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Looking Forward

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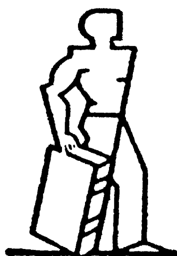
Looking Forward

SECTIONS OF WORKS IN PROGRESS BY AUTHORS OF INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS ON THE OCCASION OF ITS THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY

WITH DRAWINGS BY CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS



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EDITOR'S NOTE

All references, footnotes and other explanatory material are omitted from the studies included in this volume, and will be found in the author's completed work when published.

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Foreword

by ALEXANDER TRACHTENBERG

THIS IS an installment on the future. It is an anniversary volume, a *Festschrift,* marking thirty years of International Publishers, but it is a "jubilee publication" of a special kind. In my statement to the court before sentence, which the reader will find towards the end of the book, I said, "We still have a lot of work to do, and I hope that we shall continue to publish books." We have published a few dozen books since that February day in 1953. The present volume is an advance sampling of the books to be published in the coming year or so—sections of works in progress by the authors of International Publishers. It is further evidence that neither the writers nor the publisher are resting on their oars in face of the storm.

This book was initiated two months ago at a conference between the publisher and a number of authors at work on diverse book projects, some already announced in the International catalog, others still to be listed. The books were at various stages —a few in draft form, some barely begun, still others only in outline. The authors accepted with enthusiasm the central idea of the anniversary volume—a demonstration against the bookburners, showing the authors at work in full confidence that their writing will be completed and published. Many of them set aside other work, and within a month the contributions were ready—a miracle of collective labor.

We have here only a small sampling of new writing in many fields. It is not a symposium on a central theme, unless real life and the striving for social progress is that theme. No pretense is made that this volume represents all such writing now in progress in the United States. The selection is limited to American authors whose works have been issued by International Publishers, the time element not permitting invitations even to

our dozen or so British writers to participate. Contributing artists have provided original drawings for our day. It is an unrehearsed volume, each contribution an excerpt or a theme from a larger work yet to be completed, where the subject will receive full treatment. But it is alive and vibrant, carrying on the battle for progress and peace in many realms of creative literature and thought, giving the essence if not all the manifestations of the struggles of our times.

Here is a taste of the new books to which the reader can look forward, enriching the considerable body of literature produced by this publishing house during the past thirty years, continuing the best traditions of labor, the democratic heritage, and the century-old Marxist tradition in the United States. This kind of literature cannot be legislated away; no court can imprison it out of the reach of thought. It will continue to feed the stream of creative work in America. We can be certain of that.

Here also is our most valuable asset after three decades of publishing—the authors at creative labor, writing about the life of the people, studying our history and our current problems, giving battle to the obscurantism which is penetrating our culture. I salute them all on this occasion. These writers and artists, and others like them, are keeping alive the vital stream of culture and thought without which our country would have no future. Yet, to keep it alive, they say by their work, is not enough. They struggle and produce in a period of the greatest repressions perhaps in the whole of American history, when culture and science themselves are suspect.

Therefore, read and see what the bookburners would like to destroy in the flames of the anti-Communist hysteria. What they would destroy is not only the kind of work represented in this volume. The threat is to all serious writing and art that touch on real life, that remain true to the democratic heritage of the people and the ideals of well-being and peace, that stay loyal to scientific principles in the treatment of historical and social problems.

This volume is offered as a token of the sane, healthy, fighting forces of the people in our country that are fighting and will overcome cultural darkness and reaction.

November 1, 1954 ALEXANDER TRACHTENBERG

The Shape of Things

by JAMES S. ALLEN

By way of introduction

BIGOTS AND individuals crazed by fear of the new, in whatever age of social change, have always attempted to destroy the culture of enlightenment. But in our present-day America, the bookburners and would-be jailers of ideas are glorified as national heroes. The code of repression, buttressed by laws violating the Constitution and enforced in a thousand indecent and illegal ways, has become official doctrine. In effect, the nation is harassed by a norm of conformity, comparable in its social and historic meaning to the *auto da fé* of the Inquisition, the Salem witch-hunts, the Alien and Sedition Laws of our early Republic, the Black Codes of the Southern slavemasters, and the censorship boards of tsardom, not to speak of the total fascist fury of Hitlerism.

The monopoly state in America has become the prosecutor not only of non-conformist individuals but of ideas and institutions, indeed, of the entire way of life to which the American people has been accustomed—even to the extent of revoking the citizenship of native-born, as well as foreign-born, Americans because of their political ideas. Does this resort to unconstitutional, fascist-like practice bespeak the weakness of the prosecuted or the weakness of the prosecutor? I submit that by adopting these methods the monopoly state admits its own weakness, placing itself on the defensive before its own people and the entire world.

In truth, it is not threatened by a social revolution within or by an aggressive power outside. It is afraid of the very idea of social change, and does not care too much how it is defined in theory or how it may express itself in our land, for any change in the status quo here or abroad is considered a threat. This is

how all oligarchies, whether of the absolutist monarchist variety or of the present monopolist type, have faced the future—with fear and with reliance upon force, or as it is phrased here "positions of strength," to the exclusion of all considerations of social justice and human welfare.

To be sure, sane voices are to be heard warning that the greatest position of strength for our country lies in the realization of our democratic promise and our capacity to provide material well-being for a people at peace. And these same voices, not to be stilled, tell us that in the Smith Act trials, in the Congressional committee inquisitions, in the spate of repressive laws against trade unions and political parties, in the loyalty-oath epidemics, in the police-dossier coordination of science and learning—in all of which anti-Communsm is raised to the highest principle of government and society—the monopoly state is in fact taking up positions of fatal weakness. These positions the diehard Tories are determined to hold against the American people, if necessary, by traveling the full road to a fascist-type totalitarian regime, the last resort of reaction in the age of monopoly and imperialism.

What is happening in America thus becomes a world problem, for the domestic and foreign programs of the entrenched corporate interests are cut of the same cloth. Washington has been in a bellicose posture practically for the entire postwar decade, itself launching a colonial war, girdling the world with bases, and building the military strength of countries that it expects to count as allies in a war against the socialist world. Oblivious to the lessons to be learned from the recent demise of the fascist Axis, "anti-Communism" has again been picked up as the world shibboleth, and in its name the foremost monopoly power is trying to turn the world it calls "free" into a vast American domain. Even during the last war, dreams of an American Century bemused the circles where "Manifest Destiny" has been a dogma since the turn of the century, although the need for survival and the role of the heroic Soviet ally forced these dreamers to check their ambitions.

Today, the war-born programs for exterminating the remnants of fascism after its military defeat have been replaced by schemes to resurrect the martial might of fascist elements restored to power in the defeated Axis countries, at the expense of the very

lands which were the victims of their aggression. The promises of colonial freedom contained in the Atlantic Charter are forgotten as the weight of the United States is thrown into the battle to preserve colonialism and even the structure of old empire against the powerful freedom movements of our era. Roosevelt's Four Freedoms, which inspired a war-torn world and helped bring victory by seeding faith in the peace to come, are emasculated beyond recognition to make fear look like security, war like peace, want like prosperity, the chained spirit like freedom of belief. The Good Neighbor Policy has been dismissed in favor of a bully-your-neighbor policy, not only in Latin America, the ancient stamping ground of Yankee imperialism, but throughout the world.

This turn in our national policy, at home and abroad, has raised the danger of war, and in such a form as to place at stake the very existence of nations, including our very own. The mushroom cloud which first rose over real cities, Asian cities, leaving 200,000 victims when Japan was already on its knees, threatens in the next war to cover the globe, so destructive have the atomic and hydrogen weapons become. No wonder the policy of peaceful co-existence is today so dear to the peoples inhabiting the islands at either end of the Eurasian continent, the English and the Japanese, and to all the peoples in between and on the other continents, including the American people, who are beginning to understand that our country, remote from the battlefields of two world wars, is no longer immune.

It is this universal desire for peace that is turning the world against us, for in us, in what is happening in our country and in what we are doing to others, they see the image of global war. It is upon this rock, the world's yearning for peace, that the armored American ship of state is always floundering, unable to find the passage to the promised land where EDC's, Atlantic Pacts, Pacific Pacts, Middle Asian Pacts, Balkan Ententes and all the other martial alliances will be finally sealed, delivered, and executed. It is for this reason that Washington's far-flung war bases are always in danger of inundation, for they are untenable islands of war in the sea of peace-loving peoples. To let the American people think otherwise is to deceive them. The policy of war is a dangerous mirage in a world striving for peace—

a world where the forces for peace are growing strong enough to isolate the warmakers.

In various direct and indirect ways the world is telling us that the American Century is going bankrupt. It is now almost ten years since the end of the war, and Dulles, the best-travelled secretary of state we have ever had, must still go off frantically to the capitals of his "free world" in a vain attempt to pin down war allies once and for all, to capitals no longer so submissive or so dependent on dollars marked with the sign of death. Our allies show little gratitude for the services rendered them under the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan, or for the billion-dollar handouts in return for which they were supposed to have pledged undying loyalty to the banner of Wall Street imperialism.

Curious, is it not, that they persist in following their own particular interests, at times even against the wishes of the almighty monopoly power. The pound, the franc, the mark, the lira, the yen also have their peculiar needs, which lead to forbidden markets. The embargo against the socialist world, for example, a cardinal principle of the policy of "containment" or, as Dulles would have it, of "liberation" of the peoples from socialism, is defied openly by the countries of the "Atlantic Community" or the "Pacific Community" as they eagerly seek trade with the Soviet Union, the East European democracies, and China to escape from the containment of the American crisis-provoking economy and to liberate themselves from the war camp. We have made it practically a crime to visit the Socialist world, but now almost daily pilgrimages leave from many lands to these countries, and a reciprocal hospitality is growing. In England, for instance, the restoration of normal relations with socialist lands has become a matter of keen political competition among parties and factions of parties. The new and elaborate system of war alliances, torn by inner dissension, is beginning to break down, as our supposed allies recover from the wounds of the last war, and as the struggle for peace comes persistently forward.

Nor has the American Century fared any better in Asia, where the American empire-dreamers have always tried to pry the door open into the preserves of other powers and now thought they had at last gained a springboard in Japan and Korea. The victorious Chinese revolution opened up the floodgates of colonial

liberation, changing overnight the relation between the imperial powers and all of Asia. We were unceremoniously kicked out of the China mainland along with Chiang Kai-shek, the feudal warlord protected by the American fleet on the island we are trying to steal from China. In Korea, in the fiercest colonial war in our history, we were halted with terrible losses and forced into a peace parley, the first time in the imperialist era that a big power had to negotiate on an equal basis with a colonial people. Our jingoes were almost ready to go to war again over Indochina, but it is symptomatic of the new relation in Asia that the French government, as a necessity of national interest, had to come to terms with the revolutionary government of Ho Chi Minh, losing colonial territory it has held for eighty years. And to cap the rebuff to American arms and diplomacy in Asia, the new China stepped forth to play a leading world role at the Geneva Conference ending the Indochina war, a role denied it in the United Nations by the cheap maneuvers of the United States. Washington gathered a few puppet governments into the miserable Southwest Asia alliance, and maintains an unsteady footing in Japan, but India and the associated Colombo nations, thanks to China's new role, can fend off the complete domination of the imperialist bloc and pursue an independent peace policy.

If our own policies prove stale, failures can always be blamed on some pernicious anti-American devil who takes delight in worsting us. In the drama of our official policy, the Soviet Union has played the role of devil to the United States for a long time. It took sixteen years for the United States to grant recognition to the USSR, much longer than it took Britain officially to acknowledge our own revolutionary Republic, which itself soon established friendly relations with revolutionary France and later with the revolutionary Latin American republics. When we welcomed the Soviet Union as an ally in the war against fascism, we acted in our national interest, but today the very policy which would have denied our national interest rather than have such an alliance is uppermost. The Soviet Union is again Mr. Devil Incarnate, and everything he stands for is naturally obnoxious—especially peace, the condition of peaceful co-existence reached by nations in equal negotiations.

Is this against our national interest? Only those bent on war

would believe that. Then, perhaps, the Soviet Union is only joking; perhaps it only pretends to want peace with the aim of trapping us into disarmament, leaving us weak and an easy prey? Oh, poor, helpless America, buffetted about in the alien sea of deviltry! The Russians, it appears, are always clever and wily, the Americans naive and pure. Gone is the shrewd Yankee, known in trading centers the world over for two centuries, driving hard bargains! Or perhaps Mr. Dulles, the shrewdest of cartel brokers, is too busy making war deals?

It might be well to inquire why Soviet foreign policy is successful, where we are failing. For successful it has been. Insisting on the fulfilment of the wartime pacts for peace, it turned to prodigious peaceful labors at home to clear the country of war damage and to resume the great projects of socialist construction. We set about undermining the proposed peace settlement, and distorted our own peacetime economy by burdening it with new war preparations.

When the Marshall Plan was proposed the Soviet Union offered to participate in a collective plan for the economic reconstruction of Europe, but we spurned the offer, for the real objective of the monopoly hierarchy was to extend its sway over Europe and form its own Continental bloc. The aim of NATO and the revised form of the EDC is to perpetuate the division of Germany and of all Europe, but the Soviet proposals for a neutralized unified Germany and an all-European collective security pact have broad support because these proposals provide the means to prevent the resurrection of German military power, so widely feared.

Throughout the so-called undeveloped countries, the Soviet Union enjoys the highest prestige, while our pro-colonial policies have evoked only contempt. We support all kinds of emigré cliques and incite them to the foolhardy task of "overthrowing" the people's governments of East Europe and even China, but with the aid of the Soviet Union the new democracies of Europe and the new China grow stronger, and the fraternal relations between them ever closer.

We produced a Baruch Plan, which only pretended to offer atomic disarmament while seeking to protect our monopoly of nuclear weapons, but the Soviet Union not only broke this mo-

nopoly, as it said it would do, but continues to insist upon outlawing all weapons of mass destruction and upon general disarmament, to the plaudits of the people of the world.

The result has been that the tendency towards big power negotiations for peace with the Soviet Union, which our policy has feared most, has become stronger. So strong, that Washington hesitates to bring pressure to bear in the old way, let us say, on a French government, lest it take that alternative, always popular there and now more easily available.

Indeed, Soviet policy has become so impressive that it is almost a commonplace to hear people like US General Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, assert the greater danger from the USSR is "ideological" rather than military. Similarly, Adlai E. Stevenson in a campaign speech singles out as the most important factor in the world situation, more significant than military strength, the discovery that "while the American economy has been shrinking, the Soviet economy has been growing fast," which he also considers the "single most impressive fact about the Communist world" to the peoples of the undeveloped countries.

To cite the ideological strength of the supposed enemy is to admit our own weakness; and to cite its advantage in economic development is to cede a vital point in the competition of social systems. But neither of these surprising admissions—surprising, because we have been told that the Soviet Union is a poverty-stricken slave empire with but one ideology, to conquer the world—reveals why the advantage lies with the Soviet Union. Yet, the reason is not difficult to find. The plain fact is that the Soviet Union seeks peace, while we pursue the policy of war in a world desperately wanting peace.

From our experiences with Nazi Germany during the decade of the thirties we should have learned at least one thing: The struggle to preserve democratic rights and institutions is inseparable from the struggle for peace. National policy, especially in this epoch the result of the constant interchange between domestic and world politics, is determined by the struggle between democracy and fascism at home, and between peace and war on a world scale. Today, together with an aggressive world policy we have in the country a pronounced trend toward fas-

cism, proceeding within the traditional state structure but with the democratic content being squeezed out. But this is so only because the war and anti-democratic policies now prevalent have not yet been properly challenged at home, although the general world trend is conducive to a change in course here.

If we are to shift to a policy of peace, we must return the country to the democratic way of life, in the meaning the people have always given it.

Constitutionally, democracy in our land is epitomized by the Bill of Rights and the undistorted Civil War amendments, victories of the people in our two great revolutionary periods. In contemporary social terms, democracy is expressed in the rights won by labor in many struggles to build the trade unions and to find means of independent political action, and in the gains of the farmers and broad sectors of the people in many battles against the depredations of monopoly. Our democratic heritage is formed in the constant struggle for the rights of the Negro people, and against all forms of bias. It grew in the popular campaigns, first to win and then to extend public education, women's rights, social services, cultural freedoms and, in general, the right of the common man to a decent livelihood within a society dominated by monopoly. At all times it has been a battle against the entrenched money interests and, since the turn of the century, against the giant trusts which had taken hold of government as they came to dominate our economy. There have been moments of great internal crisis, as during the New Deal period at flush tide, when significant concessions were wrested by the people from sorely pressed big business, victories marking the high point of democracy in the recent period. These gains were preserved and broadened in the war against world fascism.

As soon as we emerged safe and a victor from the second world war—thanks to our alliance with the Soviet Union—the monopoly power launched its counter-attack simultaneously on the home and world fronts. At home, it turned against the resurgent people, full of hope that their gains would provide the foundation for a peace dedicated to their welfare; abroad, against the sweeping and long overdue social changes in Asia and Europe which followed the war.

For monopoly, the enemy abroad and at home was the same,

only the circumstances and the level of the struggle were different. In some countries, pressed by their need which had become the national need, the people took the necessary steps to break entirely with imperialism and to enter the transition to socialism, as was their duty and their right, thereby making another great advance in social progress. In other countries, where American might was able to save the old regime, as in France and Italy, the people held on to their own, the Communist parties together with other popular and patriotic forces standing as a rock against national submission. In our own land, organized labor had won a more solid position in trustified industry, the Negro people had broken through the wall of segregation at additional points in various phases of national life, the center of government power had become more accessible to popular pressures, our culture was stirring with new creative impulses. Here was a formidable force, with great potentials, that would have to be subdued if the monopoly power was to realize what seemed an unrivalled opportunity to dominate the world.

Our monopoly power, however, arrived at the apex of a world capitalism which was critically sick. Moreover, it reached this position only to find that the forces it hated most, the forces of the people, were denying American imperialism the coveted role of so-called world leadership, first, by seriously delimiting the area where this leadership could be exercised, and, secondly, even within the orbit of world capitalism by rising to the defense of peace and their national integrity. If the crusade for "world leadership" had gone smoothly, if its objectives had been obtained step by step instead of being defeated or diverted, we certainly would be in an even less favorable position in our country today to change the course.

The slogan of anti-Communism, which reaction uses to obscure its own program, superficially seemed to meet both the home and foreign requirements of monopoly in this age of the rise of socialist society. Under this banner it was intended to rally all the fascist remnants in the world as well as all those who, out of self-interest or for ideological reasons, wished to resist social change. By making the issue of current politics capitalism versus socialism—it is true, distorted in a thousand ways—reaction sought to submerge the progressive tendencies at home in general con-

fusion. It sought to identify with communism, slandered as *ipso facto* subversive and criminal, all forward-looking movements and ideas, even of a bourgeois slant and even if aimed only at reform and general enlightenment.

To give it some credence, the crusade started with the hounding and imprisonment of Communists, on the pretext that in the distant future they may become a danger to the state, shifted openly to the attempt to illegalize the Communist Party itself, and simultaneously reached out to pillory as "Communist" every individual tendency and idea, no matter of what political persuasion or social category, in opposition to the prevailing reactionary and belligerent policies. Slogans like "twenty years of treason" were used to smear the preceding Democratic administrations and to remove from public life all persons identified with the social reforms of the New Deal or with the peace commitments to our allies made during the last world war.

In an atmosphere conducive to the emergence of a fascist movement, clever manipulators like a McCarthy or a Nixon, with powerful monopoly backing, are able to offer themselves as prospective Men on Horseback. The stage is reached where the tendency known as McCarthyism becomes influential within the government itself and within the major political parties, especially the ruling party, and where reaction is about to become openly subversive of our established institutions and modes of political life. But having reached this stage, reaction tends to overstep the realities, contemptuous of the democratic loyalties and the great will to resistance deep in the people. With its arrogant indecency, the open flaunting of the traditional rights and practices of a democratic state, the reckless appeals to ignorance, the fascist tendency in its McCarthyite expression begins to divide even the camp of reaction and arouses conservative oppositions, while exciting popular anger.

At the same time, the fascist tendency becomes more openly identified in the public mind with an all-out war policy, the so-called "nationalist" program for going it alone against the entire world. In a word, the question arises of a decisive turn towards total fascism, and this becomes an issue of national survival, a matter of war or peace, with the interplay of all world forces being brought to bear upon us.

Thus the central point of emphasis must shift, away from the pretense so dear to reaction that we must choose between capitalism and socialism, to the real issue of democracy versus fascism, of peace versus war.

Outside, the choice is being made, and in the direction of peace, even if this means breaking in the end with the United States, bringing about our isolation in a world which can afford only peace. Co-existence in peace with the Soviet Union and the rest of the socialist world is a welcome alternative to an alliance with the United States if that means atomic war. That is the choice, and the world powers must face up to it, if they are to appease their peoples, preserve their national independence, hold their world positions. Today, the threat of fascism coming to power on this side of the Atlantic is dividing the world just as deeply and decisively as the rise of Hitlerism in the 1930's split world capitalism and in the end turned most of the world against Germany.

The decisions being made abroad, as well as the internal threat of fascism, confront us head on with the great struggle at home for democracy and peace. The issue of war or peace is thrown back at us, to be fought out here in America, in the struggle against the fascist trend.

Chained America, armed to the teeth, against the whole world! —this is the war program of native fascism, its alternative to the policy of global war alliances, as advocated by the present administration and the preceding one. With every setback or failure of current foreign policy, the extremist wing presses its own program of war, while raising new "anti-Communist" outcries against the proponents of war-by-alliance. And the dangerous thing is that these influences are also strong within the Republican administration, pulling it towards a sharp fascist turn in domestic affairs and the acceleration of the war program, as exemplified in the infamous threat by Dulles of "mass retaliation with weapons of our own choice and at points of our own choosing."

The bipartisan war program is constantly less tenable, as it becomes evident that expected allies are not ready for a venture into atomic war and have become less willing to make vital national sacrifices as a price for the American alliance, especially

when security can be assured by negotiated settlements with the Socialist countries. Moreover, the failures of the prevailing war policy only feed the extreme, the fascist war wing just as long as a peaceful and democratic alternative is not pressed forward in our national politics. And the only tenable alternative from the viewpoint of saving the country from fascism and war is the same as for the rest of the world—the policy of peaceful co-existence with all nations and of democracy at home. This policy can prevent our world isolation and internal disaster. In their great need, it is to this policy that the American people must turn, as a truly patriotic and national necessity.

The Constitution

by HERBERT APTHEKER

A theme from a section of a work in progress on the history of the United States.

FOR THE last half century two apparently contrasting views of the Constitution of the United States have been competing for approval. These are conveniently summarized in the preface to a volume (1949) in the *Amherst Readings in Problems of American Civilization*: "What was it the Founding Fathers did in Philadelphia in 1787? Were they selfless patriots bent upon establishing a new and enduring form of government. . . . Or were they self-seekers bent instead upon protecting the material advantages of the propertied class. . . .?"

These alternatives, I suggest, by no means exhaust the possible opinions of the Constitution, and are not, themselves, basically contrasting as to the *nature* of that historic document. However, the way the question is posed above does reflect an approach which has become quite common, especially since the publication

in 1913 of Charles A. Beard's *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution.* Beard gave precise expression and documentation to the view, advanced previously by historians as well as political leaders, that the Constitution at the moment of its framing was in essence the victory of ultra-conservatism, reflecting contempt for democratic rights and devoted to the sanctification and protection of the rich minority. Eminently conservative historians, like John W. Burgess, went so far as to refer to the adoption of the Constitution as a *coup d'état,* while publicists of the schools of progressivism during the first decades of this century, like J. Allen Smith and Herbert Croly, held a similar view. Early Socialist books—economic determinist rather than Marxist—did not differ basically on this point, as the writings of A. M. Simons, Gustavus Myers, and Allan Benson attest, the last named entitling his work *Our Dishonest Constitution* (1913).

In view of the near unanimity, it may well be asked why Beard's book caused so much furor, President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University denouncing it as little short of obscene. The full answer does not lie in a misreading of the author's intent as one denunciatory of the Constitution. What was new in Beard's work and what disturbed the conservatives and reactionaries was not his assessment of the Constitution as a victory for reaction but rather his detailed demonstration that the document represented not eternal verities but the class needs of its framers. It was this exposure (partial and one-sided though it was) of the class nature of the law and the state—unquestionably, a contribution at that time to realistic, critical thinking about American history—that was obnoxious to reactionaries.

Is it true that the Constitution was the product of counter-revolution?

We may begin by considering an argument often cited to uphold the view we have been discussing, the absence from the Constitutional Convention of such Revolutionary leaders as Thomas Jefferson, Samuel Adams, John Hancock and Thomas Paine, with the inference that they were in basic opposition to the Constitution. Like the conservative John Adams, at the time Minister to Great Britain, Thomas Jefferson was away as Minister to France, but, like Adams, he supported the document,

albeit with serious reservations. John Hancock was the presiding officer in the Massachusetts Convention of 1788 which ratified the Constitution, with his support; and Samuel Adams was a member of the same convention, and he, too, approved ratification. Paine was abroad at the time, but he approved, like Jefferson, with reservations; as he wrote Washington in 1796: "I would have voted for it myself, had I been in America, or even for worse, rather than have none. . . ." It is true that these revolutionists would have preferred a founding document which gave fuller expression to the democratic rights of the people, and their reservations therefore were mainly concerned with the failure to include the Bill of Rights. But they did not oppose ratification of a Constitution they considered the most enlightened of the age.

Meanwhile, in Europe, pro-monarchical writers had been describing anarchy in the republican United States, and reporting refugees by the thousands fleeing to Canada. These penmen dismissed the idea of Republican unity for the United States as "the idlest and most visionary of notions." On the other hand, the Constitution and its ratification was hailed by "Scottish Burgh reformer, Irish patriot, British radical" as a "thorn in the flesh" of tyrants, monarchs and their sycophants.

To treat as an ultra-conservative triumph this document hailed by radicals and revolutionists in Europe, its ratification supported by Sam Adams, Hancock, Paine, and Jefferson, is, to say the least, paradoxical. It is, in effect, to misinterpret the Constitution, to view it mechanically, divorced from time and place. It is, today, to give the Constitution to reaction which now seeks to destroy it.

The Constitution was framed as a bourgeois-democratic document for the governing of a republic, which still retained precapitalist features, notably slavery. However, rather than a renunciation of the American Revolution, it represents a consolidation of that revolution by the classes which led it.

The very idea of a written constitution wherein the powers of government are enumerated is a logical consummation of that revolution. The theoretical essence of the constitutional democratic movement was, with Locke and against Hobbes, the in-

herent evil of government, of regulation, of control. The heart of liberty, in its bourgeois, anti-feudal, connotation, is the absence of restraint; it is not the wherewithal to accomplish desired objectives. Therefore, where there is tyranny—in the eighteenth century this meant absolute monarchy—there would be and could be no written constitution, since enumerating the powers of the omnipotent is an impossible, and useless, task.

This is why to the arch-conservative of the epoch, Edmund Burke, a written Constitution appeared hateful and seditious, *per se*, while to a Thomas Paine it was "to liberty, what a grammar is to language." For, to him, the presence of a written Constitution connoted the opposite of tyranny, *i.e.*, popular sovereignty, and therefore, he held, "a government without a constitution is power without right."

The feudal emphasis upon tenure and authority makes status the basic aim of society; the bourgeois emphasis upon fluidity, progress, and reason makes property the basic aim of society. Amongst the delegates at the Constitutional Convention there is almost unanimity on this point. This property is to be secured by freedom—*i.e.*, freedom from the old restraints, delimiting laws, regulatory provisions, and status-enshrined privileges. Property so secured and so freed will therefore be enhanced. Accumulation is the hallmark of freedom, and the varied and unequal distribution of that accumulated property is the result, as it is the essence, of liberty. Madison, leading theoretician of the Constitution, repeatedly makes that point. Writing to Jefferson (October 24, 1787), he insisted that what he called "natural distinctions"—by which he meant property distinctions as contrasted with "artificial" ones based on religion or politics—"result from the very protection which a free Government gives to unequal faculties of acquiring it."

Liberty, then, was defined in the only way the bourgeoisie can define it and can understand it, *i.e.*, liberty to accumulate property. Of course this liberty entails inequality and helps produce its own negation. Despite the limitations, this is a kind of freedom, compared to the system it supplanted, progressive and liberating. This property definition of liberty is made by an eighteenth century bourgeoisie, young and virile, competitive and progressive. Its enunciation and incorporation in the Consti-

tution does not violate the spirit of the Revolution, but rather makes that document the logical expression of the Revolution. The enunciation by that bourgeoisie at that time and place and under those circumstances of the sacredness of property rights and the freedom to accumulate capital and to protect what comes into being cannot be equated with verbally similar protestations of devotion to "free enterprise" by a twentieth century, monopolistic, thoroughly reactionary, historically obsolete capitalism.

Beard concludes his chapter evaluating the contents of the Constitution, with these words: "It was an economic document drawn with superb skill by men whose property interests were immediately at stake; and as such it appealed directly and unerringly to identical interests in the country at large."

This statement is characteristic of the over-simplification that marks Mr. Beard's very influential view. The Constitution was not simply an economic document. It was a constitution, that is, a political document reflecting the new bourgeois order (in which, however, existed chattel slavery). Of course, a considerable part of it dealt with the regulation of certain economic aspects of that order. Since it was a bourgeois order it was drawn up by propertied men—in fact, only by propertied *white* (overwhelmingly *Anglo-Saxon*) *men*, and this reflects the chauvinist and male supremacist nature of the bourgeois order, even in its youth.

But this does not make the document reactionary, for it must be seen in terms of its time and place. Nor does it make the document counter-revolutionary, for the economics expressed in the Constitution reflects the economics basic to the Revolution, and to the national economic tasks of the period. Of course, the Constitution appealed to planters, merchants, bankers, creditors, budding manufacturers, and their professional servitors, since these together ruled and without their approval the Constitution would neither have been drafted nor adopted. But, in the first place, the appeal was by no means confined to these individuals and was by no means unanimous among them, or equally great among them. And, in the second place, once again, these groups and classes are of the eighteenth century in a newly emancipated colony seeking national unification, not in the twentieth century in an advanced imperialist country.

The goal of national unity, central to the bourgeois revolution of the time, is seen in the economic provisions of the Constitution itself in terms of money, debts, tariffs, treaties, contracts, police power, and political centralization—creating a single and expandable national market upon which the bourgeoisie might feed, and in turn develop. All this, basic to the Constitution, is not sinister or vulgar or reactionary. On the contrary, it is the material fundament, in legal form, of a nascent bourgeois order.

Was there, then, no general political trend in the United States shown by a comparison of the Declaration of Independence with the Constitution? Granted, one was a manifesto justifying revolution and the other was an instrument for the governing of a nation, and, therefore, the two documents are not strictly comparable. Still, do they not symbolize some drift, and is not this towards the Right?

I think that question requires an affirmative answer, but not by characterizing one as a counter-revolutionary victory compared with the other. The Declaration of Independence came at the high point of revolutionary struggle and bore the strong imprint of the Left in the revolutionary coalition. The other is the legal embodiment and crystallization of the fundamental content of that revolution, particularly as seen by the well-to-do—national self-determination, the breaking of imperial fetters upon the development of the home market and the means of production and resources of the country, and the enhancement of the democratic and humanist content of life in the new country. It comes after the fighting, after the high-point of enthusiasm, after the bourgeois elements find the nation independent and set out to reap, as fully as possible, the enormous benefits of that independence. The mass—and therefore Left, democratic—component of the revolutionary coalition is less needed now than in 1776; and the sober second thoughts and exploitative drives of the bourgeoisie and the planters are coming to the fore. Now their ever-present fears of the masses are intensified—especially as those masses display continued militancy—and what they want is Law and Order, Stability and Calm.

Jefferson put the matter extremely well in a remarkably prophetic letter written in 1780, as the war was coming to a close:

"It can never be too often repeated, that the time for fixing every essential right on a legal basis is while our rulers are honest, and ourselves united. From the conclusion of this war we shall be going down hill. It will not then be necessary to resort every moment to the people for support. They will be forgotten therefore and their rights disregarded."

The Center and especially the Right of the revolutionary coalition—men like the Morrises and Hamilton—moved by these considerations and opportunities, seek the means whereby to combine the urge for stronger unity, which is very much broader than their own circles, with their special pre-occupation with the dangers from the masses, from what they called agrarian, levelling, anarchistic threats. They seize above all upon the debtor protest movement led by Captain Daniel Shays, even, perhaps, stimulate some of its excesses and, certainly, distort its aims and grossly exaggerate the danger that it represented for the bourgeois order.

