: "You must not invent images and events ensconced in your study. They must be taken from life —you ought to study life. You should learn from life."

And learning from life means not simply to observe it, but to take an active part in shaping it:

> "For a man who calls himself a Leninist cannot be considered a real Leninist if he shuts himself up in his specialty, in mathematics, botany or chemistry, let us say, and sees nothing beyond that specialty. A Leninist cannot be just a specialist in his favorite science; he must also be a political and social worker, keenly interested in the destinies of his country, acquainted with the laws of social development, capable of applying these laws, and striving to be an active participant in the political guidance of the country."

THUS, Stalin imbued cultural workers with a sense of their responsibility to the people. As against the bourgeois concept of the artist as a talented decorator of life, the entertainer of an idle moment, he stressed the dignity and stature of creative work. The writer was for him an "engineer of human souls," helping to remold the consciousness of the people in the spirit of socialism. The true scientist is able, like Galileo, Darwin, Lenin, to "shatter the old and establish the new, regardless of, and in the teeth of, all obstacles." The creative film worker is part of a "tremendous, invaluable

force" for helping to raise the cultural and political efficiency of the masses.

Under Stalin's guidance, a resolute struggle was waged in the Soviet Union against inferior standards, hackwork, and truckling to bourgeois decadent influences in art, against formalism, naturalism, obscurantism. Stalin carried on this struggle by urging the power of positive example. He advised proletarian writers that the best way to combat the influence of literature alien to the working class was to create significant works that would successfully compete with it.

"Of course," he wrote some twenty years ago, "it is very easy to 'criticize' and demand that non-proletarian literature should be banned. But the easiest thing cannot be considered the best. It is not a question of banning, but of driving off the boards step by step the old and new non-proletarian refuse by competitive methods, by creating real, interesting and artistic plays of a Soviet character capable of displacing it. And competition is a big and serious thing, for only in competition shall we succeed in forming and crystallizing our proletarian belles-lettres."

This competition has been won, despite shortcomings still to be overcome, and a vast body of creative work in all fields has displaced the refuse. The basic principles of socialist realism, developed under Stalin's guidance, have become the fibre of Soviet culture and have inspired progressive artists throughout the world.

One of these principles is the truth that "what is important is primarily not that which at the given moment seems to be durable and yet is already beginning to die away, but that which is arising and developing, even though at the given moment it may appear to be not durable, for . . . only that which is arising and developing is invincible." On this understanding rests the optimistic world outlook, the confidence in the victory of the progressive forces of mankind, which Marxism-Leninism inspires.

Stalin once wrote to the poet Demyon Bedny: "It's very good that you are in a 'happy mood.' The philosophy of *Weltschmerz* is not our philosophy. Let those grieve who are passing away and have outlived their time." In this connection he said that the optimism of Walt Whitman's poetry "stated our philosophy fairly accurately."

Stalin praised the affirmative militancy of Mayakovsky, whom he considered "the best and most talented poet of the Soviet epoch." He valued Gorky's faith in man, his life-affirming outlook. Gorky's tale in verse, *The Maid and Death,* tells how the old hag Death is vanquished by an ardent young woman who defends her right to love. Stalin noted in his volume of Gorky: "This is more powerful than Goethe's Faust (Love vanquishes death)."

Like Lenin, he urged the study and mastery of the classics. In his own

writings he quoted often from a wide range of writers, from Chekhov, Saltykov-Shchedrin, Daudet, Cervantes. And he was especially conscious of the great cultural heritage of the Russian people. In a speech during World War II he declared:

"And these men [the Nazi invaders], destitute of conscience and honor, these men with the morals of beasts, have the insolence to call for the extermination of the great Russian nation, the nation of Plekhanov and Lenin, Belinsky and Chernyshevsky, Pushkin and Tolstoy, Glinka and Tchaikovsky, Gorky and Chekhov, Sechenov and Pavlov, Repin and Surikov, Suvorov and Kutuzov!"

ONE of Stalin's outstanding contributions to culture was his brilliant work on linguistics, which defined the relationship of language to the activities of people. This work demolished N. Y. Marr's unscientific formula about "the class character" of language. Stalin showed by a concrete historical analysis that language serves the whole of society as an instrument of communication, and that it registers "the results of thought and man's successes in his quest for knowledge." This work advanced Marxist science by its penetrating analysis of the relation between the base, or economic structure of society, and the superstructure (that is, the political, legal, religious, artistic, and philosophical views of society and the institutions corresponding to them).

In this work on linguistics, Stalin emphasizes, as throughout his writings, that "Marxism is an enemy of all dogmatism." No science, he wrote, "can develop and flourish without a battle of opinions, without freedom of criticism." He called on scientists to follow the example of Lenin, "boldly challenging science gone obsolete and blazing the trail for new science."

Science, he said, is a fortress to be captured by the youth if it wants to be the builder of a new life. In his famous toast to science, delivered to members of university and college staffs in 1938, Stalin said:

"To the flourishing of science! Of such science as does not let its old and recognized leaders smugly retire into their shells as pontiffs of science, as monopolists of science; of the science which appreciates the meaning, significance, and omnipotence of a union of the old scientists with the new scientists which voluntarily and willingly throw open all its gates to the youthful forces of our country, offering them the opportunity to conquer the peaks of science which recognizes that the future belongs to the youth in science.

"To the flourishing of science! Of such science whose devotees, while realizing the force and significance of the traditions established in science and making skilful use of them in the interests of science, yet refuse to be slaves to these traditions; of science which has the daring and determination to shatter old traditions, standards, and methods when they become obsolete, when they turn into a brake on progress, and which is able to establish new traditions, new standards, new methods."

It is in this spirit that Stalin gave encouragement to the breakers of new paths. The victory of Michurinist science over the obsolete geneti

theories of Morgan and Weissman; the victory of Pavlovian science over idealistic theories of human psychology; the revolutionary advances in the field of atomic energy—all these were actively encouraged by Stalin's insistence that there be an end to the d i v o r c e between scientific thought and social practice.

FROM the very beginning of the Soviet Union, Stalin gave special attention to stimulating the growth of culture among all the nationalities. As People's Commissar for Nationalities during the early years of the Revolution, he drafted and put into effect a series of measures aimed at enriching the multi-national culture of the country.

Stalin supported Lenin's thesis that in every bourgeois nation there are "two nations" and that in every national culture in bourgeois society there are two opposing cultures, of which the dominant one is that of the capitalist class. At the same time, he exposed those who, by mechanically identifying national culture under socialism and capitalism, wanted to reject the slogan of national culture altogether. Proletarian culture, he said, "does not preclude, but rather presupposes and fosters national culture, just as national culture does not nullify, but rather supplements and enriches universal proletarian culture."

He declared in 1930:

"What is national culture under the supremacy of the national bourgeoisie? A culture, *bourgeois* in its content and national in its form, having as its object to poison the masses with the venom of nationalism and consolidate the supremacy of the bourgeoisie. What is national culture under the dictatorship of the proletariat? A culture, *socialist* in its content and national in its form, having as its object to educate the masses in the spirit of internationalism and consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat.

"How can these two phenomena, different in principle, be confused without breaking with Marxism? Is it not clear that, in fighting the watchword of national culture under the bourgeois system, Lenin was striking at the bourgeois *content* of national culture, and not at its national form? It would be foolish to imagine that Lenin considered socialist culture to be a *non-national* culture, without any definite national form."

The application of this Lenin-Stalin policy has brought about a flowering of culture among all the peoples of the Soviet Union. The policy of multi-national fraternity is the direct opposite of imperialist policy, which preaches the right of "superior" nations to oppress colonies and national minorities, to stamp out their culture. Stalin taught that the flourishing of the national traits of every people enriches the culture of all mankind.

The results of this policy are visible to anybody who studies Soviet literature, music, art. Every one of the many nationalities in the U.S.S.R. is making its distinct contribution to the socialist culture of the whole country. And the annual prizes that bear Stalin's name testify to the multi-national friendship which is at the heart of Soviet strength.

We have the living images of this policy in the music of Shostakovich and Khatchaturian, in the novels of Sholokhov and Kerbabayev, in the poetry of Simonov and Jamboul.

The genius of Stalin has been celebrated by great writers in all lands—by Barbusse and Bernard Shaw, by Neruda and Kuo Mo-jo. But I think that Gorky summed up the essentials in one sentence:

"A superbly disciplined will, the penetrating mind of a great theoretician, the boldness of a talented administrator, the intuition of a true revolutionary, with a gift for perceiving the intricacies of human nature, for nurturing the finest qualities in a man and ruthlessly opposing anyone who interferes with the fullest possible development of these qualities—these are the things that made Stalin successor to Lenin."

In the course of years, the writings of Stalin have been published in hundreds of thousands of copies in America. The thought-controllers are now trying to outlaw the ideas of these books. But never can they rob the ideas of either their truth or immortality.

STALIN AND PEACE

Alternative to Disaster

By A. B. MAGIL

WHAT Engels wrote at the death of Marx now applies to Stalin, as twenty-nine years ago it did to Lenin: *mankind is shorter by a head.* But mankind is immensely taller too: thanks to the genius of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin, to the work they inspired and led, one-third of mankind are already climbing the mountain-peaks of socialism and communism, and the rest will also be on their way.

That is why the lunatic howling of the millionaire press and radio has such an archaic overtone—like something out of *Mein Kampf.* The limitless frenzy of these slanders is indirect testimony to the greatness of Stalin and the indestructibility of his thought and work.

"The Eisenhower era begins as the Stalin era ends," proclaimed the former Nazi sympathizer who is the current United States Secretary of State. Thus the American Century takes on more definite form in the person of its fuehrer. But on the very day that the newspapers announced Stalin's death and leaped on his corpse like famished vultures, news came—suppressed in most of the press, buried in others—which indicates whose era is coming to an end and whose principles are gaining new life and strength.

"Economy Slumping in Western Europe" was the headline over a Geneva dispatch in the New York *Times* of March 6 concerning a new "monumental study" published by the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe. The *Times* quoted the study as asserting that the deterioration in Western Europe's "position in the world economy has been far greater than was appreciated when post-war recovery plans were established," and "this deterioration has been progressive." Continued the *Times*:

> "The Communist countries of Eastern Europe, not including Yugoslavia, have, by contrast, on the whole hit targets set for them. . . .
>
> "While western European economy is described in several places as suffering from 'stagnation,' Eastern Europe and particularly the Soviet Union show continued rapid growth in industrial production. 'There are indications that if the present rates of expansion are main-

tained, by the end of this decade production and consumption of major industrial raw materials in the Soviet Union will be equal or superior to that in the seven most industrialized countries of western Europe,' the survey states."

Meager, begrudging and only half-truthful though it is, this news item nevertheless helps explain why for eight hundred millions the deathless name Stalin means fuller life, freedom, an expanding future. And for those already liberated, as well as for hundreds of millions in the still unfree, tormented capitalist and colonial countries, the name Stalin has come to mean, above all, peace.

THE peace policy of the Soviet Union, of which Stalin was the chief architect, is more than policy. It springs from the very principles of the socialist system. For socialism, by abolishing the exploitation of man by man, by replacing production for the profit of a few with production for use, for the needs of the many, at one stroke eliminates the struggle for markets, spheres of investment and strategic bases which makes wars inevitable under capitalism, especially in its monopoly or imperialist stage. Thus the pursuit of peace is a law of existence of socialist society.

It was no accident that the first decree of the Soviet government on November 8, 1917, was the Decree on Peace. It specifically proposed to "all belligerent nations and governments to commence immediately negotiations for an equitable and democratic peace."

Both Germany and the Allies replied to this offer by making war on the young Soviet republic. On December 5, 1919, with foreign interventionist armies on Soviet soil, Lenin, addressing the Seventh All-Russian Congress of Soviets, presented a resolution that again proposed immediate peace negotiations and reiterated the desire of the Soviet republic "to live in peace with all nations and to devote all its energies to the work of internal construction. . . ."

This was in effect a proposal to recognize the possibility of the peaceful co-existence of the socialist and capitalist systems. This policy emerged in even more explicit form at the first international conference attended by a Soviet delegation, the Genoa economic reconstruction conference in 1922. Foreign Commissar George Chicherin read a statement, drafted by Lenin, which declared:

"While adhering to the principles of communism, the Russian delegation recognizes that in the present historic era, which makes possible the parallel existence of the old system and the newly-born social system, economic cooperation between the states representing these two systems of property is imperatively necessary for universal economic reconstruction."

One of the striking features of the Soviet peace policy, as developed by Lenin and Stalin, is its consistency over the years and tenacious pursuit of key objectives. For example, Chi-

cherin's statement also announced that the Soviet delegation "intend to propose, in the course of the conference, the general limitation of armaments" and the outlawing of the "most barbarous forms" of warfare "such as asphyxiating gas and aerial warfare, as well as the use of means of terrorizing peaceful populations." Thus, the present Soviet proposals for reduction of armaments, for the prohibition of the atomic bomb, germ warfare and weapons of mass destruction are a continuation of those presented more than thirty years ago.

"Underlying our foreign policy is the idea of peace," said Stalin in his report to the fourteenth congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in December 1925. Peace was the heart of Soviet foreign policy throughout the nearly three decades of his stewardship—peace not simply as a hope or wish, but as an active effort, a ceaseless struggle, a realistic and realizable goal.

Stalin told the first American labor delegation that interviewed him in 1927: "We are pursuing a policy of peace and we are prepared to come to an agreement concerning disarmament, including complete abolition of standing armies, which we declared to the whole world as far back as the time of the Genoa Conference. Here is a basis for agreement on the diplomatic field."

And at the fifteenth party congress in December 1927 and on many other occasions before, during and after World War II he hammered away at the idea that the two systems could live together in the same world and compete with each other without jumping down each other's throats.

THE possibility of the peaceful co-existence of socialism and capitalism springs, paradoxically, from the very phenomenon which accentuates the danger of war between capitalist states: the uneven development of capitalism. Prior to the Russian socialist revolution Lenin discovered the law of uneven development and concluded that, contrary to the teachings of Marx and Engels, "socialism cannot achieve victory simultaneously in all countries. It will achieve victory first in one or several countries."

Proceeding from this premise, Stalin demonstrated in theory and practice that it was possible to build socialism in a single country, the U.S.S.R. It was chiefly over this question that the split with Trotsky originally occurred. Lacking faith in the working class and its ability to forge an enduring alliance with the poor peasantry, Trotsky denied the possibility of building socialism in one country and staked everything on revolutionary uprisings in the more developed European countries. This was a policy of international adventurism that in effect rejected the idea of peaceful co-existence and would have embroiled the Soviet Union in devastating war. It was only natural that Trotsky's theory later led in practice to collaboration with the fascist instigators of World War II.

