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new foundations

THE EARTH SHALL RISE ON NEW FOUNDATIONS

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The Contributors

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Illustrations

The illustrations, a popular form of art which has been widely developed in the Soviet Union, were done to illustrate specific literary works. It is interesting that many of these works were written by other than Soviet authors, indicating the broad scope of the interests of the Soviet people.

Moisei Fradkin: woodcut for story *Monologues by Sholom Aleichem,* (p. 146).

Feodor Konstantinov: wood-engravings for *Journalism in Tennessee,* (p. 158), *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras* (p. 161), and *The $1,000,000 Bank Note* (p. 158), by Mark Twain; woodcut for *Richard III* by William Shakespeare (p. 207).

Mikhail Polyakov: woodcuts for *Germany* by Heinrich Heine, (p. 165 and p. 167).

We wish to express our gratitude to the National Council of American Soviet Friendship, Inc., for permitting us to reprint these illustrations from their library.

* * *

We wish to apologize for our failure to give credit and thanks to Bud Handlesman for the spots which we printed in the December issue.

The Bulwark for Peace

Ten years ago, Joseph Stalin declared:

The foreign policy of the Soviet Union is clear and explicit:

1. We stand for peace and the strengthening of business relations with all countries. . . .

2. We stand for peaceful, close and friendly relations with all the neighboring countries which have common frontiers with the U.S.S.R. . . .

3. We stand for support of nations which are victims of aggression and are fighting for the independence of their country.

4. We are not afraid of the threats of aggressors, and are ready to deal two blows for every blow delivered by instigators of war who attempt to violate the Soviet borders.

Such is the foreign policy of the Soviet Union.[1]

Today we are cynically told that similar statements and numerous concrete proposals for the maintenance of peace made by Soviet leaders are part of a new "peace offensive," an offensive designed to lull us into a false sense of security.

But this cynicism is a signal of the desperation of the economic and political rulers of America. These men fear the very word, "peace." They seek by piling lie upon lie about the Soviet Union to twist its meaning to its very opposite: war.

NEW FOUNDATIONS urges its readers to arm themselves with the truth about the Soviet Union and, by helping to forge the bonds of American-Soviet friendship, to join the millions throughout the world who are today working steadfastly to build peace.

SOCIALISM: A BULWARK FOR PEACE

By its very nature, the Soviet Union is a great bulwark for universal peace. The drive for profit, the most impelling motive for war, does not exist under socialism. Nor are there any monopolies or finance capitalists in the Soviet Union. Based on the guiding principles of Marxism-Leninism, "exploitation of man by man" is prohibited by the Constitution.[2] The workers, through *their* state, own the factories in which they work; the peasants operate farms which *they* own collectively. The entire product is returned to the people directly through wages and social services or indirectly through the increase of productive facilities. Since there is no investment for profit, there is no need for acquisition of colonies for exploitation. Since production is planned

[1] Stalin, Joseph, *"From Socialism to Communism in the Soviet Union."* Report to Eighteenth Congress of Soviets, 1939.

[2] *Soviet Constitution,* especially Ch. 1, Art. 4: '

for the use of the whole people, who constitute an ever-expanding market, there is no motive to export goods except to supplement national production through trade. Because no individual or economic group may obtain personal gain or profit through the exploitation of others, there is no internal economic drive for world domination.[3]

SOCIALIST DEMOCRACY: A GUARANTEE OF PEACEFUL POLICIES

The mouthpieces of the rulers of America repeat daily that, although the Soviet peoples may want peace, their leaders, particularly the Communist Party, aim to embroil the world in war. The unscientific, absurd notion that war stems from personal ambition is seized upon to give credence to this false assertion, but, more important, it is founded upon a completely distorted concept of socialist democracy and the Communist Party.

Neither the Communist Party nor the elections system of the Soviet Union may be compared to "politiking" here in America. The two major political parties in our country are composed of and run by representatives of big business. Regardless of which is victorious, their primary function is to assure the continued power of the capitalist class. Within this framework, each party becomes a machine to elect its entrants in the popularity contests which take place every few years. To accomplish this, they make demagogic appeals and use other business selling methods. They emphasize personality differences and hammer at false issues. But after the election antics are over, the so-called representatives exercise their "delegated" powers only in the interest of the financial groups which originally selected them.

The Communist Party in the Soviet Union, in contrast, is composed of the most active and devoted members of the peoples' organizations—trade unions, peasant, youth, and others—chosen by the Party with the recommendations of their co-workers. Criticism and self-criticism, a process of constant evaluation and re-evaluation levied at all aspects of the Party's work by members and non-members, destroys vestiges of bureaucratic control. The Party has always emphasized the necessity of the democratic participation of all the people in making political decisions. The Party is recognized and welcomed as the leader and the most vigilant fighter for the peoples' needs and desires.

The Soviet election system, reflecting the socialist character of production, aims to secure the best equipped individuals to carry out the peoples' decisions. Nominations of candidates considered most suited

[3] Dobb, Maurice, *Soviet Economic Development Since 1917*, International Publishers, New York, 1948; reviewed in this issue of NEW FOUNDATIONS.

for each job are made by the peoples' organizations. Elected delegates from these organizations attempt to choose the one candidate most capable of filling each post; if they fail, more than one candidate is run. The elections themselves constitute a check on the selection made by the delegates. If the voters—and every Soviet citizen has the Constitutional right to vote without interference and by secret ballot —accept the candidate, he is elected. If they reject him, a new election takes place. Once elected, the representative has a duty of maintaining close relations with his constituents. If he fails to fulfill his job adequately, a recall election may, and frequently has been, held at the demand of one-third of his electors. Every important issue is taken to the people for discussion and decision. In this way, the Soviet election system provides a constant check on each representative to guarantee that he will carry out the peoples' desires.[4]

TOWARD NEW HORIZONS

The people of the Soviet Union desire peace. Their leaders have worked ceaselessly for peace since, in October 1917, their new land was born in the struggle to win peace, bread and land. Today the Soviets want peace as much as ever. In addition to losing immeasurable quantities of resources, productive facilities and goods, 7,500,000 Soviet people were killed or missing in the last war—over 20 times the number of Americans lost.[5] Today the Soviet peoples want peace not only to reconstruct their land from the ravages of war, but also to multiply their productive capacity as the basis for a new society. For their goal is Communism: a society in which all vestiges of capitalism have been eradicated; in which scarcity no longer exists; in which every individual will receive, not only, as now, remuneration for the quantity and quality of work he does, but whatever he needs. The Soviet peoples have a glorious future in peace; they can expect only further destruction in another war.

NO TROJAN HORSE

Then the lie machine grinds out the picture of the Soviet Union exporting bloody revolution to other nations and thereby endangering world peace. A brief glance at the peoples' movements of Eastern Europe, Asia, and the so-called "Western World" indicates the nature of these lies. The Peoples' Democracies of Eastern Europe were organized by coalitions representing the people after they had, with the

[4] *Soviet Constitution.* See also: Ward, Harry F., *Soviet Democracy,* Soviet Russia Today, New York, 1947 (15¢); Schuman, Frederick L., *Soviet Politics At Home and Abroad,* Alfred A. Knopf, 1946, pp. 296-344.

[5] *New York Times,* 11/2/48.

aid of the Soviet Union, ousted their Nazi rulers and the collaborators. These governments have carried through long-needed economic, political and social reforms and are today marching steadily towards socialism. True, they have learned from the example of the Soviet Union, but it is an insult to the Czechs, Poles, Hungarians, and other peoples of Eastern Europe to say that they have to be bludgeoned into working for socialism by an outside power; they know that only through socialism can they raise their living standards and achieve true democracy.[6] The Liberating Armies of China, too, receiving no material aid from the Soviet Union, are rapidly destroying the American-supported armies of Chiang Kai-shek, and building a new democracy.[7] Throughout the world, in Greece, Japan, Indonesia, France, and Italy, native movements of the people are struggling against dollar-bolstered reaction to win their own way of life, a way of life free from starvation, dictatorial suppression, and war.[8] Even American workers do not have to wait for a line from Moscow before demanding wage increases and peace; nor do American students need Cominform sanction before fighting for peace, Negro rights, academic freedom, and increased aid to education. The Trojan Horse lie is another attempt to divert attention from the real enemy and to win support for crushing all opposition to increased exploitation and war.

THE REAL DANGER

The danger of war is unquestionably real. Its source is to be discovered in the aims of a handful of Americans who own the means of production. These economic royalists—the bankers and industrialists who are today closely tied with the Truman government—have a twofold reason for desiring intensification of the war drive. First, they fear the growth of the peoples' movements in Europe and Asia, which threaten to end the system of exploitation from which they profit. Second, they fear a coming economic crisis in the United States itself—a crisis which must inevitably occur as long as the capitalist system of exploitation exists; fearing this crisis they seek every possible path of escape. Thus on the financial pages of the papers appear statements typified by one in Barron's, well-known Wall Street journal, which promises,

> . . . if military demand should grow much larger it would eliminate any dangers from expanding inventories. . . . If an enormously speeded up

[6] Matthiessen, F.O., *From the Heart of Europe,* Oxford University Press, New York, 1948; Field, Simon, *Economic Planning in Czechoslovakia,* NEW FOUNDATIONS, Vol. I, No. 4; Reports from the Polish Embassy.

[7] Strong, Anna Louise, *Tomorrow's China,* International Publishers, New York, 1948.

[8] Marion, George, *Bases and Empire,* Fair Play Publishers, 1947.

defense program, or warfare itself, should come the problem of excess inventories would vanish completely.[9]

David Lawrence puts the same idea in more lurid terms:

> What a devastating blow the Kremlin could afflict if it decided to end the 'cold war'! (Sic!). . . .
>
> . . . if the Soviets actually made an agreement and followed it by the withdrawal of the Red Army from Germany, it would be difficult to sustain the proposition in Congress that $15,000,000,000 or more must be spent annually for armament. (Is that why the State Department refused to accept Soviet proposals to settle the so-called "Berlin crisis"?)
>
> Hence the paradox that the biggest economic danger faced by America is the danger of a sudden turn to peace by Russia.[10]

Here is revealed the crass hypocrisy of attempts to twist honest proposals for peace into a dangerous "peace offensive." For these reasons, we find U.S. foreign policies aimed at gaining economic, political and military control of the world. This is why all voices of opposition are labelled "Communist," attempts are made to illegalize the Communists and "their more dangerous fellow-travelers," and an hysterical atmosphere is created to pave the way to war.

POLICIES FOR PEACE OR WAR?

Looking behind distorted headlines, we discover the desire of the Soviet Union for peace expressed in her foreign policies, while the desires of the American people are daily to support policies which can only lead to war.

There are few Soviet troops outside their home borders, and those only by treaty; American troops are stationed in 54 far-flung bases throughout the world.[11] The Soviets have demobilized their troops so that they are now back to peace-time;[12] yet President Truman, not content with a peace time draft, has repeatedly demanded peace-time universal military conscription for the first time in American history. The Soviets are carrying on trade with their neighbors on equal terms, as exemplified by the Mutual Economic Aid program in which all participating nations have an equal voice.[13] American policies aim to open new avenues of profitable trade and investment for American business regardless of needs of other nations, as illustrated by the use of the Marshall Plan to halt measures taken by other nations to socialize

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[9] *Barron's*, 10/25/48.

[10] Lawrence, David, "Our Unpreparedness for Sudden Peace," *U. S. News and World Report*, 1/14/49.

[11] Marion, *Bases and Empire*.

[12] United and Associated Press Dispatches, March, 1948.

[13] *New York Times*, 1/26/49.

their industries.[14] The Soviet representatives have participated in laying the basis for and building the United Nations on the sound foundation of Big Three cooperation. A study of their much-misrepresented exercise of the veto—for example they used four to prevent the United Nations from establishing closer relations with fascist Spain—indicates that they have been forced to use it as a last resort to prevent an American dominated majority from putting through measures which would destroy the foundations of peace.[15] They reject American proposals to "internationalize" control of atomic energy because those proposals would assure to American finance capital a monopoly of atomic energy, force the Soviets to blue-print their industries for American long-range bombers and undermine the veto power. Instead the Soviets have recommended a universal one-third disarmament of all weapons.[16] Their straight-forward demand for UN support of Israel has been flatly opposed to the vacillating demagogy exhibited by Truman. They have asked immediate cessation of hostilities and withdrawal of Dutch troops from Indonesia, while the United States weakly suggests withdrawal "some time" in 1950. This record proves that the Soviet Union stands as a bulwark on the side of peace and democracy, necessarily opposed to the plans of those who would subject the peoples of the world to what Henry Luce forecast would be the "American Century."

THE COLD WAR HITS US

The program of the men with the A-bombs directly affects the American people, including everyone of us on the campuses. The atmosphere of fear created by the indictment of 12 leading Communists, the spy-scares, the loyalty oaths, is extended to our campuses by the expulsion of students and professors. To mobilize the economy for war, President Truman has recommended almost 15 billion dollars for "national defense," another 7 billion for "international affairs and finance" (including the Marshall Plan), and forecasts that more will be needed to provide "military supplies" to countries "important to our national security." In contrast he proposed only 39 million dollars—1 million *less* than last year—to meet the educational crisis. We pay high prices, rising tuition and dorm costs, because production of war goods enables the profiteers to maintain an inflated economy. Increased prejudice and terror against the Negro people and minorities are reflected in the extension of quota systems and segregation in our

[14] *Ibid.*, 10/15/48.
[15] *Ibid.*, 10/26/48.
[16] Soviet proposal: *New York Times*, 10/12/48; United States stand: *ibid.*, 10/18/48; United Nations decision: *ibid.*, 11/14/48.

schools. Many of us who are students face a future of doing research for war needs rather than for the enhanced happiness of our fellow-human-beings. And, something which would affect thousands of us very directly, President Truman's repeated recommendation of Universal Military Training (into a Jim-Crow army) stems directly from the feverish attempts to mobilize the American people for war.

AMERICAN-SOVIET FRIENDSHIP: THE PATH TO LASTING PEACE

But war is not inevitable. The possibilities for peace are growing. The workers of France and Italy and the rest of Europe are not so easily convinced of the need for war. They look with suspicion on the remilitarization of Germany and the incorporation of their nations into an economic and military Western Alliance; they fight to keep down sky-rocketing prices and the subordination of their economy to the dollar. The peoples of Eastern Europe and Asia are growing ever stronger in their fight for freedom. Already the New Democracies have announced the achievement of pre-war living standards. Already the Liberation Armies are building a new China. And the Soviet peoples, the strongest bulwark for peace, rebuilding their land from the devastation of war with courage and conviction, are creating a new Communist society.

A great responsibility rests with us, the American people, whose "representatives" threaten the world with atomic war, to organize, extend, and galvanize the existing sentiment for peace. The Progressive Party has already begun this task. On the campuses we must wage a ceaseless struggle against renewed attempts to pass UMT and to militarize the students, and demand, instead, expanded educational facilities. We must prevent the expulsion of students like Jimmy Zarichny and professors who, like the three at Washington University, dare to express progressive views. We must overcome the paralyzing effects of white chauvinism and win equal rights for Negro students. Understanding the necessity of an alliance between students and workers, we must oppose every attempt to restrict and destroy trade unions. Finally we must learn to tear down the fabric of lies aimed to persuade us of the necessity of war against the Soviet Union. We must convince our fellow students to wage a day-to-day battle to win United States cooperation with the Soviet Union, the only real path to lasting peace.

