

# new masses

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nov. 11, 1947

**USA-USSR**

***The Anti-Soviet Menace***

by **HARRY F. WARD**

***Mr. Byrnes Is Not So Frank***

by **JOSEPH CLARK**

**HOLLYWOOD, DC**

***Parnell Takes a Powder***

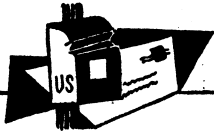
by **JOSEPH NORTH**

**WARSAW**

***Why Mikolajczyk Fleed***

A cable from **JOHN STUART**

# mail call



## Johannesburg and Lake Success

**T**O NEW MASSES: Just how feudal is the attitude of many farmers in this country toward their laborers was exposed by the Bethal scandal which was given great publicity in the daily press. Bethal is a little country town in the heart of a Transvaal farming district. Trying a case of assault by a European farm foreman on his laborers, the Bethal magistrate last June found that the conditions on the farms were "tantamount to slave-driving." The Africans had been chained up at night to prevent them from running away, and were flogged on the slightest provocation while at work. They were herded into compounds at night, where they slept on a concrete floor without bedding. Outside, African guards and their dogs paced to and fro.

It all sounds incredible. But an investigation by a clergyman and a newspaper reporter confirmed that these practices were widespread in the area and the government was compelled to institute an inquiry. Police scoured the district and a number of cases of assault were brought before the courts. The whole country was in a ferment at this new blow to its policy of "white civilization."

It is characteristic of the mentality of white South Africa that the Minister of Justice declared at a meeting in Bethal

some time later that the police investigation had shown only a minority of farmers were guilty of these malpractices, and that the name of the farming community as a whole had been cleared. He was accused by the farmers present of having driven away their labor force by his readiness to listen to newspaper scare stories. What was he going to do about it? He promised to look into the question of providing convict labor to farmers, and would try "to improve the system of bringing back deserters to their employers."

Yet Smuts could complain in the House of Assembly that the rest of the world seemed to be "under the impression that slavery still existed in South Africa."

In Johannesburg recently an African was beaten to death by two Europeans (whites) because he "wore gloves and was too well dressed." He was a waiter, and was standing at a tram stop on his evening out. While he was putting on his gloves two Europeans approached him. One referred to his gloves and said he was too well dressed. They then both attacked him and threw him to the ground. One of the men picked up a large stone from the tram track and beat him on the head until he lost consciousness. He died later in a hospital, after regaining consciousness long enough to tell his story.

Perhaps these examples are the exception, but they prove the rule—and the rule in South Africa is that non-Europeans must be kept down. Africans must be starved of land and driven by taxes to work in the mines and the farms. They must be harried from pillar to post by pass laws, pursued by the pick-up van. They must not get above their station in life. It is all right if they walk about in rags and tatters, unwashed and unkempt, looking like the menial servants white South Africa expects them to be. But let them copy the fashion of their masters and they are due for trouble. "The Kaffir must know his place."

There are other exceptions to this rule. Many Europeans in South Africa, for economic as well as humanitarian reasons, oppose the operation of the color bar, and strive to bring about improvements in the conditions of the non-Europeans. Even the Mayor of Johannesburg was compelled, after the murderous attack on the African waiter described above, to convene a meeting of citizens to discuss ways and means of putting an end to "unprovoked assaults" by Europeans on Africans. But unfortunately those Europeans who are prepared to identify themselves completely with the struggle of the non-Europeans for emancipation and full democratic rights are still very much in a minority.

The outrages against humanity which are perpetrated from time to time in South Africa, though not endorsed by the whole white community, are the inevitable fruits of the policy of racial discrimination which South Africa's representatives will defend once more at Lake Success. The UN passed its judgment last year. The time has come for stronger measures.

B. P. BUNTING.

Cape Town, South Africa.

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# METHOD in MADNESS

**Thirty years after the Russian Revolution the  
anti-Soviet maniacs are more rabid than ever.  
Irrational, but there's a reason — and a cure.**

**By HARRY F. WARD**

**T**HE policy of our government and the attitude of our people toward the Soviet Union are increasingly manifesting symptoms of collective insanity. In almost all discussions of this crucial subject there can be heard the overtones of hysteria. Rarely does one of our highest officials speak on foreign affairs without a sentence that reveals an underlying anti-Soviet phobia. In the voices, high and low, that cry "Drop the bomb now, before they get any stronger," the phobia has become a mania. The more sober words of the preventive war school comes out at the same place in action. To follow their counsel would be to write this nation into history as a maniac who started a conflagration that destroyed him and all within his reach.

The common folk have long spoken of a person who does things contrary to reason as being "out of his mind" or having "lost his senses." Our government today is unable to give a rational or consistent statement of the grounds of its anti-Soviet policy. The phrase "getting tough" expresses an emotional attitude, not a reasoned strategy. The misnamed "Truman Doctrine" was implemented in Greece and Turkey in an emotional outburst produced by a non-existent emergency. Neither then nor now in the equally-misnamed "Marshall Plan" was, or is, there any definite estimate of total cost, the elementary requirement of even building a house, let alone making a policy that involves the probability of war. The whole business is based upon the confusion that

equates a worldwide movement of the suppressed and unprivileged sections of mankind with the expansion of Soviet national power.

The explanation of our anti-Soviet policy by X in *Foreign Affairs* (George F. Kennan of the State Department, whom Marshall made chief of the new Policy Planning Section) revealed that the policy of "containing" the Soviet Union and communism was based upon the thesis that on the death of Stalin the Communist Party would split and the Soviet system would fall apart. This he admits can neither be proved nor disproved. Here is also admission that blind emotions and mystic guesses have replaced reason in the shaping of destiny-making policies. The irrational has come to power! For more than a day the Lords of Unreason rule. Truly "It is a mad world, my masters." -

The end result is foretold in the ancient saying: "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Unscientific as to origin, this is yet a true realization of the tendency to self-destruction inherent in those who seek power and follow delusions of grandeur. "Blind leaders of the blind," the carpenter of Nazareth called the rulers of his people, and foretold the calamities they were to bring upon the Jewish nation. "Gravediggers" for themselves and their system was the description Marx and Engels gave to those who control the capitalist economy, after an analysis that recent history increasingly supports. Whether the grave that our economic imperi-

alists are now digging in this atomic age is to become wide enough and deep enough to hold most of the people of Europe and the Americas is what our people have now to decide.

Among the causes of the anti-Soviet madness that is now afflicting us and endangering both ourselves and others the foremost is the fear of change, one of the most powerful forms of the emotion which from the days when primitive man lived in the darkness of caves has hindered the development of reason and at times destroyed it. The sudden reversal of attitude toward the Soviet Union when the fighting stopped was much more than the historic falling apart of a wartime alliance. During this war foundations were laid for a continuing cooperation in the pursuit of peace. What then has undermined them?

The first part of the answer is that when our economic-political reaction emerged from its wartime retreat it was faced with the demonstrated economic success of the first socialist society. That which the reactionaries had despised, derided and attempted to destroy had become a world power. Now it is to be feared as much as it was hated.

**T**HE present anti-Soviet drive is more powerful by far than that which followed the Bolshevik taking of power in 1917. This is because the social revolution as a going concern is more dangerous to all vested interests than the political revolution, which might or might not have been fol-

lowed by the successful building of a new social order. The more intelligent of the leaders of reaction well know there is no substance to the threat of revolution with which their political henchmen inflame the populace to the witch hunts that are subverting our capitalist democracy. But the economic production of the Soviet Union is solid reality.

For a quarter of a century the men who have now become the leaders of the capitalist world ignored the turn in Soviet policy from expecting and aiding revolution to the building of socialism in one country as demonstration and challenge. Now confronted with the evidence that the socialist society is not a vain dream arising out of an economic fallacy, these people naturally cannot understand that once a new tide in the affairs of men sets in it cannot be turned back by propaganda, no matter how well organized, nor by subsidies to anti-Communist governments, no matter how large, nor by bombs, no matter how terrible. As socialist and semi-socialist society in Eastern Europe and Asia demonstrates that it can bring the suppressed and undeveloped peoples more of the values of life than they had before, and more than monopoly capitalism now offers them, the only thing our economic imperialists can do about it is to make inevitable the wars and revolutions which will bring down about their heads the structure they want to preserve. Hence frustration and impotence, ignorantly ascribed to the machinations of Communists, increase the fear that drives to more madness.

Soviet success also plays a part in producing the behavior of those right-wing Socialists who have become as vehement haters of the Soviet Union as the most rabid reactionaries. Their foamings at the mouth express the sectarian frenzy which wrote into the history of religion the persecutions, the torture of the inquisitions, the holy wars. Behind this type of anti-Soviet madness is the fact that Russian socialism achieved what parliamentary Social Democracy failed to accomplish—the abolition of capitalism. The more moderate of the anti-Soviet Socialists is the type that cannot understand that the letter killeth but the spirit maketh alive, who have never realized that socialist democracy cannot be encased in capitalist forms. Therefore they cannot recognize the social revolution when it does not come in their prescribed manner. Their counterpart is the Communist who used to insist that the transition from capitalist to socialist society must come everywhere by the Soviet pattern.

Kin to these are the idealistic liberals who used to talk so bravely about the new social order and are now supporting the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan, including those pacifists who are unable to extend their proclaimed love of enemies to Communists. All this company are subtly moved by the approach of the social change they wanted without the harshness of the struggle necessary to attain it. They had a false concept of the place of the intellectual in that struggle. They saw themselves as leaders of the wage earners, the tenant

farmers, the migratory workers, the Negroes—not as fellow workers. They are like some of the intellectuals I found in Russia in the early days of the first Socialist Republic who had cut themselves off from the revolution they had helped to make because they could not endure its deprivations or stand on the same level of leadership with the workers and peasants.

**F**EAR of the Soviet Union as the social revolution in action is increased by the growing insecurity of the capitalist world. Over our boastings about having produced the greatest military and naval force the world has yet seen there falls the chilling shadow of the first stage of another economic breakdown. Inflationary prices, the using up of the backlog of wartime savings, large-scale installment buying, are now with us. To the balance-sheets that show an all-time high in profits there should be a footnote recording the subsidies necessary to get the food to our tables, and the number of children without the opportunities for health and education that our resources and capacities could provide. When the page turns it is the unwritten human footnote, not the dollar signs, which will open the next chapter.

Instead of putting on the brakes to check our descent into economic chaos our leaders are flinging words at the Soviet leaders about waiting to use it; at the same time they are seeking to repeat the investment expansion that followed the last war, this time with government underwriting. No amount of denial can conceal the fact that the anti-Soviet program is providing contracts, that war preparations have become a significant sector of our economy. These facts express the need to supplement "free enterprise" with government spending. For its own security the Soviet Union is driven to do what it can to check this kind of economic expansion. Their actions are then propagandized as hostility and the anti-Soviet madness is increased. As the program fails and the breakdown draws nearer the propaganda will increase. The danger of an explosion is continually present.

This faces us with the fact that our anti-Soviet madness is in part a manufactured product, made for profit by that section of big business which conceals its nature under the term "free press." The answers of our representatives in the UN to Soviet and



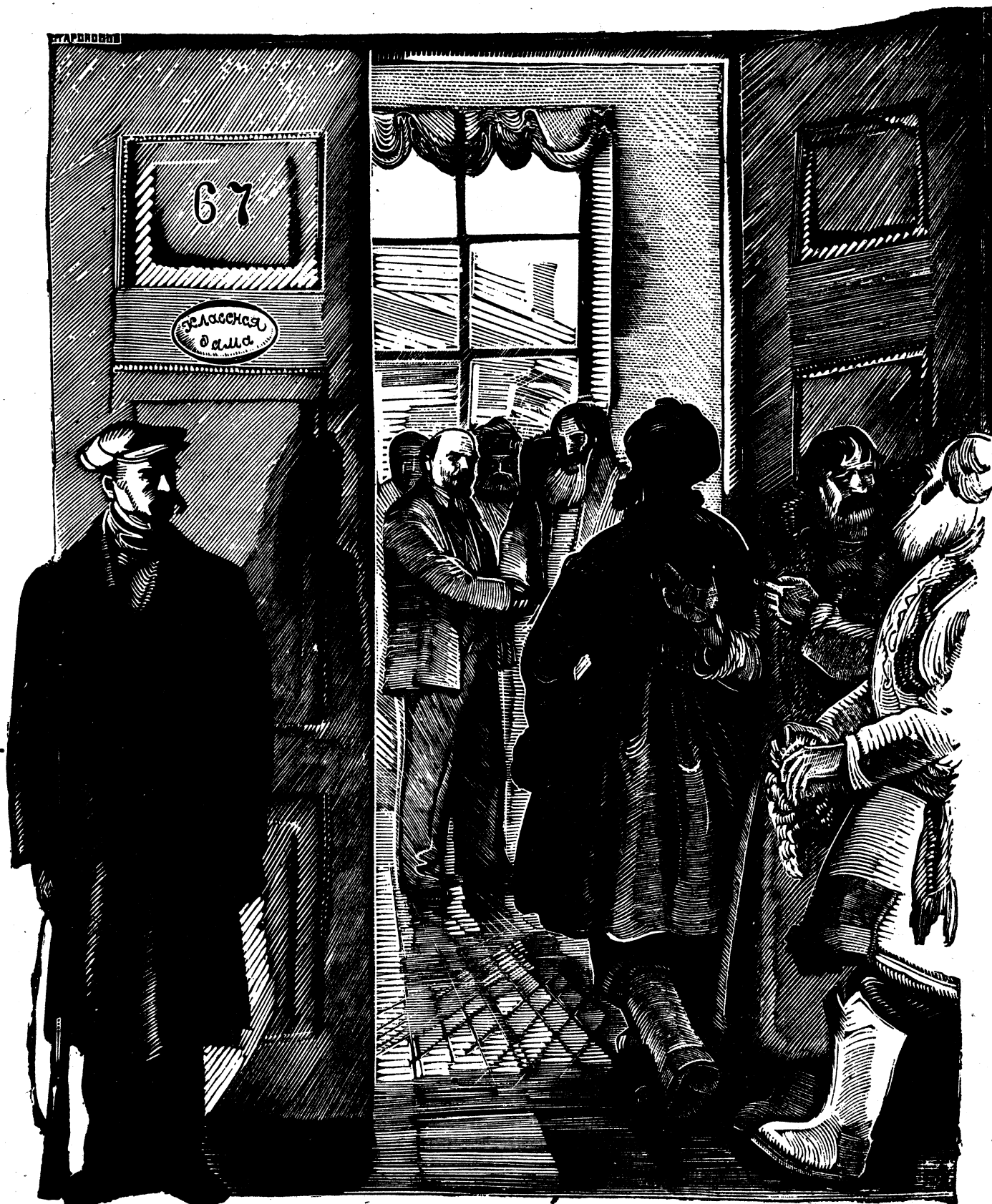
**“THE representatives of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, speaking for fourteen million citizens of the United States, or twice as many persons as there are in the kingdom of Greece, are approaching you not as aliens to this our native land, nor as a group unmindful of the deep difficulties of these troubled times. Nothing that the United States is, was, or shall be is without the help of our toil, our feelings, our thought. This protest then, which is open and articulate, and not designed for confidential concealment in your archives, is a frank and earnest appeal to all the world for elemental justice against the treatment which the United States has visited upon us for three centuries—we who are an integral part of this land and ever as loyal as any other group of its citizens.”—W. E. B. Du Bois. (On presenting a petition to the United Nations, October 23.)**