On the other hand, the Stalinist thesis concerning the possibility of building socialism in one country necessarily projected as its counterpart in foreign policy the possibility of the peaceful co-existence and competition of the socialist and capitalist systems. It is no less natural that this Stalinist policy has led to the collaboration of the Soviet people with hundreds of millions in the capitalist and colonial countries who, while not yet ready to oppose the old order, are against a new world war.

At the same time the Soviet government has had to face the harsh reality that the policy of peaceful co-existence has throughout most of its lifetime been rejected in practice by the leading capitalist governments. An outstanding example was the refusal of our own government for sixteen years even to recognize the existence of the Soviet regime. The conspiracies that the foreign imperialists organized for the overthrow of the socialist state by internal and external force and violence were in fact conspiracies against peace. But the fascist wolf, fattened in order that he might devour the Soviet Union, grew into an unmanageable monster. Thus the rejection of peaceful co-existence created a massive threat not merely to the U.S.S.R., but to the originators of that policy: imperialist Britain, France and the United States.

Stalin foresaw the disastrous consequences of this course and warned repeatedly of the growth of the war danger. And Soviet diplomacy, adapting its tactics to the changing situation, sought at disarmament conferences, in the League of Nations, through bilateral non-aggression and mutual security pacts, and through the proposal of a collective security agreement to block the path of the aggressor. When this proposal was in effect rejected by the pro-Nazi Chamberlain and Daladier governments, a non-aggression pact with Germany gave the U.S.S.R. additional time to prepare for the worst.

ALL this was an expression of a consistent, deep-rooted policy of peace, of a desire to live and let live irrespective of fundamental differences. Moreover, Stalin and his colleagues did not limit themselves to the sphere of diplomacy: while strengthening Soviet defenses and pressing forward the gigantic industrialization program — thanks to which the Red Army was able to smash the Nazi war machine—the Soviet leaders mobilized their own people and sought to enlist other peoples in the fight for peace both before and after World War II.

In the twenties and thirties it was fashionable for imperialist diplomats and journalists to say that the Soviet peace policy was a mere tactic, springing from weakness. The Red Army gave a shattering reply to these fatuous "experts." The whole world knows who was the chief architect of the Red Army's victory over the Nazi hordes. Yet Secretary Dulles insults the intelligence of the American people by saying that Stalin "capitalized on the prestige which

was won by the Red Army defenders of Stalingrad." Of course, Dulles deceives no one—least of all the billionaire ruling class for whom he speaks. The New York *Times,* which devoted all six of its editorials on March 6 to frenetic vilification of the "upstart who rose from the humblest ranks of society" (obviously, only a millionaire or his hired hand is fit to rule!), was constrained to admit on another page that "Joseph Stalin was considered a master military strategist" and that "There is little doubt among historians that . . . he masterminded the 1943 Stalingrad fight."

The war subjected the Soviet system built under Stalin's leadership to a test such as no other system has ever met. From that test it emerged with flying colors. Tribute to the strength and *popular character* of that system was paid by a leading representative of the American ruling class, the late Wendell Willkie, Republican candidate for President in 1940, though he did not understand the indivisibility of leaders and people in a socialist society. In a public address Willkie stated:

> "Those [Russian] allies have shown, by the skill and by the fortitude with which they have been fighting the Nazis, that their own system of government, whether we like it or not, has the tough and sinewy strength which comes not from leaders, but only from the people." (New York *Times,* November 26, 1942.)

Under Stalin's leadership the Soviet Union in the postwar period met the test of peacetime construction no less remarkably than that of war. And even more than in the past the Soviet leader stressed the idea of peaceful co-existence, especially in relation to the United States.

Back in the early years of the Soviet regime Lenin had said: "We determinedly favor economic understanding with America, with all countries, but especially America." And when President Roosevelt in November 1933 opened a new chapter in American-Soviet relations by giving diplomatic recognition to the first socialist state, Stalin two months later, in his report to the seventeenth congress of the Communist Party, hailed this as an act that "improves the chances of preserving peace" and "creates a base for their [U.S.-Soviet] mutual collaboration."

UNFORTUNATELY, it took the most terrible war in history to forge that collaboration which was so indispensable for our own survival and saved our country and the world from Nazi enslavement. Such collaboration is no less essential to prevent an even more frightful atomic slaughter, and Stalin never ceased to pursue that goal.

"In the most strenuous times during the war," he told Elliott Roosevelt in December 1946, "the differences in government did not prevent our two nations from joining together and vanquishing our foes. Even more so is it possible to continue this relationship in time of peace."

And Stalin's last public statement

was in the same vein. Replying December 24, 1952 to the questions of James Reston, Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, he said:

"I still believe that war between the United States of America and the Soviet Union cannot be considered inevitable, and that our countries can continue to live in peace."

Does this contradict what Stalin had written earlier last year in his remarkable theoretical work, *Economic Problems of Socialism in the U.S.S.R.*, concerning the inevitability of wars under imperialism? By no means.

Stalin pointed out that the activity of the peace movement, whose object is to prevent another world war and not to overthrow capitalism, can actually "result in preventing a *particular* war, in its temporary postponement, in the temporary preservation of a *particular* peace, in the resignation of a bellicose government and its supersession by another that is prepared temporarily to keep the peace." Thus Stalin saw the masses of the people, acting through the already existing world peace movement, playing a decisive role in *particular* instances even without changing the imperialist system. However, such action, he added:

"will not be enough to eliminate the inevitability of wars between capitalist countries generally. It will not be enough because, for all the successes of the peace movement, imperialism will remain, continue in force—and consequently, the inevitability of wars will also continue in force.

"To eliminate the inevitability of war, it is necessary to abolish imperialism."

Earlier in the same work Stalin pointed out that even though theoretically, the strongest contradictions are those between capitalism and socialism, the fact is that the Second World War began as a war between capitalist countries. Why? First, "whereas war between capitalist countries puts in question only the supremacy of certain capitalist countries over others, war with the U.S.S.R. must certainly put in question the existence of capitalism itself"; secondly, because the capitalists themselves do not believe their own propaganda about Soviet "aggressiveness."

At the same time the Wall Street drive for world domination is inevitably sharpening the conflicts between the United States and its imperialist allies, Britain and France, as well as with defeated Germany and Japan. Sooner or later, Stalin wrote, these countries will "try to smash U.S. domination and force their way to independent development."

Thus, the more serious problem is: can the capitalist states peacefully co-exist for long periods? Two world wars in one generation—the second starting, like the first, as a contest between two rival imperialist blocs—gave a negative answer to this question. And if today there is a realistic possibility of preventing for a long time the outbreak of a new world war; if it has thus far been

possible to "contain" a particular war, the Korean war, and keep it from spreading, it is thanks to the existence and the might of the socialist Soviet Union and the powerful world army of peace which it leads.

The Stalinist peace policy continues after Stalin's death. This was emphasized by the new Soviet premier, Georgi Malenkov, in his speeches at Stalin's funeral and at the session of the the Supreme Soviet. In the latter address he said:

"At the present time there is not one disputed or undecided question that cannot be decided by peaceful means on the basis of the mutual understanding of interested countries. This is our attitude toward all states, among them the United States of America."

BUT the same imperialist diplomats and journalistic charlatans, who yesterday assured us that the Soviet peace policy was "merely" a tactic, stemming from weakness, today assure us that it is again "merely" a tactic, stemming from aggressive strength. "Proof" of Soviet "aggression" is found in the fact that the peoples of China and of several East European countries threw out fascist traitor regimes and established genuinely democratic governments. "Proof" is also found in the fact that the People's Republic of Korea did not passively submit to the aggression of the U.S.-puppet regime of Syngman Rhee. Even the establishment of innumerable U.S. war bases around the U.S.S.R. and the people's democracies is offered as "proof" of Soviet "aggressive" intent!

And so the wolves (all the way from the Dulles to the Browder breed) howl at peace in the person of Stalin, and imagine that this is the voice of humanity. In their arrogance, self-infatuation and incorrigible wolfishness they have lost all capacity to hear, let alone understand, the real voice of humanity—the voice that spoke, for example, through Mexico's largest opposition party, the Federation of People's Parties, whose Presidential candidate in last year's election was a prominent general and capitalist. Yes, this is a capitalist party, but one functioning in a nation that feels on its neck the heel of those racketeers of war whose wolf-howls sound no sweeter below the Rio Grande than anywhere else in the world. Here is what this capitalist party said of Stalin:

"With the death of Stalin world peace has lost one of its best standard-bearers, and the world proletariat its guide. Without doubt Stalin was one of the great leaders of humanity. His stature may be measured by the hate and rancor with which his political enemies fought him."

Stalin is gone, but his monumental work, his Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist science, his enrichment of human culture, his party sprung from the working people remain. Stalin is gone, but the fight for peace that he led has become the cause of hundreds of millions who will carry it to victory.

STALINGRAD: Triumph of Life

By RALPH PARKER

Moscow, U.S.S.R.

THE stoutish balding man with dark complexion and heavy lidded eyes and his companion, much younger, slightly-built with a pale broad flat expressionless face came into the hall of our hotel as we were leaving for a walk on the Volga enbankment. I had seen them several times during the morning as we retraced the path I had taken through ruined Stalingrad just ten years previously. They were standing near the pedestal outside the Tractor Works on which a T.34 tank has been placed, similar to those that lurched, from the factory, full-manned and with their storm detachments clinging to their tops, to attack the powerful German forces that broke through to the Volga, cutting off the defenders of Stalingrad from the main body of Soviet forces north of the city.

Later we saw the two men half way up Mamaiev Hill, standing among the young people practicing ski-jumping on its slopes. The older man had his arm raised and was pointing towards the Red October Works where the chimneys rose like a palisade in front of the vast level surface of the ice-bound Volga. Before lunch they were buying books in the shop on Peace Street when I dropped in to ask for Viktor Nekrasov's *In the Trenches of Stalingrad,* still, to my mind, the best Russian book on Stalingrad and its defenders.

It was only when we visited the museum that we discovered who these two visitors, whose tracks we had been crossing all morning, were. There was a photograph of the three men to whom Field Marshal Friedrich von Paulus had surrendered in the basement of the Univermag Department Store. One of them, the youngster with the snub nose called Fyodor Elchenko, I had met a day or two after the ignominious end of von Paulus's military career. And beside him stood the elder of the two men who were revisiting Stalingrad with us, Lieutenant Colonel Vinokur. A battalion political officer he was then, now plain Comrade Vinokur, working in an important factory, he explained when we eventually met.

And nearby was the answer to the question of the identity of his companion. A few moments after he had emerged from the pile of ruins which

and a handful of men had de-
nded for 58 days, Sergeant Yakov
vlov had been photographed, and
copy of that picture hung before us
the museum walls. It was ex-
rgeant Pavlov, now a Party official
his native village near Voronezh,
ho was revisiting Stalingrad with
s companion-in-arms during these
ys when the tenth anniversary of
e battle's end was being celebrated.
There were many participants in
e battle about in the streets of
alingrad in these days, all, so far
I could see, civilians. They made
the bulk of the attendance at the
mmemoration meeting held in the
w Stalingrad theatre. Judging from
hat was to be overheard in the
yers where an exhibition of Stalin-
ad Present and Future—not Past,
ark you—had been arranged, those
ho were in the city for the first
me since the end of the war were
taken aback, indeed as over-awed,
what they had found as I was.

SINCE the war, I have revisited many cities that I knew earlier as laces of beauty or charm. Dresden, Vurzburg, Budapest, Trier, Palermo . . these I found in ruins or strug-ing out of their ruins. But when I rst saw Stalingrad it was not recog-zable as a city with its nightmarish vines, its ghoulish cellars packed ith frozen yellow wax-like corpses, s frozen tortured earth which really uld not be called earth because it as so mired up with splinters of ells and bombs and human bones, d where even the Volga had lost its majesty because of smashed ships and barges gripped in its ice. In the 163 days of street fighting even the landmarks had lost their names and acquired gruesome ones coined in the heat of battle. Pioneer Valley, where something of a children's park had been laid out, became the Gully of Death, Mamaiev Hill—the Mincing Machine or Meat-Chopper.

And now I had returned to a great noble handsome city, still far from complete though already larger than before the war; a city, moreover, which when complete was obviously going to be one of a kind the world has not yet known. When Comrade Murashkina, a worker in the City Council, told me that she had seen the characters of foreign visitors to Stalin-grad change as they looked at the city I found no difficulty in believing her.

The builders of the new Stalingrad are faced by a number of peculiar problems. Geographical, historical and economic factors have combined to impose on them a number of severe limitations. It was the Volga that gave Tsaritsin (which later became Stalingrad) its *raison d'être* first as a distant outpost in the defenses of Moscow against invaders using the river to strike from the Asian step-pes, then as a manufacturing and trad-ing centre athwart the water-route. As with most Russian rivers only one bank is naturally habitable through-out the year and the whole of Tsarit-sin and of Stalingrad later was built on the cliffs of the right bank. This line of sandstone cliff, however, is by no means even; every few kilometres

it is broken by gullies. The factories with their nearby workers' settlements thus tended to develop in isolated districts for a considerable distance along the river bank. New development naturally clung as close as possible to the city's vertebra—the highway running parallel to the Volga.

Under the pre-war Five-Year Plans there was rapid development of the city's separate parts as the Tractor Works, the Red October, Barricades and other factories erected houses and garden-villages to accommodate their workers and employees; there was considerable development in the center, too. But the main problem of how to make of Stalingrad a single well-knit city had not been solved. Sixty kilometres separated the northern and southern limits of the city, though at few places was it more than one kilometre deep. Could Stalingrad's economic development provide a basis for building up this long frontage in such a way as to give the city unity? The theory of socialist town-planning did not permit the adoption of a solution that would concentrate all the main buildings is in the center, developing the rest as industrial suburbs. The new Stalingrad had to be a city without outskirts.

THE great construction works of Communism have provided Stalingrad with the opportunity of solving its peculiar problems of town planning. As you tour the city you see by the roadside large billboards illustrating these construction works, and underlining the point of the phrase, often heard in the city, that "Stalingrad stands in the front line of the struggle for Communism." The Volga-Don shipping canal, the Volga-Ural canal, the irrigation of the Stalingrad, Stavropol and Nogai steppes, the control of the waters of the Volga delta, the construction of the Stalingrad Dam with its great power-station and vast reservoir—these and other development schemes will all have a direct bearing on Stalingrad's growth as a port and as an administrative and industrial center. The city planners are thus able to draw up projects for a city far larger and richer than it is today, when its industrial production is already nearly 60 per cent greater than before the war.