Expose the Western Atlantic Military Pact as a further wedge between the East and the West, a major step towards war! Demand that President Truman prove his repeated assertions that he too wants peace by accepting Stalin's proposal for a conference! —The Editors

Against White Supremacist Attitudes

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

We have received a number of criticisms of Jack Kroner's article, *William Faulkner,* of which we are printing only two in this issue. The major criticisms are, first, that Kroner's discussion of Faulkner's treatment contains fundamentally chauvinistic connotations; and, second, that his overall critique is inadequate.

We agree unanimously that Kroner's failure in any way to expose and combat the chauvinism inherent in Faulkner's works constitutes an acceptance of chauvinism which is entirely inconsistent with a Marxist approach. Any article dealing with a writer like Faulkner, a subtle apologist for the Southern slavocracy, must polemicise against his false representations of the Negro people and his numerous distortions of the history of the South: his portrayal of the Civil War and Reconstruction as a curse on the South rather than one of the most progressive periods in American history; his depredation of the white working class in the South; and his statement that the industrial revolution destroyed the "human values" of the pre-Civil War slave society. Kroner's failure to combat Faulkner's chauvinistic ideology produces the same result as if he himself had expressed chauvinistic beliefs and indicates that he himself has accepted them. His use of such words as "half-caste" and "half-breed," further, indicates what may be only charitably termed an unconscious acceptance of Faulkner's racist concepts.

The vital importance of this criticism rests in the fact that one of the most powerful and decisive allies of the working class is the Negro people, the victim of vicious national oppression within the confines of the United States. By creating and propagating myths of the "superiority" of the *white people* of the United States to all other peoples of the world, and, in particular, to the "colored" peoples, the imperialists succeed in dividing the working class from their most powerful allies in the fight against war and fascism. The most virulent form of this corrupting influence in the United States is white chauvinism directed against the Negro people. Its effect is to prevent Negro-white unity, and to divert the energies of the white working class away from the fight against their common enemy, the imperialists, and towards the

continued oppression of the Negro people. *Any concession to white chauvinism today is a concession to imperialism and fascism.* Understanding this, Marxists must expose and combat white chauvinism in what ever form it is expressed.

We recognize that we must be severely criticized as a group for our failure to recognize, until brought to our attention, the chauvinistic content of this article; that we did not stems from the existence of chauvinistic tendencies which we must learn to destroy. Because the struggle against chauvinism is key to the whole fight against imperialism, the board has agreed to censure the white members for their lack of sensitivity and their failure to react to the chauvinism in the Faulkner article before it was published. Their past and future work on this question is being placed on review. Certain goals have been established which must be reached in the struggle to overcome their manifestations of chauvinism. Further, the board agrees that for two reasons, Kroner should be suspended from the board: first, because the board cannot have as a member anyone who has expressed openly chauvinistic attitudes until he has shown that he has overcome them; and, second, because the members feel that he should devote his full attention to his own further struggle to overcome these attitudes.

As part of NEW FOUNDATIONS' contribution to the struggle for the rights of the Negro people and against white chauvinism, our next issue will be devoted to the broader aspects of this question. We hope you, our readers, will send in material for that issue.

While there can be no fundamental disagreement among Marxists concerning the criticism of the chauvinistic content of Kroner's article, there is room for debate on the question of his opproach to literary criticism. We also urge you to send us your comments on this aspect of the article.

—The Editors

Dear Editor: *Paris*

The error(s) in Kroner's article on Faulkner are "plus grave." I find very little that is Marxist in his criticism. He outlines Faulkner's conception of the South, but nowhere opposes to it a Marxist, a materialist answer. If Kroner is aware that the South is potentially one of the most revolutionary areas of the U.S., one could not guess it from this article.

Of course, he was slightly handicapped by the fact that he couldn't treat Faulkner's most recent novel with all the light this throws on Faulkner's attitude towards Negroes, "meddling Northerners," *etc.*, but the germs of these same ideas are present in his previous works

and can even be seen from the quotations Kroner gives us. Yet, no polemicizing against this distortion of reality, no appraisal of what constitutes for millions of Southerners, white and Negro, a real, tangible, developing society. He doesn't contradict Faulkner's slanders against the "carpet-baggers," nor show us how he distorted history in his idealization of the hell that was the pre-Civil War South. He doesn't even condemn Faulkner's abominable obscurantist style (though a bourgeois critic like Wilson doesn't hesitate to do just that). Instead, Jack tells us that "Faulkner saw that Southern plantation society contained the seeds of its own destruction—noted above in the evil nature of man and in the slave system" (*sic!*). "Seeds of its own destruction" is a very Marxist term—when it refers to the cotton gin, and Northern industry, and Negro slave revolts—but not when it refers to the "evil nature of man." Only in his next to last paragraph does Kroner pay lip-service to the basic flaws in Faulkner—but what is the object of writing a critique of Faulkner if not to emphasize this side of him—to show that his world is untrue and debasing, not simply "limited in scope." Kroner's stated purpose, on the contrary, is not to condemn him, nor discourage us from reading him, but to provoke interest in him because "his world contains a very important section of objective and subjective reality." How so? Because "his picture of the world is so hostile that it will provoke numerous doubts in the reader's mind." What a distortion of Engels! Is it doubt as to the eternal character of the existing (bourgeois, "order") that Faulkner creates? Not at all. It is doubt as to the ability of the working class and the Negro people to change this world and improve it. Faulkner's is decadent literature of the worst kind and must be characterized as such and attacked for it. (In parenthesis, I can only add that Faulkner is widely read in France, and is considered by progressives here to be one of the main bulwarks of reactionary philosophy.)

Al Greenberg

Dear Editor:

William Faulkner by Jack Kroner contains serious political and theoretical errors.

White chauvinism is evident especially in the section called *The Negro*. In writing of Faulkner's mulatto characters, not once does Kroner use the word "mulatto." Instead, he uses, among others, "half-castes" (p. 9) and "half-breed" (p. 10). One passage strongly suggests that these are manifestations of Kroner's own supremacist attitude:

> Miscegenation, prevalent in the South, is used by Faulkner, directly and symbolically, to illustrate one aspect of the decay of that system. (p. 9).

In the next lines, Kroner quotes Faulkner to the effect that the decay

of the South stems from "moral brigandage," apparently referring to intermarriage. By stating that intermarriage may be used to illustrate an aspect of decay and is immoral, without exposing the rabid racist character of these concepts, Kroner fails, in the first place, to fulfill the primary function of a Marxist: to combat chauvinistic (bourgeois) ideology. But, in the second place, his failure to expose this concept leads one to suspect that he himself holds the idea that the decay of the South *can* be "directly and symbolically" illustrated by intermarriage, that intermarriage is immoral.

It is not surprising, then, to find that Kroner defends slavocracy. Faulkner, he tells us, believes that the Slavocratic South allowed for accord between man and Nature. It allowed man to enjoy the fruits of the land, in working it and in hunting, riding and generally enjoying the freedom of the countryside. (p. 16) Kroner's next sentence, "It is this aspect of Southern life which Faulkner reveres" indicates that he, Kroner, holds this to be an objective aspect of the pre-Civil War South. His only criticism of slavocracy is that,

> Without going into it at great length it is fairly clear that life in the pre-Civil War South, the life of the plantation was hardly perfect. There was futility and frustration then as well. (p. 16)

In so far as this constitutes "criticism" at all, it only comments on the slave owner's world, on *his* feelings, his "futility and frustration." It in no way digs to the roots of the vicious system of exploitation of the Negro people.

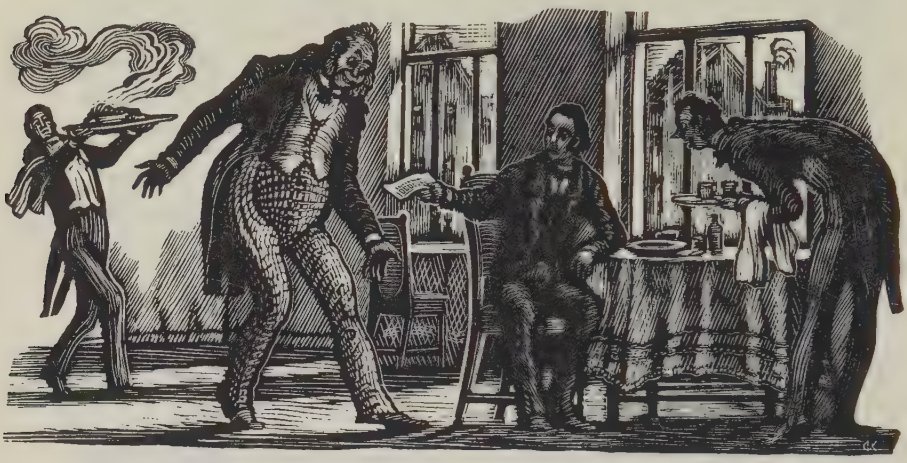
Faulkner, Kroner asserts, feels that the conquest of slavocracy by capitalism displaced "real and human values by the mechanization of social life." (p. 11). On this point, Kroner out-Faulkners Faulkner. Not only in the South, he declares, but everywhere that capitalism replaced feudalism it has destroyed "human values." Thus he speaks of the "cold impersonality of mechanization" of "our society." (p. 19) With such a world view it is only natural that his criticism of slavery should be in terms of feeling and frustrations rather than of the system of exploitation.

That such an article has been printed in a Marxist magazine is a sign of extreme weakness in its editorial board. That its author should be a member of that board is a matter of great concern to all of us. That few of its readers have protested is a commentary on the necessity of raising the level of Marxist theory in general and on the Negro question in particular.

By criticizing such mistakes as these, we lay the foundations for their correction and raising the level of our understanding.

Al Kutzig

Feodor Konstantinov: (*wood engravings*). Illustrations for Mark Twain's stories.



"The 1,000,000" Bank Note.

Journalism in Tennessee.

Students in the USSR

Excerpts from Bulletin No. 6, Antifascist Committee of Soviet Youth, Students' Section

International Students' Week in the USSR

INTERNATIONAL Students' Week was widely marked by Soviet students. In the USSR, International Students' Week followed the great holidays of the Soviet people and the heroic Soviet youth: the 30th anniversary of the Lenin-Stalin Young Communist League, and the 31st anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution. So to Soviet youth, International Students' Week had redoubled significance.

Turning their eyes towards their own country, Soviet youth, in these days of International Students' Week, were able to pause to summarize the results of their collective work, their participation in the building of a Communist Society, and to outline their future tasks. With pride they could say with the Soviet people, "In our country all young people study." The figures speak for themselves: in the current academic year 1948-49, 730,000 students are attending higher educational institutions of the multi-national Soviet Union.[1] Pupils in elementary and secondary schools and specialized high schools number 34 million.

And the Soviet students knew to whom they owe these achievements. They are the result of the heroic efforts of the Soviet people, who are engaged in peaceful labor; of the Soviet people, who are building new enterprises, new schools, and institutions; who are developing the agriculture of the country.

To the Soviet student his task is clear, his role in the building of a Communist Society is known, his work, his learning is needed. Soviet students are active participants in the colossal work of construction. More and more persistently they apply themselves to the mastery of knowledge, striving to become worthy reinforcements of the Soviet intelligentsia. Wherever the Soviet student turned his eyes during International Students' Week, he saw the heroic efforts of the Soviet people, developing the resources for the needs of the people, building for education, building for peace.

Turning from the titanic labors for construction, for building in his own land, the Soviet student looked abroad. And he saw that the

[1] Cf. 112,000 students in 1913.

peace, won at so great a price in the past war, is in grave danger. To the Soviet student therefore, the other great significance of International Students' Day was to reaffirm his unity with all progressive youth forces everywhere in the struggle for enduring peace and democracy; in the struggle against imperialist reaction and for the democratization of the higher school.

Preparations for the celebration of International Students' Day and Students' Week had begun long before November 10th, and the Week, culminating in IS Day, was celebrated by meetings, conferences, reports, exhibits and special issues of students' newspapers in all educational institutions of Soviet land. In the Soviet Baltic, in Vladimir, Yaroslavl, Stalingrad, and other cities, representatives of the Antifascist Committee of Soviet Youth, who participated in the Prague Students' Congress and other international youth conferences, gave talks on IS Day.

Moscow, with its many institutions of higher learning, was a special center of events in honor of International Students' Week. At Moscow University, "The IUS in the Struggle for Peace" was the subject of a report by A. Shelepin, Vice-President of IUS. The numerous questions asked by listeners was additional proof of the interest that Soviet students take in the life and struggle of democratic students the world over. For November 10th, students of Moscow University also organized a radio get-together with their colleagues, the students of Charles University in Prague. The Power Institute—named in honor of Molotov—an important higher educational institution at the capital, held a meeting of students' social organizations in honor of the IUS. And at the Second Moscow Medical Institute, named in honor of J. V. Stalin, students opened an Exhibition, devoted to the IUS activities, and the life and struggle of democratic students of the world. The concluding event of the day was a grand concert, including as performers Laureates of the World Festival of Democratic Youth in Prague.

And from these meetings in educational institutions held all over the Soviet Union in honor of IS Day went out messages from students of the Soviet Union to their colleagues abroad fighting for peace, democracy, and a better future for student youth. A typical one declared:

"We hope that the IUS, uniting in its ranks a large number of students throughout the world, will make an important contribution to the cause of ensuring a stable and enduring peace and a happy future for the younger generation."[2]

---

[2] From a letter sent by students of the Institute of Agricultural machine building in the heroic city of Stalingrad, adopted at a meeting on International Students' Day.

Girl of the Sakha Tribe

Ulyana Tesedo was going home. All her friends, the girls and young men who had studied with her for five years at Medical Institute, gathered at the airdrome to see her off for Dudinka. After circling the field in farewell, the plane turned, and began its flight to the North, past the cities of Vorogovo and Turukhansk, and soon the mighty Yeniesei, pride and beauty of Siberia, lay like a ribbon below. Ever north it flew, until the taige began to disappear, and an hour later, the vast tundra of Siberia lay beneath.

The tundra. . . . This was the home of Ulyana Tesedo. Here she was born, for she was a girl of the northern tribes of the Sakha in the Taimyr Peninsula. The tundra stretched in every direction, and the nomads who roamed it, the Sakha and Nganan tribes, were known to the tsarist government only as illiterate, savage peoples, to be left at the mercy of their oppressors. The greedy merchants cheated the hunters, fishermen, and deerherders of this nomadic people, the shamans robbed them of their possessions, and the despotic local princes ruled them. And behind the local princes were the avid priests and cruel officials of the tsar. The region was wild and desolate. There was no one to whom the Sakhas could turn for help. To the government it was only a region of barren exile for the most outstanding revolutionaries. For thousands of miles around stretched the tundra, empty, endless, cold.

Then came the Great October Socialist Revolution. The oppressors of the Sakhas were swept away. The shamans and local princes were gone, gone the cruel officials of the tsar. The Sakhas, with the help of the Russian people, began to build a new life.