Yugoslav proposals to check this danger are childishly irrelevant. They leave the menace to grow unhindered. They ignore the part our press has played in whipping up the war spirit by reporting the UN proceedings as though we were always right and the

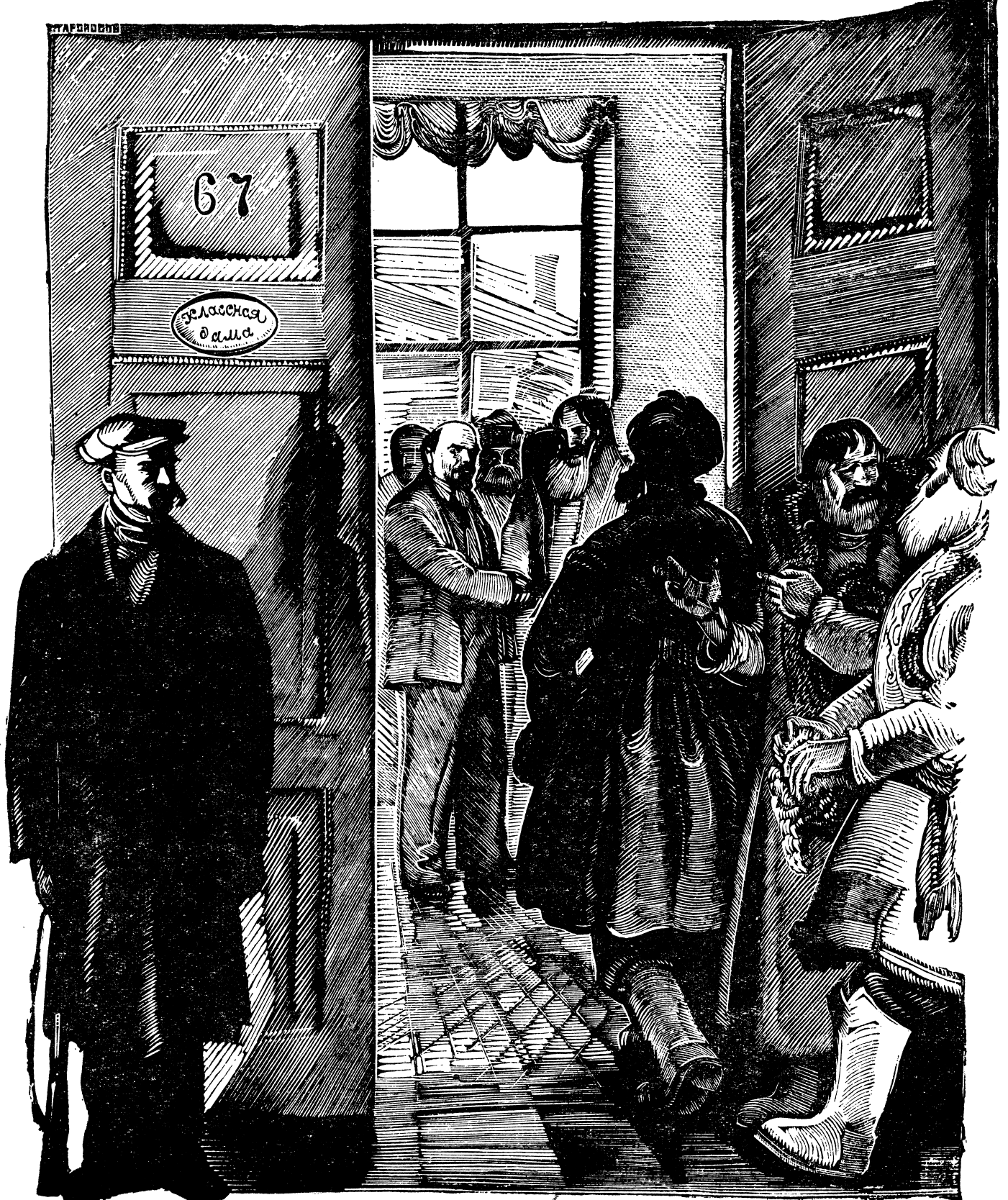
Soviet Union always wrong. Thus is produced the cloak of self-righteousness that provides moral justification for the war most of our people do not want. At several points we have limited free speech when it creates a "clear and present danger" to the

security of the community and the nation without destroying the necessary right of the individual to expression. Therefore it can be done concerning direct incitement to war.

But this will not be done, nor our mad course toward disaster stopped,



Lenin at the Smolny greeting peasant delegates to the Second All-Russian Congress of Soviets in November, 1917, which founded the socialist state. Woodcut by the Russian artist P. N. Staronosov.



Lenin at the Smolny greeting peasant delegates to the Second All-Russian Congress of Soviets in November, 1917, which founded the socialist state. Woodcut by the Russian artist P. N. Staronov.

as long as our policies are made by a combination of Wall Street and military minds, with a strong infusion of Vatican influence. The difficulties attending the transition from capitalist to socialist society cannot be overcome by those who do not want that passage to be made or do not know that we are already in it. By history and

temperament we have to make that journey in terms of the completion of the trinity of revolutions—industrial, democratic, scientific—through which alone the unity of the nation and eventually of worldwide humanity can be achieved. The Soviet thesis of collaboration between socialist and capitalist powers is predicated upon our

democratic possibilities overcoming our imperialist tendencies. This cannot happen unless the voters can gain sufficient clarity and unity of purpose to put out of office those who see our future in terms of imperialist economic domination and put in those who are willing to develop the democratic way of life.

## *Soviet Reconstruction:*

# Progress Report

*Moscow.*

**S**OVIET economic indices have been rapidly and steadily climbing upward. The report of the State Planning Commission of the USSR on the fulfillment of the state plan for the second quarter of 1947 shows a considerable advance over the first quarter of the present year in every branch of national economy.

This is not an ordinary seasonal boom. It is a tremendous upsurge of national economy as a whole, brought about by the all-out effort of the Soviet people. Truly remarkable results had been achieved by the middle of 1947, as a few comparative figures will show.

As compared with the corresponding period of last year, the output of coal has increased during the first quarter of the current year by 4% and during the second quarter by 11%. Rolled metal production increased 8% and 13% respectively; oil, 15% and 18%. The general increase in production during the second quarter mounted to 15%. Moreover, the increase in production for civilian needs was still higher, reaching 20% during the first quarter of the year.

A factor which played an important role in bringing about this upsurge was the nation-wide competition initiated by the workers of Leningrad with a view to realizing the state plan ahead of schedule by November 7, the thirtieth anniversary of the Socialist Revolution. The curve has been rising steadily from month to month. And the general increase in production achieved by the Lenin-graders in the course of one year is 55%.

Whereas the results achieved by many industrial ministries during the first quarter were still short of the state plan figures, nearly all the ministries fulfilled the assigned tasks during the second quarter. Fulfilling the general plan by 103%, Soviet industry yielded over and above the plan goods to the value of hundreds of millions of rubles.

Special attention is devoted by the Soviet state to the branches engaged in the production of consumer goods. Results of the efforts in this field are already evident. All the ministries of light industry and the food industries surpassed their production plans. Moreover, the increase in production in the textile and light industries (as compared with the corresponding period of last year) was higher than the general average for industry, attaining 29%. This tremendous increase in the output of fabrics, shoes, knitgoods and other consumer goods has no precedent even in the Soviet Union, accustomed as it is to high tempo of development.

A specific feature of this year's spring sowing season was the enthusiastic effort of the peasants. Specialists are unanimous in recognizing the higher quality of this year's field work as compared with last year. Moreover, the Soviet collective and state farms added a total of 20,000,000 acres to the cultivated area this year—an annual increase which has no precedent either in the second or third prewar five-year plan periods. It should furthermore be remembered that the peasants were confronted with heavy odds as a result of the war and the additional difficulties resulting from last year's drought. And they had fewer tractors, horses and machines at their disposal than before the war.

The successful results during the spring of 1947 should be credited largely to the efforts of the Soviet peasants to raise a bumper crop this year. These efforts were reinforced by generous state aid, the supply of seed, fodder, fertilizers and fuel to the collective farms, and the steadily growing flow of agricultural machines and implements.

**S**OVIET transport workers likewise have major achievements to their credit during the second quarter. Emerging from their winter difficulties, the railways scored a major advance. Together with the river fleet the railways are successfully coping with shipments necessary not only for satisfying current demands of production and consumption but also for accumulating the required stocks of fuel and raw materials for the coming winter.

As a result of the increase in the production of consumer goods by industry and of the additional resources mobilized by the cooperatives, and despite the difficulties resulting from last year's drought the quantity of goods sold to the population during the first half of 1947 surpassed by about one-fourth that of last year.

Another index is the steadily increasing number of gainfully occupied workers and the increasing influx of new workers and specialists into production. As compared with last year, their number increased by 3%—an addition of 1,000,000 people—and the increase in industry was 7%. The general payroll rose by 26%.

New shops were put into operation during the first half-year. Capacities increased in industry, agriculture, construction and transport. The Dnieper Hydro-electric Station, the pride of the Soviet people, is again generating electricity. Housing construction is still inadequate, although 1,800,000 square meters of living space have been made available for occupation in the cities during the first half year. During the second half of the year, many new enterprises are to be completed and old ones fully restored. Extensive preparations for speeding up construction have been carried through during the spring.

The successful results of the first half-year have given the Soviet people still greater energy and confidence. They are determined to fulfill the annual plan ahead of schedule, as a fitting welcome to the thirtieth anniversary of the Soviet state.

B. BRAGINSKY.

# CROSSFIRE

**There was the smell of smoke at the Hollywood hearings; but fresh air came — with a blast.**

**By JOSEPH NORTH**

*Following the sudden adjournment of the Un-American Committee's probe of "communism" in Hollywood the nineteen "unfriendly" witnesses declared: "Not only a free screen, but every free institution in America is jeopardized as long as this committee exists. It is not defeated. It is only shaken."*

*How the courageous stand of these men shook the committee is described here. To defeat the inquisitors—to abolish the committee—is now the task of all of us.—THE EDITORS.*

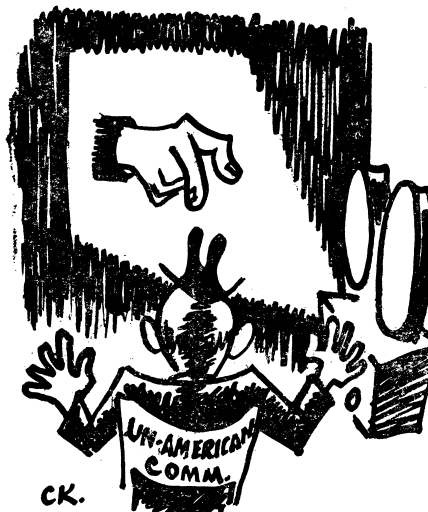
*Washington.*

**M**AYBE the principal difference was the shave. I recalled Alvah Bessie's bearded face when I saw him there on Hill 666 about a decade ago eyeing the Messerschmitts that dotted the skies like wild ducks migrating, and I remembered his request that I be sure and mail his letter to his kids when I got back to Barcelona. I watched his face when he went up to the witness-stand here, which suddenly felt like Hill 666, and it was the same old Alvah, this time in civvies and clean-shaven. But as he said, the enemy is the same even though they don't fly the Condors and the bombs they drop don't carry trinitrotoluene: the battle's the same even though they're not, at the moment, trying to shatter your body, only that part of it above the ears. And Alvah was there, up front, as he was ten years ago fighting the Un-Spanish Committee.