The architects of Stalingrad are now working on the implementation of a plan which will drive an 80-meter-broad highway the whole 60-kilometer length of the city. Some of the gullies will be spanned by bridges, others will be filled up with earth dredged from the bed of the Volga. This Stalin Avenue will be lined with dwelling houses five or six stories high, and their inhabitants will have at their disposal three communication routes linking them with their places of work and the city center—the Volga, the highway itself, and a parallel electric railroad.

Cutting across this avenue there will be a series of green open spaces linking the river with the woods on the Yereminsky heights beyond the city. Some of these spaces will have a monumental character, for it is the intention of the city architects that

all the principal monuments of Stalingrad be worked into the general design. Thus the existing Square of Fallen Heroes in Central Stalingrad is being extended on one side to meet the great flight of steps by which travelers by water enter Stalingrad, and on the other to serve as an approach to the 21-story City Council building.

Now, ten years after the end of the fighting in Stalingrad, the city is wholly engaged on building for the future. "Our city is rebuilt," Comrade Murashkina told me. "It's not a question of reconstruction but of further development." Stalingrad has more living accommodations now than before the war. Over 60,000 children attend its 96 new schools. There are three theatres and ten cinemas, one hundred public libraries, 105 hospitals, clinics and dispensaries.

As this slight, grey-haired woman, with a face stern in repose but alight when she spoke of her city, continued her impressive account of things achieved, my mind went back to the day ten years before when I had watched the first refugees returning to Stalingrad. They were coming with their sledges out of the lilac mist that hung over the Asia bank and streamed in a winding course across the frozen Volga. They came back to live in tents and in shacks knocked together from pieces of debris. The children went to school in cellars lit by lamps made from old shell-cases with their tops pinched in to hold the wicks. For copy books they used old newspapers, their desks were made out of ammunition cases. But the Stalingraders poured back; though there were only 1,500 civilians living there when the battle ended, there were nearly 12,000 children attending school in Stalingrad when the new school year opened six months later.

Twenty million hours of work were contributed to the task of clearing Stalingrad of rubble by volunteers working in their spare time. Over 150,000 people took part in the campaign to clothe the empty spaces with trees and shrubs. But the rebuilding of Stalingrad is being done by professional labor working with the latest equipment. Some eighty tower-cranes are at work on the 400 large residential and office buildings now in construction.

I RETURNED to Stalingrad with my mind full of scenes remembered from that visit in 1943; nobody could be quite the same after he had seen the Stalingrad of those days. But gradually those memories were blotted out by new scenes.

We stand on the bridge above the frozen river Tsaritsa. Trucks laden with building material stream up the hill into Central Stalingrad. Beside the road is a bright blue billboard with scenes from the international peace movement. The one nearest to where we stand shows a white, a yellow- and a black-skinned child holding hands. Behind the board stands a monument to the troops engaged in the defense of this sector. The whole of the valley below us has been planted with saplings, the work of

Stalingrad's children themselves, planting out their own park. Clinging to the side of the valley is a partly ruined house, one of the very few to be seen in this region. Above it tower the most southerly of the residential buildings in Peace Street. Then, as we stand there, I hear the sound of singing and the tramp of feet and soon a column of people carrying red flags and streamers passes us and advances up the hill towards Peace Street.

Most of the people in the column are either youths or elderly people. They wear quilted padded coats, high felt boots and headwear with ear-flaps. Their banners indicated that they are students of evening classes for raising qualifications, on their way to take part in a meeting in the Square of Fallen Heroes.

As we walk with them, I hear them talking mainly about examination marks. An oldish man, apparently a building worker, says to his companion, a youth of seventeen or eighteen: "You've had ten years schooling. I've got to learn some more to catch up with you."

We are early to arrive in the Square. The platform, erected between the city's two boards of honor with their photographs of bricklayers, professors, teachers, lathe-operators, school-teachers, foundrymen and others who have distinguished themselves at work, is still empty; and as a brass band plays old-fashioned waltzes, people dance and lark about the vast space between the Univermag Department Store and the Drama Theatre. Overhead, two tower-cranes thrust their arms towards each other like swords of honor; and as the daylight fades dozens of lamps light up on their framework.

Soon there are 40,000 people in the Square. They look vigorous and purposeful with a pioneer air about them. Most of them are in their work-clothes. I saw a team of five bricklayers who had been working on the sixth floor level of the new Hydro-Electric Board building climb down and head straight for the meeting.

"The view must be fine from the top of that ruin," a woman near me remarked.

"What do you mean, 'ruin'?" exclaimed her companion. "That's a new building going up!"

"Oh, I haven't grown used not to seeing ruins yet!" the first replied, apologetically.

In fact, from the center of the Square of Fallen Heroes, from the side of the Brotherly—common—Grave there, not a single ruined building is in sight.

THE slip this woman made is understandable. To the people of Stalingrad everything about their city is brand-new. We met a little boy in a book-shop on Peace Street one morning. He was carrying a school-satchel and had a hockey stick with a pair of skates tied to it over one shoulder.

"You're early for school, aren't you?" we commented. There was still over an hour to go before afternoon school began.

"Oh, I always spend an hour look-

ng at the new shops on my way to chool," he said. "There's always omething new to be seen."

The literature published in Stalinrad breathes this spirit of the new. s a provincial center Stalingrad publishes its own newspapers, its literary lmanac and a considerable number f books. We were informed, further, hat in the province no fewer than ifty-seven local newspapers are published. Editions, moreover, are by no neans small. Books of poetry run into ditions of between 5,000 and 30,000. n the Peace Street bookshop I bought . copy of Nikola Bazhan's cycle of oems, *Stalingrad Notebook,* published in 1952 in Stalingrad in a 0,000 edition and sold at price less han the cost of a street-car ticket. Viktor Urin's sketches of life on the Volga-Don Canal construction was ublished in an edition of 7,000, and hough over a hundred pages long is riced at less than the cost of twenty igarettes of a popular brand or of a ar of ice-cream.

Vladimir Bragin's book of poems, *To my Native City,* is typical of half dozen such books that we bought in he Peace Street book-shop. It is in hree sections: *There Must be No War, The Fires of Communism,* and *My Beloved City.* Throughout, these oems are infused with the spirit of conviction that the gigantic contruction programs on which the Soiet people are engaged are not only symbol of their peaceful intentions ut at the same time a guarantee of asting peace. We read the song of he popular army accordion player who now works as a builder; a description of the feelings of a demobilized soldier, now working as a carpenter, on seeing German delegates visiting Stalingrad; lines inspired by the birth of the first child to new tenants in Peace Street, by the arrival of a gigantic timber-raft with material for the new Stalingrad dam.

There is one simple little poem called *House Warming.* The carpenters have left the new apartments, factory trucks bring the furniture, up the stairs a piano is carried, the new tenants crowd into each other's homes. But one apartment has little to show—two chairs, a bed, a dozen books. It doesn't matter, the newcomers say, we are young and have life before us; one day we shall have coziness and comfort.

There are many in Peace Street this Sunday who might have stepped straight from the pages of these volumes of poetry—men and women dragging home furniture on sledges, ex-soldiers showing visitors the way to Pavlov's House, a German architect examining the work that has been done on the new planetarium, a gift from the people of the German Democratic Republic. Stop any of these people in Peace street and he will tell you in no uncertain terms that he looks ahead hopefully and assuredly. You will find him intensely patriotic, but nothing he says will contain a hint of threat towards other people. He will listen to your praise for what has been achieved in the new Stalingrad, but will cap it by telling you how much finer it will be in the

future; and if you suggest that he is being unduly modest, he is likely to reply with words similar to those that Sergei Shapurov, now chairman of the City Executive Committee, but till recently a builder, spoke to me in a similar context: "That is our way here. Our modesty expresses our great faith in what we shall accomplish in the future."

WHEN this tall lean man with penetrating eyes said this, I recalled the first night I spent in a Stalingrad dugout ten years ago. Our companions then were guardsmen engaged in demining the approaches to the Red October Works. One of them, a young fellow with fair down on his upper lip, said: "There's nothing left of Stalingrad. It would save a lot of trouble to rebuild it somewhere else and leave the ruins as a monument."

"Don't listen to him!" exclaimed someone from the other side of the stove." Not rebuild Stalingrad? What do you think we defended it for?"

Stalingrad has been rebuilt. Its ruins are no longer to be found; and if the new Stalingrad is a monument, it is one that is being erected to glorify the victory of life over death, not of one army over another, one na tion over another. There is not a dar shade in the tones of the new Stalin grad. Its buildings glow with pal ochre and a rosy peach. None of th heroic figures on Stalingrad's monu ments raises a weapon. If there i challenge in the air of the new Stalin grad, it is a challenge to the world t compete with it in making lif abundant, splendid and joyful for al

As the train that was taking u back to Moscow drew out of Stalin grad's new station we saw the cit below us aglow with light. There wa light, too, across the Volga, in th new town growing near the construc tion sites; and lights winked from th tops of the two tall masts which carr the high-tension cable across to th Asia bank, and from the tripods th geologists have set up on the Volga ice in their work on the river be When Stalingrad burned ten yea ago the smoke of its fires was see one hundred miles away. The ligh that burn so clearly in Stalingrad t day throw their beams much, muc farther—to all who throw off th tangle of lies with which they a being deceived, and look for th truth.

CRUSADERS AGAINST DEMOCRACY

The 'New Conservatives'

By HERBERT APTHEKER

IN REVIEWING *Scaramouche,* a recent Hollywood product, *Variety,* the leading trade journal of the entertainment industry, remarked: "The highly complex Sabatini plot has been greatly simplified for present purposes. It finds the French Revolution all but eliminated from the story, because of the inevitable Red analogy were the hero allowed to spout the 1789 theme of 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity'."

It is this "embarrassment" that formed a central feature of the last public speech of Joseph Stalin. Addressing the XIX Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, he pointed out that capitalism, having reached its last stage, that of imperialism, had thrown overboard "the banner of bourgeois-democratic freedoms." No one remained to pick it up, said Stalin, except "the Communist and democratic parties," and they, by picking it up, would "rally around themselves the majority of the people." In doing this, in preserving and extending democratic freedoms against the assaults of the billionaires, the Communists and other democratic forces, supported by the broadest masses, would be defending national independence and would be preventing a world-wide holocaust.

Stalin, himself, as Malenkov said at his bier, "gave his life in the cause of liberating the working class and all toilers from the yoke and bondage of exploiters, in the cause of freeing mankind from exterminating wars, in the cause of the struggle for a free and happy life on earth for toiling man."

All Marxist-Leninist writing is filled with expressions of the thought that the culmination of the democratic struggle is the achievement of Socialism. As William Z. Foster wrote in 1945: "The very foundation of Marxism-Leninism is that the working class, with the Communist Party at its head, leads the democratic masses of the people in the amelioration of their conditions under capitalism and also in the eventual establishment of Socialism."

But what Stalin especially emphasized was that, in this time of the intensified general crisis of capi-

talism, the imperialists have abandoned bourgeois democracy. He pointed particularly to the total nature of their repudiation of the political and philosophical principles which had been developed by their class ancestors, when the bourgeoisie was leading revolutionary efforts against feudalism and for national liberation.

Stalin's findings in this respect have particular applicability to the United States, since it is the imperialists of our country who constitute the main bulwark of world reaction, the main source of the war danger. Let us consider one area: What has been the dominant trend, within the recent past, in political and historical thinking in American academic circles?

THE trend has been one of increasingly open repudiation of democratic axioms. More and more explicitly abandoned are such ideas as the duty and propriety of pursuing happiness for oneself and one's children, the equality of mankind, the social efficacy of reason, the validity of science, the reality of causation, the possibility of progress. Back of it all, in ideological terms, has been a growing insistence upon humanity's innate and ineradicable rottenness or sinfulness or incapacity, so that to think the masses capable of governing is to be naive, and to see in life anything but a snare and a delusion is to be a fool.

This is the academic fertilizer nourishing the intended end-products of the commercialized mass media—sadism, salaciousness, and cynicism—so that to be "smart" means to get yours while you can and the devil take the hindmost, to be "smart" means to kick the other fellow in the teeth, hard, so that the gold fillings fall out and you may pocket them.

There has been a Niagara of works from professional pens resuscitating and refurbishing so-called Conservative thinking. This, as it was somewhat plaintively put by Professor Francis Graham Wilson "is the only answer we have today to the corrosive doctrine of the class struggle." Mr. Wilson's remark occurs in a book published by the University of Washington and entitled, characteristically, *The Case for Conservatism.*

The extent of this outpouring may be indicated simply by citing recent titles. Peter Viereck, a history professor at Smith College and a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, offers *Conservatism Revisited.* New York University produces *Conservatism in Early American History,* by Leonard W. Labaree; Harvard publishes *American Conservatism in the Age of Enterprise* by Robert G. McCloskey; and Columbia issues *American Conservatives: The Political Thought of Francis Lieber and John W. Burgess,* by Bernard E. Brown.

Robert A. Nisbet, of the University of California, discusses "Conservatism and Sociology" in *The American Journal of Sociology* (Sept. 1952) and finds that while, in the past, "the principal interests of Amer-

ican sociologists lay in the study of *change* . . . today we plainly find a radically different orientation." Today, he writes, "The major orientation is not change but *order.*" Indeed, another professor, F. E. Dessauer, produces a volume starkly called *Stability,* a desirable condition since "the scales are weighted against progress when men are frightened and tired."

Frequently, the cudgels for "conservatism" are taken up with a show of bravado—a show necessary because of conservatism's malodorousness in the birthplace of the Declaration of Independence. Thus, Professor Raymond English, of Kenyon College, writes of "Conservatism: The Forbidden Faith" in *The American Scholar* (Autumn, 1952) and argues that the insistence upon liberalistic demagogy (his own language is more euphonious and circuitous) becomes increasingly foolhardy since it "betrays a lack of political sophistication that can be dangerous in a time when America has to assume unprecedently great political responsibilities."

THE abandonment of bourgeois democracy is shown also in the new kind of "heroes" attracting American academicians. Among the favorites is John C. Calhoun, called by Frederick Douglass (definitely *not* one of their heroes!) "the great champion of human bondage." This champion of bondage receives a two-volume biography by Charles M. Wiltse, a best-selling glorification by Margaret L. Coit, and specialized investigations—*Calhoun: Basic Documents,* by John M. Anderson, and *Political Theory of John C. Calhoun* by August O. Spain. Mr. Spain provides Calhoun, as he writes, with "a more favorable estimate than that heretofore accepted." Especially admirable to Professor Spain—reflecting "courage and stoic determination"—is Calhoun's rejection of the Declaration of Independence—"anarchical" was Calhoun's devastating description.