And Ulyana grew up with the growth and progress of her people. Before she was born, not one of the Sakhas could read or write. There was but a single elementary school on the entire Taimyr Peninsula. Now, every village had its own school, there were scores of secondary

schools, several agricultural schools for the training of the cadres of the collective farms, all for the education of the native population.

Since time immemorial, dread diseases had raged among the people. Whole families were wiped out by smallpox. Not one of the Sakhas had ever known medical care. Now every village had its health stations and polyclinic, and there were 59 hospitals for maternity and sickness.

Before the October Revolution, who would have thought of higher education for the daughter of a poor man of the North? Ulyana's father had been a deer herder all his life. Even the word "Tesedo," in the Sakha language, means a laborer without land or herd of his own.

But under the Soviet, the child Ulyana could dream of growing up to be a doctor. Under the Soviet, still following her childhood dream, and finishing ten terms of secondary school in her own village, she went away to school to study medicine. There, at Medical Institute, with other students from the Sakha and Nganan peoples, she studied beside Russian girls and young men. Nor did she have to worry about the money for books and dormitory accommodation, for like all Soviet students who get good marks, she received a government stipend.

Upon her graduation, she had been invited to stay at the Institute to accept the chair of assistant professor in surgery. But Ulyana had refused. She was determined to return to her home to practice her profession.

As the plane flew the few remaining miles to the airdrome at Dudinka, she could watch the familiar landscape below her, and imagine her first case as a new doctor. Perhaps it would be a maternity case, a woman who had come in from a distant collective farm, where everyone would be awaiting the glad news that the child had been born. And the delivery would be successful. It would be a strong and healthy baby.

Holding it high in her arms, she would say, "Look, Little One. Do you see the sky up there where the planes fly? It is your sky. Do you see the land out there where the crops grow? It is your land. All this the people have given you. All this Stalin has given you. Lucky Little One of the Soviet, now let us hear your first cry."

And that is how Ulyana Tesedo, of the northern tribe of the Sakhas, came to be on the Siberian plane for Dudinka, just now circling the field for a landing. For in the polyclinic, in the town of Dudinka, Taimyr National Area, Taimyr Peninsula in Siberia, Soviet Socialist Republic, where some new Soviet citizens were just about to be born, Doctor Ulyana Tesedo was most eagerly expected.

Le Roy Wollins, 19, a student at the University of California, had read in the "free" and "objective" American press that allegedly there was a "decree" in the Soviet Union prohibiting any contact between citizens of the Soviet Union and the United States—except, of course, for strictly official business relations.

But Wollins did not believe the newspaper. He wrote a letter addressed: Antifascist Committee of Soviet Youth, Kropotkina 10, Moscow, USSR.

The white envelope bearing the air mail stamp was borne across the ocean and reached its address. And back from the Soviet Union came proof to Wollins of exactly how "truthful" and "objective" American newspapers are. Georgi Mamrykin, a Moscow student to whom Wollin's letter was forwarded, replied to his colleague in California. The letter from the Soviet student, refuting the slanderous inventions of the American bourgeois press, was printed in the university newspaper, the *Daily Bruin*.

Every day the postman for Kropotkina 10, Moscow, delivers to the Antifascist Committee of Soviet Youth a fat bundle of varicolored envelopes marked "U.S. Air Mail," similar to this one:

"Dear Friend," writes Jane B., a student of California University, "I read your letter in our university paper and was delighted by your suggestion to start a correspondence with Soviet students. I believe in the necessity for every person to bend every effort, whether individually or through a group, for the creation of a lasting peace."

But American students are not the only ones who write to the Soviet Union. Glancing through the letters from many American cities, one finds letters from people of all ages. Here is a letter from Milford P., 40, and his son:

"We want to be friends with the Russian people," they declare.

Written in a precise hand on a small sheet of heavy paper are the words: "I am convinced that Russia will not play with marked cards or loaded dice. I know that the Russians are freedom-loving, and we average Americans do not want war either now or in the future. We know that Russia does not threaten anyone."

Well aware of the "functions" of the notorious "Committee for the Investigation of Un-American Activities," we do not wish to disclose the full names of the writers of these letters.

Not a single letter received by Soviet youths and girls remains unanswered. The friendship between youths in the Ukraine and in Texas, between a fitter from the Urals and a metalworker in New England, is growing and strengthening from day to day. And no fabrications of the American reactionaries, such as the hastily concocted lies about the prohibition in the USSR of correspondence with Americans, can undermine this friendship.

JAMES STONE

Prof. Hayes and the "Western bloc"

AN important aspect of American imperialism's aggressive preparations for war is the ideological offensive which it is waging against the peoples of America and the world. Of no small significance in this respect has been the exploitation of the theory that the "Western World" has a community of interest in standing together to defend "its" way of life, "its" culture, against the barbaric Asiatics, against the Slav peoples of eastern Europe and Asia.

The opening gun for the acceptance of this line as a serious historical theory, for its triumph among the intellectuals, was fired soon after the war by Carlton J. H. Hayes. The ex-ambassador to Spain made his plea in a presidential address delivered to the American Historical Association in Washington, on December 27, 1945, entitled *The American Frontier—Frontier of What?*[1]

Hayes is the dean of the American historical profession. Two generations of American youth have been fed on the stupid but stylish obscurantism which in his eyes passes for history. He has peddled his bogus theories of "nationalism" in the universities and stuffed them into the mind of intellectuals as a substitute for serious historical analysis. He has defended reactionary clericalism in the schools, and has distorted, mocked, and belittled the achievements of scientific rationalism and of socialism. His speech to the American Historical Association is here selected for examination because it is a typical mode of expression of American reaction in the present period. No mere pedagogue's device or academician's dream, it was formulated as an instrument to be used in the schools to win the students, the youth in general, over to the support of the imperialist American foreign policy and of the Marshall Plan.[2]

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[1] Published in the *American Historical Review*, January, 1946.

[2] Hayes, in his speech, specifically stressed the importance of the contribution which the historical profession could make in spreading the "Western World" theory among youth: cf. his remarks (A. H. R., *op. cit.*, p. 216) in which he appealed to the historical profession "to stress America's cultural affinities."

The ideas to which such men as Hayes have given elegant expression must be met and destroyed in open battle, driven out of the

schools and off the pages of our textbooks, as part of the general struggle against imperialism and war. This article aims to set forth Hayes' formulation of the "Western World" theory and to indicate some of the lines along which it must be attacked.

I

The first step in Hayes' presentation is the definition of "Western" or "European" civilization in such a way that it excludes the Russian and Slavic countries of Eastern Europe, but includes America and the countries of the Western Hemisphere. This arbitrarily created area is then set forth as a "world-culture" whose member nations are bound together by common cultural traditions, by what Hayes terms "cultural affinity."[3]

[3] "The area of this common Western culture," he says, "centers in the Atlantic and extends eastward far into Europe and along African shores, from Norway and Finland to Cape Town, and westward across all America, from Canada to Patagonia." A. H. R., *op. cit.*, p. 210.

The European culture area thus defined has a vital role, our professor tells us, to play in world politics. "Now, at the end of the second World War," he says bluntly, "when the United States projects its world-wide leadership into post-war reconstruction . . . *the Atlantic community assumes a crucial and very practical importance. It can be the balance between Eurasian Russia and the Far East, on the one hand, and ourselves, on the other.*"[4] Such a comprehensive *bloc,* he argues, will constitute "a mighty citadel of safety for the nations of the West," one which will enable us to *"rid ourselves of craven fears of Soviet Russia."*[5] This bloc, adds the ex-ambassador to Franco, is the protagonist of "genuine democracy"; he states explicitly that Spain is to be included in it.[6]

Hayes, like the witches in *Macbeth,* hails America as the King that is to be. "Of such an Atlantic community," our Weird Sister intones, "we Americans are co-heirs and developers, and probably in the future the leaders." A prime objective of American policy must be "to strengthen the consciousness and bonds of this cultural community," to discharge its "difficult responsibilities" in the post-war era.[7]

Hayes' theory presents the picture of America and its "Atlantic Community," knightly nations clad in white and shining armor, in a posture of passive defense against a Red Dragon breathing yellow Oriental fire. Behind the knights, in the distance, we see the outlines of a fortress, probably the Alcazar, labelled "Democracy, a Sacred Heritage." Such is the *ideal depiction* of the aims of American foreign policy by a man who passionately defends those aims. But does this presentation reflect the *reality* of America's role in world affairs?

The answer is emphatically, no. Since the war, the foreign policy of the United States has, to further the predatory aims of imperialism, bypassed the United Nations and destroyed UNRRA. For these it has substituted the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan which abandon all pretense of aid to the major victims of fascist aggression; and which aim instead to restore western Nazi Germany and its ex-satellites Greece and Turkey as bases for an offensive war against the Soviet Union.

For this hoped-for conflict, the bipartisans prepare with all possible speed. They prepare *militarily* with a gigantic armaments program, with selective service, with industrial mobilization, and with arms and "advisers" for Turkish, Greek and Japanese fascists. They also prepare diplomatically by attempting to unite the "Western" nations into a war alliance. And, in an attempt to win the people's support

[4] *Ibid.,* p. 210. Italics not in original.
[5] *Ibid.,* p. 213. Italics not in original.
[6] *Loc. cit.*

for the dread reality of a third world war, they present their policy as a crusade for culture and democracy. It is here that men like Hayes perform an extremely valuable service. Providing an elegant formulation for unpalatable truths, they mask the real nature of reaction's military and diplomatic activities. To the extent that they succeed, they *disarm* the opposition to imperialist foreign policy.

II

Hayes' theory rests upon the assumption that the culture of the West is a single block, something which the peoples of the world must accept or reject as a whole. But it is quite mistaken to consider "Western" civilization in this way; culture itself is involved in the class conflict that exists in our society, and is, in the last analysis, a reflection of that conflict. In all European countries today there are deep differences between the imperialist *bourgeoisie* and the mass of the people. It is impossible to talk of a community of culture, or indeed of any sort of community of interest, that unites the conflicting classes.

France here is a case in point. There the *bourgeoisie* has subordinated national interests to the organization of the American-inspired Western

[7] *Ibid.*, p. 208.

[8] "American, Canadian and key European foreign policy officials are understood to have directed tentatively that nothing less than a sweeping alliance, binding the North American powers with non-Communist Europe in a mutual defense system, can provide the Western world with necessary security." John M. Hightower, Washington AP dispatch, Oct. 16, 1948.

bloc; signing an alliance with Western Germany, it has embarked upon a vast war program that is heading the French people surely in the direction of national bankruptcy. In so doing the French *bourgeoisie* has accepted American dictation in both home and foreign affairs, signing away the country's national sovereignty in return for the fancied rewards of Marshall Plan "aid." It seeks to bludgeon the French people into acceptance of this shameful renunciation, resorting in part to the use of tear gas and riot squads; but it also talks about the defense of the West, and deluges the people with American propaganda, American books and movies—American "culture."

But the mass of the French people have no use for the phony idea of a homogeneous "Western" culture, for the anti-Soviet crusade for which its *bourgeoisie* rulers are the sales agents. Led by a valiant working class the French people is engaging in a long struggle against American domination, against the influences that seek to integrate France into the "Western" *bloc*. This movement demands the resumption of friendly relations with the Soviet Union, the disarmament and denazification of western Germany, and the restoration of commercial and cultural relations between eastern and western Europe.

Thus, taking into account these obvious and profound class cleavages in western Europe, is it not clear that the "block" theory of culture merely serves as a mask for profound differences? Is it not clear that such a theory, reduced to its simplest terms, is nothing more than an appeal for the solidarity of all reactionary western European regimes with American imperialism? When Churchill pleads that bygones be bygones with the German fascists; when Secretary Marshall demands that Spain be included in the western *bloc*—what else can this mean but that there is a *class affinity* between the ruling circles of America, France, England, Germany and Spain?

The concept of a homogenous "Western" culture, as opposed to a separate culture of the Slavic peoples, further, denies the tremendous influence of the great writers, poets, and artists of the so-called "East" upon the growth of culture of Europe and the world. There are few literature students in America today who have not studied and learned from the works of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky; yet these constitute but a small part of the many creative contributions which would be destroyed by the a-historical approach of Hayes.

The "block" theory of culture, finally, has the usual characteristic of *bourgeois* theory in any field: namely, that it abstracts the subject dealt with from its living historical context, and presents it as a lifeless, ideal, "eternal" concept. Such a presentation is entirely alien to the Marxist, materialist, method. *Bourgeois* culture arose in the course

of a struggle which the middle classes conducted against feudal society; to that struggle it brought elements of enlightenment that aided in destroying the traditional order and in preparing the triumph of the *bourgeoisie.* But the historical mission of the latter has now long since been fulfilled. Powerless to control the immense new sources of wealth which it has called into being, and paralyzed by the certainty of its own impending destruction at the hands of the proletariat, this class more and more repudiates all that is progressive and revolutionary in its own tradition. It falls back upon irrationalism and obscurantism, upon the apotheosis of blind force, as the only way of maintaining its waning command over the forces of production and the masses of people. *Bourgeois* culture, reflecting the disintegration of the capitalist world order, dies slowly, exhibiting elements of repulsive decay. Literary, musical and artistic incoherence, racism, existentialism, neo-malthusianism—such are the anti-democratic conclusions to which "Western" culture in its death agonies has led and which are for academician Hayes and his kind constitute, no doubt, the superior achievements of the "Western World."[9]

III

Hayes' theory of culture, then, must be considered as a manifestation of American capital's drive to subordinate the European peoples, and even the European *bourgeoisie,* and to use them, if it can, as the springboard for an aggressive war. Apologetics for Armageddon, this is the sum of *bourgeois* wisdom, *bourgeois* enlightenment, in the epoch of imperialism.

For such a concept of "culture" the working class has no use. Instead, as part of its task of emancipation and self-enlightenment, it uses the genuinely progressive elements in bourgeois science, education, and art, enriched by the sum of its own experiences in the struggle to further its revolutionary objectives. The advance of the people's culture in all capitalist countries is thus bound inseparably with the struggle of the working class against reaction, war, and the general decadence of *bourgeois* society of which these are the manifestations.

In the People's Democracies and particularly in the Soviet Union where capitalism has been irrevocably eradicated by socialism, the attitude towards culture is diametrically oposed to the "block" concept

[9] The successful construction of an Atlantic Union, Hayes tells us, would enable the world to 'breathe more easily' and to have better chance of adopting the "genuine democracy which is the glory of historic European civilization and especially of its American frontier." A. H. R., *op. cit.,* p. 213.

lauded by the spokesmen of American imperialism. The "block" concept in practice is leading to the subordination of the national economies and cultures of Western Europe to an "American Century." The Soviet Union, in direct contrast, fosters the growth of popular culture by preserving and developing the indigenous, national traditions of the many peoples within its borders. At the same time, it encourages the use of any external cultural elements that may aid its peoples in the struggle against prejudice, ignorance, and backwardness. Culture is thus utilized as an instrument in the national movement for the triumph of socialism, the winning of a better and more enlightened life for the masses. By this means the Soviets have succeeded in building a new regime which embodies the ideals—social and political equality, the end of exploitation of man by man, the end of national oppression—for which other peoples of the world have long been struggling. In the Soviet Union, indeed, the most progressive and democratic elements in man's cultural heritage—regardless of their geographical origins—have been utilized and popularized in a way undreamed of in "western" capitalist countries.