I ran into an old newspaper acquaintance of mine at the press table (it seems every man-jack of the press is here). My friend is known on two continents, has been through the mill and he happened, too, to have been in Spain when I was there. He seemed to be thinking some of the same things I was. Felt awful good, he said, seeing Alvah up there. Like on the Ebro. Felt good listening to him after what we had heard the first week.

Yes, I said, it felt wonderfully good. My friend said he was reading Dalton Trumbo's statement which Rep. J. Parnell Thomas wouldn't allow to be read into the microphone. My friend has been around and was in Prague the week after Hitler marched in and he pointed to some sentences from Trumbo's last paragraph on Washington. They described the acrid atmosphere in the capital today in which old friends hesitate to recognize one another in public places and in which no union leader can trust his telephone; a city in which men and women who dissent slightly from the orthodoxy the inquisitors seek to impose speak with confidence only in moving cars and in the open air. "You have produced," Dalton Trumbo said, "a capital city on the eve of its Reichstag fire. For those who remember German history in the autumn of 1932 there is the smell of smoke in this very room."

My friend invited me to a drink for auld lang syne and when we got into the cab he whispered to me and gestured with his shoulder toward a man sitting in the front of the car. "I can spot them," he said, "Don't



you know what they look like yet"? And when we had our Manhattans he told me he was heartsick at the way things were going, and that he was no hero. "I would run and hide," he said, "if I knew where. But I remember what Joe Louis said to Billy Conn. I'm no hero, but the hell of it is there's no place to hide."

**L**ATER on, I ran into another newspaper acquaintance who said the way things are going he would prefer to move to Palestine and fight, and, if necessary, die there. It was a cleaner fight and perhaps more worthwhile. But he admitted Lawson and Trumbo and Bessie and the others had made a big dent on him and he felt refreshed after listening to them. There was oxygen in the air after they spoke, he said. But what could a handful of men like that accomplish? he asked. I said I thought the Hollywood Committee for the First Amendment was a heartening thing and that you had to admit the Un-American inquisitors had taken a beating, too. I don't think I'm wildly optimistic, I said, if I sensed a turning of the tide here. I believe Senator Pepper's comment will prove more than rhetoric when he said this can be the Stalingrad of the Un-Americans.

It's been a big, but breathlessly rapid stretch from hounding Eugene Dennis to badgering Eric Johnston. I cited the editorials, the columnists, the public figures, the alarm even their spokesmen, Paul V. McNutt and Eric Johnston, had expressed, and I said I thought this was the basis for a bang-up fight and that even though Trumbo had aptly said you could smell the smoke in the room, still there was something fresh and clean in the air too, since Trumbo and Maltz and Bessie and the others had taken the stand.

I said Lauren Bacall was more than a glamor girl talking when she said: "You have no idea of the fear that has overtaken Hollywood. A producer is afraid to produce, a director is afraid to direct, and a writer is afraid to write for fear that anything he might say or do will be controversial to the point that he might be accused of the same things that the witnesses who have been called here have been accused of." And she said she came to fight it.

I said I believed the air was a lot better today than it was three weeks ago, that my friend was right, there is more oxygen in it. I said I believed



that we may well find the Committee for the First Amendment spreading like wildfire across the country, and that the fighting elan of people will be raised from this time on.

For the Hollywood people have made it clear that the prime issue in the inquisition room and throughout the land is the Bill of Rights and that it is nobody's damn business what political party you belong to. When they asked Alvah Bessie if he was a Communist he replied, "We have the secret ballot and I don't think that this committee can inquire into political affiliations any more than election officials can look into the ballot box." This is a principal issue here, perhaps the fundamental one, and they let nobody overlook it. When Alvah made that crack about Eisenhower's refusal to reply whether he is a Republican or a Democrat, it cut deep into Parnell Thomas' hide and the Grand In-

quisitor kept jabbing away at it, revealing how deep it cut.

My friend who said he would rather go and fight elsewhere than in his own country is known to have a good legal head and is a very knowledgeable man. He said he felt the strategy the nineteen had adopted was the best, for they had taken the offensive and it was high time democrats took the initiative. He thought they now had a first-rate case to take to the highest courts and that it would, in his opinion, be very hard to find them guilty of contempt. He lauded the way their attorneys were handling matters, the way Bob Kenny wouldn't let Thomas rattle him when he rumbled about conspiracy (two years and \$10,000 fine); the way Charles Katz had stood up and talked when they jostled him out, the way Bartley Crum had spoken.

We talked too about the producers

and their counsel: Eric Johnston and Paul McNutt had stiffened as the hearings went on, even though they continued to make concessions they had no business to make, even in the interests of their own business, which is, of course, their chief interest. Johnston warned that **this thing could** spread and hit the schools, the newspapers, and God knows what else. (He said this even though he espoused the blacklist of anybody who is a "proven" Communist, which is the inch the inquisitors make a mile). McNutt kept demanding the list of pictures which the committee would cite as subversive and the inquisitors kept side-stepping that one. McNutt had demanded evidence regarding charges that they had tried to "fix" the committee and he challenged Thomas to produce it. In his customary way, the Grand Inquisitor kept saying, later, later. . . .

My friend scornfully referred to

## *Their answer is: No!*

**T**HE courage to say No, to stand up and fight the terror that shadows the words Americans speak, the very thoughts they think, took resolute form at a stirring Conference on Cultural Freedom and Civil Liberties sponsored by Progressive Citizens of America in New York October 25-26. With the Un-American Committee's Hollywood investigation as a backdrop, 2,200 delegates from seventeen states discussed various aspects of the battle against thought control and pledged action to abolish the Un-American Committee, revoke President Truman's loyalty order, repeal the Taft-Hartley Act, and insure the right of every American "to join any legal American party, whether it be the Republican, the Communist, the Socialist or the Democratic."

Perhaps the most salient characteristic of the conference was the spirit of counter-offensive that shaped its dedication to the fight in behalf of American freedom and democracy. Here was no cowering in fear, no paralysis of will, no waiting for something to turn up. In the general sessions, in the various panels, and in the mass meeting that packed St. Nicholas Arena the mood was one of determination to rouse numberless hosts of Americans to the Armageddon against reaction. Henry A. Wallace epitomized the spirit of the conference when he said in a message from Palestine:

"Is the Un-American Activities Committee evidence that America is traveling the road to fascism? On behalf of millions everywhere you must answer 'no' so loudly the people of the world can hear. You must destroy the Un-American Committee at the polls and in the courts, or it will destroy many of the foundations of democracy and Christianity."

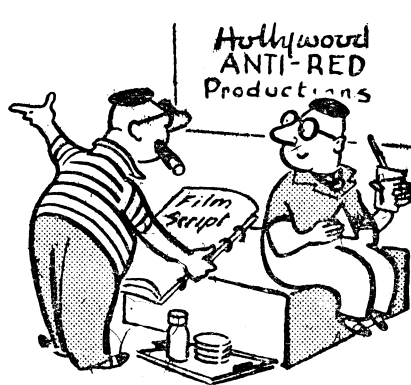
Among the conference speakers were Senator Pepper, O. John Rogge, former US Assistant Attorney General, Robert Kenny, former attorney general of California, Victor Bernstein, *PM* foreign correspondent, Leo Huberman, author of "The Truth About Unions," Larry Parks, actor, and Frank Kingdon, co-chairman of PCA. In addition, papers were read at the panels on the problems which thought control creates in literature, art, the film, press, radio and advertising, science, education, law, the theater and music. The participants in these panels included Matthew Josephson, Willard Motley, Howard Fast, John Howard Lawson, Angus Cameron, Ring Lardner Jr., Albert Maltz, Dr. Oliver Larkin, Jacob Lawrence, Dr. Harlow Shapley, Dr. Philip Morrison, Dr. Ernst P. Boas, Leonard Engel, Dr. Rufus Clement, Dr. Lyman Bradley, Howard Mumford Jones, Dr. Goodwin Watson, Dr. John J. DeBoer, Abraham Pomerantz, Samuel Rosenwein, Clarence Derwent, Theodore Ward and Olin Downes.

One weakness of the conference was the absence of a labor representative among the leading participants. This is, however, not a weakness of the conference alone. Though the recent CIO convention adopted a resolution denouncing the Un-American Committee, the trade unions have as yet not actively joined in the fight against it. The PCA conference, the Committee for the First Amendment organized in Hollywood, and the testimony of a number of screen writers who refused to be intimidated by the Un-American goons mark important counterblows. They register the beginnings of a mass movement whose first heralds were the Communists. But the major part of the job still remains to be done.—THE EDITORS.

the alleged evidence and the forgeries, the dossiers which the inquisitors delicately call "memoranda prepared by their research department." These dossiers, he said, are actually profiles of first-rate citizens of the New Deal persuasion.

There was nothing in the long, painful reading of the dossiers that is not a matter of public record. According to that clipping from the *Daily Worker* (date appended) Mr. Trumbo had spoken at a meeting which sponsored legislation to enable Negroes to vote in the South; this clipping from the *Daily People's World* (date appended) revealed that Mr. Bessie espoused price control; this quotation from *NEW MASSES* proved incontrovertibly that Mr. Maltz thought highly of Thomas Jefferson. And so on, hour after weary hour. It is characteristic of the committee that much of this information appeared in other papers as well, but the research department cited only the Left press. In their own way, the inquisitors were disinterring the bones of Franklin D. Roosevelt precisely as Albert Maltz had charged. The fireworks, he said, are about the New Deal, part of the effort to suppress it so that it shall never rise again in our land. The inquisitors were petty politicians, as Lawson pointed out, doing a job for people far bigger than themselves, those who despised Roosevelt and feared him far more than they did Hitler.

**MY FRIEND** is a man much concerned with public morality and he pondered the question that puzzled the inquisitors and the witnesses who kowtowed and scraped that weary first week. Mr. Menjou, that profound student of Marxism ("the finest we have found in the country," Mr. Thomas had said) couldn't answer it, nor could Producers Wood, Warner and Mayer. "How," the Grand Inquisitor had asked each of them, "do you explain these men holding to their ideas?" They enjoy financial security, he said, they have standing and even Mr. Menjou had admitted they belong to the top bracket of talent in Hollywood. Why do they accept censure and scorn? Mr. Menjou and his colleagues said thoughtfully that perhaps it is because they are crackpots, and, displaying his recently widely-advertised sense of history, the screen dandy said some crackpots may even be brilliant men. Mr. Wood's explanation was perhaps more ingenious—he



Gabriel in the London "Daily Worker."

**"We'll have Boris Karloff as Karl Marx, Gay Vienna as Capital, and chuck in Betty Grable as Surplus Value."**

believed they hope to be rewarded with posts as commissars of Hollywood, comes the Revolution. That was the only way he could figure it. Their consensus boiled down to this: these men were victims of a faulty mental and nervous structure, a derangement best summed up in the term "crackpot." That was it.

After Mr. Stripling read his dossiers on these men one could come to only one conclusion, my friend said—that the inquisitors were calling some 25,000,000 Americans who voted for FDR "nuts."

No, he said sadly, the moral climate is stifling. "I can't breathe in it." Idealists, he said, are crackpots and gauleiters sit in judgment. All he could see was imminent native fascism, and he, as a Jew, wanted out. At least he could fight as a *chalutz* in Palestine. We parted on that note even though he had seemed to agree with me that perhaps the tide was turning, or at least, could be turned. I felt regret as he left, for he has a worthy record, and though I respect his regard for Palestine I told him I thought that as an American his place was here. He shrugged his shoulders and went off.

**I** THEN went over to the Statler Hotel where the press was interviewing the Hollywood stars who had flown here to present their petition to Congress. They were, as their spokesman Philip Dunne put it, of various political parties and it is nobody's business whether they were Republicans, as this man is, Dunne said, pointing to his right, or Democrats, as this man is, pointing to his left. He said they had diverse views on all questions except one: that the Bill of Rights is menaced and that they were here to help safeguard it, for it affected their work as

artists in Hollywood and as citizens in America.

After the interview they served cocktails and a number of Washingtonians crashed the gate to ply Bogart and Bacall for autographs and after a while the affair broke into knots of persons continuing their discussions.

I observed three youngsters from one of the high schools here who too had crashed the gate and were sitting with Marsha Hunt, one of the stars who had flown in from Hollywood with the committee. One of the youngsters had yellow hair, just up from pigtailed, and the other two were boys, perhaps fifteen, perhaps sixteen. They had got their autographs, but they wanted something more.

Several reporters crowded around the table and we heard one of the kids say: "We asked the principal to let us come here today for our social studies class. We have been discussing the Constitution and we listened to those men in the hearing today, Mr. Trumbo and the others, and we believe they have the right to their beliefs even if we disagree entirely with what they say." Another spoke up and said: "I didn't disagree with a lot of what they said because it sounded like good sense to me. They talked against war and for trade unions and things like that." "Yes," said the little girl with the yellow hair, "some people know you ought to give other people an even break. That's what we kids argue in social studies class and that's why we wanted to come here. We believe people ought to get an even break." The other two nodded gravely and the star smiled on them. "You came here from high school for that purpose," she said, "and we flew from Hollywood for that purpose. That's what the First Amendment's about. We're all in a social studies class," she said. "We're all learning you've got to do something to see that all people get an even break."

