MARCH, 1961
50 cents

Mainstream

DEBATE:
OCIALISM
ND ETHICS

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E GAULLE
AND
ALGERIA

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STORY BY
Phillip
Bonosky

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OETRY BY
Pablo
Neruda

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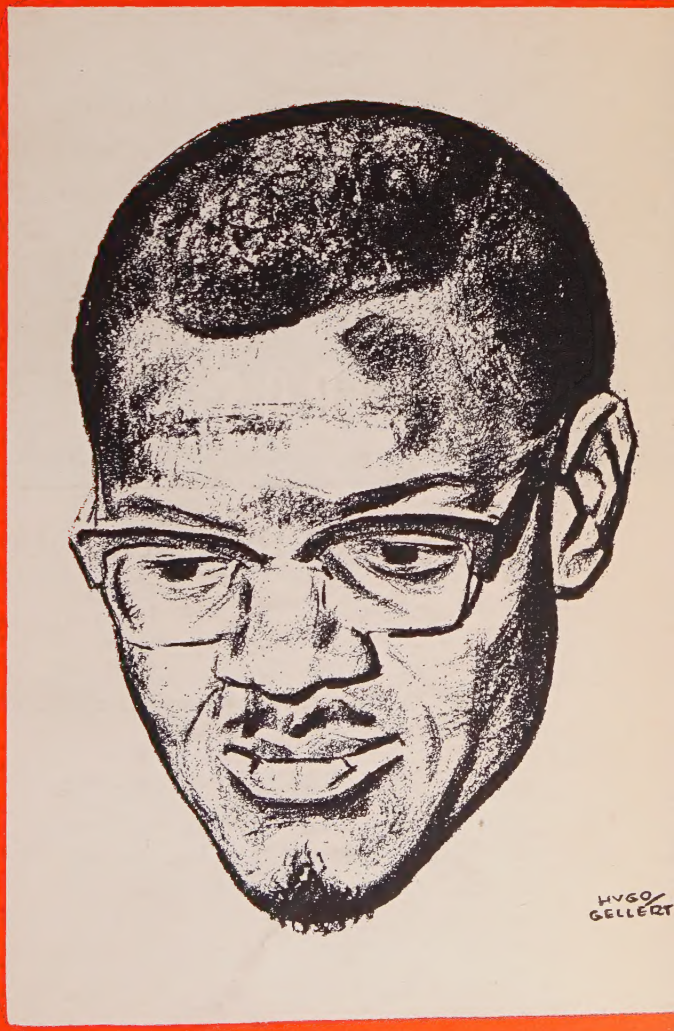
ART BY
Gellert
Yacobson



POEM BY PATRICE LUMUMBA

A SIQUEIROS, AL PARTIR

(TO SIQUEIROS, ON PARTING)

In January's light I leave you,
The heart of Cuba's freedom,
Remember, Siqueiros, I await you
In my land of volcanos and snow.

I saw your painting imprisoned,
Like a flame they would put into chains.

I grieve for the outrage on parting,
Your art and loved land are one;
For Mexico is captive beside you.

PABLO NERUDA
Mexico, D. F., January 9, 1961

I convey this beautiful fraternal greeting of Pablo Neruda to my companions Demetrio Vallejo, Gilberto Rojo Robles, Filomena Mata, Dionisio Encina, J. Encarnación Pérez, Valentín Campa, Alberto Lumbreras and the rest of the comrades incarcerated by the same political repression.

DAVID ALFARO SIQUEIROS

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Donald Clark Hodges is Associate Professor of Philosophy at the Unive sity of Missouri. *Hyman Lumer* is National Education Director of CPUS and author of *War Economy and Crisis* (International). *R. F. Shaw* 23 years old and a graduate student specializing in modern European hi tory. *Philip Bonosky* is the author of two novels, *Burning Valley* a *The Magic Fern,* the latter to appear in April. *Nicolas Guillen* is t noted Cuban poet. *Pablo Neruda* is the Chilean poet of internation reputation. *Hugo Gellert* is the well-known American artist. *Jack Coh* is an Englishman who, as his review shows, closely follows the wo of C. Wright Mills. *Gita Isaac* is a poet from Chicago, in her ea twenties.

NEXT MONTH

We will feature the art of *Anton Refregier,* an exhibition of whose wo will also appear at the ACA Gallery in April. *Oakley Johnson* provid us with a memorable portrait of a progressive American woman a *Sidney Finkelstein* will be represented with a trenchant article on t arts. In May the issue will be devoted entirely to the new Cuba. Th will be an extremely interesting and exciting issue with articles, stori and poems of lasting significance.

in the mainstream

Pioneer Angel

Patrice Lumumba did not die in vain, though his enemies were right: they could not afford to let him live. They correctly saw in this 35-year-old Congolese the new African leader of the cut of Guinea's Sekoure Toure, of Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah, of Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta; and in another part of the world, of their brother-in-arms, Fidel Castro. These men, and others like them, had proven that they placed the welfare and independence of their countries above the interests of the imperialists who had plundered them so long. They proved they could not be bought, flattered, nor frightened. So they had to be killed: and Patrice Lumumba is their most recent victim.

When Montezuma was lured by false promises into the tent of the Conquistadores and murdered, his death broke the back of the Indian resistance and opened Mexico to plunder and to God. But Lumumba, also lured into the hands of imperialism through the false promises of Dag Hammarskjold, paid with his life. But too much has happened between the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli. It is a different century. There is a new power on earth: the power of the worker organized into one third of the world.

The former King Leopold's grandfather, also called Leopold, killed 20,000,000 of Lumumba's ancestors and cut off the hands of tens of thousands who resisted the Belgian civilizers.

Listen to the yell of Leopold's ghost
Burning in Hell for his hand-maimed host . . .

So wrote Vachel Lindsay; and prophetically added:

Then along the river, a thousand miles
The vine-snared trees fell down in files.
Pioneer angels cleared the way
For a Congo paradise, for babes at play . . .

'Twas a land transfigured, 'twas a new creation.
Oh, a singing wind swept the Negro nation . . .

Patrice Lumumba was one of those "pioneer angels" who dreamed of a transfigured land, a paradise where babes could play. He died for that dream. It is to the utter shame of the American press that it has taken on the chore of scandalizing his name. The *New York Times* threw its usual genteel style overboard to snarl of Lumumba that he was "a firebrand agitator" and a "would-be dictator" and his death was justified therefore for he was "slain . . . by the same kind of violence he had preached . . ."

The *Post* was hardly better; the *Herald Tribune* descended to a brutal argot—it no longer resembled language worthy of a civilized newspaper. The great defenders of liberty who suffer willingly Franco and Salazar and that peanut Chiang Kai-shek, Trujillo, and dozens of others, like the unlamented Syngman Rhee, or the puppet Ngo Dinh Diem, thirsted for Lumumba's blood: and so in due course Mr. Hammarskjold supplied the gun, aimed it—though he was not there to pull the trigger.

In all the words spilled over the Congo, one word is never mentioned. It is a name really, but it stands for more: Rockefeller. American foreign policy tends to follow where the Rockefellers lead: whether it is Rockefeller oil in Iran, or in Lebanon or uranium in the Congo. And wherever it leads, it is followed too by death.

So, in the Congo. But the sands are running out faster than blood. If such men as Patrice Lumumba are mourned the world over, and if his death gives rise to greater sacrifice and devotion, it is because the world is no longer at the disposal of the Rockefellers. One-third of it is young, strong and handsome. In the past that third fought for its own freedom. Today stronger it extends a hand to Africa—the hand of brotherhood and peace.

Lumumba died. But those who killed him more surely than ever delivered the death blow to imperialism in Africa.

McCarthyism The appearance of the Soviet film *Don Quixote* with Nikolai Cherkasov playing the leading role has moved Brooks Atkinson, long-time *New York Times* theatre critic and presently its "critic at large" to glowing comments on both the acting and the interpretation of that world classic.

This particular movie, like more and more Soviet movies, has won just praise both here and in other parts of the world. But what impels us to comment on Atkinson's reaction is that he simultaneously provides us with another disheartening example of how deep that McCarthyite fear still goes in the American mind when eminent critics and writers feel that any positive word they might utter about anything Soviet might fall into the classified dossier of J. Edgar Hoover with the usual results.

Mr. Atkinson confronts himself with a dilemma from which he tries to escape much like an Indian *fakir,* by climbing up the rope into nowhere. Here is his dilemma: how is it possible for a great art and culture to come out of a country ruled by a ruthless dictatorship aimed at stifling the mind and soul of the artist? To that Mr. Atkinson answers: "It is a Russian characteristic that goes deeper than a political system."

This sort of reasoning is too disingenuous to be taken seriously. The fact is that a ruthless political dictatorship is quite capable of destroying—or preventing from ever growing at all—the artistic gifts of a people. The dictatorships of Mussolini and Hitler quite effectively maimed the culture of these talented peoples for as long as they ruled. The cruel dictatorships of British, American, Belgian, French and German imperialism have been quite effective in strangling, literally in their cribs, who knows how many artists in Africa, Asia and Latin America, not to mention our own country? Bessie Smith, if we need reminding, bled to death outside a hospital because she was not white.

It was socialist power that brought into existence the mute voices of countless poets in subjugated and ignorance-ridden peoples, in Kazakastan, Azerbaijan, among the Yi people in China, the Thai people in North Vietnam: who knew of artists among them before?

But Mr. Atkinson who admired Cherkasov's acting so well should not presume to speak for him. Mr. Cherkasov speaks very well for himself —as one can read in his autobiography *Notes of a Soviet Actor*: "Soviet actors are happy that they serve the people and help to build a new Socialist society. The tribute paid to achievements in the field of art is no less than that paid to successful workers, collective farmers and scientists. Soviet actors may well repeat the words of Mayakovsky, the

great poet of the Revolution: 'Happy I am that my labors merge with the labors of my Republic.'"

Can't one enjoy so superb a picture as *Don Quixote* without conjuring up the ghost of the late unlamented Senator?

Astrology and Freedom

McCall's for January, 1961, contains a fascinating article: "Pay-Off in the Stars." Here Bill Davidson writes of one "Zolar," otherwise known as Bruce King; this entrepreneur is indeed King of the astrology market in the United States. There are, we learn, eighteen million believers in astrology in the United States today; in addition, thirty-two million Americans read the astrological columns printed in 360 different U.S. newspapers every day.

Zolar, himself, has ten million customers; they purchase crystal balls, magic candles, love potions, planetary perfumes, horoscope cards and Zolar's *Official Astrology Magazine, Official Dream Book, Stock Market Forecast, Guide to Happiness.* Also, for the rich, Zolar runs a private astrological service—fee, $200 a year—where he helps them come to important decisions; Davidson gives two examples: should the actress buy a sable coat; should the producer launch a new TV series?

THERE are 4,999 other astrologers in the United States, but, as I've said, Zolar is King; he controls the accounts of Woolworth and Kresge and McCrory—Woolworth alone sells 500,000 copies of his publications. Of course, as Davidson notes, "astrology was discredited four centuries ago," and, of course, as Zolar confesses, "he is helped by people's fears and uncertainties," but there is a market for his product—given the fear and uncertainties—and he's a shrewd business man—indeed, a publisher and an author—operating freely in a free market in the best traditions of free enterprise and the Free World.

There is no Zolar in the socialist world and no astrology either. When we have socialism in the United States, will 18 million Americans be free to believe in and live by astrology? Will 32 million Americans be free to read their horoscopes in 360 daily newspapers? Will workers make a living by setting type for Zolar's *Dream Book* and *Stock Market Forecast?* Will the zodiac determine whether or not a TV series is produced?

If the answer is *no* in every case, will these prohibitions—and directed against an author and a publisher, too—enhance the quality of freedom in the United States, or will they be simply additional evidences of the awful "totalitarianism" of a socialist society? Will unanimity of

ief as to the fraudulent and therefore harmful nature of astrology di-nish the democratic content of American life, because—allegedly—versity is supposed to be the very essence of democracy?

Brief ourse in esthetics

An American delegation of music educators spent a month in the Soviet Union, studying its musical life, particularly in schools and as relating to children. The following discussion by the delegation with Obratzov, head of the fa-ous Moscow Puppet Theatre, comes from the report printed in the usic Educators Journal, January 1961, Washington, D. C.

In responses to a question concerning qualifications for participation the Puppet Theatre, Obratzov said: "The person must be an actor d must have an ironical sense of humor." "Man is happy as he works nen he feels his work is necessary. Therefore we had to find out if e were necessary to the people." "Before we produce a show we must termine for whom it is intended and why." "Art is either harmful or eful. It either improves a man or it does not improve him." "If art es not call for emotion, it is not art. And emotions are not neutral."

There is a marked difference between what is shown to adults and to ildren by the Puppet Theatre. Children do not attend the evening rformance regardless of the nature of the performance.

Some of Obratsov's comments about children were interesting: "Chil-en view puppets as living things. There is greater tragedy for children Red Riding Hood presentation than in Othello for adults." "Grown-s do not understand what brittle hearts children have. Adults too ten perceive children through the adult heart, which is wrong." "In r shows for children we do not eat or beat anyone." "Children are terested in a struggle but there must be someone or something they love volved in that struggle."

Tynan vs. Dodd

The reactionary Senator from Connecticut, Thomas J. Dodd, is still trying to throttle free speech. In the January *Harper's* he attacks the British drama critic, nneth Tynan for having (a) signed a "Fair Play for Cuba" ad in the *w York Times,* (b) chaired a TV show called "We Dissent," and) published in *Mainstream* without first finding out whether the mag-ne, to quote Dodd's words, "was a Communist publication, and with-t troubling to ask." This is Tynan's reply to Dodd's attempt to smear n and *Mainstream.*

> I must, however, agree with him (Senator Dodd) that I gave an article to a magazine called *Mainstream* without "troubling to ask" whether it was a Communist publication. I seem somehow to have got out of the habit of asking these indispensable questions. In the past decade I have contributed pieces to *Vogue, Harper's Bazzar, The Atlantic, Harper's, The New Yorker, Holiday, Theatre Arts,* the *New York Times,* the *New York Herald Tribune,* and *The Paris Review* without bothering to inquire about the editors' political affiliations. In the future I shall be more careful.

As for investigating committees like the one Dodd represents, w agree with the editors of *Harper's,* who, in a post-script to the Tynan Dodd exchange said, "the whole record of Congressional inquiries int un-American activities indicates that they have done the United State far more harm than good."

Our 50th Anniversary

1961 marks the fiftieth anniversary of America's oldes and foremost progressive cultural magazine. Founde in 1911 as the *Masses,* "A Monthly Magazine Devote to the Interests of the Working People," suppressed in 1917 under th Espionage Act, revived again on Lincoln's birthday in 1918 as th *Liberator,* and renamed the *New Masses* in 1926, *Mainstream* took it present shape in 1948 with a union of *New Masses* and *Mainstream* The name has changed over the years but the purpose—despite persecu tions and vicissitudes, has not. The magazine has steadfastly adhere to those two great hopes of humanity—peace and socialism. In the las half century, hundreds of illustrious artists, poets, novelists, journalist and critics have chosen these pages to express their hopes and fear their indignation and dedication. Over the years there have been attempt to smear and suppress this magazine. These were attacks not onl against the magazine but against a progressive tradition in America cultural life, a tradition that includes many of America's greates artists and intellectuals. John Reed, Theodore Dreiser, Thomas Wolf Ernest Hemingway, Edna St. Vincent Millay, these are just a fe whose work has appeared here. Proud of this magazine's heritage, w look hopefully to the future, confident of our readers' continuing suppo for at least another half century.