Such are the uses to which culture is at present being put in America as contrasted to the Soviet Union. Here, as in Hayes' formulation, it is invoked to sanctify war, to instil feelings of hostility and contempt for the peoples of the Soviet Union, to draw a fixed and irrevocable line between East and and West. With subtle and repulsive elegance it is used to provide the basis for a form of racism that parades, this time, in the trappings of the cultural splendor, superiority, of the West, rather than the genetic superiority of the Nordics; but for all that a fascist ideology both because it preaches the supremacy of an *elite,* hidalgo group, and because it aims to veil and defend the predatory expansion of American imperialism in the post-war period. In the Soviet Union, on the other hand, culture is not prostituted to the sanctification of war and intrigue, but is fostered in its manifold forms as a weapon of the working-class in a titanic struggle to build the highest type of society yet known to man. From such a comparison we may draw the conclusion that culture must either be utilized and developed in the day-to-day struggle of the people for a better life, or it degenerates and corrupts men's minds in that repulsive fashion for which Professor Hayes affords so vivid an object lesson. Marxist and progressive students must, as part of the general struggle against American imperialism, combat the insidious attempt of Hayes and others to imbue the American student body with their chauvinistic concept of "Western" culture.

AL GREENBERG

PARIS LETTER

France Fights Back

I WOULD like to introduce to the readers of New Foundations a French friend of mine, Ivan Denys, a student at the Faculté des Lettres. I want to tell you about Ivan, not because his experiences are exceptional, but because in my year here in Paris I have met hundreds like him. For you see, Ivan Denys loves his country. Not abstractly, mystically, "right or wrong," but as a Frenchman whose heart beats more quickly when he hears and sings the Marseillaise, who thinks there can be no city in the world more beautiful than his Paris, who knows and cherishes every corner of the French countryside, and who deeply appreciates the cultural and democratic heritage that is his from 1789, from 1830, 1848 and from the Commune of 1871. Ivan's whole mature life, like that of so many of his comrades, has been a testimonial to this love, a testimonial which began in Paris on Armistice Day, 1940. Ivan was then only a high school youth, hating and despising the destroyers of his homeland, but not yet fully understanding who had betrayed his country. However, he realized that the *grande bourgeoisie* who welcomed the Nazi invaders were traitors, and it was as much against them as against the "Boche" that his indigation was directed that fateful November 11.

Knowing that Armistice Day before the war had meant a great deal to French patriots, the German occupier had of course forbidden any demonstrations. But French national pride was not that easily destroyed, and there were many groups of workers, veterans and other patriots who had determined to place a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier that day as a symbol of their defiance. Ivan was informed that the students would gather on the Champs Elysées towards six in the evening, arriving by small groups. Thus it was that he and his schoolmates from the Lycée Janson found themselves marching along with an estimated five thousand students from all over Paris. At first only the French police were there to stop them, but suddenly German soldiers appeared from inside the buildings where they had been

hiding. Even their presence had no effect, however, until finally several truckloads of Nazi troops arrived at the Arc de Triomphe, set up machine guns, and opened fire. Ivan, who managed to escape, remembers that the students kept singing the Marseillaise until the very last. He remembers, too, seeing one student bayonetted, several others shot. In all, hundreds were wounded and arrested, many to meet their death in concentration camps.

This action was not a useless folly, however. Far from discouraging those who participated, it taught them the need for organization, and marked, as far as the schools and universities were concerned, the real beginnings of the Resistance. For this demonstration came only a few weeks after the opening of the first school term under the Nazis—and only three days after the arrest of Professor Paul Langevin, the famed Communist scientist. It was thus the first opportunity for the patriotic students to find out their strength and upon whom they could count. The next steps were more difficult, for it became a question of organizing this strength around a practical program. Ivan recalls with amusement how his first activity consisted of staying up all night typing out hundreds of copies of instructions on the handling of weapons from an old French Army manual—though no one in his group had considered the unimportant detail of how and where to find arms and ammunition. "We were very young and idealistic," he explained to me, "and had not yet figured out how to develop contact with any other group. But even though we had rather childish ideas about armed insurrections, we were able to arouse a number of our school mates to patriotic consciousness with our leaflets denouncing Vichy and the treason of the Pétain, Laval, Doriot gang." Most important of all, it was in this period that Ivan and his friends came to realize that they could best help liberate their country by staying inside France and fighting constantly against the Nazi oppressor. Events were to prove that they were right, and that those "patriots" in London and elsewhere who claimed that there was nothing to do until the Allied armies landed, were playing a dangerous game of defeatism.

It was toward the end of the 1941-1942 school year that Ivan's group finally ended its isolation and joined the student section of the "Front National." Shortly thereafter his group also established contact with the military "Franc-Tireurs et Partisans" and organized themselves as a self-defense unit. These two groups were both led by the working class, the most solid defender of French national integrity, and gave to the students much-needed organizational assistance and an integrated democratic perspective. Imaginary arms were a thing of the past, for

the boys had long since learned how to disarm isolated German soldiers and make use of their weapons. Their activities consequently took on a new aspect. Open-air speeches were made in the court-yards of the various schools at pre-arranged moments when it was known that the greatest number of students could be reached. The objective was to popularize the program of the Front National, to combat fascist lies, and to make known the victories of the Red Army and the other allies. Such meetings, of course, had to be very carefully arranged. Ivan, who was then in charge of half the right-bank Lycée groups in the Front National, would learn from the head of a group at a particular school what hour was most propitious for a speaker. He would then designate the speaker and arrange for armed protection and safe dispersal after the meeting. Hundreds of students were persuaded to leave for the Maquis or for London rather than submit to Laval's youth labor corps as a result of such meetings, and Ivan feels confident that the insurrectionary spirit of the students displayed at the time of the Liberation of Paris was due in no small measure to such activities.

Ivan's other duties consisted of such activities as distributing the clandestine "Les Lettres Francaises," "Les Amis de l'URSS" and other Resistance publications. In addition, every time another professor was suspended or another book put on the Verboten list, some kind of student protest had to be organized. For at no time did the French students as a body accept Nazi ideas of education. In Ivan's class in school, for example, the first day that his friend Solomon walked in with the obligatory yellow Star of David sewn on his lapel, the entire class broke out into spontaneous applause for him as an indication of their solidarity.

In the early part of 1943, Ivan joined the Young Communist League. Although he is now a branch organizer of the French Communist Party and a convinced Marxist-Leninist, Ivan admits quite frankly that he hadn't given much thought to questions of Socialism or Marxist theory when he reached his decision to become a Communist. "I knew that the Communists had taken the initiative in the organization of the November 11 demonstration," he relates, "and I later discovered that the Communists were the best, and practically speaking, the only hard workers in all the Resistance groups! For me, Communism represented patriotism of the highest sort, and my experience since has only confirmed this again and again."

After the Allied landings in June 1944, the purely military phase of the Resistance was greatly heightened. Ivan was by this time, along with his two comrades Pierre Weil (killed by the Milice on August 10, 1944) and a well-known Collège de France Professor's son, Jean

Maspéro (killed on the Moselle front in September 1944), responsible for all the Lycée groups attached to the Front National in all of Paris. The need for arms was more imperative now, so that Ivan quite often went "hunting" with Maspéro or another of his comrades for Germans foolish enough to wander the streets alone. Only once in Ivan's experience did a soldier under such circumstances offer resistance. "I was forced to empty my pistol into him," he told me, not without satisfaction, "but in return we captured a very wonderful Spanish repeater." Other jobs assigned to Ivan and his comrades in this period were the tasks of transporting arms, blowing up German ammunition stocks, and putting German trucks out of commission, all of which they did quite successfully.

After the Liberation, the student section of the Front National joined with the other youth and student groups who united to form the Union de la Jeunesse Républicain de France around a program calling for a housecleaning of all Vichyist and collaborationist elements from the government and the setting up of a republic based on the program of the Comité National de la Résistance. Students like Ivan who had been in the forefront of the fight against the Vichy programs of restricted, distorted education, now went back to their books hoping that a real democratization of education would result in a flourishing of all that was best in French cultural traditions. However, Ivan did not take the attitude, as some of the Resistance fighters did, that the battle was now completely won.

Eight years after the historic November 11, 1940, Ivan participated in another Armistice Day demonstration. In the period since September 1944, the political climate had drastically changed. The hopes held on Liberation Day had not been fulfilled. Some even said that the unity of the republican elements who had fought the Nazis was permanently broken. Though Ivan, like every other Frenchman, had witnessed enough treachery on the part of "Socialist" leaders, he refused to believe that all those sincere patriots who resisted the Nazi occupation could not once more be united around a renewed defense of their country's threatened independence. That is why Ivan, along with ten other students, representing all opinions, who had taken part in the 1940 demonstrations against the Nazis, formed a committee calling on Parisian students to commemorate the heroic 1940 gesture, and to reaffirm their confidence in the destiny of their country and their love for those liberties so dearly won by their predecessors, by repeating the line of march to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The demonstration was publicized well in advance, and received proper authorization from the police.

The night before the meeting, Ivan and the other members of the Committee were interviewed over the radio by the popular announcer, Francis Crémieux. The program was transcribed and broadcast later in the evening. In the meantime, a certain M. Gayman, in charge of such programs, heard it, quickly censured it, and subsequently fired Crémieux for permitting it. One deleted item was an appeal by Catholic student leader, Georges Suffert, calling on all students to join in the celebration of International Students Day, November 17. The other deletion concerned the admission by all present that the first leaflets calling for the demonstration in 1940 were issued by the Communist students. Such censorship was a fairly good indication that the government didn't want student unity to grow. And certainly no word should be allowed to escape hinting that the French Communists fought the Nazis before the invasion of the Soviet Union. If these were crimes, one could well imagine what reception the meeting itself was to get the following day.

The tip-off was evident just as soon as the students began to fill the Place de la Sorbonne, towards five o'clock. An imposing number of policemen were swarming all over the Latin Quarter, and tried to persuade the students to disperse before the demonstration got under way. But the students would not be dissuaded from paying homage to their predecessors, and formed behind a large banner which read "HONNEUR AUX ETUDIANTS DU 11 NOVEMBRE 40." Ivan carried one end of it, Suffert, the other. Down the Boulevard St. Michel they marched until a new massing of policemen rushed them at the Boulevard St. Germain and attempted to tear down the banner. When the students objected that they had had official permission to hold their ceremony, the officer in charge replied, "Yes, but you didn't get permission to march singing seditious songs." The "seditious" song the students had been singing was, as in 1940, La Marseillaise. At any rate, the officer finally admitted that the students had the right to continue and gave Suffert his word of honor that they would be allowed to reach Etoile. This promise was hardly out of the policeman's mouth when his troops suddenly attacked, swinging their clubs at all within reach and arresting those who were carrying wreaths to place beneath the Arc de Triomphe. Even passers-by were ruthlessly clubbed, perhaps because they too were seething with indignation at the sight of their police force suddenly turned into an exact replica of the Gestapo.

In the face of this attack, the leaders of the march urged the rest of the students to break up into smaller groups and go by any means they could to Etoile, where the wreath-laying ceremony would take

place. They succeeded in reaching the Arc de Triomphe and placing their memorials on the tomb—although the police at Etoile proved to be even more brutal than those in the Latin Quarter. (That same afternoon these policemen had actually fired pistols into a demonstration of veterans' organizations who were celebrating Armistice Day.) Ivan's eyes sparkled with anger when he finished telling me of these events. "Vraiment, Alfred, it was an exact repetition of 1940! That's the state things have come to in France."

Ivan was not alone in his bitterness. Yves Chaigneau, of the Jeunesse Etudiante Chrétienne; Georges Suffert, president of the Fédération Française des Etudiants Catholiques, Pierre Trouvat, president of the Union National des Etudiants de France, Philippe Paumelle, head of the Association des Maisons Communautaires d'Etudiants, Paul Braffort, student secretary of the UJRF—in fact the entire student population of all shades of political opinion and religious belief were agreed in their condemnation of the terrorist police tactics shown on November 11 and again in the banning of the celebration of International Student Day on November 17. And Ivan was not alone in realizing that police attacks against academic freedom were closely connected with the police brutality that finally sent the starving French miners back to work after their two-month strike. Nor can his comparison of the France of 1948 to the France under the Nazi occupation be considered far-fetched when one learns, for example, that the present Inspector General of National Education, one M. Clarac, was the author, during the war, of a leaflet urging the French youth to enroll in the Nazi anti-Bolshevik League. It then becomes easier to follow the pattern: the intellectuals who participated in the congress at Wroclow schedule a meeting at the Sorbonne to be presided over by the Dean of the Faculté des Lettres—forbidden by Minister of Interior, Jules Moch; Roger Garaudy schedules a lecture at the Sorbonne on Marxism and the Individual—forbidden by Jules Moch; the famous painter André Fougeron for designing a poster calling for peace—prosecuted by Jules Moch; the worker André Houllier, for daring to paste this poster on a public wall—murdered by one of "Socialist" Jules Moch's policemen—these are not the things for which Ivan fought, nor for which so many of his comrades gave their lives. Instead, these are signs of a dangerous growth of fascism—Marshall-Plan inspired and supported—which hopes to involve France in a war against the Soviet Union.

"Such a policy will never succeed," Ivan told me confidently. "The French students know that the heavy miiltary budget is responsible for the cuts this year in the already ridiculously small allotments for

education, and are therefore very immediately interested in questions of war preparations. When I visited the Minister of Education with a delegation recently, we were told that there are too many students in France today. What respect can a student have for a government that takes such a viewpoint toward our problems? Instead of democratizing education, they are forcing us to drop out of school as rents and food prices go soaring, though the maximum scholarship still amounts to only $15 a month. As for waging war against the Soviet Union—the students, like the rest of the French population, will never be a party to such plans. We who drew our inspiration in our struggle against the Nazis from the heroic exploits of the Red Army know how much we owe our liberty to the Soviet people, and know too that the only hope for permanent peace lies in friendly relations with the Soviet Union and the new People's Democracies. We have seen our country overrun with misery as a result of American economic penetration and have nothing but contempt for those French leaders (who lead nobody but themselves) who are selling our country's independence for so-called Marshall Plan assistance. No, only those who close their eyes to the facts could believe that the French people would ever enter a war against the Soviet Union, for we realize that such a war would in fact be waged against ourselves, against the peoples of the world."

Now preparing his "aggregation" at the Sorbonne, Ivan hopes to become a Professor of Classical Literature. But he knows that his future cannot be safe unless his country frees herself from the American intervention in her affairs that is now causing her economic ruin and loss of basic liberties. "If I blame your country for a good share of our ills," he said, "you mustn't interpret this to mean that I don't fully appreciate the desire of the American people to help Europe. I have many relatives and friends in the United States who I know desire peace as much as I do, and to confuse them with the warmongering of Dulles, Marshall, Hoffman and the rest would be as foolish as confusing the present French government with the vast majority of the French people who oppose it. But I hope the American students who read your article realize that unless they understand where their government's policies are leading, and take action with us and the peoples of the world, it may be too late. The forces for peace are strong today, but they must grow even stronger if the world towards which we were all striving in 1945 is to be achieved."