It is not alone these elements of the revolutionary coalition, however, which are interested in the achievement of "a more perfect Union." The dream of a powerful, lasting, secure, and happy United States filled the minds of farmers and yeomen, mechanics and artisans, and they were dreams expressive of a more noble patriotism than the rich, in any period, can know. And there were dangers from the extreme Right in American life—very serious dangers, as we shall see—which played as significant a role as did Shays' Rebellion in arousing a desire for "the hooping of the barrel's thirteen staves," to quote the words Thomas Paine used in recalling his early desire for firm unity.

In the early 1780's the demand for closer federation was quite general. Leaders of the most varied political alignments and philosophies, from Washington to Madison to Mason to R. H. Lee, to Jefferson and Hancock were promoting the idea. The multiplicity of tariffs, the trade wars, the varied currencies, the dumping by England, the sharply unfavorable balance of trade, the rise in the cost of finished products, coincident with the fall in the selling price of crops, the disappearance of specie, did not trouble only the merchant and planter; these hurt the hired farm hand, the seaman and the artisan. The contempt with which the United States was treated in the capitals of Europe and espe-

cially in London, the world's capital, provoked a national resentment and a desire for stronger unity among the people.

Above all, there was the most serious threat to the continued existence of the American Republic coming not from "levellers" and Shaysites, who represented no such threat at all, but from the Tories and their agents and sympathizers; from monarchists; from real reactionaries and true subversives; and from the rulers of Great Britain who actively sought to dismember that Republic whose very existence was an affront. Proposals and projects looking towards a monarchy, a dictator, the splitting of the country into two, three or more Confederacies, came from and were seriously considered by the highest figures in the army, in state governments, and in the Continental Congress. The Constitutional Convention itself found it necessary to assure the public that "we never once thought of a king." The necessity for the assurance came not only from the reality of such dangers but also from the fierce opposition among the American masses to monarchy, to tyranny, to anything smacking of real counter-revolution.

There was unanimity among the members of the Constitutional Convention regarding the fundamentals of their bourgeois order—the sacredness of private property, the sanctity of contract, the inevitability of rich and poor, and their existence as reflecting immutable qualities of human society. Economic differences were confined to conflicts arising from different kinds of propertied interests—land, slaves, ships, banks, etc.—with the delegates agreeing that the most consequential difference was that between North and South, *i.e.*, economies based on slave labor and (largely) free labor. These problems were subjected to ingenious compromises the details of which have been described many times and need not detain us here.

But this was a bourgeois society at the beginning of its career, and the delegates were representatives of propertied groups which had just led a war of national liberation. Moreover they were keenly aware of the freedom-loving masses who but recently, arms in hand, had done the fighting in that war and whose spirit of restiveness and independence they had frequently displayed—sometimes in dramatic form—since the war. Because of

all these reasons, the propertied delegates themselves in drafting a Constitution had to keep in mind the popular liberties so far as they were then comprehended. And the records of their Convention are filled with such evidence—with explicit recognition of the fact that unless this or that popular provision is included or this and that anti-democratic provision is omitted or modified, the people, that "iron flail" as Milton called them, would simply not tolerate the result. Certainly, most of them were looking for the absolute minimum, for no more than what they thought they had to give, making the mistake of omitting a Bill of Rights.

Concretely, in terms of the provisions of the original Constitution, how are these positive, progressive influences manifested?

The Constitution provides for complete separation of church and state, including the forbidding of any religious requirements or qualifications for both electors and elected—provisions in advance of anything then in existence either in Europe or in the State Constitutions.

The Constitution forbids all titles of nobility or the acceptance of such titles if offered by other sovereignties—a provision of considerable consequence in a still largely monarchical world with serious royalist tendencies in the United States. It forbids bills of attainder and *ex post facto* laws, both frequently employed devices of tyranny. It guarantees the writ of habeas corpus against suspension except in times of rebellion or critical emergency. It provides for jury trial in all criminal cases. It subordinates the military to the civil power and provides that no military appropriation is to be made for a period greater than two years. It provides for the popular election of the House of Representatives.

Despite urgent arguments in its favor, the Constitution sets up no property qualification, either for the electors or for the legislators and other office-holders, quite unlike existing provisions in England, or in the States. It provides stated salaries for all officials and this was done quite consciously as a rejection of the common practice of making such service voluntary and thus possible only for the rich. Moreover, except in the case of the President who must be native-born, no disability or penalty or invidious distinction of any kind is indicated as between na-

tive and naturalized citizens, although again heated demands were made in favor of such nationalistic proposals.

The Constitution's definition of treason is strict and as a safeguard against tyrannical persecution was far in advance of any other government of its time. Strong opposition was voiced by such members as Gouverneur Morris and Rutledge of South Carolina to this provision and they sought alterations which would broaden its definition and make conviction easier. But the Constitution defines treason only as levying war against the United States or adhering to its enemies, the latter clause made more precise and restrictive by defining it as "giving aid or comfort." And treason is not to be constructive, nor is it to consist in ideas or words, for its proof requires two *eye*-witnesses "to the same *overt* act." The last five words were added particularly at the urging of Benjamin Franklin who said he "Wished this amendment to take place. Prosecutions for treason were generally virulent; and perjury too easily made use of against innocence."

Provision for the admission of new states, with those states to be equal in all respects with the original ones, was also won only over strong opposition, especially from Eastern members.

The limited and stated terms of office for all officials—with the notable exception of Judges—was a blow to the monarchical and aristocratic factions.

The possibility of amending the Constitution is also amongst its most far-sighted provisions. While the process of amendment is very cumbersome, some process is present. This is reflective of the principle of popular sovereignty and of the idea—repeatedly stressed by Jefferson—that only the living should bind the living and that provisions for change and improvement must exist in any popular organic law.

The whole Republican framework of the Constitution was a blow to the friends of absolutism. Unlike those who see in the idea of a republic something contrasting with or opposed to democracy, it was conceived of in the Constitution as the device necessary in a large and populous country where what Madison called "pure democracy" (*i.e.*, direct, personal participation by every citizen) was impossible, in order to make possible and effective the majority's will. This not only included the sovereignty of the people but it also included the idea that necessarily

flows from that sovereignty—*i.e.*, the right to alter, change or abolish—to revolutionize—the form of government. This point, found in the writings of Jefferson, Madison and many of their leading contemporaries (including Hamilton), is stated with particular clarity by James Wilson, a delegate from Pennsylvania to the Convention and later an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court: "A revolution principle certainly is, and certainly should be taught as a principle of the U.S. and of every State in the Union. This revolution principle that the sovereign power residing in the people, they may change their constitution or government whenever they please, is not a principle of discord, rancor or war; it is a principle of melioration, contentment, and peace."

The Constitution guaranteed a Republican form of government to every State and this, at a time when separation and monarchical ideas and plots were widespread, was momentous.

Of course, in saying the Constitution was bourgeois-democratic we have indicated not only its positive features but also its severely limited nature. The "democracy" of the bourgeoisie, since it is the democracy of an exploiting, oppressing class is inevitably limited and hesitant. And the "democracy" of this bourgeois-democratic Republic at its founding was severely limited in a most consequential additional sense—within it, held in chattel slavery were about 750,000 people, or a full 20 per cent of the total population, as well as about 200,000 indentured servants. Characteristic, too, of such a society was the complete political enslavement of that half of the "free" population made up of women.

The disabilities of the women, while commented upon by some amongst them, went completely unnoticed by the Founding Fathers and are present, in the Constitution, as natural and assumed. The disabilities of the unfree, indentured servants and slaves, while frequently in the minds of the Fathers—as employers and slaveowners facing the far from passive dispossessed—nowhere are remedied in the Constitution. On the contrary, the document assumes their existence, provides for their policing and contains some severe "compromises" relative to apportionment, to the slave trade, and the return of fugitive slaves—

though, be it noted, the word "slave" was deliberately omitted.

The central limitation of the Constitution is organic to a bourgeois document, *i.e.*, it labors to safeguard an exploitative economic order. It is the contradiction between the interests of the owners and of the laboring masses that is the central difficulty, though it is rarely explicitly mentioned.

Madison, however, touches it when he poses the problem that faces the exploiters in a republican society where the will of the majority (the exploited) is supposed to be sovereign. It is to get around this that the complex and extensive federal system is hailed by him and made basic to the structure of the new government. The Fathers see the multiplicity of local and state governments as so many restraining walls before the "hasty," "unthinking" masses. They see the complex processes of electing Senators and the President, the permanent tenure of the judges, the great powers of the judiciary, the veto power of the President, the extremely complex process of amendment, as invaluable bulwarks between their property interests and the democratic process.

They want politics to be confined to struggles among varied propertied groups, not between the propertied and the propertyless and they create a federal constitution to mirror this aim, to obscure fundamental class antagonisms and to give the appearance of a balance wheel—impartial, accurate and just. At the same time that the political grants made to the people serve as important mediums for struggle, they also serve to deflect the target of the struggle into channels picked by the political representatives of the propertied groups.

As previously indicated, various elements on the Right, for their own really reactionary reasons, opposed the Constitution. This is a story neglected in the literature, but space forbids its telling here. The most consequential opposition, however, came from the masses who feared the document was not sufficiently democratic, and therefore demanded the inclusion of a Bill of Rights, specifically to guarantee as inviolable the freedoms most important to the people—freedom of speech, press, and assembly, religious liberty, trial by jury, protection against unreasonable searches and seizures, and other provisions against persecution, such as the right not to bear witness against oneself.

This struggle, led by Mason, Henry, Lamb of New York, Sam Adams, and Jefferson, was organized and, for fear of reactionary duplicity and persecution, even conducted secretly, with codes and intermediate addresses.

The extent of the mass pressure will be indicated when it is noted that Massachusetts, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia, and New York, in ratifying the Constitution, simultaneously urged in the strongest possible terms that a Bill of Rights be added, which (to quote the New Hampshire document) "would remove the fears and quiet the apprehensions of many of the good people of this State." North Carolina in announcing its decision neither to reject nor ratify the Constitution, said that it wanted a Bill of Rights passed by Congress "previous to the Ratification," and when Congress passed the Bill of Rights, in September 1789, North Carolina ratified in November.

The Congress, in passing the first ten amendments (under the leadership of Madison) specifically declared that since the demand for them was so general "and as extending the ground of public confidence in the Government, will best ensure the beneficent ends of its institution," therefore they were submitted to the States for adoption. Finally, Rhode Island, ratifying in May 1790, referring to the Bill of Rights, remarked that the rights enumerated therein "cannot be abridged or violated," and found that they "are consistent with the said Constitution" and so announced its ratification.

The Bill of Rights is, indeed, "consistent with the Constitution," in the sense that it extends and specifies the democratic rights only partially or inadequately expressed in that document.

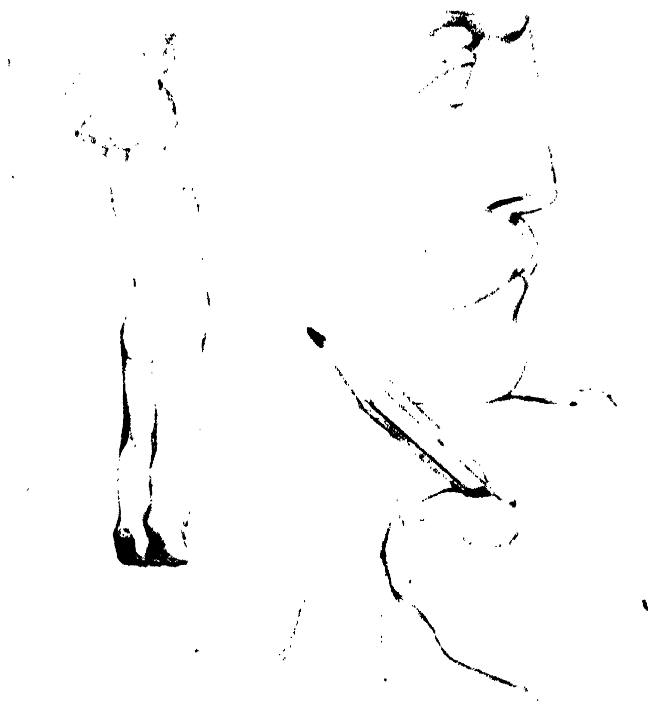
The evidence establishes, I think, that the Constitution of the Untied States represents a consolidation, not a repudiation, of the American Revolution. While, on balance, it does represent a Right-ward trend from the high-point of the Revolution, it nevertheless comprises the essence of that Revolution—national independence and unity, the unfettering of the nascent American bourgeoisie, the renunciation of tyrannical and monarchical government, the political sovereignty of the people, the establishment of Republican rule as the form *par excellence* of bourgeois democracy. In its most glaring failing—the recognition, though

THE SMITH ACT *lithograph by* Rockwell Kent

GUATEMALAN CHILDREN

drawing by Anton Refregier

YOUNG WORKER *drawing by* Charles White



VOICE OF INTEGRITY *drawing by* Hugo Gellert

ARTISTS FIGHT THE MONSTER *drawing by* Philip Evergood

EXODUS FROM DIXIE

drawing by Robert Minor *(1924)*

NO ADMISSION

drawing by Fred Ellis

ALEXANDER TRACHTENBERG *photo by* Norma Holt

camouflaged, of Negro slavery—it reflects the greatest failing of the Revolution—the maintenance of that slavery.

Taking it over-all and viewing it historically—that is, in relation to its time and place—the author of the Declaration of Independence was correct when he said of the Constitution, that it "is unquestionably the wisest ever presented to man"—and that was his opinion even before the Bill of Rights had been added. Certainly with those ten amendments, which were and are of the essence of the Constitution, the Constitution was what Jefferson said it was. Madison, let it be added, thought of the First Amendment as absolute and subject to no exceptions whatsoever. "A supposed freedom," he wrote, "which admits of exceptions, alleged to be licentious, is not freedom at all."

The Constitution is one of the great milestones in the forward march of humanity. Indeed, the American ruling class today, seeking to turn back that march, is driven to undermine and to violate the American Constitution. It is for those who resist war and fascism to defend that Constitution in the process of defending peace and freedom in the best interests of the American people.

Inheritance

by MERIDEL LE SUEUR

A section from a work in progress about her family's life in the Northwest.

MY PEOPLE did not leave me land, or wealth, or great empires. I have on my desk a small inheritance, an instrument to estimate the prairie curve which my grandfather used, carrying out the plan of Thomas Jefferson, who saw a patterned, mathematical future in America, nothing hit or miss with a tree or a fence mark, but a survey clear as the Bill of Rights, set to the light of Polaris, or Aldebaran of the Big Dipper, true to the moon

and the sun and the needs of men, ignoring all that eroded, moved, changed like ridges and rivers. This was part of the democratic accuracy.

The mapless, formless wilderness, alive in the subtle mind of Dakota, Pottowatanie, Fox, or Chippewa, was henceforth marked clearly in orderly titles in the severe democratic county court houses. Each township of six miles square was divided into thirty-six sections, each full section measuring six hundred and forty acres, including the road, with errors in curvature and measurement caused by the earth. Each one mile square was divided into four equal quarters, the historic one-hundred-and-sixty-acre free homestead, the dream of every starving, hounded worker on the docks of Dunkirck. My great grandfather carried this instrument through the dark nights waiting for the sight of the stars to set the meridian.

Now I have always cried to these forebears and cried to them for answers, for compasses, and seen their deeds, their actions, solid and muscular. They have always put a marker up at the place of disaster, guided your hand to the fissure of the mortgage and the quick deed; pointed out the assassin, identified the murderer, the usurer, the depraved.

My family came from all the great migrations. They came on the stinking boats after the famine of '48, the black Irish, and they followed the farms west. The migration is the common experience of us all, of both my red and my white fathers and mothers. The Trail of Tears, of migration off the tribal ancient lands into raw dust and alien corn, is known to every Indian tribe. Some came over the Lincoln trail into Illinois. Where I lived in Kansas it was said that ninety thousand went through there to the Oregon trial. They also trailed back. My grandmother sat in her buggy at the line of the Indian Territory of Oklahoma, when the stolen land was opened as a state; with her shotgun she made the run, held the land from maurauders till she could get it filed.

They wore the country on each foot. They salted it with their sweat, changed it with their labor, and kept alive the dignity of dissent, the right to impose upon it change, the cry for justice.

They were dissenters. Some of them came from England,

Campbellites who could stand no longer the feudal property relations of the church.

They were circuit riders in Kentucky, preaching the rights of man, manning underground stations during the Civil War. Upright in her beliefs, my grandmother carried the puritan village morality to her death without ever knowing that the fight for the eight-hour day affected her, that there was a growing labor movement, or that the wars of annexation and the growing American imperialism had something to do with the fact that she lost the farms her father had surveyed, was poor during depressions that came regularly. Horrified at the low standards of living in Oklahoma, which she rightly compared to India, she laid it all to drink. She packed her bag and weekly set out by buckboard, and built the Women's Christian Temperance Union in company shacks and in the deathly oil towns.

My mother's father was a criminal lawyer in the Lincoln country who, after the civil war, bitterly watched the country devastated by corporate steals, his beloved jurisprudence made a tool for the deprivations of wealth. He was a friend of Ingersoll. He was outspoken and thunderous and worked in the Populist Party.

Their history is a slow destruction they never knew the reason for. What fabric of lost villages and ruined land the beginning of this century marks! How is it possible to estimate the toll of that expansion when the fabric of the Middle West shook, scattered, broke, and the toll was taken on the backs of our people in dispersion, death, insanity, disappearance, silence. You can begin to migrate disastrously toward rot, migrating inward to dissolution.

Before her death my grandmother abandoned her talk of justice, goodness and beauty, and the rights of all, because she could not see how it could come about in this world. She was realistic in her way and knew in her bones that steadily, insidiously and ruthlessly the enemy was winning, the sons of Tubalcain had outfoxed the angels. The great tumorous and drunk giants lay across the land, but she held to her passion and moral conviction to the last, even if you could only win in heaven, and she believed in and held her own human dignity and that of her fellows beyond reproach.

But it it not enough.

There are certain sharp estimations which were not made by them, the course not charted sharply enough, their compass did not point the direction accurately.

In the day of judgment certain charges must be made.

To chart this new land into the future will take a keen sight and a sharp compass; and a clear look at the past as well as the present.

It must be clearly known that there has been only one force that has created wealth—the exploitation of the natural resources and of labor. Empires were built on the seizures of Indian lands, nineteen million acres in Minnesota, three million in Iowa, as many from the Pottowatamies of the Illini.

Thirteen and a half million acres of timber land were removed from the public domain for sheep and cattle grazing. The stand of white and red pine in the Lake region alone was estimated at three hundred and fifty billion board feet. Much of this was sugared off, stolen, or given by the government free. Land grants amounting to seventy-five million acres bordering the Mississippi under the "swamp land grants" began in 1849. Land speculators and railroad companies, under this law claimed one eighth of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, and Minnesota and one-third of Arkansas. The grant in Iowa alone was equal to two eastern states. Farmers later buying back this land paid fifty million for it, thus accumulating further wealth in what the Populist used to call "the multiplication of nothing."

It was a deed of night in Minnesota. After midnight the Territorial legislature adopted a charter giving extraordinary powers to the Northwest railroad, granting it all lands, henceforth given by the national government. The Populists later estimated that the total land grants covered an area larger than Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New Hampshire and it was estimated the construction of the railroads cost the people $43,452 a mile!

But this was only a beginning. A new group of thieves sprang up. The Minneapolis Millers later organized in three centers of power, the Chicago Board of Trade, the Duluth Board and the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, catapulted great fortunes with only the stroke of a pencil, made millions in the

mixing house alone, selling themselves the same bushel of grain and giving themselves a commission. There was dockage for dirt, false balances, phantom switching costs. There were hives of commission men, speculators, elevator managers.

The farmer driving madly from one elevator to another found they were all controlled by the same bosses, whose sway extended to every spur of railroad, excluding all competition or freedom to market; found that the banks were also owned by them, that he was ruled by powers he could not see, hawked on world futures. A man he could not see stood on Fourth Street in Minneapolis with his finger on the telegraphic key and dictated what price should be paid for wheat in every town, and there were no other buyers.

"There has been enough money stolen from the farmers of Minnesota," said Ignatius Donnelly, candidate of the Populist Party, "by the wheat ring, to pave the road to hell with gold."

We can now estimate the land poverty and erosion but we find it more difficult to estimate the human erosion, make a map of deprivations, of the mad women at screen doors, of the millions of Joads, always leaving, or x-ray the pockets and the heart of the farmer mortgaged only two years from the day of his joyous occupation of the free homestead.

I have not mentioned the further rascality—the iron ranges, the wealth of the packing industry, the Bessemer plants, the huge inventions, the progression of disaster, the destruction of the small farmer, the exodus of industry going south for cheap labor, the giant factory in the field.

But there has been a further erosion, the erosion of memory, of purpose, of accurate charts for the journey. There are those who say we must go slow, we must not name Capitalism or Socialism. There are those willing to live well off colonialism, and wars of aggression. There are those who remain silent.

The outlaws have lived so long upon the surrounding country, they speak of it and believe it to be their inalienable right to live upon it. Privilege has been confused with right and they have a "moral" assumption to cover their rapacity which assumes any critic of their thievery is a "foreigner," a "dangerous red," an enemy of their "free enterprise."

These predatory forces like those before them now cry out

as they did during the Chicago fire when *Horace White cried out, "What if the commune should be loosed and plunder the streets!"* And Medill McCormick in his *Tribune* tower warned that "the vigilante committee is an American Institution. Every lamp post in Chicago will be decorated with a communist carcass," and revealed his true intentions during the depression and the Haymarket struggle for the eight-hour day, when he attacked the unemployed workers: "Tramps are no better than communists. The simplest plan probably is to put a little strychnine or arsenic into the meat. This produces death within a short time, puts the coroner in a good humor and saves one's chickens or other portable property from depredation." In terror, Mr. Pullman, during the Pullman strike led by Debs, died and, fearing his own starving workers, had his coffin embedded in asphalt and bound down by steel rails. He left an estate of over seventeen million.

My grandmother died on a last migration, and left nothing in worldly goods, not enough to bury her "decent," as she would have said. She was of the great prairie communal struggle against monopoly, the meetings where you went over the prairie miles by buckboard to hear the preacher or the radical speaker. She was of the great socialist schools in Oklahoma over the week end, where the young cornet players blew to kingdom come, and a study was begun of exploitation and the history of the workers' and farmers' struggle. She was of the great church gatherings where the people sang their great grief: "Work, for the night is coming when man works no more. . . ."

But they were not fierce enough and she never knew it was so late. She saw that the village life was gone but she did not see the factory in the field, turning the farmer into the serf of Consolidated peas and corn! New Salem taken over by the munitions factory, and Springfield no longer having a poet to dream of Athens, the poet jailed, silenced in many ways.

She did not know her great grandchildren would be born in the worst depression. She did not know that we would return to the furrow and the rotted seed and find again in those who had grown lean, strong, honed to the bone of struggle, the bitter underground lover, transmuters and organizers of a new life, and the resolving of incoherence and suffering, the great compass

pointing steady, undeviating towards the march of the people.

She did not know her daughter would fight the lions of power. My father and mother showed in sixty years of struggle their unflagging trail, not of tears but of struggle.

Agrarian socialists from the beginning of the century, with what skill and agility they participated and led in the struggle of the people, arriving at the foremost post, but not too far ahead. They sensed like sensitive compass needles the direction of all struggles against monopoly: agrarian reform, the breaking of feudal power in the cities by organized labor, the alliance of every third party and reform movement of the worker and farmer. And while regional leaders, they were internationalists of a passionate kind, and excited over every attempt of man to break the fetters of the body and mind.

And the wonder is they never fell into the sloughs of depression, cynicism, unbelief or despair or inactivity. An easterner said to my mother: "It's a terrible thing all the failure of the third party movements, such energy gone to waste, lost. . . ." My mother was then at the age of seventy-five running for Senator to speak out for peace on the Progressive Party ticket in Minnesota! They sense no failure of any kind. They have faith in these strengths continuing, and they know they will persist.

Socialism was their culture, action, poetry, life itself. Social good was their only good. They contributed stintlessly to the education of our people. Arthur Le Sueur, with his map, went to every village, every county in North Dakota; they would get out a leaflet, ring the school bell, set up the map, and show the face of the predators! They went by hand car, horse, model "T," met in pastures, for they were banned from speaking in the villages.

He was the Socialist mayor of Minot and his first act was to order the balls and chains of county prisoners thrown into the river, for which he was sued by the Republican city council!

Stones were thrown through our windows during World War I, yellow paint thrown on our car. In the rural court houses they defended the foreign-born, the men and women arrested for opposing the war, the Socialists, the Nonpartisan Leaguers who were tarred and feathered. Wherever there was a fight they were

there. They seemed to have something we sometimes lack, a terrible, wonderful lust for the fight.

My father returned like Ulysses from every fight and told how he bested the prostitute judges, how he stood against the Vigilante committees, what he told them, whom he freed, how he bested them in argument. (Once he offered a hundred dollars in debate with any banker who could prove capitalism was best for the people, or socialism was wrong. All North Dakota laughed when there were no takers and he stood alone in the packed blazing auditorium.)

When he was dying at 83 he was still fighting. In his delirium he made preparations for civil rights fights, hoped to live to see the freeing of Korea, the thousand veins of his social passion rising out of the corruption of the body. He did not want to see the minister they wanted to bring in—said he would stand by the facts—until it was out of the "realm of speculation."

But old Socialists truly never die. My mother had a vision in her death. Hounded by the FBI, her children and grandchildren and great grandchildren hounded, she was fearless for us all. For she had a vision. She was at a great conclave held in the prairies, and the plains rising to the rockies were covered with singers of every nationality, as the Indians used to always dream, the roads leading from north, east, south and west, the red, white, black and yellow peoples all meeting under the great sky tree of the plains. At this meeting under a great canopy the leaders stood. The speaker was Mao Tse-tung. And he was calling out the names of the people's fighters and they rose and came forward in a great light, from every country of the world. And as they came forward singing was heard. Then he called out "America," and the very hills sang and resounded and among the names called, of a great number, Mao called the names of "Marian and Arthur Le Sueur, buried in the cornerstone of the future, the seed of our mighty land!" And she said "It was a great day" as she died. She did not say if she meant the past, the present or the future but I am sure it was all a great day to her.

They left a compass greater than my grandfather's. They left their names in the great smoking texts of the people's struggles, to be read as volcanic and water movement on rock or

glacial terrain. They lived upon the storm, were refreshed by disaster, cut their teeth upon loss, walked out like David for the fight, laughed at the puny merchants with jaundiced eye on profit, broke all indictments and injunctions against thought, or assemblage, asked for amnesty from all verdicts of mad men and assassins, shook the prairies with gigantic laughter at the puny laws of corporations against majority or minority thought. They knew that the people like the giant pines, rise up from below and two-thirds the strength and area of nourishment is below ground. They always walked out upon these unseen strengths and always partook of them. Inquiries and litigations they ignored, or went to court armed with thunderbolts of insolence and contempt for the puny servility of newt-eyed judges, lickspittles of monopoly. On their death beds they planned further forays, defenses, attacks, hazardous and gay, the enterprise of all revolt, knowing the great works of the people, composing all the time, so brave and torrential.

In the slow, brave torturous movement of the agrarian struggle they were moving toward Marxism, seeing that sharper instruments must be had for stronger struggles. Slowly in analysis they saw their instruments had been failing, they saw the viciousness of their enemy, the failures of reform, the inadequacies of electing as my father said, "the fox to look after the hencoop." Their bitter struggles had bitter lessons, they saw the great wave of the future rise, and fall back into silence and seeming sleep.

They looked and saw the weapons of Marxism used in China which moved them deeply. They left reluctant, sensing great battles, eager to be in them.

Their compass points towards the inevitable weapon of Marxism. Their strength continues in us at the portal where they always stood, the door to the future. Our faces bare to the bone, our mouths gagged with the wind, we walk in deeper paths than they knew. They had a dream, we *see* the reality. Even our enemies are weaker than theirs, for capitalism is a decayed faceless nightmare, exposed by the people of the world, who reach across the world market to touch hands, affirm relationship again and love.

This is our inheritance.

The Early AFL and the Negro

by PHILIP S. FONER

An excerpt from the forthcoming HISTORY OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, *Volume II.*

BY THE turn of the twentieth century, the American Federation of Labor and its leadership had come to be associated in the minds of Negro workers with Jim-Crow unionism. By this time, exclusion and separation of the Negro workers had already become a fixed pattern in the Federation.

Yet this was not always the case. In the first few years after the AFL was founded in 1886, the organization and its leadership pursued a progressive policy in its approach towards Negro workers, continuing, in many ways, the progressive policy on this question of the Knights of Labor which the Federation superseded as the leading labor body in the United States.

The 1890 AFL Convention announced to the world that it "looks with disfavor upon trade unions having provisions which exclude from membership persons on account of race or color." The same convention was faced with a test of this principle when the question arose of the affiliation of the National Association of Machinists. Having learned that the union's constitution limited membership to white persons, the convention refused to grant it a charter and instructed the Executive Council to request the organization to strike out the constitutional provision excluding Negroes from membership.

Samuel Gompers, AFL President, visited their 1891 convention to persuade the machinists to remove the constitutional ban against Negroes. When the delegates refused, and insisted on

their discriminatory policy, the AFL sponsored the formation of a new union, the International Machinists' Union. In the call for its founding convention, the new union emphasized that it would seek to unite the machinists into an organization "based upon the principles which recognize the equality of all men working at our trade regardless of religion, race or color." On the basis of this principle, the new Machinists' Union was admitted to the AFL.

A similar policy was adopted at this time by the AFL towards the Brotherhood of Boiler Makers and towards the Iron Ship Builders of America. When these national organizations consolidated their forces in 1893, a color line was inserted into the constitution limiting membershp to "white" workers in these trades. The AFL not only refused to grant the union a charter, but assisted in organizing an independent union which opened its ranks to Negroes as well as whites. The new union promptly received a charter from the Federation.

Throughout the late 'eighties and early 'nineties, Gompers was constantly being asked by AFL organizers and representatives in the South: (1) what to do about organizing the Negro workers; (2) what to do about the city and state AFL bodies that refused to admit Negro delegates and even to admit delegates from unions which permitted Negroes to become members; (3) what to do about local unions that barred Negroes; and (4) whether it was in accord with AFL policies to charter separate unions of Negro workers when they were barred from the existing organizations. To these questions, Gompers replied: (1) that Negroes should be organized and that special efforts should be made by AFL representatives to organize the Negro workers; (2) that city and state AFL bodies must not bar Negro delegates and delegates from unions that admitted Negroes since the fact that "a local union may be opposed to the ridiculous attempt to draw the color line in our labor organizations and because they stand right is no reason why they should be treated wrong upon it"; (3) that wherever local unions barred Negroes, an effort should be made to eliminate such anti-labor barriers; and (4) that, meanwhile, the Negro workers should be organized into separate locals "but attached to the same national organizations with the same rights, duties and privileges" as all other locals. "In other words, have the Union of white men organized and

have the Union of colored men organized also, both unions to work in unison and harmony to accomplish the desired end."

The policy of organizing separate locals was thus part of the early AFL's approach towards Negro workers. But it is significant to note that, at this time, it was only one feature of the approach, emphasis being placed upon the fact that separate locals were to be organized only when no other method could be used to bring Negro workers into the Federation, and that these separate locals were to be temporary only. In later years, however, as the AFL itself became a Jim-Crow organization, separate locals were regarded by the AFL leaders as the preferred way of permanently organizing Negro workers.

The main point stressed in Gompers' replies to all inquiries was that the Negro workers *must* be organized. Humanity demanded it, but it was not a question of humanitarianism alone. Basically, it was a practical trade union question, for the AFL could not succeed unless it waged a relentless struggle "in order to eliminate the consideration of a color line in the country."

"If we fail to organize and recognize the colored wage-workers," Gompers wrote to an AFL organizer, "we cannot blame them very well if they accept our challenge of enmity and do all they can to frustrate our purposes. If we fail to make friends of them, the employing class won't be so shortsighted and [will] play them against us. Thus if common humanity will not prompt us to have their cooperation, an enlightened self-interest should."

This theme found expression in all of Gompers' responses to the queries raised by AFL organizers, those in the South as well as in the North. A letter to an organizer in Fort Worth, Texas, which stressed the above theme closed: "Sincerely hoping that if humane considerations are left out of sight the practicability of the suggestions made will commend themselves to the consideration of our fellow workers of Forth Worth and the entire country. . . ."

Gompers' sound advice did not sit too well with many AFL representatives in the South. They bluntly informed him that under no circumstances would they heed his advice to organize the Negro workers. To do so, wrote C. C. Tabor, general organizer in the South, in a viciously chauvinistic letter, would be fatal

to the Federation. "If you organize them [the Negroes] they will compete with White Labor so strongly they will be compelled to give up the shops as they will stand much more abuse than the whites. The Negroes in the South are not like they are in the North. . . . Hoping you will not take exception to it, but I will do all in my power in the field of white labor."