WEEP, BELOVED BLACK BROTHER

PATRICE LUMUMBA

O black man, beast of burden through the centuries,
Your ashes scattered to the winds of heaven,
There was a time when you built burial temples
In which your murderers sleep their final sleep.
Hunted and tracked down, driven from your homes,
Beaten in battles where brute force prevailed.
Barbaric centuries of rape and carnage
That offered you the choice of death or slavery.
You went for refuge to the forest depths,
And other deaths waylaid you, burning fevers,
Jaws of wild beasts, the cold, unholy coils
Of snakes who crushed you gradually to death.
Then came the white man, more clever, tricky, cruel.
He took your gold in trade for shoddy stuff,
He raped your women, made your warriors drunk,
Penned up your sons and daughters on his ships.
The tom-toms hummed through all the villages,
Spreading afar the mourning, the wild grief
At news of exile to a distant land
Where cotton is God and the dollar King.
Condemned to enforced labor, beasts of burden,
Under a burning sun from dawn to dusk,
So that you might forget you are a man.
They taught you to sing the praises of their God,
And these hosannas, tuned in to your sorrows,

Gave you the hope of a better world to come.
But in your human heart you only asked
The right to live, your share of happiness.
Beside your fire, your eyes reflect your dreams and suffering,
You sang the chants that gave voice to your blues,
And sometimes to your joys, when sap rose in the trees
And you danced wildly in the damp of evening.
And out of this sprang forth, magnificent,
Alive and virile, like a bell of brass
Sounding your sorrow, that powerful music,
Jazz, now loved, admired throughout the world,
Compelling the white man to respect,
Announcing in clear loud tones from this time on
This country no longer belongs to him.
And thus you made the brothers of your race
Lift up their heads to see clear, straight ahead
The happy future bearing deliverance.
The banks of a great river in flower with hope
Are yours from this time onward.
The earth and all its riches
Are yours from this time onward.
The blazing sun in the colorless sky
Dissolves our sorrow in a wave of warmth.
Its burning rays will help to dry forever
The flood of tears shed by our ancestors,
Martyrs of the tyranny of the masters.
And on this earth which you will always love
You will make the Congo a nation, happy and free,
In the very heart of vast Black Africa.

Transltaed from the
French original by

LILLIAN LOWENFELS and
NAN APOTHEKER

ISCUSSION: SOCIALISM AND ETHICS

This debate on "ethics" takes on added timeliness with the news that Mr. ner, convicted under the odious Taft-Hartley Act, now faces 18 months in on. There is no room for debate on the unjustness of Mr. Lumer's sentence we editors feel compelled to protest this example of "capitalist ethics."

THE PARADOX OF SOCIALIST HUMANISM

by Donald Clark Hodges

The attempt to solve current problems by appealing to so-called universal moral ns, to the "common good," to humanity in the abstract is in danger of being dle gesture and even of beclouding the real issue. On the other hand, ap- s to and actions on behalf of the working class, while giving superficially the earance of being concerned with the good of only a part of humanity, turn to be in fact the only true humanism.*

ONTRARY to many socialists, this paradox applies not only to the class societies of the past but to socialist society as well. Once the loitation of labor has been overcome, new problems arise, new flicts emerge that tend to dissolve the original socialist ethic of bat against capitalism into two different tendencies within socialist cs. The socialist is committed to a double instead of to a single dard: (1) the increase of productivity and of productive output; and the distribution of goods and services in proportion to the amount work. Many socialists treat these goals as if they were single. Yet experi- e indicates that the rapid increase of productivity under socialism has n made possible in the past only by raising the standard of living the intelligentsia disproportionately to that of the working and sant classes. This has been a source of conflict within the socialist or of the world ever since the October Revolution and is the expression wo opposed, although complementary types of socialist ethic.

In the early days of socialism it was frequently assumed that the elopment of socialist society does not take place through the operation contradictions, but that under socialism such contradictions are come. It is becoming increasingly evident that such a view is

* H. Selsam, *Socialism and Ethics* (New York, 1943), p. 95.

incompatible not only with socialist theory but also with the realities life under socialism. In the throes of revolutionary upheaval and social construction it was natural for many to substitute a Christian-eschatologic for a Marxist-scientific attitude. However, socialism is not the realiz tion of an earthly paradise but a stage in the development of society which the class struggle is replaced not by a harmony of interests, but a new type of conflict—the struggle between social classes and soc strata.* Unlike the class conflict under capitalism, the social strugg under socialism does not require a basic change in the relations production or a social revolution in order to overcome the vest interests of social strata that impede the development of social society. Nonetheless, serious frictions exist between social classes, re resenting the interests of the material basis of production, and soc strata, representing the interests of the managerial and ideological sup structure.

THE opposition of social classes and social strata under socialis indicates that there are at least two general systems of socialist ethi one representing the tendency of the superstructure to dominate develo ments in the economic base, and the other representing the tender of the economic base to become independent of the superstructure. The is a tendency among socialists to speak of both tendencies as deformatio Thus the first tendency is sometimes called the bureaucratic deformati of socialism, and the second tendency, the syndicalist deformation. Th tendencies inherent in a socialist society should not be confused with corresponding bureaucratic-opportunist and anarcho-syndicalist tendenc within the labor movement under capitalism. Under socialism the bure cratic deformation represents the conservative heritage of social strata fr the earlier period of transition to socialism, whereas the syndicalist d ormation represents the revolutionary aspirations of the working cl and, consequently, the future of socialism. Because the future of socialis cannot be achieved directly, but presupposes a stage of bureaucratic do inance over the economic base, syndicalists in the past have b hostile to the leadership of the socialist intelligentsia. Nonetheless stage in the development of socialism is foreseen in which syndical will become increasingly less of a deformation and in which bure cratic tendencies will become the most serious obstacle to socia development.

In the meantime, the term "deformation" presupposes the perspec

* O. Lange, "The Political Economy of Socialism," *Science & Society,* Winter, 1959,

a heavenly utopia instead of the earthly utopia that socialist society fact is and always will be. Hence, it is naive to believe that the ent to which these so-called deformations are suppressed is a measure the degree of maturity attained by socialist society. Such balances of erest are seldom to be found in human society and are the exception ner than the rule in nature. The correct estimate of bureaucratic and dicalist tendencies under socialism is that they represent conflicting ialist interests and rival socialist ethics. The extent to which these flicting ethics become articulate and manifest, and not the artificial olution of their conflicting interests, is symptomatic of the develop- nt of socialist society. As socialism increases in strength, it may no ger be necessary to resolve artificially these differences. The time approaching in which both tendencies may be tolerated as the expres- n of rival socialist interests—a rivalry that is as necessary to the velopment of socialist society as the opposition between social classes l social strata, and the disparities between its economic base and erstructure.

These rival socialist ethics are founded upon the opposition of ferent types of labor, representing the superstructure and the economic e. Corresponding to these different types of labor are different char- ers of men. What individuals are, whote Marx "coincides with their oduction, both in *what* they produce and with *how* they produce."* hough Marx had in mind the characterology of productive workers, it rue of workers in general that their nature depends upon their partic- r relation to the mode of production. Their mode of life is a function their mode of work: "As individuals express their life, so they are."** nat individuals are becomes articulate in their expressions of value, that there are as many types of ethic as there are major types of racter. In a socialist society, the major types of character are functions the principal types of work to which correspond different types of ical outlook.

Labor on the level of the superstructure tends to generate an outlook t is basically managerial—an ethic of controlled and planned produc- n for the sake of maximizing the total wealth—an ethic of efficiency which the immediate interests of the workers and peasants are sub- inated to the development of production. In contrast, the ethic of the kers and peasants is an ethic of compensation for labor expended, an ethic of rewards proportionate to human sacrifices. Unlike a

* K. Marx and F. Engels, *The German Ideology, ed.* R. Pascal (New York, 1947), p. 7.
** *Ibid.*

bureaucracy, whose perspective is based upon a plan and upon long-ter instead of short-term calculations, the workers are more preoccupied wi present and short-run expectations. The goal of maximizing producti in a socialist society is most effectively advanced by means of incentiv This mode of distribution may or may not be consistent with rewardi each according to the value of his labor (minus, of course, the nec sary deductions for the expansion of production, costs of administ tion and supervision, social insurance, etc.). Hence, there is always t possibility of conflict between the super-structure and the producti segment of the economy, and between the corresponding types socialist ethics.

THE supreme principle of socialist justice is usually formulated: "Fro each according to his abilities; to each according to his work."* Th formula is to be understood as a proportion, since it is obviously imp sible to reward productive workers in accordance with the exact value their product and also to maintain in existence unproductive worke who are just as necessary to production. Moreover, the work of unp ductively employed workers has to be estimated by a different formu because their labor is unproductive of value. The standard of social justice is partly ambiguous and open to conflicting interpretations. F the workers and peasants, it is the foundation of an ethic of labor, wh would reward each proportionately to the value of his work. For t social strata under socialism it is interpreted somewhat differently. T principle of living each according to his work is interpreted as givi to each what will increase his work, i.e., conformably to the requireme of efficient planning and incentives in the interest of maximum producti

STALIN'S campaign during the 30's to abolish so-called "equalizat of wages" did not replace "equalization" by rewards but by inc tives. Such incentives were apparently necessary to the Soviet econo during the process of transition to socialism and during the ea stages of socialist development. However, the socialist ethic of mana ment, which is another term for its ethic of efficiency, has beco increasingly less imperative with the development of the Soviet econo and with its tremendous increase in productivity. Henceforth, one n expect that the socialist ethic of labor, or rewards proportionate to wo will increasingly challenge it and progressively limit its jurisdicti

* K. Marx, "Critique of the Gotha Programme," *Selected Works*, ed. V. Adoratsky C. P. Dutt, 2 vols. (New York, n.d.), II, pp. 563-65; and V. I. Lenin, *State Revolution* (New York, 1932), pp. 75-78.

Certainly, a mature socialism is one in which the system of reward payments tends to displace the system of incentives.

The abolition of class antagonisms in socialist society does not mean that morality ceases to be a class or stratum morality and becomes a human morality instead. A truly human morality presupposes a stage of social evolution in which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all. Since a classless society is not achievable under socialism, there continue to be grounds for opposition between social classes and social strata, even though social strata represent the long-term interests of workers and peasants. The source of tension lies in the fact that social strata do not always represent the short-term interests of the classes. Socialism presupposes the abolition of exploitation, but it is consistent with social privileges founded upon natural differences in capacity and upon social differences in training, education, relationship to the mode of production, etc.* Unjust differences in wealth continue to exist, so that within a socialist society the struggle for the rights of labor continues to be waged against the heritage of capitalism.

A REPLY:

ON CLASSES AND CONFLICT IN SOCIALIST SOCIETY

by Hyman Lumer

MR. HODGES' "paradox," as expressed in the quotation with which he opens, is simply the fact that in a class society, in which one class lives off the labor of another, there can be no such thing as the "common good" of exploiters and exploited. What serves the welfare of the one is directly contrary to that of the other.

In capitalist society, the ultimate good of the working class is served by putting an end to its exploitation at the hands of the capitalist class. This requires a transformation from private to social ownership of the means of production, to their ownership by the entire society—to socialism. In such a society the exploitative relationship vanishes, since there no longer exists a class of private owners extracting profits from the labor of wage workers, and each individual is required to earn his own keep. Its basic principle is: "He who does not work, neither shall he eat."

In such a society, therefore, the good of the working class becomes the good of the entire society, and conflicting class ethics are replaced by

* K. Marx, "Critique of the Gotha Programme," *op. cit.*, p. 564.

a common ethic, a common morality for all individuals and groups. Such is the Marxist conception of the matter, with which Hodges takes issue.

The essence of his position lies in the contention that in socialist society a basic conflict exists between the goal of increasing productivity and output on the one hand and that of distribution of the product according to work on the other. The former, he asserts, can be attained only through resort to incentive payments, resulting in disproportionate payment of the intelligentsia as against the workers and peasants. Hence there exists a conflict of interests "between social classes, representing the interests of the material basis of production, and social strata, representing the interests of the managerial and ideological superstructure." And corresponding to this, there exist "at least two general systems of socialist ethics, one representing the tendency of the superstructure to dominate developments in the economic base, and the other representing the tendency of the economic base to become independent of the superstructure." These, he says, are sometimes referred to as "bureaucratic" and "syndicalist" deformations respectively; the term "deformation," however, is incorrect, since these tendencies represent inherently conflicting interests in a socialist society. Hence the future of socialism, since it depends on the growth of productivity and output, "presupposes a stage of bureaucratic dominance over the economic base."

THESE views, we submit, are essentially erroneous, and the error stems from a faulty understanding of the dialectical concept of contradiction, as well as from an incorrect conception of the nature of social classes and of the relation between basis and superstructure.

To begin with, whatever opinions others may have had on the subject, Marxists have never held that socialist society is free of internal contradictions, or that its development takes place otherwise than through the operation of such contradictions. On the contrary, Marxism holds that internal contradictions are inherent in all phenomena without exception, including human society in all its stages, and further that it is these contradictions which are the source of the endless motion and development which are common to all matter.

The fundamental contradiction which motivates all social development is that between the forces of production and the relations of production (the economic relations of society). Man ceaselessly strives to perfect the *means* of production, and with their improvement and growing complexity the *relations* of production must change accordingly. When they lag behind, they become fetters on the further advance of the productive forces; when they are appropriately altered they unleash a new

surge in the development of these forces. Herein lies the source of succession of stages through which society has passed and will continue to pass.

In capitalist society, production itself has become socialized, whereas nership of the means of production and appropriation of the product main private—a carry-over from the individual production which preded it. But where the individual producer appropriated what *he* produced, the capitalist appropriates what *others* produce. Hence the basic ntradiction takes the form of a conflict between socialized production d private appropriation. This is manifested in a variety of aspects, principal one being the irreconcilable antagonism between the working class and the capitalist class.

This aspect is carried over into the formative stages of socialist society, w taking the form of a conflict between the growing, advancing forces socialism and the obsolete, vanquished forces of capitalism—of a uggle of the victorious working class against the remnants of capitalism home and the small-scale private production which feeds it, as well as ainst the continued influence of capitalism from abroad. It is this hich constitutes the basic contradiction of the entire period of the transin to socialism. The struggle against the vestiges of capitalism does t end with this, however, but continues even in the most advanced socialist societies today, as the following quotation from a recent Soet article indicates:

> One must not forget that the socialist system has been in existence some forty years only, while the regime of the exploiters, which imparts to the people the habits of private ownership and greed and egocentric individualism, has been in existence for many centuries. It is difficult to overcome the survivals of the old, not only because of the strong hold they have on the minds of the people, but also because they are being continuously stimulated by the capitalist world. There is no social basis for private-ownership tendencies within our country, but this basis exists outside the U.S.S.R. and the socialist camp as a whole, and is personified by international capital. Imperialist propaganda is lauding the bourgeois way of life, at the same time pouring out torrents of slander on socialism and its ethics.
>
> That explains why vestiges of private-ownership and egotistic mentality continue to subsist. . . .*

HE class struggle does not come to an end with the attainment of political power by the working class. However, power is now in the

hands of the overwhelming majority, and once exploitation is abolishe (and with it the existence of exploiting classes), production is no longe carried on for private profit but is planned and organized for the benef of the entire society. Social development now takes place not blindly bu under conscious guidance—through a process of criticism and self-criti cism by means of which cumulative error is avoided and the relations o production and social superstructure are constantly altered in accordanc with the advance of the productive forces. It is in this manner, and no through a conflict between antagonistic classes, that the contradiction op erates and the internal struggle against capitalist survivals is waged in socialist society. As Lenin once phrased it: "Under socialism, antagon ism disappears, but contradiction continues." (Critical notes on Bukharin' *Economics of the Transitional Period.*)

Hodges, however, confuses the two. He equates the necessary ex istence of contradiction in socialist society with the necessary existenc of a struggle between groups with conflicting economic interests. An he proceeds to seek the roots of such a struggle in a contradiction betwee basis and superstructure, as embodied in an intrinsic conflict between "so cial classes" and "social strata."