Ivan and the millions of Frenchmen like him will continue to do their part.

Like a Thousand Pencils Tapping

BERT LEON

THE light of a dead day reflected from the half-drawn windows, and nothing stirred but the seared palm fronds beside the soldier and the girl on the porch. The girl sat with her limbs stretched out from a chair on one side of the door, the soldier with his khakied legs right-angled but his back sunk deep into a chair.

The soldier, Wade Carlson, was waiting for something. He didn't know what. He only knew that Valerie had been very tired the night before when he'd rushed down the pathway to meet her, too fatigued from her trip home to do more than to kiss him lightly, throw her arms around her mother and father and go to bed. Never before when she had come from college had it been like this. She had been tired and nervous but she had clung to him long and eagerly.

He watched her profile carefully, a profile like that of a very dark Indian, sharp features in a small face, glistening skin, topped by dull, wiry hair. She was dressed in a square-shouldered red dress, her outstretched legs bare. A small diamond glittered from her right hand. Her neck bent slightly forward, her eyes were fixed on the road.

So often she had come running to meet him, thrown her arms about his waist, and anxiously searched his face as if to see if it had changed the slightest bit.

But now, Valerie was looking at him. Her wide-spaced eyes set above high cheekbones seemed almost hard.

"Wade, there's something I've got to tell you." Her husky voice vibrated through him.

"Yes, Honey."

She slapped at a mosquito.

"I don't know if I love you."

He felt fingers digging into his knees; a second passed before he knew that they were his own. He tried to unfocus himself, became aware of the road, and of the sand pockets among the foliage which filled all the area between houses, of the quiet sky, the serene lawn. He didn't want to become panic-stricken. If he didn't hold tight, he would.

Maybe she was teasing him. He looked at her. Her head was bowed lower, her half-closed eyes piercing the porch floor, the long fingers

of one hand toying with her ring. Her face was set.

"What do you mean, Val? Your last letter—"

"Since my last letter, Wade."

"That's only three weeks."

But it's since then, Wade—something's happened. I can't see you the way I saw you in August or in June, or all the while before. It's me. I've changed suddenly. And so you're not the same you were before. I don't know why, I'm just not certain I love you now."

"But you're wearing my ring, Val."

"Yes, I know."

She turned abruptly toward the soldier sitting near her. His rocky shoulders were bunched forward. His jaw muscles erected little ridges in his dark satin-like skin. His close cropped hair glistened above his eyes which had become dull and stared ahead.

"Wade—what shall I do?"

Her face didn't seem so hard now. Her eyebrows were like bird wings starting a down stroke.

"Wade—I don't want to give you your ring back. I'm not sure."

He flipped his cap against his knuckles.

"Keep it."

He balled his cap up in his hands, still staring ahead.

"No, Wade."

He wanted to shout "How can it be, how can you stop loving then? Do you think I'm a damn fool?" Then he looked. Her eyes were soft and steady. He couldn't say it. He knew he was wrong.

"I've got to go. I'll be back tomorrow, Val. See how we feel then."

He arose and walked to the screen door. Her hand lifted, she impulsively started to rise, but the door had already opened and his feet had hit the first step. She sank forlornly back into her chair. His feet clicked along the short, paved narrow path and then were muffled by the sand.

At the road, he paused and looked back at the house. It was a two-story, white stucco, neat and reserved. Within the dim confines of the porch he could see the slender form of Valerie in her chair. Then he became aware of the sky above the house, an immense dark blue sky. The first pinpoints of stars were beginning to flicker, the west was still streaked with purple and magenta, massed around by deep, dark clouds. His eyes dropped back to the house, which seemed a misty white, an unreal pasteboard toy in a painted world—then to the doorway—and the silent figure seated in a chair. A second had passed. He felt a sudden constriction in his chest. He felt as though he wanted to blow apart, become dust, become stars, stones, become anything that couldn't feel.

He walked down the road, feeling his shoes sink into the sand.

The road was a broad ruffled ribbon under him. Weathered houses, colored vividly awhile before by a sinking sun, had sunk into the darkness, the lights winking out. Soon his foot clicked against pavement—he had hit the sidewalk of the main street of Delray, colored town. A block down the two large lights of the one movie house glared. It had no marquee. A few cars were drawn up before it, a few people were lounging outside.

He remained where he was awhile and couldn't feel that he would like to walk through town, or go back to camp. He didn't feel as though he wanted to be seen.

He turned and walked back down the road. As he passed Valerie's house, he noticed that the porch was empty, the lights inside were on. He resisted the odd, bewitching power to draw him that the house had always had. He hurried past it, and the road led him to the schoolhouse—a one-storied, T-shaped building with a garden and Mango trees in front.

He felt tall grass cut against his pants, and crush to pad the ground under his feet. Then he was at the clearing.

There was the swing structure, its shadow of black connected bars upon the ground, the seats aslant, some chains broken, but much as it had been the last time he'd seen it—he hadn't been alone, Valerie had been with him. He eased into one of the swings. Valerie and he had sat here for hours, talking—about many things—about his ambitions to finish college after Germany had been defeated, about his family, about her music and school. He'd first kissed her here—she'd called him a "wolf," and laughed.

He braced himself. He didn't want to remember. Remembering hurt—but memory after memory beat against him, throbbed through him, made his face quiver and his head ache.

"I want mah dime, Wade"—a vibrous, husky contralto. It always seemed to come from strings stirred deep inside her that caused a resonance emanating to all the minute nerves in his skin, along his neck, and down his chest. She'd dropped a dime along the pathway to the schoolhouse. In the thick gloom she couldn't find it. Stooped, and fingering along the road, she'd murmured in a voice like the G-string of a viola, "Ah want to fahnd mah dahm, Wade," lapsing into her Florida drawl. "—Help me fahnd mah dahm." He tried to help her, but he couldn't find it. As soon as they rose, he had crushed her to him fiercely—he could feel the bone beyond her lips.

He had met her one month after shipping to Boca at a squadron dance. He had noticed her immediately. She had an unconscious poise and high-headed, quiet grace. Bard Rayard introduced him to her as a student at his Alma Mater.

But he might never have seen her again except that one day while

playing football he had broken his collar bone. He was supposed to have been hospitalized for at least two weeks, but he refused to sit in the section reserved for Negroes in the hospital mess. He was discharged after six days.

"I'd just call it a table assignment," the Post Adjutant had said. Holding a neatly sharpened pencil between slender white fingers, he had tapped his desk constantly. "But maybe we could improve things for Squadron F. An overseas shipment might solve it." Colonel Cawkins had become suggestively still.

Something deep and bitter had forged Wade's irony.

"It would." He had said.

The tapping ceased but it was still a table assignment.

While his shoulder was healing, he had sulked in his squadron after duty hours, and when he did go to town, he went to Delray only because it was near. Walking beyond the outskirts of Delray's clustered houses, he had come upon this cool, white, stucco building, and was amazed to find he knew the 20-year-old girl on the porch.

She didn't agree that constant struggle could find freedom for her people. In fact, she saw no way around the problem, but she was so much a little mother and sister that he was soon helplessly fascinated, and she became his sweetheart.

He lit a cigarette, drawing its acrid smoke deep into his body. It was a tiny light in a great, green-black expanse of fields, surrounded by a black, fuzzy mass of stubby evergreens, silhouettes against the sky, and the queer jungle growth whose beginnings were in the everglades, far to the West.

When he rose the moon had been out for some time, high in the sky, reflected off the pebbles in the road, and, as he walked, gleamed from scattered palmettos like lights from clusters of radiating sword blades.

The main road from Miami on through West Palm Beach cut directly through Delray, running parallel to the railway which separated white town and colored town. Wade leaned against the window of the small garage, awaiting the bus. The mosquitoes avidly bit through his socks and his khakis.

* * *

For a long while after Wade left, Valerie sat, her fists pressed to the sides of her bent head, her eyes closed. When she looked up wearily, the transition from dusk to dark night had taken place. The trees and shrubbery had become cloudshapes. Fireflies had joined the mosquitoes and were like winking stars, far removed from the solidity of earth. To step off would be to sink.

She shook her head, and thought of Wade, wondering if he would come back that night. He had once before, after stalking off

because of a quarrel. She had feared that he would never return. But much later a hand had lightly touched her shoulder, and she felt his arm slipping around her, his handkerchief rubbing into the hollow of her eye, soaking up the tears. She was mute. She could only look at Wade and love him, and feel ashamed because she couldn't say anything, couldn't admit everything, couldn't say how much she loved him, could only know the great feeling as it welled up inside her and trickled out of her eyes, and Wade seemed to understand.

Valerie lifted her head, blinking at the road. Nothing stirred. Her long fingers wiped her eyelashes, she draw her knees up, rose slowly, turning toward the door behind her, her eyes still fixed on the shadows beyond the screen.

The hinges and springs whispered, her feet touched the carpet. She could hear the gush of water and the low humming of her mother issuing from the small kitchen at the end of the hallway leading from the parlor. Typewriter keys were clicking. She could visualize her father in his small, paper-filled cubicle just off the kitchen—his jaw muscles corded . . . his cigar vaporizing away in an ashtray set beside the typewriter. His narrowed, critical eyes would be jumping from paper to keys to paper . . . probably an NAACP report or some mysterious business. He would sit like a rock and finish it, she knew, if it took him all night long. Her father was a wonderful man, and she loved him. But she wondered how he could use so much time in such thankless, hopeless tasks.

Her hands made a wraithlike gesture toward the light button, but fell to her side. She twisted around to lock the door. She felt no desire to talk to her parents, nor to play the piano, nor to read.

She was soon prone on her bed, her cheeks resting on her folded arms . . . no noise or movement. A diffuse light from the window thwarted a merger with the darkness.

She wished she were down on the beach, listening to the breakers, feeling the sand between bare toes. On dark nights she could never see the water . . . even the sand surrounding her was indistinct, blotched with vague shadows, and somewhere below slipped under the sea. She cowered at its danger. It was a great beast clamoring up at her from a vast unknowable pit. She was at the rim of the world, and this surge and commotion beyond were trying to engulf her. Yet she wanted to be close.

She felt the way she did with Wade. Loving Wade was like walking along a precipice. What would living with him be like? There would never be peace, only a struggle against heartbreaking odds. He was the kind to be always in danger. He would be just like her father.

Her thoughts conjured a vivid picture of Wade . . . just as he was

on the porch earlier. His deep, black eyes were burning a question, his lips were quivering slightly. Then his face turned away, and when she saw it again, it was grim and composed but the eyes were desolate.

Slowly a tear slipped from between her lids. Suddenly her eyes closed tightly. Her fists clenched. She lay like this far a long time. All was quiet save for the mosquitoes, crickets, and the steady click of typewriter keys.

* * *

Wade reported to Station Six, finished up some work on the turbo-supercharger of No. 3 Engine, and after cowling up, climbed through the belly of the plane to the cockpit to preflight. Two men ran the propellors through twice, and soon all four engines had roared, but, luckily, everything checked and there were no more planes until the B-24 should move up to complete the 100-hour check late that afternoon.

The mechanics were headed for a crap game behind the wash-rack, and Wade quietly walked off the line and headed back to the squadron. He circled around the back in order not to pass the orderly room. He was about to step into his barracks.

"Say, Wade."

He turned. A chunky, black-mustached man in shorts and sneakers, was ploughing through the sand.

"Bard! . . . Don't you guys ever work?"

Bard had lustrous teeth. "Calisthenics. Got to knock off this orderly room blubber, man." He put his hands to the roll of flesh drooping around his waist, but Wade was already distracted.

"Yeah," he said, and started to swing the door.

"Wait a second, Wade."

Bard was an older man, a paper bag brown face. His sharp, dark eyes shot over Wade's face.

"Throw your trunks on and come along with me. You can pace me and talk your troubles off."

Wade felt the flesh around his eyes creasing, his eyebrows drawing down from his forehead. He shoved his hands deep into his coverall, knotting them into fists, pushing them against the pocket bottoms. Bard had guessed.

Rivulets of sweat poured down the shorter man's back as he puffed to match the machine-like strides of the man running beside him. He felt that Wade had changed lately. He'd spent more time to himself. He got along better with the Non Coms in the orderly room who were bastards. When the others in the barracks were horsing around, Wade was lying on his bunk, smoking or thumbing through an air force magazine. He seemed to think before he laughed at a

joke, and then he quickly stopped laughing. He hardly seemed the same guy that six months ago everyone was calling "the bad bolshevik."

Bard glanced at the lean face. Tiny beads of sweat would appear, occasionally the mouth would twitch, the eyes would blink. It might be a little more than sweat around the eyes. Wade coughed and spit as though congested with dust.

"Wade, what's the matter."

Their footsteps clumped against the hard surface of the road.

"Damn throat."

"You know what I mean."

Wade gave him a side glance. He had to tell someone.

"Valerie."

"I know, she's back."

"Not to me." The sun burnt as they ran in silence.

Bard thought of the many times he had seen Wade and Valerie walking arm and arm through town.

"It's impossible, Wade. I'll bet she's wondering how to fix it up now."

Wade's heart was beating heavily as he ran. Impossible?—his insides had been cut like someone reaming out an apple core.

"Wade," Bard was saying, "you've changed, boy. Maybe she's sensed it." Bard's face knitted earnestly. "Never can tell what makes a woman love a man. You've been too cautious lately, boy. Had any fights in the last four months?"

No answer.

"Haven't looked at a woman?"

The pace slackened.

"I thought so." Bard pondered awhile. "There's a change that comes over some of us when we fall in love, Wade. You call it faithfulness but you're afraid. You're afraid of losing something. You put a ring around her finger to steer off wolves, but it's just a link off a chain around your own soul. That's how fear spoils love. Some day love will be better because people will be freer. But why be afraid?"

Wade's foot hit a stone in the road, and his stride wavered.

The sun was directly above them. They continued jogging.

"S'pose you come to Miami with me tonight."

Bard glanced at his watch. It was 11:30.

"About time to start back." His stride tapered off. "Do you know, Wade? . . . I hate to go by the hospital. It stinks. They still segregate. Haven't had any scrapes like that in a long time, have you?"

* * *

Board and Wade were sitting in a corner of the Miami Negro

USO. Stimulated by the whiskeys they'd had at a first street bar, Bard was whispering.

"Cheap labor in a uniform!" Bard hit his knee and muttered it again. "Filth that people can't go near. Dammit, what am I supposed to do, stay on that Post and rot?"

"Listen, Wade." He clutched Wade's elbow. "I ache for my wife. From here, what goes on between us seems a little bit of holiness. But she's not here, and I need a woman to become a part of for a little while." Suddenly he withdrew his hand and composed his face. He cautiously glanced at Wade. There was no answer.

"Perhaps it wouldn't hurt for you to see Marie." He looked up at the clock. "It's almost late," and he rose almost regretfully.

Wade lingered around the USO. Mechanically he played two games of billiards with a sailor from Opa Locka. He danced with a tall, bright-eyed friendly girl until an awareness crept in of how soft and warm she was. He excused himself and sauntered over to the tiny library.