These were ambassadors from the younger generation and all evening long, after they had gone home, I kept thinking of them and of my two friends who had wanted to run and hide. I wished that they had been here and heard these youngsters.

I like to think that I have at least a nodding acquaintance with history, and I am of the conviction that it is on the side of these kids. On the side of those who stand fast and talk back.

That's the class in social studies for today.



Gabriel in the London "Daily Worker."

**"We'll have Boris Karloff as Karl Marx, Gay Vienna as Capital, and chuck in Betty Grable as Surplus Value."**

# MIKOLAJCZYK:

## Flight from Failure

By JOHN STUART

Warsaw (by cable).

**M**IKOLAJCZYK's unceremonious flight to the West brought nothing but broad grins here. It was the last act in a drama long played out. And if the ugly ducklings who are soaring to a more welcome coop intended to precipitate a crisis in Polish life, they produced exactly the opposite effect. I judge this not only from conversations with officials in the government but, more important, from my talks with Mikolajczyk's own colleagues in the Polish Peasant Party. What they have said in brief is: good riddance. At the moment when Mikolajczyk is returning to his makers abroad, forty-six members of that party's Central Council are demanding his dismissal.

Earlier in October several hundred influential peasant leaders gathered in Warsaw and severely censured Mikolajczyk for his disastrous policies. A resolution was passed insisting on his expulsion from the party leadership. I do not know how the American press is treating this irreconcilable, but he is no hero even among those die-hards who, despite the fact that they form a fragmentary legal opposition to the new Poland, have enough patriotism left in them not to follow in Mikolajczyk's footsteps. With bitterness and chagrin, *Gazeta Ludowa*, Mikolajczyk's own paper, wrote the day his disappearance was announced that "It has become clear that Mikolajczyk has no support in the party, no support in the countryside, no support in the nation. He could rely only on support of the international circles alien to Poland."

What has been whispered in Poland these past weeks is now spoken loudly. It is clear beyond a doubt that Mikolajczyk is a foreign agent. It would hardly have been possible for him to depart without external assistance. He might have escaped without foreign help if he were travelling alone, but there were seven others in his entourage. It is hardly likely that without visas the seven could get into a rowboat and race across the rough Baltic Sea. Nor is it likely that an automobile could whisk them away without detection. The consensus is that escape could have been accomplished only by plane, and it is hardly likely that the Polish government would furnish a Douglas DC4. The big guessing game is who provided Mikolajczyk with a plane? When that is answered, as it will be in time, we shall have in part a story of international intrigue out of which Eric Ambler will have enough good copy for a dozen tales.

Among a few newsmen the rather fantastic interpretation was made that Mikolajczyk was kidnapped by the government. They unwillingly changed their minds when British papers announced that Mikolajczyk was coming to England "to visit a son in Cambridge." Thus the cat leaped out of the bag and carefully contrived rumors that the government was embarking on a campaign to suppress the opposition were shattered.

The fact is that Mikolajczyk has suppressed himself. His bankruptcy and the steady atrophy of his position in public life was clear after the national referendum in 1946. He has always been too late with too little; as time went by he even lost his value as a nuisance. All his dire predictions failed to materialize and the chaos for which he hoped and planned never did appear. Not even Mikolajczyk's underground desperadoes, with their pockets stuffed with foreign funds, could thwart the government's brilliant work on reconstruction.

When Warsaw announced a general amnesty, 60,000 laid down their arms and took up useful work. Many of them have government jobs and what is left of the underground is hardly sufficient apparently to have made it worthwhile for Mikolajczyk to remain in Poland or to retain his hopes for civil strife. The government's treatment of the opposition has been very shrewd. It simply let it stew in its own juice.

I do not mean to say that Polish reaction is non-existent or is dwindling away so quickly that it can be ignored. It now centers in the Catholic hierarchy in this overwhelmingly Catholic land. It attracts to itself speculators, kingpins of the black market, landlords—all who cannot forget their privileged past and will certainly not forgive. It was they who reposed their hope in Mikolajczyk, who in turn was sanctified by Jew-baiting Cardinal Hlond. Mikolajczyk was attempting to become in Polish terms another De Gasperi or de Gaulle, and the Catholic hierarchy clearly guided him in that direction. As is customary with all such clerical movements that have no broad support, its leaders seek sustenance from abroad. I don't reveal anything unknown to the knowing when I report that some time ago the Catholic Church here held an important conference attended by its high-ranking members. Present at the meeting was an American, who addressed the papal royalty in English. Suffice it to say that he pledged support of the hierarchy's political objectives, support later confirmed in private conversations.

The leadership of the Church in Poland is making a desperate effort to find issues and invents them when it cannot. Even foes of the government admit that the Church isn't maltreated or restricted in its pursuit of legitimate duties. Last Sunday morning in the dazzling sunshine, I saw two squads of soldiers marching to Church along with their officers. Church lands have been untouched, and millions of *zlotys* have been appropriated by the government for the rehabilitation of Church buildings—this in a land where the Nazis reached their summit of destructiveness and where the people are without homes. But while the Church is the center of reaction it is somewhat late in creating the kind of a Trojan horse it has been riding in Italy and France.

**I**F MIKOLAJCZYK is unable to find peasants in Britain or in the US to lead, Warsaw's more perceptive wags feel certain that he'll not long be unemployed. He can write another *I Chose Freedom* or become archivist in the new Peasant International operating out of Washington. One only wonders whom the London Foreign Office and the State Department will find next to add to their collection of wraiths and shadows waiting for the day that will never come.

*Mr. Stuart, foreign editor of NEW MASSES, is now in Europe, where he will spend several months reporting on life in the new democracies. This is his first dispatch.*

## LONDON LETTER:

# Europe and the Russians

By DEREK KARTUN

London.

I EXPECT that the archives of the Russian army would tell anyone who delved carefully into them which day it was that the old clock at Bielany was silenced forever. It was probably on some bright spring afternoon in 1944 that the shell from one of Rokossovsky's famous guns hit it and stopped it at a quarter after four. I do not know whether there had been a German observation post in the clock tower, but if there was the Russian gunner certainly knocked it out. Anyway there, today, is the old clock, showing a quarter after four. It is still a symbol of the bitter fighting and the anguish and slaughter that went into the liberation of Bielany as the troops of Rokossovsky swept up the main road to Breslau. Soon that particular memento will be removed and a new clock will tick out the minutes in a brand-new church tower.

But if the villagers do not have the clock to remind them of the Russians they will still have other signs. A couple of miles up the road to the west is a beautifully-kept cemetery. At each gate stand two Russian field pieces. Inside are row upon row of neat, red-painted obelisks; and each bears the name of a Red Army man. They are curious names—many of them not sounding Russian at all. For many of the seven million Russian soldiers who were killed in liberating Poland and Rumania and Hungary and all of Eastern Europe came from Uzbekistan and Turkestan and Siberia and Georgia. But they were all Russians.

Farther still to the west, on the outskirts of shattered Breslau which is now named Wroclaw, there are inscriptions on the walls. I got Polish friends to translate for me. "On to Berlin. Long live Stalin!"—another reminder to the peasants of Poland of the army which swept through their country and cleaned the Nazis out.

There are tens of thousands of these inscriptions in tens of thousands of towns and villages throughout the lands of Central and Eastern Europe. The people who suffered under the Germans may not have the erudition and theoretical training of some Western diplomats but they do under-

stand the simple fact that the seven million Red Army men who were killed, and the twenty-five million Russian civilians who also lost their lives, did so both to save Russia and to save these other countries. It was not, these people believe, Mr. Bullitt or Mr. Earle or even Mr. Byrnes who ended the nightmares for them. It was Rokossovsky and Timoshenko and Zhukov and Tolbukhin and their artillery and tanks and infantry and dive bombers.

And so there is our first fact about Russia and the Europeans. In all those countries liberated by the Red Army the common people are unmoved by stories of Russian vandalism, Russian expansionist aims and Russian totalitarianism. They were liberated by lads named Ivan and Mikhail and Vassili; these lads looked and behaved much like they themselves did. They did not loot and they did not oppress.

FURTHER west the pattern changes a little. You will find among the workers and country people of France the same admiration for the feats of the Red Army. But here there are also many people who hate the Red Army for the ideas that it carried across Europe. And the propaganda machine which breathed damnation against Russia before the war is hard at work again, casting doubt, asking sly questions, insinuating half-truths and poisoning people's minds. In France you have General de Gaulle, Leon Blum, Paul Reynaud and almost every other "center" and right-wing politician concentrating all their invective against the Soviet Union.

It is a constant battle between those who keep their heads in this mendacious and dishonest turmoil and those others who know quite well that what they say is often grossly false but who say it nonetheless because they realize that admiration for the Soviet Union can lead so easily to new ideas in France.

In Britain we also knew what the Red Army did but I believe most people have forgotten it now. Hardly a day goes by but you find in at least one important newspaper a long plaintive screed on behalf of the unhappy Germans. Organizations have been set up to bring succor to our enemies, and their work is conducted with all the morbid sentimentality typical of those British maiden ladies who care for stray dogs but not for stray children. So obsessed have many people become with the hardness of the times in Germany that they have forgotten what they once dimly knew about Buchenwald, about the nine million Polish dead and about the Russian crossing of the Dnieper and the Vistula.

There is a disproportion in the minds of British people which springs from the fact that though we were bombed we were never occupied. People in Europe will tell you that you had to see the German soldiery lounging on your own sidewalk to understand what the war was really about. And without that understanding British people see the Russian war effort simply as the distant other end of the fight in which they themselves looked after the Western side. Today they hear too many anti-Russian stories to be able to maintain the warm goodwill they had built up toward the Russians during the war. Britain, separated as she is by water from the body of the Continent, comes nearest perhaps to the common confusions about Russia that are today characteristic of the United States in particular.

Among the peasants and workers who make up the vast bulk of Europe's population, however, Mr. Winchell and Mr. Earle are earning nothing more substantial than anger and derision.



Building the Yugoslav Youth Railway. Sketches by Stoyanovic Vlado.



D.C. dateline--

### Report on Civil Rights

Washington.

I HAVE put in a lot of time thinking over the *Report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights* which appeared last Wednesday under the main title *To Secure These Rights*. I hesitate to label my conclusions final or definitive, because it is a big book with 175 pages. Besides, the report isn't a thing in itself; it must be appraised *in motion*, in the light of how it is to be applied. I must confess that at this writing I am rather impressed.

It would be easy to be completely cynical about the report. It was made public at the White House at the very moment that, at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, the House Un-American Committee was making a mockery of civil rights. Neither President Truman nor any member of his civil rights committee spoke out vigorously in condemnation of the rape of civil rights which was transpiring at the moment. As a matter of fact the Attorney General's office and the FBI have been, in one way or another, willing accomplices to the rape.

It is notable, too, that the President who by executive order decreed this study of the status of civil liberties in our country also promulgated the executive order which requires government employes to undergo a "loyalty" test to hold their jobs.

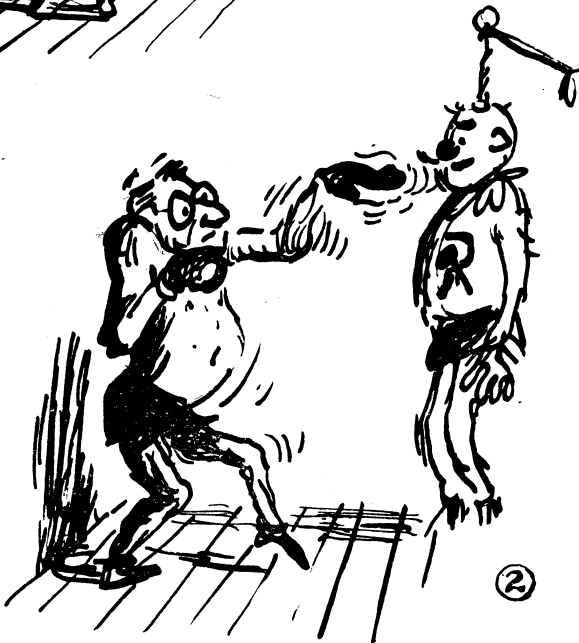
Someone has suggested that the objective behind the publication of the report is political in the meanest sense. First, because the Democratic Party must somehow recapture the support of labor, the Negro people and the liberals which it has been losing since the death of FDR. Second, because the predatory foreign policy we know as the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan needs the protective coloring of liberalism. I believe this is absolutely correct.

A glaring omission in the report suggests that the committee which drafted it is blind to one great area where civil rights are in serious danger. This is the field of the minority party, or third party. With the elections of 1948 looming so near, it is certainly no secret that hundreds of thousands of citizens who see nothing good in either major party will wish to cast their votes for a new party more in conformity with their ideas. But in many states it will be next to impossible for a new party to get on the ballot. If there is any understanding of this problem or any remedy for it anywhere in the bulky volume of the report, it has escaped me.