It is to the credit of the leadership of the youthful AFL that they did "take exception" to these statements and refused at this stage to base their program on the white supremacy ideology of these Southern organizers. In the face of these threats, the Federation took steps to organize the Negro workers into unions and to charter these organizations. To carry out this program, the AFL leaders also relied on Negro organizers.

On July 9, 1891, Gompers commissioned George L. Norton, Negro Secretary of the Marine Firemen's Union No. 5464 in St. Louis, as an AFL general organizer. Norton who was "well-acquainted along the [Mississippi] river," set up unions of longshoremen, engineers, and firemen from Cairo, Illinois, to Vicksburg, Mississippi. "My trip to Memphis and Vicksburg was all that I could wish for," he wrote to Gompers, "and I only hope that I may be as successful elsewhere. I have got a good many men, known as deckhands on steamers, that will, I think be ready to send for its charter before long. I don't intend to stop as long as there is anything [to be] organized. . . ."

Impressed by these reports, the AFL executive council sent George L. Norton on a mission to organize Negro workers along the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers for a month, and appropriated $200 for salary and expenses. On May 3, 1892, as Norton was about to depart on his organizing tour, Gompers gave him the following message for the Negro people: "Convey to our brothers that you may meet and those whom you may convert to become brothers in this grand American Federation of Labor my earnest sentiments that they should bear in mind that there is only one way in which they can hope to attain improvements in their condition to realize that freedom which has been promised them to secure these comforts of home and independence—through organization."

Without reading too much into this statement, it is significant to note that Gompers found it expedient at this time to empha-

size the relationship between the Negro people's movement for freedom and the efforts of organized labor to unite Negro and white workers.

Gompers was satisfied with the results of Norton's month-long organizing tour which had brought several hundred Negro workers into the AFL, and he wrote to the Negro organizer upon his return to St. Louis: "As an evidence of my confidence in you, I reissue and extend your commission to June 1st, 1893." The AFL president was convinced that in due time even the most backward white workers in the South would come to realize the importance of what Norton was doing to advance the interests of white workers as well as of the Negroes.

Events quickly justified Gompers' confidence. Before Norton's visit to New Orleans, John M. Callahan, the AFL's general organizer, was convinced that "it would be almost impossible for them [Negro and white workers] to commingle in one union," and he had expressed bitter opposition to having a Negro organizer function for the Federation in New Orleans. Yet on June 12, 1892, shortly after Norton's departure, he forwarded to Gompers an application for a charter from one of the unions Norton had organized—the Journeymen Horseshoers—and wrote:

"The union is composed of both white and black men. I am sure that in the course of a few months they will have by far the greater number of the men employed at that calling within the ranks of their union. The Horseshoers are pretty well divided as to color and at my request they made a nearly equal division of officers. . . .

"There is an energetic very intelligent colored man down here who is Financial Secretary of Longshoremen's Ass'n and takes a great interest in the labor movement. He is not in any union connected with the Federation but I am sure if it is not against the rules to issue him a commission as an organizer he would render a good account of himself. He materially assisted in organizing the horseshoers and I am pretty certain he could get several of the strong colored labor organizations to enlist under the Banner of the A. F. of L. He also was one of the Arbitration committee of the Car Drivers Union. . . .

"I find I have been giving his good qualities and have not yet given his name. His name is James E. Porter."

Porter was commissioned and did such excellent work that Callahan praised him as the most effective organizer for the AFL in the deep South. "I can assure you that there is none better than Porter," he wrote to Gompers on August 3, 1892.

How deeply the progressive concept of labor unity had sunk into the unions affiliated to the AFL in the deep South is illustrated in the November, 1892, general strike in New Orleans. In this strike called by unions affiliated to the AFL and described by one historian as "the first general strike in American history to enlist both skilled and unskilled labor, black and white, and to paralyze the life of a great city," more than 25,000 workers stopped work for four days. These workers represented forty-nine unions affiliated to the AFL, many of them organized during the summer of 1892, and included skilled and unskilled, Negro and white. The unions were united in the Workingmen's Amalgamated Council, to which each union sent two delegates.

Among the recently organized unions in New Orleans were the Teamsters, the Scalesmen, and the Packers which made up the so-called Triple Alliance. Many of these workers were Negroes, mainly members of the Teamsters' Union. On October 24, 1892, between two and three thousand workers, members of the Triple Alliance, left their jobs, because the Board of Trade refused to grant them a ten-hour day, overtime pay, and a preferential union shop.

The strikers relied upon the support of the Workingmen's Amalgamated Council to win out against the merchants and their allies: The four railway systems entering New Orleans; the cotton, sugar, and rice exchanges; the clearing house; and mechanics' and dealers' exchange. This support was immediately forthcoming; if necessary, declared President Leonard of the Council, every AFL union in New Orleans would go out in sympathy with the strikers.

The employers then tried a splitting maneuver. The Board of Trade announced that it would sign an agreement with the Scalesmen and Packers' Unions, but not with the third group in the Triple Alliance, the Teamsters, for under no circumstances would they "enter into any agreement with 'n----rs.'" To sign an agreement with the Triple Alliance including the Teamsters, the Board declared, would be to place the employers under the

control of Negroes, for soon the man who would control the Alliance "would be a Big Black Negro."

The press joined in attempting to divide the strikes by fanning anti-Negro prejudice. The papers featured terrifying accounts of "mobs of brutal Negro strikers" moving freely about the city, "beating up all who attempted to interfere with them." "Negroes Attack White Man," the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* shrieked in its headlines on November 2. "Assaulted by Negroes," was its headline two days later.

Not only did the ranks of the strikers remain solid in the face of the lynch spirit aroused by the employers and their agents, but the Scalesmen and Packers publicly declared that they would never return to work until the employers signed up with all three members of the Triple Alliance. Moreover, the rest of the AFL rank-and-file began to call for a general strike to show their solidarity with the strikers, Negro as well as white. At various meetings, the unions polled their members on the question of a general strike, found uniform enthusiasm for the proposal, and went on record for it.

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* accused the white trade unionists of lunacy for considering a general strike in order to assist the Negro trade union of the Triple Alliance win an agreement. It charged that the decision proved that the Negroes had gained a dominant position in the New Orleans labor movement. "The very worst feature, indeed, in the whole case seems to be that the white element of the labor organizations appear either to be under the dominance of Senegambian influence, or that they are at least lending themselves as willing tools to carry out Senegambian schemes."

On November 8, after two postponements, the general strike went into effect. Each of the forty-two unions on strike demanded union recognition and a closed shop, and in many cases, added special demands for shorter hours and higher wages. Several of the unions, including the street car drivers and printers, broke their contracts to join the general strike.

The general strike was under the leadership of a Committee of Five: John Breen, representing the Cotton Screwmen's Union; John M. Callahan, AFL general organizer and representative of the Cotton Yardmen; A. M. Kier of the Boiler Makers' Union;

James Leonard of the Union Printers; and James E. Porter, the Negro labor leader who was the assistant state organizer of the Car Drivers' Union and had recently been commissioned as assistant organizer for the AFL. In addition to Porter, J. Madison Vance, a Negro lawyer, played a prominent part in the strike.

"Tie the town up," was the cry of the 25,000 strikers, and for three days they succeeded in doing just this. Business was at a standstill; cars stopped running; the gas supply was discontinued; light and power was cut off, and the city was in total darkness. "There are fully 25,000 men idle," John M. Callahan wrote excitedly to Gompers on November 7. "There is no newspaper to be printed, no gas or electric light in the city, no wagons, no carpenters, painters or in fact any business doing. . . . I am sorry you are not down here to take a hand in it. It is a strike that will go down in history. . . ."

Once again the press tried to break the strike by Negro-baiting. The papers shrieked that the Negro strikers would take advantage of the crisis to seize control of the city, and reported that there were already "instances where ladies and school children had been insulted by the blacks." But once again the divisive appeals to race prejudice were in vain; the strikers' ranks remained solid. B. Sherer, financial secretary of the New Orleans Marine and Stationary Firemen's Protective Union, assured Gompers that the workers, Negro and white, had answered the divisive propaganda of the press by resolving "to cement the Bonds of Brotherhood and Fraternal ties that will stand before the world an everlasting monument of strength, and show to the world at large that in unionism there is strength, and that our order [the AFL] stands preeminently at the head of the human Race."

The press deliberately pictured the existence of a state of anarchy to justify the use of armed, military might to break the strike. Actually, however, the strike was conducted so peacefully that the employers sought frantically and "in vain for some act on the part of the men to justify Capital calling upon its allies, the militia and the law." Even after Governor Foster of Louisiana called out the militia, in response to pleas from the employers, the conduct of the strike was so orderly and peaceful that he was compelled to remove the troops. The employers then

finally agreed to arbitrate the strike. The unions consented, and after a few conferences, at which the employers sat down with Negro and white representatives of the strikers, the Triple Alliance, including the Teamsters' Union, gained most of its original demands—a ten-hour day, overtime pay, and adjusted wage schedules. Other unions also obtained increased wages and reduced hours by reason of the strike. Although the settlements did not include the preferential union shop, there was to be "no discrimination against union men."

Existing unions increased their membership and new unions were formed during the strike. "Yesterday," the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* reported on October 30, 1892, "there were three new unions formed and admitted to membership. The names of the unions were not given to the press, but it was intimated that every man in the Federation of Labor was actively engaged in furthering the interests of the order, and in getting together as many bodies of organized labor as possible."

Thus ended what the *Times-Democrat* described as "the most colossal strike that this country has ever seen." The failure of the strikers to win a preferential union shop did not detract from the significance of the struggle. It revealed the militant class-consciousness of the American Federation of Labor in its formative years.

The outstanding feature of the strike was its great demonstration of labor solidarity in action. Thousands of workers in the deep South had shown that they could unite in common struggle, Negro and white, skilled and unskilled, and that they could stay united despite the efforts of the employers and their agents to divide them by appeals to anti-Negro prejudice. With good reason a strike leader wrote to Gompers: "It was the finest unification of labor . . . ever had in this or any other city." In a letter to John M. Callahan, Gompers himself underscored the very same point:

"To me the movement in New Orleans was a very bright ray of hope for the future of organized labor and convinces me that the advantage which every other element fails to succeed in falls to the mission of organized labor. Never in the history of the world was such an exhibition, where with all the prejudices existing against the black man, when the white wage-workers of

New Orleans would sacrifice their means of livelihood to defend and protect color. . . . Under the circumstances I regard the movement as a very healthy sign of the times and one which speaks well for the future of organized labor in the 'New South' about which the politicians prate so much and mean so little."

Had the AFL adhered to the policies and practices set forth during its formative years, Gompers' prediction would have been fully realized. For it is clear that the early AFL made important contributions towards building the unity of workers regardless of color. It laid down as a cardinal principle the policy of organizing and uniting Negro and white workers "for the purpose of elevating the condition of both black and white"; it pointed with pride to the fact that international unions which barred Negroes as members were, in turn, barred from becoming affiliated with the Federation, and it boasted that within its ranks "the colored man and his white brother are joined by the fraternal hand of fellowship."

Despite these progressive policies, the early AFL did not succeed in laying the foundation for the effective organization of the Negro workers. Gompers himself unwittingly gave the main reason for this when he wrote in the Spring of 1891: "There are not many skilled mechanics among the colored workmen of the South." Yet the AFL from the beginning adopted a form of unionism, based primarily on the skilled workers, which by its very nature excluded the vast majority of the Negro workers. Thus while the Federation at this time stood for organization without regard to race or color, it also added the qualification that the worker must be skilled, when, for the most part, the Negro workers were unskilled and opportunities for advancement into the skilled trades were denied them in industry, as well as by the policy of most craft unions. As with many other questions, the craft organization of the AFL, based essentially on the skilled workers, shunted the Federation away from the progressive road.

Craft unionism, a unionism which served primarily the interests of the skilled minority of American workers, continued to characterize the AFL from the early 1890's on. All too soon, too, the progressive approach of the early Federation towards Negro workers was abandoned. Organizations were welcomed into the

Federation—including the Machinists and the Boiler Makers and the Iron Shipbuilders—even if they excluded Negroes. By 1900, the AFL had settled into a fixed pattern of Jim-Crowism, and Gompers, on behalf of the Federation's leadership, proclaimed that separate locals and central labor unions for Negro workers was the preferred policy of organization. The earlier approach that separate locals were only to be temporary and to be set up only as a last resort was replaced by the new segregation policy.

Principle bowed to expediency as Gompers and other AFL leaders sought to attract powerful organizations to affiliate even though they would do so only if they were allowed to bar Negroes. And as the AFL leaders joined hands with the monopolists in preventing the organization of the unorganized workers in the growing mass production industries, the early progressive approach of the Federation towards Negro workers vanished. In its place came Jim-Crow trade unionism.

The struggle against Jim-Crow unionism and for the organization of the great masses of Negro workers did not end with abandonment by the AFL of its early progressive policy. The struggle was waged inside and outside of the Federation by such varied elements as the left-wing Socialists, members of the IWW and of the TUEL and TUUL. But only with the coming of the CIO in the mid-1930's, based originally on a campaign to organize the unorganized in the mass production industries, did the Negro workers in large numbers find a place in the labor movement and begin to play an important role alongside the white workers. Full equality in many respects both in industry and the trade unions is still to be won for the Negro workers, but a significant turn had been made in the policies of the labor movement.

The Day Is Coming

by OAKLEY C. JOHNSON

From a forthcoming biography of Charles Emil Ruthenberg, a founder of the Communist Party in the United States. Ruthenberg was a young married man of 25, with an infant son, when he became a Socialist. At the same time, he worked for a book publishing concern in Cleveland. Two of his fellow salesmen, Theodore Kretchmar and MacBain Walker, and their wives, became personal friends of the Ruthenbergs.

1 THE SEEKER AFTER WISDOM

(1907)

CHARLES RUTHENBERG was very proud of his wife Rose and his little son Daniel. He called the baby "Dandy."

One of Daniel Ruthenberg's earliest memories is of the toy streetcar his father made for him. It was a wooden model trolley car, a foot long, complete with little seats, doors, and everything. And why a streetcar? For little Dandy it was a fascinating toy, and he could make believe he was riding in it to work, as his dad rode the real streetcar. For Ruthenberg, it was a symbol of something important going on in the Cleveland of that time.

Tom L. Johnson, a Single Taxer, "reform" mayor from 1901 to 1909 and himself a street railway magnate, was during that period waging a battle for municipal ownership of Cleveland's trolleycar system and for a three-cent fare. Ruthenberg, observing the graft and corruption exposed by the mayor's crusading administration, was then an ardent supporter of Tom Johnson.

About the time Dandy was a year old, the Ruthenbergs moved to another apartment on Madison Avenue, near West 81st Street, where they were to live for several years. Daniel recalls the books that were in his father's study when he was a youngster—the

pictures and mottoes on the walls, the heavy library table his father made, and the bookstand, also handmade at home, which held the newly bought encyclopedia.

"On my father's library wall," says Daniel, "hung his favorite portraits, those of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Wendell Phillips; on another side were epigrams of Elbert Hubbard; on another, the creed of Robert G. Ingersoll. On his library shelves were the works of the great Americans—Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Cullen Bryant, Edgar Allan Poe, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Thoreau, Thomas Paine, James Russell Lowell, Washington Irving, Mark Twain, and Walt Whitman."

Daniel adds: "Instead of merely reading these great Americans, my father believed with them and acted on their principles."

Ruthenberg's friendship with MacBain Walker led his thoughts in new directions.

Walker, a salesman under Ruthenberg, was a young man full of challenging ideas. He liked to discuss new theories.

The three young couples—the Kretchmars, the Walkers, and the Ruthenbergs—each with a baby growing up, were for two or three years almost inseparable. Nearly every Sunday they got together at one home or another, to talk and argue and read.

The young men came to regard themselves as a study club. Charles, with his "midwest" sense of humor, dubbed the three "The Huntsmen of Minerva."

Their pursuit of wisdom led them into many by-paths. Ruthenberg, broad-visioned and forthright, had a way of forging ahead straight at a problem till he found the essential truth he was after. Walker, college-trained and facile, peeked and pried into every curious corner of knowledge, and at the same time challenged Ruthenberg with his half-cynical comments on every conventional ideal. Kretchmar—the "phlegmatic Dutchman," as Ruthenberg affectionately called him—trailed along behind the other two, and listened.

For two years they met regularly. They discussed the ideas of Emerson, Thoreau, Walt Whitman. They also discussed religion. MacBain Walker, who had studied for the Methodist min-

istry, was an atheist and he was not backward in saying so.

Sometimes they played cards, and Ruthenberg would join in, although he "always felt he didn't have time," and liked to steer his friends back to the world of ideas.

Politics was in the air in this first decade of the twentieth century, and increasingly as time went on the discussions of the "Huntsmen" turned toward the burning political questions facing the people of Cleveland and of the country as a whole. When the group talked politics, MacBain Walker championed socialism and spoke of Karl Marx, while Ruthenberg, then a Tom Johnson enthusiast and an advocate of reform, argued against socialism and in favor of "individual initiative."

Walker was not a member of the Socialist Party, but he had read enough to put up a challenging argument. Ruthenberg, on the other hand, was by this time dead set against the "trusts" and "special privilege," but still clung to the idea of "free enterprise."

Ruthenberg argued that if a man works hard he can get ahead. Of course there are millionaires, he said, but a man has a right to what he can get. If people fail, that's their hard luck. He gave as an example of praiseworthy enterprise the founder of the company they worked for, who had started out as a poor immigrant, selling books as they themselves were doing.

Walker, in championing socialism, took the "example" that was in everybody's mouth, municipal ownership of the street railways, as advocated by Tom Johnson. Municipal ownership was one of the things Ruthenberg agreed with—at least municipal ownership of street railways. Well, said Walker, advancing the typical but naive argument of many Socialists of the time, isn't that socialism?

Walker went further. He attacked private ownership of all productive enterprises. He said that the workers in these enterprises were exploited, "robbed," defrauded of the "full product of their toil."

Ruthenberg argued vigorously against these new ideas, but even as he argued he was becoming dissatisfied with the blind alley in which each talk ended. There were too many unanswered questions.

The discussions on socialism carried over from home to office.

Heated debates took place in the Selmar Hess office, with Walker and Ruthenberg as the principal contestants. The original "Huntsmen" were joined by a half-dozen others.

Finally, a more or less formal debate between Walker and Ruthenberg was held right in the Selmar Hess citadel of free enterprise, and by general agreement of the congregated salesmen, Walker, champion of socialism, was awarded the palm. Ruthenberg himself felt that he had been worsted. He went straight to the Cleveland Public Library and got a copy of Karl Marx's *Capital,* Volume One.

Years later, when he was on trial for his Communist activities, the prosecutor asked him how it was that he became converted to socialism. "Through the Cleveland Public Library," Ruthenberg answered.

There is a story that the Walker-Ruthenberg debates in the office at last reached the ear of the strait-laced general manager, and cost Ruthenberg his job. At any rate, Ruthenberg left the Selmar Hess company early in 1908, and went to work in the sales department of the Johns-Manville Roofing Company.

When Ruthenberg walked home from the Cleveland Public Library with a volume of Karl Marx under his arm, he had reached the climax of this important transition period in his life. In the middle months of 1908, he began calling himself a socialist, but still argued vehemently in support of Tom Johnson and reform.

2 THE FIGHTER AGAINST IMPERIALIST WAR

(1917)

LOCAL CLEVELAND began circulating a petition to Congress asking repeal of the Conscription Act. The anti-war meetings, at Public Square, Market Square, and on the street corners, continued despite growing police persecution. Ruthenberg spoke at nearly every meeting.

Typical of Ruthenberg's anti-war speeches was his historic address at Public Square on May 27. He mounted the rostrum immediately after his co-worker Wagenknecht, who spoke first, had been arrested by federal agents.

"My friends and comrades," Ruthenberg told the rally, "this

is not a war for democracy. This is not a war for freedom. It is not a war for the liberties of mankind.

"It is a war to secure the investments and the profits of the ruling class of this country. . . .

"There is no hope for the people . . . unless the people themselves organize their power and make themselves articulate. We can . . . by coming together here, five thousand people this afternoon, and protesting against this conscription law—we can tell the government of this country that we do not want this law and we demand that Congress repeal this law. . . .

"We of the Socialist Party are carrying on this fight . . . that out of the chaos, out of the bloodshed, out of the horror of this war . . . there may come a new society, a new world, a new organization of the people, which will end the cause of war by ending the private ownership of industry which brings war into existence. . . ."

The city's industrialists and newspapers put pressure on the Printz-Biederman Company to fire Ruthenberg, who was still in their employ. Although this concern had no love for Ruthenberg's ideas or his activities, they did not want to let him go. He was the most efficient office executive and purchasing agent they had ever had.

Daniel Ruthenberg tells how his father was finally discharged. One June day in 1917 his immediate superior, a Mr. Fish, called him in and said he had to choose between his job and his Socialist beliefs. The company made him an exceedingly attractive offer, if he would choose the job. He chose socialism.

The story of Ruthenberg's firing has become almost a legend. His brother-in-law Ernst Brandt, with whom he had worked in his teens, tells how he quizzed Ruthenberg about the Printz-Biederman firing.

"I asked him, 'How did it happen, Charley?'" Brandt recalls.

"He told me Mr. Fish said to him, 'Mr. Ruthenberg, if you'll give up the Socialistic Party, we'll give you a block of $10,000 worth of stock outright and a raise in pay to $5,000 a year, and in due time you'll have an opportunity to be a vice-president.' Fish gave him twenty-four hours to make up his mind. But Charley had his mind made up.

"I said to him, 'Charley, will the Socialist Party ever come near that figure for you?' And Charley says, 'It isn't dollars with me, Ernst.' "

It was only after the Printz-Biederman firing that Ruthenberg accepted a salary from the Socialist Party.

Meanwhile, a Federal grand jury was meeting secretly in Cleveland to bring indictments against Ruthenberg and his co-workers. Post Office authorities at Washington scrutinized every issue of the Cleveland *Socialist News*, which Ruthenberg edited. Secret Service operatives of the Justice Department prepared to shadow his movements.

The last week in June, the *Socialist News* was barred from the mails. On Wednesday afternoon, the 27th, Ruthenberg dictated a circular to members of Local Cleveland, announcing the Post Office ban and calling for volunteers to deliver the paper from house to house.

He had a speaking engagement the next day in Cincinnati, and hurried home to pack his bag. As he was leaving, the bell rang. Comrades from the Party office warned that Federal agents had arrested State Secretary Alfred Wagenknecht and State Organizer Charles Baker, for their speeches of May 20 and May 27, and were coming to get him.

Smiling reassuredly, Ruthenberg told his wife to inform the police, if they came, that he had left for Chicago. With that, he hurried out the door.

Wagenknecht and Baker were taken to jail, charged with obstructing the Conscription Act by inducing one Alphons J. Schue not to register. A similar indictment was out against Ruthenberg. A few minutes later the Federal men showed up, and Rose delivered the message. While police contacted Chicago authorities, guards paced all night around the house on North Clark Street where Rose and young Daniel were alone.

Thursday's newspaper headlines said Ruthenberg had been arrested in Chicago, and locked up in the Fort Sheridan guard house. Friday morning, however, Ruthenberg walked into the United States Attorney's office in Cleveland and surrendered. Police had locked up the wrong man in Chicago. Ruthenberg had given his scheduled speech in Cincinnati the evening before, under his own name, and returned to Cleveland.

Ruthenberg, Wagenknecht and Baker were released on $3,000 bail each. Ruthenberg's brother William was one of his bondsmen. The trial was set for July 16.

The man to whom Ruthenberg had to look for justice at that trial was no stranger to him. As the three defendants walked into the courtroom on the morning of July 16, they faced D. C. Westenhaver, Federal judge of the Northern District of Ohio.

Only a few years before, as head of the Cleveland Board of Education, Westenhaver had smashed the Socialist-supported attempt to unionize the Cleveland teachers. It was at his order that every teacher who joined the union had been fired.

Westenhaver's anti-labor bias was so well known that the Cleveland Federation of Labor had tried to block his appointment to a judgeship. They even brought pressure on AFL President Samuel Gompers to protest to President Wilson himself against the appointment. But there sat Judge Westenhaver.

A man whom the defendants did not know from Adam was in the courtroom. He was Alphons J. Schue, the prosecution's star witness, whom Ruthenberg, Wagenknecht and Baker were accused of having persuaded not to register for the draft.

Schue himself faced a prison term because he had not registered. Defense counsel Joseph W. Sharts, in the course of the trial, described him "as a figure in criminal trials as old as Judas . . . the man who comes in as a confessed criminal in order to clear his own skirts, turns State's evidence, and with the grip of the District Attorney upon his neck, tells what he thinks will serve the purpose and get him free."

Of the 5,000 people who had listened to the speeches in Public Square on the 20th and 27th of May, Schue was the only individual the prosecution could find who had been "misled." For, as it developed, Schue claimed it was those speeches in the Square which had kept him from registering. Yet, even the one police witness who was called was unable to recollect that the three defendants had given any advice whatever in their speeches about registering.

It gradually became clear why the arrests had been postponed a full month after the speeches were delivered. There was no law that forbade speaking against the war or against the Con-

scription Act. It was illegal only to refuse to register oneself, or to induce others to refuse to register. No one could accuse the defendants of the first, since Baker had registered, and Ruthenberg and Wagenknecht were beyond the age limit. As to proof that the defendants influenced others not to register, that is what the prosecution had combed heaven and earth to find.

When they got hold of Schue, as District Attorney Edward S. Wertz admitted in his prosecution speech, "then the man was unearthed who was influenced" by the speeches in the Square.

The Socialists could expect little understanding from the jury. The Republican Jury Commissioner had picked a venire of Rip Van Winkles—retired cops and other gentry, aged 60 to 85.

Even these jurors were moved when Ruthenberg, at the request of defense counsel, repeated in court the speech he had delivered May 27 on Public Square.

Prosecutor Wertz, who concentrated his fire on Ruthenberg throughout the trial, was at considerable pains to counteract the effect of Ruthenberg's eloquence on this hand-picked jury. As Socialist organizer of the city, and a labor-backed, anti-war candidate for mayor, Ruthenberg had to be silenced.

In the end, the verdict was "Guilty."

On Wednesday, July 25, Judge Westenhaver sentenced Ruthenberg, Wagenknecht, and Baker to one year in the workhouse at Canton, Ohio. When the prisoners were asked if they had anything to say before sentence was passed, Ruthenberg answered:

"I am not conscious of having committed any crime. The thing that I am conscious of is having endeavored to inspire higher ideals and nobler lives. If to do that is a crime in the eyes of the Government, I am proud to have committed that crime."

The three Socialists appealed the verdict, carrying the case straight to the United States Supreme Court. Out on bail while the appeal was pending, they continued their Socialist activities.

The trial of Ruthenberg and his comrades was almost the first, if not the first, of the great trials of American working class leaders for anti-war activity, to be soon followed by the trials of Eugene V. Debs and others for the same reason. The purpose was to stifle all anti-war protest, and to give American imperialism, aiming for world hegemony among capitalist nations, a free hand to wage war and achieve the kind of peace

it wanted. President Wilson had coined the *spurious slogan*, "A War for Democracy," but Ruthenberg challenged that claim.

This trial may be taken as the prototype, in a way, of the later trials of Communists in the post-World War II era, when American imperialism, now domineering over the capitalist part of the world, sought persistently—under the false slogan, "Defend the Free World"—to launch a third world war to destroy socialism. Constitutional rights were ignored in the Ruthenberg trial; they were ignored still more in the Smith Act trials of Communist leaders with the use of hired stoolpigeons, the shameless manipulating of juries and of press reporting, topped by openly flaunted judicial partisanship. As in 1916-17, America's imperialists did not intend to let the Bill of Rights get in the way of their global ambitions.

With a prison sentence hanging over him, Ruthenberg that year waged the greatest Socialist mayoralty campaign in Cleveland's history.

Late Thursday afternoon, January 31, 1918, a little group of men and women emerged from Cleveland's Federal Building and headed for the County Jail. Newspaper cameras clicked, and reporters followed along.

At the head of the group strode Ruthenberg. Behind him walked Wagenknecht and a United States marshal. In the rear came Marguerite Prevey, Socialist leader from Akron, and Wagenknecht's wife Hortense. Ruthenberg and Wagenknecht were being taken to the jail to join Baker, who was already there. The next morning the three prisoners would be taken to the Workhouse at Canton.

As the group approached the jail, newspapermen taunted Ruthenberg with the question: What would happen to the Socialist Party, with the leaders locked up?

The leaders' wives, Ruthenberg assured the reporters, would be among those who would carry on the work.

A few minutes later, the doors of the County Jail closed behind the prisoners. Marguerite Prevey and Hortense Wagenknecht walked up the street alone, on their way to join Rose Ruthenberg, who was waiting for them at the Socialist Party headquarters, 737 Prospect Avenue.

So began the imprisonment of the first prominent American Socialists jailed for opposing the imperialist world war.

Rose Ruthenberg was the first of the "earnest men and women" who, as her husband had predicted, stepped forward to take the place of the imprisoned leaders. She took charge of local Cleveland's office, and became a member of the City Central Committee.

Man From Steel

by ART SHIELDS

Excerpts from a work in progress on the life of Pat Cush, now 87 years old, a steel worker since childhood, who grew up in the struggles to unionize his industry.

PAT CUSH was born in the smoke of the iron mills of Pittsburgh's South Side. An Irish midwife brought him into the world on October 7, 1867, in a Jones & Laughlin company house across the street from the plant. His father, a revolutionary Irishman, named him Emmett Patrick Cush after Ireland's beloved martyr.

The story is that his father sang "The Wearin' o' the Green" at the christening festivities. "The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground," sang the old man, as he clinked glasses with his friends, Pat Fee, a Gaelic-speaking Irishman, and Bob Foster, an old blind puddler, who had lost his eyes in a mill accident. But the shamrock couldn't grow in the Cush family yard either. The yard was covered with cinders from the mill.

1 HOMESTEAD

(1881-82)

PAT LEFT iron for steel at 14 after four years in the South Side mills. The steel age had come with a rush to western Pennsylvania. The railroads were tearing up iron rails to lay steel,

and young workers were switching to the new metal. Pat's big brothers, Willse and Tom, made the change first. They got skilled jobs as rolling mill roughers in the big steel plant that was rising on a bend of the Monongahela eight miles above Pittsburgh. They took their union with them.

The place was called Homestead. Here the new and old crowded together. On one side of the railroad tracks was the modern steel mill, while hogs wallowed in the roads on the other side between rude workers' shacks.

The future of the union was in steel, as the Cush boys could see. But the national leaders of the Amalgamated Association of Iron & Steel Workers were blind to the new metal. Most of them had been iron puddlers, who made wrought iron by hand, in the earlier days. The giant steel mill at Homestead with its great Bessemer converters was alien to their past. And the steel bosses were tough—why not pass Homestead by?

But the Cush boys, like other rank-and-file organizers in those pioneer union days, didn't wait for the national union's approval. They whispered to their fellow workers on the rolls about the victories the union had won in iron. They called secret meetings in little workers' shacks in the unlighted streets, and the workers came, for the Cush boys were popular. They were star boxers and handball players and were known as honest fellows. Other rank-and-file organizers were busy too. The union grew quickly and it became a living fact that the bosses could not deny. The company manager sullenly signed an agreement when the workers threatened to strike in the busiest season.

That was the Amalgamated's first big victory in steel. The mill owners were furious. They were a bunch of hard-boiled Pittsburgh capitalists, and they had picked their toughest partner to manage the plant and keep the union out. This fellow was a club-and-gun boss named William Clark, who often boasted of the strikes he had broken in the iron mills. The other partners told Clark they would chuck him out of the firm if he didn't bust the Homestead union. So Clark declared war on the Amalgamated that winter, when steel orders fell off. He posted an anti-union notice on the walls. Every worker must sign a loyalty pledge to quit the union—or be fired. The deadline was New Year's Day, 1882.

Not a worker signed the scab pledge, however. And New Year's Day found the gates shut. The men were locked out.

Clark began advertising for scabs a week later. The lockout became a strike—the first big strike in steel. It was a life and death fight for the union. The bosses expected to smash the strike quickly. Few of the workers had ever been in a union before and Willse Cush, an experienced leader, 26 years old, wasn't there to help them. He had left for Colorado before the showdown.

But Brother Tom helped fill the place of Willse. The long, lean lad—he was a six-footer at 19—was a roving picket captain night and day. He had a persuasive way with scabs who sneaked into town by river boat, wagon or train. And his fellow workers valued him highly.

Boss Clark had his eye on Tom too. And the lad was pointed out to the cops—tough mugs from Pittsburgh, who had been imported into Homestead in violation of the law.