As he pretended to look through some books, he reflected, "Bard is right." He sat down, automatically lighting a cigarette. He had never reacted like this before—before he had met Valerie. He had never shied away because a woman had warmed his blood.

Valerie might be expecting him tonight. He had said he'd be back today. He looked at his watch . . . nine o'clock. He wondered what she was doing . . . probably singing and fingering the piano as she so often did, or perhaps a few fellows home from school had dropped by her house. He viciously crushed his cigarette.

How did he ever get mixed up with a girl like Valerie, anyhow? Girls in her position never appealed much to him. She didn't know anything about the hard, painful side of life. She didn't even have to travel in the back of buses. Her pop was a big frog in a little puddle. She had a Buick to drive around in. She went to a school that was world in itself, an ivory tower. A dynamic father, chairman of the local NAACP, always in hot water, and a daughter like this! Bard was right. He should see Marie. He flushed.

He thought of the last time he'd seen Marie. Two months ago, weary of the Post and tense, he had come to town. He didn't know why . . . perhaps because he was lonely, perhaps because bonds don't break as easily as many think . . . he had been drawn to her home, a small cottage on Sixth Street. Everything was fine, until he really looked at her. When he'd looked into her eyes, he couldn't stay, not and be fair to her.

But would it have been unfair to Valerie? Bard was right. He had been a damn fool.

Maybe Valerie had gone out. He looked at his watch. Nine-fifteen.

A bus to Delray left at nine-thirty. He could picture the huge interstate bus pulling easily into the tunnel-like station, the grey uniformed, efficient, station man hailing the driver, the long cliques of people railed off from the driveway.

Perhaps Valerie was expecting him, perhaps Bard was right about this, too . . . nine-seventeen.

The slam of the door shook the Opa Locka sailor's aim, and, as he chalked his stick again, he fervently, silently cursed the soldier from Boca Raton.

* * *

Passengers were well sprinkled over the interior of the Florida Motor Lines bus. Few people had got on at Miami. Two Negro civilians and a Negro soldier were sitting in the back, talking in subdued tones. The driver was just about to start his motor when another Negro soldier ran up to the door. The driver took his ticket, calmly sizing him up from head to foot. Then he beckoned toward the rear. Wade started to move back, and the bus eased out of the station. Almost at the back of the bus, he stopped, and retraced his steps to the sixth row from the back; he sat down on the side opposite to a red-faced man in a gabardine suit.

The outskirts of Miami swished by. The bus was roaring over the broad highway that led to West Palm Beach. The silhouettes of Royal and Cocoanut palms went by, replaced by white houses and huge, dim signs, and soon by dark stretches of stunted evergreens.

At Hollywood a large crowd of people got on. Every seat was soon occupied but the seat next to Wade. Finally a man in a straw hat and shirt sleeves gingerly eased into it, flushing slightly. The bus moved on. Wade looked out the window at the line of white warehouses which lined the railroad a small distance off. Soon they were shooting through the broad expanse of flatland between Hollywood and Fort Lauderdale. The Navy airfield was light as day. A plane was landing. Wade twisted his neck to see. When he readjusted himself he caught the eye of the man beside him, who had been peering past him.

"Pretty sight," he volunteered.

"Yeah," the man said, looking away.

The bus purred on steadily.

"You stationed near here?" the man asked.

"Boca."

The man's face crinkled up as though he were trying to remember something. Then his blue eyes lightened a trifle. "Oh yeah, Boca, that's just a piece up the road here. . . . Fur from your home, ain't it . . . you're from the North, aintcha?"

Wade looked steadily back at the small pupiled, narrowed, blue eyes.

"Yeah, long way from the Bronx."

They lapsed into silence. The bus was drawing into Lauderdale. Bags scraped against the racks as people swung them down. There was a belabored movement toward the door. The man next to Wade quickly transferred to a vacated seat a few rows up. White civilians and soldiers surged into the bus, filling all but the seat where the three Negroes sat, and the space next to Wade. Then six Negroes came aboard. Among them was a woman cluttered with packages and trailing a small boy who clung to a large hat box. The six moved to the rear, where those seated squirmed closer to allow the woman to sit, her bundles falling crazily all over her. She was about to draw her son into a more comfortable position, when Wade called softly, "Miss." She hesitated, her eyes widening. But Wade got up and led the boy back with him. They settled comfortably on the cushions, the bus vibrating under them.

Wade noticed the narrow neck curving up from a blue collar, the shaven head, the thin, bony legs shooting out from wide, short pants. His eyes followed the profile down, over the sleepy, drooping eyes, down to the swelling, sensitive lips. He thought of the weary mass clumped together at the back, of the thickened, stubby fingered driver, of the well dressed, carefree people in between. His stomach writhed.

A few fragments came of things he had seen and thoughts he had thought before, over and over again. . . . A crammed bus, a boy standing for forty-five miles, because his father restrains him from the empty space between Wade and another Negro—the boy's questioning, tired expression. . . . Automobile headlights slowing until their glare exposes a black G.I. whose thumb points down the road, then the rapid, sudden growl of the motor as the driver kicks the gas and the roar becomes a murmur, and darkness hides the black skin.

Fear jarred him. What had he done? There was this boy, so simple, so unknowing of his danger, his eyes drooping, his face at peace. . . . Suppose this driver. . . . A few weeks before a woman and her baby had been beaten and thrown into the road because she had stood up front in an Alabama bus. He imagined he saw the boy's body lying at the side of the road, limp like a sleeper but for blood oozing from the cheek.

He should have left the boy with his mother. Who was he to risk some one else's safety? He turned, looked beyond the white faces between him and the back. The woman was holding her packages to her breast as though they were babies. Her eyes were bright and steady, and her face was firm. Wade felt a warmth flow through him, pointed his head forward again.

The boy was not quite asleep. Wade took the box from his hands. Below the boxtop a model of a modern army camp was laid out like a map.

"What's your name, son?"

"Russell."

"Well, Russell, I don't suppose you've ever been on an Army post before . . ."

"Oh yes Ah have, suh. My Oncle's a sojer. He give me this."

Wade examined the toy. There was an airfield with soldiers arrayed in parade formation at one corner of the flight line, hangars, planes.

"Do you know what all these things are?" Wade asked.

"Ah know whut that is," said the boy sleepily, pointing to the airfield.

"A soldier must know what everything is, Russ. I'll tell you what all these things are so you can be a good soldier." Wade motioned with his finger. "That's the barracks where you're hauled out every morning for reveille. These buildings where roads lead . . . this is post headquarters. Over here, see this . . . this must be . . . this is the hospital." Wade frowned. "Yes, this is the hospital. . . ."

"Yazzuh." The boy's voice was slurry and weary.

"Every post has a hospital." Wade began to ponder. Something on the tire was hitting the road making a sound like someone tapping steadily on a desk. It stopped almost as soon as Wade noticed it, drowned by the jarring of suitcases in the overhead racks. Again Wade felt a slight tremor go through him and die away. He turned to the boy. But this time Russell's eyelids had drooped all the way.

When the bus arrived at Delray, Wade helped the woman to the door with her son and her packages. The skin of his cheek tingled as he sensed the gray cap of the busdriver, and the stubby fingers clutched around the wheel.

The woman was looking up from below the steps, her packages bottomed by her arms . . . hiding almost all of her face. Only her eyes showed, and they did not move from Wade's face until the bus moved. A peculiar thrill took hold of him. A confusion in him was mixed with thankfulness. He felt that he was in touch with something strange and indefinably wonderful.

"Thank you, soldier. . . . God bless you, soldier." The sleepy boy was clinging to her skirt.

"Bye sojer," the boy echoed as the doors met.

Wade returned to the same seat. At first he felt that the eyes of everyone were on him. But he could hear only "Bye, sojer."

As the bus approached Delray, Wade went to the front. The headlights were funneling through the familiar row of palms and cultivated palmettoes, the white houses with Spanish tile roofs. Wade

looked at the neck of the bus driver, bulging out from above his tight uniform collar. He wondered if he would say anything. The bus driver slowly pulled his wheel to the right, steadily pumping his bakes. He looked straight ahead.

Wade got off.

He took a deep breath, raising his head to the sky. The clouds were shredded into lace. A cool breeze teased his cheek, the sensation multiplying to a tingle that played over his entire body. His legs felt lighter and limber. He felt as though he could sprint all the way to Valerie's. But he contained himself. The wind could rustle through the trees like a thousand pencils tapping, but he walked ahead with long, clean strides.

Valerie showed a compressed face. The piano was closed, the room was empty of any sign of activity. . . . Only Valerie there in a dim, meaningless maze of meaningless objects . . . with her eyes turned down, going through the senseless but somehow necessary gesture of taking his cap, waiting aside until he sat. She was then sitting in a chair near the wall, her hands lightly clasped, her eyes on the carpet.

"I went to Miami." The words cracked hard on his ear. "I didn't intend to come here."

Her eyes rose, sunken, but witch-like and infant-like in their brightness, and then they dropped. "I see," she murmured.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have come . . . ?"

Valerie was biting her lip. She didn't answer.

". . . but I learnt something on the way here, Valerie. Whatever you tell me, I'll be glad I came. I started to sit in the back of the bus, Valerie, but. . . ."

Valerie's eyes gleamed, and she shut them.

"You don't have to tell me what you did, Wade. I think I know."

He stammered and abruptly closed his lips.

"Wade," her words were hesitant, groping, "something happened last night. I dreamt I heard typewriter keys clicking all night long. When I woke up keys were still clicking . . . clicking steady. It just seemed right that keys should be clicking." Then her eyes were on him, struggling to say something. Suddenly she cried despairingly, "Oh Wade, I'm crazy about my pop!"

Her eyes were turning to a black, sparkling, volatile liquid. A thrill shot through Wade. But in a second Wade's handkerchief was balled up in the hollows of her eyes and his voice was muffling her sobs.

Genetics and the Cold War[1]

The ideological struggle between socialism and capitalism is being waged on all levels of social activity. Since science, even the "purest" science, takes place in society, it is not surprising that scientific questions are being used as weapons in the cold war in an attempt to discredit the Soviet system and Marxism in general, and to emphasize the incompatibility between "east" and "west." Thus H. J. Muller, Nobel prize winner in genetics, declares, "Unhappily it is necessary to confess that there no longer seems any chance of saving the core of biological science in that (the Soviet) section of the world, short of a political overturn."[2]

It is in this spirit that most of the discussions about Lysenko have been conducted in the capitalist world. The principal political attack has centered around questions of "purges." Several times in the past 15 years, there were reports that Vavilov had been arrested or destroyed because he disagreed with Lysenko. Even Vavilov's letter to the *New York Times* in 1936 protesting the reports did not discourage the purge hunters. When Vavilov died during the war, it was immediately charged by anti-Soviet snipers that Lysenko was responsible. C. D. Darlington (FRS) was moved to declare,

> The leading Russian geneticists have been eliminated in the course of this long political intrigue. There are no longer questions that can be argued about in Russia. All those who have been prepared to argue have been put away. (This was written before the discussions conducted this summer.)

Sax[3] mentioned several geneticists from whom he had heard nothing for some time, implying that something wicked had been done to them. Zhebrak answered Sax, pointing specifically to articles written by Navashin, one of the "missing," in the period when he was allegedly dead. But Sax, undaunted, went on to "where are" other geneticists. His starting point, also his conclusion, is that Russia abounds in concentration camps, and that unless a man is obviously kicking up a fuss, he is to be presumed incarcerated.

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[1] This article was prepared as a preliminary report following full discussions of the NEW FOUNDATIONS science seminar of the available data on the Lysenko controversy. Futher work is planned. We hope our readers will send in their comments, and that those interested in working with the seminar will let us know.—The Editors.

[2] Muller, H. J., *Saturday Review of Literature*, Dec. 14, 1948.

[3] Sax, *Science*, 99: 298-9, 1944.

However, it would be a waste of effort to refute each purge charge individually. More significant is the complete failure of the critics to understand the discussion process which provided the excuse for most of the charges. The adoption of new ideas is often a very slow process. Many years elapsed, for example, between the development of the theory of evolution and its acceptance. The Soviet discussions are a procedure designed to accelerate the interaction of ideas, to concentrate attention upon basic problems, and thus to facilitate the growth of science. For the last 15 years, conferences have been called in the USSR to discuss genetics. Each time there has been lively debate, (too lively for Muller, who left in a huff although he breathes not a word of his own participation in his articles for the Saturday Review of Literature). Out of these discussions a general conclusion is reached (a concensus of opinion, not an edict). Yet no conclusion is ever final; new discussions are held after a period of time for reevaluation in light of new data. The discussion process served to bring out Lysenko's ideas and work, and to open new fields for investigation. These discussions, further, are an essential method of obtaining the unity between theory and practices which characterizes Soviet Science. But it does not, cannot, limit ideas or restrict investigations.

Why then have certain geneticists been dismissed? Mitin, summing up the 1939 conference, declared, "We can and must have theoretical quarrels. *We should therefore rebuke and exclude from science any administrators that would hinder such development.*" (Our emphasis). Thus, some scientists have been removed from administrative posts not for their views, but because they hampered the development of research.

We can now see how it is that Zhebrak was removed from office as President of the White Russian Academy of Sciences, yet is still actively at work on his own research.

THE THEORY

There is no Chinese wall separating the scientific issues from the political, and those who, for political reasons, distort the nature of the discussion process cannot avoid distorting the content of Lysenko's theory as well. Muller, expounding on why communists support Lysenko, "It is the type of mind that sees things as only black and white, yes and no, and so cannot admit the importance of both heredity and environment." Objective seeker for truth that he is, he ignores Lysenko's comments which show a full recognition of the role of heredity,

> Every organism develops, builds its body in accordance with its nature, its heredity. For example, one can feed a calf and a lamb on the same hay. But

assimilating the same hay, a lamb will develop and grow according to its nature into a sheep, and a calf into a cow.[4]

To be sure, we point out also that as a rule the alterations of plant organisms induced by the living conditions affect the heredity of the progeny of these plants only slightly.[5]

An alteration of the nature of separate body parts of a plant organism may leave the heredity of the offspring completely unaffected, partly affected, or it may be transmitted in its entirety.[6]

The "objective" scientists of capitalism also charge that Lysenko denies that chromosomes are agents of heredity. Thus Kaempfert maintains that Lysenko would say, "Change the environment and heredity takes care of itself without benefit of chromosomes." Yet Lysenko is very explicit on this point. After discussing his experiments in which he proves that the chromosomes are not the *sole* bearers of hereditary material, he asks, "Does this detract from the role of the chromosomes? Not in the least. Is heredity transmitted through the chromosomes in the sexual process? Of course it is."[7]

UnMullerized, Lysenko's theory states that the heredity of an organism is not limited to any one region of its cells although all parts are not of equal importance. He defines heredity as the property of an organism and its parts of requiring definite environmental conditions and reacting in a definite way to various conditions. If there is a change in the environment, some parts of the organism are changed and their chemical interrelations with the other parts are altered. To the extent that the chemical products of the body parts are changed from their normal state, and continue to enter into the bio-chemical processes leading to the formation of the sex cells, the new character is inherited.