Calhoun's own hero was Edmund Burke—"the wisest of modern statesmen," he called him. The American imperialist academicians agree. Burke is a man after their own hearts, a man described by Karl Marx as an "execrable political cantmonger . . . a sycophant."* It was Burke who wrote: "The laws of commerce are the laws of nature, and therefore the laws of God"—which would appear to make capitalism secure enough—on paper!

Yale University publishes *Our Eminent Friend Edmund Burke* by T. W. Copeland, while Knopf issues extended selections from his writings, *Burke's Politics,* edited by Ross Hoffman and Paul Levack. Professor Crane Brinton, of Harvard, embarrassed as is the *Variety* scribbler with "the 1789 theme," finds Burke especially helpful on that point. For he thinks that Burke "con-

* Marx added: ". . . it is our bounden duty again and again to stigmatize the Burkes, whose only difference from their successors was that they had talent!"

fronted in the French Revolution the kind of challenge we have confronted and still confront in the totalitarian revolutions of our day." He feels that Burke successfully met that challenge, and that his debate with Thomas Paine over the values of that Revolution "has been decided in favor of Burke." Wherefore, "Burke is the best teacher available for some of the political lessons we Americans must learn"—thus showing that reaction's cold terror invigorates the summer soldiers!

Another recent hero is Count Metternich, the focus of Viereck's *Conservatism Revisited.* He is the guide, the model, the civilized statesman. Viereck's hero was for half a century Chancellor and Foreign Minister of the Austro-Hungarian Empire when, in the words of that Communist organ, the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* the Empire was marked by "an incredibly reactionary and aggressive regime." And during this period, says the same subversive source, Viereck's hero "busied himself in repressing liberty." To Metternich the French Revolution was "the gangrene which must be burnt out with the hot iron, the hydra with jaws open to swallow the social order," while the United States had "in their indecent declarations . . . cast blame and scorn on the institutions of Europe most worthy of respect." Moreover, their "evil doctrines and pernicious examples" seriously threatened "our religious and political institutions . . . and the conservative system which has saved Europe." When, in 1848, the people of Europe became sufficiently tired of Metternich's salvation they sent him packing. Viereck welcomes his ghost while Washington welcomes, in the flesh, similarly discarded latter-day Metternichs!

METTERNICH'S Imperial Master, called—by the court jester, no doubt—Francis the Good, likewise finds a glorifier. While the Minister is hailed by a Professor, the Emperor is adorned by a President—Walter C. Langsam, of Wagner College. President Langsam reports, after laborious research, that the Emperor had "kindly but sharp eyes, neatly combed hair, and measured step." In addition to combing his hair and measuring his step, the Emperor was a strict disciplinarian, though he "often intervened to soften penalties, at least in non-political cases." What virtues the new gods have!

Two more special heroes of the Voice-of-America professors may be mentioned — the Adams brothers, Brooks and Henry. Again the newly-published volumes, not to speak of articles, approach library proportions. On Henry, within the last five years, we have, in chronological order, Harold Cater, *Henry Adams and His Friends,* Ernest Samuels, *The Young Henry Adams,* Max Baym, *The French Education of Henry Adams,* Robert Hume, *Runaway Star: An Appreciation of Henry Adams,* and William Jordy, *Henry Adams: Scientific Historian.* Harvard, Yale, Cor-

nell, and Columbia Presses contributed to the production of these volumes. In the case of Brooks, his two main works, *The Law of Civilization and Decay,* and *America's Economic Supremacy,* have been reprinted recently, with elaborate forewords by Charles A. Beard and Marquis Childs, and Cornell University has just issued Thornton Anderson's biographical study: *Brooks Adams—Constructive Conservative.*

What is so attractive in these two men are their nobly "conservative" views. Beard sees in Brooks, "pessimism in respect of the Enlightenment, Progress, and Civilization"; Jordy notes Henry's intense preoccupation with death and insanity, his profound pessimism, and his insistence on "human impotence in the face of powers too vast for its coping."

Both were Anglo-Saxon and male supremacists to the core. Both were anti-Semitic, and both were ardent supporters of imperialism. Brooks boasted: "I am an expansionist, an imperialist," and yearned for history's "culmination"—as he called it —"the world at our feet." Both glorified war: "Peace I take to be a sign of decline, always. War is a sign of advance." In the schools they wanted "obedience, duty, and self-sacrifice taught," for "an appeal to reason" was, in fact, "an appeal to chaos." Indeed, "the universe is a chaos [and] man is doomed eternally and hopelessly." "Eternally and hopelessly"? Well, perhaps not entirely, for in a lighter vein Brooks remarked: "Everything is to be cured by a concentration of power in some one who really will protect the whole community."

Such philosophical precursors of fascism induce today's rapture. Beard took fifty pages to introduce one of Brooks Adams" "striking" books; Jordy finds Henry "narrow about Jews" (!) but otherwise provocative and brilliant, etc., while Anderson says, rather cryptically, of Brooks' anti-Semitism, that he "undoubtedly had that prejudice," but his own over-all conclusion is that "he left a body of insights and suggestions which become more acceptable as time goes by."

THE anti-humanist essence of the "New Conservatism" is a variation on the theme expressed by the poet Robinson Jeffers:

> *"I think the whole human race ought to be scrapped, and is on the way to it; ground like fish-meal for soil food."*

The servants must deny humanity since the masters would destroy it.

One of the ideological fountainheads of reactionary reasoning today is Reinhold Niebuhr. Scarcely a work in non-fiction issues from a university or general commercial publisher today that does not acknowledge special obligation to the thinking of the Dean of the Faculty and Professor of Applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary.

The heart of Niebuhr's position,

reiterated most recently in his *The Irony of American History* (Scribners), is the secularization of the doctrine of original sin. It is man's ineradicably evil nature which makes inevitable and interminable his suffering; and it is man's persistence in denying or ignoring his nature—as demonstrated by his stubborn efforts to eliminate the suffering—which is the fundamental expression of this sinfulness. Therefore, contrition alone is the way to "salvation." Or, as Niebuhr puts it: "Nothing that is worth doing can be achieved in our lifetime; therefore we must be saved by faith." Elsewhere, he is even more explicit*: ". . . most of the evils of life arise from the fact that man seeks frantically to establish absolute security by his power, wisdom, or virtue."

Such a position is, of course, anti-rational and anti-scientific; it leads inevitably to a conviction of the impossibility of piercing, as Niebuhr phrases it, "the baffling configurations of history" which are simply beyond the ken of "any scheme of rational intelligibility."

And such a position, clearly, is anti-democratic. It denies the whole core of the Enlightenment, the whole essence of the English and American and French Revolutions, not to speak of the Great October Socialist Revolution. The attack is directed against *The Communist Manifesto,* but it is directed also against the Declaration of Independence.

In exactly the same way, and the debt is acknowledged, Viereck revisits "Conservatism," because he finds that "every human being is by nature barbarous," because as he repeats, with marked lack of originality, in his just published *Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals* (Beacon), "Every human being is a cave man by nature."

Again, Will Herberg, renegade from Communism and now David Dubinsky's educational director, in his *Judaism and Modern Man,* finds that "man is the problem." The difficulty is "the chaos and evil in the heart of man," and "there is no hope so long as he continues to believe that he can save himself." It is, therefore, an illusion to seek for relief in material change. Indeed, such a search is the essence of sin—"the self-defeating, self-destroying dynamic of human life conceived in its own terms."

All this, too, is the guts of Whittaker Chambers' *Witness,** so lavishly press-agented by the imperialists, and awarded the Tamiment Book Award by the Social Democrats. "The concentrated evil of our time," wrote its embodiment, was the effort, through intelligence, reason and science, "to end the bloody meaninglessness of man's history." Blasphemous it is, to this blasphemer of humanity, to seek "abundance,

* This occurs in Niebuhr's essay in A. D. Ward, ed., *Goals of Economic Life,* published in 1953 for the Federal Council of Churches by Harper.

* See the extended and excellent critique of this book by Milton Howard in *M&M,* July, 1952.

security, peace . . . the vision of materialism."

This is the main mode of attack upon reason and democracy and mankind at the moment. There are others, of course. Thus, the Freudian twist is prevalent and serves as another dead-end for social effort. For example, Arnold Toynbee: "The heart of our difficulty is the difference in pace between the hare-swift movement of the scientific intellect, which can revolutionize our technology within the span of a single lifetime, and the tortoise-slow movement of the subconscious underbelly of the human psyche, which knows no change or shadow of turning and is the same yesterday, today and forever" (*Atlantic Monthly,* Jan. 1953).

Similarly, the eclectic approach in which, since everything is cause to everything else and the effectiveness of the innumerable "causes" cannot be measured, and so many causes are not even known, one actually eliminates cause. Thus, Werner Levi, in *Fundamentals of World Organization,* writes: "Peace is determined by biological, psychological, political, economic, social, cultural, ideological, metaphysical, military, institutional, technological, and probably many other factors, whose effect is modified by any number of combinations between them and their position in time and space." The reader who survives that sentence will be uncertain of his position in time and space but he will be sure, if he takes its message seriously, that to struggle for peace is manifestly useless.

THE heroes and the arguments will sound painfully familiar to all students of fascism. Mussolini wrote that "fascism denies in democracy the absurd conventional untruth of political equality . . . and the myth of 'happiness' and indefinite progress"; and Hitler saw "democracy as the canal through which bolshevism lets its poison flow."

The Nazis had their intellectuals, too. One, von Srbik, was the author of a very full and laudatory biography of Metternich, basic to Viereck's briefer encomium. Others revisited Conservatism, also. Thus, Hermann Rauschning, Nazi President of Danzig, called his book *The Conservative Revolution,* which also celebrated Metternich and urged the need of "liquidating the doctrines [of] rationalism, and liberalism, and socialism." There was no basis, he wrote, for "optimism concerning human nature" and the beginning of wisdom was an appreciation of the essential foulness of that human nature.

The Voice-of-America intellectuals, like their Nazi and fascist predecessors, do not stop merely at lamenting the terribly evil nature of man. They, too, seek the "liquidation of rationalism, liberalism and socialism," because they, too, seek to sustain, philosophically, a senile and truly inhuman social order.

They, too, write, as, for example, did Dwight MacDonald—a former editor of *Fortune* and *Partisan Review*—that "clearly, modern liberalism has something in common with

messianic totalitarianism" (*New Republic,* Nov. 14, 1949); or Raymond English, that, "Socialism is a legitimate offspring of the liberal heresy" (*American Scholar,* Autumn, 1952); or William Barrett, that, "The liberal mind, as we have known it in recent politics, has been the Stalinist or Stalinized mind," wherefore, since "the fundamental attitudes of liberalism are the subject of our criticism, ought we not to push our inquiry to its historical source and question the Enlightenment itself?" (*Partisan Review,* March, 1949).

The same thought permeates the work of Niebuhr, Viereck, Herberg, and the rest, and, of course, is central to the increasingly potent propaganda of the Catholic hierarchy. Of the latter, one may cite as a typical example Professor Waldemar Gurian's very recent *Bolshevism: An Introduction to Soviet Communism* (University of Notre Dame Press), where one reads that Marxism-Leninism "brings into the open" the "root principles of the modern secularized era" such as "scientism, belief in evolution, inevitable perfection." Bishop Fulton Sheen puts the matter in more homely and more directly political language, as befits his role: "How," he asks, "will he [the devil] come into this new age to win followers to his religion?" And he answers: "He will come disguised as the Great Humanitarian; he will talk peace, prosperity and plenty...."*

* Quoted in F. I. Cairns, *Progress is Unorthodox* (Boston, 1950), p. 131.

These so-mystical intellectuals, these purveyors of the meaninglessness of life, can become exceedingly mundane and specific and meaningful in terms of program. Mr. Viereck, in his elevated concern for the *Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals,* dedicates his book to Winston Churchill, and declares himself a partisan of Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Imperialism (British, he adds, as a touch of refinement). It is these academicians who urged, back in 1950, not simply propaganda against the lands of Socialism, but also the creation of "an organizational base behind them" for the purpose of insurrection and easier invasion (*Partisan Review,* Sept.-Oct., 1950, p. 660), a policy whose intellectual spearhead, now in Washington with the State Department, is that erstwhile Trotskyite, James Burnham, aspirant to the post of the American Goebbels. He wants "organization, clandestine operations and all other political warfare activities" against the socialist world. He wants "a policy of offensive"—he pants for World War III now (*Containment or Liberation?* N. Y., 1953).

BOURGEOIS-democratic freedoms are thrown overboard as napalm bombs are thrown upon Greece and Korea. There is nothing elevated in the language of *Barron's Financial Weekly* (Oct. 27, 1952): ". . . those Americans who are forever talking of the evils of empire are unconsciously, if not consciously, talking

the 'anti-imperialist' lingo of Lenin and Stalin." Nor in the demand of Congressman John Beamer of Indiana that universities in his State "bar New Deal professors" since they "espouse and promulgate the cause of Socialism or Communism in various ways" (*Evansville Press,* Dec. 9, 1952). Nor in the address of Admiral Ben Moreel, presently chairman of Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation, before the American Petroleum Institute, affirming that income taxes and inheritance taxes and "government ownership of schools, with compulsory attendance and compulsory support" were all parts of the "doctrines enunciated by Karl Marx" (A. P. dispatch, Chicago, Nov. 10, 1952). Nor in Donald Richberg's insistence that "the final insanity is the demand that there shall be no discrimination against Negroes," and that: "Equality is the objective of communism" (*The Sigma Chi Bulletin,* March, 1950).

Shall only Communists support public education and academic freedom? Shall only Communists struggle against jimcrow and oppose imperialism? Clearly, the ideologists of imperialism have, as Stalin said, abandoned bourgeois-democratic freedoms, but it remains, as he also said, for the Communist and democratic parties to rise to their defense.

The results of the assault have been appalling. John Crosby, of the N. Y. *Herald Tribune,* finds television beset by a "creeping paralysis"; Milton Moskowitz, editor of *Advertising Age,* says "radio has thrown in the towel"; Professor Henry Smyth, the physicist, reports "continued secrecy means national scientific suicide"; and Oliver C. Carmichael, President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, remarks, in his 1952 Report, that the failure to convey a sense of meaning in life, the deliberate avoidance of fundamental questions, and the absence of a feeling of real values is increasingly stultifying higher education.