The intelligentsia, it is true, constitutes a distinct group in socialis society, since it is not an integral part of the working class or the collec tive farmers, even though it is not a distinct class, since it does not occup an independent position in the scheme of social production. But it i wrong to regard it as an isolated social stratum with interests in oppos tion to those of the workers and collective farmers. On the contrary, socialist intelligentsia is a *people's* intelligentsia. It is derived from th people and serves the people.

Increased output and productivity is not a concern peculiar to th managerial elements or to the intelligentsia generally; it is no less in th interest of all other sections of the people. Under socialism, there is onl one basic form of property in the means of production, namely soci property, embracing cooperative and collective-farm as well as state prop erty. This establishes the equality of all classes and strata in relation t the means of production. All are working people. All have an equa stake in expanding production to the utmost to assure ever greater abun dance and rising living standards for all. This finds expression in th basic economic law of socialism, which states that the aim of socialist pr

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* "He Who Does Not Work, Neither Shall He Eat," *Kommunist,* No. 1 1960.

duction is "the fullest satisfaction of the constantly growing requirements and the all-round development of all members of society through the continuous expansion and perfection of production on the basis of the most advanced techniques."*

Socialism imparts to labor a quite different character than that which it possesses under capitalism. It provides not only immediate material incentives but also *social* incentives. It imbues labor with a creative character, since the worker now produces for himself. Work becomes cooperative, not competitive, and it becomes an obligation and a matter of honor for everyone, not a thankless drudgery to be shunned whenever possible. For the socialist worker, his labor is a means of advancing himself by advancing all of society.

True, there are workers who retain narrow, selfish views and who strive to get as much as they can for as little work as possible. There are unscrupulous managers who seek to advance their own personal interests at the expense of the workers and the rest of society. But these, as the Soviet article cited above indicates, represent capitalist survivals and not inherently opposed interests of workers and managers. They carry over the mentality of worker-employer relationships under capitalism into socialist society where there is no longer any basis for it.

There also exist differences between mental and physical labor, skilled and unskilled labor, heavy and light labor, industrial and agricultural labor—all of them heritages of the old, capitalist division of labor. With the development of socialism they steadily dwindle as the educational and cultural levels of the workers rise, as the nature of labor itself changes with technological progress, and as the distinctions between town and country are abolished.

Contradictions arising from these sources are therefore derived from the basic conflict between the forces of socialism and the remnants of capitalism. Within socialist society there exist no groups with antagonistic interests in the sense that one can be satisfied only at the expense of the other.

Hodges contends that disproportionately large incentive payments to the intelligentsia are not only theoretically inevitable, but have actually existed and created a source of conflict ever since the October Revolution. However, this is presented simply as a categoric statement

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* *Fundamentals of Marxism-Leninism,* Foreign Languages Publishing House, Moscow, 1960, p. 702.

for which no proof is offered. Its validity is, to say the least, highly dubious.

IT IS certainly not supported by the actualities of Soviet society. To be sure, in the early days when the USSR was struggling to get on its feet economically and to launch its industrialization program, it was often necessary to pay highly exorbitant salaries to secure the necessary trained personnel, much of which had to be imported. But with the growth of a Soviet intelligentsia this problem ultimately disappeared. Of course, payment for mental labor continued to be higher than that for physical labor, but this is not in and of itself a violation of the principle of payment according to quality and quantity of work. Neither is the promotion of socialist emulation through payment of incentives for outstanding achievement. Moreover, such incentives have been available to production workers and collective farmers as well as to the intelligentsia, certainly since the inception of the Stakhanovite movement in the thirties.

Finally, with the continued advance of socialism, class and group differences in payment are disappearing altogether. Today large groups of productive workers (miners, steel workers and others) earn more than do sections of the intelligentsia, and leading collective farmers often have incomes substantially higher than those of the average factory or office worker.

The fact is that in the Soviet Union distribution according to work has been the rule, not the exception. Indeed, since material incentives are of fundamental importance in the development of socialist production, adherence to this principle is vital not for the workers and collective farmers alone, but for all sections of the people. Extensive violations of it did occur during the latter years of Stalin, especially with regard to the remuneration of the collective farmers. These proved very harmful and hampered the eradication of capitalist survivals; however, they have since been generally corrected.

Hodges points out that people occupying different positions in relation to the productive process tend to see things from different angles, in the light of their own experiences and interests. This is true. But it does not follow that it must give rise to conflicting aims or antagonisms. On the contrary, in a society based on cooperation in place of rivalry such differences form the basis of the *collective* approach to problems which is essential to socialist production.

The successful building of socialism is possible only on the basis of the development of a new, higher, socialist type of democracy. The operation of the socialist state must be based on the principle of dem-

ocratic centralism. Thus, on the one hand the organization of production according to a comprehensive national plan requires centralized control. On the other hand, the elaboration of a realistic plan and its fulfillment in practice require the fullest democratic participation of all sections of the working people—in fact and not merely in form. Only in this way can planned, proportional development of the national economy be achieved.

Distortions of this principle may develop, either in the direction of bureaucracy or in that of anarchism. These, however, are in no way inherent in socialist society, nor do they represent inevitable "stages" in its development. Rather, they *both* represent hangovers from capitalism. Bureaucratic centralism is an essential feature of the capitalist state. Anarchistic tendencies are a carry-over of the petty-bourgeois anarcho-syndicalism which idealizes production in isolated, small-scale units and regards the state as an unmitigated evil. Both tendencies are abberations from democratic centralism and must be combatted as part of the struggle against capitalist survivals. The excessive centralization and growth of bureaucracy which were products of the cult of the individual in Stalin's later years did not represent a necessary stage in socialist development; rather, they represented grave errors which had to be corrected before the way could be cleared for further progress.

There is no reason for regarding these tendencies, in socialist society as something intrinsically new. Least of all is there any foundation for Hodges' view of anarcho-syndicalist tendencies, which the Marxist have fought from the very beginning as a form of petty-bourgeois ideology, as now representing "the revolutionary aspirations of the working class."

From the foregoing it is clear that there are not two or more conflicting ethical systems in socialist society. There is only one: socialist ethics, whose foundation is the basic economic law of socialism. In a mature socialist society, socialist ethics are triumphant and the internal social basis for capitalist tendencies has been eliminated.

HOWEVER, the basic contradiction of society continues to operate. Socialism gives a tremendous impetus to the growth of the productive forces (among its most striking features is its high rate of economic growth). As these develop and as it becomes increasingly possible to produce a great abundance of all types of goods, a point is reached at which distribution according to work not only can but must pe replaced by distribution according to need. Socialism must give way to communism. A mature socialist society, therefore, is one which is on the eve of the

transition to communism, of which socialism is but the initial stage. It is one in which payments are on the way to being eliminated altogether and replaced by distribution of the product to all as a social service, without payment.

This is how contradiction must be understood, including contradiction between basis and superstructure. The latter must change with the former. The transition to communism entails fundamental political and ideological changes which are demanded by and in turn facilitate the transformation of the economic base. Such changes are now in progress in the Soviet Union.

But the superstructure cannot be looked upon as an independent entity, in conflict with the basis. "The superstructure," in the words of Maurice Conforth, "*corresponds* to the basis, is its *product,* and *serves* its consolidation and development," (*Historical Materialism,* International Publishers, New York, p. 105.)

This is particularly evident in regard to political institutions—to the state. The state is a product of class society, an instrument of class rule. It legalizes and enforces the given relations of production, that is, the given property relations, which could not be maintained in a class society without the existence of such an institution. If the state in capitalist society thus serves the interest of the capitalists by suppressing the working class, by the same token the socialist state serves the interests of the new ruling class—the working class—as a means of suppressing and abolishing capitalism and ending all exploitation. Even in a fully developed socialist society, it continues to function, among other things, as a necessary means of combatting vestiges of capitalism. Such a state is as essential a part of socialism as are socialist relations of production.

Hodges' treatment of the question, however, makes the state an independent entity, in the hands of a bureaucracy distinct from the working class and the collective farmers—of "strata" divorced from "classes" and with vested interests opposed to those of the latter. Thus, the state emerges as a force standing above the workers and peasants and dominating them.

Since the state is an instrument of class rule, it follows that if it does not represent the interests of the working class it must represent those of another, antagonistic class. What Hodges does, therefore, whether he intends it or not, is to make of the intelligentsia an incipient class which exploits the workers and collective farmers by taking for itself an undue share of the national product at their expense. The result is to ascribe to socialist society a new form of the class struggle—a struggle of the working people against the bureaucracy.

The logical end of this line of thinking is the "new class" of

Milovan Djilas, which he portrays as growing out of a stage of bureaucratic dominance in the transition to socialism. "The specific character of this new class," he writes, "is its collective ownership."* That is to say, it is not the people as a whole who own the means of production, but the bureaucracy as a group, which uses them to fatten itself at the people's expense. This, Djilas alleges, is what exists in the Soviet Union and the other socialist countries today.

DJILAS himself is a direct product of Titoism. The program of the Communist League of Yugoslavia sees the main contradiction in the period of transition from capitalism to socialism as the problem of "administrative-centralist leadership," and maintains that the state in this period necessarily becomes the instrument of a managerial and governing elite. Hence, it is argued, the means of production are not truly socially owned when they are state property, but become so only when ownership is transferred to the producers themselves. The resolution of the contradiction, therefore, necessitates a withering away of the organs of the state even before socialism is fully established, and the conversion of the means of production to "directly public" property by handing them over to "collectives of producers" in individual enterprises or localities.

This, of course, is nothing more than the petty-bourgeois anarcho-syndicalism referred to above. It is the outcome of a revisionist line which rejects the Marxist conception of the state, viewing state power as inherently evil and making no distinction between capitalist and socialist states. The Titoites regard the world capitalist and socialist camps today simply as opposing "blocs," with the danger of predatory war emanating equally from both—the socialist states no less than the capitalist. On these grounds, they make a great virtue of disassociating themselves from the socialist camp in the name of independence from "blocs."

Such an approach, since it thoroughly obscures the real threat to both peace and socialism, namely, the camp of imperialism, can only serve to undermine the struggles for both of these objectives.

THE TERM "bureaucratic deformation" (which Hodges considers an inherent tendency in socialist society) is part of the lexicon of Trotskyism, which has invented the myth of the Soviet Union as a country with a socialist economic base but ruled by an unprincipled "bureaucratic caste" which has destroyed Soviet democracy, robs the Soviet people and makes deals with imperialism at the expense of the working people

* Milovan Djilas, *The New Class*, Frederick A. Praeger, New York, 1957, p. 54.

of all countries. (The same state of affairs is attributed also to other socialist countries.) The "solution" for this lies in nothing less than the overthrow of the present Soviet regime by the Soviet people. "Since 1935," wrote the leading Trotskyite Joseph Hanse, "the Trotskyites have seen a political revolution, in which supreme power is transferred from its present possessors to the people, as the only realistic way of democratizing the Soviet Union."* The same view is expressed in the 1960 election platform of the Trotskyite Socialist Workers' Party. Such a "solution," needless to say, would be enthusiastically welcomed by every preventive-war maniac who still dreams of destroying socialism. This is the service which this counter-revolutionary sect renders to the forces of reaction under the guise of "defending socialism."

To be sure, Hodges himself may not subscribe to all the conclusions drawn by the Titoites or Trotskyites, but they indicate all too plainly the dangerous direction in which his erroneous premises lead.

Today the socialist third of the world is advancing at a breathtaking pace. The Soviet Union has already taken the path to a communist society. Socialism has become the dominant force in the world. We live in the era of the transition from capitalism to socialism on a world scale, of the world-wide victory of socialism and communism. The foundation of these monumental achievements of the forces of socialism rests on a correct grasp and application of the fundamental principles of Marxism-Leninism. Not least among them are the principles which Hodges proposes to reject.

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* Joseph Hanse, "Proposed Roads to Soviet Democracy," *International Socialist Review* Spring, 1958.

DE GAULLE AND ALGERIA

R. F. SHAW

WHEN General De Gaulle came to power on June 1, 1958, his victory was universally regarded as a victory for the forces of reaction nd fascism in France. It was the insurrection of the openly fascist uropeon settlers in Algeria which precipitated the crisis that brought De Gaulle to the helm, and while De Gaulle himself was perhaps not a fasist, he did not seem unwilling to cooperate with those who were. On is first visit to Algiers after the events of May, 1958, De Gaulle himself einforced this impression with his cryptic remark to the settlers, "I have nderstood you." De Gaulle understood the fascists; but did the fascists nderstand De Gaulle? Subsequent events have appeared to demonstrate nat they did not. Despite the fact that he owes his present high position o the fascist "insurrection" of May 13, 1958, De Gaulle has pursued a olicy in Algeria which is not acceptable to the extreme Right, a policy vhich has led to a growing estrangement between the General and many f his original backers. The riots in Algiers on January 24, 1960, and n December of that same year, have revealed bitter opposition to De Gaulle on the part of the fascist Ultras both in Algeria and in France self. Since the summer of 1960, that opposition has led to persistent umors of an impending coup d'etat, to be directed against De Gaulle y Soustelle, Bidault & Co.

At the same time as fascist opposition to De Gaulle has increased, beral and moderate support for the Fifth Republic and its creator has kewise grown. Most of the traditional French parties, including the ocialists but not the Communists, now support De Gaulle's policy in lgeria and have generally accepted his regime at home. De Gaulle, it is ommonly felt, is no longer a prisoner of the reaction; in his sincere conern for "national unity," De Gaulle is willing to conciliate the left by eans of concessions on Algeria. According to this view, De Gaulle as now decided to grant Algeria independence as soon as possible, and is roceeding towards that goal in a firm but cautious manner. He would o much faster, it is believed, were it not for the pressure of the French my, which is reluctant to admit defeat in its attempt to "pacify" the lgerian rebels. Is this analysis of the situation (only sketched in brief ere, but in its main features familiar enough) basically a correct one? is the purpose of this article to demonstrate that it is not, and to tempt to place De Gaulle and his approach to the Algerian question

within their actual class framework. In order to do so, it will be necessary to touch on certain aspects of the social and economic background of the Fifth Republic.