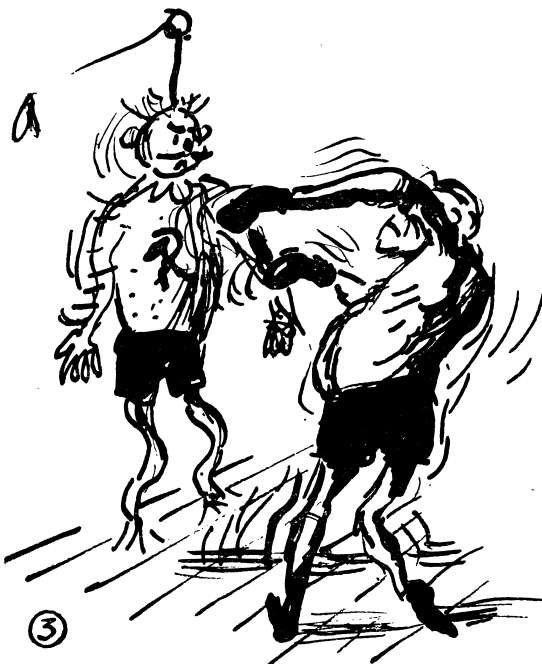
Instead we have a gratuitous attack on the Communist Party as "totalitarian," and the statement that Communists like fascists are concerned about civil rights only as they apply to themselves. Communists are accused of being "willing to lie about their political views when it is convenient. They feel no obligation to come before the public openly and say who they are and what they really want."



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The report "unqualifiedly" opposes any attempt to impose special limitations on Communists—or fascists, it should be added. But it calls for exposing them by "legitimate" methods, whatever that may mean. Communists should be compelled to register as persons attempting to influence public opinion!

The committee has assumed the truth of that canard so widely publicized by reactionaries—that Communists advocate overthrow of the government by force. By this means it has effectively evaded one of the most basic issues of civil rights of this epoch, which is the right to advocate the socialist reorganization of our economy. Certainly Prof. Henry Steele Commager made a profounder contribution in his now classic *Harper's* article: "Every effort to confine Americanism to a single pattern, to constrain it to a single formula, is disloyalty to everything that is American." So did Colston Warne, the Amherst professor who demonstrably refused to sign a loyalty oath required of him as a consultant to the President's Council of Economic Advisers.

THE question which logically rises at this point is how I can be so impressed with a document on civil rights which fails to meet two very vital problems. The fact is that even with these serious omissions, the report is a significant milestone in the struggle for democratic rights, especially the rights of the Negro people.

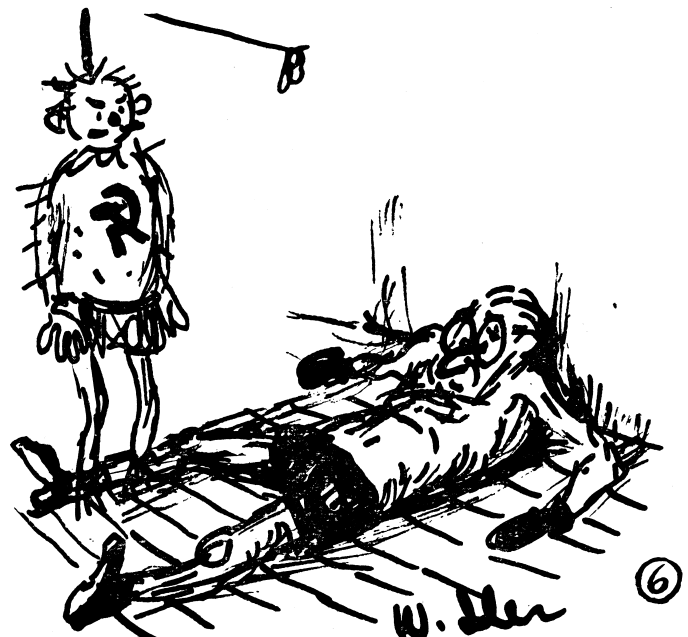
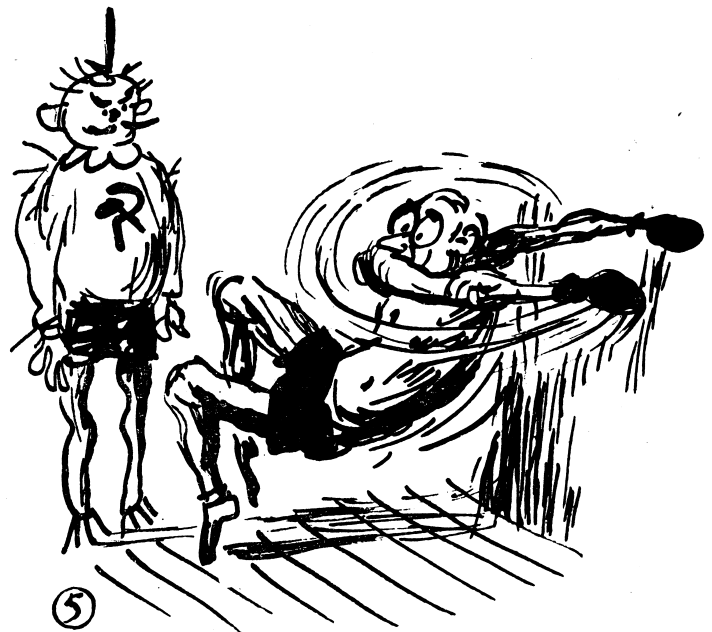
The committee, which includes such conservative businessmen as Charles Wilson, president of General Electric, and Charles Luckman, president of Lever Brothers, proposed vigorous federal action to abolish the poll tax, to establish a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission, to end police brutality and lynching, and to eliminate segregation based on race, color, creed or national origin.

The analysis of the present status of minority rights is truthful and concludes that we have fallen far short of our goal of freedom and equality for our citizens. It asserts that we can no longer afford discrimination, which prevents the full use of our resources, makes for lower living standards and breeds friction and hatred.

Its recommendations to the President, to Congress, to the Attorney General and to the states are in this connection thoroughgoing and, I believe, reasonable.

I am conscious, of course, that all we have at the moment is a report, a book 175 pages long. From the printed page of a document to a law on the statute books and enforced in every town and hamlet in the nation, the distance is wide. But this volume, despite some dangerous untruths in it, is an important weapon in the hands of honest people who know what they want and are willing to fight for it.

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# The CASTLE and the RACK

*The past, prettified and distorted in the pages  
of "Life," is invoked to put modern man in chains.*

By CHARLES HUMBOLDT

*This is the second of three articles.  
The first appeared last week.*

ON MARCH 3 of this year *Life* inaugurated a series of handsomely illustrated articles on the history and development of Western culture. The first of these was a pictorial essay on Renaissance man based on the life of the talented fifteenth century opportunist, Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who became Pope Pius II. Subsequent articles have been devoted to the Middle Ages, the life of medieval man, Venice and the Age of Enlightenment.

The series is introduced in the customary lugubrious manner of *Life* editorial sermons. Western man stands uncertain of his place in history and "does not know where he and his world are going." It is therefore *Life's* duty to recall to Americans the culture to which they are heirs "and which they now have the chance to carry on if they value it enough." Presumably to bolster Western man's resolution, the editors have allotted the page opposite this noble sentiment to Old Grand-Dad Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskey. One hundred proof, Western man! A similar incongruous note is struck in the second of the series, on the Middle Ages. The key phrase, "Out of violence and chaos the Christian mind and spirit created a glowing era when men knew that all things were possible to faith," is confronted with an ad for Sheer . . . Sheer . . . Berkshire for the loveliest legs in the world.

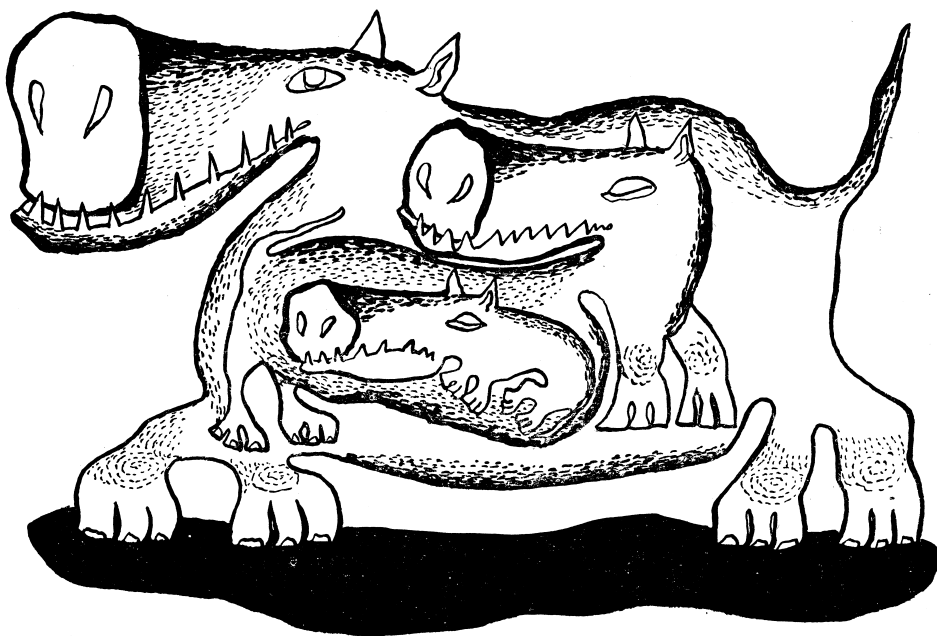
Frankly, it is hard to say what *Life* has up its sleeve with this series. This is not to say that the articles which have appeared up to now are quite harmless. They perpetuate the grade-

school version of history, in which, as in a theater, lords and ladies, kings and queens (and mistresses) and other outstanding personages occupy the stage while the people are a grumbling in the wings. The ways in which most men make a living, or provide one for others, are much less interesting than a fine battle, games and festivals, or the affairs of some crowned jackass like Louis XV. Loving care is expended on the flowers of culture; the roots can take care of themselves.

Naturally, the interpretation of historical events and social structures is personal and idealist throughout. War "kept medieval society distracted"; Eleanor of Aquitaine "had a queenly desire to found a strong dynasty" and "made history as easily as some women make quilts." We have here a popularized version of the current academic

attack on causality in the field of history of which Herbert Aptheker wrote some weeks ago [NM, October 14]. *Life* does not, of course, deal with theories of history. It simply attributes vast historical events solely to causes so trivial that the idea of causality loses all serious meaning. The purpose of so much concentration on personalities and psychological elements is clear. It diverts attention from the economic and social determinants which augment or limit the historical effectiveness of individuals. How much more comfortable that people should believe that American foreign policy stems from President Truman's noble urge to tranquilize an uneasy world than that they should understand how monopoly capitalism threatens to breed still another great war!

The short essay on the Middle Ages in the April 7 issue provides a good example of this effort to make history incomprehensible. Medieval men "were obsessed with salvation and, therefore, with God. For when the world had been destroyed there had been nothing left but God." (Not even a few knives and forks, pigs and cows, cooks and cobblers?) Hurling the Catholic creed at us (*Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, factorem coeli et terrae, visibilem omnium and invisibilem. . .*), *Life* continues, "Medieval man carried his creed into secular life. He embodied it in his political system, feudalism, in which every man held his rank and obligation in descending order from the sovereign, whose right proceeds



Holding Company.

Forrest Wilson.

from God. . . . He denied himself many profitable practices (for example, usury) because his religion prohibited them."

Now to begin with, there is nothing in the Credo which serves remotely as a basis for the feudal system. One might as well say that there was no division of society into classes before the belief in a Christian God. Perhaps this is what *Life* is after: the justification by religion of the exploitation of man by man.

*"For the knight and eke the clerk  
Live by him who does the work."*

In actuality, political power in the feudal state derived not from God "in descending order," but from the ownership of land, in the order of extent: the more land, the more power. The system of benefits and obligations upon which the feudal state was founded was not made in the image of man's relation to God but sprang from existing property relations. The system declined not with the weakening of faith in God, as *Life* would have us believe, but with the rise of handicraft industry and commerce to replace land as major sources of wealth and power.

Similarly with the code against usury. It is true that the Church denounced the making of profit on loans; but why does not *Life* explain that this moral ban lasted only so long as a barter economy prevailed in western Europe? While people borrowed money or goods only to be able to overcome some personal loss or misfortune, the taking of interest on such a loan could be treated as an ethical violation, a defiance of God's law. But when trading really got underway, and the merchants needed money to finance their operations, what did the Church do? It began to hedge and equivocate like everybody else in the face of the hard, golden facts. Into the absolute prohibition there crept a tribe of howevers, ifs, buts, neverthelesses, etc. After awhile the law was smothered in qualifications. Yet long before this, bishops themselves lent money at interest and popes took under their protection the international banking houses from which they borrowed large sums. Tawney, in his *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, even reports the case of a thirteenth century cleric, one Archbishop Peckham, who "had to implore Pope Nicholas III to withdraw a threat of excommunica-

## portside patter By BILL RICHARDS

To date very little has been said in praise of the 100 percent American films, untainted by Communistic propaganda, that come out of Hollywood. The Randy Carty series, for instance, which extols the sanctity of the family. What good American can forget such warm-hearted, hilarious pictures as *Randy Carty Falls in Love*, *Randy Carty Gets A Girl*, and *Randy Carty Gets a Divorce*?

The many educational films for our growing youngsters also rate high on the list of 100 percent American movies. Epics like *Murder Is Fun*, *Boudoir Mayhem*, and *I Killed Me Mudder* have been enjoyed by millions of kids everywhere.