But the defense is gathering momentum; a turn has begun, the need is to keep pushing, hard. "Friendly" witnesses before Un-American Committees get the publicity, but they are out-numbered ten to one by the "unfriendly" ones who preserve their honor and dignity and patriotism though they lose all else. Arthur E. Bestor, Jr., a professor at the University of Illinois, excoriates the "anti-intellectualism in the schools" and defies the witch-hunters (*The Nation,* Jan. 9, 1953). The editors of the *New Republic* warn of "The Goose Step, 1953," and assert: "The proper subject for investigation is not the universities, but the Congressional investigating committees" (Jan. 19, 1953). Professor Commager returns to the defense of freedom of inquiry and of speech in the most unequivocal article yet to come from his pen and finds that: "The search for subversives results in the intimidation of the independent, the original, the imaginative, and the experimental minded. It discourages independence of thought . . ." (*The*

Saturday Review, Feb. 21, 1953).

Mrs. Agnes E. Meyer, wife of the owner of the *Washington Post* and on the board of directors of the National Citizens Commission for Public Schools, brings prolonged cheers from 17,000 teachers with her address at the seventy-ninth annual convention of the American Association of School Administrators. The teachers cheer one who expresses what is in their hearts, as she denounces the "dangerous and ruthless demagogues," McCarthy, Velde, Jenner, whose tactics "make any honest American sick to his stomach" and who seek to shatter "the noble ideals" of the true patriots of the past.

Similarly, Broadus Mitchell, the distinguished Professor of Economics at Rutgers University, insists that "beliefs and associations, however stigmatized, must be given asylum." And courageously and most correctly he adds: "Once Communists are excluded, academic freedom is progressively destroyed. After the first tear the rending of the fabric becomes easier and easier" (*The Nation,* March 14, 1953).

THE attack, as we have seen, is upon man himself. Positing his loathsomeness, all else logically follows: unbridled exploitation, rampant racism, tyranny, inhumanity, slaughter. With such an attack, threatening all mankind holds dear, the defenders must be as diverse as is mankind. The Communists see, as Stalin taught, that, "Confidence in the creative power of the masses . . . is the peculiar feature in the activities of Lenin." The Communists hold, as Stalin wrote: "There are no things in the world which are unknowable, but only things which are still not known, but will be disclosed and made known by the efforts of science and practice." The Communists, as Stalin said in his last speech, have been and always will be *"in the struggle for the radiant future for the peoples."*

But this is not and cannot be the monopoly of the Communists. The radiant future beckons *all* and will be won by the organized, united struggles of *all* who reject the vista of being ground like fish-meal for soil food.

Lincoln said, when another obsolete class threatened elementary freedoms: "It is now no child's play to save the principles of Jefferson from total overthrow." No child's play, rather very hard work, with and among the masses, "those who," wrote Stalin, "create all the good things of life, who feed and clothe the whole world . . . the real heroes and the creators of the new life."

Singing

By AARON KRAMER

At last the hand of night is thrust away
and through my window leaps the morning light.
I hear a roar of boys at battle-play,
an airplane ominously taking flight—
but from the branches not a note is heard
announcing day:
as though a music-hater in the night
had ambushed every bird.

With no one singing, how can day begin?
What breakfast, till the fast of song be broken?
What key but song can let a new day in?
(The wind knocks—but my heart's door will not open.)
The first dawn I remember was with song
and I have been
listening for each day's melodious token
since then, when I was young.
(Wait! for a moment I can almost hear
my mother humming at her wash again;
my father—operatically clear—
joining his voice to hers in a refrain . . .
So the days started—I recall them yet,
and would pay dear
if his dead lips, and if her lips of pain
could blend in one duet!)

The trees are bare of music as of leaf,
and without music I am motionless.
He wished me dead who was my music's thief;
and though till madness I have tried to guess

which enemy he is, of this I'm sure:
he loves my grief,
and hates all songs, for in their loveliness
my strength begins its cure.

Listen, my enemy, wherever you are—
in spite of all your plots I shall not die.
Even this day, with trees made bare by war,
must have its song—if others dare not try,
then I and mine will make the tune we need,
and if you'd bar
that composition from the public sky
then you are doomed indeed.

For I'll not be that poor Pacific thing
who sang on a green island all alone:
lovely of lung he was, but weak of wing;
to no one but himself and scholars known—
until a warship anchored there, and rats
hearing him sing
rushed from the hold, devoured him beak and bone,
then supped on fruit and grass.

I'll be the peg-leg sailor without name
who every Winter limped across the South
singing to young black men at night the same
melody, till it rooted in their mouth.
That song was cursed by many a cotton-lord,
for when Spring came
a hundred slaves had found his peg-leg path
and *followed the Drinking Gourd . . .*

In the shadow of the reactionary dictatorship which has descended over the United States *Masses & Mainstream* shines brilliantly and courageously as an expression of the progressive culture and art of that country. As a member of the Mexican revolutionary movement in the plastic arts, and interpreting the sentiments of the immense majority of its components, I greet most enthusiastically the fifth anniversary of this publication, which is a tireless participant in the fight for peace. This greeting also includes the warm felicitations of the organ of Mexican mural painters, the monthly, *Arte Publico.*

DAVID ALFARO SIQUEIROS

American Bus

By MERIDEL LE SUEUR

ALL day the bus has whizzed through Main Streets beginning and ending abruptly at the prairie, past the old men sitting in the green sun on courthouse steps, out of the winter shadow. Out the bus window you see the tractors and sometimes horses plowing. A man at noon squatted at the end of a field, the color of the soil that had blown on him. Horses fly along beside the bus like porpoises at sea, the light striking through their outflung tails and manes.

All along at whistle stops, crossroads, villages there is the cry, bustle and beauty of the prairie women, bursting out in spring finery; the young girls brightly dressed, the matrons happily bedecked and curled like temple dancers. There are women whose laughter tells of the wonders of spring hay rides, barn dances and evening doings, nocturnal cries and strange lights from the village cemetery where the dead have tolerance for the young going to a bad war.

The women carry life upon them like the bee does pollen. The sight of the countryside to them is not pictorial, but touch and hunger and work and love. They live upon the old Cambrian sandstone alive and vigorous. They talk of spelling bees, county fairs, the Last Man's Club, Kiwanis, singing contests, funerals, the canning factory, the mysterious factory that just came to the village and that everyone thinks is making some part of a gun. And most of all they talk of the war, of dead sons, of living sons going west into a terrible darkness. One says: "It's getting nowadays the parents bury the children instead of the children burying the parents. When that happens a civilization is falling, falling."

I listen to the conversation, imbibing the rich day and night talk of the countryside, the quick knowing of the earth and the machine. Yet the old American fear strikes into me and I feel a sense of doom and wretchedness so I can hardly breathe. I see our people so strong, so tough and fey, so keen, quick, accurate, so humorous, full of whimsy,

fantasy, prankishness, such inside-out prairie waifs, so strong and enduring, yet often turned ugly, living high upon the death of brothers, plowing deep into the earth, into the flesh of their fathers, pulling up as bones the substance of man's hope. When I was a child on long migrations I was afraid.

I am afraid now, but I have a light and a compass.

THE young, tired, worn-out truck drivers who drive cars and machinery a long distance from the factory, then ride back to sleep, carouse three days, then go on the grind again, are talking and sharing a bottle of whiskey, which is the only thing that keeps you alive in the loneliness. There is a thin one named Pee Wee with fright in his eye and a better one named Butch, who knows what it's all about or thinks he does. He says:

"Anything but being alone. I hate to be alone. Speakin' of this country—and nobody was—well, you know you can't never tell what's gonna happen. Nobody does. You make it up, see? Bungle along, see? I even invented a draft to a stove once, didn't know what I was doin,' just made it the hard way from one minute to the next and bingo—there I had an invention. It's all rigged."

"It's rigged, all right," Pee Wee said. "You take them unions."

Butch exploded and I could see his fine busted face, the nose wangled sideways in his Golden Glove days, his whole face as well as his chain drive, solid Mack jargon, full of strains, whimsy, violence, batting averages and heroic losses.

"Union," he shouted, "let me tell you, boy, you're talking from pure unashamed ignorance. Let me tell you you never took one of those big babies out on the road at a twenty-hour stretch like we used to do for twenty-two bucks a week if you got it and *if* you got into home plate alive. Those big trailers used to be piled up like kindling and the guy trapped inside burning and the blow torches doing him no good. I could tell you we was killing each other off, big loads, cutting in. Excuse me, brother, don't talk to me about unions. Now it's all in the contract, that's it, whether you can be a human being, get some sleep, have a girl, no longer a fly-by-nighter. It's all in the contract and if you tear it up you go back to being a slave screamin' yer guts out."

He told how the contract was about hours, wages, run-time, eating, getting paid.

Pee Wee said finally: "You would not be driving a truck if you'd read the books I do about getting ahead." Butch snorted at this—where would he want to get? Everybody becoming a leader was hooey. Who'd want it and how would you do it anyway?

"Magnetize yourself," says the tiny Pee Wee, and I thought Butch would explode. Pee Wee, emboldened by the bottle, is infatuated with the wonders of power. "Get whatever you want, get ahead, do the Extra

Mile. Many men started as poor boys and became millionaires. Have an inner drive, want to climb HIGHER. Draw other people out in Tactful Conversation. You turn the telescope around so that you seem bigger and others smaller. Act like a BIG man. Don't lean against things, or lounge down in a chair and feel sick and out of it."

"I don't get it," Butch said laughing silently. "First you get yourself screwed up, try to step on everybody's face. Then you relax, take a nap while socking the guy above you —why you're working yourself up to an extreme state of poverty!"

I saw Pee Wee sitting up straight, not slouching, in his little terrible courage; and Butch's wild broken face, laughing, thrusting his head sideways, pity and laughter in his bent, socked, heroic face. "It's rigged, all right, you can say that again. I'll be alive all right, dang tootin', in the year A.B. 20. What's that? That's Atom Bomb the year 20."

They both seemed to fall asleep like dropping through a trap door.

HE WAS a small man and when he got on the bus he looked around quickly, sat down beside me, pulled his neck in his collar. When we passed the big chromium taverns sitting in the corn fields, I said that they must represent the spread of Al Capone out over the prairie. Leaning close to me, he began to talk, his hand over his mouth: "It's happening," he said. "I'm leaving Wisconsin. You know why? First there was O'Konski and now there's McCarthy, and the son of old Bob LaFollette has to shoot himself straight through the head. It's happening."

Terror was like a musk coming from his skin, and his eyes darted like a ferret. "I'm a refugee," he said again. "I'm going down South, see if I can get a business. In my home town you can't associate with anyone. We used to be liberal. Now everyone is afraid to think. I don't want to be there anymore. Carnival men, crooks, gangsters telling you how to vote, yelling the Big Lie. The old Capone gang, an octopus moving out into the countryside controlling everything, insects in the corn kernel. I've seen it before.

"A shakedown, that's what it is. First I paid a little gangster, but now the big gangster I will not pay. I'd be afraid to tell everything. Somebody might be listening. Am I speaking low? Bawdy houses, gaming, politics, city machines, labor unions, big business and now war all mixed up. Cesspools of the city spilling into the country."

The bus stops and he stops talking. We have gone a few miles when he leans over, he must tell me: "I got out of Germany too. Just in time. I'm a Jew."

THE Mexican woman in the rest room where we stop for lunch bends down, resting in balance, the round sun-ripe globe of her breast held between her fingers as she offers

it to the baby, while I hold the little girl. She is glad to spill some of the pressure of her long trek now after working in beets, wheat, peas, corn, shacking all winter in a miserable hovel. She is trying to get to the new Dakota oil fields where her man is. She speaks of the field work:

"It is good pay: sometimes fifty cents an hour, once seventy-five, but we do not live by the hour. We live and eat every day, every week and the rains fall often." She means that when the rains fall, you do not work, but you are still hungry. "In peas," she says, "there is only a few hours to harvest before they spoil. A hot day comes, peas go up in smoke. Good weather work twenty-four hours. When good Roosevelt alive, we had good things, camps, even showers, and a paper with Government, so had to give you your pay. But all gone now. Gone with the good man. Gone. Camps closed now."

She tells how they came in the trucks from Texas standing tight like cattle, the driver getting fifteen dollars a head for each one arriving alive. "The children cannot learn, too much traveling. The baby is thin. Worry and your milk goes. I worked twenty-nine hours in the corn pack the day before this little one came. Even a mule couldn't stand that. We die, we live and the fields are waiting. We live and we move on the long distance and the rains fall often."

DRIVING towards the westering sun there are jokes, stories. A splendid old man gets on toward evening and sits with Pee Wee and Butch and and they pass him the bottle. He is strong, a fringe of white hair, a ruddy sweet face. He had been an engineer, and he tells about Harry Truman buying eighty-seven dollar garters and how he has been all over. He worked last in the coach-yards at the 47th Street roundhouse in Chi, and then came the fine lady, the Rocky Mountain rocket, backed up, 120 feet of unit, power in her diesel, and you didn't even have to uncouple her, or take her to the cinder pit, or coal or water tank. And not a man to help her.

"She was our doom," he cried, taking a drink from the bottle.

"She was doom to us, the end of us, kaput. She had no use for us, the big creeping beauty, none at all. You see I was a fire lighter, filled the huge fireboxes of the old ladies, the big steam ones, spread out half a ton of coal, attached the burner hose to the high-pressure air-line, threw a wad of cotton waste into the fire body, and began burning the dead coals with a spray of flaming oil. But when the diesel lady came in I got the pink slip. So did the coal shoveler, the boiler-maker, washers, cinder pit men and a host of others. Now you just throw a switch on her and she's off and she can turn around from the Rocky Mountain run and go back with never a man laying a hand to her.

"Great dividend makers, but not for us. Men can jump in the river. I stopped there at 47th Street where

I spent my life, went back to see it, but wished I hadn't. It was a sorry sight, machines dismantled, floors torn up, windows broken—you get fond of a place you been working so long and the old engines—ah, no more fires for a man to light and set the big pistons going and you knew each one what she would do. I'll never light up the fire box on her, I never will. Give us a drink, me buckos."

IN THE middle of the afternoon an awful thing happens.

There is a man in a big hat, a cattleman, talking mighty big in a southern accent that seems a trifle unreal. Late in the afternoon a very handsome Negro woman with a crippled child on her arm boards the bus as we get into the sloping hills of the Missouri tobacco country. There was only one empty seat in the bus at the time and it was beside the man in the big Texas hat. What he did seemed to be a flailing out that struck us all. He spread himself across the empty seat and said in a loud voice, "In mah part of the country we know what to do with n-----s. What you Yankees need is what we got there—a Jim Crow and a poll tax law."

The bus was absolutely quiet. The Negro woman did nothing but try to rest the broken body of the child on the seat arm. The bus driver was listening. I could feel the pulse in my own body and the weight of every white person on the bus suddenly alive in a horrible world of guilt, and before us the Negro stood looking straight into nothing.