Tom was seldom home now. He lived with the strike almost 24 hours a day. But one night Pat was dozing in his mother's kitchen in Pittsburgh after a hard day in the J. & L. mill when two men with a stretcher came in. Tom was lying on his stomach unconscious, with a bullet in his back under the shoulder blade.

His buddies told the story. They had taken a carload of armed strikebreakers by surprise as they were getting off the train in Homestead. The strikers had driven the disarmed scabs back into the train and were watching the cars roll away when pistol shots cracked from behind in the dark. Tom staggered and fell as his budies chased the cowardly cops away. A pool of blood was staining the dirty station platform around him.

The strike was won before Tom recovered four months later. The rank and file had saved the union again. And Tom got his job back at the demands of the men.

2 PITTSBURGH

(1919)

PAT WAS tense as he ran the last bar of iron through the finishing rolls before the "turn" ended. The great battle against the 12-hour day and the blacklist was about to begin. The first general strike in steel was starting at midnight.

The long-awaited blow against Steel Trust slavery was coming at last. Now 52 years old, Pat knew what that slavery meant. He had toiled round the clock with the 12-hour day since the unions were crushed in the big mills in the 1890's. And he had endured the agony of the terrible 24-hour Sunday "turn"—an eternity of exhaustion from 7 A.M. Sunday to 7 A.M. Monday. His six children had often cried to their mother in hunger while Pat tramped from mill to mill in search of a foreman who had not seen his name on the blacklist. He had been cursed and physically beaten. But he had always fought back. And now his people were uniting for freedom.

Pat was president of an Amalgamated lodge when the AFL's campaign began. A few months before, he had gotten a job as a skilled finisher in Brown's old mill on Tenth St., the oldest iron mill in Pittsburgh. He came there after he was fired from a Steel Trust mill at Sharpsburg near by. He was fired for refusing to buy war bonds in the First World War while Irish patriots were being hanged overseas. His present mill was a little affair, specializing in prison bars, and it did not compete seriously with the Steel Trust. But the workers in Brown's mill were good fighters. They had kept their union intact during the devastating anti-union drives of the last generation. And they had picked Pat Cush as their lodge leader.

Pat was also a delegate to the AFL's Central Labor Union. And he was a leading figure in the Irish revolutionary movement that was sending aid to the guerrillas who were fighting Churchill's troops in Erin. He had many friends, and William Z. Foster, the national secretary of the AFL's steel organizing committee, welcomed his help.

Pat met Foster for the first time soon after the Chicago leader came to Pittsburgh to direct the titanic steel drive from the Trust's capital city.

Foster was a tall, lean railroad carman in his late thirties, who had organized the nation's meat packing plants the year before. He inspired Pat's confidence at once. Pat had been doubtful of the success of the drive until he met Foster. He knew, of course, that the steel campaign was officially backed by 24 national AFL unions. The AFL had never given such official backing in a major industry before. And such backing could

ensure victory. But most of the leaders of the 24 unions were just "going along" without pulling their weight. They were craft unionists who had never tackled a major industry before, and they feared that a successful strike might result in an industrial union. They thought the Steel Trust was unbeatable. They were overwhelmed by its billions of dollars and its armies of spies and company police. And Pat knew that some of these leaders, like Mike Tighe, the national president of his own Amalgamated union, were sabotaging the drive. They despised the Slavs, the Hungarians, the Italians, and the Negroes, and all the unskilled and semi-skilled men in this industry of more than half a million workers. And they feared these workers as well. They were afraid that new rank-and-file leaders would rise out of the struggle and threaten their pie cards.

But Pat saw a different kind of labor leader when he entered the organizing committee's headquarters in the Magee Building for the first time. There wasn't any reception room to exclude workers from the organizer's inner office. Nor was there any inner office. Foster couldn't afford that luxury. He was starved for organizing funds. The campaign was run from one room, and Foster was talking to everyone who came in, and putting almost everyone to work. When Pat arrived the little room was filling up with steel workers, whose backs were bent from toil. There was a tired blast furnace man who had come to see Foster after a 12-hour "turn." There was an open hearth man, a roll hand and some men from the labor gangs of the big mills along the Monongahela, Allegheny, and Ohio rivers. They had come originally from several countries in Europe and some of them spoke little English. But Foster and his colleague, J. G. Brown, found they were just the men the drive needed. And when they left each man had a special job to do in lining up his fellow workers in the unions.

These volunteer organizers were Foster's auxiliary forces. They supplemented his small staff of paid men. He could not have done the job without them.

Pat was one of Foster's volunteers. And at night after his "turn" in the little union mill, he was carrying the union's message to his old friends from the big mills where the Amalgamated had been busted years before.

This was a summer of hope for the old veteran. The steel workers were flocking into the unions. The cause that Pat loved more than life was growing fast. But the storm warnings were gathering too. Judge Gary, the chairman of the U. S. Steel Corp., was as ruthless as Frick. "The open shop—we stand for that," the judge shouted as he fired union men. And his gunmen began pressing their triggers in August.

Pat can never forget the grief and anger of the steel workers and miners at the funeral of one of the Trust's victims. She was Mrs. Fannie Sellins, a grandmother, who was loved by the working people of the whole Allegheny valley. She was a staff organizer of the United Mine Workers, one of the best. She had been loaned to Foster's committee. But she was marked for death after she organized three of Gary's steel mills. The gunmen got her in the little steel and mining town of West Natrona, which was owned by one of the smaller companies. They were waiting for her near the mine shaft in the company's mill yard. While they waited they amused themselves by shooting down an old Polish miner who was passing by. They were about to fire into his bleeding body again when Mrs. Sellins came up and begged them not to shoot. Four bullets felled her as she pleaded. Then while she lay dying a thug crushed her skull with a heavy cudgel. He struck her again and again like a madman until the skull was crushed flat.

The killers wore sheriff's badges. None was ever punished. And all four butchers were still packing their guns when Judge Gary gave a cynical version of the murder to a Senate committee a month later. Union men must have killed her, the callous old liar asserted.

The butchers could not cow the workers this time, however. The steel drive surged on. And hundreds of men left the mining patches and mill towns to honor their dear martyr as she was laid to rest. They pledged themselves to carry on her fight as they stood bareheaded by the grave.

And all through the great strike that began September 22 Pat could feel the emotion that ran through a crowd whenever Mrs. Sellins' name was mentioned.

This fiendish murder roused Pat's fury like nothing before. The "Black 'n' Tans" in Ireland were never more brutal.

Mrs. Sellins became a symbol of class loyalty and courage to workers in distant cities. The photograph of her mutilated body was pinned up in hundreds of union halls. Foster had the picture taken as Mrs. Sellins lay in her coffin. And he sent it out far and wide.

3 HOMESTEAD

(1919)

Violent police terror was accompanying the strike of 365,000 steel workers. Pat was sent to Homestead to try to have prisoners released.

PAT WAS seeking an old friend in a crowd of strikers on Dixon St. near the big U.S. Steel mill when hoofs clattered behind him. "Cossacks! Cossacks!" screamed a big mustached Polish worker beside him as the crowd began running. The State troopers were coming like demons, leaning far out of their saddles as they swung their long clubs like cavalry sabers. Men were going down on all sides. Those still on their feet fled up the street toward Fifth Avenue. But more horsemen suddenly appeared at that end. The strikers were caught in a trap. The gray-coated State Constabulary men were driving at them from each end of the street. One tall, raw-boned trooper was charging directly at Pat. There seemed no escape. Pat was caught in the mass of bodies. And the horseman laughed as he leaned out for the blow. But Pat, an old boxer, ducked just in time. The mace swished by him, and the trooper plunged on for another kill.

The bludgeoning went on until the sadists were surfeited and the cobblestones were spotted with blood. Then the troopers dismounted to make arrests. "I saw one trooper grabbing two men," Pat told me. "One of the strikers tore away, and the trooper pushed the other man towards his horse's head as he turned to chase the runaway. The horse was a big black mare. She was a trained man-catcher. She held the prisoner's coat between her powerful jaws until her master came back with his captive."

Foster refers to this man-catching mare in his *History of the Great Steel Strike*. She was called "Lizzie."

The "trial" of the mangled prisoners was a bitter sight for Pat. The "judge," Harry Maguire, was a renegade union man, who knew Pat well. He had struck against the Homestead employers with Pat 27 years before. But now he was the Steel Trust burgess of Homestead, and he gave the prisoners Steel Trust "justice." One of his dialogues with a striker was noted down by Pat.

"You are something of a fighter, aren't you, Steve?" the burgess was asking a young Slovak, who was still in his teens.

"No," the slim young steel worker replied, as he wondered what was coming next.

"How much do you weigh?"

"135 pounds."

"Stripped?"

"Yes, stripped."

"How did you feel when the State Constable hit you?"

"I felt like hitting back," the lad's reply flashed.

The judge laughed as he pronounced the youth guilty.

The burgess had just finished fining and jailing his captives when he saw Pat. He was a bit flustered.

"I hope you don't blame me, Pat," he said, as his eyes turned away from the old Homestead union leader.

"Indeed I do blame you from the bottom of my heart," Pat answered hotly. But he had not come there to appeal to a conscience that had almost rotted away, but to bail out steel workers. And this he did.

Pat heard many tales of brutality that night as he talked to his friends out of sight of the police. One tavern keeper had been clubbed down in front of his own place of business. Another friend was beaten inside his own house. Others were punched or pushed in the street when they talked to another worker.

Homestead was now an "occupied" town like Brussels under the Kaiser's army or Dublin under the "Tans." Constabulary, Coal and Iron Police, and deputies were swaggering about. More than 1,000 armed men were trampling down what was left of liberty in the borough the Cush boys had helped to free 38 years ago. Only scabs had the right to come together. And they had it only on the work gangs in the mill.

But Pat was comforted as he walked through the town. No

steel was coming out of the struck mill. The thin force of scabs was making thin columns of smoke to fool the men outside. But the Trust's switching railroad was hauling no steel away. That was the *big news* the strikers could read on the tracks that ran through the town. The lying newspapers could not blot that story out.

4 FATHER KAZINCI

(1919)

MIKE TIGHE squirmed in his swivel chair. He didn't want to grant Pat's request. The bishop mightn't like it. But Pat's delegation of Amalgamated men was pressing him hard, and he finally gave Pat the credentials he wanted. The credentials authorized Pat to form a committee of union men to ask Bishop Canevan, the head of the Catholic diocese, to support the steel strike.

Bishop Canevan was powerful. Cops and politicians feared him. One word from the bishop would slow up the terror that was taking many lives. One word from the bishop would give courage to timid priests who wanted to free their people from the deadening 12-hour day and the cursed 24-hour Sunday "turn" that kept men from coming to church. Pat knew many of the priests. They would be glad, he felt sure, to speak out for civil liberties, at least if the bishop gave the word.

One priest was speaking out already without the bishop's permission. That was Father Kazinci of Braddock, the Slovak, who lashed the State Constabulary and the Steel Trust with the flaming spirit of the prophets of old.

Kazinci's strike sermons drew Slovak workers like a magnet every Sunday. They came in crowded street cars from Homestead and other valley mill towns. And Pat, the Irishman, made the pilgrimage from Pittsburgh one Sunday too. Pat did not know the Slovak language. But he knew the brotherhood of the working people. And his spirit was warmed by the glowing comradeship of his Slovak seatmates as they listened to Kazinci's solidarity appeals. They were nodding and smiling to each other as he begged them to stick together.

Pat was determined that this brave priest should not stand alone among the Catholic clergy. He had the support of a local Protestant minister, Rev. Molnar of the Slovak Lutheran Church,

a good friend of the strikers. But Kazinci must get the backing of his Catholic bishop. It was time for Bishop Canevan to speak out.

The brave priest needed this help without delay. The Steel Trust was attacking him fiercely. It had tried to shut down his church by foreclosing a mortgage. This was blocked when the workers put up the money. But violence was tried too. The State Constabulary, a tool of the Trust, had ridden their horses into Father Kazinci's parishioners on the first day of the strike. The workers didn't scare, however. They came back to mass again the next day. Then the troopers drove their horses into a crowd of tiny boys and girls, first graders in the parochial school, as they were waiting outside for the starting bell. Kazinci fought back with Foster's help. He gave the strike leader an indignant written account of the outrages, which the strike committee publicized widely. But he needed his bishop's backing as well. And he had a right to get it.

Pat prepared a careful report of the attacks on Catholic steel workers throughout the district. And he chose the committee that was to see the bishop very carefully. Only Catholics in the best of church standing were selected. Nearly 20 men were in the group. Pat was heading an impressive body, and the bishop agreed to meet it.

Pat was elated as the scheduled morning dawned. The strike would get a big lift, he felt sure. He had no doubt of that. But a telephone call chilled his hopes before he left the house. The bishop was "out of town," the message said.

The next day the press reported that Judge Gary's steel firm had given a check for $25,000 to the Catholic Charities organization of the Pittsburgh diocese. Catholic Charities used part of this money to finance daily newspaper advertisements calling Foster a "Red."

The committee was not able to get a date with the bishop again.

Father Kazinci didn't retreat, however. He fought for his people all through the strike and to the end of his days. And he remains one of Pat's heroes today, like Father Flanagan, the brave Dublin priest, who defied the "Castle" and the big employers at the same time, and Father McGlynn, the New York

labor priest, who stuck to the struggle against poverty and exploitation despite excommunication.

The 1919 strike led by Foster was defeated, but it prepared the way for the great victory fifteen years later. First fruits of the 1919 struggle came when Judge Gary had to abandon the 12-hour day in the early 1920's. In the 1930's, the CIO launched its great and successful organization drive in steel.

Fighting Bob

by JOSEPH NORTH

Excerpts from a forthcoming biography of Robert Minor, Communist leader, who died in November 1952. The book will include Minor's outstanding drawings and cartoons.

1 TEXAS

(1898)

BOB HAD some twenty-odd miles to go. He had made about eight, trudging along intently through the mesquite covered plain, his boy's eye on the jackrabbits that leaped out in a startled foray and scampered back into the brush as the big, two-legged animal approached, the dust rising in little spirals behind his long tread, and he had little thought for the prey which would, a day ago, have brought out his trusty Colt.

He had to make time, get to the camp, offer himself to the lords of the great adventure, the construction of the railroad beds, the laying of the sleek, long track on which the iron monsters would run. Then he heard behind him the soft cluck-cluck of a freighter's wagon made by the slipping back and forth of the hubs on the axles and the thump of the willing feet of the fast-walking mules. He stepped aside without looking back, so familiar was he with the Texas back-country sound. As the second pair of the six-mule team came abreast, a voice sang out:

"You a workin' man?"

Even before he looked up he had the uncomfortable sense that the voice came from the kind of man they called a "crank"; there was some tell-tale tension of the vocal cords, some nasal pitch of excitement that was familiar, too, in this day of Moody's revivals, of those who "oggered" Greenbackism or Bryanism or Henry Georgeism. That, too, was familiar in the Texas of 1898.

He turned his head to see a big, heavy, red-faced Irishman high on the wagon in the driver's seat to the fore of the railroad construction supplies that were piled high. The man had great shoulders covered with red hair that stuck out from his undershirt. A working-man? The boy squared his shoulders: "Reckon I am."

It was delightful riding on the wide soft-cushioned seat and watching the prairie and the fine mules, those remarkable animals that he had seen raised on the big ranches in droves of hundreds. He knew how they were picked for their vital work; he had joined in it himself on the farm, riding with the men on horseback who would drive a herd of mules across a prairie and made to go as fast as they can at a walk, without breaking into a trot. In half an hour or so, the fastest walking mules would be at the fore; these would be cut out of the herd, six or eight at a time, run separately off to a corral so that the whole drove would be divided into matched teams, then sold as teams; each team brought a price which was determined by the speed at which they could walk. It was an important Texas business.

"Going to the railroad to work, huh?" Bob nodded and asked if the man knew what they paid.

"Men on grade-gangs gits $1.50 a day and they pays $3.50 a week for their board. They has $5.50 clear the week, side of what they git charged for tobacco and extras. Bridge gangs gits more—$1.75 a day, and pays $4.00 a week board. Men on bridge gangs eats better because they works harder. They comes out a dollar a week more." The old man went on, recounting the facts, statistics, and lore of the railroad and the youngster drank up every word. After a while the Irishman turned to silence which he finally broke with a plaintive edge in his voice:

"It gits awful lonesome driving a freighter. Wish I had somebody to ride around with me. How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

The Irishman said there were thousands of boys like him, most

of them older, boys of the farms who were leaving home and becoming workingmen on the railroad. And then, his voice took on that quality that Bob felt when he first heard it, the high-pitched, restrained excitement, as the man said: "Working people's the salt of the earth." The Irishman said he was a workingman, born on the prairie that rolls clear to Mexico and across the desert to California and yet he had not a foot of earth for himself, and nowhere to lay his head because he is a workingman.

"There's thousands that's laborin' and sweatin' to build this railroad across the prairie and before the last spike is drove Old Man Huntington will own it all. These men that's buildin' it now won't get nothing but what to eat and a cot to sleep while they're workin' and when it's built, they won't have no jobs. And they'll go away again ridin' the rods or the slow freight trains wanderin' thousands of miles, cold and hungry in the winter, hot and hungry in the summer." That, he said, was the life of a workingman.

The youngsters listened, fascinated. Though the man sure was a "crank" as he had suspected, he liked him and his beautiful way of talking, and he was glad when the Irishman continued. The mule-driver said that for every one of the boys going away to work on the railroads there was a girl waiting at home, nice young girls they should be marrying and who would be waiting for them, but the young men would never come home. They would have no job, no money, "no nothing," no reason to come home. And after a while they would be getting old, like him, driving mules perhaps for a few years and then they would be thrown aside with nothing to show in their last years for all that they had done in their earlier years. It was the workingman's life.

"So you are sixteen?" he asked again, thoughtfully.

"Yes."

"Sixteen, well there's a heap you'll be seein' in your life. You'll be seein' socialism."

That was the first time. It was a word Bob had never before heard despite the many arguments and talks he had heard about Populism and the other social panaceas of San Antonio the previous decade; it was a word that would become a beacon of his life, and here it was the first time, spoken by an aging

Irishman driving a team of mules on the great, bare Texas prairie that stretched away to the brilliant blue horizons.

"Socialism, what's that?" he asked, eyeing the old driver.

"Socialism? That's when there won't be no rich and there won't be no poor. That's when every man will have a job and will be free and happy."

The boy creased his forehead: "Is that the same as William J. Bryan is for?"

The workingman of the prairies shook his head: "No. William Jennings Bryan hasn't got no more socialism in him than a rabbit. No, socialism is the workingman's idea. Bryan is a good man, but he's only a lawyer." The boy pondered that a moment, for his father was a lawyer, a poor man too, and he believed that his father was involved in the quest for a better life, that would be beneficent for the plain man, the workingman, for all men. He turned to look the Irishman in the eye, but he held his tongue, for the driver's face had an intentness, an earnestness, a single-minded devotion to the thought that he was framing so eloquently unaware of the boy's quizzical stare.

"Everybody," the old man said as the mules went clacking on, "everybody will have a plenty of everything, because they will be workin' whenever they want to." And he continued, without halt, the words flowing from his lips, to say that all workingmen will have good clothes, even two or three new suits at a time if they should want that. And all that they would have to do would be to go to the store and find what fits them, and take them and walk off because they were entitled to them, and so it will be with everything that the workingman needs. And young men like Bob here, as soon as he and his girl finish their schooling can go and make a home together and there will be good homes for all and there will be no real estate men to pay. The Irishman spoke of a glorious land of milk and honey for the working people who will, in this millenium that was coming soon, be all of mankind, because the rich would vanish unless they became men who worked for their bread. And then, catching his breath, the man looked at the boy for the first time, and asked abruptly: "Well, why don't you ask me no questions? I can answer you no matter what you ask me. Anybody knows about socialism can answer about everything."

The youngsters was silent, over-awed, as Bob remembered this conversation half a century and more later. "What the man had said seemed to me the most beautiful thing I had ever heard." And the youngster glowing to the words that somehow touched that chord in him that was to become dominant in his life, replied:

"I would like to learn that piece that you said."

"Piece!" the Irishman snorted. "So you think it's just a saying piece! No, boy, you are wrong. It is not a saying piece, it is just what is going to happen. It is just what people are a-going to do. And let the capitalists beware, because the working people are a-going to rise up and have their own. And boy, you ain't got only to learn to say it, you got to learn the way to do it. And then the world will be free and you and all the other boys and girls will have a happy home such as I never had and maybe never will have because it ain't a'coming, maybe afore I'm dead."

Young Bob nerved himself to ask, with profound respect: "When is it going to happen?"

"I don't know just when, and nobody knows just when. But sure as them mules are out in front of us, it's coming."

The mules were making good time; they were the fastest-walking animals Bob had ever seen, and the time had flown by as it had never flown before, when the old man jerked his head to the right, "There's a grading camp just over the hill," he said. "Do you want to get out there? The first bridge gang is three miles further on, at the Colorado River. I reckon you will wind up on the bridge gang to get the better pay; you're young, you're strong. But you'd do better workin' a few days on a grade-gang so as to get broke in before you do bridge work. Don't think it's like workin' in a farm where you rest at the same time you're workin'. On the bridge gang you get drove hard every minute, and no farm boy can't stand it if he ain't learned how."

2 SPAIN

(1937)

THE SOMBER impressions of my journey down the coastline of Catalonia vanished somehow as I stepped into the capital, Valencia. This was a city shining in the sun: its avenues were

broad and its white buildings were towering with a beauty of design that seemed to blend the architecture of the Moors with that of Europe; the main plaza was crowded with lively, laughing, gesticulating Spaniards. The square was lined by great royal palms that stood like grenadiers; a fountain played among marble statues. Throngs of spirited people stood at the glittering, littered counters of the bazaars beneath the great stone porticoes that had shaded them from the semi-tropical sun for five hundred years. Old women hawked the brilliantly red Valencian roses that were piled in great banks and then, looking up, above the flowers, your eye stopped, as though by a blow, on the big electric sign that towered over the white buildings—a great red hand pointed toward the north and beneath it was the legend: "The Front: 64 Kilometers."

And then, as though to underscore this sign, I was in the city no more than four or five hours when a siren began to blow in a wail that chilled the blood: it began far down in the scale and ascended to an ear-splitting climax and then fell again. The crowds began running for the air-raid shelters and in a few minutes you saw why they ran. Three specks in the sky flew in triangular formation and if your eye was sharp you could discern tiny black dots tumbling from them: and then there was, seconds later, a deep, hollow rumble and you knew some of these beautiful white buildings were tumbling down in a wreckage of death.

I made my way across the streets to the hotel where Bob was staying; he was here as a war correspondent for a number of working-class newspapers and magazines back home. I had read his articles, passionate expositions of the political and military scene in Spain written with that flair for bright imagery that was so typically his.

The all-clear signal had not sounded as I came to the hotel door and I was about to enter when I saw, standing on the kerbstone, Bob's tall, spare figure. He wore a black beret and he looked to me somehow like the monument of some ancient Spanish patriarch, strong-nosed, lean-chinned, his bearing bold and proud as he stood scanning the sky profaned by the bomb. He was so absorbed that he did not notice my presence for some moments, not until I touched his elbow and he turned to look at me. His eyes lit up and he threw his arms around me in the

Spanish embrace. Then, jutting his chin upward toward the sky again he said, "Capronis, probably from Majorca. The fourth time in two days." He said the Franco high command was doubtless furious over the victory the Republicans had won two days before in the Aragon mountains. "You come at the right time," Bob said. The Fifteenth Brigade, the Lincoln, had just captured Quinto and Belchite, key towns, near Saragossa, the Franco capital of the Aragon. But the losses were heavy, Bob feared. He was just about to leave for the front to find the men. Among the wounded was Steve Nelson, Bob said, and the first report was that Steve's condition was grave. I had met Steve, a veteran organizer in the anthracite coal fields who was now a lieutenant colonel in the International Brigades and whose qualities as soldier had already become legendary.

Within hours we were in the highlands, driving hard, in a car Bob had brought down from France. We passed through great silent orange groves and long green stretches of somber pine, climbing all the while along ancient narrow roadways, that, Bob said, doubtless heard the tramp of many hostile feet—the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Visigoths, the Moors, the grenadiers of Napoleon, and now the new marauders, the worst of all, the legions of Mussolini and Hitler. We halted to allow mule-carts to pass, and now and then a roaring military truck crowded with singing soldiers passed, and I saw scrawls on the high yellow walls of the towns that said, "*Viva el Frente Popular.*" The "silent villages" of Cervantes had found their tongue. Once, high on the crest of a mountain, Bob motioned, with a toss of his chin, to the scene below: a great tawny valley dotted by six scattered villages, a thread of roadway connecting each, and there, high on some overhanging rocks, some Spaniard had climbed, paint-bucket in hand, risking his neck to splash in great red letters, "*Viva la Republica.*"

Bob drove surely, silently in the main, speeding to the front with an intentness that blotted out everything else. I watched his strong face as he sat behind the wheel, his sharp black eyes on the narrow curving road, the small beret covering the crown of his great bald dome, his chin thrust forward characteristically. I thought, studying his face, that this man, no longer young, in his middle fifties now, was truly an indestructible man. Only a

year or so ago I had written how the coal-operators' vigilantes kidnapped him near Gallup, New Mexico, when he came to aid the imprisoned strikers. He was beaten unconscious with black-jacks, a sack was flung over his head and he was carried out into the desert and flung on the sands to die. I thought of the first time I saw him in 1930, during a demonstration of the unemployed: he lay on the sidewalk outside New York's City Hall battered to the ground by a dozen cops who kicked savagely at his bare bald skull. I had seen him in a dozen demonstrations since, and always he was in the van, and always he was the target. And always he survived.

Truly, a man of many lives. Let me see now, how many lives had he lived, this Texan in whose veins ran the blood of the nation's founders. He had become a Communist while he was respected as the foremost cartoonist in America; his powerful drawings were on the walls of many thousands in the factory cities. His was the first cartoon I had ever tacked up and I remembered it as though I were looking at it now: *The Exodus from Dixie,* wherein a procession of Negroes, men, women and children were trekking away from the flaming crosses on which men hung—one powerful Negro figure was half-turned, looking back, his fist raised at the sight; another carried a picture of Abe Lincoln, a third a child whose little arms were entwined around his father's neck. The vitality of this American Daumier burst through the walls of his studio and into the world of the picket-line, the courtroom, the street-corner. He had been a luminary of Pulitzer's *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and *New York World* and then he became a political figure, a working-class leader. I knew that his work in the Mooney case had saved that brave proletarian figure from the gallows: I knew his work in the Scottsboro case on behalf of the nine Negro boys framed to a death sentence. And here he was, driving hour after hour, up mountain-side and down, no longer in his youth, a veteran of prison and bludgeonings, yet he had the resilience of a young truck driver as he pushed through the night, the clouds of mist rolling up to wrap us in a damp cottony blanket. I offered several times to take the wheel but he shook his head, doggedly, "I know these roads," he said, "we can't take a chance on missing the Brigade."

We had been driving some sixteen hours now, without a break,

and my civilian eyes were leaden. I wondered if he would halt a moment to catch some winks of sleep. But no. "We're getting near," he said.

Between long, thoughtful silences he would launch into lectures on the Spanish war as though I were an audience of thousands. He was nearly deaf and his voice boomed through the valley and into the pine trees as he talked of the Popular Front Government and the responsibilities of American Communists in the epic war. At three on this dark, foggy morning in the cold Aragon badlands, high in the mountains, he said that we were living through one of the great moments of all history and that it was an inestimable privilege to be here. "I know you know this," he said, as though he had said something that was self-evident, "but," he continued, "it can always bear repetition." America's destiny, he boomed, was intertwined with all that was happening in this old, valiant land, and if the bombs of Hitler and Mussolini were stopped here they would not fall on New York and Pittsburgh.

As he spoke a sentry suddenly appeared in the gloom and waved our car to a halt. I knew that we were near the front-lines by now and for a moment I wondered whether he were a Republican or a fascist. He was a small, frail figure, a blanket over his shoulders, a rifle in his hands. After studying our credentials, he said, almost casually, "*las fascistas*" were a kilometer or so to the left, "*al izquierda.*" He suggested courteously that we take the next right fork in the road. If we did not, if we make a wrong turn there, he smiled grimly, well . . . and he made a little gesture with his forefinger over his jugular vein.

Bob had climbed out of the car and he stood by the sentry, bent toward him in a courtly manner, according the chilled, ragged sentry all the respect that most men would show a prime minister. It was his characteristic, for I recall the days of the International Labor Defense back in 1931 or so, when a Kentucky miner or an Alabama Negro would come to our headquarters, and Bob, bending down from his great height, would grasp the man's hand and listen to him with a simple, single-minded intensity. Every workingman, to him, was an ambassador of his class.

Bob told the sentry, in his halting Spanish, that we were Amer-

ican newspapermen, working-class newspapermen, "*camaradas*" who were hunting the Lincoln Brigade. The sentry's voice seemed to grow warmer, in that highland chill, and he said, with animation, that we would find them half a dozen kilometers down the road. "The Americans," he said, enthusiastically, "good soldiers, good *anti-fascistas, valiente.*" Did we think *El Presidente, el Senor* Roosevelt, would raise the embargo so that Republican Spain could buy the arms she merited? Bob replied, in a voice that was charged with emotion, and respect, that many in America were doing all that could humanly be done to persuade the Government to lift the embargo and that many of us realized that Republican Spain was carrying the banner for all the world that believed in democracy and freedom. "*Claro,*" the sentry replied simply, as though this were an unchallengeable fact, and Bob extended his hand, bowing low, as though, I thought, in homage to this plain, brave son of Spain. The sentry took Bob's hand, and then mine, and said, as we were departing, "*Salud y victoria.*" He was a proud lonely figure as he stood, in the mist, his fist raised in the Republican salute. We drove off, nosing our way carefully through the fog, but Bob was exultant. "Nobody can beat a people like that," he said. "Yesterday he was a peasant who saw only as far as the hills around his farm. Today he has his eyes on the world." He spoke of my responsibility, of ours, of all of us, never to let a people like that down. They were front-lines of our own destiny.

Our weariness, our need for sleep, seemed to vanish after our encounter with the sentry, and we drove on, alert and awake, now, to discover the Lincolns as the first full pink streak of dawn crept over the mountains to the East. They were encamped in an olive grove near a great stone barn that was within earshot of Belchite. We heard the boom of guns across the hills and flashes of red lit up the dark. A sentry led us to the battalion headquarters which was in a great water pipe that had dried up. A big flat rock served as the desk, a lantern dimly lit the interior; a strange GHQ indeed. Bob leaped forward to embrace Dave Doran, an officer of the battalion, an erect, bright-eyed figure, a captain's insignia on his cap. I first met Dave in Pittsburgh some five years before and I seemed to remember the down of young manhood on his round face, the dark glow of his eyes and his

direct boyish manner then. Now he stood in his olive-colored uniform, a great revolver hanging from his belt, and he shook hands warmly, yet soberly, a new mature air about him, the sure deliberate manner of a man of war.

The big Texan hugged him like a father a son who had come through battle alive.

The Poet in Philadelphia

by HOWARD FAST

(For Walter Lowenfels, guilty under the Smith Act!)

The poet found guilty wrote poetry,
and his old heart hammered,
poor wracked machine,
the most ephemeral of ephemeral flesh,
squeezed to send out such a passionate cry of love and hope!

If you would investigate again the mystery of man,
The highest mystery,
beautiful, gracious, and sweet as honey,
discover then how with life so brief,
precious as it is fragile and tormenting,
a man will give it away
because he hears the tears of pain
drop from the eyes of other men.

A country makes a poet,
and even when youth is bitter,
and dry and hard the bread,
there are some who have to sing.
We were singers,
and America was our mother.

A mother sings to the child,
and the child grown, remembers,
wandering, remembers, and searching, remembers,
and when youth is gone,
the memory is still a golden glow.

Our whole song was America,
born so violent in childbirth's revolution,
rich and horizonless,
and purple mountains' majesty
across the fruited plain
was engraved on our hearts,
with all the jingle jangle
telling us
that freedom was wherefor and whyfor
a patriot laid down his life,
and regretted, dry-eyed,
that he had but one life to give for his country.

We made a song,
song of the gutters
and the dry-brown earth of the dustbowl,
and the rivers blocked with the fruit of the plains,
grain burning while men starved,
and we who were children then
clung to the mile of boxcars
like insects cling to a stick of cane,
going and coming,
for if there was nothing here,
there was still the purple mountains' majesty,
beckoning across the fruited plain.

It was a new thing for a poet to make his stanzas
out of a picket line;
and hear music in the plain speech of plain people,
and others heard,
the world heard,
head up—listen to the sweet sound
that comes from the sorrow of America.

Yet we were mighty in our sorrow then,
and our song was a song of hope,
and in the dark places of the earth,
we saw tyranny and hated it.