AS IS well known, the development of French capitalism has lagged behind the pace set by most of the other major capitalist nations. Only during the last few years has France begun to enter that stage of capitalist concentration which England, Germany and the United States had already reached during the early decades of this century. In what does the backwardness of French capitalism consist? On the one hand, big business in France does not differ appreciably from big business elsewhere in the world. In such key industries as steel, aluminum, electronics and chemicals, a few giant corporations exercise an effective monopoly of French production; these corporations are in turn controlled by a small and closely knit capitalist elite. Moreover, because the physical plant and equipment of these enterprises was for the most part completely rebuilt after World War I and again after World War II (each time with substantial government assistance), they are today among the most efficient and up-to-date in the world.

The backwardness of French capitalism, then, does not reside in the absence of capitalist concentration, but rather in the fact that this phenomenon has not yet penetrated the French economy as a whole. While virtually every phase of economic activity in other leading capitalist nations is dominated by large scale monopolies, in France until very recently significant sectors of the economy have remained in the hands of small and medium-sized entrepreneurs. In the domain of agriculture (which employed nearly 40% of the French population right up to World War II), in the numerous and highly important luxury trades, and in the field of commerce and distribution as a whole, the small businessman has managed to hold his own. From these so-called "retrograde sectors" of the French economy come the bulk of the French middle class, which has successfully resisted conversion into a proletarian or white collar social class. Since 1945, and especially since the mid-50's, that conversion has begun to take place in France, but it is today still very far from complete.

ONE of the principal reasons for the survival of this essentially 19th century social class has been its ability to use what political power it possessed to further its economic ends. After World War II, as the position of the small businessman became increasingly precarious, his dependence upon government protection likewise grew. Under the Fourth Republic, the small entrepreneur was favored in a number of ways. He was protected against the competition of foreign corporations by one of the

hest tariff walls in the world (this meant that prices in France were among the highest in the world). Not only was the bulk of governnt revenue collected through indirect rather than direct taxes, thus cing the full burden on the French working class, but those direct es which did exist were collected in such a way that they could be easily ded by the small businessman who did not keep precise financial recs. Government fiscal policy was rigged to benefit agrarian and comcial interests; thus, for example, nothing was done to interfere with unending inflation which tended to work in the interests of the farmer the middle-man. Most important of all, a whole system of subsidies, wances and rebates came into being which provided a helping hand he marginal producer. The sugar beet lobby, the alcohol lobby, the growers lobby, the "General Confederation of Small and Medium Enprises," were able to exercise an effective veto power over all fiscal economic legislation. When Mendès-France tried to make the French nk milk in 1955, the alcohol lobby helped to bring about his fall.

ON THE other hand, it would be a serious mistake to believe that the Fourth Republic did nothing for the big corporations. Most of the ds provided by the Marshall Plan, for example, were diverted into the ers of big business through the agency of the Monnet Plan and similar ernment investment schemes. Convenient loopholes were provided the special benefit of the large corporations. Most important of all, nch colonial and foreign policy was tailored to fit the needs of mooly capital; in return for American handouts, the Fourth Republic ered the ranks of the cold warriors. Under these conditions, big busis in France was able to embark upon a period of unprecedented exsion, which began at the time of the Korean War and reached its k during the years after 1954. During the period 1954-60, French dutcion has increased at the rate of nearly 10% a year, and capitalist centration in the "retrograde sectors" has made important strides. Ored by American assistance, French capitalism has used cold war and onial profits to expand its productive base and catch up with the other ling capitalist powers.

But precisely at the moment when big business in France first began eap the benefits of the post-war expansion, it was confronted with the ending collapse of the French colonial system. With the loss of Indona in 1954 and the start of the Algerian war in that same year, nch imperialism entered a period of profound crisis, a crisis from ch it could not hope to emerge unscathed. One response to the situa was an increasing demand for new markets in Europe itself, leading

finally to the signing and ratification of the European Common Mark Treaty in 1957. But so long as no Fourth Republic government w willing to risk political suicide by putting the lower tariff rates into fect, the treaty remained a dead letter. Moreover, no amount of tra with the other capitalist nations could compensate for the loss which mu be felt if the former colonies should be closed to French investors. Unc these conditions, big business in France became increasingly dissatisfi with the Fourth Republic, whose parliamentary forms and political ent tainments were beginning to become a nuisance. The endless inflatio the subsidies and rebates, the steadily deteriorating trade situation, the cal chaos, the failure to pursue a really resolute colonial policy—all t was held against the hapless legislators at the Palais Bourbon.

AT THE same time, the lower middle class was also losing its fa in the traditional paraphernalia of bourgeois democracy. With t steady growth of monopoly capitalism in France during the post-war riod, even the advantages which small business enjoyed under the Fou Republic did not suffice to shore up its deteriorating social and econon position. Between 1950 and 1956, the number of small businesses France declined by 50,000; this decline has undoubtedly continued a faster rate since 1956. The problem of the European settler in Alge actually belongs in the same category. The white collar workers and sm businessmen in Algiers and Oran, from whom the majority of the fasc rioters are recruited, realize that their privileged social and econon position would be undermined if the French army were to be withdra from Algeria. With French political supremacy at an end, they wo be forced to compete for jobs and opportunities with the Moslems, w are at present prevented from obtaining any but the most menial a badly paid jobs. The close link between the Algerian fascists like gaillarde and the Poujadists in France testifies to the connection betwe the situation of the lower middle class in France and that of the Eu pean settlers in Algeria. By 1958, both groups had come to believe t it was no longer possible to rely upon the Fourth Republic for the so tion of its social and economic problems; both groups had begun to c around for a new candidate.

It does not come within the scope of this article to discuss the eve leading up to the "insurrection" of May 13, 1958, and the crisis wh followed; suffice it to say that representatives of both big business a lower middle class elements were involved in the overthrow of the Fou Republic. Both big business and a portion of the lower middle c turned eagerly to De Gaulle; each one believed that it had found a n

er its own heart in the taciturn general. The lower middle class be-rved that De Gaulle's military past and nationalist ambitions would lead m to follow a repressive policy in Algeria; they trusted to his isolation-views to perpetuate the high tariffs and hothouse economy of the urth Republic. Big business, on the other hand, looked to the anti-rliamentary and authoritarian program of De Gaulle to provide an ap-opriate political atmosphere for the consolidation and further expan-n of tis position. Up to a certain point, these expectations were mpatible; but only up to a point. Inevitably the interests of the large rporations and the small businessmen must come into conflict; at that ne, De Gaulle would be compelled to choose between them. It is this ntradiction between monopoly capitalism and small business, together th De Gaulle's reaction to it, which has played a major role in the urse of political events in France since June 1, 1958.

WERE it not for De Gaulle's remarkable ability to be all things to all men, it is difficult to see how anyone could have cherished the ghtest illusion as to the choice which De Gaulle would make be-een big and little business. By birth, by education, by family and so-l ties, by personal conviction and political association, De Gaulle is member in good standing of the "haute bourgeoisie," the French power te. His children have married into both the De Wendel and Schneider ns, which is the French equivalent of becoming a Rockefeller and a organ at the same time. Nor is De Gaulle activated by class egoism ne, although this comes into the picture as well. Like all great atesmen," De Gaulle is convinced that the interests of his class and se of his country are in fact identical. De Gaulle would like to restore ance to her former position of world leadership; in order to do so, must be able to rely upon a very powerful economic base, which under e capitalist system can only be provided by the large corporation. Since le businessmen cannot make atom bombs, they must be replaced by se who can; too bad for the little businessman. This is the conclusion ich is implicit in De Gaulle's entire political ideology, and which is enly and explicitly spelled out by his advisers, those "non-political tech-ians" who are without exception drawn from the highest circles of business world. Such a man is Jacques Rueff, former adviser to Pierre val and the King of Greece, who is today De Gaulle's foremost expert financial matters. It was on the basis of the "Rueff report," issued r the end of 1958, that De Gaulle proceeded with his heralded pro-m of "truth and severity" for the French economy. What were the sequences of this program for each of the leading classes in French iety?

For big business, "truth and severity" has been an undisguised bless ing. Because he has dispensed with the political and parliamentary trap pings of the Fourth Republic, De Gaulle has been able to do what n government under the Fourth Republic dared do: lower the tariff. B cutting French tariff quotas by as much as 90%, De Gaulle fulfilled th treaty obligations of the European Common Market, which was thu enabled to begin operations on January 1, 1959. This measure ha opened the markets of most of Europe to the powerful French corpora tions, while at the same time it confronts the small businessman in Franc with the threat of foreign competition. In order to facilitate the ne tariff arrangements and place French foreign trade on a suitable footin De Gaulle devalued the franc by 17% and made it partially convertibl At the same time as he was providing big business with new market De Gaulle provided it with new capital with which to exploit thos markets. A huge program of government grants and loans to "key in dustries" was put under way, with over 17,000 billion francs allocate for the 1959-61 period alone. Since almost all the "key industries" i France are dominated by the large corporations, big business alone g the benefit from De Gaulle's investment program. The same holds tru in the case of De Gaulle's attempt to give France her own nuclear stri ing force and her own atomic weapons; this absurd but dangerous poli has been of benefit to no one but the electronics industry and the arm manufacturers. By boosting cold war production, by expanding foreig trade, by initiating a tight money policy and by providing direct handou to the big corporations, De Gaulle has been able to sustain the econom boom of the mid-50's and help big business to consolidate its newl won gains.

THE major cost of this program, as everyone knows, has been born by the French working class. In order to pay for the governme investment grants, indirect taxes on commodities like wine and tobac were boosted by 20%; nothing was done to make big business should its part of the load in the form of new direct taxes. While the t burden on the French worker was thus increased, the services which receives from the state were correspondingly diminished. Pensions f veterans were reduced; social security payments were cut back, with particularly large reduction in state medical aid. These measures, t gether with the price rise initiated by the devaluation of the franc, co bined to cut the purchasing power of the average worker by 5%. N only did wage increases fail to keep pace with the rising cost of livi but De Gaulle began to chip away at the entrenched positions of t

French unions. A campaign against "escalator clauses" in wage contracts was begun, seeking to prevent the connection of wage scales to the cost-of-living index. At the same time as government owned industries were being placed on a "business basis" and prices raised all along the line, striking railroad workers were confronted with Debré's threat to send them to fight in Algeria. Although the Fourth Republic had done little enough for the worker, it had not proceeded against him with quite the same determination as that displayed by De Gaulle and his lieutenants.

If the worker was cheated by the Fifth Republic, at least he was not disappointed; he had not expected much from De Gaulle to start with. But for the small businessman, "truth and severity" came as a rude awakening. He had helped to put De Gaulle in power, only to discover that De Gaulle was not interested in his problems and was in fact prepared to undermine the present advantages of the small entrepreneur. As we have seen, De Gaulle's trade program and fiscal policies worked against the interests of the lower middle class, which was hurt by the reduction of tariff quotas and the new "hard" franc. But in addition to these indirect blows, a direct frontal assault was mounted against the "retrograde sectors" of the economy. In order to pay for the handouts to big business, 200 billion francs in subsidies to small producers were cut from the budget. The chief victim of this campaign was the small farmer. It was in response to the cuts in agricultural subsidies that severe rioting broke out in rural areas during 1959. An "Agricultural Orientation Law," passed in August, 1960, was aimed at the gradual elimination of the "marginal" farmer altogether (De Gaulle's farm policy is thus very similar to that pursued by Ezra Taft Benson in this country). At the same time, discriminatory legislation against small commercial enterprises has appeared, accompanied by a government publicity campaign in favor of chain stores and supermarkets, which have only recently been introduced into France. In the second "Rueff report," which appeared in September, 1960, the gradual elimination of "marginal" producers from all branches of the French economy was envisaged. It is said that fiscal reforms, which will make it more difficult for the small entrepreneur to evade his taxes, are scheduled for the near future; more drastic penalties for tax evasion are also in the offing. In short, De Gaulle has thus embarked upon a general offensive against the small businessman in agriculture and commerce, an offensive which is conducted in the name of economic "efficiency" and "progress," but whose concrete results are of real advantage to no one but big business.

IF THE preceding outline of De Gaulle's domestic policy and its social significance is borne in mind, De Gaulle's colonial policy, including

his approach to the Algerian question, will be more readily understood. The fate of the former French colonial empire is of the most vital significance for the fate of capitalism in France; if present investments and future opportunities are lost, nothing can prevent a severe economic crisis in the future (the recent Belgian experience is an excellent illustration of this relationship between colonial and domestic problems). Under the Fourth Republic, no consistent approach to the colonial problem existed; fits of blind repression and atrocious cruelty alternated with grudging concessions and hypocritical negotiations. Despite all his talk about French "grandeur," De Gaulle realizes that it is more important to salvage the economic stake of French capitalism in the former colonies than to retain the trappings of French imperial glory. De Gaulle's model solution for the colonial problem is the solution which proved so successful for so many years for the United States in Latin America: nominal political independence, coupled with economic subjugation (and the threat of force when necessary). This is the real model for the new French Community which De Gaulle introduced in 1958 and which was accepted at that time by all the former African colonies with the exception of Guinea. Since any nation may quit the French Community if it desires to do so (just as any Latin country may quit the O.A.S. if it desires to do so), its members may claim full political independence, and have been admitted into the United Nations on that basis. But at the same time, the French economic and diplomatic position in these countries has remained intact; today, France sends 45% of her exports of manufactured goods to the former African colonies. While this type of solution is not a permanent or a stable one, as recent events in Cuba have demonstrated, it has nonetheless provided French imperialism with a welcome breathing space.

De Gaulle's approach to the Algerian question is in accord with his colonial policy in general. De Gaulle's present program for Algeria, in brief, calls for the creation of an Algerian administration to be run by the Algerians themselves, but *not* by the FLN, with which De Gaulle will have little to do. In other words, he would like to create a class of native administrators, respected by their countrymen but friendly to France, who would become a "third force" in Algeria standing between the FLN and the fascist Ultras. This "third force" would play the role in Algeria which was played by the middle class nationalist movements in Tunisia and Morocco; it would protect French investments and interests, while at the same time appearing to satisfy Algerian national aspirations on the political plane. De Gaulle hesitates to negotiate with the FLN precisely because he realizes that this movement will not remain

content with mere political concessions, but will also proceed to economic and social measures and above all, land reform. This De Gaulle cannot permit. In a recent speech to French officers at Blida, De Gaulle openly revealed the true significance of his "Algerian Algeria" when he spoke of this as "an Algeria in which the Algerians will take their Algerian responsibilities, but an Algeria which would perish if she did not remain united to us in many respects, essentially from the point of view of economy, education, technical and military matters."

WHY then do the Ultras object to this program? They object for two reasons: because they do not believe that such a policy will succeed, and because they do not want it to succeed in the first place. In the former supposition, they are undoubtedly correct. Unlike Tunisia, Morocco and many of the other African colonies, Algeria possesses almost no native middle class at all. Precisely because the number of Europeans in Algeria is so large, they have been able to monopolize the functions and privileges of the middle class. As a result, the huge majority of native Algerians fall into one of three economic categories: agricultural laborer on the large estates, small peasant, or urban proletarian. 95% of the industrial workers in Algeria are Moslems. It is this composition of Algerian society which explains both the militancy and determination of the FLN and also why De Gaulle is compelled to attempt to artificially create a purely middle class nationalist movement, which otherwise would not exist of its own accord. In this attempt, De Gaulle is undoubtedly doomed to failure: no government in the world could win the support of the Algerian people if it were to permit the French army to remain, and no government but an FLN government would last five minutes were the French army to withdraw. The Ultras realize this fact and believe that De Gaulle is playing with fire with his talk of an "Algerian Algeria."