"Sit here," I said, "the child must be heavy," and I was terribly ashamed and terribly afraid. Over her face flew like a shadow, utter fear, and to my horror she looked at me and saw a menacing white face. No one moved. She did not move to take the seat. I stood in anguish in the aisle, ashamed of being white, and the awful silence seemed like a third face of guilt among us. I took the child who began to cry and the pressure of my being in the narrow aisle almost forced her into the seat. Then she half arose protesting as if in a nightmare. I pressed the child into her lap. There was again this heavy moment of guilt between us. Then the man in the hat cast a lascivious eye at me. "Set down," he said jovially.

I did not move. The bus waited. I said in a low voice that didn't sound like my own, "I wouldn't care to sit beside you."

The silence seemed to widen like an eye. The bus was very silent. For some reason the man in the hat got off at the next station. The moment he was gone the bus spoke. The driver said, "Good for you." Everyone talked at once, some against him. The Negro woman sat silent. They all looked at her, but no one spoke directly.

At the next stop she got off and several tenderly helped her to the door. But when she was out the farm woman said in a firm voice, "Did you ever stop to think that the blacks outnumber us? The colored races

could take over the world."

There followed a horrible silence in the bus as if something sick or dead lay in it.

EVERYONE is laughing at a sign in the village store saying: KEEP THE WHEAT AND SHIP THE POLITICIANS. Two farmers who have gotten on while I was sleeping laugh bitterly. One says: "You can't move a hay bundle without uncovering a government man."

"Well," the other says, "I'd be scratchin' gravel without government help. Seems like a farm ought to make a living. Hear about the frogs? A legal tangle for sure. Sheriff caught two boys coming over the Dakota line with a truckload of frogs. Now the question was were they Dakota frogs or Minnesota frogs? The frogs wouldn't answer, stood on their constitutional rights, the Fifth Amendment, ain't it? Anyway, the frogs was charged with being immigrants, illegally in the country, un-American. It come to court, not a frog on the jury, mind you, and before that railroad judge owned by mining companies. Found against the frogs from Dakota, tooken to high court. By this time one of the boys was killed in Korea and the Supreme Court says they were lawfully interstate commerce and it was O.K. to transport them."

The other says: "All my sons now are gone to war. I caint farm myself. Got a mechanical picker. Floods now is bad. Since they killed the Roosevelt program more land has blowed away than before in the last fifty years. Asked the banker for a seed loan."

"Better watch out, if you ask for anything, might be a red. You better not have a nosebleed these days. I guess a government with sixteen millionaires don't care much what happens to the flax farmer."

"They better care. How far kin they go? I don't know meself. But a farmer is a donkey with a carrot in front of his snoot. Inflation . . . stuff we buy higher than we sell. We're the hindmost all right. Milked at both ends. When you go into lunch you got to take your windshield wiper, your shade, mirror and name plate. Somebody'll steal it. And then resell you your own stuff when you come out with your initials on it. Some racket. Pretty soon even *you* think it's kind of cute."

"Laugh all you want, the farmer'll be a thunderbolt in the stew again," and he spat an accurate squirt of liquid fire and dropped with it a string of accurate oaths.

Message to Steve Nelson

By JUAN REJANO

There is a bridge, there is a bridge
without beginning, without end,
a bridge made of brotherly work,
of laurels,
doves
and flags.
There is a bridge, there is a bridge
higher than the Andes, wider than the Sahara
which spans rivers,
lakes,
oceans,
embraces faraway continents
and soars above the sorrowing cities
like a dazzling comet of hope.
There is a bridge, there is a bridge
made of hearts and peoples' arms,
a bridge built by humanity with stones
from its inmost self:
on its battlements shine these words:
I am invincible, I guard the crop of the future,
I am known as and I call myself comrade.

I pace the land of Mexico, uprooted
from my sorrowing, captive country,
and yet I live each minute in Spain
(there is a bridge, there is a bridge that rounds the planet),
in Spain, by the side
of the widowed mother,
of the unconquerable guerrila,
of the shepherd,

of the stonecutter,
I talk with Gregorio Lopez Raimundo,
I hold
in my arms the school-less, breadless child,
I hold my head close
to the faces of workers who ask me:
"And Dolores? Have you seen her?" and then
walk away to dig the grave
of the Franco worm.

I pace the land of Mexico, but I live
(there is a bridge, there is a bridge rides round the world)
at the side of the Donbas miner, and
the brave mason in Warsaw,
I salute the Czech mechanic happily,
Hungarian farmer, the Chinese poet,
I give my song to the heroes of Korea,
Viet-Nam, Malaya,
I dream with my brother who in the American jungles
dreams of a day without chains,
and with him, North and South, who builds
peace and each night unfolds a flag.

And I am at your side too, Steve Nelson
(there is a bridge, there is a bridge that bridges men)
in your unjust prison, imposed by rats
who oppress the Negro
and buy my Spain with their sinister dollars
and stir the fires of innocent blood.
I do not know if on some Spanish cliff I saw your star
of heroic commander of the Lincoln Brigade.
But I know our hearts awoke
to the same dawn.
I know that your blood fused with mine
at the side of the awaited bloom,
and now I would stretch my hands to you, this last
gift that remains to me,
and leave in yours this message:
We shall beat down the walls of your prison, beat down
these walls to earth. You are not alone,
Steve Nelson, you are not alone.
Look,

the wide rivers of humanity reach to your lips,
look at Spain, my Spain and yours, reach out
her arms and say to you: "You are mine, you are mine,
though now
over us both the shadows hover, tomorrow
to victorious lightning we'll awake, my son."

(*Translated from the Spanish*)

This anniversary represents for me something much more personal than you may imagine. For me *New Masses,* precursor of *Masses & Mainstream,* was not simply a magazine like so many others. It's an old story that takes me back more than twenty-five years.

I was less than twenty then, and as there were many things in my surroundings that I did not like so much, I went to sea. This brought me to New York: Erie Basin, Brooklyn. And since at that time all sailors could freely move on the free American soil, chance had it that while I was strolling around the city, I bought a copy of *New Masses.*

Out of simple curiosity, to be sure. And I shall not claim that immediately everything in life seemed clear to me. But this little issue of *New Masses*—like the copy of Henri Barbusse's *Monde* which I read a few weeks later—began to put some ideas into the head of the young intellectual groping for a path.

What followed? Since I am editor-in-chief of *Drapeau Rouge,* central organ of the Communist Party of Belgium, the question answers itself. But you will understand why, in felicitating you and all the valiant friends who are waging with such courage, there where the most courage is required, the good fight for peace and liberty—you will understand why I could not help reminiscing about your anonymous young reader of twenty-five years ago. And saying to you in his name and the name of those like him whom you have helped: Thanks!

PIERRE JOYE

To create a public conscience is the prime task of our time. The way in which they serve the most human and noblest causes is the firm basis for judging men and works. That is why *Masses & Mainstream,* in the service of world peace and culture, is exemplary among the better publications.

LUIS CARDOZA Y ARAGON
Editor, *Revista de Guatemala*

Statement to the Court Before Sentence

Books Are Living Things

By ALEXANDER TRACHTENBERG

YOUR Honor, the number of books Elihu Yale gave to found a college at Saybrooke, Connecticut, did not exceed, I believe, the number of volumes which the prosecutor put in the dock with the defendants, including the publisher of these books. Verily, this is a trial of books and of the ideas which quickened them into life.

By rejecting the motions to set aside the verdict, clearly born out of hysteria, class malice and iniquity, your Honor not only proposes to take away *my* freedom for publishing these books, but to imprison *the books* as well.

Referring to a similar situation in British history John Milton wrote that you might as well kill a man as kill a book, which the prosecution wants you to do—of course, figuratively.

When the Government insists on taking me out of circulation, it really wants to take out of circulation the books I published; or to state it more correctly, to deprive the American people of the right to read these books. If it succeeds, what will happen to the already much maligned and abused First Amendment of the Bill of Rights? And as one wise man said: *A book is not a book, if it is not read.* The prosecution seems to prefer unread books.

The books which grace the counsel tables and your Honor's bench as exhibits, and which I am proud to have published, are books of Marxism-Leninism, but they were used by the prosecution contrary to all the rules of Marxism-Leninism. A book written on a certain *subject,* at a certain *time* and *place,* and under certain *conditions* can be read or studied only with all these rules in view, and it also must be considered as a whole and not in *fragments selected at random.*

How were our books handled by the prosecution? A veritable St. Bartholomew's night was perpetrated upon them for all to see in open court. They were emasculated, cut and quartered, and were bleeding at all ends—for you see, your Honor, I am treating books as living things, as Milton did—and yet, your Honor permitted the tortured and mas-

sacred fragments to be introduced as evidence against the defendants.

My co-defendant Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, whom I have been privileged to know for thirty-five years, was right when she stated that the threescore so-called exhibits were published before 1945. The latest book, the classic work, *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union,* was published in 1939. The Stalin volume, issued later, was not a new book. It was a collection of materials which were published in the '20s and '30s. The testimony about this as well as other books was tailored testimony as our learned counsel would say, but I would prefer to call it out-and-out perjured testimony which could easily be proven as such.

THE prosecutor spoke in his summation about my publishing house. Why did he not state that this privately-owned publishing firm, a New York corporation, was founded in 1924 with myself as editor and manager, at which posts I am still at work? that this firm was publishing and selling books for over 28 years to all and sundry through the same channels as all other publishers—to trade bookstores throughout the country, to the public, to college and school libraries and bookstores, to organizations and groups which sell books to their members and others, and to individuals interested in our books?

The prosecutor could have also stated that we print every year a complete catalogue of our publications which we send out to bookstores, libraries and individuals in many thousands of copies; that we advertise in various commercial media—and that each book, as it is issued, is listed on the date of publication with the name of the author, the title of the book, and a short description of the contents in the book sections of magazines, newspapers and trade publications.

The prosecutor made a good deal of our publishing the classic writings of the founders of scientific socialism, Marx and Engels and the writings of their great continuers, Lenin and Stalin. He intimated that there was something foreign and even criminal about reading the classics. He boasted to the jury that Americans do not turn to the classics after they have had a cursory introduction to them in their high school years. But the prosecution is dead wrong and, in addition, slanderous.

His remarks are a reflection of the obscurantism that is descending upon this country and which all prosecutors in our trials feed upon, but which we together with all decent Americans are fighting. What is true is that Americans are continually rediscovering the great riches not only in Shakespeare and Shelley, but also in Emerson, Thoreau, Melville and Whitman. Otherwise we would not have had a William Dean Howells, a Mark Twain, a Jack London, a Sinclair Lewis or a Theodore Dreiser. American workers are also reading in larger num-

bers, not only the classics of Marxism-Leninism, but also the classics of American and world literature, and we are attempting to supply that growing need.

Why didn't the prosecutor refer to the hundreds of other titles of our books, your Honor? Because, numerically most of our books deal with specific problems of American life and the current world situation. In fact, my publishing house was established *first,* to publish American Marxist and progressive studies of social, economic, political and labor problems and conditions, books dealing with the history of the American people, and especially the terribly neglected history and problems of the Negro people, philosophy, science, art and literature and international affairs; and *second,* to issue in scientific editions the classics of Marxism-Leninism and the theoretical writings of Marxists here and abroad.

The main objective was to reach not only the usual reading public, but especially the worker-readers by issuing the books in popular-priced editions. We have created a market for our publications which makes it possible for us to exist on a commercial basis. These books were not presented in the court for the same reason that we were not able to bring in all the evidence showing what the Communist Party and its members in local organizations are busying themselves with day in and day out in their communities, organizations and places of employment.

YOUR Honor: The logic of the treatment accorded by the prosecution to the books on trial here is the burning of these and similar books. This is the logic of the cold war and hot war.

The arrest and conviction of the eleven Communist leaders was the signal to the reactionary and profascist forces to proceed full speed ahead with their attacks against each and every progressive organization and individual — especially trade unions, political and social organizations, schools and colleges, as well as against the progressive books in the libraries.

During this trial I spent a weekend at the sessions of the Committee on Intellectual Freedom of the American Library Association, whose national convention took place in New York at the time. Librarians from large and small cities reported about the pressure exerted upon them by self-appointed reactionary groups to remove books from the shelves, the titles of which appear on the lists prepared by the American Legion and similar organizations. But the libraries showed themselves to be of real American mould. They are fighting against the attempt to destroy the very purpose for which libraries were established. They reaffirmed their Library Bill of Rights which is opposed to thought control and the censorship of books.

Your Honor, such trials as these are helping to fan the flames which threaten to consume not only the books which the prosecutors paraded

here and in other trials in prison garb, but also other publishers' books as well. The political Index Expurgatorius which the pro-fascists are trying to foist on our schools and public libraries is growing in length. The librarians alone cannot defeat these reactionary forces. The people armed with the Bill of Rights must fight them all along the line.

A pall of fear is hanging over the classroom in schools and colleges. The New York *Times* educational editor made several national surveys and interviewed teachers and professors, deans and presidents, and came back with a very disturbing picture of the situation. Teachers are forced to return to textbooks long outdated and to stick strictly to texts. Students do not ask questions and teachers do not attempt to draw out the students. Gone are the days of the intellectual give-and-take in classroom discussions. Both the brilliant teacher and the bright student have drawn into their shells and dullness has returned to the class room. Both teacher and student fear that a chance remark will be misunderstood and reported, and teacher or student or both will land on the subversive list. These are the conclusions of the *Times'* very informed writer on these matters.

DURING these days while I was about to be sentenced my publishing house brought out three books dealing with the subject of peace. This is as it should be, for our preoccupation now should be with the stopping of the war in Korea and the securing of the peace which the whole world is crying for. Before the year is out, I hope we will publish a large volume of letters of Marx and Engels written to Americans which I edited during the proceedings of the trial.

We will also publish the fourth and last volume of the writings and speeches of the great Negro and American leader, Frederick Douglass, as well as an extensive study of the history of the Negro people in the United States. The second volume of the *History of the American Labor Movement* and the eleventh bi-annual *Labor Fact Book* by the Labor Research Association will be issued, as well as several other important works. We still have a lot of work to do, your Honor, and I hope that we shall continue to publish.

Your Honor, I am 68 years old. I have lived in the United States nearly three-quarters of my life. With the exception of six years in Connecticut I lived and worked in New York City. The education which I received in this country before 1915, I believe I put to good use for the benefit of the American people at the three different jobs I had during the past 38 years—workers' education, labor research, and editing and publishing. Although I was especially occupied with the publishing of books during the past 28 years, I also gave all my leisure time to workers' education and labor research as well as the Communist movement, and expect to continue

in these endeavors. My activities were public, and I was happy in my work and in my associations.