The poet in Philadelphia was found guilty.
I know how his old heart constricted,
beat faster.
Will it go now?
Will the stabbing pain come,
the knife edge of death,
does the heart speak, whisper,
cherish me, easy and gentle,
and let me rest and beat easy,
and put away your ego about how big your heart is;
a heart is only so big,
and where is a heart in one man to beat for all people?

Here in a courtroom
where a poet is found guilty
of conspiring to teach and advocate,
teach and advocate and conspire,
or in Galilee, see, the teacher comes,
rabbi, they called Him,
which means teacher in old Hebrew,
that the evil men do in evil places,
high places, and in the temples too,
shall be overthrown and done with—
the cross hurts only when you are nailed to it.

And in the night that fell on my own land,
sweet land, sweet land of liberty,
a wall was made and a roof,
walled in, roofed in,
technically perfect and technically soundproof,
with clever openings
for conditioned voices,
obedient patter and chatter of those
who had never conspired to teach and advocate.

The punishment is imprisonment,
five years of darkness,
and you are put away from the sight of man,
and talk to yourself and sing to yourself, poet,
poet! damned, damned filthy stinken lousy poet,
dirtying the American way of life.

And the poet, found guilty, wrote poetry,
walled in, roofed in,
wrote poetry of sunlight, full of the laughter
of little children,
through the wall and through the roof—
head up, the world listened,
heard the sweet sound
that comes from the sorrow of America.

Look at America,
deeper than the Pentagon and the White House
deeper than du Pont Chemicals and General Motors,
past McCarthy and McCarran
and eighteen laws to imprison men forever,
for one hundred times five years
and a hundred times more
for any minor infraction
of the new order,
the order of hate and horror,
fear, indecency and terror,
the order of the atom kings and the oil kings,
the killers and drinkers of blood,
past them and deeper,
deeper to the heart and the song—.

And ask where the heart of the poet finds its strength,
if not from America,
the poet in Philadelphia,
guilty of conspiring to teach and advocate
the brotherhood of man
in the city of brotherly love.
And listen to his old heart,

weak and tired,
listen to the beat,
the timely, measured, splendid beat,
the pounding, surging, raging beat,
the beat of dreams made words,
where the grapes of wrath are stored,
where the grapes of wrath are stored.

Power of the Financiers

by VICTOR PERLO

This is an initial installment on a full-length survey of the structure of finance capital in the United States, with special attention to the changes since World War II, which the author is undertaking in collaboration with other research workers.

POPULAR OPPOSITION to monopoly in the United States traditionally concentrated its fire against the "money power," against "Wall Street." The farmers saw the bankers depriving them of their livelihood through mortgage foreclosures, and they also identified the bankers with the railroads and big food processors. The weaker manufacturers and merchants saw how the Wall Street bankers organized the trusts that strangled them. Workers in basic industry saw how the financial network broke their strikes, bringing into play the press, police, troops, bribery, and endless credits to the employer so that he could starve out the strikers.

Popular resentment against "Wall Street" was reflected in the best of the "muckraking" literature, in the early movies in which bankers so often appeared as villains, and in numerous Congressional investigations (pre-McCarthy) which exposed the manipulations of the financiers.

However, most Americans who opposed and hated "Wall Street" did not know how to undermine its power. Franklin D. Roosevelt promised to drive the money-changers from the temple, but the New Deal legislation directed against centralized financial power never did more than force some tactical changes on big finance—the use of new forms for further expansion.

Most people have had little understanding of the essential character of financial power and its necessarily dominant position in the current stage of capitalism.

Lenin developed the theoretical understanding of capitalism in its present imperialist stage as dying capitalism. He traced the dominance of monopoly in industry and finance, and the merging of big banking and industrial capitals into giant empires of *finance capital.* He showed the rise of a small financial oligarchy, controlling these empires, running governments and cultural life—everything in the main capitalist countries.

An outstanding American economist, Anna Rochester, in the mid-1930's, applied this theoretical understanding to expose the anatomy of American monopoly capitalism. In her exhaustive study, *Rulers of America,* she traced the empires of the Morgans, Rockefellers, and Mellons, and of the lesser centers of financial power.

This basic work had a profound influence on the thinking of important sections of the American people, including government circles. Investigations and reports of the Temporary National Economic Committee and the National Resources Committee showed a greater insight than similar official bodies had shown previously into some of the problems of monopoly facing our country, even if they could not or were unable to tell us how to grapple with them. In particular, the National Resources Committee study, *The Structure of the American Economy,* exposed the interlocking directorates tying together the largest 200 corporations and identified eight "interest groups"—centers of power of finance capital—dominating the economy.

During the democratic movement of the New Deal period, the financial oligarchy, without relaxing its grip in any respect, dropped a heavier curtain of secrecy around its operations, adopting a pose of innocent servant of industry and of government.

All sorts of "experts" came forward to give the blessings of

"science" to the supposed demise of "Wall Street." Outstanding among them was James Burnham, now a leading advocate of war, who wrote a widely publicized book, *The Managerial Revolution,* full of fascist overtones, which claimed that industrial managers now run the economy. This thesis has become the standard stock-in-trade of the open apologists for big business. As an example consider the recently expressed views of Professor R. B. Heflebower of Northwestern University in a paper expounding to an international audience the beauties of "free competition" in the United States. Heflebower conceded that once the bankers had organized giant economic empires:

"But that influence was never as strong in manufacturing as in railroads and has waned materially under the combined influence of new regulations on financial institutions and increased financial independence of successful corporations. . . . The rise of management domination of companies, with the accompanying inactive role of directors, the persons through which most outside-the-firm groups exercise influence, suggests lessened inter-corporate co-operation.

"Where there seems this much doubt about the existence of an operating economic oligarchy, the generally unfriendly attitude of government seems to be the concluding evidence needed."

Heflebower's views are in no way different from those predominant in academic circles today. They are singled out because they wrap up in one quotation all the standard arguments.

It is not the intention here to "utterly demolish" Heflebower or other apologists for big money in America. For the moment it is sufficient to bring forward a few key facts which illustrate the main point—that the predominance of financial power and the financial oligarchy in the United States has increased, not diminished.

A convenient summary of the growth in financial power is given in a monograph by the conservative economist Raymond Goldsmith, under the auspices of the National Bureau of Economic Research.

Goldsmith estimates the national wealth in 1949 at $898 billion. Of this total, the banks, insurance companies, and other financial companies held $432 billion, or almost half. One way of

looking at the growth of financial power is to note that this wealth in the hands of the financiers rose from $18 billion at the turn of the century to its mid-century level which was 23 times higher. Another, and more significant, way, is to trace the share of the financial institutions in the total national wealth. In 1900 they owned 21 per cent. In 1929 they owned 35 per cent, and in 1949 they owned 48 per cent. The bankers increased their power not only during the period of open manipulations, mergers, and pyramiding of fortunes that culminated in the stock market crash of 1929. They increased it even more rapidly thereafter, when a "hostile government" and the "managerial revolution" were supposedly sapping their strength!

When we differentiate among various kinds of wealth, the rising share of the financial oligarchy is even more impressive. Securities, in modern capitalism, are the decisive claims to ownership and control of industry. In 1900 the financial institutions held 23 per cent of all securities; in 1929 this had increased only to 26 per cent. But by 1949 it had risen to 58 per cent! The huge wartime rise in the federal debt, mainly held by the banks, contributed to this, but the post-1929 rise in the bankers' share of corporate securities was almost as dramatic.

The detailed figures given by Goldsmith show that the banking influence has grown almost continually and almost everywhere —in every section, every nook and cranny of the economy. And they also bring out the greater centralization of control through use of state-capitalist forms of financial institutions, such as the widened role of the Federal Reserve System, and the growing use of Federal lending agencies.

As is typical of those National Bureau publications which contain significant information, the author is constrained to avoid explaining the meaning of his findings except in the most innocuous and generalized fashion. Thus Goldsmith says: "From the economists' point of view, the development of financial intermediaries and the trend of their share in national assets and wealth deserve attention as an indication of the extent and character of financial interrelations, which in turn help to determine how capital expenditures are financed and how existing assets are shifted among owners."

But the lesson which Goldsmith did not draw is clear enough:

The "extent and character of financial interrelations" has intensified greatly. The control of capital expenditures is more firmly than ever in the hands of the financial oligarchy, and "existing assets are shifted" more and more into their hands.

Here is another bit of evidence concerning the identity of the very largest, most powerful corporations. In 1935, out of 62 corporations with assets of over $500 million, 28 were banks and insurance companies, and these had 42 per cent of the assets of the 62 giants. Seventeen years later, in 1952, out of 66 corporations with assets of over a billion dollars, 38 were banks and insurance companies, and these had 64 per cent of all the assets of the 66 giants.

Not only did monopoly in general grow greatly in power, as evidenced by the doubling of the asset level above which the 60-odd largest corporations appear, but the giant banks and insurance companies have increased their monopoly position even more rapidly.

The centralization of banking control has been proceeding apace. Since World War II the Bank of America, the country's largest, has taken over literally scores of West Coast banks; the Mellon National Bank and Trust Co. has absorbed almost all the significant "independent" banks in Western Pennsylvania; the Marine Midland Bank and Trust Co. has been swallowing the remnants of local banking in upstate New York. The National City Bank in New York is launching the largest stock flotation in history, doubtless with the intention of buying up other large banks. Chemical Bank and Corn Exchange have just merged to create the sixth largest bank in the country.

Now let us turn to the connecting links between finance and industry, and see whether the financiers have really been pushed out by the "managerial revolution."

The Federal Trade Commission in 1951 analyzed the interlocking directorates of the largest thousand industrial companies. In almost every basic industry, the financial corporations had more representatives than any other group. Among 727 interlocks of 112 machinery companies, 224, or 31 per cent, were with banks, investment banks and trusts, and insurance companies—an average of 2 banker-directors per machinery company.

This government report commented: "The high frequency of

machinery company interlocks with financial institutions reflects the fact that the industry requires, particularly in its larger operations, huge aggregates of capital for plant and heavy equipment. Sources of finance capital have played significant roles in the formation, expansion, reorganization, consolidation, operation, and policy-making of many of the largest machinery corporations. These financial institutions also served as the prime connecting link among the leading machinery producers, as well as between machinery companies and their potential competitors or their potential suppliers or customers in other industries."

What could be plainer? But it is precisely at this point that the experts find a decisive weakening in the power of finance capital. The industrial giants are so powerful, they say, that they no longer need outside funds. They finance expansion with piled-up surpluses. The bankers on the boards of directors "wither on the vine." If they remain, it is as figure-heads. So say the new theories. Well, let us see.

It is a fact that self-financing has increased greatly in *relative* importance. During the 1930's with the general economic decay, there was relatively little investment, whether through self-financing or otherwise. And during the postwar expansion period, the big corporations utilized huge reserves from their unprecedented profits to finance much of their expansion.

However, the role of investment banking, while declining relatively, increased absolutely. During the eight years ending in 1929, which was the traditional hey-day of stock promoters and during which securities issued exceeded many times any previous record, the total of flotations came to $63 billion. During the eight years ending 1953 the total came to $93 billion, or almost 50 per cent more.

Here there has been a change in form. Of the new corporate bond issues since World War II, roughly only half have gone through the traditional investment banking houses, while another half have been "privately placed," mainly with the giant insurance companies. A handful of companies dominate both the traditional investment banking and the insurance placements. Among the investment bankers, five companies managed 58 per cent, by value, of all securities underwritten over a ten-year period ending in 1947. The largest five life insurance companies

held at the end of 1952 over half of all the assets of all life insurance companies.

The rapidity with which the influence of the insurance companies over industry has spread is shown by the fact that their holdings of corporate securities rose from $5 billion in 1929 to $11 billion in 1945, and then to $35 billion in 1953; thus tripling in eight years. Almost always, the insurance companies place severe restrictions on the financial operations of the industrial borrowers, obtaining a significant degree of influence thereby.

Does the rise of the insurance companies mean a new form of competition, a decline in Wall Street power? Hardly. The unified control of insurance companies and traditional investment banking houses is indicated by the following: Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the largest, had on its board of directors in 1948 *three* members of the board of the Rockefeller commercial bank, Chase National (Winthrop Aldrich, Jeremiah Milbank and Leroy Lincoln—the latter primarily an insurance man). At the same time the chairman of the board of what is now the largest investment banking house, First Boston Corporation, was Harry M. Addinsell, a Chase Bank investment specialist who moved over to the First Boston Corporation when that company was formed to take over the investment banking activities of the Rockefeller group. A government anti-trust suit document describes conferences in 1941 at which the insurance companies were granted a 50% share in certain kinds of business in return for refraining from competition with the investment bankers.

In its suit against the 17 investment banking companies, which was thrown out of court by Judge Medina, the government showed that of the total $36.5 billion of security flotations over a five-year period, these 17 houses managed 82.2 percent of the amount floated by negotiations (the main type), and 64.5 per cent of the total floated by competitive bidding.

These 17 houses worked, and continue to work, as a "closed club," each house having certain industrial companies within its exclusive sphere of influence. Let an industrial firm seek a new banker—the attempt is in vain. All the potential "competitors" refuse to "muscle in." Of course, this is qualified. Sometimes the "gentlemen" break their agreement and try to seize one another's territory. But in general, the cartelized character of investment

banking is a major factor in assuring the predominance of the financial oligarchy throughout big business.

Very well, some say, the bankers are still powerful, but the really big industrial giants do not need them any more. General Motors, largest corporation in the world in terms of numbers of workers employed and dollar sales volume, is an oft-cited example. It has over a billion dollars in net current assets, and until recently it was debt-free. Its erstwhile President, Charles E. Wilson, is hailed as the man who rose to the top as a manager of a great industry, and thence to the Cabinet of the United States.

But actually General Motors and the auto industry as a whole provide an outstanding example of the interlocking of industrial and financial power, of the domination of great corporations by a financial oligarchy, and of the decisive weight of the banking element in crucial periods. The auto industry is in the midst of a bitter power struggle. General Motors and Ford have achieved outstanding gains; Chrysler has absorbed serious losses, while the "independents" are down to three or four percent of the market, having been absorbed by mergers or now fighting for survival.

The battle rages in the field of capital expenditures, in the field of distribution, in the acquisition of secure supplies of materials and parts, and in the striving for mergers and acquisitions—and in all of these areas of combat the financiers have the last word.

Consider the huge capital spending to reduce costs and locate factories more favorably, so that more horsepower and gadgets can be loaded into the "package" designed to win the customer's favor. General Motors and Ford are winning out partly because in the past they were able to outstrip Chrysler by far in capital spending. General Motors has spent $1.25 billion since 1950, Ford over a billion since 1948, but Chrysler only $450 million since 1946. As for the independents, they have gained hardly anything in terms of modernization and automation.

Up until 1953, the major companies kept up the race from accumulated profits and reserves. But now this is not enough. The bankers must play a key role. General Motors borrowed $300 million. The largest industrial loan ever publicly floated, it was sold through a syndicate headed by Morgan, Stanley

& Co. In a desperate attempt to catch up, Chrysler borrowed $250 million for 100 years from the Prudential Insurance Co. (which has directors in common with the principal Morgan banks as well as with Chrysler). This represents 30% of the total capital invested in Chrysler, and while the bonds hold no formal voting rights, the huge holding will doubtless give Prudential an important voice in Chrysler's affairs. And the Ford family, fighting to surpass Chevrolet (GM), is finally ready to turn to the investment bankers to sell stock to the general public.

The role of banking is even more important in financing distribution of cars than in financing production. The corporation which can loan its dealers funds for cut-throat competition, and which can provide the easiest installment credit to car buyers, will survive and rise to the top.

General Motors, through the General Motors Acceptance Corporation and its Motors Holding Plan, has advanced $2 billion to car buyers and dealers. The dealers, backed financially by the corporation, can hold the stock of cars with which GM saddles them, can afford to slice their profit margins, and to engage in all sorts of sharp practices. Chrysler, until recently, had no scheme for financing its dealers, and the largest Chrysler dealer, Bishop, McCormick and Bishop, had to go out of business early in 1954, a serious blow to the Chrysler Corp.

But the extent of GM's financial backing of dealers and buyers is not a measure of its "independent" financial strength, but rather of the strength of the financial circles with which it is connected. At the end of 1953 General Motors carried an investment of $152 million in General Motors Acceptance Corporation. *But the banks and insurance companies had over $2 billion invested in General Motors Acceptance Corporation.* The banking investment in GMAC has increased more than ten times since 1947. In the single year 1953, GMAC increased its long- and medium-term indebtedness by almost $800 million, in addition to $100 million in short-term obligations. Huge GMAC flotations are also handled by Morgan, Stanley & Co.

Thus while General Motors was still financing production expansion with internal funds, it was borrowing in the billions to finance its sales expansion. *Considering the parent company and its wholly-owned subsidiary together, it can be said that no*

industrial company has ever gone so deeply into debt to the leading financial interests as General Motors has since World War II.

Now let us turn to the internal structure of General Motors and the role of financiers within it. To begin with, General Motors today is itself more a financial holding company than an industrial corporation. Even without *any* outside banking funds, the ruling group in General Motors would be in truth a financial oligarchy. This is so quite apart from the widespread lending activities of General Motors, such as the advance of $83 million and purchase of $25 million of steel company stock to insure a larger supply of metal; the tens of millions loaned to dealers, etc. It is seen more basically in the much-advertised operating independence of the various manufacturing divisions.

What is the mechanism by which the top circles of General Motors coordinate the activities of its various divisions? Donaldson Brown, then vice-president and still director of General Motors, wrote 34 years ago in a paper presented to the American Management Association: "In the case of General Motors, the Board of Directors has two subcommittees, a finance committee responsible for general financial policies, and an executive committee responsible for operating policies. The finance committee includes men of large affairs identified with banking and with big business, apart from General Motors, while the executive committee is composed of men giving all of their time to the affairs of General Motors. In a limited sense, the executive committee is subject to the finance committee in that operations are dependent upon financial policies. At the same time, financial policies must be maintained so that operations will not be deprived of any legitimate development. . . ."

The structure is virtually the same today, except that the Executive Committee is now called the Operations Policy Committee. Thus General Motors is organized as a center for controlling the operations of a series of manufacturing companies; and the principal organ of control is the Financial Policy Committee.

Who are the "men of large affairs" that run the decisive Financial Policy Committee? The controlling stock of General Motors, 23% of it, is owned by the du Pont company, which has four representatives on the GM board of directors, two of them on the finance committee. The du Ponts themselves are a section of the

financial oligarchy, controlling important commercial banks and the second largest Wall Street stock exchange house, in addition to their industrial empire. But the financial resources available to the du Ponts are far from sufficient to insure the pre-eminence of General Motors. The billions which have flowed into GM in recent years reflect the interest of still more powerful financiers.

In that connection, the chairman of the board and the president of J. P. Morgan & Co. are directors of General Motors, while the chairman of the board of General Motors is a director of J. P. Morgan & Co. The three Morgan men on the GM board are all on the finance committee, where they outnumber the two du Pont men. This tight connection and the Morgan managership of the GM issues show the continued access to great and varied accumulations of wealth within the sphere of influence of this traditional leading Wall Street house. Clearly, the Morgan and du Pont representatives, and not Charles E. Wilson or his successor, dominate the affairs of General Motors.

Lastly, consider the role of the financial oligarchy in one of the recent big mergers. The Studebaker-Packard merger was worked out by three Wall Street houses, Lehman Bros. (Studebaker's "traditional banker"), Glore Forgan and Co. (also on the Studebaker Board), and Kuhn Loeb. Here is how the bankers worked (according to the *Journal of Commerce*): "If present plans develop, a merger program . . . will be submitted to Studebaker-Packard management within 20 days. . . . Several suggested methods of bringing Studebaker-Packard under one roof have been scrapped without ever reaching the attention of the principals . . . only one house will submit the final suggestion for bringing the companies together."

Thus the fate of these two companies was worked out *wholly* by the banking houses, with the industrial managers not even being informed as to what was going on, and the final result was brought to them as a *fait accompli* by the bankers' spokesmen.

There remains one argument cited by Heflebower, the "generally unfriendly" attitude of government to the "economic oligarchy."

Here, briefly, let us cite just a few facts. First, as an example of the effects of government regulation, consider the forced divorcement of investment banking from commercial banking.

This led not to a genuine divorcement, but rather to a great consolidation of investment banking activity, still having the closest connection to commercial banking. The separate investment banking companies were established with the same personnel as in the old set-ups. Two of the largest investment banking firms, National City and Brown Brothers Harriman, merged into Harriman, Ripley. Three others, Guaranty Trust (Morgan influence), Edward B. Smith & Co., and Charles D. Barney & Co., merged this part of their activities into Smith, Barney & Co. Biggest of all, ultimately six investment banking companies including the principal Rockefeller house, the principal Boston groups, important Chicago interests, and finally the main Mellon investment center, merged into the First Boston Corporation.

Second, consider the enormous expansion in the federal debt. Holding the bulk of the debt, the financial institutions have increased their power over the government's activities, and have also multiplied their profits, as the interest tribute paid by the general public has increased from less than a billion a year before World War I to $3.6 billion at the end of World War II and $6.5 billion per year at present.

Finally, how could anybody speak of the "hostile attitude" to the economic oligarchy of the notoriously big business and, especially, big finance, officialdom of the Eisenhower Administration? Or perhaps the reader would wish to consider Secretary of State John Foster Dulles as an exception? Forget that he was director of International Nickel and other important companies. Consider him merely as a corporation lawyer, and read the testimony of Cleveland financier Cyrus Eaton before the Celler anti-monopoly committee in 1949:

> MR. EATON: New York has half a dozen law firms manned by people of great intelligence and great energy, and they like to practice before governmental bodies, and they like to represent big corporations, and they like to supervise the financing of these great corporations; and there is the club that is the real one.
>
> Those tremendous law firms . . . are big business in the biggest possible way.
>
> THE CHAIRMAN. Do you care to name names?
>
> MR. EATON. I would put Sullivan & Cromwell—
>
> THE CHAIRMAN. Is that the firm Mr. Dulles is connected with?
>
> MR. EATON. He is the senior partner. . . . Well, I name them first. That is perhaps the biggest shop in America. [He names their main accounts.]
>
> THE CHAIRMAN. That represents a vast financial empire, does it not?
>
> MR. EATON. Immense.

Despite shifts in influence as between one group and another, despite changes in the forms of exercise of financial power, the real seat of power, the real source of the drive to war, the real core of reaction remains as the traditional enemy of the American people: "Wall Street"—a "Wall Street" larger, more pervasive in its influence than ever before.

East-West Trade and Jobs

by LABOR RESEARCH ASSOCIATION

For 25 years the Labor Research Association has served labor and progressive organizations, not only as a research agency but as the collective author of innumerable pamphlets, books and periodical bulletins, such as ECONOMIC NOTES and RAILROAD NOTES. *Its biennial* LABOR FACT BOOK *has become a permanent reference source. The main participants in this work have been Robert W. Dunn, Grace Hutchins, and Anna Rochester, aided by many volunteer researchers and writers.*

The following is a section from a forthcoming booklet, PEACE AND JOBS TOO, *which presents a program for fighting economic depression.*

THE ECONOMIC experts of Europe and America were surprised by a major event during the first half of 1954. It has long been considered that as business went in the United States, so it would go in Western Europe. A recession here was expected to bring hard times to Western Europe. A serious decline in the United States, it was thought, would mean catastrophe abroad.

A recession did occur in the United States. But in Western Europe, contrary to the predictions, production boomed. And

one of the main reasons for this business boom in Europe is fairly obvious. The British, French, West German, Dutch, Belgian, Italian, and other West European industrialists are rapidly expanding their trade with the USSR, Eastern Europe and China—what we may broadly call the socialist world.

When the U. S. State Department launched the cold war, it severely restricted trade with this socialist world. It tried to get the European countries to follow suit. They did, but not wholly by any means. Even in 1953, when this trade was cut to its lowest point, East-West trade totalled almost $3 billion.

With the end of the Korean war, and the relaxing of world tensions, the European businessmen saw no reason to continue obeying restrictions imposed on them by the US State Department. Not only the businessmen but the people of England, France, and other countries put pressure on the governments to remove the restrictions. The governments, although threatened by Senator Joseph R. McCarthy and Harold E. Stassen, Director of the Foreign Operations Administration, moved with the pressure. East-West trade had mounted rapidly by the end of 1953. And early in 1954 the Organization for European Economic Cooperation, formed by the West European governments, estimated that their combined exports to the USSR would be more than three times as great in 1954 as they had been in 1953.

Idle shipyards started up again—to fill Soviet orders. Steel production jumped—to meet Soviet and Chinese orders. Needed grain and lumber flowed in—from the East. Soviet automobiles and typewriters began to appear on Western markets. And hundreds of millions of dollars worth of Soviet gold came to London, adding more to the stability of the pound sterling than had the billions in US military aid.

But the lesson was lost on Washington politicians, who retained hopes of launching a war instead of finding peaceful solutions of the country's economic problems. US exports started to drop, adding to the general economic decline.

Any program for restoring peace and jobs to the American people must take this into account and change this policy. Although the United States is not so dependent on foreign trade as many smaller countries having fewer resources, the number of workers dependent on exports for their jobs is quite high in

basic industries that set the pace for our economy as a whole.

In spite of these facts, the United States has restricted trade with one-third of the world's population, i.e., the Soviet Union, China, and most of Eastern Europe. In the latter part of 1954, however, there was some relaxation of the restrictions, and the list of items banned for sale to the USSR was nearly cut in half.

Size of the Socialist Market

What would it mean to abandon the embargo policy, and open up trade with the USSR, China, and Eastern Europe?

We can get an idea from the experience of the 1930's. At that time the USSR was the only socialist country, with one-fifth the population of the present socialist world. It was just beginning its industrialization, and had but a fraction of its present-day economic strength and purchasing power. Yet, during the bleak days of the Hoover depression, Soviet imports from the United States kept tens of thousands of our workers employed in factories which might otherwise have gone bankrupt. The following table shows the percentage of US exports of various products that went to the Soviet Union in the depression year 1931:

PERCENTAGE OF US EXPORTS TO USSR, 1931

Type of Export	*Percentage*
Total agricultural machinery	66
Agricultural combines	90
Wheel tractors	87
Ferro-tungsten, tungsten metal & wire	65
Generators A.C. 2,000 kilovolt & over	96
Power transformers 500 kilovolt & over	66
Stationary motors over 200 H.P.	66
Steam engine locomotives	88
Cranes and swinging booms	68
Monorail hoists	88
Derricks	60
Concentrating & smelting machinery	57
Turret lathes	78
Vertical drilling machines	89
Foundry and molding equipment	74
Forging and stamping equipment	68
Internal combustion marine engines	62

In 1938, when the US economy was in a recession, in spite of the lack of comprehensive trade agreements and restriction of credits, the Soviet Union took 36% of US metal-working machinery exports.

The USSR in 1944 was already placing postwar orders with US concerns to the tune of $2.5 billion. Informally, it requested a credit of $6 billion for purchasing equipment needed in repairing the devastation of war; and it submitted to the US government a formal request for $1 billion of such credits. But the cold war had begun. The request was "lost in the files." And growing restrictions gradually curtailed, and then totally eliminated, this market.

At an international economic conference of businessmen from all countries held in Moscow in April, 1952, the USSR offered to purchase many millions of dollars worth of goods from capitalist countries. Its largest proposed purchases, about one-fourth of the total, were from the United States, but the US cold war restrictions made most of these sales impossible. *Despite the years of bad political relations, the USSR still views the United States as a leading potential trading partner.* The Chinese and East European governments have expressed similar attitudes.

One way to get at the potential trade with the socialist world is to see how much we sent the USSR when we were her ally in World War II. In 1944 US exports to the USSR amounted to $3,473 million, the equivalent of $5 billion in present-day prices. True, this was supplied under Lend-Lease, and much of it consisted of military goods. But most of the exports were not armaments, but goods which the USSR purchases in peacetime as well—machinery, ships, copper wire, shoes and leather, foodstuffs. The potential market in the USSR today is actually as big as in wartime—and that is just one country, although the leading country economically, in the socialist world.

Another way of estimating the potential is in terms of population. If the US government permitted trade with the socialist countries, on the same basis as with other countries, how much could it amount to?

The population of countries with which we now trade is about 1,400,000,000. The population of the socialist countries is well over 800,000,000. In 1952 our commercial exports to less than two-thirds of the world amounted to about $12 billion. This is about $8.60 per person. If we exported the same amount per person to the socialist countries it would amount to around $7 billion yearly.

Is it reasonable to expect that our farms and factories could sell as much, per person, in the socialist countries as in the capitalist countries?

Present US export markets in the highly developed countries of Europe are limited by the fact that these countries are having the same kind of troubles selling the same kinds of products as the United States. US markets in the countries of Asia, Africa, and Latin America are limited by the extreme poverty of the population, by the lack of large-scale industrial development, and by the growing competition of European and Asian countries in these markets.

These obstacles, aside from competition with other capitalist countries, do not exist in the socialist countries. They are all engaged in programs for rapid all-around industrial and agricultural development, and they can use as equipment to assist in that development large quantities of machinery and other major US exports. They are likewise engaged in programs for the rapid raising of living standards, and can use as much as they can get of US consumer goods and farm products. Even hostile reporters and critics who have visited the Soviet Union in recent years are forced to admit that in that country peaceful industrial expansion continues at a high pace, notwithstanding the war agitation going on outside.

Thus, potentially, the markets in the socialist countries can be even bigger, per person, than those now in existence in capitalist countries.

Paying for US Goods

How can these countries pay for the goods bought? In the first place, the USSR, China, Poland, and other countries have traditionally produced for export items needed in the United States and not competitive with our own industry or agriculture—for example, furs, bristles, manganese, antimony, and tungsten. The government has gone to much expense, at the cost of the US taxpayer, to develop alternative supplies which are at best insecure. (Even Harold Stassen in a report to Congress, May 17, 1954, admitted that the Soviet Union is willing to sell to the West items such as chrome, platinum, molybdenum, oil, and other products which the United States still regards as

"strategic" and will not permit its allies to export to the socialist countries.)

Second, the USSR is the world's second largest gold producer, and can pay for many products in gold and platinum.

Third, the socialist countries can also pay for US products by exports to third countries which in turn sell raw materials to the United States. This is the method of "multilateral trade." Official US government statements have laid great stress on the development of multilateral trade, as the way to a really free expanding world market. However, in actual practice, the government has more and more tied trade to military grants and raw material tie-ins, has tended to break down multilateral trade patterns and narrow the world market. Experiences of socialist trade with the British Empire countries, and with certain Scandinavian countries, show that the opening up of this trade can be a major factor in restoring a broad multilateral trade structure on a world scale.

Maximum development of trade with the socialist countries will require the use of credits. The International Bank for Reconstruction and Development was originally designed to involve, on a large scale, loans to assist in the development of such countries as the USSR, China, and Poland. Our own US Export-Import Bank was formed over 20 years ago, with the expectation of granting credits to the USSR. However, throughout the decades, reactionary political forces in the United States have prevented such credits despite the fact that the USSR is one of the few countries in the world with a perfect credit record.

Undoubtedly, the time will come when the need will be recognized of putting idle American capital to work financing the development of exports to the socialist countries, to the mutual benefit of all concerned.

Over a Million Jobs

What would seven billion dollars per year of exports to socialist countries mean to the United States? First, it would mean at least 1,250,000 jobs in American industry and transport. That is the approximate number of workers required to produce and ship export goods worth $7 billion.

Second, these jobs would be concentrated in those industries

which are hardest hit by depression, and so would be a valuable protection against hard times. The socialist countries are mainly interested in obtaining here equipment and materials for their industrial development program. Between April 1953 and April 1954, when employment of production workers in manufacturing dropped by 1,378,000, more than half of the decline, or 808,000 of it, was in the metal, machinery, and transport equipment industries. *Development of trade with the socialist countries on the scale suggested would completely restore these jobs.*

Our shipyards are threatened with almost complete idleness. Today British, Danish, German, Italian, Swedish, and Norwegian shipyards are busy turning out scores of refrigerator vessels, fishing ships, icebreakers, and other ships for the USSR.

Production of trucks has fallen even faster than production of passenger cars. It is not surprising that top officials of the Chrysler Corporation have expressed their conviction that a major market for trucks can be opened up in China. Willys and Studebaker jeeps and trucks got a deserved reputation in the USSR in World War II. Despite the increased production by the USSR itself, it should be possible for US manufacturers to cash in on that reputation.