As mentioned before, not all changes are inherited. Mutilation, for example cutting of the tails of mice for generations, is definitely *not* regarded by Lysenko as being the means of altering heredity. Lysenko's concept of hereditary change is not at all that of Lamarck's, and those who would attempt to abolish Lysenko by refuting Lamarck are duelling with windmills.

Lysenko lists three ways of changing the heredity of an organism:

1. *Hybridization*: The mating of two different types, producing offspring with a new set of internal conditions, is accepted as standard procedure by most geneticists.

2. *Grafting*: In one experiment, Lysenko took a stem from a

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[4] Lysenko, T., *Heredity and Its Variability*, p. 4.
[5] *Ibid.* p. 28.
[6] *Ibid.* p. 25.
[7] Lysenko, *The Science of Biology Today*, p. 53.

tomato plant with compound leaves and yellow fruit (the scion) and grafted it onto a red-fruited plant with simple leaves (the stock). Seed from the fruit of the stock were planted. Some of these seeds developed into plants with compound leaves and yellow fruit although they would normally have had red fruit and simple leaves. A transformation of heredity had taken place without any exchange of genes and chromosomes. The scion and stock interchanged the chemical substances produced by the organism in the course of its development; the seed formed on the scion was influenced by the chemical products of the stock, and *vice versa,* transmitting some of the characters of both to the resulting plants.

3. *Direct environmental treatment* of plants at the proper stage in their development. The most striking application of this principle has been in the vernalization of grains. Lysenko's work in vernalization alone merits him an honorary place in the roster of agronomical science. Previously it had been believed that winter wheat, which is sown in the fall, was merely a more hardy, cold-resisting variety of wheat capable of withstanding the rigors of winter. Actually, winter wheat will not grow if sown in the spring, even if provided food, moisture, and air. Lysenko subjected the shoots of winter wheat to treatment with cold, not in the open field, but in the granaries. When the shoots just began to break forth from the grain, he planted them in the spring. These plants then behaved like spring cereals *in succeeding generations* because the cold treatment resulted in altering their metabolism and therefore their seeds. They will now *require* higher vernalization temperatures. One hereditary variety of wheat has been transformed into another hereditary variety.

Evidence of the inheritance of acquired characteristics is by no means limited to the examples given here. At the conference held this summer in the Soviet Union, the full text of which is not yet available in English, data confirming the effects of grafting and environmental treatment was presented by many workers in fruits, grains, and even animal breeding. Outside of the Soviet Union work has been done on graft hybridization by Daniel in France, and stock-scion interactions are known to the horticulturists although the geneticists generally are not familiar with them.

LYSENKO AND THE MENDELIANS

The charge is often made that Lysenko discards the whole of the experimental facts of Mendelian genetics and that he considers modern genetics to be no different from the genetics of 1910. Indeed, it has been suggested that he is unfamiliar with anything published since that date.

Lysenko *does not* deny the experimental facts of Mendelian genetics, but only their non-empirical riders. There is some valuable work being done in America today which points in the same direction as Lysenko's work. For example, Sonneborn studied heredity in paramecia, which reproduce by division. When rabbits are given a series of injections of paramecia, blood serum from the rabbit will paralyze the normally rapidly swimming paramecia, but only those of the same strain as those injected. Paramecia that were paralyzed and recovered were transformed into one of five different strains, and the strain character was thereafter inherited. By regulating the conditions of the paramecia when they are being treated with serum, it is possible to determine into which strain they will be transformed. Thus, a specific treatment can produce a specific change in the organism, and this acquired character will be inherited. Other work, also similar to that of Lysenko, is being done, mainly by the younger geneticists, but all of them have thus far ignored Lysenko's contributions.

Lysenko is primarily critical, not of these experiments, but of the approach of the geneticists, an approach which is dominated by the prevalent idealist, capitalist philosophies (although the geneticists themselves are unconscious of this influence).

The early geneticists divided the organism into distinct entities, the germ plasm (*hereditary* material) and the somatoplasm (the body material). Whereas the somatoplasm was conceived to be a dynamic and changing system, reacting with the environment and influenced by it, the germplasm was considered something apart from the life of the organism (as the "soul" used to be considered separate from the body) and not subject to change. There was thought to be only a one-way relationship between the two: the germplasm controled the traits of the somatoplasm. Further, the germplasm itself was considered to be composed of independent units, genes, each of which had its own little sphere of influence, a particular trait which it controlled and transmitted. The somatoplasm came to be regarded as merely the protector and show case of the genes, which were considered primary.

This early genetics clearly exhibits the influence of idealist philosophies: isolated, independent unchanging units were conceived to be the determinants of the whole organism. As the science developed, the geneticist was caught in the contradiction between this idealist outlook and the realities of nature which popped up in the course of research, forcing modifications of the theory. The whole history of genetics has been one of the struggle of geneticists to master their material, thus bringing their work into contradiction with their philosophical approach.

Thus the theories were modified. First, it was recognized that genes

interact, and that the effect of the combined sum of two genes may differ qualitatively from the sum of their effects separately. A gene's position came to be recognized as a factor influencing its effect. Mutations were discovered and produced by radiation. But they were regarded as something outside the life process of the organism, and unpredictable. More recently internal factors influencing the mutation rate have been found, but the mutations are still unpredictable. In recent years, too, there have been several investigations of the influence of the cytoplasm in heredity, of the inheritance of environmentally produced variations, and of the interaction among genes, cytoplasm, and environment.

But outside of the Marxism biologists, few scientists, even among those doing the work, have recognized the significance of these discoveries. The prevailing attitude is that they are unpleasant complications, exceptions to the nice, neat Mendelian laws. Although the geneticist may work with the details of such "complications" in his laboratory, the more removed a question is from them the less need he feels to examine and discuss it in light of his laboratory work. Thus in the high schools and colleges, genetics is taught in the "pure" form, and then hints are given of complications. In popular articles, reviews for encyclopedias, etc., the authors cannot go into all the fine details, but must select what they consider the essence of the matter. The idealist approach still prevails in these works.

That the old idealist approach still dominates genetics is seen from Sonneborn's address before the AAAS in September 1948 where the *Herald Tribune* reports that he "argued that *the classic concept of the gene as the basic determiner of hereditary characters must undergo modification* and that there is another area of the cell, known as the cytoplasm, which plays a major role in transmitting characteristics from one generation to the next. . . . Several experts pointed out that this evidence . . . adds a new concept to genetics because it *modifies the classic view* of the gene as the sole determiner of hereditary characteristics." (Italics ours.)[8] Apparently despite the fact that he recognizes that the classical approach must be modified, Dr. Sonneborn avoids evaluating its idealist basis.

But this modified approach is far from being assimilated by genetics. Especially now, because of the stir caused by Lysenko and the cold war denunciations of him, the modernization of genetics is a painful and slow process. As if to reassure any prowling committeeman, the above cited *Herald Tribune* article was headed:

"U. S. GENETICIST BOLSTERS ROLE OF ENVIRONMENT; BUT DR. SONNEBORN DENIES HIS WORK AIDS RUSSIANS."

[8] *New York Herald Tribune*, Sept. 14, 1948.

And although Sonneborn might have profitably discussed some of Lysenko's results in his paper, not a word was breathed about them.

The cold war, further, forces geneticists to distort even their own work to join in the polemics. Muller, in his letter of resignation from the Soviet Academy of Sciences, declared: "Objective geneticists . . . established the existence of a separate material of heredity which is not influenced in any corresponding way by modifications of the phenotype (conditions of the organism)." Does Muller forget that he himself supports the theory in regard to inheritance of antigens, that concentrations of these substances in the cell stimulate the action of the gene?

Genetics, then, is not the same as it was forty years ago. But its approach is still predominantly idealist. It has made progress, but has had to be bludgeoned by the facts of the material world, into the new lines of research. In spite of the cold war and its own idealism, new notions are infiltrating into genetics, but it has yet to become conscious of its direction, to anticipate the new lines of research, and to develop control over the material with which it deals. This is the task of Marxist biology.

Marxism and Biology

The critics of Lysenko refuse to recognize that Marxism *is* a science. They prefer to portray it as a religion. They delight in using such terms as "heresy," "repentence," "the fold," etc., to make it appear that Marxism is a rigid dogma apart from science and being imposed on it.

Applying Marxism to biology means nothing but bringing to bear on biological problems the experiences of all the sciences, natural and social. By raising questions and suggesting lines of approach, Marxism stimulated the Soviet researchers and in that sense guided the Lysenkoists. It caused them to be dissatisfied with the idealist Mendelian approach. They realized that no part of the organism can be completely uninfluenced by its relations with other parts, although they could not describe the nature and extent of these influences on the basis of their Marxism. They were able to see the direction in which genetics was moving; to raise this movement to a conscious level, anticipating the new lines of research rather than waiting to be bludgeoned into them; and to set the task not only of understanding the world, but also of changing it. Genetics is still studied, but its *scope* has been broadened, as is illustrated by the variety of titles appearing in the 1948 reports of the Academy of Sciences: "Peculiarities in the Growth and Developmen of Polypoid Forms (forms with a multiple of the normal chromosome number) of Citrus," "Interdependence of Chromo-

somes, Cellular Nucleotides, Rapidity of Development and Manifestation of Traits," "'Action Time' of the Curly Gene," "Genetic Differences of Animals with Identical Geneology." Thus the Soviet scientists are studying non-genic factors as well as the genes, and examining the interrelation between the two.

The rejection of the integration of science and philosophy on the part of most geneticists is matched by an uneasiness about integrating science with society, with practice. The critics regard it to the discredit of the Lysenko movement that it grew out of the Five-Year plans, the need to improve crops in short time to raise the living standards of the Soviet peoples. They attempt to reduce the Marxist concept of the test of experience to a vulgar pragmatism which subordinates truth to tonnage. This attitude itself springs from the position of the scientist in the capitalist world today, where he is frequently a professor or a commercialized wage laborer for a seed or drug concern; in any case where he is forced to accept the political line of the cold war—or else.

A significant aspect of the Lysenko approach is its removal of the antagonism between theory and practice. To the Lysenkoists, "A theoretical grounding in agronomy . . . must include knowledge of biological laws. The more profoundly the science of biology reveals the laws of life and development of living bodies, the more effective is the science of agronomy."[9] On the other hand, the actual practice of agronomy deepens the understanding of the laws of biology by raising new fundamental problems, providing new experiences to be analyzed, and providing the opportunity for large scale tests. Lysenko's investigations of the differences between winter and spring wheat, his studies of why cotton grew so poorly in the Ukraine and why potatoes degenerated in southern climates not only enabled the Soviets to increase wheat production one million metric tons before the war (one of the "dubious successes" admitted by Muller) and to grow cotton in the Ukraine and potatoes in the south, but also led to the development of the theory of vernalization and eventually his theories of inheritance. It was his work as an agronomist which forced Lysenko to concern himself with such traits as frost resistance and growth rhythms and other biologically significant characteristics, which are more subject to directed hereditary modification than say the eye color of fruit flies, a favorite laboratory study which has some value but is extremely limited.

This unity of theory and practice is manifested in the close cooperation between the Lysenkoists and the collective farmers. Lysenko conducts a voluminous correspondence with the farmers, and they in turn are being drawn more and more into active participation in scientific

[9] Lysenko, *Science of Biology Today*, p. 9.

research and discussion. Muller does not like this. He sneers at Lysenko as a "peasant turned plant breeder."

The villifiers of Lysenko mock at his distinction between bourgeois science and socialist science. Yet precisely because they are so tied to the capitalist state and its philosophies are they mobilized for the cold war; they distort not only Lysenko's theories, but even their own research. Lysenko's science is qualitatively different; it is a socialist Marxist science in that:

1. It raises the struggle to master material reality to a qualitatively new and conscious level, thus bringing it directly into conflict with the idealist approach prevalent in capitalist countries.

2. It is science, conscious of its position in society, designed to expand the material base for abundance, a science based on the unity of theory and practice possible only under socialism;

3. By drawing large numbers of people into the discussions, by popularizing science without vulgarizing it, by its close unity with the working and farm population, it is breaking down the gulf between manual and intellectual labor and is thereby helping lay the groundwork for the construction of Communism.

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Soviet Planning

BOOK REVIEW

Soviet Economic Development Since 1917, Maurice Dobb, International Publishers, New York 1948, $4.00

THE Soviet Union is the first State in history where the working class has controlled the political apparatus and owned the means of production. Furthermore, the Soviet Union is the first country where a planned economy, centrally coordinated, has been put into successful operation. Upon these foundations, as Mr. Dobb shows in his book, the present economy of the USSR has been built.

Dobb's book performs a two-fold function. On the one hand it drives home the practical lessons of Soviet experience over three decades; on the other, it formulates broad principles of socialist construction which can be applied to any area in the world within the limits of local needs and resources. This work is a must for students who would understand the Soviet economic system and its meaning for the capitalist world.

The question is often asked, just how does the Soviet planning system work? This is a natural question, and the answer is impossible to find in the capitalist press. Let us see how socialist principles are put into democratic practice.

The entire economic life of the USSR is guided by a single State-wide economic plan. In it are set forth the production goals for industry and agriculture for five year periods, but these in turn are subdivided into one year and four-month intervals. From the Supreme Soviet, through its Council of Ministers, the State Planning Commission (Gosplan) receives a general statement on the chief tasks for the coming years and the relative emphasis to be placed on key areas of the economy. With this as a guide, Gosplan charts the specific requirements demanded of the various Ministries, Republics, territories, and regions, and how these should be met in terms of plant and materials. The proposed tasks are sent through all planning agencies—in the autonomous and Union Republics, regions, districts, and so forth—till they reach the factories themselves. As an example, let us look at the Stalin hydro-turbine plant in Leningrad. The factory, through the collective efforts of its personnel, studies the tasks set by Gosplan. Plant managers and trade union committees, with office and shop workers taking part, discuss the proposed production of four turbines in the coming year and thirty in the next five years.

When the ability of the Stalin plant to meet the Government's needs has been decided upon, complete outlines of plans for the factory, in all its operations, are sent to the next higher echelon in the planning system. The plans thus

funnel to the top, till they reach Gosplan, which has the advantage of a genuine bird's-eye view of the total economy. Then the estimates are coordinated and a draft overall plan is submitted to the Government for approval. The Five Year Plan itself is ratified by the Supreme Soviet, while the annual plans are approved by the Council of Ministers. Once approved, the Plan becomes the law of the land, binding on all participating branches of the economy.

Returning to the Stalin hydro-turbine plant, the estimate of four turbines, it turns out, has been revised upward to five for the first year and forty in five years. Necessary changes in plant and labor force must be made, for the Plan estimate is regarded as the minimum that must be produced. Workers and managers set to work to achieve the new goals. But more than physical labor is involved. Along with the wisdom gained from daily toil, workers contribute a feeling of intense pride in *their* Plan. Competitions between the Stalin plant and the neighboring Molotov cable works spring up. Which will surpass its quota first? The factory scoreboards are closely scanned.

Then lathe operator Trufinov of the Stalin plant comes up with a suggestion: Why not assemble the main shaft of the hydro-turbine in one operation, thus saving time and labor? Trufinov's suggestion is examined and found practical. By putting it into operation, the plant can revise its quota upward. The worker himself receives a handsome bonus. Even more important, Gosplan at the top can use its vantage point to change the overall estimates. The Stalin plants' innovation will enable the Volga Dam Project to put a new section into operation one month ahead of time. But this is not all! With a new source of power in the Volga area, a much needed rolling mill can be set up; for from the Krivoi Rog blast furnace has come word that its steel output will be exceeded.