Recent films have also contributed to the public's understanding of psychology. Audiences thrilled to Bette Crawford's four thrillers last year—*Possessed*, *Pursued*, *Perplexed* and *Plastered*. I doubt whether anyone will ever forget that memorable scene where Bette, charged with murder, arson, grand larceny and incest, is freed after her psychiatrist traces her misdemeanors to the fact that she never played hopscotch as a little girl.

tions, intended to compel him to pay the usurious interest demanded by Italian money lenders, though, as the Archbishop justly observed, 'by Your Holiness' special mandate, it would be my duty to take strong measures against such money lenders.'" It should not be forgotten, Tawney observes, that the papacy was the greatest financial institution of the Middle Ages.

*Life* continued its rosy description of medieval existence in its May 26 issue. The tone of this article evidently stuck in the gorge of a number of readers. The writer Stoyan Pribichevich was moved to send in a long letter. He first quoted certain rapturous passages on the spiritual outlook of feudalism. For example, "hope flashed from the bright banners snapping in the wind on the watch towers . . . gleamed from the armor of the new warrior, the knight . . . echoed from the cries of ladies and squires gaily pursuing the medieval sport of hunting with hawks, under a system which guaranteed progress toward justice and freedom." He then pointed

There are hundreds of others, all making substantial contributions to the American Way of Life—entertaining, educational moving pictures made without Communistic writers. There was Supermount's challenging war story that evoked tears and bitter memories—*Kilroy Won the War*. Millions were delighted by Brenda DuVontz in *The Black Negligee*—sheer entertainment all the way through.

And others roared with delight at that rollicking real-life story of a young American married couple—*Drop Dead*.

All of America forgot about housing shortages and high prices watching the gay musical with Lana Russell entitled *Two Up Front*. And the women of our great country were given new confidence in the glories of free enterprise and the capitalistic system with that patriotic film *I Married a Millionaire For Love*.

For the most part Hollywood's productions are truly American films, despite an occasional lapse into the undercover activities of a *Forever Amber*.

out that feudalism deferred to no other social system in degree of oppression, and that under it the European peasant suffered utter humiliation as a human being. He also recalled a fact most curiously forgotten by the distinguished historian of *Life*: that the Church of Rome was the largest single owner of serfs and estates in Europe, holding nearly one-third of all lands in Germany, France and England. Justice and freedom, hey?

I have singled out the treatment of medieval life because it illustrates most sharply *Life's* technique of persuasion. The reader must be overwhelmed by a wave of glamor, a high wind of rhetoric, to dissolve his critical sense. The significance of the lives of the masses of the people is ignored, for fear of the truths it would reveal about *Life's* favorite hierarchic society. Everything focuses on the knightly and the elegant; on the illusions that are doomed to destruction by the social forces which really move the world. The assent of religion to the inequality of man is subtly suggested, so that the reader will accept the idea

almost as a tenet of belief. There is little doubt but that *Life's* historian regards feudalism, with its fuehrers and gruppenfuehrers, an acceptable prototype of the society which ought to emerge from the present "chaos."

It is not worth while to analyze the remaining articles in the series on the development of Western culture. An idea of their caliber can be deduced from the piece on the Age of Enlightenment, where the mistresses are treated with respect and the philosophers with patronizing irony. The level of historical thinking finds expression in the portrait of Madame Du Barry on the September 15 cover, which is evidently intended to symbolize the age of Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau and Montesquieu. In *Life's* scale of values one court whore is always worth a bunch of materialists.

**I**N THE past year *Life* has given little attention to American history. There is no doubt, though, about the magazine's approach once it gets around to the subject. Its Independence Day issue contained a tribute to just one of the founding fathers—Alexander Hamilton. The author of the article was Republican Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, identified as a modern Hamiltonian. Vandenberg's eulogy repeats the conventional concession of reactionary historians that "young America equally needed Thomas Jefferson and his basic rivalries with Hamilton." John Howard

Lawson has best characterized this line [NM, September 9] as "an assertion that the nation needed democracy, but it also needed its opposite—dictatorship by a financial oligarchy, which Hamilton openly advocated," as does the honorable gentleman from Michigan.

Vandenberg's page is mainly a chronology of Hamilton's undisputed brilliance and accomplishments. It is also a chronology in which Hamilton's record as an enemy of democracy is deliberately masked or omitted. The Senator speaks of Hamilton's charting the basis for the restoration of federal credit and the redemption of the public debt. He neglects to mention that the chief beneficiaries of this "funding" were not the patriots who had purchased the bonds of the Continental Congress to support the war of independence. Hamilton's concern was for the speculators who had bought up the enormously depreciated bonds *after* the war, and he opposed any effort to compensate the original holders. He fully justified the stock-jobber's hopes of him.

Nor does the Senator tell us of Hamilton's speech on June 18, 1787, at the Constitutional Convention, in which he held up the British monarchy as a model, recommending life tenure for the elective executive, who was to have power of absolute veto on national legislation. Nor that he favored an upper chamber chosen for life on a property basis to nullify the decisions

of a lower house elected by manhood suffrage.

Why does not the Senator recall the discriminatory excise tax on distilled whiskey, and how Hamilton led 13,000 militiamen against the farmers of Western Pennsylvania when they resisted this threat to their meager incomes? Shall we remind him that Hamilton opposed the distribution of public lands to settlers north and south of the Ohio; that he nourished dreams of imperialist conquest of South America; and that he expected to play a leading military role in the crisis following the "ruin" of the country by democracy? If the Senator were not already so well known by his acts, we would know him by his hero. He is in the direct line of descent: from the levy against the farmers, veterans of the Revolution, to the "soak the poor" taxes of the Eightieth Congress; from the 13,000 militiamen to the strike-breaking national guards; from the Alien and Sedition Acts of the Federalists to the Red-hunts and the Taft-Hartley law; from the policy on land settlement to the chicanery on the housing question; from the appeasement of Great Britain to isolationism and the appeasement of Germany; from fear of revolutionary France to hatred of the Soviet Union; and from the designs on South America to the bipartisan plan for domination of the world.

So, too, do the aims of *Life* become clear through its version of history. Its yearning for the pleasures of medieval and eighteenth century French nobility is easily satisfied by the Westchester hunts and Long Island garden parties to which it traipses week after week. But when it tries to stuff a clerical, aristocratic and hierarchic way of life down the throats of the American people, something more serious is in the wind. For there is no such thing as a return to the past. We can no more reconstruct the "glories" of feudalism than we can replace the atom bomb with dirks and crossbows. Yet it was just such glories that Hitler invoked to entrance the German middle classes. The flight to the past is also the escape from freedom. *Life's* velvet phrase for this is "the tragic sense of life." Man washes his hands of his own fate and puts it in the hands of God or of his betters. But in doing so he ceases to turn the wheel of history; he is stretched on it instead and the vultures finish him off.



# Bullitt Doctrine

By NORMAN EBERHARDT

**E**VEN the non-virginal pages of *Life* have seldom carried anything like William C. Bullitt's "Report to the American People on China," printed in its October 13 issue and touted beforehand through full-page ads in no less than 600 US newspapers (and that ain't hay).

The article is crucial. It moves far forward from the general world empire warmongering of James Burnham, the ideological and religious props provided by John Foster Dulles, and the "geopolitical" polar-map elaboration by other writers—all previously presented to *Life's* twenty million readers. It picks the battlefield for military provocations calculated to bring on World War III—Manchuria and North China—touches on the logistic involved, and selects a Supreme Commander, Douglas MacArthur. Mac would be agreeable, it states, because his own "military, economic and political proposals might well be those outlined." The candidate, one notes, has not denied this. His little boy Carlos P. Romulo of the Philippines has even endorsed it (letter in *Life*, October 27).

As head of Henry Luce's (and Dulles') unofficial parallel State Department, Bullitt has already visited France, Italy and the Vatican, besides China. Now he tries Hitler's own "big lie" technique to stampede America to the front he has picked. Victories by Chinese people's armies in Manchuria, he says, create a new Dunkirk for the US. Roosevelt did not wait for Congress, in Britain's worst hour, to transfer weapons by "bookkeeping operations." So Truman should ship all available surplus to Chiang Kai-shek today. US troops should man Chiang's land supply lines through war areas as the Navy guarded pre-war Atlantic convoys. Because, Bullitt rants, China's people's forces are Stalin. If Manchuria goes, China will too. The Russians will then "mobilize the 450,000,000 Chinese for war against us." And "the independence of the US will not live a generation longer than that of China."

The alarms sounded, Bullitt turns

to wheedling. Driving "every armed Communist from Chinese soil" will be cheap—only \$1,300,000,000 spread over three years. Guerrilla tactics which a million Japanese could not overcome will be smashed by twenty retrained Chiang divisions. Kuomintang officers and officials will stop grafting if their pay is quadrupled—in dollars. Protests by Chinese youth can be stopped by "drafting immediately all those students who are working on the side of the enemy in the present war," who should be "put through a course of reeducation before being sent to the front." To stress simplicity, Bullitt twists figures. He says the Chinese Communists had "300,000 guerrillas under arms" on V-J Day (US intelligence can tell him they had 1,500,000 regulars and 2,000,000 militia). Now they number "400,000 in small armies and guerrilla bands." The real total is around 4,000,000, with 150,000,000 people behind them.

After wheedling comes the morality. It seems Chiang is in a pickle today because he was "betrayed" by FDR at Yalta, "stultifying the policy of John Hay and Theodore Roosevelt." Teddy Roosevelt (see history) let Japan penetrate Manchuria and take over Korea, in return for keeping its hands off America's Philippines. Bullitt himself does not think it was necessary to dislodge Tokyo's armies. At least he says approvingly that "many believed (before 1937) that in spite of the loss of Manchuria, China could and would win. . . ."

It was them Reds who spoiled things. And FDR villainously broke promises. And honor must be required. So after arguing that no intervention has taken place, Bullitt berates Washington for a further dirty trick. It gave arms to Chiang, then failed to supply enough ammunition and make sure it reached him. Also it did not provide eight and one-third air groups promised in 1946 (this is interesting—we didn't know of that commitment).

**A**ND after morality, profit. In return for aid, Chiang must deliver China to US monopolies ("inde-

pendence" is forgotten now). Fiscal affairs must come under "foreign advisers." China must "sell to the highest bidder industries now under government ownership." She must "welcome foreign capital in acts as well as words." To make it clear he is not talking about British capital, Bullitt suggests that Chiang "publish facts on smuggling from Hong Kong."

Those are the objectives of the Manchuria "front." Lunatic fringe? The GOP is more than a fringe, and Henry Luce neither plays for peanuts nor eats them (yet) behind bars at the zoo. Wedemeyer's report, secret from the people, is said to contain all Bullitt's recommendations.

To be sure, however, there are still differences in Washington. Not on whether to intervene further, but how. The Luce-Bullitt-Congressman Judd-MacArthur build-Japan-to-dominate-China line is as outlined above. Wedemeyer plugs a "Greek" line, full military and civil supervision of China and then we'll see. W. W. Butterworth, new head of the State Department's Far East Division, favors the "Turkish" model. That means entrusting aid to the reactionary "CC" clique of the Kuomintang, keeping US wire-pulling behind the scenes for diplomatic reasons. The Export-Import Bank, headed by ex-envoy to China C. E. Gauss, wants a "Formosa" line. Loans to Chiang, it says, must be used to develop resources on that island and in South China, such as bauxite, sugar, camphor and chemicals. These will be the collateral, and will remain American if Chiang flops despite military aid. General Marshall, busy at the moment with Europe, is said to be playing Sphinx.

All these tendencies, including the "moderate" one, lead up Bullitt's alley. If recent history is a guide, they will move that way fast unless the people speak. China's millions, far from being externally "mobilized for war against us," are successfully resisting US-made war against themselves. They are already in the cauldron. The major danger is to ordinary Americans, who may be pushed in to redress the balance.

Some years ago, when Dulles was praising Japan as a "dynamic nation," US workers stopped iron and oil shipments for her war on China. The other day 130,000,000 rounds of ammunition were shipped to Bullitt's and Chiang's war from Seattle, with plenty of advance newspaper publicity. Labor's voice was not heard.

# review and comment



## NOT SO FRANKLY

**Mr. Byrnes accuses the Russians of carrying out agreements and taking promises seriously.**

By **JOSEPH CLARK**

SPEAKING FRANKLY, by James F. Byrnes. Harper. \$3.50.

WHAT a sensation would be created if a former Secretary of State printed his memoirs to prove: (1) That there can be and have been successful negotiations and agreements for postwar peace between the United States and the Soviet Union; (2) That rather than expanding, Russia emerged from World War II smaller by 195,000 square miles than in 1914; (3) That during the Soviet-German non-aggression pact the Soviet government turned down Hitler's proposal to divide up the world between them; that on the contrary, the Russians infuriated the Germans by taking up only those diplomatic and military positions useful to the Russians against the Germans.

The amazing thing is that such a book of memoirs has already appeared! *Speaking Frankly* documents and proves every one of the above statements. And if all this sounds paradoxical, an even bigger contradiction is the central theme of this book. After citing his own experiences in getting successful agreements with Russia on the peace treaties with Italy, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria and Finland, Byrnes proposes an exactly opposite course to his successor. Byrnes proves that the world is big enough for both Russia and America and that we can reach agreement in peace as in war. But he wants America to take up arms, enlisting the "assistance of as many as are willing to join in the task" of making war against the Soviet Union.