Employment in US electrical machinery and apparatus factories had fallen over 15 per cent between April 1953 and April 1954, and the decline was getting steeper. Today electrical equipment is being sold by Sweden, Italy, and France to the USSR, by West Germany to China, by Netherlands to Czechoslovakia, to give but a few examples. Early this year British businessmen concluded contracts for the sale of $140 million of electrical equipment to the USSR, and expected to double the total. Electric power production in the Soviet Union has reached three times the 1940 level, and is increasing at the rate of 17 billion kilowatt hours a year. This requires capital expenditures of at least a billion dollars a year. Add to this the rapid electrification programs in China and Eastern European countries, and one can see an enormous potential market in this whole area.

The decline of 12 per cent in US employment in the manufacture of machinery (other than electrical) in the year ending April 1954 is but a beginning, since backlogs of orders had fallen 40 per cent from their peak in early 1952. The socialist countries

are increasing industrial production and capacity by from 10 per cent to 20 per cent yearly, year after year. This is a rate of growth never before known in history and opens a vast market for machinery of all kinds. Whenever we traded with the USSR, that country was one of the largest buyers of machine tools. Now the USSR is also in the market for food industry machinery, textile machinery, and all sorts of special industry equipment. Poland and China are in the market for US agricultural equipment.

As with other items, the potential market far exceeds the combined output from domestic production and from West European suppliers. Here is a place where US suppliers can compete to great advantage, because of the scale and diversity of US production.

Steel mills here ran at around 70 per cent of capacity during the first half of 1954. Non-ferrous metal mines, mills and plants were also in a slump. During 1944 we sent the USSR 261 million pounds of copper products, 318 million pounds of aluminum products, 258 million pounds of brass mill products, in addition to large quantities of steel and other metal products.

Recently, after purchasing 100,000 tons of steel from France, the USSR doubled its order. West Germany is supplying steel rails for the building of the Chinese transport system. Belgium, England, Sweden, Italy, and Norway also supply large quantities of metals to the socialist countries.

These great potential markets in the socialist countries for capital goods have a special significance for the United States. For years our capital goods industries have been kept going, and have expanded enormously, building factories for war. Even with the kind of public works program needed to combat depression, *there is no peacetime domestic market in sight for the products of our huge capital goods industries.* These industries, the core of our economic life, may become "sick" industries, with large-scale chronic unemployment, as is already the case in coal and textiles, or they can keep active supplying the enormous socialist market. The other alternative is building a total war economy, instead of a peace economy, leading to war—which today means an atomic war of utter destruction.

For such important industrial centers as Pittsburgh and Sche-

nectady, Cleveland and Rock Island, Chicago and Cincinnati, this socialist trade is the decisive key to peacetime prosperity.

It is the fashion in "cold war" circles to decry trade in capital goods with the socialist countries as "increasing their war potential." But actually, that trade is the strategic key not to war, but to US prosperity based on peace. It does not increase the war potential of other countries, but increases our own "peace potential." For today the danger of war arises not from the industrial capacity of the USSR but from our own aggressive world policies. And one of the main motives is the drive for armaments orders to avert economic catastrophe at home. The peaceable way to avert this disaster is peaceful co-existence and trade with the socialist world.

US Over Latin America

by LABOR RESEARCH ASSOCIATION

An excerpt from a general introduction to the problems of Latin America, which is to be the first in a series of pamphlets dealing with separate countries and regions.

THE UNITED STATES bears a special relationship to Latin America. It differs from that existing between any other major power and the twenty countries to the south of us. This is true historically as well as at present, in the economic sphere and in the political and military sense.

Latin America's importance to the United States cannot be viewed exclusively in terms of economic penetration—as a source of raw materials, an area for capital investment, trade, a place where super-profits can be earned. While all of these factors are

critical, they must be related to the political and military aims of the ruling circles of the United States. For in their ambitious plans for world domain, hegemony over Latin America plays a key role.

In the 150 years since the first war for political independence in Latin America, important changes have taken place in US policy. Nevertheless, especially since the turn of the century, the basic fact is that Latin America has been and continues to be treated as an exclusive and special preserve of the United States.

The Monroe Doctrine of 1823 was the first significant US declaration of policy on Latin America. Directed at the Holy Alliance, which sought to stem the effects of the French Revolution and to enforce the status quo in Europe after the defeat of Napoleon, the Monroe Doctrine at the time played a positive role. It gave notice to the European powers that the United States would oppose the restoration of the Spanish or any other empire in the Western Hemisphere. At the same time, the Doctrine laid the ground, to be exploited only later, for carving out a special preserve for US imperialism.

Largely as a result of relative disinterest on the part of the imperial powers of Europe, and the immersion of the United States in the problem of its own development, no real need existed in the early years to defend the concepts of the Monroe Doctrine. When it was seriously challenged by the French in Mexico during the American Civil War, the United States could do little about it. In the years that followed, when internally industrial capitalism was embarking on the great era of trustification, the United States was preparing the ground for imperialist expansion. Thus, the Monroe Doctrine began to assume its present-day position in world affairs around the turn of the century with the beginning of US political and economic expansion outside its own continental borders. By then, most of the important empires had already been established, especially those of Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy. While imperialist expansion in Latin America was already well under way, compared with the other imperial areas this continent was a relative newcomer.

Great Britain, the most important power operating in Latin America, had already laid the groundwork for her exploitation of

its resources. Investments were largely in railroads and public utilities, geared to make Latin America more accessible to fuller penetration. Loans to governments and purchases of securities, as well as trade relations with the meat and wheat producing countries of Argentina and Brazil, exerted strong additional influence in strengthening the British position.

It was at this juncture that a tremendous increase in direct US economic, military, and political intervention in Latin America took place. At a time when American imperialism was beginning to feel its oats, Latin America was still one of the few areas in the world which had not yet been fully divided up among the imperialist powers. Furthermore, domination of this area was a strategic requirement if the United States was to emerge as a serious rival of the older imperialist powers on a world scale.

The Spanish-American War of 1898 ushered in the era of full-blown US imperialist expansion in Latin America. The United States seized as war trophies from Spain, Puerto Rico and the Philippines, which it retained as colonies, and wrested control of Cuba. In the years that followed the "big stick" and dollar diplomacy became the earmark of US policy in Latin America, including outright political and military intervention to seize control of strategic areas and sources of raw materials. Yankee intervention reached a climax during and after the first World War. Its rationale was summed up by President Coolidge in an address to the United Press on January 25, 1927, when he declared that "the person and property of a citizen are part of the general domain of the Nation even when abroad." And he added, "there is a distinct and binding obligation on the part of self-respecting governments to afford protection to the persons and property of their citizens, wherever they may be."

On the eve of the New Deal in 1933 came the enunciation of a new program by the United States in relation to Latin America, the Good Neighbor Policy. Among the principal factors underlying this shift of policy was the great economic crisis of 1929-33, which weakened the world position of the United States and increased competition, especially from Germany and Japan; and the national liberation movements in many Latin American countries. A more flexible policy was forced on the United States—one which would give minor concessions and talk of bigger ones.

The architect of the Good Neighbor Policy under President Roosevelt was Sumner Welles, who had for many years administered the "big stick" policy while head of the Latin American Affairs Section of the State Department, and on various special missions. Welles' conception of the new policy was summed up in these words:

"If the United States . . . is to maintain itself as one of the greatest forces in the world of the future, spiritually and materially, the time is at hand when it must reach the conviction that in the Western Hemisphere lies its strength and its support. . . . A policy which consists in cooperation with the peoples of the Caribbean Republics in removing the motive and the contributing factors of revolution and anarchy in that region where the United States is vitally concerned in the preservation of peace and order, will be of far greater benefit to the United States, as well as to the Republics concerned, than a policy which will permit the culmination of the causes for revolution and anarchy and then attempt to cure them through the exercise of force."

On the whole, while the basic imperialist relationship did not change and, in fact, US economic penetration increased rapidly during this period, the Good Neighbor Policy did mark a turn from the policies of open intervention. Throughout the years of the New Deal and since, not a single marine landed on the shores of a Latin American country to impose the will of US monopolies. Previously, marine landings had been a regular occurrence, particularly in the 1920's. Even when Mexico nationalized its oil resources in 1938, taking over the holdings of the large American and British oil trusts, no direct US government intervention followed, as might have been the case earlier.

Nevertheless, the basic aims of the US monopolists remained the same, although the methods had changed. As the diplomatic commentator, Blair Bolles, observed after six years of the new policy toward Latin America: "Actually the American policy always calls for dominating Latin America from the Rio Grande to the Tierra del Fuego. It remained for Welles to evolve a methodology which would camouflage the United States policy as a hemisphere excursion into higher cooperation."

The Good Neighbor Policy was at first widely welcomed in Latin America as a real departure from the old interventionist

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policy. The people generally hoped that it might mean an end to colonial exploitation. Native capitalist and middle class elements dreamed of strengthening their position as a result of expected US aid to industrialization. However, as the new policy was applied, it became increasingly clear what it actually meant in terms of the basic, rather than the superficial, precepts of US policy.

Reflecting the disillusionment of Latin Americans with the Good Neighbor Policy, the Cuban sociologist, Ernando Ortiz, wrote in 1940:

"Cuba will never be really independent until it can free itself from the coils of the serpent of colonial economy that fattens on its soil but strangles its inhabitants and winds itself about the palm tree of our republican coat of arms, converting it into the sign of the Yankee dollar."

The greatest concessions to Latin American needs were made during World War II, but these were rather insignificant, aid to industrialization being kept to a minimum and the main emphasis remaining on strategic raw materials, tied in with the war needs of the United States. Wartime promises of postwar aid for national economic development never came to fruition, while inflationary pressures increased throughout the area. The one-crop or one-mineral concentration of the Latin-American economies continued, while the US government was sinking billions of dollars in Europe and Asia in its attempt to create a new war coalition.

With the end of World War II, our government began to press for reactionary regimes in Latin America. US pressure was responsible for the anti-labor, anti-democratic measures taken by Brazil and Chile in 1947, which resulted in the outlawing of their Communist parties. Similarly, US incitement of and aid to reactionary forces caused the overthrow of democratic regimes in Peru and Venezuela in 1948.

Washington had, in effect, resumed the policy of the "big stick," but without the use of US troops for direct intervention, for fear of criticism from the world in general and Latin America in particular. However, the present interventionist policy involves all-out diplomatic, economic, and political pressure on governments in power, as well as bribes, aiding with arms and

instigating reactionary forces in various countries to overthrow governments which may be too responsive to popular democratic trends or show the slightest opposition to Yankee imperialism.

The most crass example of our using this policy was seen in June and July, 1954, with the overthrow of the New Deal-type government of Guatemala.

The overthrow of the Ubico dictatorship in Guatemala in 1944 marked the beginning of a new era for that country. Controlled for almost half a century by the United Fruit Co., the people of Guatemala for the first time were able to choose their own government and attempt to rearrange their economy in their own interests. Aside from free elections, the beginnings of large scale education, and other social reforms, real economic changes did not begin until the advent in 1951 of the government headed by Jacobo Arbenz Guzman.

This popularly-elected bourgeois government, backed by the organized peasants and trade unionists, undertook a program of agrarian reform. Among other things, the aim was to make available to landless peasants unused lands of the United Fruit Co. and other large landholders. Exercising the same rights which the US government claims in its own territory, the Guatemalan government took over 400,000 acres of fallow land belonging to United Fruit and distributed it among the landless peasants. It offered compensation in line with the value stated by the company for tax purposes. This proposal was turned down by United Fruit, and Washington began to bring pressure to bear upon Guatemala. The pressures were not only economic, including an embargo on arms sales, but were accompanied by support to the opponents of the government and by threats of a coup d'état. Over thirty abortive revolts were followed by a US-sponsored invasion of Guatemala through neighboring Honduras. The military junta installed by the United States immediately proceeded to rescind the reforms of the preceding regime, to arrest the trade union and peasant leaders, and in general to return the country to the status of the hated Ubico era.

Domestic reform and vigorous efforts for greater independence by the Guatemalan people represented a far greater threat to US policy than the loss of the United Fruit lands in Guatemala itself. In Honduras, one of the most brutally dominated of the

Central American countries, a spontaneous strike of United Fruit peons in the spring and early summer of 1954 obviously drew upon experiences in Guatemala. Effective measures towards national liberation in Guatemala might have touched off a much greater movement throughout Latin America, where economic instability was greatly aggravated by the policies of the US monopolies and government. If they allowed the people of Guatemala to "get away with it," the very structure of imperialist control in the Western Hemisphere might be placed in jeopardy, at a time when much of American policy was directed at saving the remaining colonial structure in the rest of the world.

Failure of the highly vaunted policy of "massive retaliation" in other parts of the world did not preclude its application on a smaller scale in Central America. And, although the Good Neighbor Policy was becoming a thing of the past since the end of World War II, the intervention in Guatemala marked its complete demise, and the return to more direct methods of political intervention.

The events in Guatemala, we can be sure, have been noted with dismay and anger throughout Latin America. Opposition to this policy was expressed immediately. Demonstrations protesting US interference in Guatemala occurred in many of the Latin American countries; even the conservative-controlled Chilean, Argentine, and Uruguayan parliaments officially denounced the US action or expressed solidarity with the democratic government. Similarly, the death of President Getulio Vargas of Brazil in August, 1954, with his suicide letter denouncing Yankee imperialist meddling and extraction of super-profits, was followed by widespread protests against the activities of North American capitalists in Brazil.

Moreover, the events of recent years have brought home to the peoples of Latin America that, despite the economic might of the United States, national independence can be attained. The lessons of the successful liberating revolution of China, followed by the success of the North Koreans in preventing complete US domination, and the victory of the liberation forces in Viet Nam have not been lost on the Latin American people. As some recent statements of the Brazilian and Chilean progressive movements point out, national liberation is on the order of the day.

China's Victorious Revolution

by WILLIAM Z. FOSTER

A chapter from a forthcoming book on the history of the world Socialist and Communist movements.

THE HISTORY of the Communist Party in the Chinese Revolution is one of virtually continuous armed struggle from 1924 to 1950. In 1926 Stalin pointed out that necessarily the Chinese Revolution had to be fought through by military means, and so it has turned out in reality. The great Chinese revolutionary wars fall under four general heads: (a) the war of the Kuomintang (KMT) and CP united front against the reactionary war lords, 1924-27; (b) the war of the people's forces led by the CP against KMT reaction, 1927-36; (c) the patriotic war of the KMT and CP forces against Japanese aggression, 1936-45; and (d) the war of the people's forces against the KMT and American imperialism, 1946-50, which culminated in a world-shaking victory for the people and the establishment of the Chinese People's Republic.

In previous chapters we have traced the course of the earlier three of these wars. In the first war, 1924-27, we have seen that the Communist Party loyally went along with the Kuomintang until Chiang, believing he could take over China for the industrialists, bankers, big landlords, and imperialists, turned upon the Communists with an incredible savagery. We have also seen the long, heroic struggle of the Chinese people during the war of 1927-36, against Chiang Kai-shek and the Japanese, most of it waged while the Japanese were invading the country and with Chiang constantly refusing to make a united front with the people's forces against the common enemy, until after the

famous Siang kidnapping incident. Finally, we have reviewed the national resistance war against the Japanese during 1936-45, with Chiang fighting against the people's forces more than he did against the Japanese. It now remains for us to trace the course of the civil war of 1946-50, precipitated by Chiang Kai-shek, and in which he met his downfall at the hands of the Chinese people.

Upon the conclusion of the victorious war against the Japanese imperialists, the Chinese Communist Party, on August 25, 1945, issued a declaration outlining plans for a united front people's democracy in China. To this purpose Mao Tse-tung went to Chungking and conferred for more than a month with Chiang Kai-shek. Agreements were made to safeguard internal peace, but Chiang signed them only for the purpose of winning public support. He had not the slightest intention of carrying them out and he proceeded at once to violate them by attacking the People's Liberation Army.

Chiang had behind him American imperialism. The would-be world conquerors in Wall Street and Washington, already actively embarked upon their program of aggressive expansionism, were paying close attention to the great, hoped-for prize of China. Chiang was their willing puppet. With American support and in violation of the agreement he had just signed, Chiang began to seize those large parts of China previously held by the Japanese. In taking over various of the big cities of Northern China he had the active help of United States warships, transports, and airplanes, which moved his soldiers and supplies. Meanwhile, he attacked the troops led by the Communists, with the result that many armed clashes developed.

At this juncture the Communists took the initiative in calling for a truce, on January 10, 1946. A conference was assembled, with all groups represented. The United States sent as its representative, General George C. Marshall, to replace Patrick J. Hurley, in the role of "mediator." In his instructions to Marshall, Secretary of State Byrnes said, "We believe as we have long believed and constantly demonstrated, that the government of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek affords the most satisfactory base for a developing democracy." The Communist-led People's Liberation Army was much too powerful, however, to be summarily

brushed aside, as President Truman would have liked, so maneuvers had to be made. Consequently, an agreement was worked out for the calling of a National Assembly under Chiang's control. Marshall used his influence to cut down Communist representation in the Assembly and to reduce the role of the People's Liberation Army in the proposed new national military set-up. The Communists refused to walk into this trap.

Meanwhile, Chiang proceeded at once to violate all the agreements by militarily seizing as much as he could of the formerly Japanese-occupied territory. Like the Korean Syngman Rhee of later years, he understood that his military aggression would have the support of American imperialism, whose aim, above all, was to prevent the formation of a genuine people's regime in China. During 1946, therefore, upon Chiang's initiative, the civil war got under way. On January 7, 1947, Marshall left China (to return briefly in April), criticizing Chiang (for the record's sake), but falsely placing the main responsibility upon the Communists for the outbreak of the civil war.

Superficially, Chiang seemed to have much the better of the situation and he glowed with optimism. His army was fully equipped with the very best American armament, including a big fleet of airplanes (of which the Communists had almost none), and his army was two-and-a-half times as large as the People's Liberation Army. Chiang also occupied by far the largest part of China, including most of the main railroads and the big cities, and he had the backing of American imperialism. (All told, up till then, the United States had given six billion dollars to Chiang and zero to People's China). But Chiang lacked one vital element, the support of the Chinese people. They were thoroughly disillusioned by the rotten graft with which his government was saturated, and with the corrupt landlords, usurers, and monopolists who controlled it. They hated Chiang for his treasonous failure to fight the Japanese and they rightly blamed him for starting this latest civil war. Hence, workers, peasants, students, middle classes, and many smaller capitalists increasingly swung their vast support to Mao Tse-tung and the People's Liberation cause.

Full-scale fighting got under way in July 1946. Against Chiang's vastly heavier forces, the People's Liberation Army, following

Mao's approved strategy and tactics, withdrew from many larger cities and concentrated, with success, upon inner lines. As Chu Teh says, "By the time the war was eight months old, over 700,000 of Chiang Kai-shek's bandit forces had been wiped out. . . . During the first year over 1,000,000 Kuomintang troops were annihilated, whereas the People's Liberation Army grew in strength from 1,300,000 to 2,000,000." In July 1947, Mao's forces took the offensive, and during the next year they won many important victories. The morale of the Kuomintang troops sank and large bodies of them surrendered, with their brand-new American equipment.

During the period from September 1948 to January 1949, the People's Liberation Army delivered three powerful offensives against the Kuomintang's forces, putting 1,540,000 of them out of action. Great Chinese cities fell one after another before the people's armed forces—Tientsin, Peking, Nanking, Shanghai, and others. With the fall of Nanking, Chiang's capital, the KMT regime was basically defeated. By June 1950, the rest of the country was mopped up, and Chiang and the remnants of his forces were driven to the island of Taiwan (Formosa), where they still remain, living upon American handouts. The giant Chinese Revolution, foreseen by Lenin and Stalin, had won.

The four-year civil war, one of the greatest ever fought, resulted in a glorious victory for the people. The latter's armies roared across China, sweeping before them all the trash of feudalism and imperialism. During the fierce struggle the People's Liberation Army destroyed or captured 8,700,000 of Chiang's troops, won over some 1,700,000 more, and seized from Chiang 50,000 pieces of artillery, 300,000 machine guns, 1,000 tanks, 20,000 motor vehicles, and many other kinds of military equipment, nearly all American-made. The twenty-five years of war in China were at an end. The forces of Chinese reaction and American imperialism were wrecked, as had been those of Japanese imperialism. The vast Chinese nation had broken the fetters that had so long enslaved it and was now embarked upon the road whose goal is Socialism.

With the oldest contemporary civilization in the world, China is an immense country. It has 4,300,000 square miles of territory, or one-sixth more than the United States. Its population, rapidly

growing, amounts to some 600,000,000, the largest in the world and about one-fourth of all humanity. It is a country rich in agricultural and industrial resources, having vast stretches of fertile lands and large deposits of tungsten, copper, nickel, magnesium, aluminum, zinc, and other minerals. China has coal deposits of 400 billion tons; it is especially rich in iron ore; its oil deposits far exceed those of Iran, and in its water-power resources, it is superior to the United States and second only to the USSR. China was a very great prize indeed for the imperialist looters and exploiters to fight for.

The capitalist world, especially the big industrial barons in the United States, stood amazed and aghast at the epic people's victory developing in China. But, in view of the elemental trend of the people to the new People's Republic, they were utterly unable to change the course of events. All they could give Chiang was further weapons, and he already had more of these than he could use. What Chiang needed was not munitions, but the confidence of the Chinese people, which he had long since forfeited. But if the world's capitalists were shocked at what was taking place in China, the revolutionary and progressive workers of the world hailed it with rejoicing. The loss of China through the Revolution was a fundamental and irretrievable disaster to the world capitalist system.

On October 1, 1949, the Central People's Government of China was proclaimed, with Mao Tse-tung Chairman and Chou En-lai, Premier. On this same day, the Soviet Union diplomatically recognized People's China and extended it a hearty welcome to the free peoples of the world. With a wary eye to Hong Kong and its other colonies in the Far East Great Britain recognized the new regime on January 5, 1950. As for the United States, it was profoundly shocked by the whole turn of events and felt itself to be hardly less defeated than was the Kuomintang itself. Therefore, inasmuch as it has arrogated to itself the autocratic right to decide what kind of governments all other peoples may have, the United States refused recognition to People's China. It also opposed and still opposes the admission of the new regime into the United Nations. No sooner was People's China established by the overwhelming will of the great Chinese people than the Wall Street monopoly capitalists, hoping frantically

to turn back the wheels of history, began to unfold a policy of hatred towards it, and they are planning for an eventual war against that country to undo the great Revolution.

Mao Tse-tung thus characterizes the great Chinese Revolution: "The historical characteristic of the Chinese Revolution is that it is divided into two steps: first the democratic revolution and then the socialist revolution—two revolutionary processes quite different in character. . . . Before that [the Socialist Revolution in Russia in November 1917], the Chinese bourgeois-democratic revolution belonged to the category of the old bourgeois-democratic revolution of the world, and was a part of it. Since then, the Chinese bourgeois-democratic revolution has changed its character and belongs to the category of the new bourgeois-democratic revolution. As far as the revolutionary front is concerned, it is a part of the world proletarian-Socialist revolution."

The old-type revolution was led by the bourgeoisie; the new type by the proletariat. Mao defines the new regime as "the people's democratic dictatorship led by the working class (through the Communist Party) based on the alliance of the workers and peasants." He also says, "The working class must lead the dictatorship of the people's democracy, for only the working class is the most far-sighted, just, unselfish and consistently revolutionary class." And Chen Po-ta adds, "It was precisely the leadership of the proletariat and the alliance of the working class and the peasantry brought about by it which made possible . . . the victory of the revolution against imperialism, feudalism, and bureaucratic capitalism." Mao justifies the new regime thus: "In a certain historical period, the Soviet-style republic cannot be fittingly practiced in colonial and semi-colonial countries, the national policy of which, therefore, must be of a third type—that of the New Democracy."

The new People's Democracy is genuinely democratic. Mao thus outlines it: "The democratic system must be realized among the people, granting them freedom of speech, assembly, and organization. The right to vote is granted only to the people and not to the reactionaries. These two aspects, namely, democracy for the people and dictatorship over the reactionaries, represent the dictatorship of the people's democracy." And Mao adds, "At the present stage in China the people are: the working class,

the class of the peasantry, the petty bourgeoisie, and national bourgeoisie." There is obviously a close political kinship between the People's Democracy in China and the People's Democracies in Central Europe.

The basic legislative body in China, pending the holding of a broad national Congress, was the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference. This was officially described: "The Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference is an organization of the democratic united front of the entire Chinese people. It embraces the representatives of the working class, the peasantry, the revolutionary army men, the intellectuals, the petty bourgeoisie, the national bourgeoisie, the national minorities, the overseas Chinese, and other patriotic, democratic personages." Ten political groups go to make it up. The leading party in this preliminary government was the Communist Party, which in 1952 had some 6,000,000 members. There were other parties and great mass organizations behind it—the trade unions with 10,000,000 members, the youth with 8,000,000, large women's organizations, etc. It was the Consultative Conference, organized in 1949, which proclaimed the People's Republic of China.

The People's Republic of China adopted its national constitution at a great congress in September 1954 in Peking. The constitution proclaims the new government as "a people's democratic state, led by the working class and based on the alliance of workers and peasants." The constitution proclaims socialism as its goal. It states that, "The period from the founding of the People's Republic to the attainment of a socialist society is one of transition. The central task of the state during this transition period is to bring about, step by step, the socialist industrialization of the country and to accomplish, gradually, the socialist transformation of agriculture, handicrafts, and capitalist industry and commerce." The economy now existing is of four types: "(1) State ownership, ownership by the whole people; (2) cooperative ownership, that is, collective ownership by the working classes; (3) ownership by individual working people, and (4) capitalist ownership." The whole national economy is based on planned production.

The government guarantees full social rights and liberties to the people. Women are the equal of men in every sphere—eco-

nomic, political, and social. The various nationalities making up the Chinese people are all upon an equal basis. The government, nationally, has but one chamber, which meets annually in the Congress. The interim leading bodies are the Standing Committee (Cabinet) and the State Council. The Chairman of the Republic is Mao Tse-tung, the Vice-Chairman is Chu Teh, and the Premier is Chou En-lai.

New China's objective, as Mao says, is "to develop from an agrarian country into an industrial country and to pass from a New Democracy to a socialist and communist society, in order to abolish classes and to bring about world communism." This does not mean, however, that the land has been collectivized and all industry nationalized—this will take time. Land collectivization will depend upon a much higher degree of industrialization than yet exists. While industrialization by the state is proceeding, certain forms of capitalism will be tolerated and encouraged (much as under the N.E.P. in early Soviet Russia). The industries of the imperialists, the *compradors* (their agents), and bureaucratic capitalists (monopolists), have been nationalized.

With the workers and their allies in firm control of all the key sectors of the national economy, as well as of the state power, they can permit a certain growth of capitalism, as an addition to the decisive industrialization carried on by the government. As Mao says, "Our present policy is to restrict capitalism but not to destroy it." The new Constitution specifies these restrictions and declares that, "The state forbids capitalism to endanger the public interest, disturb the social-economic order, or undermine the national economic plan by any kind of illegal activity." But this element of national capitalism is only temporary, as the country proceeds to industrialize itself. Mao points out that the petty bourgeoisie and the national capitalists, as proved by history, cannot possibly lead the Revolution. As he also warns, "The people have in their hands a strong state apparatus, and they do not fear a revolt on the part of the national bourgeoisie."

During the later years of the great Chinese Revolution the belief spread in American bourgeois circles that the Chinese Communists were not really revolutionary, that they and the movement they were leading were only of an agrarian reform

character. But this was nonsense—a form of bourgeois self-deception in the face of this elemental movement of the powerful Chinese people. From the outset the Chinese Communists, cleansing their Party of all renegades and deviators, have drawn their inspiration and understanding from the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin, and they very plainly said this all along. They are especially lavish in their appreciation of Stalin, who for many years was a close adviser on the Chinese Revolution. And of Lenin, Shih Chek says: "It is with the warmest love and deepest admiration that the Chinese people . . . honor this brilliant leader of all progressive mankind, their own best friend and teacher—V. I. Lenin."

And in presenting the Constitution to the Congress, Liu Shao Chi, General Secretary of the Communist Party, declared, "The road our country will take, as laid down in our Draft Constitution, is the road that the Soviet Union has traversed."

The Chinese also have worked in close cooperation with the other Communist parties of the world, especially during the period of the Third International. In his great article, so often quoted here, Mao thus expresses the powerful spirit of internationalism of the Chinese Revolution in the policy of the new government: "Unity in the common struggle with the countries of the world which regard us as an equal nation, and with the peoples of all countries. This means alliance with the USSR and with the People's Democracies in Europe, and alliance with the proletariat and the masses of the people of the other countries to form an international united front."

The laying of the economic basis for socialism is now proceeding very rapidly in People's China. This is because the Chinese are being greatly helped economically by the Russians. Thus, at the First National People's Congress in Peking, Mao Tse-tung declared that, "We must strive to learn from Soviet Russia, in the constitution of our country, economically and culturally, to make China a superior state." The Soviet Union militarily is also a great protector of People's China from the imperialists.

Mao Tse-tung, the great leader of the Chinese Revolution, possesses many of the qualities of leadership that characterized Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin. A man of resolution, initiative, and boundless energy, he is a brilliant theoretician, an ex-

ceptional organizer, and a very powerful leader of the masses in open struggle. These were the qualities that enabled this creative Marxist genius, in the face of prodigious difficulties, to lead the more than half a billion of the Chinese people to decisive victory.

Mao's theoretical work ranges over a vast scope. It sums up to an adaptation of the basic principles of Marxism-Leninism to the specific conditions prevailing in China—a monumental task which he has done with profound skill and thoroughness. The basis of this work was a Marxist evaluation of the character, over the years, of the developing Chinese Revolution—his differentiation of the new-type bourgeois-democratic revolution from the old type, and the establishment of its relationship to the socialist revolution, constitute major contributions to the general body of Marxist theory. Mao also paid close attention to the Marxist analysis of class forces in China and the relation to each other of democratic forces in united front movements, his work in this respect being one of the classics of Communist political writing. Classical, too, are Mao's writings on military strategy and tactics, in the situation of a guerrilla army gradually growing into a mass military force and carrying on the struggle in the face of a vastly stronger enemy. Splendid also is Mao's development theoretically of the leading role of the small Communist proletariat, especially in the midst of the vast sea of peasants. Another of Mao's many theoretical achievements was his skilled utilization of the three principles of Sun Yat Sen, which are widely popular among the masses, as part of the minimum program of the Communist Party, thus taking over the democratic traditions of the famous Chinese bourgeois revolutionist. (Originally these three principles were, "Nationalism, Democracy, and the People's Welfare," but later Sun re-interpreted them to provide for "alliance with Russia, cooperation with the Communists, and assistance to the peasants and workers.") Brilliant also were his innumerable polemics with every sort of deviator and enemy. Mao's theoretical work extended not only into the fields of economics, politics, and military strategy, but also into literature, and philosophy—his work *On Contradiction* is a comprehensive, profound and popular exposition of the Marxist-Leninist theory of knowledge.

Mao is also a splendid mass organizer and administrator. He

is not one merely to throw out broad slogans, he also knows how to go to the masses and organize them to realize these slogans. His works are filled with consideration of the most detailed questions of organizational work, in the building of the Communist Party, the people's army, the trade unions, and all other organizations of the people. And it is all written in the simplest of language. A classical example of this is his work *On the Rectification of Incorrect Ideas in the Party*, dealing with such errors as "the purely military viewpoint, extreme democratization, non-organizational viewpoint, absolute equalitarianism, subjectivism, adventurism, etc." Mao himself, born in 1893 of a poor peasant family in a village of Hunan, has had a hard life as a worker, soldier, student, and political leader. He is, indeed, a true son of the Chinese people, living their lives, knowing their thoughts and needs, and speaking their political language.

In the tradition of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin, all of whom were fighters as well as great thinkers and organizers, Mao is also a superlatively good general, whether in the economic or political struggle or in the field of military battle. Along with Chu Teh and other leaders, Mao made the "Long March." He was a noted guerrilla fighter as well as tactician, and he took personal part in innumerable military campaigns. Mao's greatest political achievements have been in the sphere of the direct leadership of great masses of the people in direct struggle against oppressors of every type.

When the Chinese people won the leadership of their country, there were very many elements in the capitalist world who said with final assurance: "Well, maybe it is not so bad after all; China is a vast, impossible chaos, and the Communists will break their necks trying to organize and govern it." But this was only wishful thinking, typical capitalist under-estimation of the revolutionary abilities of the Chinese Communists, and especially of their great leader, Mao Tse-tung. Now such remarks are rarely heard. Already, the Chinese Communists, with Mao at their head, have clearly demonstrated that they can organize and lead forward their huge people. This adds just one more to the many "impossibilities" that they have accomplished in their epic struggle for freedom.

The Commitment

by ALBERT MALTZ

An excerpt from a novel in progress. The scene is the Federal District Jail in Washington, D. C. The time is October 1946, about five in the morning.