But even if De Gaulle's policy could succeed, the Ultras would object to it, for they do not want a middle class nationalist movement in Algeria to begin with. (De Gaulle's plan depends upon the existence of a relatively strong and well educated middle class in Algeria; but this is precisely what the settlers fear the most.) If the Algerian middle class is to be provided with opportunities for education and advancement, what is to become of the social and economic privileges of the settlers, which are contingent upon their monopoly of education and skilled jobs? De Gaulle is not concerned about this question because he is not concerned about the settlers; his main desire is to protect French investments and above all the French grip on the Saharan oil, into the development of

which De Gaulle has already poured some 600 billion francs. The fate of the lower middle class in Algeria interests De Gaulle no more than the fate of their cousins in France itself. The Ultras sense this fact, and fear that De Gaulle may sacrifice their special interests in order to secure the position of the big monopolies and oil companies. It is for this reason that the settlers are so bitterly opposed to any concessions to the principle of Algerian nationality; they realize that in the long run, only terror can preserve their privileges intact.

FINALLY, it must be noted that a portion of the big business world is itself not sympathetic to De Gaulle's plans for Algeria. Those capitalists who are most deeply involved in the Algerian economy and themselves reside in Algeria, the big landowners in particular, together with the groups which profit directly from the continuation of the war in Algeria, such as the arms manufacturers and army high command, do not cherish the notion of an "Algerian Algeria." They are not necessarily opposed to De Gaulle's program as such, but tend to oppose any disturbance of the status quo and do not think that De Gaulle will be successful in imposing his solution upon the Moslems. Bidault and Soustelle are the leading representatives of this group, just as Lagaillarde represents the lower middle class Ultras. But unlike Lagaillarde and his cronies, these people are not yet convinced of the necessity to overthrow De Gaulle; they will step in only if it becomes clear that the government has lost control of the situation and is in danger of making concessions to the FLN. As for the army high command, so long as the bulk of big business continues to support De Gaulle, it will go along with him despite its misgivings.

We can now see why the original alliance between De Gaulle and the Ultras broke down; the split was due not to De Gaulle's desire to conciliate the left in the interest of "national unity," but rather to the fundamental opposition between the interests of big business and those of the lower middle class, a portion of which has turned to fascism in its attempt to find a way out of its predicament. On the other hand, an analysis of the class basis of the opposition between De Gaulle and the Ultras also reveals the limits of that opposition. Although De Gaulle really represents no one but big business, big business alone cannot keep him in power; he must be able to rely upon a certain degree of popular support as well. Since the working class is entirely disaffected, this support can only come from the middle classes, and especially the more reactionary portion of the middle class, that is to say, the Ultras. Without Ultra support, De Gaulle would never have come to power in the first

place; "mon general" is said to have an excellent memory. This is the reason why the European rioters in Algiers were treated with such extraordinary leniency and why a man like Lagaillarde was released on bond. While a contradiction exists between big and little business, an even more serious contradiction exists between capitalism in general—which Lagaillarde is also sworn to uphold—and the French and Algerian working class. If De Gaulle's program in Algeria should fail—De Gaulle will in all likelihood fall back upon the support of the Ultras rather than make any real concessions to the FLN and the French left. Whether the Ultras will then capture De Gaulle or De Gaulle the Ultras is a secondary question; the important point is that De Gaulle of his own accord will never permit a truly free and independent Algeria.

HOW then can the Algerian war be brought to an end? If the good will of De Gaulle and big business is not to be relied on, only one alternative remains. The French and Algerian people themselves, together with the socialist and colonial nations, must either compel the government to grant Algerian independence or create a government of their own which will do so. Perhaps the most hopeful sign of all is the increasing self-confidence of the Moslems in Algeria, who demonstrated on December 11, 1960, "Red Sunday," that they were not afraid to stand up and be counted in support of national liberation. One reason for their new self-confidence might be the promise of Soviet and Chinese aid, which for the first time raises the possibility that the FLN might be able to inflict a military defeat upon the French army. At the same time, the demand in France for negotiations with the FLN and an end to the Algerian war is rapidly growing; this demand is also reflected in the increasing pressure for united action on the left and a recreation of the "Popular Front" of the 1930's. Events in France and Algeria are at present developing too rapidly to predict what form the final solution to the Algerian crisis will take, but one thing is certain. Only a resurgence of the French left, together with the resolute action of the Algerian people and the FLN, can bring peace to Algeria; only the people themselves can effect their own liberation.

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* The recent referendum did prove a few things. Both the Communists (who oppose De Gaulle) and the Ultras (who oppose an independent Algeria) called for a no vote; since the bulk of the no votes in France itself came from working class districts which usually vote Communist, it is clear that the Ultras do not possess great popular support outside of Algeria. Secondly, the FLN advised the Moslems to abstain entirely from the referendum; they did so everywhere they could. In the cities, the boycott was virtually unanimous; in the rural districts, where the presence of the French army and the absence of impartial observers made abstention extremely difficult, the bulk of the young men still managed to stay away from the polls. While the referendum gave De Gaulle a bogus vote of confidence, it provided a genuine endorsement for the FLN.

POEMS FOR SIQUEIROS

The following speeches and poems were delivered at a rally in Cuba to protest the imprisonment of the Mexican artist Siqueiros.

INTRODUCTION

WORDS OF NICOLAS GUILLEN

Twenty-three years have gone by since I first met Neruda, in Spain. Only this meeting began in Mexico, if not in a physical way, at least as an echo of the Spanish anguish, which left such a deep imprint on many spirits concerned for justice.

Those were the days in Mexico of the League of Revolutionary Writers and Artists (Liga de Escritores y Artistas Revolucionarios), the famous and now long extinct LEAR. One afternoon, as it was my daily custom, I arrived at the old building on Donceles Street, where the main office of that organization was located; and there Juan Marinello gave me the news: there had come from Rafael Alberti and Pablo Neruda a message, in which we were invited to go to Spain, to take part in the Second World Congress for the Defense of Culture, in Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia, and Paris.

The Congress was imminent, and departure difficult. There did not exist then the means of air transportation that exist today, and it would be necessary to go by sea. After some feverish activity to find a boat (and this took us up to the very end of the period left for us to do so, and therefore of the possibility of arriving on time), we found an English one, the *Empress of Britain,* which would leave from the port of Quebec, in Canada, at an early date.

There took place then a long trip by land from Mexico to that city, with a layover of twenty-four hours in New York. From Quebec

we left for Cherbourg; and from this port, by train, we got to Paris. At the railroad station—Neruda. His arms stretched out and embraced me, while his moanful Chilean voice devoured me with questions about Cuba.

Neruda was in charge of the invitations to the writers of Latin America. He had not only to greet them and take care of them, but also to get them off on the boat for Spain. So it was that the day after our arrival was taken up with arranging for our papers to enter Spanish territory, which was annoying and troublesome, in spite of the fact that those were the times of the People's Front, definitely betrayed by Blum.

In Spain, Neruda and I were always together; and we took part together in a great many public activities of Latin-American support for the people, struggling against Franco. We have found ourselves together many times afterwards, in the most opposite zones of the planet: in Cuba, in Mexico, in Argentina, in the USSR, in Rumania, in Poland, in Czechoslovakia, in Hungary, in Chile. . . . In Germany we participated at the same time in the World Youth Festival; and we both presided, like two grandfathers, over the congenial banquet at which the delegates from Cuba and from Chile met together in brotherhood.

I say all this as proof that I can speak of Neruda as I could of a brother of mine. I know not only his poetry, but the depths of his spirit. With his poetry and his person (which in him are one and the same) Neruda always helped the people everywhere. His and ours; opposing González Videla, and against Batista; at the side of Prestes, incommunicado in a jail of Brazil, just as now at the side of Siqueiros, prisoner number 46,788 of the year 1960, in Mexico.

If any poet of our time could have put himself comfortably at the service of the dominant oligarchy of his country or in other American countries, that poet is Neruda. The universal admiration that his verse produces could have puffed him up, separating him from the people, if he had not been himself. Neruda rejected the garland of poisonous flowers, flowers bright and deceiving, like organic substances in decomposition; and he embraced the American cause of our second war for independence and the universal cause of the full dignity of man. He took his position as a poet next to the workers and the soldiers; and his words are a weapon, as efficient as a good rifle in the hands of a good marksman.

He is for that reason here with us tonight. Not to attack Mexico, but to defend her and help her. That defense, that help, consist in working for the freedom of Alfaro Siqueiros; in denouncing his imprisonment as a brutal attack on people's rights, which in no way can be attributed to the people of Juárez and Madero, and in the face of which

one can only repeat Talleyrand's statement to Napoleon, when the latter had the last descendant of the house of Bourbon-Condé shot:

"Sire, that is something worse than a crime: it is a mistake."

Against this mistake Neruda brings to the encounter his noble poetry, which burns on the skin of those responsible like a cautery and shines in the night of injustice like a flame.

WORDS OF PABLO NERUDA

Nicolás Guillén, my dear friends, has recalled moving memories for me. In truth, this has been a long road, a long road of fraternity and of struggle. On this long road, instead of losing hopes, of becoming more skeptical each day, more stylish each day, we have managed, through a rare affinity, to be each day truer, juster, and surer of our responsibility before life, before history, and before poetry itself.

The same thing has happened with this great painter of Mexico, David Alfaro Siqueiros. David Alfaro Siqueiros, with the other two great figures of Mexican painting—the very mourned Diego Rivera, who has disappeared from us, and the great and genial Orozco—formed an exceptional triangle within our American life; and we have been losing the wings of this genial triangle with the death of the great Orozco and of Diego and now, transitorily, with the disappearance and imprisonment of David.

It takes a lot out of me to think of this man imprisoned. If I thought of Orozco or of Diego, I would see them tranquil within four walls; but Siqueiros, this dynamic force, this kind of cosmogonic commotion, this great volcano of painting, it is difficult to think of him, to dream of him, inside a jail. I ask myself how his days might be. Truly, he has enough victorious forces in his heart to dominate all misfortunes, and also enough confidence in his people to know that it is not the Mexican people that have him in jail, but passing circumstances, exterior influences that I do not want to dwell on tonight, but which we all know, which later will come in my poetry, this very night.

In any case, I want to say to you all, as an old friend and brother of Siqueiros', that I am grateful to you now beforehand (let us not speak of my presence here, which is a great fraternal duty and an entirely natural action) for the homage of this Committee, which is almost always filling this hall with people, with works of art, with moving attention; that is, which is carrying out the role that David Alfaro Siqueiros reserved for himself in his life: a great agitation around progress

and human justice, a living together as brothers, and a creative action of the mind. Siqueiros is a great disquieting teacher, great in his work, sometimes mistaken in his plastic theories, but always radiant and full of faith and of vigor, full of a personality like a hurricane, grandiose and generous as few in the history of American art.

Since Guillén quoted some very ancient French words, I would say: *a tout seigneur, tout honneur;* to a great man, protagonist of the culture of our epoch, great honor is done by the attention of revolutionary Cuba, this public that is made up by you, compact, silent, attentive. And they do him great honor, too, who put him in a jail; because they do him the honor that has been done to our peoples always, all their lives: to throw them into any dungeon, without listening to them and with no other law than that of injustice.

I hope, then, that our solidarity will bring David Alfaro Siqueiros out to life, to what he loves—to life, to culture, to politics, and to painting. He is the humanism of our epoch. And David Alfaro Siqueiros, in that sense, we know, is one of America's teachers. Now my homage will consist in reading to you my verses, because I don't know how to do anything else. And in preparing for this recital, this reading, I have thought all day what thing to read you of the many I have written; and I have been full of doubts. And I thought of coming with my books, for they have lent them to me here, in this city; but I also thought of asking you if you wanted me to read to you; and I was in much doubt. Then I thought that perhaps you would like for me to read you the book that is not yet known, and here I have it. It has not yet come from the press. It will be out this week, and through it you will see pass in file many unhappy things and many victorious deeds. We will see dictatorships; we will see pillage, the attack against our lives—because all the Latin-American continent is our life, is our country. We will also see the shining afterfigures of the people and of their heroes. . . .

XXXIX

TO THE FRIEND FROM NORTH AMERICA

Man from the North, North American;
ndustrial sower of apples,
Simple as a pine in a pine grove;
Geographic yew of Alaska;
Yankee of towns and factories,

With wife, duties and children;
Fecund engineers that work
In the changless forest of numbers
Or in the watch works of the factories;
Workers broad and tall and bent over
Amid the weels and over the flames;
Heart-tearing poets that have lost
The faith of Whitman in the human race;
I want what I love and what I hate
To be clear in my words:
My reproach against you only
For a silence that says nothing.
We don't know, rather, what the North Americans
Think about in their homes.
We understand the honey of family life,
But we also love the spark.
And when something happens in this world
We want to share the lessons.
But we find that two or three persons
Shut the North American doors,
And only the "Voice of America" is heard
—Which is like hearing a rare hen.
Apart from this, here I extol
Your feats of today and tomorrow,
And I think that the belated Satellite
You placed one dawn
Is salubrious for everyone's pride.
Why always be in front place?
In this championship race of life
Bragging got left behind forever.
Thus we can go together to the sun
And drink wine from the same jug.
You are Americans like us
And we don't want to exclude you from anything;
But we want to conserve what is ours.
There is much space for our souls,
And we can live without knocking each other down
With underdeveloped affection
Until we frankly tell each other
Where we stand, face to face.
The world is changing and we don't believe

One has to conquer with bomb and sword.
On this basis we can understand each other,
And you will have no reason to suffer.
We are not going to exploit your oil;
We will not sell electric power
To North American villages.
We are peaceful people that can
Be content with the little we earn,
And we do not want to submit anyone
To the greed of circumstances.
We respect the space of Lincoln
And the clear conscience of Paul Robeson.
We learned to love you with Charlie Chaplin
(Although his talent was badly paid.)
And so many other things—geography
Which joins us on the chosen land
—All lead me once more to say
That we are travelling in the same boat.
With pride it could sink.
Let us load it with bread and apples;
Let us load it with whites and Negroes;
With understanding and hope.

XVIII

FREEDOM

Carribbean treasures: famous foam
Spilled over illustrious blues;
Fragrant coasts, that seem silver and gold,
Fabricated by sand;
Intense archipelago of dreams;
Regions of murmur and flame;
Castles of navigating palms;
Mountains like perfumed cones;
Sonorous islands that came to the dance
Of the winds like invited brides;
Races the color of night and wood;
Eyes like the starry nights;
Statues that in the forests dances

Like waves loved by the sea;
Saffron hips that beneath the thatch
Sustained the rhythm of love;
Breasts dark as rustic smoke,
With jasmine smell in the huts;
Tresses the shadows prepared for warp;
Smiles that the moon might have built;
Coconut trees surrendered to wind;
People sonorous as guitars;
Poverty of islands and coast;
Landless men, children without spoons;
Musical young girls directed
By a deep drum from Africa;
Obscure heroes of coffee plantations;
Hard sugar cane workers;
Children of water; parents of sugar;
Athletes of oil and bananas
—Oh, Caribbean of dazzling gifts;
Of, land and sea spattered with blood;
Oh, Antilles, destined for heaven,
Maltreated by Devil and man
—The hour of hours arrived,
The hour of unfurled dawn.
And he who tries to annihilate the light
Will fall with his life cut short.
And when I say that the hour arrived.
I think of freedom reconquered.
I think in Cuba there grows a seed
A thousand times thousand times loved and awaited.
The seed of our dignity,
So long wounded and trampled,
Falls in the furrow, and the flags
Of the American revolution rise

Translated by

JOHN W. STANFORD

'HE MEETNG IN THE CHURCH

PHILLIP BONOSKY

The following is a section from Phillip Bonosky's new novel, *The Magic Fern* on to be published by International Publishers.