Starting at London in the Fall of 1945, continuing at Paris and Moscow and ending in New York one year

later, the Council of Foreign Ministers, representing America, Russia, Britain and France, debated, disputed, argued and finally agreed on terms of peace treaties with Germany's former satellites. "These agreements were all the more notable since they had been reached in the midst of a debate on armaments control at the General Assembly of the United Nations . . . and during continued friction on the familiar issues of Greece and Iran," Byrnes notes. Even before the final New York meeting, the Moscow session had already ended the impasse. Agreement was reached that unanimous accord of the Big Four would be the foundation stone of the peace treaties, while the small states were assured "an opportunity to be heard" in the treaty making.

Having come back from Moscow with accord on the fundamental basis for Soviet-American agreement, Byrnes professes surprise and disappointment "to find a portion of the press criticizing our agreements as 'appeasement.'" Much of that criticism Byrnes decides "came from people so unreasonably anti-Soviet in their views that they would regard any agreement with Russia on any subject as appeasement." But paradox prevails and the experiences of more than a year of negotiations are thrown into discard as Byrnes treats with "the crucial test of our ability to create the conditions of peace in Europe and, in fact, the world"—in Germany and Austria.

This question comes before the Council of Foreign Ministers in November at London. Byrnes writes: "But we must realize that even then the Soviets will exercise the same veto

weapon to obtain concessions from the United Kingdom, France and the United States before they will agree to issue invitations for a peace conference."

That "impasse" is the same that faced the Council at Moscow during the debate on a proposed peace conference regarding the former satellites. But Byrnes has already written how the Moscow session of the Council ended the "impasse." It was ended on the basis proposed and reiterated by Yalta, Teheran, Potsdam and all the wartime agreements of the Big Three. "The solution we reached was not ideal," Byrnes writes in describing how Moscow ended the "impasse." The unanimity rule would prevail and "the larger states were not to be bound by the recommendations of the peace conference."

Flouting the evidence of his own memoirs, Byrnes outlines a course of action for Marshall to follow in London. If the Russians continue to keep their troops in Germany and Austria "other means of making peace will have to be found." Bear in mind that these troops are in their allotted zones on the basis of agreements reached between America and Russia. Bear in mind too that those troops can be withdrawn only by agreement among the Big Four. Byrnes, however, devises a most ingenious procedure "of making peace" through launching war.

"The United States should ask those powers that constitute the Council of Foreign Ministers, including, of course, the Soviet Union, to agree to the holding of a peace conference early in 1948." Then, if any member of the Council refuses to go along with the US proposal, even though it violates not only the agreements reached in the war but also the agreements reached after the war by Byrnes and Molotov, Byrnes demands that the other members of the Council should proceed to call a "peace conference" on Germany.

Byrnes continues: "By the time the conference takes place, the merged British-American zone probably will be operating successfully. . . . The treaty of peace can be signed by the government or governments in the zones that have been unified."

Having signed such a "peace treaty" in violation of the pledged word of this government, Byrnes would then carry the matter to the United Nations Security Council if the Russians

insisted on following the procedure America and Russia had previously agreed upon. If Russian troops remained in the Russian occupation zone Byrnes would demand that the UN find "a threat to the peace of the world. . . . The United Nations should therefor require the Soviet Union to withdraw from Germany."

Proposing such violation of the rules governing the Council of Foreign Ministers, Byrnes then outlines a method for circumventing the charter of the United Nations. The charter provides for unanimous agreement of the five permanent Security Council members in any situation constituting a threat to the peace of the world. If Russia insists on standing by the UN charter, Byrnes says "we must be prepared to assume the obligations that then clearly will be ours." To "adopt these measures of last resort," Byrnes says, "we should seek to enlist the assistance of as many as are willing to join in the task."

Byrnes' proposal presupposes the repudiation of his own agreements with Molotov, not to speak of Yalta and Potsdam. It envisages the end of the Council of Foreign Ministers. It predicates the destruction of the San Francisco charter of the United Nations. And with the instruments of a postwar peace lying about him in ruins, Byrnes calls for "the assistance of as many as are willing to join" him in armageddon.

**H**ISTORIANS can take the measure of this former Secretary of State by contrasting the evidence he gives of agreements reached on postwar treaty-making and his proposal to substitute armed struggle for treaty-making. But they can get the full measure of the man only if they pierce through Byrnes' sly attempt to enlist Franklin D. Roosevelt's name for his unholy crusade.

Evidence of Roosevelt's role in securing effective Soviet-American cooperation during the war was indelibly written at the conference in the Crimea and at Yalta. Roosevelt's determination to get along with Stalin was documented at those meetings and is not denied by Byrnes. On the contrary, he confirms the ease with which Roosevelt and Stalin sought and secured accord. For example, he shows how these two leaders saw eye to eye on De Gaulle: "President Roosevelt did not take issue with Stalin on De

Gaulle," Byrnes writes. "The President had great admiration for France and its people but he did not admire De Gaulle."

Byrnes tells how when he became Secretary of State he learned of the various Roosevelt-Stalin agreements on Big Power unanimity, Sakhalin Island, the Kuriles, etc., and asked President Truman to give the State Department all the White House documents confirming these agreements. "I wanted to know how many IOUs were outstanding," Byrnes writes, in evident pique at the late President for the degree and extent of the wartime Roosevelt-Stalin agreements.

Despite all this evidence, Byrnes continues to create a myth of deteriorating Soviet-American relations before Roosevelt's death. What does Byrnes prove when he cites differences between Roosevelt and Stalin? Indeed, he could have cited a long record of differences between Roose-



James F. Byrnes.

velt and Churchill over far more fundamental questions, such as the conduct of the war, the second front—issues which involved and finally took thousands of American lives because Churchill disagreed with both Stalin and Roosevelt on these matters. To cite differences proves nothing here. To cite differences which were resolved, to give evidence that there was a *will* for cooperation between Russia and America, between Roosevelt and Stalin—this is the *real* issue.

Once more Byrnes' conclusions bear no relationship to his "evidence." Thus, although it was far from his intent, Byrnes confirms the facts already available to the historian: the deterioration of Soviet-American relations took place only after Roosevelt died.

Byrnes also had no intention of disproving charges of Soviet expansionism. Yet on page 282, Byrnes writes that prewar Russia occupied 8,645,000 square miles. On the next page he finds that the present area of the Soviet Union is only 8,455,939 square miles.

Regarding the myth of a Russo-German agreement to carve up the world during the non-aggression pact, Byrnes uses German documents now in possession of the State Department to describe a conference between Hitler and Molotov on November 12 and 13, 1940. This meeting took place after the Germans had protested to the Russians against Soviet action in Lithuania, Bessarabia and Bukovina. These were territories which had once belonged to Russia. But what irked Hitler was that he knew, just as the present occupants of the State Department know, that those lands were crucial for the defense of Russia's western borders.

Byrnes describes the Hitler-Molotov discussion from German documents: "Hitler apparently was in a grandiose and expansive mood . . . he declared Germany and the Soviet Union should reach agreement on the division of the British Empire." Furthermore Hitler offered Molotov warm-water ports by way of Iran, the Persian Gulf and the Arabian Sea.

Byrnes sympathetically describes the difficulties Hitler had when negotiating with Molotov: "Mr. Molotov's precise, legalistic mind failed to respond to Hitler's grandiose scheme." What Molotov wanted to talk about, Byrnes says, was getting German troops out of Finland; he also protested Germany's "guarantee" of Rumania. Molotov protested German maneuvers in Bulgaria and said that Russia sought a mutual assistance pact with Bulgaria as well as a new regime for the Dardanelles.

Hitler was furious, Byrnes records. The things Molotov wanted to talk about were positions which involved Russian security against German aggression. These countries he named were avenues for attacking Russia, as



Harari.

**James F. Byrnes.**

the history of the war proved. Byrnes' use of the German archives proves, if nothing else, that there never was a Nazi-Russian agreement on dividing the world and that Russia had consistently pursued a course looking toward its own security against aggression.

From all this Byrnes concludes precisely the opposite.

A statesman's memoirs can be useful to the student and historian. But *Speaking Frankly* is much more than that. It is a blueprint of policies proposed for the future. In his proposals Byrnes hews closely to the program actually being carried out by General Marshall, which includes ending the wartime agreements, insuring the failure of the London meeting of Foreign Ministers, destroying the charter of the United Nations and heading this country to a war which would smash up more than treaties and charters and agreements among statesmen.

There are still the people to be reckoned with—the same people who won the war and dreamed about one world living in peace.

## The French Who Fought

A FINE OF 200 FRANCS, by *Elsa Triolet*. Reynal & Hitchcock. \$2.75.

DESPITE the many political undercurrents of the various anti-Nazi resistance movements, they generally displayed such clarity of purpose and energy of action that, from this distance in both time and space, the men and women who composed them sometimes loom impossibly steadfast, dedicated and heroic.

It is not Elsa Triolet's purpose, in these four long short stories, in any way to deny the heroism of the French Resistance. As the wife of Louis Aragon and an important Resistance leader herself, she full well knows of the heights of bravery and sacrifice the French people reached. But she seems to wish to reaffirm the fact that the Resistance was made up of all sorts of people, who became heroes because of the life they took up or which was almost thrust upon them. Indeed, with a few minor changes in their manner of living, we could recognize American counterparts of the subjects of the three biographies that make up the longest tales.

Juliette Noel, for instance, of "The Lovers of Avignon," before the war had been almost a Hollywood version

of a stenographer—beautiful, efficient and very discreetly the boss's mistress while day-dreaming of Gary Cooper and Charles Boyer. Yet after organizing for the Resistance among the farmers and riding endlessly on dismal trains carrying messages, she had strength enough to resign herself to only chance meetings with the Resistance leader with whom she fell deeply in love.

Alexis Slavsky of the second story is, like some artists in this country, a completely ivory-tower painter, still further sheltered by his former model and wife, who spends all her time pampering him. He is, indeed, a rather unsympathetic character, except for the shame that preys on him like a disease after the French armies surrender. But prey is all that the shame does. He practically whines over being in hideous Lyon instead of Paris, and only the food in the small village they move to keeps him from whining harder there. But through an affair—purely for distraction—with a Resistance journalist, he ends up carrying one message. And the purposiveness of the action and the difference in everyone's attitude toward him astonish him and warm him, until we leave him with the assurance that he will continue, even though perhaps only in small ways, with those who are resisting.

With "Notebooks Buried Under a Peach Tree" we return to Louise Belfort, the journalist who was instrumental in getting Slavsky into motion. She had been the daughter of a Cabinet minister, a specialist in travel writing and definitely cafe-society "smart." But on one of her jaunts she had met Jean, a Communist leader on his way to the Soviet Union, and had just kicked over her usual habits and settled down. So she had been with the Resistance from the beginning, always separated from Jean, working harder, going among the beginnings of the Maquis, taking chances when it was necessary. And she finally was caught.

The final story, "A Fine of 200 Francs," won the Goncourt Prize, although it hardly seems any better, as writing, than the other three. It is a heart-breaking paean describing a German raid on a village when everyone has grown careless through sheer joy after the Allied landing.

It is gratifying—and unfortunately too rare—to find such workmanlike and satisfying writing on the people's

side of the fence. Though the longest of the stories is only 124 pages, the characters emerge as round and credible as many subjects of far longer novels, while their surroundings become as familiar as the streets along which we walk to work. Credit, too, should go to the translator (whom the publisher leaves anonymous) for a successful, idiomatic, unaffected piece of rendering into English.

SALLY ALFORD.

## Restless America

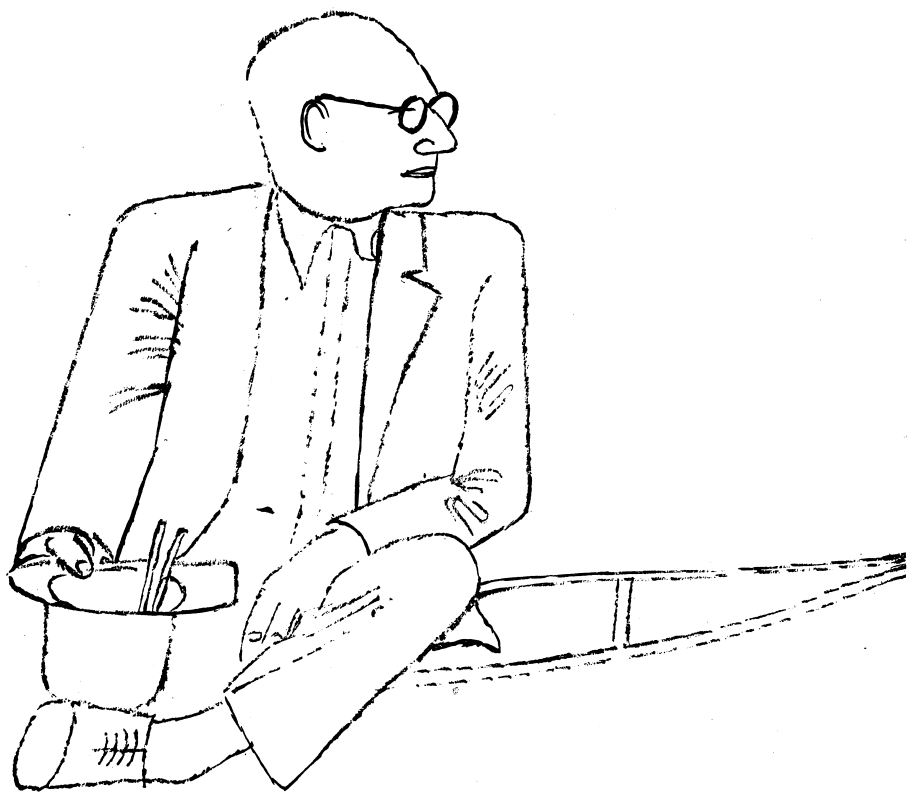
THE KID, by *Conrad Aiken*. Duell Sloan & Pearce. \$2.