DURING THIS early morning hour, in the receiving section of the jail, three prisoners were undergoing the ritual purification and processing required for all new guests of the Department of Correction. They had arrived a little before five A.M. in the custody of two detectives from a precinct house. With them had come a bit of advice: that all three had been involved in a nasty street fight, and that it would be wise to confine the two white men on separate tiers.

"I don't get it," the receiving officer whispered. "You mean there was a fight, and one of those white fellers was on the side of the n - - - - r?"

"Yeah—that bird there—the older guy."

"How do you like that! Okay, I'll pass the word along."

The prisoners, who still were handcuffed, were sitting in an anteroom that was divided by wire mesh from the remainder of the processing area. They had been separated, one to a bench, and the second detective was standing watch over them. All three were slumped down wearily, fatigue visible on their faces. They had been thirty hours in the precinct station and had been awakened at four A.M. of this, their second night in custody. Heavy-lidded, unwashed, they appeared anything but fighting cocks.

Mr. Prager, the receiving officer, and another jail guard, entered the ante-room through an open doorway. For a few moments Mr. Prager gazed sternly at each of the prisoners in turn. Then he addressed them in a bass voice that had gravel

in it, speaking curtly, although quietly. "I hear you guys have been in a fight. That's your business. But in here is our business. There's no fightin' in this jail. A man who fights in here gets thrown in the Hole, but fast. You got that?"

The prisoners nodded, although only one of them knew what the Hole was, and Mr. Prager glared at them. He was close to fifty, a heavily built man with cold eyes and a gross face. It was his job to let new inmates know at once that in here Authority ruled, and that in here things were different from outside. He liked his job and he performed it with relish.

"Okay," he said to the detectives, "you can take the cuffs offa them." He strode to the exit door and stood waiting. When the detectives had removed the handcuffs and were ready, he slipped a bunch of heavy keys from a ring on his belt, selected one and opened the steel door. "Be seein' you," he said genially. "Tell the front office these boys'll be comin' up in about thirty minutes."

"Will do . . . be good."

Mr. Prager locked the door, slipped the keys back on his belt ring, and spoke curtly again. "All right, you guys, stand up. Take everything outa your pockets. Put the stuff on the bench where you're sittin'. Then turn your pockets inside out so I can see 'em."

The three prisoners obeyed.

"An' make it snappy if you want any breakfast," Mr. Prager added. He stood watching them, one hand hooked in his wide, military belt. "Get that inside pocket all the way out," he ordered the young Negro. . . . "All right, now, take off all your clothes except your shoes an' your socks."

As the men undressed, Mr. Prager said to his assistant, "Didn't you call C-B-3?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Well, where are they?" He was referring to the several inmates whose work task it was to take the photographs and the fingerprints of new inmates, and otherwise to aid in their processing.

"You want me to call again?"

"Yeah."

His assistant, Mr. Roche, strode to the telephone, but then paused. At the other end of the receiving room a steel door,

which led to the cell blocks, was being unlocked. It swung back, four inmates dressed in jail blues entered, and the door was locked behind them.

"Three commitments," Mr. Roche said to them. "Get ready, huh? Here's copies of their papers. Snappy, huh?"

One of the men he had addressed nodded without speaking, the others did not even nod, but all went about their business. They were long-term men and they had been doing this work for some years.

In the ante-room the new commitments had undressed. Mr. Prager, arranging their papers in alphabetical order, asked, "Which one of you is Art Ballou?"

A blond, rosy-checked youth of nineteen, who was seated on the front bench, answered, "Me."

"Come along. Bring all your things. You two guys stay where you are."

Rising, Ballou took the opportunity to turn around. He was a tall, well-built youth, whose good looks were somewhat marred by a pouting, surly mouth. Ignoring the young Negro, he gestured at the middle-aged white man, a childish, obscene gesture of the streets, the thumb of one hand thrust between two fingers. Then, with a small grin, he walked out.

Mr. Prager was perched on a stool before a high desk. He pointed a stubby forefinger. "Put your pocket things down here. Put all your clothes except your handkerchief in there."

"In there" was a canvas bag held open by Mr. Roche. It already was tagged with Ballou's name and jail number.

"A fine way to treat a good suit," the blond youth remarked. He never had been in jail before, but it was important to his self-esteem to be casual about it. "When do I get it back?"

"When you leave, or if you go to Court."

"Over here!" said Mr. Prager. "Take your money outa your wallet." He was occupied in listing Ballou's possessions on the required form: a Gruen wrist watch with gold band; a monogrammed, stainless-steel cigarette lighter; a set of keys; a nail file. Together with the empty wallet, he sealed these articles in a manila envelope. He pointed to the handkerchief and comb, and said, "You take these with you." Next he picked up a half empty package of cigarettes and tossed it expertly upon another

desk ten feet away. It was forbidden for new commitments to bring cigarettes into the jail lest they contain marijuana or other contraband. This, as it turned out, was convenient for Mr. Prager, who was a heavy smoker. Finally he began counting Ballou's money.

"Eighty-six dollars an' forty-five cents." He wrote the sum on a receipt and said, "Sign."

"Don't we get to keep any money? How does a guy buy smokes?"

"You can draw on this money for canteen. Take your receipt. Now go down them steps an' shower. There's an inmate there who'll give you a towel an' some clothes. Step on it!"

In the several minutes of privacy allowed them, the two prisoners in the ante-rom had been carrying on a tense conversation. Although they had fought side by side in a vicious street brawl, they were strangers and, in addition, they had been confined in separate cells in the precinct house. The moment Ballou departed the young Negro, a brawny youth of eighteen, burst into hasty speech. At the same time, despite instructions to the contrary, he slid one bench forward so that he was directly behind the middle-aged white man.

"Say, Mister, I don't know how to thank you enough for what you did for me. You sure were great. I guess you just about saved my life."

The other man half turned his head. He replied morosely, and a bit stiffly, "Well . . . weren't right what they was doin' to you."

"I'm awfully sorry you got into trouble over it."

The older man grimaced and said with blunt frankness, "So'm I!" Then he added gloomily, "But you're in worser trouble than I am, young feller. Those polices are doin' a job on you."

"What do you mean?"

"They're workin' up fake charges on both of us. But you're the one they're out to git."

"How do you know?"

"One of 'em told me so, a detective."

"How come he told *you*?" the young Negro asked, with quick suspicion.

There was a moment of pause, and then the answer came with a kind of distant coldness: "Cause they want me t'leave town. They don't want me testifyin'. Said they'd let me go free if I took the first bus home."

"I see!"

The middle-aged white man suddenly began to speak with uneasy rapidity, like a man unburdening himself. "They're out to frame you good. You know that knife this fellow Ballou had? Well, that's disappeared already, none of the cops ever seen it. It seems that feller you sent to the hospital has an ol' man who's got some pull with the police. That detective said they was gone t'send you up for five years."

"What? That's crazy! They arrested me on suspicion of disorderly conduct, that's all. They can't—"

"That was Saddy night," the older man interrupted. "Yisterday afternoon that detective explained me different. He said that feller you damaged was in the hospital with a busted jaw. He said—"

"Listen," the youth interrupted, "we sure got to get together for a talk somehow, there's no time here. What I need to know right now is what *you're* going to do? You know what that fight was about. Where do *you* stand right now?"

"Shucks, how the hell do I know?" the older man replied with sudden anger. "I don't know where I stand any more 'n you do. I come all the way from Detroit t'go to my niece's weddin,' an' now look where I am. I wasn't wantin' any trouble."

"Thomas McPeak!" came Mr. Prager's gravel voice. "Bring your things. Snappy!"

Watching the older man leave, the youth, whose name was Huey Wilson, thought to himself with instant, erupting bitterness, "Well here we go, 'get the n - - - - r.' Damn those bastards. They won't get me. Five years—God Almighty!"

He began to tremble with anger, indignation and terrible uncertainty. In the thirty hours past, he had been uprooted as by an earthquake from his normal life; subjected to physical violence, hurt and terror; arrested, locked in a cell, held incommunicado. And now another blow—that they were framing him on some serious charge, and that he couldn't be certain if the white man would stand up for him. "How the hell do I

know?" McPeak had said. "I don't know where I stand any more than you do."

Except that Wilson knew damn well where *he* stood. One more Negro feeling the white man's boot, a "snotty black boy" being put in his place.

He sat trembling, with fists clenched.

In a certain sense it could be said that Wilson's arrest was an accident. If he had not gone to the movies with a girl on the Saturday night past, or if he had chosen another street by which to walk home, nothing would have happened. From another point of view, however, both the street fight and his arrest were as natural to the American scene, and as commonplace, as sky, or air, or an item of folk-lore.

The sum of it was this: Huey Wilson was eighteen years old and he had come to the city to make a career for himself if he could. From his parents he had received inexhaustible love, high goals, and faith in himself—but no money, for there was none to give. And so young Huey worked by day, and went to school at night, weighed pennies, drove himself hard, and dreamed big dreams. This might be called the first part of a somewhat familiar tale. There was another.

In this capital city there had been a district, one of many, in which no one of dark skin could live, a commonplace matter also. In the course of time, however, changes had occurred in the district, a slow encroachment of black upon white in a fierce quest for living space, a moving out and a moving in, until finally the district had become largely a "black" district—that is to say, one of the several congested areas in which Negroes could live without suffering violence or legal sanction.

Yet, as it happened, the high school in this former "white" district had remained exclusively white. Or, rather, had been maintained so by the powers that be. Negro students, living on the same street as the school, were not permitted to attend it. Instead they were segregated in their "own" high school, a considerable distance away.

It happened also that the "white" high school had empty seats and a lack of students, whereas the "black" school was grossly overcrowded. Some of the students, like Huey himself, were

obliged to travel even further from their homes to what was called a school annex—in reality a converted warehouse. This, to the Negro community, and to some in the white community also, seemed absurd, and definitely unfair, and somewhat less than democratic. As a result, an agitation was commenced to remedy the situation.

There were meetings and public speeches. There were newspaper editorials, pro and con, and committees of citizens who visited with the powers that be—to no avail. The color line remained. There was, in addition, a certain amount of familiar violence. A number of Negro youths, passing by the "white" school on the way to their own, were attacked and beaten by groups of students.

Nevertheless, the Negro community refused to accept the status quo, and the agitation continued. So it happened that on the Saturday afternoon just past there had been both a demonstration, and a counter-demonstration, at the school under dispute. Within the yard a number of white people had assembled, both students and adults, all of whom felt passionately that the school must remain as it was. Among them was a rosy-cheeked youth of nineteen, Art Ballou. Outside on the sidewalk there was a picket line of Negroes, and some whites as well. These others, with equal passion, felt that the school should admit any student who lived in the district. Since Huey Wilson was one of the picket captains, and a tall, brawny youth as well, he was noticed by Ballou.

There was no violence on this occasion because the demonstrations were supervised by a contingent of police, who had been instructed to keep things orderly no matter what their own point of view. That night, however, Huey was on his way home from a movie, and Art Ballou, together with three friends, was on his way to a party, and they met.

Thus, out of a commonplace sore in American life had come a commonplace street fight. It was a familiar thing, part of the folklore, for a Negro to be beaten by white men on a dark street at night, and left bleeding or dead. So it might have been for Huey Wilson.

That it had not been so was due to another white man, a squat, middle-aged resident of Detroit, who had come to Washington

for the wedding of his niece. For Huey Wilson, and his career, this man now had assumed burning importance.

Waiting in the ante-room, Huey thought about McPeak, and searched his feelings, and nibbled for the inner meaning of the man's every word and look. He was gravely uneasy about McPeak, yet he felt that his uneasiness was partially unfounded. Without even knowing him, McPeak had jumped into a fight on his side, against other whites. It took a truly decent man to do a thing like that. Except that this morning McPeak no longer knew where he stood.

Why not? And why the marked change in his manner? On Saturday night he had been friendly, seemingly proud of himself for what he had done. Now he was frozen up, stiff as a board, the geniality gone. Yet he hadn't taken the detective's offer, so what did it all mean?

Huey stared through the wire mesh at McPeak. There were things about this white man that reached below thought, into the interstices of his feelings and intuition. The way McPeak talked, for one thing, the unmistakable speech of a Southern hillbilly. Huey had picked fruit for farmers who looked and talked like McPeak, who had paid him outrageous wages and cheated him into the bargain. It was not very sensible, he knew, to come to conclusions about a man from evidence such as this —and yet how many Saturday afternoons down home he had seen McPeak's type come in to buy at the stores—thick necked, tobacco-chewing peckerwoods from Albemarle County, and illiterate whiskey makers from the Ragged Mountains, so many of them Ku-Kluxers and Negro haters. It was no use telling himself that this man had saved him from a terrible beating, or worse. He knew that, and he was enormously grateful, but he also knew that McPeak didn't inspire the confidence he should. It left him with a feeling of deep confusion.

McPeak's voice rose a little in conversation with Mr. Prager, and Huey strained to hear. He caught something about a suitcase and clothes, but he couldn't hear the officer's reply. McPeak was looking angry. His lumpy face wore a swollen frown and he clearly was restraining himself from some outburst. "Man about fifty," Huey reflected, "almost as old as my Pop. Told the

desk Sergeant he works for the Ford Company—wonder what his job is?"

Mr. Prager turned around and beckoned, and Huey stood up. He scrambled for his clothes, for his frayed wallet with two dollar bills in it, for the comb with several broken teeth. As he approached the desk, Mr. Prager left it for a moment to saunter to the head of the stairs that led to the shower room. He bawled out, "What's so slow down there?" A voice came back, "Comin' up now."

"Those damn polices," McPeak whispered to Huey. "They got my suitcase down at that precinct station with all my bestes clothes, an' they ain't sent it over."

"Have you asked this Officer how to get it?"

"He's no damn help. Told me to take it easy an' see if they send it."

Ballou appeared on the stairs, dressed now in blue cotton shirt and trousers, his blond hair neatly combed and his face bright from the shower. Mr. Prager said, "Over there for your fingerprints." And then, to McPeak, "Down there for your shower. . . . No, wait a minute, I wanna ask you somethin'."

McPeak waited while Mr. Prager fished a toothpick from his pocket and began probing between his teeth. There was quite a long silence. Mr. Prager was curious about the street fight, but he didn't know how to put his question. His initial interest had been quickened by hearing McPeak's southern speech, it was pricked further now by the sight of the two standing naked side by side. He was thinking that if Wilson had been light skinned, or had sharp features and long hair, a mistake on McPeak's part would have been possible. But Wilson was a rather handsome specimen of what Mr. Prager considered to be an inferior race—dark as polished ebony, his hair short and wiry, his features strong and clearly Negroid. Mr. Prager simply couldn't understand how McPeak, a white man and a Southerner, had made common cause with him.

"You two guys know each other good?" he asked McPeak suddenly.

McPeak shook his head and Huey could see him stiffen in body and face.

"Where you from?"

"Detroit."

"You talk southern."

"I was brung up in Georgia."

"Georgia, hey?" Mr. Prager worked his toothpick for a moment. "How come you got in this here fight?"

McPeak waited for a moment before replying. Then he answered softly, with bland features, "I like t'fight. Most every Saddy night I find me a good fight."

Mr. Prager flushed. He jerked his toothpick. "Down for your shower! Make it snappy!" He turned his attention to Wilson. "Put your valuables here, your clothes in that bag there."

Huey said, very politely, "Can I ask you something, Officer?"

"What?"

"How do I get to see a doctor in here? They wouldn't call me one at the precinct."

"What's wrong with you?"

"I got hurt in that fight—my tail bone is awful sore, and I think one of my ribs is broken or cracked."

"You got x-ray eyes?" Mr. Prager asked. "How do you know what state your ribs are in?"

Huey's reply came slowly, purged of feeling, as though there had been no malice in the question. "It hurts me some when I breathe."

Mr. Prager grunted and asked, "What's them swellings?" He pointed to Huey's middle, which was ringed by large welts.

"They're bed bug bites I got at the precinct."

"I never saw any bites looked like them."

"I'm allergic to bed bugs."

"Well, you sure got a lot of troubles, boy, ain't you?" Mr. Prager said with amusement. "Put yourself down for sick call when you get to your cell. Now start moving."

"Will I get to see a doctor this morning?"

An acid, unfriendly look came over Mr. Prager's face. "Probably you will, probably, but I don't know an' I don't care. If your kind don't like to get hurt, you oughta stay out of fights. Now stop askin' so many questions an' stuff your clothes in that bag."

For a moment Huey didn't move. His dark eyes blazed. Then he turned away to do as he had been told.

The shower room was very large, immaculately clean. As Huey descended the stairs, he thought wryly, "What a lovely, lovely jail! They let half the colored in Washington live without a tub, but get yourself in here and they offer you the best —hot water, white tile, not a cockroach in sight."

At the opposite side of the room from the showers there was a bench stacked with clothes and towels. The inmate attendant, a slender, gray-haired Negro, was sorting through a pile of blue trousers in an effort to find some for McPeak. It was not a simple task. McPeak was under middle height, a broad-shouldered, muscular man advancing into corpulence. Trousers that fit the length of his legs were too small for his fleshy, expanding waist. He assumed a somewhat comic pose as Huey approached and said sheepishly, "Looks like I'll hafta spend my jail time nekkid. This beer belly of mine is sure in the way."

Grinning, the attendant tossed him another pair. "Try these. If they fits your middle, you just better roll up the legs." To Huey he said, "Hi, pal, you poor fish. Any man's a poor fish who gets in here. Put your comb and rag down, leave your shoes and socks, and go bathe yourself."

Walking toward the shower, Huey thought soberly: "He's certainly different than he was on Saturday night, but I still don't feel any color prejudice. That's something you always feel when it's there." He began to wonder if his lack of confidence in McPeak was merely his own wariness toward any white man, especially a Southerner. McPeak had been magnificent—but even if he were a Negro, he couldn't be happy over landing in jail. Jail was jail, and the man had a right to be upset about it.

The thought left him more at ease. As he watched McPeak walk up the stairs, he wondered if he had expressed the gratitude he felt in an adequate manner. What a debt he owed the man! He'd be in a hospital now, or dead, if not for him. It was something to remember no matter how McPeak acted from now on. In fact, Huey reflected, it was one of those life-time lessons. Because you could read in a history book that Frederick Douglass had had staunch, white allies in the Abolition movement —or you could walk on a picket line with some whites on your side—but the knowledge went deeper, much deeper, when you had the experience of lying on the ground with fists and feet

pounding your body, with a knife flashing and blood lust in a white face above you—and then be delivered by another white man. It was something to store up in mind and heart for the future.

Huey closed his eyes and raised his face to the shower. The hot water was like a balm to his sore, tense body. Relaxing under it, suspending thought, he fell without realizing it into a mood of sudden, dismaying loneliness. For a moment he no longer was a young man of eighteen, ready to meet the harshness in the world with his own strength, but a boy of eight desperately in need of comfort. He wanted an hour at home with his folks; he wanted to tell them all that had happened, and have their close embrace, and see their loving faces before him.

The mood passed almost at once, and he began to think of his brother, to wonder what Jeff was doing about his arrest. He had been allowed to telephone his brother the morning after his arrest, and Jeff had said that he would come right down to the precinct house. Surely he had come, yet they had not been permitted to talk. There was something fishy about that, it fitted McPeak's warning of a frame-up. Yet whatever lies the police had told Jeff, he wouldn't believe them. He surely had spent the rest of yesterday hunting up a lawyer. More than likely he had wired their folks, also, to see if they could raise any bail money.

Huey winced a little as this thought occurred to him. It would be a painful business for his folks, especially his mother! She set such store by the family's being respectable. It was dreadful to think of them going to friends with the news that their Huey was in jail. "Oh God damn it," he thought suddenly, "why wasn't I sick on Saturday, or studying, or something, so that I never went on that picket line? Everything was going along so good for me. God damn that Ballou! What bad luck! And now what? All of a sudden it's five years in prison—but that's crazy. They're only trying to scare me. I don't have to scare so easy, I'm no kid. Christ, I needed this trouble like I need a nail in my head!"

Now, soaping his body, an act so routine to other mornings that it made everything seem normal, Huey had a sudden,

wistful fantasy: that he was out of jail and home. It was seven in the morning and he was eating his usual breakfast, an orange, and some oatmeal, and a glass of milk. Propped open against the sugar bowl was his geometry book, or a Spanish grammar, and soon he would tuck the book under his arm and walk down to the bus line. He would ride to North Capitol and H and be inside the Printing office by eight o'clock. He would have fifteen minutes of study before work started:

"Donde se hable espanol?"

"Se hable espanol en muchos paises, en—"

. . . The voice of the inmate attendant interrupted his thoughts. "Hey, pal, Mr. Prager ain't gonna like you. He can't have his breakfast till he runs you through. Neither can I, for that matter. Better finish off."

Reluctantly Huey turned on the cold water, reluctantly left the shower. Drying himself, he became aware that the other man was scrutinizing him with odd intensity. He stared back, seeing gray hair, and a gaunt, yellowish face, and a long scar on a scrawny neck.

"What's them things?" the other asked.

"Bed bug bites." He began to rub soap on the welts, household remedy learned from his mother.

There was a moment of pause and then the attendant said, with intense, pathetic envy, "You got a good build, pal. You're gonna be able to do things in life. I've always been weak in my body. Guess that's the reason I never got nowhere. I never had no confidence."

Huey gazed at him with curiosity, and didn't know what to say.

"It's hard enough being colored," the other continued mournfully, "without havin' a weak body, ain't it so? I shoulda been born with A-1 brains, but I wasn't. Only B or C brains, I guess. God let me down every which way. That's why I quit goin' to Church."

Feeling the need to respond, yet not knowing what comment to make to so many scrambled ideas, Huey asked, "How long you been in here?"

"Twelve years, pal. Got eight more if I earn my good time, eighteen if I screw up bad. Been doin' pretty good so far, but

you never can tell. A man can't always control his nerves up here. You get mean low sometimes."

Huey nodded, and shivered a little.

"Come over here now, so I can outfit you. Say, pal, what they get you for, what's the charge?"

"I don't know. I was in a fight and they booked me on suspicion of disorderly conduct. But now I hear they're working up some other charges. How does a guy find out what he's charged with anyway?"

"That's easy." He tossed Huey a blue cotton shirt with short sleeves, and a pair of trousers. "You ask the feller upstairs who takes your prints. He'll have your papers. He's an ofay, but he's friendly."

"Thanks, I will. You got a shirt a size bigger?"

"Got 'em all sizes, pal. There's every size of poor fish has passed through here. Say—" he lowered his voice and glanced around to see if either of the officers was watching—"I put you three cigarettes under your handkerchief. Pick it up careful, so they don't drop."

"Thanks a lot. Only I don't smoke."

"Take 'em anyway, pal. Give 'em to someone else. There's always guys hungry for smokes."

"Okay."

"Them clothes fit all right?"

"Guess so, sure."

"So long, pal, take it easy."

Huey gazed at the man, feeling the awful weight of the twelve years already served, and of the years to come—and marveled at the three cigarettes in his pocket and the brotherhood behind them—one black man offering cheer to another in trouble. "Thanks, I will," he said gratefully, and walked up the stairs feeling stronger and less alone.

Mr. Prager stood a close watch while Huey's fingerprints were being taken, and it was not until he was wiping the ink from his fingers that he was able to talk to the other inmate. He said softly, "Fellow downstairs told me you might know what the charges against me are."

"Didn't look. Ask that guy when he takes your picture."

The photographer slipped a chain over Huey's head so that a board with inset letters, recording his jail number and the date, would hang suspended around his middle. He said mechanically, "Sit down. Sit up straight. Look at the camera right here."

Complying, although his ribs hurt when he sat stiffly erect, Huey asked about his charges.

"Didn't notice. Hold still now, don't talk. . . . Okay, got it! Now turn sideways. Sit straight. Raise your chin a little. Hold it. . . . Okay, got it! Go over there. Ask him, he has your papers."

"Like a side of beef," Huey thought with sour amusement, "like a side of beef when Jerry used to hook it, and I'd push it, and Red-eye would heave it on the truck."

"Sit down, Wilson," said the young, sandy-haired inmate behind the typewriter. "First name, Huey. You got any middle name?"

"No. . . . Say, buddy, have you got my commitment papers?"

"Sure. How old were you at your last birthday?"

"Eighteen. . . . The reason I ask about my papers is that I don't know what charges I'm being held on."

Clicking the typewriter, the other said, "I'll tell you in a minute. What's your address?"

"Four-twelve-A Lamont Street, Northwest."

The clerk glanced around to locate the guards. It was not necessary for him to do this, since he would be taking no liberty in giving Wilson the information he wanted, yet he did so out of habit. To his right was Mr. Prager, lounging against a desk, picking his teeth, and smoking one of Ballou's cigarettes. To his left, in the corridor that led to the cell-blocks, was Mr. Roche, who was keeping watch over Ballou and McPeak. The clerk tapped out the address, then glanced down at a paper beside his typewriter. "Do you work or go to school?"

"Both."

"They've got three charges on you—intoxication, resisting arrest, and felonious assault with deadly weapons. Where do you work?"

Wilson stared at him in disbelief.

"Where do you work?"

"Are you sure you have the right papers?"

"Damn it, tell me where you work, will you?" the clerk said

in a whisper. "I got to keep this machine going, or he'll be on my tail."

"Government Printing Office."

"Address?"

"North Capitol and H Streets."

"Sure, those are your papers—Huey Wilson, colored. . . . What job?"

"Messenger. . . . Does it say what weapons?"

"Just weapons."

"That's crazy. I don't have any weapons."

"A lot of crazy things go on in police stations. . . . What school do you go to?"

"Cardozo High . . . night school. Say, do you know what charges they've put on the other two men?"

"I'll look in a minute. In case of death, what relative gets notified?"

"My father, I guess."

"Name and address?"

"Thomas Wilson . . . one-six-nine Page Street, Charlottesville, Virginia."

The clerk hammered the keys, snapped the form out of the roller, and shuffled some papers. He said quickly, "Ballou is disorderly conduct; McPeak is assault, disorderly conduct, resisting arrest." Then he called loudly, "Okay, Mr. Prager, he's ready to go," and returned Huey's nod of thanks with a wink and a smile.

The receiving officer said to Huey, "Over there, with the others," and then picked up a telephone.

The exit corridor, like the ante-room, was separated from the main receiving area by a steel mesh screen. Quite deliberately, Huey sat down by the side of McPeak. On the bench opposite them was Art Ballou and, standing at the exit door, was Mr. Roche.

Rather gloomily, McPeak said to Huey, "That bath made me feel like a new man, but I wisht me an' my good feelins was somewheres else."

"You ever been in jail before?"

"No."

"Me either."

Ballou spoke. Calmly, with satisfaction, he said to them, "There's one of you who's gonna be in jail a long time, maybe the two of you."

Both McPeak and Wilson turned to stare at him. They had stiffened instantly, and their faces had hardened. They had been trying to ignore his presence.

Carefully, with satisfaction, Ballou said to McPeak, "I'm gettin' out of here today or tomorrow. So could you if you wanted to."

"Nobody wants to hear you talk," McPeak answered with cold contempt. "Why don't you shut up?"

"Or maybe you *want* five years, like he's gonna get?"

McPeak said to Wilson, "You ever know this horse's ass before?"

"All right, pipe down, you guys," interrupted Mr. Roche. "No more talking."

Softly, but with deep indignation, Ballou asked, "Officer, you keep colored and white separate in this jail, don't you? That guy looks white, but I think he's part n - - - - r."

A shudder of rage swept through Huey Wilson, but he did not move. In the eighteen years of his life he had learned the discipline of survival, the self control before malice that was the ancient property of all Negroes. He knew that Ballou wanted to provoke him before a white guard in this white man's jail, and he refused to be provoked, but his body trembled and an ashen hue came to his face.

McPeak spoke then, not to Ballou, but to the guard. He was in dead earnest, and his tone was ugly. "If that son of a bitch says one more word, I'll ram his teeth right down his throat."

Mr. Roche snapped up a warning finger. "You start a fight in here an you'll be plenty sorry."

"It's up to you then," McPeak responded flatly. "I've told you! If you don't want a fight, keep it level here!"

For an instant, with astonishment and anger, the guard stared at McPeak. Then, assessing the situation in his own interest, he said with the voice of Authority, "The first man who talks goes up for discipline. All of you shut up!"

In the hostile silence that followed, Huey Wilson saw something in McPeak's face that filled him with wonder. McPeak's

features were pudgy and gross, and in repose his face was rather unexpressive. But now, as he gazed at Ballou, he wore a look of such eloquent disgust, that Huey was astonished. He had assumed that McPeak, as a decent man, had been motivated on the Saturday night past by a sense of fair play. Now suddenly he began to wonder if the man did not have genuine feelings on the race question.

They sat in silence for a few minutes. There came then the rattle of a heavy key in a lock, and the steel door that led to the cell blocks swung open. A guard entered, followed by half a dozen men on their way to Court.

In the doorway a second guard said to Mr. Roche, "These the new men?"

"Yeah."

"Let's go."

"Okay, let's go," Mr. Roche repeated. "You two first." And to Ballou, "No talking."

They entered a long, cavernous passage-way, pausing there for a moment while the steel door was locked behind them. In silence they marched until they came to another door. The new guard asked, "Any you guys ever served time before?"

All three shook their heads.

"Okay, then, here's the rules." He spoke dryly, in the manner of a bored guide in a museum: "You keep your cell neat and clean at all times. When you're in the Yard, don't go near the walls, stay away from the walls. You can talk in your cell, but you can't whistle or sing. It's against the rules to fight with another inmate or to have sexual relations with him. Either of those things can get you a lot more time. When an officer tells you to do something, you do it. Most important is eating! Now in here you don't hafta eat anything you don't want. When you go to the steam table, tell the man 'light' or 'medium' or 'heavy'. If he gives you more'n you want, tell him to take it back. But remember—anything you got on your tray when you leave the steam table, you hafta eat. We don't allow no waste here. That's very important. You got any questions?"

The three remained silent.

"All right," the guard said, "just obey the rules and you won't get in no trouble. We treat everybody alike in here." He

unlocked the door and, waving them on, remained where he was. They passed through, Mr. Roche followed, and the door slammed.

Now, in the narrow area fronting both wings of cell block C-B-1, there came a surprise inspection designed by Authority to trap the sharpies. Mr. Simmons, chief guard of the west wing, rose from his desk, slipped his fountain pen into his breast pocket, and said, in a matter-of-fact way, "Any you guys got anything on you that you shouldn't have?"

Huey Wilson felt himself turning hot all over—he had three cigarettes in his pocket. "Oh, that pal in the shower!" he thought angrily. "Twelve years jail experience, yet the favor he does a man gets him into trouble."

"Well?" Mr. Simmons asked. And then, without waiting, "Strip! Everything off! Drop your clothes in front of you. Shoes and socks, too."

Huey's brain raced and got nowhere. He realized with dismay that there was nothing to be done. "That pal sure started me off right," he thought with sour resentment.

When they were naked, Mr. Simmons said, "Turn around. Bend over. Spread your cheeks with your hands."

They did so and were examined for concealed narcotics. They stood erect and watched as the two guards explored their shoes, scrutinizing each one for false heels or soles, rapping each shoe on the floor to see if contraband was concealed in its toe. Their socks came next and were turned inside out; their shirts were shaken out, the sleeves and breast pocket examined; their trousers came last.

"Well now," said Mr. Simmons, "look what we have here." The two guards stared at the cigarettes, then at Huey. Mr. Simmons said, with mixed amusement and irritation, "The world's full of smart operators. That's why so many end up here."

Mr. Roche asked, "Where'd you get em?"

"Found 'em." The welts around Huey's waist began to burn like fire.

"Where?"

"On a bench."

"What bench?"

"Where we were sitting before we came in here."

"No you didn't," Mr. Roche snapped hotly, and Huey realized that he was impugning the man's efficiency. "I was there an you didn't find no damn cigarettes there. One of the inmates gave 'em to you, the colored guy in the shower room probably, didn't he?"

"No sir, he didn't."

"Okay, boy," Mr. Simmons interrupted, "you can stop lying. But from now on you'll be *inside*. You keep your nose clean. All right, you guys, put your clothes back on."

Dressing, Huey saw McPeak's small grin, and returned a weak smile. This, he decided, was as close to trouble as he wanted to come in his jail stay; from now on he would hug the rules.

"Ballou?" Mr. Simmons said, consulting a roster sheet, "You go to 318. McPeak—130. Wilson—430. Come on."

It was now five forty-five in the morning and these three men, having been bathed, booked, fingerprinted, and photographed, were officially in custody.

Councilman Pete

by MICHAEL GOLD

*Two scenes from a two-act play about the life of **Peter Cacchione**, the first Communist elected to the City Council of New York, who died in 1947. Pete has just been laid off by the railroad in the great depression.*

ACT ONE, Scene 3

In the darkness we hear a snatch of "America The Beautiful." The distant train whistle is heard: a mournful sound. A picture appears on the screen. A frame house in Sayre, Penna., a railroad town. The picture reveals both the exterior and some of the in-

terior. The cut-through reveals the kitchen of an Italian working-class home. The projection fades. The lights come up. Sitting at the table in a melancholy mood are Pete, his parents and sister Mary as well as Joe Russo. A neighbor's phonograph is playing "O Sole Mio."