WE'RE in Smoggy Bottom," Leo said. The air grew thicker and Ruth raised her handkerchief to her mouth. She coughed into it, d as Leo glanced at her, she shook her head reassuringly, the handker- ief on her mouth.

"Floods," Leo said, his head turned toward her, waiting for her to cover. Her eyes were shaken into tears and she swallowed several times fore looking at him again. "Floods," he said, "from upstate hills, ght on down this side of the Divide. They're lucky when it stays below e wood."

He brought the car to a stop under a great sycamore tree that stood though half-sunk in a kind of gray water. A low fence marked off a le front lawn. Leo went up the cement walk to the wooden porch, ich, like all the others in the row, had seven or eight steps leading to it. There was no light on. He knocked, and waited.

The porch swing creaked.

"Who you want?" A sharp, hostile voice spoke from the dark.

Leo saw her: a little woman, sitting like a child straight up on the ing; like a child's her feet didn't reach the floor. Her hands were held gether in her lap, patiently; her clothes were dark, her dark face was lden.

"Calvin Boone," he said.

He felt the keen, searching suspicion in her silence.

"I'm a friend of Calvin's."

The swing stirred slightly. "If you're from the police," she said harshly.

"But I'm not from the police!" Leo answered quickly, instinctively lowering his voice. "I'm a friend of Calvin's." He tried to see her bette in the darkness. "Do you know where he is?" He waited. "Or Leona?" He added: "My wife would like to meet her." He waved his hand out toward the street, where the car was parked.

He lingered another moment. Finally her voice came grudgingly "None of my business were's he's at! You go find him for yo'self!"

"Tell him Leo was here," he said, backing down the steps. But she said nothing.

He got into the car and started it. "Not home," he said.

They drove now into the "business section," which was about half a block long, made up of a dingy stores, saloons, and a red brick church on the corner, the Bethel A. M. E. It was a small church, with broken unrepaired windows: the doors, on this cool night, were wide open. They could hear the swollen voices of speakers over a loudspeaker inside. A small crowd was gathered on the sidewalk outside. Leo stopped the car

HE took Ruth by the hand and together they climbed the broken stone steps to the doors. The church was packed; children were bobbing up and down trying to see over the heads of people in front of them. A man, whose voice they were hearing so magnified, was standing at the lectern, speaking. Leo could glimpse his face, white and with the ruin of a benignancy reaching clear from his silver hair down to his big jaw. He was smiling, always smiling, so that the muscles of Ruth's own face tired out watching him. His voice was rich and cordial, determined to be delighted, declaring that he felt only pleasure now and anticipated further pleasure to come. "You've asked me to come here and clear up the problem," he said, "and I'll do my level best to do so. Reverend Peters—" and he turned, like a big vessel, to nod with a movement that started from his ankles and ended with the last hummock of rich gray hair at a tall Negro minister, who was seated on the platform behind the speaker—and there, suddenly Leo whispered into Ruth's ear—"There's Calvin!" and Ruth strained to see, but could not.

". . . but Rome wasn't built in a day," said the speaker, from whose breast-pocket peeped the merest tip of a white handkerchief, "nor can the wheels of justice be forced to move any faster. We've had smoke in this town for more years that I care to remember, and it can't be eliminated overnight. The Locust Grove Project won't eliminate it either; only two hundred families will live there! You can't squeeze in more than that! You'll still have the Bottom. The Reverend has stated that the mills are to blame, and something should be done about it—" The audi

ce suddenly and unexpectedly to the speaker broke into heavy applause. e raised his hand with a restrained smile, waited for it to die down, rned and winked humorously to the only other white man sitting on the atform. He, however, stared stonily ahead of him. "I understand," he id finally, turning again to the packed hall of dark faces, "and even I came tonight it was thick and it's in my throat as I speak. . . ." He ought the handkerchief out of the pocket and patted his mouth with Suddenly he became aware of the fact that hundreds of eyes had stened themselves on this piece of cloth. His hand paused for a oment, he looked suddenly unsure, and instead of patting his brow th it, he stuffed it back into his pocket, this time with nothing owing. "Locust Grove isn't the answer," he said briskly. "The Project sn't even begun; the contract hasn't even been awarded—and nobody ows whether it *will* be. That's up to your City Council, and in any se won't solve your problem here. This is where you live! Before I me here tonight, one of your neighbors stopped me as I was getting t of my car and said, 'Senator, I was *born* here; I don't want to move! want to die here!' " He paused again, and turned slightly sideward order to aim his arm at them. "The answer for the Bottom isn't going be found in new housing somewhere out there—" He threw that arm w suddenly out toward the west. "You want to live here; here's your me. You find the air hard to breathe, and the river floods you spring d autumn. Where's the problem then? It's obvious, and I've introduced bill in the Legislature to meet that problems—HR-6655—the smoke- ntrol bill, and the flood-control bill. If that bill passes, we'll build a er bank, and we'll see to it that the Company adopts smoke-control paratus and clears up the air. Now you've sent me to Pennington to present *you*—and I intend to do just that." He paused another moment, brow darkened and his voice when it returned throbbed with deep d controlled anger. "Usually I pay no attention to rumors or to slander. t because I need your support to win this fight, I cannot let the slander t has come to my ears go unanswered." He stopped and all his features hered into thick indignation. "I belong to nobody! There is no price stuck on me! I defy anyone to say so to my face—and, by God, I l treat him to the kind of reply that he deserves!" His voice came h a boom now, and his face had turned red. The audience watched silence. "Now it's nonsense," he said suddenly, "to pretend this anything at all to do with the race question; Whites as well as ored citizens in the Bottom are equally affected by smog and flood—" Leo touched Ruth's elbow. "It's about smog and flood protests—" he

She nodded.

"The slow way is the sure way," the Senator announced. "Step by step—"

"Step by step," a woman beside Ruth murmured.

". . . and I don't hesitate a moment to place the label on that kind of slander exactly where it belongs!" He aimed a finger at the entire audience. "Do you want smog—and flood-control, or don't you? Are you going to try to hold up the Locust Grove development because of smog and flood in the Bottom? I tell you there's no solution to one problem by the other! There have been some who will tell you different." He nodded his head heavily. "You know them and I know them! Some who would put class against class and race against race. Smog control, legitimate protest meetings, and criticism are one thing: but using these genuine grievances for sinister political purposes by unscrupulous forces who have used the Negro people in the past and intend to in the future—" He ran out of words as though his indignation had exhausted his store of them. He paused to recover himself, and then resumed on a quieter more solemn note: "We're realists, you and I. We know that man cannot be changed overnight. Prejudices die slow. They call me the colored man's representative in the State Capitol: and I tell you right now I'm proud of that!" Somebody in the front row began to cough—that raw, rasping cough which attacks the throat mercilessly as it fights to keep out the burning smog. The speaker cast an eye at the cougher, and waited patiently for the coughing to die and the applause to begin; but as he tried to speak again the coughing suddenly rose to a choking climax. The whole audience shuddered with sympathy, and those standing where Leo and Ruth were standing at the back of the church craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the cougher.

FINALLY Calvin stepped up to the lectern, poured out a glass of water, while the Senator watched him as though he couldn't puzzle out these movements, and brought it down to the cougher. The whole audience could hear the strained gulping of water as the throat violently reached for it, and everyone fell into a waiting silence again in which the drinking and the loud throat alone seemed to be alive.

The speaker toyed with his notes, his face becoming inexpressive, flat, waiting. He cast a glance at the man who had struggled back to normalcy, and faintly nodded at Calvin who replaced the glass at his elbow.

"Man," someone said with suppressed laughter, "he'll never touch that glass tonight!"

"Desegration," the Senator began, and paused. "Desegregation is the result of a long struggle. It is one mile-post on the journey. Others will come: smog-control and flood-control. New and better housing! Better schools! Patience as well as anger—one must balance the other. Nothing comes overnight: give me your support, and I'll give you my voice and vote in Pennington! We may not accomplish our objective this year, or even next—but accomplish it we will, and on that I give you my solemn word!"

He finished with the upper half of his body stretching over the lectern like a ship's prow. The thunder of applause which this posture demanded did not come; there was some quiet clapping, like that of Reverend Peters as he stood up, slowly placing one thin hand against the other, as he walked toward the lectern.

"Thank you, Senator Sheppard," he said in a soft voice, which however managed to carry to the very end of the hall.

He adjusted his horn-rimmed glasses over his nose, and studied something on the lectern. His hair was almost white, but lying tight against his skull. He was dressed in a black Prince Albert coat with a white collar showing over it. Finally as though he had located something on the paper before him, reassured himself of it, he raised his head and said: "We deeply thank Senator Sheppard for his stimulating address here tonight. We are pleased to hear that he will fight for passage of the smoke- and flood-control bill in Pennington when the legislature begins work again in January. Now we're not here to electioneer: you all know that! Only to hear the views of many and various public men, and for them to hear ours." He paused, looked back at his paper and said: "Our next speaker needs no introduction. Mayor James Boyle."

The other white man now got up and shook hands with Reverend Peters. He was perhaps fifty-five, Irish, with a large pink face, black, gray-streaked hair, and humorous blue eyes. He came to the lectern and leaned on it. "I'm glad to hear," he said conversationally, "that there's to be no electioneering tonight! I guess that lets Charlie Mann out. That means that what I'm going to say to you tonight isn't calculated to get me votes this November; it means I can tell you the truth."

He paused with a chuckle, and the audience was silent, and then Reverend Peters began to chuckle and others broke into laughter.

Boyle now grinned all over his face. He looked down upon the laughing faces, laughed himself, and began: "Senator Sheppard has told you that you've got a problem here—smoke and flood control. Now that's news to us!"

Again the laughter broke out.

"It seems to me, Senator," he said, turning around, "I heard the same thing when I was just a little Irish boy running around town stealing coal from the Turpin railroad so my mother could boil potatoes for a fatherless family of ten! Ten hungry mouths we had," he said, turning back to the audience, "and just an Irish widow to feed them!"

He paused and tears gleamed on the eyes of some of the women on whose faces he was staring. He seemed lost in the time of that bitterness, and his voice dropped into a lower key. They strained to hear him.

"We had Irishtown, and you've got Smoggy Bottom—only we used to call it something else then. You know that. You know the kind of town we Irish boys called it. Nobody's fooling anybody."

He paused and nodded his head at that bitter reflection.

"Air and water—that's been the trouble down here for years! Bad air and too much water! And now, by God, we've got a bill introduced into Pennington to allow us to put up a bank to hold back the river and get the Company to cut out the smoke!

"The Senator says the Locust Grove project can't solve your problems. He says that only 200 families will be provided for by that project. Well, I don't know," he said candidly, "I'm not sure of that. Two hundred families are something, too! Now I'm for that Project. I want to see new housing built here—right up on the hill behind us; it's clean there, the smog doesn't get up there. It's good living up there—and the City intends to buy that property and build housing on it.

"Just one fly in the ointment," he said, holding up a finger "One: your City Council! This is no election speech, and I'm not intending to make one. But you know as well as I do that there are seven Republicans on that Council and only five Democrats.

"That's all I intend to say on that."

He paused, picked up the water pitcher and poured some water into the glass which Calvin had taken to the man who had been coughing. He lifted the glass, and the whole audience seemed to hold its breath. He raised the glass to his lips, and suddenly stopped. He looked at it, and then at the mass of faces watching him, and in that hollow silence of waiting and doubt, it seemed a great decision was about to be made. Then, with a quick swoop of his hand, he brought the glass to his lips and slowly drank it down. He finished, made a sound of satisfaction and then wiped his lips.

A huge silent settling took place among the pews, as though the whole audience sat back in silent relief.

He stared a moment longer at them, and nodded his head. "Now" he said abruptly, "if you want housing—if Smoggy Bottom goes on

ing smoggy and flooded, and you want to live where the air's clean d the river stays away from your door—then you know what to do!"

He wheeled around and sat down, and the applause that followed him as far greater than the Senator's, who was leaning over toward him now niling and nodding.

Reverend Peters advanced to the lectern again, a faint smile on his ce, as though, like the audience, he too had been, perhaps, fooled; and e stood at the black walnut structure, leaning slightly against it, and aited for his congregation to return to order.

THE stir died down gradually, and for a long moment it seemed as though only he stood there and the audience sat before him; and gether they communed with each other. He looked solemnly over them, is large heavy eyes filled with some spent passion, some emotion that ad gathered finally in his eyes, leaving his body wasted, old and almost ead. He had stood precisely like that a month before and calmly informed is flock that he was dying of cancer, and that if they wanted the church o survive they had better bestir themselves while he was still alive to nd a successor. That is, someone they needn't pay a salary to!

"Our next speaker," he said in a low, slightly ragged voice, "is no tranger to any of us here. You've heard him speak from this spot m standing at. Some of you have agreed with what he came to tell you, ome of you did not. But that was all right.

"But," he said, and his eyes closed heavily as though this word had earied him. "But when it came that this Brother was to speak here oday, I was approached by several of the brethren—good folks, all—and was told that perhaps it was not advisable for this Brother to speak o you here tonight. Somehow, I was told, his reputation would put the ood name of our church in jeopardy."

He paused, and closed his eyes again, and with them closed he said: I said to them this: 'Brothers, I respect your wishes and understand your oncern. But mine is the judgment, and it seems to me that the account have to render of my stewardship draws farther from this material orld, and closer to the divine. Don't you worry for my sake,' I said, can carry the burden the few steps that remain, and soon I will meet Him Face to Face and there I will lay it down and render my true ccount. And what the judgment then is will be the one I shall ccept!' "

His voice ended, and the congregation began to moan softly, and the omen began to rock. The low sound of grief began to grow, and suddenly he opened his eyes and stared at them and shook his head.

"Brothers and Sisters," he said, "our next speaker comes to us from Local 812, United Steelworkers of America. Brother Calvin Boone."

He turned slowly around with hands outstretched, and Calvin stood up, unsmiling, moving quickly across the platform to save the minister a step, and took hold of his hand.

The old man patted Calvin on the arm, and Calvin started to accompany him back to his chair but the minister shook him off.

NOW Ruth really saw him. He was tall, with a thick trunk, heavy shoulders, and thick arms. His blue suit seemed too new, too uncomfortable, made not for him but for some abstract body. When he raised his hand to take the minister's his coat sleeve rode rapidly back, exposing a gleaming knob in his wrist, and the beginning of the long thin muscles of his arm. But it was his face most of all that struck her. It was oval, not a narrow but a broad oval; the cheeks were full. His close gripped hair was a dark gray. The lights of the church caught the cheekbones, which seemed to shine; the skin which seemed polished gleamed in the scattered light, was a deep brown, black perhaps. His eyes were large and lit with some glow from deep within, as though the lights were hung far back in the center. He was waiting at the lectern for the applause to die down, smiling as though he knew a story, or some other pleasant thing, which in a moment would be theirs too, and needed them in fact to make it real.