Thus all along the line—from all sections of the economy, in all phases of the annual and overall Plans—estimates are moved upward. The cumulative effect of such a grass roots movement is enormous. That is why the First Five Year Plan was completed nine months ahead of time; that is why the Soviet armies received the equipment to beat back the Nazi invaders.

As is made clear in *Soviet Economic Development Since 1917*, the Plan in practice is the scientific test of social hypotheses. Called forth by national needs, it assures the fulfilment of those needs. As the situation changes, as new shortcomings and new potentialities are revealed, the Plan itself changes. Its superiority over the anarchy of capitalist production is obvious. The Plan is a people's Plan. It makes for concentration of available resources upon most pressing needs. It makes for efficient distribution of labor and resources. It strikes a balance be-

tween the productive and distributive branches of the economy. It enables the total mobilization of national resources for the raising of living standards and the defense of the nation.

By assembling in one volume the essential features of the economic structure of the USSR, previously available only in highly technical individual works, Professor Dobb has performed a valuable service for students of Socialist economics. The chapters on Tsarist economic policy, on War Communism, and the NEP are skillfully handled, as are the dramatic achievements of the first three Five Year Plans, the War, and the postwar reconstruction. Throughout, the guiding role of the Communist Party, under the leadership of Lenin and Stalin, is given due prominence, though perhaps not quite in the manner one would desire. Dobb seems to regard its decisions more as tactical "acts of faith and courage" than as *conscious* acts based upon a mastery of Marxist-Leninist principles, applied not as a dogma but as a weapon of analysis. Yet it is only conscious analysis that enables the Party to pierce to the core of the situation and grasp the essential needs of the moment.

Unfortunately, one gets the impression that Mr. Dobb sacrifices an opportunity to rebut capitalist apologists in his introduction to maintain an aura of academic respectability. For instance, he neglects to point out the full consequences of bourgeois preoccupation with notions of smooth adjustment and complete equilibrium. The study of such ideal systems is unfruitful not only because, as the author indicates, the study of dynamic economic conditions "might be a more crucial test of the contribution made by an economic system to human welfare"; but also because their underlying assumption of a static reality precludes any real understanding of the contradictions in capitalism and the working of economic laws. Bourgeois economists are so intent on rationalizing and palliating the evils in capitalism that they miss the real significance of the revolutionary break embodied in the Soviet development. As Mr. Dobb points out, economics gets a new perspective and a new set of questions to answer, and the very idea of equilibrium undergoes a change: *Socialist society requires Socialist economic theory.* In this respect, Mr. Dobb's book helps us to understand the necessity of formulating a realistic theory of Socialist construction.

S.W.

Soviet Union in Fifty Books

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Dulles, Foster Rhea, *The Road to Teheran: the Story of Russia and America.* Princeton University Press, Princeton, 1944. 279 pp. The relations between the people of the United States and the people of Russia from the early days of the American independence to those of the common association of the two nations in the world struggle against Nazi Germany.

Litvinoff, Maxim, *Against Aggression.* International Publishers, New York, 1939. 208 pp. Speeches by Maxim Litvinoff made up to the time of Munich at the League of Nations and in the USSR. Essential reading for an understanding of the development of Soviet foreign policy.

Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the USSR, *Document and Materials Relating*

to the Eve of the 2nd World War, Vol. 1 and Vol. 2. 1937-1938 International Publishers, New York, 1948. 314 and 243 pp.

Moore, Harriet L., *Soviet Far Eastern Policy, 1931-1945.* Princeton University Press, Princeton, 1945. 284 pp. Documentary account of Soviet relations in the Far East from the date of Japan's invasion of Manchuria up to 1945.

Sayers, Michael and Kahn, Albert E. *The Great Conspiracy: the Secret War Against Soviet Russia.* Little, Brown, Boston, 1946. 433 pp. Documented narrative about the personalities who fomented treason and terror within the Soviet Union and the international plot directed against the Soviet Union.

Schuman, Frederick L., *Soviet Politics at Home and Abroad.* Knopf, New York, 1946. 663 pp. Review of the record of politics and diplomacy in the USSR, including the text of the constitution, important treaties and major statements of purpose. It is focused on the relationship between domestic developments and the course of Soviet foreign policy.

GOVERNMENT

American Russian Institute, *USSR in Reconstruction.* New York, 1944. 160 pp. Series of article on the problems of post-war reconstruction and the measures being taken by the Soviets to meet them.

Calcett, Mary, *Russian Justice.* Macmillan, New York, 1935. 265 pp. Careful description of court procedure and treatment of prisoners.

Harper, Samuel N., *The Government and the Soviet Union.* Van Nostrand, New York, 1938. 204 pp. Textbook for American universities. Contains sections on the historical development of government in Russia and the USSR; the structure of government; determination of policy; the state and the individual; and the Soviet Union and the world.

Simon, E. D. and others, *Moscow in the Making.* Longmans, Green, New York, 1937. 253 pp. This slim volume discusses in concise form: the Soviets, the Soviet Parliament, local authority, planning and finance and the Soviet state in war and reconstruction.

Strong, Anna, L., *The New Soviet Constitution.* Henry Holt, New York, 1937. 169 pp. Account of the historical development of the 1936 Constitution with an analysis of the provisions of the Constitution.

Webb, Beatrice and Sidney, *The Truth about Soviet Russia.* Longmans, Green. New York, 1942. 128 pp. In simple and concise form the Webbs answer the questions: Is Stalin a Dictator? Is the USSR a Political Democracy? What is the One-Party System?

Vyshinsky, Andrei Y. (editor), *The Law of the Soviet State,* Macmillan Co., New York, 1948, 749 pp.

HISTORY

Duranty, Walter, *Duranty Reports Russia.* Viking Press, New York, 1934, 401 pp. Good especially for the early years of the Soviet Union.

History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, International Publishers, New York, 1939. 364 pp. Official Communist Party publication. Covers the period from 1883 to 1937, with special reference to the history of the Communist Party.

Pares, Bernard, *History of Russia.* Knopf, New York, 1944, 575 pp. The most complete and detailed history of Russia available in English.

Reed, John, *Ten Days that Shook the World,* Modern Library, New York, 1935. 371 pp. The best account of the November, 1917 revolution by an eye-witness and containing the most important documents of the period.

LABOR AND THE TRADE UNIONS

Dobb, Maurice, *Soviet Planning and Labor in Peace and War.* International Publishers, New York, 1943. 124 pp. Deals with economic planning in the U.S.S.R., the financial system, work and wages and the economic effects of the war.

Ward, Harry F., *The Soviet Spirit.* International Publishers, New York, 1944. 160 pp. A study of incentives for labor with special emphasis on the war period and the battle for production.

Smith, Edwin S., *Organized Labor in the Soviet Union.* National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, New York, 1943. 47 pp. How the trade unions operate in the Soviet Union.

Buck, Pearl S., *Talk About Russia with Masha Scott.* John Day, New York, 1945. 128 pp. The human story of life in the Soviet Union as told by Masha Scott, the Russian wife of an American correspondent.

Crankshaw, Edward, *Russia and the Russians.* Viking Press, New York, 1948. 223 pp.

Davies, Raymond and Steiger, Andrew, *Soviet Asia.* Dial Press, New York, 1942. 384 pp. A full and up-to-date account of the U.S.S.R. east of the Urals.

Embassy of the U.S.S.R., *The Sixteen Soviet Republics.* Embassy of the U.S.S.R., Washington, D. C. 32 pp. A pamphlet, liberally illustrated, with statistical information about the sixteen major areas of the Soviet Union.

Lamont, Corliss, *The People of the Soviet Union.* Harcourt Brace, New York, 1946. 229 pp. Vivid and factual description of the almost two hundred peoples of the Soviet Union and of the unique Soviet minorities' policy.

RELIGION

Casey, Robert R., *Religion in Russia.* Harper and Bros., New York, 1946. 198 pp. Objective account of the history and prospects of religion in Russia.

SCIENCE AND PUBLIC HEALTH

Ashby, Eric, *Scientists in Russia.* Penguin Books, Middlesex, New York, 1947, 252 pp.

Crowther, J. G., *Soviet Science.* Dutton, New York, 1935. 342 pp. Account of the work being done in thirty leading scientific institutes in the U.S.S.R.

Lysenko, T. D., *The Science of Biology Today.* International Publishers, New York, 1948. 62 pp. See discussion, this issue of N. F.

Sigerist, Henry E., M.D., *Medicine and Health in the Soviet Union.* Citadel Press, New York, 1947. 364 pp.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Halle, Fannina, *Women in Soviet Russia.* Viking Press, New York, 1935. 409 pp. A careful and thorough study of the place of women in old Russia and in the Soviet Union. Discusses mores as well as actual participation of women in social, economic and political life.

Smith, Anna K., *Health and Welfare Services for Mothers and Children in the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics.* Children's Bureau, United States Department of Labor, Washington, D. C., 1945. 40 pp. A report gathered entirely from published Russian sources.

BIOGRAPHY

Krupskaya, Nadezhda, *Memories of Lenin.* 2 Vols. International Publishers, New York, 1937. 456 pp. The author, Lenin's wife and life-companion, tells in these reminiscences how he lived and worked.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

Fighting Words, International Publishers, New York, 1949, $2.50.

Soviet Economic Development Since 1917, by Maurice Dobb, International Publishers, New York, 1949, $4.00.

Soviet Literature Since the Revolution, by Joshua Kunitz, Gaer Associates, New York, 1949, $6.00.

Israel, by I. F. Stone, Gaer Associates, New York, 1949.

Eimi, by E. E. Cummings, Wm. Sloane, New York, 1949, $5.00.

Robinson, by Emery Neff, Wm. Sloane, New York, 1948, $3.50.

Thoreau, by Joseph Wood Krutch, Wm. Sloane, New York, 1948, $3.50.

Ordeal by Fire, Fletcher Pratt, Wm. Sloane, New York, 1949, $5.00.

Popcorn on the Ginza, by Lucy Herndon Crockett, Wm. Sloane, New York, 1949, $3.50.

Stalin & Co., by Wm. Sloane, New York, 1949, $3.00.

Charity of the Stars, by John Heath-Stubbs, Wm. Sloane, New York, 1949, $2.50.

The Universe and Dr. Einstein, by Lincoln Barnett, Wm. Sloane, New York, 1949, $2.50.

Letters We Like to Receive

Southern California
February, 1949

Dear Editor:

Although progress along the lines I wrote you about has been much slower than we had hoped, there *has* been progress. At last we have *New Foundations* agents on major campuses in Southern California, and expect a few on the smaller campuses shortly. This has been the main stumbling block. Secondly, after a couple of months of rather furious debate, a general agreement on the more precise character of the work has been reached among wide circles of NF friends. Hence, with the beginning of the new semester, at least the very minimum conditions for systematic work have been established.

We know that as far as the magazine itself goes, the most pressing problem is the financial one. I am enclosing some funds which will meet a part of our obligation to you. We are planning a couple of money-raising events in the near future—and I promise to rush the proceeds to you as soon as I can.

Meanwhile, our perspective for the semester envisions the holding of a founding conference of a New Foundations Society around March 13th. The idea is to set up a loose kind of outfit, but one with enough organization to guarantee the developing of Marxist creative work in various cultural and scientific fields. The whole business to be based upon the continued building of NF's circulation and *active* following. The conference itself will stress content rather than organizational questions—that is, we want the conference to be a major cultural event in the city—and at the same time a sort of call to student intellectuals to consider the dangers of militarism and fascism to democratic culture and progressive science. We'll want to feature people like Lawson, Pablo O'Higgens, etc. Some papers now in preparation will be read—one on the effect of militarism on scientific research, another on legal aspects of American fascism, another perhaps on idealism in physics—all by students. The question of membership in the society will probably be settled something like this: a person pays one fee, which simultaneously makes him a member and also buys him a sub to NF.

Now to conclude with some assorted requests and questions: first, could you please send a load of sub blanks directly to me? We need them badly. Second, we have a guy—an art student and a fine painter—who is going to Mexico for a year's study in a few weeks. Would you be interested in his working up either an art work or an article or both concerned with the trends in Mexican art, etc?

John Wilson

* * *

The next issue of *New Foundations* will be built around the struggle for the national liberation of the Negro people.

Please send us material and suggestions for this issue by February 28. Plan ahead to help sell it to greater numbers of students than have ever read NF before.

An Appeal For Action

The first major casualty of the "cold war's" effect on the campus was the expulsion of James Zarichny from Michigan State College. In his case emerges the pattern of thought control being clamped upon the thoughts and actions of the people of the United States as an aspect of the drive of big business to subjugate the world.

The pattern is clear. First, Jimmy took action opposing discrimination, one of the major weapons used by imperialists—in the United States as it was in Nazi Germany—to divide and smash all opposition to the war drive. For distributing a leaflet supporting FEPC, Jimmy was placed on probation. Then, he exercised his rights as a citizen to *listen* at a meeting in a church to one of the twelve Communists, Carl Winter, now, on trial in New York. That trial aims, not only to outlaw the Communist Party, but the teaching of Marxism-Leninism. Further, it provides a method of undermining the Constitutional rights of all who work for peace and democracy. This is illustrated by Jimmy's expulsion, where the "crime" of advocating was turned into the "crime" of listening.

This dangerous pattern may be extended to *all* who advocate progressive measures, to the so-called "more dangerous fellow travelers," who advocate trade unions, the end of discrimination, and peace. Whether it is extended or not depends on whether the American people realize its consequences and fight it at every point where it is imposed.

We of NEW FOUNDATIONS, a student publication, urge all our readers to give their full support to the campaign to win Jimmy Zarichny's reinstatement in Michigan State College. Beyond that, progressive students must point out that the expulsion of Jimmy *is* part of a *pattern,* and that the entire pattern, as culminated in the trial of the 12 Communists, must be ended.

Send your protest against James Zarichny's expulsion to President Hannah of Michigan State College (East Lansing, Mich.), and to Governor G. Mennen Williams, (Lansing, Mich.).

Send your demand that the trial of the 12 Communists be halted to President Truman and to Attorney General Tom Clark.

—The Editors

new foundations

A STUDENT QUARTERLY

- DESTROY WHITE CHAUVINISM
- FREE OUR SCHOOLS
- FOR NATIONAL FREEDOM

UNITE FOR DEMOCRACY

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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VOLUME TWO
NUMBER FOUR

The Principles . . .

NEW FOUNDATIONS is a publication devoted to the political, cultural and intellectual problems of American students. Its purpose is to stimulate clear thinking and progressive social action in all fields of study and activity and to express the needs, activities and aspirations of student America. NEW FOUNDATIONS actively combats reactionary and fascist ideologies in all their manifestations and presents a positive approach to the solution of the problems of American students—an approach infused with the creative spirit of socialism. The orientation of this magazine will be militantly progressive, with the aim of stimulating Marxist thought and practice.

The Staff . . .

Cover picture by Antonio Frasconi. Colophon designed by Hannah Heider.