Mr. Lane* referred to the fact that I was arrested in Newark in 1924. I was arrested on the day Lenin died. I had gone to Newark to address a meeting in the Labor Lyceum which the police called off and we held the meeting in front of the Lyceum on its property. The police pulled me down from the stand after I only managed to say: "Lenin died today." For that I was arrested and taken with others to the police station. A lawyer of the American Civil Liberties Union came and had us released.

I am proud to stand here before you with these dear comrades of mine and with the books in the dock with us and ready to be adjudged for publishing them. There are millions of these books abroad in the land today, and I am happy in the knowledge that they will continue to bring light and warmth and love and comradeship among the men and women, workers and farmers, Negro and white people, in whose homes they live. I salute them in the hope that there will be more books coming out to keep them company. Of this I am sure.

Before concluding my inadequate remarks, your Honor, I wish to quote from a book I read during my present sojourn in prison. It is a quotation from the remarks of an Abolitionist editor who was imprisoned several times for helping to save a Negro from being taken back into slavery, after having reached the North. He spoke at a reception in his hometown celebrating his return from exile after the conclusion of the war, and said:

". . . There was something deeper in the struggle in which I was engaged than questions of technical law. There was something higher than decisions of the courts. It was the old battle, not yet ended, between freedom and slavery, between the rights of the toiling many and the special privileges of the aristocratic few. It was the outlawed right against despotic might. It was human justice against arbitrary power. It was the refining spirit of humanity."

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* Miles Lane, U. S. Attorney who prosecuted the thirteen Communists.

Korea 1953

By BERT MEYERS

A country lies in ruins and all
our neon nights display its blood.
Each time we laugh, a gun goes off.
Yet, while fear, perfect cop
patrols our minds like streets,
making sure none demonstrates
against this murder,
each one of us intrudes upon the war:
at the corner hoping to find
the headlines suddenly ablaze with: Peace!
Now, only they who sit and think
of how the dead grow money,
read the papers
tilting their cigars like cannons.

And I, as one of millions, say:
Come, Peace, hero of gardens, love;
destroy the battlefields—gunfire
minting silver dollars in its heat.
I, no one I know, or care to meet,
has any business there.
Peace, stack up the rifles, bayonets,
like grain and give
each soldier cities, homes, to build.
Peace, Peace, that everyone may live
beneath a sky where only sunlight falls
on fire in the builder's steel
and no one fears the calm
and passionate dark face of night.

Prokofiev's Genius

By SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

THE death of Sergei Prokofiev, the great composer, is an especially saddening loss, coming as it does in the midst of his richest creative period. His career covered two worlds of life and culture, one dying, one rising.

The first was that of tsarist Russia, and the imperialist world of which it was a part, preparing the blood-letting of the first world war. This he bitterly attacked. The second was that of the socialist Soviet Union, which he welcomed, devoting his talents to it, producing, in spite of a lingering illness, masterpieces of increasing beauty.

Prokofiev was born April 23, 1891, in the Don Region of Russia. By the time of the Socialist Revolution of 1917, he was already a developed composer, with many big works to his credit. The groups with which he had associated in his youth consisted of "rebels" against the oppressiveness of "official society." But their "rebellion" tended towards the overthrow of all accepted musical and artistic standards. They regarded the dramatic, heroic and realistic development of music from Beethoven through Tchaikovsky as "bourgeois," "academic," "old-fashioned." This was the "enemy."

The revolt was petty-bourgeois, nihilistic in its thinking, rather than working-class. It prized symbolist and "futurist" texts, sought out novel harmonic combinations for their grotesque effect, borrowed complicated and mechanistic rhythms from what it conceived to be primitive art, as a mockery of the hypocrisies of civilization.

Prokofiev did not fully accept these principles even in his earlier period. He had a warm feeling for human beings, which was communicated in the sweet and tender melodies of many of his early works, such as the *Classical Symphony,* the *First Violin Concerto,* the *Third Piano Concerto.* They are still prized for their charm, wit, tenderness, and fine craftsmanship. But they are not notably profound works. Prokofiev, in the name of a false "progress," had given away too much of the classical heritage

vith its lessons of how music could ortray the great conflicts, tragedies nd victories of life.

In the spring of 1918 Prokofiev eft the young Soviet Union, to test imself as pianist and composer on he world scene. He stayed away from is homeland, except for a short triumphant tour in 1927, for fifteen ears. While he was on tour in the Jnited States during the 1920's, his nusic was attacked by critics as "Bolshevist" and "Anarchist," although he Chicago Opera did commission an opera from him, *The Love of Three Oranges.*

He found a somewhat warmer welcome in Paris, especially among the modernist circles surrounding the ballet producer Diagilev. But these circles fostered what was most cold, brilliant and mechanistic in his art, leading to an increasing shallowness.

It is a testament to Prokofiev's greatness that in Paris in the early 1930's he went through a profound self-examination. He realized that his art was moving ever further from the feelings of the masses of people. It was becoming more and more barren. In 1933 he returned to the Soviet Union to make it his permanent home, with occasional short tours abroad such as his visit to the United States in 1938.

THE task facing him, back in his socialist homeland, was inspiring but far more difficult than thinking up a new dissonance, a novel tone color, a different rhythmic pattern. Millions were being drawn into cultural life. Along with widespread performance of the classics, there was a great demand for new works that would measure up to the classics in emotional depth and realistic, dramatic power, and at the same time would reflect the struggles, personalities and outlook of the new life.

The composer had attained a prestige, a mass support, a place in the people's affections, such as no other society could have afforded. But to absorb the best lessons of the past and to turn them to new human uses required of Prokofiev a searching analysis of his entire musical development up to that time.

Of great help was the nationwide critical discussion of music instituted by *Pravda* in 1936, which broke the manacles of a shallow addiction to novelty for its own sake. But already Prokofiev had celebrated his return with splendid works. The suite *Lieutenant Kije,* originally written for a film, may be called a return to what was most gay and heartwarming in his earlier satiric style. The evening-long ballet, *Romeo and Juliet,* however, was a masterpiece of a new kind. Never before had he created such powerful and varied musical characterizations, such moving tragedy, such sustained and rhapsodic love music.

The tide had turned. The portrayal of human feelings broadened his musical forms. There were still weak works produced, even failures, but these were invariably followed by new triumphs.

In 1939 came the cantata *Alex-*

ander Nevsky, also originally written for a film, in which a great historical epic was clothed in the most stirring music, with the composer drawing upon the riches of folklore and creating vocal lines of a strength and beauty he had never achieved before. This was followed by an enchanting comic opera, *The Duenna.*

The years of the anti-fascist war saw another triumph, the *Fifth Symphony,* celebrating, as he said, "the greatness of the human spirit." This work won the hearts of audiences throughout the world. Then came the lyrical and emotionally searing *F Minor Violin Sonata.*

The end of the anti-fascist war brought a new stock-taking in the cultural life of the Soviet Union, as seen for example in the critical discussions of music during 1946-8. Prokofiev had written a weak work, the *Sixth Symphony,* in which, like Shostakovich in his *Ninth Symphony,* the composer had failed to grasp the full meaning of peace, had approached the problem too superficially. But he was never "attacked," as the lying critics of the monopoly press asserted. Throughout this entire period Prokofiev was being honored and widely performed as one of the brightest stars of Soviet music.

The tasks being projected in music now were those projected under Stalin's leadership throughout all Soviet life, including the great construction enterprises and the struggle for world peace.

How Prokofiev rose to the spirit and demands of the post-war world may be seen in such works as the suite, *Winter Holiday,* a tender and lovely children's piece, and even better in the magnificent cantata, *On Guard For Peace.* This big, complex work for full orchestra, two choruses and soloists, poignant in its anguish over the human losses of the war, portrayed the strength of the Soviet people, the music rising at the end to acclaim the world-wide fight for peace. His recent *Seventh Symphony,* not yet heard here, was dedicated to youth, and it has already been acclaimed for its profound and joyous spirit.

CULTURAL spokesmen for the "West" clamored at Prokofiev to quit the life of a people's artist, beloved for his works by millions of his countrymen, and to become a member of the formalist cliques such as dominate the musical life here. When he died on March 4, the poison pen knights of the press rushed to besmirch him, and through him, the land of socialism.

Thus the New York *Times* wrote, "When he was attacked by the Communist Party's famous decree of February 11, 1948, it created a major sensation. The indictment seemed a poor return for services rendered, for the composer had gone back voluntarily to Russia in 1934 after a career as an international virtuoso that made him so famous he could have settled profitably in any country." This is a tissue of lies. There was no "attack." There was no "decree."

And what depravity of mind the ery phrases reveal! To the *Times* vriter, music appraisal is a matter of liplomacy and bargaining. The mu- ician renders "services," and in re- urn his music is "praised." To this nind, typical of a jungle mentality, here is no such thing as criticism, only sycophancy and attack. Why lid he go home? He could have made 'profits" here as a pianist showman, ind maybe even received a handout rom the Ford Foundation.

It never occurs to these corrupt minds, who pretend so great a con- cern for music, to ask why it is that in their own country, composers and performers complain that they cannot make the barest living out of their art, or why no works are written that touch people's hearts, that make any progressive impact on the people's cultural life. It is inconceivable to them that a great creative artist can be loved by millions of his country- men, that out of their respect for his art they discuss his work seriously, that he prizes the discussions because they help him in his work.

The market-place has its own con- tradictions. In spite of the hysterical Red-baiting, commercial companies produce recordings of Prokofiev's works because they sell. People want them. Frequently the companies add some depraved Red-baiting to the "program notes" of the record, ap- parently to clear themselves with the F.B.I. Nevertheless, people can study, on records, much of Prokofiev's career. There are the charming and witty early works, such as the *Classical Symphony* and *Third Piano Concerto,* and the early experiment in primi- tivism, the *Scythian Suite.* One can sample the barren works of the Paris period, such as the *Divertimento, Op.* 43, and *Suite, Op.* 48. There are the masterpieces of the Soviet period, such as *Romeo and Juliet, Alexander Nevsky,* the *Fifth Symphony,* the *Violin Sonata,* and the post-war *Win- ter Holiday* and *On Guard For Peace.*

The *Times* screams that he lived "in servitude," he "bowed to the rod," he had "tilts with the hierarchy." To play these works in order of composi- tion is to get a picture of a great artist spreading his wings, deepening his art, learning to probe deeper and soar higher. Prokofiev accomplished a herculean task, that of moving as an artist from a world of monopoly- capital cultural corruption to one of socialism. To listen to the indescrib- ably moving lullaby of the mother in *On Guard for Peace,* with its deep concern for the lives of children all over the world, and to the closing call to working people to unite for peace, is to meet a truly free man.

Prokofiev had not only the free- dom to go wherever he wanted, which he did, but also the freedom that a great artist attains when millions of his countrymen give him a platform and stage, asking him to give them his best, regarding every successful work as, in the words of the late A. A. Zhdanev, "their own victory." His death is a great loss, but his victories are also ours.

books in review

In Freedom's Cause

THE VOLUNTEERS: A Personal Narrative of the Fight aganst Fascism in Spain, by Steve Nelson. With an introduction by Joseph North. *Masses & Mainstream.* Popular edition, $1; cloth edition, $2.50.

DURING World War II, when it was necessary to enlist the complete support of the American people for the prosecution of the war against the Axis, the slogan: "Books Are Weapons in the War of Ideas" was acceptable and officially promulgated by the government itself.

The slogan of course is as profoundly true today as it was in 1943. And the book which Steve Nelson has written represents not only a major weapon against the reactionary offensive but a decisive victory in its own right.

Consider the conditions under which it was produced: written by a man who is primarily an organizer, who has been under constant attack for the past several years and has had to defend himself practically single-handed; who has been sentenced to twenty years for "sedition" in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and is standing trial today under the Smith Act; who has spent the last year shuttling between Allegheny County Prison and the Allegheny County Workhouse where he was thrown into isolation cells on bread and water. Nelson has also carried on a voluminous correspondence and prepared endless notes for his appeal and present trial.

This is only a small segment of his activities. On top of this, he has revised and prepared this book, and it is safe to say that *The Volunteers* is the guarantee that Steve Nelson will be free.

It is such a guarantee because the circumstances of its composition, publication and distribution will make his name and his cause known throughout the land in ways that were not open to him before. It is such a guarantee because it is an enduring piece of work that adds materially to the literature of the Spanish war, in particular to the reflection of American participation in that war.

With sound instinct, Nelson has prefaced this series of vignettes and

ıort stories with a prologue set in 930 in the offices of Chicago's Red" Squad. There the author and everal of his comrades who led a unemployed demonstration are ıercilessly beaten by the police. 'he episode is key to the character f the author and his associates; key o the type of man who went to pain to fight in a war that was none of his business."

From Chicago the narrative, which s closely knit, follows the pattern of nany books written both here and broad about the Spanish experience; he ship to France; the arrangements n Paris; the exhausting journey cross the Pyrenees at night, on oot; the welcome accorded the in- ernational volunteers; the training amp; the front.

The pattern was inevitable but he material woven into it is Nel- son's. It is shot through with his peculiar insight into human beings ınd political situations which has made his name an international symbol of heroism in the face of the most vicious kind of ruling class oppression.

As Joseph North points out in ıis introduction, "The man of Pitts- burgh heard the cry of Madrid." Nelson in Spain was the unique figure that Nelson in America, be- fore and since the war, has been. A man with no formal education, who rose out of the working class into leadership of his fellows because he not only understood and loved them, but prepared himself by the sort of study and self-sacrifice to which few men are capable of submitting. In the defensive Jarama battle and the Brunete offensive, Nelson displayed the type of courage and leadership that made him known throughout Spain and celebrated among the In- ternational Brigades. Those who lived through these campaigns and came home will relive them again in the pages of *The Volunteers,* particular- ly in those chapters called: "The Olive Tree," "Library at Night," "In the Village," "We Attack," and "Men at War."

Here, recalled with the impact of original experience, are the sights and sounds and smells of war in this particular place at this partic- ular time; the individuals who man- age to impress themselves on the mind out of the "mass" of a com- pany, battalion or brigade; the emo- tions of fear, excitement, elation and exhaustion experienced at various stages in action—together with the total understanding of what the ex- perience meant to the men who un- derwent it: intellectually, morally, physically, emotionally, politically.

No author, no matter how gifted, has ever put down on paper what a war "is like," but Nelson has come as close to it as any you could name and he has done it with an economy of means and a simplicity of ap- proach that are native to the man. This is not "literary" writing; it is direct communication few authors are capable of achieving and it is this way because the man has some- thing to say and has found the way to say it.