"Brothers and Sisters," he began in a voice, though deep, seemed to come lightly to them. "Reverend Peters knows this story I'm going to tell. It's about my reputation. My reputation reminds me of a hound dog, if it was half-hound half red-bone—I know it was a dog—I used to have down home when I was about so high." He flattened out his hand to show a height that was knee-high. "Fierce he was with rabbits 'coon, squirrels—if a dog could ever learn to climb that one would. I said he was fierce, and what's more didn't know when he was outclassed and outmatched. Always picked a fight with the white boys' dogs—and always it ended up with me fighting the white boys! Now, my dog never chose some little bitty boy who would be no trouble at all! If I was eight years old, he always saw fit that I had a twelve-year-old boy to settle with. I fought all the twelve-year-old boys in one summer—he double-dogged dared me not to—including relatives who came for vacation, in Thorne County.

"I got myself a reputation as a fighter—a colored boy who would use his fists. I wouldn't take low. You know that's not the best kind of reputation for a colored boy to have in no Thorne County, Georgia

Well, then, the boys kept getting older and older, and in the end my reputation brought me face to face with a young fellow who was known about by the name of King Kong. Well, sir," he said, speaking through the laughter, "that was the end of my reputation, and I don't mind telling you I was glad to see it go! I got rid of my dog, and next summer was peaceful."

He waited until the laughter died away. His eyes seemed to be studying the next image in his mind. Gradually his eyes grew almost somber. "Now," he said suddenly, "I don't know what that little story means. I was only trying to protect my dog, so I thought. And then I thought if I god rid of my dog, I'd get rid of my reputation." He paused again and reflected, and the glow of his eyes sharpened.

"But then comes again the time I was working for this white man, doing furniture repair and the making of it. Must have been about seventeen then. Worked in that shop from sunup to sundown, six days a week, and at the end of that week I'd get me a great big five dollar bill!"

There was a great sigh of recognition, of wry laughter. He too smiled, and Ruth watching him smile and seeing the audience smile, could not understand why.

"Well, one day it broke in on me that five dollars was not enough pay for what I was doing. And, all by myself, I made a big decision: I decided that my work, these here hands—" And he stretched forward toward them those great hands, and it seemed as though they could take the air and make something real of it! "I said to my boss, Mr. Greenfield, I said, one day, 'Mr. Greenfield, I want more pay for my work, and I want it now!' Well, he just stared at me, and looked at me like I was crazy. 'Otherwise,' I said," and he folded his hands, " 'doggone it if I lay my little finger to a thing in this here shop!' So I just sat me down, and the customers kept coming in and ordering this or that or the other, and I just sat with my arms folded and I did nothing."

He stopped, and the whole hall seemed to be sitting with him with folded hands.

"The white customers kept asking my boss what was I doing, and when I'd hear, I'd call over and say, 'I'm sitting here till I get my due! Till I'm paid what I'm worth.' And when I said that, you ought to see their eyes fly open, and they said, 'Mr. Greenfield, you ought to horsewhip that boy!' And I'd yell back: 'But I won't lift my hand to your work!' And Mr. Greenfield, he looked at them, and he looked at me, and then he said, 'Don't mind him, he's a little teched, he's not all there in his mind.' "

He paused again, again wryly smiling at the men and women whose

listening faces seemed to be recalling, not hearing the story. They seemed to be part of it, as it came to them.

"Well, finally," Calvin said, "he slipped me a dollar more, and I got real mean over that, but didn't have no choice, so I started to work again. But I got permanently mean, and I decided I'd rather die, if I was going to die, I'd die right there in my home town, before I let myself live like I did, stepped on and reviled.

"And so," he said, "I spoke what I shouldn't have, and never turned from my path when I walked, and the white folks would listen to me, even when I slipped 'em the dozens, and step out of my way, and all the time they'd smile and wink and point to their heads."

He stopped dead again. "I was the only man in that town, black *or* white, who had full freedom to say what was on his mind. I said it, and they said I could say it because I was crazy.

"And it all came about that I was free to talk my mind out because my boss didn't want to leave me go or pay me more than a dollar a day! When it came down to money or free speech, he decided it was more important to him to get the labor out of me, and make the money, than to keep me quiet." Again he paused: "So you see, I got a reputation—as a boy that I would fight all comers, up to the age of voting, and as a bigger boy that I spoke my mind out, but only because I was crazy! So I learned I could be a free-speaker even in the South of my home, but I had to bear the stigma. And I could fight for my dog, too: but I had to bear the stigma.

"And it's been no different ever since."

He stopped dead now, and there was no answer from the audience, nothing but the remembering silence of their faces.

Suddenly he resumed: "Everything," he said, "was so *slow*—except the hanging, and that took place real quick. Slow—I tell you I could feel it, that slowness, it was like molasses running down your leg. Mama said, 'All good things in their own good time;' and I said to Mama: 'When, Mama? When?' She wouldn't say, she couldn't say; she looked out of the window way down the road, and I looked with her to see if it was coming—whatever that was; and to myself I said, if it do come, whatever it is, it will be every old, for it's been travelling a long, long time; and I'm afraid when it gets here it'll lay down and die!

"I was young, and I wanted change—quick! I didn't have time to live more than one life. I couldn't sit at the window like Mama did looking down that road for something to come along. Papa went down it and never came back. One day I went down it."

He looked over the heads of the listeners to the back of the hall, where they could almost feel that road.

"That road," he said, "it was a long road. It took me many places, many far places—" He paused. "The Senator mentioned once or twice that impatience is our people's worst fault, and if we can learn that precious thing, how to wait, in due course of time, if not in your time or in my time, in *somebody's* time, it will come to our door and enter it.

"Freedom, Senator, that's what I mean." He turned around, and Senator Sheppard stared impassively back at him. "We're talking here of smog- and flood-control, which we've been talking about for many years. We *need* that right now! Now we've been talking about more housing, and we need that right now. And now we've been talking about Locust Grove, and we've been saying we want to move into Locust Grove, and the Senator's been saying be patient; and I say," he cried, turning around again, "we're fresh out of patience! It's all gone! It's left us! Let somebody else be patient for a while!"

HIS FACE had grown darker than ever, and his breath was heavy. He stared at the Senator and at the Mayor, and then turned back again and said, in a lower voice, "We've been waiting for that blessed time when nobody shoots us down for the shade of our skin, and nobody hangs us up for the shade of our skin; and we've been waiting for the time when nobody moves out when we move in, and when we come to buy nobody raises the price for what ain't food to begin with! We've been waiting for wages and we've been waiting for schools; we've bled to death waiting to get into hospitals, and we've waited to live that eight years more in each life that the white citizens of this country live."

He seemed to stop now to ponder his own words, and he was lost in his thought of them.

Finally he turned around and said: "Senator, would you mind stepping up here?"

The Senator was surprised. For a moment he seemed undecided what to do, but Calvin was so polite, so cordial, and the audience watched with such fascination that with a laugh and a shrug he came forward.

"Now," Calvin said, taking hold of his hand. The audience smiled, for the Senator had been unable to suppress a slight wince. Calvin lifted up a match. Everybody saw it. He pulled the Senator's hand closer and said: "Now, Senator, I'm going to light this match and put it right up against your wrist." The Senator looked surprised but smiled. "And then, while youre burning and I'm holding, you and I are going to engage in a debate. I'm going to say, 'Now, have patience, Senator,

maybe it hurts, maybe it don't, but that match is bound to go out sooner or later—and think how good you'll feel!—Just have patience.' And you, Senator, I wonder what you're going to say to that?"

And suddenly he struck the match into flame against the lectern and brought it quickly toward the Senator's hand. With a cry and jerk, the Senator struggled to pull free of the grip, his face paling, and bubbles of sweat breaking out on his forehead.

"Drop my hand, you black bastard!" he cried; and Calvin's grip tightened, and he looked the man close in the face and then with a contemptuous shrug he dropped his hand.

The whole church broke into cries.

Calvin walked to the lectern, and stood there waiting. Finally, when the tumult died, he said: "That's how *we* feel. That fire has been burning us every day, every week, every hour and minute of the year. We want it out—now, *now*!"

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF MAINSTREAM, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1960.

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COMMUNICATIONS

On Sidney Finkelstein's *Composer and Nation*

OMPOSER AND NATION, by Sidney Finkelstein. International Publishers. $4.00

N HIS introduction to this book, Finkelstein lists the following ques-ns "Is the use of folk music in a com-sition a superficial affectation, or does infuse music with a national character wn to its very roots? If so, is this de-able? Is 'national' music of any kind rovincialism, opposed to a truly great iversal' music? Can the folk music of nation be married to existing, tradi-nal forms, or should its use inspire w musical forms?"

Readers who are interested in these estions will be better equipped to wer them after having read *Composer l Nation.* Finkelstein surveys western music from the beginning of the enteenth century to the present. He mines the actual practice of com-ers as regards their use of folk music l their musical responses to the social vements involved with the rise of national states. His avowed hope is to bring some perspective to bear upon problems of musical life today.

In the first twenty-six pages the author outlines his theoretical position and brings us to the opening of the seventeenth century. Here are some of his major premises:

A work of art, individually created but socially conditioned, has the power to move us because it presents to us a human portrait, that of the artist. A movement of a Brahms symphony presents a complex psychological portrait, while a folk tune offers a simple human image. Folk music represents social consciousness, experiences held in common. World folk music, Finkelstein claims, is a vast substratum over which western art music has been erected, originating from this source and continually refreshing itself therein. The apparently great differences between the folk music of East and West lie more in the timbre of instruments and the vocal styles used than in the melodic material itself. He states that the great melodies of art music are not unique in every phrase, but are made out of an inherited stock of living material which

exists as a social possession. There is no contradiction, he thinks, between national expression and universality. Bartok's division of folk music into two styles, speech-accented and rhythm-controlled, is very useful in looking at all music, according to Finkelstein, for it illustrates the two origins of music—heightened speech and human movement. In later, more sophisticated, music this division reflects the two sides of life—the speech—accented, recitative-like music tending toward the introspective, while the rhythm-controlled music depicts the outer world of social activity. The author believes that an important event in the history of music, which occurred with the waning of the middle ages, was the transformation of folk music from a continuous, evolving form to a rounded or closed song structure. This allows a piece to become a finished, objective human image, freed from its creator and able to be taken up as a permanent social possession.

Many of these hypotheses are presented by Finkelstein and used throughout the book without having been carefully derived or rigorously examined. The depiction of the outer world by rhythm-controlled music, for instance. This is presented as a fact, not as an intriguing hypothesis to be validated. Some of his ideas I find to be excellent, some, including this last one, strike me as serious oversimplifications. While Finkelstein is to be commended for his efforts to reach a wide audience and for his avoidance of the wordy metaphysics of many books on aesthetics, oversimplification and imprecision of thought are a disservice both to his readers and to materialist aesthetics.

In the main body of the book Finkelstein takes up the composers of the last three centuries and discusses their music in terms of the above ideas, always presenting the composer and his work as they relate to the social life of the times. The greatest attention is given to the more prominent composers—Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner and so on—but the coverage of the lesser figures is thorough.

The lack of printed musical examples is a serious fault. So much of Finkelstein's argument depends upon specific melodic examples that a reader who is unable immediately to summon up in his inner ear the opening of Schumann's *Fantasy* op. 17 or Lisa's death aria from *Eugene Onegin* will miss the meat of the book. Most people who would be interested enough to read this book either have some knowledge of notation or know someone who does. The author's very important points about the relationships between folk music and art music are lost; the reader must simply take Finkelstein's word for them.

The last third of the book deals with contemporary music. There is a special chapter on Soviet music, as well as one on jazz. In his discussion of contemporary music, the author too often allows his personal reactions to certain composers to appear in the book as established facts. For instance, he says of Mahler:

"His art has no national breadth . . it has no source in the outer world . . these works almost stifle for a lack of fresh air."

For Schoenberg, Berg and Webern he has even less use:

All the music of this school, when it evokes anything at all, portrays only the composer's inner world, his anguished impotence before a social life in which all that he sees are human beings prey

ng on one another . . . Schoenberg egarded society as nothing but an nemy. . . . These composers' isolation n heart and mind from their people nd nation has limited their develop-ment as human beings and as artists. t has narrowed their human sympathies nd left them with little to say to the eople whose world they share.

Certainly the personal criticism is nwarranted. Webern, for instance, de-oted much time and energy during the hirties to training a workers' chorus nd orchestra in Vienna. I have read letter written to a Vienna newspaper y a worker who sang under Webern hich praises him warmly for his chievement in helping the writer and is comrades to an appreciation of, mong other things, Schoenberg's can-ata, *Peace on Earth*.

These composers lived, as we do, in n inhuman society. It is just *because* f their human sympathies that their eaction to what they saw around them roduced music filled with tension, nguish and loneliness. What would ne rather have from a sensitive com-oser who lived in Germany during ne Twenties and Thirties—the robust ash of a Carl Orff?

I think it a great shame that music vers on the left have so often felt bliged to shy away from some of the ore extreme styles of new music. This usic is not, let us hope, the music of e future, as some of its adherents aim, for that would imply a continua-on of those aspects of society which ve produced the anguish this music ten expresses. However, there is much ore than anguish expressed; strength, y and beauty may be found here, but t by those who shut their ears be-use of ideological presuppositions.

There are excellent discussions of rtok, Debussy, Ives and others. Stravinsky is given grudging praise as a technician, and even as a composer for his earliest works, but Finkelstein evidently disapproves of his output on the whole. The following statement about *The Rite of Spring* illustrates a serious oversimplication of the relationship between style and content in music:

> It is a fantasy-primitivism, a brutal image thrown into the face of civilization, frightening it, declaring that civilization is a myth and that the only reality is mysticism and violence.

How Finkelstein derives this "declaration" from the music is pretty mystical in itself.

The chapter on Soviet music deals with Prokofiev, Shostakovich, and the problems of socialist realism and the governmental criticism of 1936 and 1947. Finkelstein writes that he had originally considered the criticism which appeared *in Pravda* in 1936 to be "wholly salutary." But now, he points out, "it is clear that the *Pravda* critique also set harmful tendencies in motion. However sound were the basic principles with which it started, it substituted harsh abuse for the critical duty to come to grips with the actual facts of the music."

I might mention here that the statement quoted earlier about *The Rite of Spring* sounds to me as though it might have been lifted from the same article in *Pravda*.

In a discussion of the famous Zhdanov speech made to a conference of Soviet musicians in 1947, Finkelstein attempts a balanced appraisal. He praises what he considers to be solid insights, but condemns the tone of command, the abusive epithets, and the equating of the expression of subjective feelings of sorrow with "bourgeois

decadence." This chapter is very well worth reading.

The chapter on jazz gives an outline history of this group of styles, discussing its roots in Negro folk music and its potential as art music.

Throughout the book there are numerous original insights of the sort that are conspicuously absent from most academic books on music. The style throughout is clear and readable.

JOHN HADLEY

To Young Radical Humanists

RADICALISM has been abandoned not only by once considerable segments of the American population but also by the majority of the "left-wingers" themselves. Not only had my generation to look beyond the hypocrisy and mediocrity of our statesmen and our professors, but also it was necessary to learn to ignore the self-pitied, embittered *liberals* whose only remaining purpose in this ungrateful, meaningless age was to make certain that none of the nation's youth would catch their own barely curable (witness their troubled convalescence) social diseases of economic socialism and mass democracy. Their "God" had betrayed them and so they insisted with a half concealed hysteria that we follow their example of a smug disillusion, of a helpless, hopeless, superior despair.