IT IS extremely interesting that that most subjective of poets, Conrad Aiken, a man who is so sensitive to the waywardness of the subconscious, should today write a poem that is essentially an answer to America's witch-hunters. His hero is the Kid, or America, the America that stands for freedom. The first Kid is William Blackstone, who possessed Boston Commons before the first settlers and who left it when the dire theocracy began to wield its power. Cherishing his liberty the Kid, "always restless, always moving on," turned westward.

Other Americans "changing and changeless, went and came" after Blackstone. Their names are unimportant; their symbolic value is what interests the poet—how they represent freedom in a wide, open land with rivers and mountains and cities and legends. And who are the particular symbols? Hector St. John de Crevecoeur, the French agriculturist who wrote the American classic *Letters from an American Farmer*; Audubon, Thoreau, Johnny Appleseed, Kit Carson, Billy the Kid, Paul Revere, Benjamin Franklin, Melville, and the physicist Willard Gibbs, the perturbed Henry Adams, historian Brooks Adams, Walt Whitman and Emily Dickinson. All the American voice, private and public.

And the voice halted at times, "bore witness to bigots, was martyred in shame." The particular martyrdom that Aiken describes, and describes so much more amply in his interesting notes than in his hasty poetic symbolism, is that of the Southwick family. The Southwicks were persecuted under the theocracy because, in the face of outrage and suffering, they clung persistently to their Quaker faith. Aiken's bitterness at America's shame and his implied awareness of her present





"Beggar—1947," brush and ink by Ben Shahn. Part of a retrospective exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art through January 4.

bigotry (is he not writing this in the year of America's guilt, 1947, when prison sentences are again being invoked against the modern incarnations of "the Kid"?) is reflected in his section on "the Martyrdom" and in his use of the following quotation on Quaker persecution from Brooks Adams' *The Emancipation of Massachusetts*:

Thus were freeborn English subjects and citizens of Massachusetts dealt with by the priesthood that ruled the Puritan Commonwealth. . . . It was the mortal struggle between conservatism and liberality, between repression and free thought. The elders felt it in the marrow of their bones, and so declared it in their laws, denouncing banishment under pain of death against those "adhering to or approving of any knoune Quaker, or the tenetts and practices of Quakers."

Aiken, therefore, sees how freedom was obstructed by the theocracy; he even sees that the wisdom of America had to be sometimes learned "in rage," or by the kind of action that is now required to stem the wave of hysteria the frightened monopolists are encouraging in their attempt to cleave to a toppling plutocracy. Yet, the conception of freedom is still confused in Aiken's mind. Blackstone is the symbol of liberty, not only because he was repelled by the "lord's Bishop" of Bos-

ton, but also because he seemed to cherish a kind of anarchy. Aiken cannot throw off his solipsism completely; the world to him is still a world reflecting his ego. He can still ask:

*What should I want but bookes on shelf—  
these few I have—and that dark selfe  
that poures within me, a chartless  
sea. . . ."*

It is his emphasis on freedom for the "dark selfe" that weakens the poem—as poem and as American epic. It lacks the energy of *John Brown's Body*, for example, where the symbolism is consistent and unmuffled. Emily Dickinson, therefore, is part of "the Kid" because she represents the "intrinsic, unknown and alone." Aiken hopes that now as he opens his eyes, "the world looks in," but it is a world that is still a mirror of his private anguish. America's purpose, he sees, is "to give lonely [my emphasis] truth a name." To him, therefore, the "prototypical American" is not only like "those pioneers who sought freedom and privacy in the 'wide open spaces,' or the physical conquest of an untamed continent," but like "those others, early and late, who were to struggle for it in the darker kingdoms of the soul"—like Thoreau and Melville and Henry Adams. He ignores the real reasons

why Thoreau and Melville are symbolic of the fight for freedom in America: Thoreau's resistance to a slavery-supporting state by his refusal to pay his poll-tax; Melville's never-ceasing condemnation of imperialism and exploitation of any kind.

Structurally, the book is similar to the poet's earlier ones in that the totality is more important than each section. The impression is still symphonic: the music varies (Aiken is always a fine craftsman); the harmonies merge, and the counterpoint brightens the whole. But again, Aiken's fluency hinders him; his undisciplined annoying word play allows such horrors as "claws of clause," "a ewer in pewter," "world whorled in world the whorl of his thought," etc.

Yet, despite the underlying confusions of the poem, it will probably become the most popular of Aiken's books, because the tendency is away from seeing the world as a house of dust and toward understanding it as a structure built upon real people—people who act as well as dream.

HARRIET HAMBARIN.

## Sorry Headsman

THE AXE OF WANDSBEK, by Arnold Zweig. Viking. \$3.50.

"RACES are distinguished by the amount and kind of things that they do not deign to notice," one of the main characters in Arnold Zweig's new novel, a prison governor familiar with Nietzsche's work, recites to himself. And this—if one substitutes the word "people" for "races"—is the story Zweig has to tell of lower- and upper-middle-class Germans of Hamburg in the year preceding the Munich Pact. It is an account of a poisoned people awakening only spasmodically to the doomed situation that Nazism has placed them in. One sees them, at the moment when to the outside world Germany seemed most strong and triumphant, as a miserable, restive and yet passively blind people. One meets them in their final acceptance of the Nazi horror, their final hardening for the war launched on mankind.

The novel concerns itself chiefly with Albert Teetjens, a shopkeeper and master butcher, who to save his shop from the competition of larger stores takes on the job of executioner for one day at the local prison. He executes four men by chopping off their heads with an axe and thus ren-

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ders the Reich a service that no one else wanted to undertake, for the men (one is a Communist well known to the workers of Hamburg) are patently innocent. The money Teetjens gains from this job tides him over his difficulties, but when his act becomes known to his neighbors it ruins his business and destroys the fabric of his life. He follows his wife in suicide. She has the solace of religion but he dies seeing no meaning to his life, having lost his belief in his comrades of the SS and in his Fuehrer. He can only believe that the "Reds" somehow did all this to him.

Zweig's canvas is, of course, much larger than this indicates. Involved in the butcher's story are the prison governor, a cultured man who believes "the realities of thought are purely intellectual" and "do not apply to the crude world of every day"; his daughters, exuberant young ladies growing up blithely in Nazi Germany, and a woman doctor, who sees most clearly of all what is happening to Germany and who with the prison governor contemplates for a while a plan to kill Hitler. But her spurt of energy accomplishes only the ruin of the butcher. And finally there is the other major portrait of an old army comrade of the butcher's who is one of the new capitalists created by the rise of Hitler. By recommending his old comrade as executioner this friend wins Party support for the expansion of his business.

Zweig manages to let us see all the economic factors that grind down the Teetjens' of the day, the lunacies of Hitlerism and Hitlerite scientists, the conflict in values among the Nazi Party members, the vitiated remnants of German liberalism. And it is one of the virtues of the book that it is not a story—like so many on Nazi Germany—that seems to happen on another planet. It is the familiar life of a capitalist society where most of men's preoccupations are with economic survival. The lower classes are given the "Reds" to hate; the spoils of the Jewish merchants are thrown to the SS men; but the big capitalists merge and rearrange their holdings for the big conquests and the large spoils that never seep down below their class. And for acquiescing in this, people like Albert Teetjens die before the war is begun, in disillusion and without understanding.

The book is difficult to read. It

moves laboriously. Written in short episodes, sometimes merely sketches, it has the effect of a roving camera. But it is a camera in soft focus, for Zweig has a tired, kindly intelligence—kind to his characters and his readers—and what could be telling incidents often emerge as blurred and banal. Perhaps the fault lies in the characters he has chosen as protagonists, for there is no one with whom one can intimately sympathize or identify oneself. There is a curiously academic quality to their response to fascism, one that can't quite be explained by their middle-class background. People with vague notions and disquieting illusions can be drawn sharply, and the net of words and incidents Zweig throws to catch his characters too often veils rather than captures them.

Since he has disclaimed heroism and tight form by his choice of material and his conception, Zweig must rely on his powers of characterization and choice of significant incidents. For that a clear system of values is necessary. But on the whole Zweig appears mildly aloof, so that the infection is apt to spread to the reader.

JOSE YGLESIAS.

## Waterfront Saga

MERCHANT SEAMEN: A Short History of Their Struggles, by William L. Standard. International. \$2.

THIS is a book that needed to be written. If ever the seamen had good reason to review their past in order to prepare for the future it is now.

It is good, too, that Bill Standard tackled the job. He is certainly the man equipped to do it. Standard has participated in the battles of the seamen, both as a lawyer and friend, for a long time. He was the counsel for the old Marine Workers Industrial Union, he represented the rank and file members of the International Seamen's Union in their fight against the phony officials, and ever since its formation he has served as general counsel for the National Maritime Union.

Standard's book is no solemn lawyer's tome. He wastes no time boxing the compass. The facts, the events, are set down cleanly and simply in a straightforward manner. The conclusions are there, too, for anyone with the courage to draw them.

Starting with the seamen's participation in the revolutionary Sons of Liberty before 1776, Standard traces the seamen's history through the strikes in the Thirties, their anti-fascist record and participation in the war, and their postwar struggles. Easily the most valuable section of the book deals with that period of history in which Standard himself played an active role. He has carefully recorded the story of the fight for progressive unionism on the waterfront, the events that led to the formation of the NMU and the membership's struggle against the Red-baiting labor spies who tried to destroy the union from within.

Today the seamen face an even greater struggle. Knowledge of their history can help them win that struggle. Standard's book records the facts; it is to the labor movement's advantage that facts are such stubborn things.

HERB TANK.

## Woodrow Wilson

WILSON: THE ROAD TO THE WHITE HOUSE, by Arthur S. Link. Princeton University Press. \$5.

THIS is the first in a projected series of volumes attempting a fresh assessment of the career of Woodrow Wilson. After a brief introductory chapter, one finds some 200,000 words devoted to a painstaking study of the decade in Wilson's life (1902-1912) which witnessed his transition from president of Princeton to President-elect of the United States. The work is based on an exhaustive and critical study of documentary and newspaper material, and unquestionably supersedes all previous studies in its field. It is, however, restricted almost entirely to political matter and sticks so close to the immediate person of its subject that, for example, the only time Debs is mentioned is in enumerating the results of the 1912 election, when the reader learns that the Socialist received over 900,000 votes. As a specialized study, nevertheless, in Democratic Party history within New Jersey and the nation for the first years of the twentieth century, the work is without a peer.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

## Books Received

THE PORTABLE CHEKHOV, edited by Avraham Yarmolinsky. Viking. \$2. Many of the familiar stories of Chekhov are reprinted in

this volume, as well as *The Cherry Orchard* and the little farce, *The Boor*. The editor's introduction contains an extremely valuable biographical section.

THE NAMING OF THE TELESCOPE, by Edward Rosen. Foreword by Howard Shapley. Henry Schuman. \$2.50. An intimate picture of scientific and intellectual activity in Renaissance Italy, and a bit of detective work in a small but vital corner of the field of astronomy.

SUN, STAND THOU STILL, by Angus Armitage. Schuman. \$3. A simply-written personalized account of the life and intellectual labor of Copernicus, by one of the world's foremost Copernican scholars.

HENRI MATISSE, by Alexander Romm. Lear. \$3.75. This reprint of the work of one of the leading Soviet art critics is embellished by numbers of beautiful drawings and reproductions in black and white and color of the artist's work. Romm's study is essentially a social critique, but the formal aspects of Matisse's art are treated in great detail.

CHILDREN OF THE ALBATROSS, by Anais Nin. Dutton. \$2.75. A novel of adolescence marred by an irritating pseudo-poetic style which magnifies to the point of distortion the simplest observations and insights.

THE ORIGINS OF THE RUSSIAN-JEWISH LABOR MOVEMENT, by A. L. Platkin. Bloch. \$3.50. The early days of the participation of the Jewish masses in American trade union and political movements were conditioned in part by the state of the Russian-Jewish labor movement. Unfortunately there is no book in English that tells even the bare facts, which are so extensively available in Yiddish and other languages. Had Mr. A. L. Platkin provided us with the facts, his book would have been very welcome. But his volume is short on facts and long on interpretation, and his interpretation is based on confused idealistic concepts that lead to judgments as that "nationalism is a purely psychological phenomenon." His politics are such as to have compelled him to leave the Soviet Union because of his hostility to the Bolshevik revolution.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, edited, with comments, by Van H. Cartmell and Charles Grayson. Dial. \$3.75. A fairly conventional selection of what the publisher calls "the most celebrated short stories in the English language." Forty stories in this collection.

NEW WORLD PRIMER, by Julien Cornell. New Directions. \$2. A well-meaning but incredibly naive book. The author draws virtual blueprints for a world government which will guarantee peace on earth. There is not the slightest consideration of the conflict of interests which stand in the way of universal acceptance of his reasonable suggestions. Such a book might as well have been written on the moon.

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