The stories called "El Fantastico" and "Prayer Against Sunrise," both of which have appeared in *Masses & Mainstream,* are examples of this type of direct communication, with nothing apparently standing between the writer and the reader. The two stories, "Men in Jail" and "Day in Court," are others. In all four pieces style and content form a single unit and deliver the impact of the situations with which the writer is dealing and the character of the people involved in the situations.

If there is any complaint that could be made of the book, it would be that it is far too short. The reader will regret this, for in the 192 pages of *The Volunteers* he will have met a good many people about whom he would like to know a good deal more. And he will have been exposed to a talent that demands further scope for its fulfilment.

Steve Nelson is a leading figure in the Communist Party. When he has been freed of the 20-year sentence for "bringing the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania into hatred and contempt" and the Smith Act indictment under which he is currently on trial, he will presumably return to his political job. I do not imagine he thinks of himself primarily as a writer, but I make a plea here—which will be joined by the multitudes who will read this book—that he exercise the sort of discipline of which he is so obviously capable, and devote a portion of his time to writing more books of this outstanding caliber.

ALVAH BESSIE

Continental Cultural Congress

A continental cultural congress will open on April 26 in Santiago, Chile. The congress, which will be attended by delegates and observers from most of the countries of the western hemisphere, will discuss the preservation of democratic culture. Among the Chilean sponsors of the conference are the Nobel prize-winning poet, Gabriela Mistral, and the great Communist poet, Pablo Neruda.

Cultural figures outside this continent who have been sent invitations to attend as observers include Jean-Paul Sartre of France; Ilya Ehrenburg of the Soviet Union; Alberto Moravia, Italian novelist; Emi Siao, Chinese poet; Rafael Alberti, Spanish poet; and Stephen Hermlin of Germany.

Masses and Mainstream extends warm greetings to this congress whose deliberations are of vital concern to the people of the United States as well as the other peoples of the western hemisphere. We hope to publish an article on the congress in an early issue.

'The Big Deal'

THE independent people's theatre movement, which has made such notable gains in the past few seasons, takes another stride forward with the production by the New Playwrights Company of Ossie Davis' first full length drama, *The Big Deal.* This is specifically a triumphant achievement of Negro theatre artists. For the playwright, the director (Julian Mayfield), the producer (Stanley Greene), and all but two members of the superb cast are Negroes.

Mr. Davis, hitherto known as an outstanding actor, here reveals a playwriting talent of great force and originality. Dealing with a theme of timely importance, he shows the attempt of a corrupt white ruling class to bribe a Negro into becoming a tool of its drive to fascism, and the fight of the Negro people against such a course of betrayal.

Jay C. Weatherscott, a Negro singer who has long suffered from indignities and unemployment, accepts a cushy job offer from a broadcasting company, even though the condition is that he denounce a progressive Negro leader, Rob Dickson, before the Un-American Committee. Weatherscott develops cynical rationalizations, but his wife Alice bridles at "the big deal" when she learns its real nature. This sets up an intense conflict, leading to some deep soul-searching on Jay's part as well as a forthright illumination of how capitalism exerts its corrupting pressures on the artist.

The "Voice of America" demagogy of the broadcasting company's Mr. Harkness wears thin when he meets resistance. The play effectively strips the hypocrisy of white bourgeois "benefactors" who seek to appoint *their* leaders of Negro life to pit against the Dicksons.

The true feelings of the Negro people are expressed through the admirers of the militant Dickson, such as the domestic worker Bertha Brody, Alice's brother Mark, who is a class-conscious worker, and Alice herself. The victory they win is not a simple one. It takes courage and resourcefulness. And if in the end Jay sees how he is being used against his own people and destroyed by Harkness and a blatantly chauvinistic theatrical agent, he knows too that he will have to prove through growth that his conversion is not just a matter of words.

The play is vigorous in its denunciation of the anti-Communist drive which is seen as inseparably an attack on the Negro people by the white rulers. With clarity and

boldness, Ossie Davis hits out against the McCarthyites in power. There is no pussyfooting whatever on this score. The play accurately reflects the advanced position of the Negro people in the fight against Red-baiting. And this is done not simply in isolated speeches, but with dramatic fullness and fire.

Moreover, the play shows the militant national consciousness of the Negro people, determined to achieve full freedom, piercing the double-talk promises and phony friendliness of the "new look" racists. Mr. Davis portrays real people, plain-spoken in their anger, filled with rich tenderness and humor and longing, and above all imbued with a spirit of struggle. His dialogue has range, vividness, the ring of truth.

I feel that one shortcoming of the play is the inadequate development of Mark, Alice's brother, who is a leader of workers. His is the most advanced thinking of the play. Toward the end of the first act his clash with Jay fills the stage with extraordinary intensity and meaning. But then he drops out of the action altogether.

Thus, the play never develops sufficiently the kind of thinking that Mark is best equipped to give it with regard to the basic role of the working class and the question of Negro-progressive white unity. And the point about Mark is especially revelant in view of the fact that the only two white characters of the play are representatives of decay. The lines in the play about the unity of Negro and white workers are all to the good, but they do not have integrated dramatic force. Also, a richer treatment of Mark would help deepen the motivation of Jay's rather hastily drawn change at the end.

But the stage is vibrantly alive throughout, and this large, hard-hitting play affords scope for the talents of such highly gifted actors as Jumel Jones, Stanley Greene, Rai Saunders, Ellyce Weir, Mort Lawnor, Martin C. Slade, Billye Reed, Dan Levitt, and Howard Augusta. The performances of Bill Robinson as Jay and Milroy Ingram as Alice are brilliant. And the direction by Julian Mayfield is truly a triumph of realism and theatrical power.

New Yorkers can see the play nightly and Saturday matinees (except Sunday and Monday) at Yugoslav Hall, 405 West 41st Street. This exciting production merits the widest support.

SAMUEL SILLEN

More Birthday Greetings

Masses & Mainstream has maintained a very high level of excellence, and each month it continues to make an invaluable contribution in its field. These are troubled times. The voices speaking and writing the truth are far too few. *Masses & Mainstream* brings truth and clarity with a consistently high standard of literary achievement and ideological honesty.

May your influence ever widen. America needs you as never before.

PAUL ROBESON

My enthusiastic fraternal greetings to *Masses & Mainstream* on its fifth birthday, with the wish that by its tenth anniversary that which it represents should have become the principal current of the masses of our continent. This is the current which moves toward the consolidation of people's democracy, socialism and peace.

DIEGO RIVERA

Never did your country have such need of enlightening the masses in the struggle for peace and justice. Press forward in the front ranks.

ARNOLD ZWEIG

During these five years, the crisis in our nation's culture has become more profound: the forces driving toward war and fascism have declared war on culture, on all the great values of our country's revolutionary and progressive past. *Masses & Mainstream* has valiantly championed the true values of democracy and peace, which are the values to which all truly creative art is dedicated. Every issue of the magazine has presented work which is stirringly affirmative, rich in creative content, centered in the mainstream of our nation's life and thought. May these five years prove to be only the prelude to larger cultural tasks and wider influence.

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

With courage and unerring literary taste you have kept alive this wonderful magazine. It means much to us. It is a beam of hope among the clouds of inhumanity and decadence which, coming from the United States, threaten to envelop in darkness the old civilization of our continent. We,

the progressive writers of Austria, fervently wish you success in your pioneering work which some day will bear its fruits for all people of good will in America as well as in Europe.

BRUNO FREI
Editor, *Tagebuch,* Vienna

Masses & Mainstream has been one of the most effective and brilliant North American publications of recent years. No substantial manifestation of progressive American thought has failed to find expression in its pages. In this sense *Masses & Mainstream* has been for the peoples of Latin America a potent source of information and guidance.

At the present time when the common danger of war threatens us, the task of publications like *Masses & Mainstream* assumes even greater importance. That is why this occasion, which marks the completion of one phase, must also be the augury of a long life of increasing service to genuine democracy, progress and peace.

JUAN MARINELLO

Almost alone *M&M* has published stories of the heroism of the working class; stories not of death and defeat, of the "lost" hero, but of the strength, courage and beauty of men and women in the great health of collective belief and struggle. Let us grasp our "weapon of culture" more firmly in the years to come.

MERIDEL LE SUEUR

As an old regular reader and occasional contributor of *Masses & Mainstream* I have perhaps the right to greet the magazine and its editors on the fifth anniversary of its appearance in its new form.

We who are fortunate enough to live in a new world, to see our socialist ideals fulfilled and to participate in their fulfillment, look with sympathy and admiration at you who in an environment of increasing reaction and aggressive war preparations, fight for progressive culture and world peace.

Our sympathy and admiration are not only for your unshakable courage, for the determined steadfastness with which you swim against the stream of obscurantism and barbarism. It is above all for the way in which you wage this struggle. Your—our—magazine has correctly understood that just as the cause of peace is single and indivisible, so is also the defense of progressive culture against the many-pronged attacks of monopoly-capitalist reaction.

In this struggle you have succeeded in arousing and developing a unified spirit in all fields of public life. You have made clear in convincing fashion

at one defends the same cause of humanity, peace and freedom when one sails the political and social oppression of the Negro as when one takes stand for realism and against decadence in all spheres of art, whether it kes the form of esoteric abstraction or of the brutal unleashing of so-called ass instincts.

GEORG LUKACS
Budapest

To pause and pay tribute to *M & M,* a mighty cultural voice of salutary uths is of special historic significance at this time. For it affords all artists ie opportunity to contemplate even more profoundly on the questions f freedom and peace, and to address themselves with greater understanding id sensitivity to the people. Thus, the artists of all nations who address iemselves to truth, to the sacredness of humanity and peace, as against es and claims of power and oppression, share a common joy and pride n celebrating this event.

CHARLES WHITE

Many of us outside the United States are indebted for a great deal of nteresting reading, orientation and information on urgent questions to *Masses & Mainstream,* just as before we were indebted for a long time to *New Masses.* May we celebrate your anniversary for many years in a future f peace and progress.

JUAN VICENS
Editor *Nuestro Tiempo,* Mexico City

Masses & Mainstream is a shining light piercing the gloom of American utural life today. Your editors are doing a noble work in keeping alive

the finest cultural traditions of our people, in giving proper recognition to the mighty contributions in literature, art and music of the Negro people, the Jewish people, as well as the many other peoples who make up the mainstream of our life. Through this, and the bright glimpses you bring us of the rich people's culture of the Soviet Union, the new China and the people's democracies, you furnish the impulse and the inspiration for the release and growth of the creative powers that will one day blossom throughout our land too in a great people's culture.

JESSICA SMITH
Editor, *New World Review*

We, scientists and scholars of sunny and happy Dimitrov's Bulgaria, follow your successes in the fight for peace and democracy with particular interest and rejoice at them. We wish you still more fruitful activity in the great battle for peace, for the construction of life-giving friendship among all small and big peoples, headed by the invincible Soviet Union.

ACADEMICIAN TODOR PAVLOV
President, Bulgarian Academy of Sciences

The editors of *Masses & Mainstream* have created a magazine that is as fresh and bright as its tradition is old and secure. I marvel at the quality the editors have set for themselves and the consistency with which they

ave carried it through issue after issue, year after year. The February 1953 ssue, for example, devoted to Negro History Week, is a thing of beauty f which U.S. Marxists can be exceedingly proud.

HOWARD SELSAM
Director, Jefferson School of Social Science

The honest writer and artist; the worker at his machine; the Negro hallenging oppression; the farmer wanting land; the mother fighting for eace, and the youth searching for justice—all must find in *M & M* an nspiration and a weapon.

LOUIS E. BURNHAM
Editor, *Freedom*

Warmest congratulations on the fifth anniversary of your magazine which s fighting so courageously for peace, culture and progress. I see in you he real America.

HANNS EISLER

The Bulgarian artists and people express warm solidarity with your efforts, confident that a nation which gave birth to Lincoln, Twain and Dreiser in he past, and which today boasts such figures as the contributors of *M & M* will successfully defend the cause of peace and human culture from the devastations of a new war.

NICHOLAS MIRCHEV
Secretary, Union of Artists in Bulgaria

The celebration of *Masses and Mainstream's* five years of fruitful life is an occasion for deep rejoicing among the democratic writers and ar-

tists of Puerto Rico. Dedicated to the struggle to maintain and develop our national culture in face of the attempts of imperialism to destroy its indigenous character, we see in *Masses and Mainstream* a staunch and valuable ally. This splendid and courageous magazine is the best vehicle in the United States of progressive Puerto Rican culture. May this fifth anniversary serve to strengthen the bonds of solidarity between the democratic intellectuals of the United States and Puerto Rico. JOSE LUIS GONZALEZ

The literary magazine *Rumanian Review* sends a heartfelt salute to *Masses & Mainstream* which displays fruitful activity for a progressive culture for the defense of peace. We wish you new successes in your struggle for the cause of progress and peace. EDITORS, *Rumanian Review*

You stand out today as the great standard-bearer of humanistic culture. No other publication in America can boast poetry, short stories, or editorials of such warmth, understanding and power. ED STRICKLAND

Masses & Mainstream has done a tremendous job in a most difficult period. It has marked out trails towards the flowering of a people's culture in America, which I am certain is not far off. ALEXANDER SAXTON

A Cultural Event to Remember!

Salute to

WRITERS AND ARTISTS

For Peace and Freedom

MASSES & MAINSTREAM'S FIFTH ANNIVERSARY RALLY

OUTSTANDING CULTURAL PROGRAM

Manhattan Plaza
66 East 4th Street
New York, N. Y.

Friday evening
April 17
8:15 P.M.

ADMISSION 50 CENTS
(tax included)
COME AND BRING YOUR FRIENDS!

Tickets on sale at Workers Bookshop, 50 East 13th Street; Bookfair, 133 West 44th Street; Jefferson Bookshop, 575 Avenue of the Americas; Bookworld, 714 Flatbush Ave., Bklyn.; Carver Bookshop, 1167 Colgate Ave., Bronx 72, N. Y.

or by mail from

MASSES & MAINSTREAM, 832 Broadway, New York 3,

The Need Is Urgent!

Our fund drive is still far short of the mark of $7,500. But we must wind up the campaign this month. We want to top it off with the big anniversary meeting on April 17th at which the editors and readers of M&M will salute the writers and artists who have enriched the magazine.

The need is urgent. It's hard to plan ahead with a deficit staring you in the face. In these days, all of us have to *fight* for the continued existence of a publication like ours.

So we make this earnest, final appeal. Won't you send your contribution *today?* If everybody does his share we can make the grade. Otherwise the going will be awfully rough. Perilous, in fact.

We count on hearing from you by return mail.

THE EDITORS