And wouldn't we, who were termed the *beat* and the *angry,* have been justified in taking their advice? Wasn't our childhood coincident with the bestial, methodical incineration of six million Jews by a nation of Nazis; wasn't our adolescence during those vicious years when murder and bloodshed became so saturating and inspired an ethic that the two cynical, sadistic bombs dropped upon the civilian targets of Hiroshima and Nagasaki mushroomed only the slightest awareness of frigid self-contempt; isn't our young manhood and womanhood seeing a selfish, paranoid time when profit-making is the basic, domestic philosophy and anti-communism the entire foreign policy, when Americanism has come to mean the fanatic loyalty to an insecure, Big Business elite?

Who wouldn't expect us to "bug" with the beatniks out of this "crazy" scene? "America, go to hell with your atom bomb. Look America, I'm putting my queer shoulder to the wheel."

America, your leaders are encouraging us to be prepared for mass annihilation.

We young people want no part of this huge death in togetherness. We wouldn't rebel at the idea of dying for you if another Hitler became the hero of a war-glorifying state and we had to invest our lives to destroy it. That would be and was a mutual struggle in humanity's name; but there is nothing mutual and nothing human about this next catastrophe you are promoting. We've observed your pleased generals on television panel shows being interviewed by earnest young college students listening rapt to the warped, mad logic of civil defence, germ warfare, clean nuclear bombs and overkill. We've read of your proposed legislation to enforce the building of concrete sepulchres, underground tombs in which we are to be preburied for when the alert, itching thumbs poised

the buttons to the bombs finally down.
ruth is being mangled in the mass a. The liars get the biggest head- The cheats and beasts have the public relations. As a peace-loving le, we have been abandoned by our , by our politicians, by our art. favor no national purpose. How l we? Our presidents have coun- homocide, our poets suicide. We not be concerned for a country a culture which apparently is not erned for us, its peaceful, truth- ing, human inhabitants.
Ve share a world-wide determina- Youth marches against militarism Tokyo and Turkey, marches to ban bomb in Scotland and East Ger- y, marches for liberty in Cuba, in , in the Congo, in Algeria. . . . we, here, in our country have a le, heroic tradition to resurrect. are the followers of those revolu- aries who tried to make America from all authority, both church state, which served to pervert anity, we are the sons and daughters nose patriots who died rather than ate the rape of slavery, we are the lren of those countless radicals who k and struggled for a decent work wage.
ome on. Organize. We move in the e direction. Those of us who cherish humanity, we are on one side. We are opposed by those who frustrate and destroy not only their own humanity but who threaten ours as well.

You who walk instead of ride the segregated buses, you who passively obstruct the launching of undetectable nuclear submarines, you whose families are made to congregate in northern ghettos with vermin and cold and prejudice, you who picket the un-American committees while Rockwell and his swastika support the other side, you who attend southern schools chaperoned by rifles, you who are outdemonstrated by the Hungarian fascists, you who march on the UN bearing posters with pictures of children pleading NO MORE HIROSHIMAS, you who rage when Hitler's generals become chiefs-of-staff in NATO and come to fill Washington offices, you who endure the psychopathics' curses in the five-and-dimes, you who when the sirens scream their practice menace, when school children are persuaded to crawl under their desks, come out and overflow the emptied streets; we must join our separate struggles. Our strength and our union is in our common demand for humanity.

Let us build one massive protest. This is our world they are trying to corrupt and doom.

STANLEY SILVERSWEIG

books in review

Must Reading

THE WORLD OF C. WRIGHT MILLS, by Herbert Aptheker. Marzani and Munsell, paper $1.65, cloth $3.00.

THE great issues of our time, above all the issue of peace or the extermination of the human kind, are causing new sections of the people to think—and to act. The shadow of the bomb, the ever more obvious contradiction between life as it is proclaimed to be in the capitalist world—"the free world," "the affluent society," the world of "people's capitalism"—and what it really looks like in the experience of millions—the fact that the majority of mankind (the peoples of Asia, Africa, Latin America) live in poverty, hunger and squalor in a world where existing techniques could eliminate all three—are making sections of people begin to question the very foundations of capitalist society.

This mood, this questioning, this beginning of the turn towards action, especially amongst intellectuals, has be stimulated by the gigantic advances the Soviet Union and the other social countries and by the struggles a successes of the national liberation mov ment. The Soviet Union and the soci ist world show the alternative path advance for mankind, the path sanity, human well-being and permane peace. A crisis of outlook is therefo developing amongst some importa "middle class" sections.

Fifteen years of "cold war" of "bra washing" on a gigantic scale, of M Carthyism in one form or another; t strength of the forces driving for w the very position of middle class int lectuals in capitalist society, have created real obstacles to making t socialist alternatives acceptable to th sections. They have given rise to stro tendencies to "quietism," conformi cynicism, preoccupation with tin consuming but utterly pointless act ities, above all, to the sense of helple ness in face of the great problems our time. But the mood of questioni the beginnings of a turn to acti

ch, in Britain at any rate, recall some- g of the character of the 'thirties, onetheless evident.

ND it is a portent of this develop- ment that British readers have wel- ed the writings of C. Wright Mills. s a different "Voice of America" n that which we are accustomed to . It seems to us to speak for this elopment with all its positive— negative—features. These latter ng primarily from an exaggerated no- of the importance of the role ntellectuals in society, isolation from, understanding of, the decisive role he working class expressed in (at) a perfunctory attitude to Marxism- inism and (at worst) in a com- e ignorance or rejection of it as a ningful basis and guide to solving present problems. C. Wright Mills alas—a uniquely American phen- non. In Britain, and as far as I w, in the rest of the English-speaking d, we have no comparable Liberal, Marxist, academic of similiar stand- who uses his very considerable ers to urge involvement, commit- t, action, on his fellow intellectuals he fight for peace and peaceful xistence. Nor have we one who s with such passionate humanism who links his advocacy with a blis- g exposure of the existing economic power set-up and, especially, of dangerous foreign policy of the s of his country.

HUS we here would evaluate Wright Mill's contribution in the positive way. For whoever raises voice for peace and peaceful co- ence, and raises it withall in so ess, powerful and persuasive a on, and in America to boot, is humanity's friend. He has much, very much to give. But by his very nature and background in capitalist society he has much not only to learn but to unlearn.

Herbert Aptheker's book *The World of C. Wright Mills* should be read, therefore, with this in mind. It is no niggling dissection of Wright Mills' errors, nor is it by any stretch of the imagination an essay in denigration. On the contrary. Aptheker pays eloquent tribute throughout to the many positive qualities in Wright Mills's work and the generally progressive tendency of his ideas. But in the best traditions of Marxist criticism Aptheker also lists the weaknesses, subjects them to careful and fundamental analysis, in the hope of assisting men like Wright Mills to improve their tools of analysis as sociologists and, above all, to make their contribution to the fight for peace more effective. Here one scholar who has grasped the significance of Marxism-Leninism as the essential scientific guide, both to the study and understanding of history and for correct action in making it, speaks to another who has not. And the result is not only a deeper and more correct understanding of some of the vital issues raised by Wright Mills, but also a re-statement and development of some basic ideas of Marxism.

Aptheker takes three of Wright Mills's most recent works, *The Power Elite* (1956), *The Causes of World War Three* (1958) and *The Sociological Imagination* (1959) and makes what he rightly calls "a critical estimate" of some of their basic propositions. Limitations of space forbid extensive comment on the rich and detailed commentary which Aptheker makes on each of these volumes in turn. His

critique of each stems from a general estimate of fundamental weaknesses of Wright Mills's whole approach. These, in Aptheker's view, are first and foremost an absence of a class approach, consequent on a rejection of Marxist-Leninist analysis. These condition the other major weaknesses criticised by Aptheker. These are a failure to appraise U.S. reality correctly—for example the complete ignoring of the Negro question, the writing off of the mass of the people and their organizations as impotent, useless, ineffective. This leads Wright Mills, as a consequence, to a confused and mistaken approach to the forces involved in the drive to a third world war.

The Power Elite is a useful and important book, tearing asunder much of the myth and legend surrounding the U.S.A., "the land of the free." But Aptheker shows that much of its effectiveness is vitiated by this absence of class approach and analysis. The Power Elite is depicted as a phenomenon in itself, a kind of "third" independent force standing above the classes. Its relation to the class basis of U.S. society, *to the American ruling class,* to U.S. monopoly capital, is thus glossed over. This leads to a further weakness spotlighted by Aptheker; the *imperialist character* of U.S. monopoly capital and its power elite is not mentioned, apparently not really understood. Hence any understanding of the real role of U. S. imperialism in world affairs is hindered.

THE same absence of class approach mars and distorts the effectiveness of *The Causes of World War Three.* This is a most passionate and powerfully written plea for peace and for peaceful co-existence and outlines a program of action for intellectu with which none could disagree. one of its basic ideas is that the "pov elite" is an outcome of highly ind trialized societies. Wright Mills ass that the Soviet Union—along with U.S.A.—is such a society and that a consequence it is becoming more more similar in its economic structu its ruling class, its aims and valu to the U.S.A. Both are "over develop super states" ruled by "power elit and both are therefore struggling world domination.

He is thus here propounding "two blocs" view developed further an article published here in the wing weekly *Tribune,* called "The ance of Blame." The essence of theory is, of course, that *both* the U.S and the U.S.S.R. bear equal resp sibility for the present world tensio While Aptheker emphasizes that America the view that U.S. imperiali also bears a big responsibility for war danger as well as the U.S.S.R., relatively speaking, an advance, no theless this two bloc theory is not o false but dangerous to the cause of pea For it confuses the peace fighters, pl into the hands of those who speak "the Soviet threat," feeds the "plag on both your houses" view amon ordinary people, and therefore courages passivity in face of the provocations of U.S. imperialism.

Aptheker effectively disposes of argument in some excellent writ about the real nature of socialism, socialist society in the Soviet Union the fundamental differences, not o in the structure but the whole b and aims of the two societies.

A word needs to be said here ab two other related weaknesses in Wri Mills's approach, both analyzed by

heker. One is the exaggerated pres-
ntation of the power, the virtual om-
ipotence of the "power elite" in the
J.S.A. The other is the dismissal of
he mass of the people of the U.S.A.
s hopeless and helpless neuters in the
olitical struggle. Aptheker quotes from
n earlier work of Wright Mills—
White Collar—in which this attitude,
epeated in his later works, is made
rutally clear.

Most Americans are not radical, not
iberal, not conservative, not reactionary;
hey are inactionary, they are out of
t. If we accept the Greeks' definition
f the idiot as the privatised man, then
ve must conclude that the U.S. citizenry
s now largely composed of idiots.

Here we have the superior, con-
emptuous attitude of "the intellectual"
or ordinary people expressed in its
nost blatant form. It is therefore sig-
ificant that in *The Causes of World
Var Three* Wright Mills directs all his
ttention to the intellectuals as the sole
nd decisive force for saving peace. Even
he most superficial study of the history
f the U.S. people, especially of the
merican Labor movement in the strug-
le for social advance, would contra-
ict this view. Years of cold war prop-
ganda, of McCarthyism, above all, of
he alignment of the right wing leaders
f the U.S. Labor movement with both,
ave contributed to damping down the
ass struggle of the U.S. people. But
ch struggle in all countries has its
eriods of ebb and of flow. During the
hirties the U.S. people were undoubt-
lly on the move. After 1944, and
uring the early 'fifties, the movement
as halted to a great degree. But to
rite off the "U.S. citizenry" altogether
both stupid and unscientific. Begin-
ngs of a change can already be seen
—the steel strike, the struggle of the Negro people against segregation, and the increasing support which it is receiving, the development of a peace movement, the result of the recent presidential elections, etc.

Aptheker devotes much attention—especially in Chapter 2 of his book, to refuting both the false ideas mentioned above. He shows how, especially in connection with the war in Korea and in connection with the current desires for a "pre-emptive" war by some sections of monopoly capital, the despised "U.S. citizenry" have played a big and important role.

> Between the will of [the] elite and its capabilities of implementing that will stands public opinion, including American public opinion. This public opinion is not simply shaped by the elite, and this public opinion does affect what the elite tries to do . . . moreover in whole areas of life—as on wages and working conditions, housing and education, the battle against Jim Crow and against war—the desires and the power of the masses do exert great influence, manifested in buses that stop running and in atomic bombs that, though loaded aboard planes that are alerted to take off are never dropped in war (p. 25).

In all countries, especially in Britain and France, it is precisely the action of the mass of the people especially of the labor government and its organizations, which is decisive. The intellectuals by themselves cannot accomplish much, but *allied with and under the leadership of the working class,* everything can be accomplished. This is the great lesson of modern historical development, a lesson emphasized by Marxism-Leninism. This is what Wright Mills—and those who think like him —must learn above all.

Aptheker not only spells out this and other fundamental facts and lessons of life. In the course of doing so he re-states a number of essential Marxist-Leninist principles about which there is much confusion and controversy. The reader will find his treatment of the Marxist view of economic factors in social development, of our conception of "inevitability," of causation and, especially of freedom, of the utmost value.

The World of C. Wright Mills is a most useful and important work. All interested in the Marxist viewpoint on the main problems of our time—especially the problems facing the people of the U.S.A.—must read it.

JACK COHEN
London

Poignant Rebirth

THE FLOWERS OF HIROSHIMA, by Edita Morris. N. Y. 1960 Marzani and Munsell, Inc. $1.75 (Prometheus Paperback Edition).

IN simple words, and permeated with a feeling of reverence for all life, this short novel expresses the full poignancy of the difficult but triumphant rebirth of a shattered people.

A young, innocent American comes to lodge with the Nakamura family, not knowing that they are "children of the bomb," kin through their suffering to thousands of other Hiroshimans, who are excluded from using the public baths because of their scars and repulsive keloid welts, and prohibited from holding jobs, because of the poor health. Yuka Nakamura, the woman whose young husband is to succumb to the sickness, welcomes the young Sam, and, recognizing the sensitivity of his nature, tries to conceal from him the facts about the victims of the bomb; about her fears for her husband, the scars on her own arm; about her mother's watery grave, which every morning her younger sister Ohatsu lovingly visits with a bouquet of fresh white flowers.

HER delicate concern, and her considerate fibs fail, however, and the young Sam grows up suddenly, and from his increasing closeness to the family, comes to realize that he must tell the story of these people, tell it wherever he can, and so help to prevent further destruction by another war.

August 6, 1945, and the nightmare memories of this awesome day sound forth like the tolling of a solemn bell against a background of gentleness and love, richly patterned with poetic imagery; a continual warning and reminder that such insane wholesale destruction must never again be loosed upon the proud and patient, loving children of this earth. The evidence of that one moment's destruction will never wholly vanish, for among the hundreds of thousands of survivors, the fear of the sudden fatal radiation sickness is ever present, as is the fear of those still young that they may give birth to some horrible mutation because of subtle radiation that lingers in their blood streams.

This is a book that is too good to keep to oneself. One begins to understand, like Yuka Nakamura and Sam, the extent of one's responsibility to all mankind, and to realize, too, that the meaning of life is not death.

GITA ISAAC

OLOR LITHOGRAPH
U.S.S.R.)

A. Yacobson