ANNA MARIA *(Pete's mother, dressed in a black peasant waist and skirt, with checked apron).* No. I say what I mean. *(She bangs on the table.)* I won't sign whata you call the mortgage.

BERNARDO *(Pete's father clothed in the black suit and necktie of an old fashioned Italian conservative professional).* Peasant girl, there's a big depression in the land. The children must scatter to find work.

ANNA MARIA. It's a lie!

BERNARDO. Peasant, peasant, try to understand what they call civilization!

ANNA MARIA. I believe in God.

BERNARDO *(patient but exasperated).* So we mortgage the house. So Pete buys a truck with the money. He goes to the big Dam and there he makes money with the truck. He repays us. Is it so hard to understand?

ANNA MARIA. I understand my heart. I will lose Pete. Then I will lose the house.

BERNARDO *(in a sudden rage, rushes to window).* Sole Mio—Sole Mio—all day, all night Signor Valente!

A VOICE. What is, Signor Cacchione?

BERNARDO. Send your boy over. I'll send you some different records—Verdi, Caruso, Pagliacci,—what you want—

A VOICE. Thank you—, no please.

BERNARDO *(passionately).* Change your record, for God's sake!

A VOICE. No, I want only the old Napoli songs. Signor, I am homesick tonight. *(The record comes on again.)*

BERNARDO *(coming back).* He wants to drive me crazy.

PETE. Papa, don't lose that famous Cacchione temper. *(He pours wine for his father and others.)* Mr. Valente is also out of work. He consoles himself.

BERNARDO. Let him pray! Let him drink wine! Not Sole Mio all day. *(All clink glasses and drink, including Anna Maria.)*

JOE RUSSO. Mrs. Cacchione, I tell you from the heart, Pete is right. The government builds the biggest dam in the world at Boulder Dam. That's for true.

ANNA MARIA. Maybe.

JOE RUSSO. Anyone, the worst fool, comes there with a truck can get work hauling cement and gravel for Uncle Sam— He's rich, he pays big, Mrs. Cacchione—

ANNA MARIA. How do you know?

JOE RUSSO. It's in all the papers—it was in the Sayre paper—

PETE. We showed you pictures of the Dam and the trucks, Mama.

MARY. That cousin of Mrs. Gallupi is there—

BERNARDO. Give me the cross. I swear by the Cross there is a Boulder Dam—

ANNA MARIA. Is Uncle Sam such a fool he gives money to all who come? No, I can't believe that—

MARY. Father Nolan himself said it was worth taking the chance.

ANNA MARIA. Father Nolan can be wrong, too.

BERNARDO. Anna Maria, are you crazy suddenly!

ANNA MARIA. Joe Russo, why you not going? You said you to be Pete's partner.

JOE RUSSO. I told you, Mrs. Cacchione, for true. My wife Carmelia—she's sick.

ANNA MARIA. I and the neighbors, we take care of Carmelia.

JOE RUSSO. She's got too nervous. She has bad nightmares since I was laid off. How can I leave her with the kids?

ANNA MARIA. She move in here with me.

JOE RUSSO. No, I can't leave her. I can't raise no money either to go. I useter think I had lots of friends I could borrow from. Now they need to borrow from me. Ah, this country used to look so solid, Pete. Now look at conditions!

ANNA MARIA. Joe, you go, maybe I let Pete go.

PETE. I'm not a kid, mamma. Don't you trust me?

ANNA MARIA. You too kind for businessman, Pete. Like your poor father Bernardo, he give everyone credit in the grocery. Every salesman rob him. Suppose you be robbed, Pete?

JOE RUSSO. Mrs. Cacchione, honest, it's the one chance to get work anywhere. I'd give my right leg to go with Pete. Where

can I find a job, now in Sayre. Joe Russo, a fireman with 15 years seniority, and the road lays me off like I was some little car-knocker kid. Who'd a thunk it? The country looked so solid—the most solidest in the world—

BERNARDO. God punishes us for our sins, Signor Russo.

JOE RUSSO. So what sins did my little kids do?

PETE. The country's still solid, Joe. We just have to be more on our toes, that's all.

JOE RUSSO. Pete, if you had a sick wife and a couple small kids—

ANNA MARIA. If you go. maybe Pete go—

JOE *(passionately)*. I can't—for true Mrs. Cacchione—don't spoil Pete's chance— Me I've lost out—I'm a bum—Buona sera, to all the house. *(He leaves abruptly)*.

PETE. I didn't realize Joe was suffering so much.

ANNA MARIA. All of us suffer. You think I am happy?

BERNARDO. Sign the mortgage now.

ANNA MARIA. I had eight children in this house. Now I have only two.

PETE. Mama, could they have stayed? There's not a job in Sayre. You heard what Joe Russo said.

ANNA MARIA. This job is too far away.

PETE. It's in Nevada, in America. I can write you every day, Mamma. Didn't your family come all the way from Italy? You were searching for a living too.

ANNA MARIA. Then was different. Italy is a poor country. America is rich. There always be jobs in Sayre.

PETE. Not now, mamma. America has changed. Try to understand. Even the immigration has been stopped. No more Italians here.

ANNA MARIA. There always be Italians. You read too much. Why you believe the papers?

BERNARDO. You learn nothing. You understand nothing.

ANNA MARIA. I understand my heart. My heart says Pete shouldn't go.

BERNARDO. Anna Maria, this is a necessity. God recognizes necessity.

ANNA MARIA. God no break up homes.

MARY. Even Father Nolan said Pete should go.

ANNA MARIA. I won't sign.

BERNARDO. She has been a wonderful wife, a wonderful mother. She sweeps, she bakes, she cleans, she tends a big garden. In summer she grows grapes and makes the beautiful wine. What a cook, my friends, what a magnificent cook! And she works with me in the grocery store, too. This is a woman to be proud of. But civilization, newspapers, progress—no! She is the stubborn peasant girl from Potenza!

ANNA MARIA. I follow only my heart. Pete!

PETE. Yes, mamma.

ANNA MARIA. Pete, you have been the joy of this house. You go away, this house is to be a cemetery for me.

PETE *(stroking her hair)*. Mamma, your Pete always loves you.

ANNA MARIA. Two years ago there were eight children in the house. Now just you and Mary. Why, why?

PETE. The depression, mamma! They had to scatter to find jobs. There's no jobs in Sayre.

ANNA MARIA. We give you to eat here till things change.

PETE. I can't be living on you and Papa. It gets shameful.

ANNA MARIA *(angered)*. Shame? Living like a family? We poor—you poor—a family? What's the shame?

PETE. *Mama mia*, you think I want to leave you? You're my sweetheart. This is my home.

ANNA MARIA. It has been happy, no? Always the young people —you made the jokes and the games—started the dancing among the young people.

PETE. Mamma, I won't leave you! I'll stay!

ANNA MARIA. It hurts you! Why it hurt you so much?

PETE. Mamma, a guy like me can't live without working. Even my girl, May, she thinks I'm lazy. It's terrible to rust away like old junk.

ANNA MARIA. You never rust away, my Pete.

PETE. I won't go. To hell with it. I'll stay.

ANNA MARIA. You write your mamma every day?

PETE. Of course—but I said I wasn't leaving. Let's forget it.

ANNA MARIA. I like you to be happy, Pete. You come back in six months?

PETE. I can promise anything but I'm not going.

ANNA MARIA. You swear not to forget Mamma, I sign the paper.

BERNARDO *(wringing hands ecstatically).* Bravo, the girl sees! There is a Boulder Dam!

MARY. Father Nolan said it's right, Mamma.

ANNA MARIA. I sign to make Pete happy. My heart says no.

PETE. Mamma, it's going to be all right. All the papers've been talking about the Dam.

ANNA MARIA. I spit on the papers! Give me to sign! *(Bernardo hands her a legal document, Mary the pen and ink.)*

BERNARDO *(very happy).* When you buy the truck, Pete, I fill it with groceries for six months—the mamma's good wine, the provolone cheeses, the olive oil, salami, spaghetti—all what you like to eat. You will never hunger in the desert.

ANNA MARIA *(signing with effort).* Sunshine of my home, my good Pete, let this bring you success—

PETE. I swear to you, Mamma beloved—

(As she signs, the phonograph breaks out again in "Sole Mio." Bernardo shakes his fist there. Pete kisses his mother's cheek, takes Mary about the waist and dances a jig.)

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE, Scene 7

(In the darkness we hear the voices of school children singing "America The Beautiful." This is interrupted by the single voice singing the refrain of "Brother Can You Spare a Dime." On the screen we see the veterans' encampment at Anacostia Flats. Dominating everything is the Capitol, Washington, D. C. Now we hear "Over There" sung by many voices. As the picture fades the singing fades out like a tired phonograph.

The light reveals: A corner of the veterans' encampment. Off one side, a pup tent, with a line of washing suspended thereto. The bandaged head of a woman—Mrs. Carmela Russo, shows out of the tent. Joe Russo, of Sayre, kneels beside his wife. At other side, Orlando (an unemployed Negro worker), Pete Cacchione, Mike Sheehan and Rocky are staring off into the distance at some great event. They wear assorted pieces of old army dress; all wear their overseas caps.)

CARMELA. Get us a doctor, Joe!

JOE RUSSO. How can I, honey? They got the tanks and the troops here! They're chasing us out!

CARMELA. It's pneumonia, Joe! The kids'll die!

JOE RUSSO. No, it's only the flue, Carmela! The whole camp got it after that last rain!

CARMELA. Don't let the kids die.

JOE RUSSO *(holding his head)*. O my God, my God!

CHILD'S VOICE *(from the tent)*. Daddy, I want an orange.

JOE RUSSO. Yes, Babe! *(A bugle sounds, he straightens up, looks around wildly.)* Daddy'll get you an orange! *(He joins Pete and others.)* Pete, I gotta get a doctor! They're dying!

PETE *(bitterly)*. Why did you bring them to this battlefield? It was wrong, Joe, wrong!

JOE RUSSO. Honest, I couldn't leave her alone. She was sick, and that crowd of vets from Buffalo came through in the truck and Mike and me suddenly decided to go. There was other families. I explained it all to you, Pete.

MIKE. Have some sense. Joe lost his house, I told yuh. He had to do something. Joe and me has got a right to the bonus, too. Don't get so damn bullheaded, Pete.

PETE. Do kids have to suffer in this swamp—and now MacArthur's tanks coming on?

ORLANDO. Joe has got a right to be here—that includes his family.

PETE. All right, Orlando—excuse me, fellas—this waiting gets me down—

JOE RUSSO. I got to have a doctor, Pete.

PETE. We're waiting for Carl. He went to headquarters.

JOE RUSSO. Headquarters is loaded with stoolies. What's the use waiting for them?

PETE. We can't break up squad by squad. We've gotta hold together.

JOE RUSSO. Can you get me an orange, Pete. For God's sake, fellas— *(He joins others in looking out.)*

ROCKY *(staring into distance)*. Look, Pete—they're lining up—it must be the whole army—

ORLANDO. Them kinds was in diapers while we was in France—

MIKE. That officer there—who's that?

ORLANDO. Eisenhower, I think.

MIKE. Look at that other one—dressed up like a Christmas tree —Wow—what a tailor he's got . . .

ROCKY. That's MacArthur—Garibaldi was never dressed up so good—or General Grant.

MIKE. Mac's twice as brave as them—you have to be very brave to drive out us vets—and the kids—

ORLANDO. Look at all them tanks—guys with torches—what are they doin'?

MIKE. Burning us out like rats—we're rats to them—

PETE. I still don't think anything'll happen— It's another bluff.

ORLANDO. Not this time, Pete—

PETE. They want to scare us out—it's worked before—

MIKE. This time it's for keeps—it's war—and I've carved me a shillelagh—

ROCKY. I agree—let's get ready, Pete—I need a good fight to cheer me up—

PETE. It's a bluff—how could they dare—how could they even fight another war—get soldiers again if they starve and attack their veterans—no, you just can't shoot down your veterans—no country does—

ORLANDO. I never made the mistake of creditin' our lynchers with havin' a heart—

MIKE. Or brains—they ain't got that either—

ROCKY (*clowning*). Who me?—I'm Mr. America himself—look at all my muscles, my frigidaires, my ottermobiles and flush toilets—I'm so strong I can conquer Anacostia Flats—yes, the whole damn world. . . .

MIKE. You can't do it, Uncle—(*taps his forehead*). You ain't got enough stuff up here—

ROCKY. Who me? Hoover, the great engineer?

CHILD'S VOICE. Daddy, you said you'd get me an orange!

JOE RUSSO (*wildly*). Pete, Pete, you're our captain—get us to a doctor!

PETE. I told you, Joe, we have to wait for Carl. We can't wander off one by one. We have to follow some organized plan.

ORLANDO. Pete, I'll go and look for Carl. We have to get a doctor for Joe's kids.

PETE. All right. (*Orlando slips out.*) If they're not back in five

minutes, Joe, we'll take you and the family through the lines.

MIKE. Rocky and me ain't giving up yet. We was at the Marne. We got a right to be here. We'll stay.

ROCKY. I earned my bonus the hard way.

PETE. First help us get Joe's family through.

MIKE AND ROCKY. Oh sure, Pete, of course.

PETE (*staring out at the right*). It's organized like a battle. They're burning the tents. I can't believe it. They can't dare treat their vets that way. It don't make sense. The country's behind the vets—.

ROCKY. Vets or no vets—they're treating us like they do the unemployed councils. And guys on the waterfront. It's the same gang, Pete—

PETE. There's a difference—veterans are the country itself—not a class—they're attacking America—the bastards won't dare. . . .

MIKE. I see you still got illusions about the bastards—

(*Orlando runs in, followed by Carl. Shots, the mean, dangerous clanking of tanks. Bugles, screams and curses as of a battleground.*)

ORLANDO. I found him.

CARL (*taking a drink*). Headquarters is shot, Pete. Ain't no such animal. The attack's begun. We better get moving.

ORLANDO. They're setting fire to the whole camp.

PETE. I can't believe it—

CARL. Tanks, bayonets, tommy guns—it's war—with plenty of generals.

JOE RUSSO. How'll we get out—they're surrounding us—they're using tactics.

PETE. Yes, it's regular war—organized, planned—I can't believe it. . . .

CARL. The stoolies bust up everything at headquarters—let's move Pete—it's each group for itself now. . . .

PETE. *I can't believe it*— tactics—war on veterans—(*Pulls himself together with a sudden gesture of rage.*) To hell with brooding! It's war. All right, let's start planning our retreat. The first thing is for us to get Joe's family out to a hospital. Any discussion?

ORLANDO. No, we're all for that.

PETE. Joe, you'll carry your wife. I'll take the boy, Orlando, you carry the little girl.

(As they start arranging and preparing, shots are again heard, the tanks roll, flames flare. The bugle calls to action. Screams. A young soldier stalks in, bayonet at the ready.)

SOLDIER. Get outa here. We're burning this row down next.

PETE. Wait a minute. There's a sick woman and two sick kids in that tent.

SOLDIER. The guys with torches are right behind me. They don't wait for nobdy. Git going! *(He goes to tent and pokes his bayonet inside. A scream of pain from Carmela.)* Scram, I told yuh!

(The kids cry—Joe Russo knocks the soldier down —soldier fires a shot—Joe kicks the gun out of his hand —picks it up and in his rage wants to bayonet the soldier—Pete prevents him—Joe bends down to his wife, after kicking the soldier.)

CARMELA. He stabbed me—

CHILD. Daddy, where's my orange?

SOLDIER *(whimpering)*. He broke my arm. I didn't mean to hurt nobody.

PETE. Then why did you stab her, damn your puny soul?

SOLDIER. It was orders. I had to. None of us like fighting you vets.

PETE. That makes it all the worse. Where are you from?

SOLDIER. West Pennsylvania. My old man's a coal miner—

MIKE. A miner's kid, huh—your old man's ashamed of yuh, I bet—

SOLDIER. I had to enlist—the family was starving—I enlisted for the grub—

PETE. The rich hire the poor to jail and murder the poor—they don't soil their hands—*(He goes off to right and looks out.)* Whenever you're ready, Joe, we'll start—*(The others are helping Joe bandage his wife's wound. Mike stands over the soldier.)*

MIKE. Stupid kids. Comic books, radio, ice cream sodas, baseball. You lousy little superman. Murdering your own people for a hot dog. How can I get an idea in that comic-book skull of yours? *(Lifts his club.)*

PETE. Let him alone, Mike. You can't solve it that way. (*He stares out at the field below.*) She's making war on us. I still can't believe it. It's so well organized—tactics and big brass generals! Can a nation make war on its people? I loved her like a mother. Look what she's doing to us! We're the Huns—they treat us like Huns. . . .

ORLANDO. She's treated her Negro children like this for a long time—now you know, Pete.

CARL. You still get surprised, Pete, don't you—Let's go, Pete—

PETE. All right, you elected me captain. . . . Now's the real test of how we stick by each other—are you ready? Joe takes Carmela—Orlando takes the little girl—I'll take the boy—Carl, you and Mike form a rear guard—Rocky Greco, you go in front —grab stones, a chunk of wood—anything—nobody lays a finger on Joe's family—d'ye hear—nobody lays a finger on them while we're alive—Damnit, let's go— BLACKOUT

Thoreau In Our Time

by SAMUEL SILLEN

Excerpt from a critical study in progress.

EMERSON ONCE said that his neighbor Thoreau never quite felt himself except in opposition. "He wanted a fallacy to expose, a blunder to pillory; I may say required a little sense of victory, a roll of the drums, to call his powers into full exercise." This suggests that Henry David Thoreau was more of a fighting man than is commonly supposed. And as we read him today it is indeed the polemical Yankee that comes alive, rather than the withdrawn "bachelor of Nature" to whom we were vaguely introduced in our school books. His pages crackle with dissenting opinions. The smoke of battle hangs over his deceptively tranquil Concord, from which he fired his own shots heard round the world.

"No way of thinking or doing, however ancient, can be trusted without proof," Thoreau insisted as he casually informed the readers of *Walden* that it is never too late to give up our prejudices. There was no institution too sacred for his scrutiny, no belief too entrenched for his challenge. Thoreau withheld his allegiance from "this most hypocritical and diabolical government" that buttressed slavery; he denied the prevailing religions; he was scandalously deficient in respect for the academies, including Harvard, though he was himself "fed on the pap that is there furnished." Understandably, the wardens of orthodoxy in turn "feared the satire of his presence," as Emerson noted.

For a man who went to live in the woods, according to the traditional image, Thoreau seems astonishingly keen for combat. Was his revolt due to personal eccentricity, a sort of village crankiness, as has often been suggested? Is it that he was infected by contrariness, "the itch of originality," as James Russell Lowell contended? Or was he perhaps "revenging himself upon a society that gave him little consideration," as one of Thoreau's biographers and editors, Henry Seidel Canby, writes in a comment on *Civil Disobedience*? The reality is far different, I believe. Thoreau was not an oppositionist for the sake of opposition. The man who preached "Cast your whole vote, not a strip of paper merely, but your whole influence" was not a congenital Nay-Sayer.

To appreciate Thoreau's negations we need only be willing to examine, as candidly as he examined, the real nature of those institutions and values that provoked his dissent. He abominated chattel slavery; he rebelled against the Mexican War; he poured his wrath on the executioners of John Brown; he decried the inhuman, debasing qualities of a cash-nexus society which reduced so many people to "lives of quiet desperation." Was this perversity? Let apologists for injustice think so. The perceptive reader of *Walden, Civil Disobedience, A Plea for Captain John Brown* discerns what is affirmative in these works and is thrilled by their passion for truth, their sensitivity to wrong, their bold and incorruptible humanism.

Thoreau liked to number himself among those who not only hack at the branches of evil but strike at the root. His radicalism underscores the truth of an observation made by Van Wyck

Brooks at the end of his five-volume history of our literature. Mr. Brooks writes: "What made 'Guernica' and 'Sacco-Vanzetti' such resounding symbols was the obvious fact that the American imagination had been on the side of the 'Left' since Jefferson's days. . . ." Today this "obvious fact" has become heresy. The thought-controllers, the kind of people whom Thoreau called Plug-Uglies and whom we call fascists, want to smash every link in the great tradition. And convenient for their purpose are certain myths that have been woven around our classic writers. These myths obscure the vital bearing of our democratic heritage on the present crisis in American life.

It is widely believed, for example, that Thoreau was an opponent of all government as such: he was an "anarchist" pure and simple. This view succeeds in taking the sting out of his criticism of a specific government at a specific time and for a particular reason. But the plain fact is that Thoreau's fiery essay on *Civil Disobedience,* which gave rise to the myth, was inspired by a protest not against government in general, but against a concrete American government pursuing a bellicose and anti-democratic course. Thoreau makes that perfectly clear in the very first paragraph. "Witness the present Mexican war," he writes, "the work of comparatively a few individuals using the standing government as their tool; for, in the outset, the people would not have consented to this measure." No feat of scholarship is needed to decipher the fact that Thoreau is writing at the time of the Polk administration, that he is attacking this administration for launching the annexationist war against Mexico in 1846, and that he is differentiating between the selfish minority policy of the government and the real interests and desires of the people.

On page after page of *Civil Disobedience* Thoreau comes back to *this* Mexican war and *this* government. He opposed the war for the same reason that Lincoln, Emerson, Douglass, Whittier, and Lowell opposed it. An "unjust war," he emphasizes, a war not to extend "the area of freedom," as its supporters piously claimed, but to extend the area of slavery. And he writes, in language that would today bring indictments against him under half a dozen statutes: "In other words, when a sixth of the population of a nation which has undertaken to be the refuge

of liberty are slaves, and a whole country is unjustly overrun and conquered by a foreign army, and subjected to military law, I think that it is not too soon for honest men to rebel and revolutionize. What makes this duty the more urgent is the fact that the country so overrun is not our own, but ours is the invading army."

So explicitly does Thoreau repudiate "no-government" ideas that it seems impossible to misconstrue his meaning. He says: "But, to speak practically and as a citizen, unlike those who call themselves no-government men, I ask for, not at once no government, but *at once* a better government. Let every man make known what kind of government would command his respect, and that will be one step toward obtaining it." The question that concerns him is this: "How does it become a man to behave toward this American government today?" And he answers that nobody can without disgrace be associated with it. He could not "for an instant recognize that political organization as *my* government which is the *slave's* government also." If it were only a question of an excessive highway tax or import tax he would not make much ado about it, Thoreau explains, but when "oppression and robbery are organized" that is another matter.

He at any rate would not lend himself to the wrong which he condemned; he would resist the unjust aggression of this government. In keeping with his beliefs, Thoreau refused to pay a tax to support the war. It was for this political demonstration that he was jailed, and he was not at all pleased when someone paid the tax and secured his release. Reflecting on his jail experience in *Civil Disobedience,* Thoreau declared: "Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison. . . . It is there that the fugitive slave, and the Mexican prisoner on parole, and the Indian come to plead the wrongs of his race should find them . . . the only house in a slave State in which a free man can abide with honor."

The distinction between government and nation, between the policies of a given administration and the needs of the people, is central in Thoreau's essay. In that marvelously pungent phrasing so characteristically his, he writes: "If we were left solely to the wordy wit of legislators in Congress for our guidance, uncorrected by the seasonable experience and the effectual com-

plaints of the people, America would not long retain her rank among the nations." And again: "The character inherent in the American people has done all that has been accomplished; and it would have done somewhat more, if the government had not sometimes got in its way."

These thoughts on goverment were not the explosions of a mood; they were carried forward and deepened a decade later in Thoreau's essay on John Brown. Here, too, Thoreau denied that he was an absolute foe of government, but he again made clear what government would command his devotion. "The only government that I recognize—and it matters not how few are at the head of it, or how small its army—is that power that establishes justice in the land, never that which establishes injustice." But what, he asks, "shall we think of a government to which all the truly brave and just men in the land are enemies, standing between it and those whom it oppresses? A government that pretends to be Christian and crucifies a million Christs every day!" Through the events at Harper's Ferry, history had enabled men to see "the character of this government" (again the historically concrete government) in its true light. "When a government puts forth its strength on the side of injustice, as ours to maintain slavery and kill the liberators of the slave, it reveals itself a merely brute force, or worse, a demoniacal force. It is the head of the Plug-Uglies. . . . There sits a tyrant holding fettered four millions of slaves; here comes their heroic liberator. This most hypocritical and diabolical government looks up from its seat on the gasping four millions, and inquires with an assumption of innocence: 'What do you assault me for? Am I not an honest man? Cease agitation on this subject, or I will make a slave of you, too, or else hang you.'"

Cease agitation on this subject! But Thoreau for one would not cease. And here we touch on a second myth that effectively robs Thoreau of his significance in his own time and ours. This myth holds that Henry David Thoreau was not a man of action, and that along with all other religions he rejected "the religion of social responsibility," as his most recent biographer, Joseph Wood Krutch, puts it. Mr. Krutch does not go as far as Mr. Canby, who in the face of what would seem to be inescapable facts argues that "Henry David Thoreau was never an Aboli-

tionist, although at last, and somewhat reluctantly, he associated himself with the Abolitionist organizations." This of a man who in *Civil Disobedience* exclaimed: "This people must cease to hold slaves, and to make war on Mexico, though it cost them their existence as a people." This of a man who in *Walden* tells us how he helped the runaway slave "forward toward the northern star." This of a man who in *A Plea for Captain John Brown* said: "It was his peculiar doctrine that a man has a perfect right to interfere by force with the slaveholder, in order to rescue the slave. I agree with him. . . . I shall not be forward to think him mistaken in his method who quickest succeeds to liberate the slave. I speak for the slave when I say that I prefer the philanthropy of Captain Brown to that philanthropy which neither shoots me nor liberates me. . . . I do not wish to kill nor to be killed, but I can foresee circumstances in which both these things would be by me unavoidable."

Thoreau was not only an Abolitionist, he was a militant Abolitionist. It is nevertheless contended by Mr. Krutch that it is "a mistake to suppose, as present-day radicals are always tempted to assume, that he ever gave up one philosophy for another or ever became converted heart and soul to any religion of social responsibility." There is a surface plausibility here, but I believe this view misses the deeper truth. Naturally, if one wishes to argue, as both Mr. Canby and Mr. Krutch seem compelled to argue, that Thoreau was not a Marxian socialist, one can win a debate, though a debate, it should be added, without an antagonist. If by "religion of social responsibility" one means socialism, then Mr. Krutch is obviously right about Thoreau. But Marxists do not claim exclusive title to this "religion" of social concern. While aware of the real historical limitations of Thoreau's outlook, his philosophical idealism, his inability to comprehend the process of social development, Marxists see in the author of *Walden* a man deeply devoted to the welfare of humanity, deeply concerned about America's course. Thoreau's sense of social responsibility may well be emulated today, whatever the specific fallacies of his solutions.

True, Thoreau's course of action was individualistic. He believed that spontaneous moral assertions, if multiplied, could swing the scale of justice. He had little appreciation of the

fact that the oppressive minority he abominated could be defeated only by the politically organized will of the people. It is also true that he wrote: "It is not a man's duty, as a matter of course, to devote himself to the eradication of any, even the most enormous wrong. . . ." But he added in the same paragraph: "If I devote myself to other pursuits and contemplations, I must first see, at least, that I do not pursue them sitting upon another man's shoulders. I must get off him first, that he may pursue his contemplations too." And the important thing is that he came to see—the realities of American life compelled him to see—that failure to fight social evil is in fact a form of sitting upon another man's shoulders. Thoreau therefore was not content with his own moral gesture; he tried to goad his fellow men into action.

In a withering satire on do-nothing smugness, a satire that surely must reverberate in our own day, he wrote: "There are thousands who are *in opinion* opposed to slavery and to the war, who yet in effect do nothing to put an end to them; who, esteeming themselves children of Washington and Franklin, sit down with their hands in their pockets, and say that they know not what to do, and do nothing; who even postpone the question of freedom to the question of free trade, and quietly read the prices-current along with the latest advices from Mexico, after dinner, and, it may be, fall asleep over them both. What is the price-current of an honest man and patriot today? They hesitate, and they regret, and sometime they petition; but they do nothing in earnest and with effect. They will wait, well disposed, for others to remedy the evil, that they may no longer have it to regret. At most, they give only a cheap vote, and a feeble countenance and God-speed, to the right, as it goes by them."

I suspect that this comes perilously close to preaching a "religion of social responsibility." Thoreau not only preached it; he practiced it. And not only negatively, as in his refusal to pay the tax, but positively, as in his defense of John Brown. Thoreau had met Brown twice in Concord and had spent many hours talking with him. He had contributed money to Brown's fight in Kansas against the pro-slavery border ruffians. He had been moved by the speech in Concord Town Hall delivered by Brown,

just before he left for Virginia. Then came news of the valiant raid on Harper's Ferry, the capture of Brown and some of his men, Brown's indictment for treason and criminal conspiracy to incite a slave insurrection. Thoreau was aflame with indignation at the arrest of the liberator who, as he said, made him rejoice to live in this age and be his contemporary. The trial of John Brown began on October 25, 1859. Thoreau immediately called a meeting to be held in the very place where Brown had so recently spoken himself. On October 30, Thoreau delivered his *A Plea for Captain John Brown.*

Some people in Concord, even some Abolitionists, thought the meeting inadvisable. They said, as one contemporary recalled, "that the time was dangerous, and it would be better to wait until there was a better feeling among the people." There was a threat of violence. Thoreau, undaunted, told his critics that they had "misunderstood the announcement, that there is to be a meeting in the vestry, and that Mr. Thoreau will speak." And speak he did, though he had to ring the Town Hall bell himself to gather the audience. Emerson reported that he was listened to "by all respectfully, by many with a sympathy that surprised themselves." Bronson Alcott testified that those present, "the best that could be gathered at short notice," were deeply stirred.

And well they might be, for they were hearing one of the greatest orations in our language delivered on a man and an event that were among the most momentous in our history. Alcott shrewdly observed that "The men [Brown and Thoreau] have much in common—the sturdy manliness, straightforwardness, and independence." This affinity between speaker and subject gives the oration an incandescence and absolute fitness in every line. Thoreau had once written that "He is the true artist whose life is his material; every stroke of the chisel must enter his own flesh and bone and not grate dully on marble." Here it was the material of two lives, Brown's as well as his own, that inspired an eloquence unsurpassed in the literature of this country.

Was this another of Thoreau's "negatives"? On the contrary, he summoned up the glowing image of a national hero who had taught his countrymen how to live: "He was like the best

of those who stood at Concord Bridge once, on Lexington Common, and on Bunker Hill, only he was firmer and higher-principled than any that I have chanced to hear of as there. . . . If this man's acts and words do not create a revival, it will be the severest possible satire on the acts and words that do. It is the best news that America has ever heard. It has already quickened the feeble pulse of the North, and infused more and more generous blood into her veins and heart than any number of years of what is called commercial and political prosperity could. How many a man who was lately contemplating suicide has now something to live for!"

It was a fighting speech: Thoreau was bent on annihilating the slanderers of Brown. And his brilliant, impassioned refutation is a comment not only on the newspapers of his time, "accustomed to look at everything by the twilight of politics," but also on those historians of our time who also "know very well on which side their bread is buttered, at least." The same charges then as now: Brown and his men were "deluded fanatics," "dangerous men," "insane men," "served them right." Thoreau showed that Brown was both a principled and a practical man, "a man of rare common sense and directness of speech, as of action." "Insane!" Thoreau exclaims. "A father and six sons, and one son-in-law, and several more men besides—as many at least as twelve disciples—all struck with insanity at once; while the same tyrant holds with a firmer grip than ever his four millions of slaves, and a thousand sane editors, his abettors, are saving their country and their bacon! Just as insane were his efforts in Kansas. Ask the tyrant who is his most dangerous foe, the sane man or the insane?"

Thoreau spoke in deeply personal terms about the impact on him of this man "who did not wait till he was personally interfered with or thwarted in some harmless business before he gave his life to the cause of the oppressed." He could not conceive how anybody could sleep peacefully while there was still a chance to save Brown's life. As for himself, "I put a piece of paper and pencil under my pillow, and when I could not sleep I wrote in the dark." And what he wrote was essentially a call for action, a call to speak up while there still was time. "Who is it whose safety requires that Captain Brown be hung? Is it in-

dispensable to any Northern man? Is there no resource but to cast this man also to the Minotaur? If you do not wish it, say so distinctly. While these things are being done, beauty stands veiled and music is a screeching lie."

Thoreau was not content with speaking to Concord alone. He tried to get his speech published, visited several Boston firms, but nobody would touch it. He must have been reminded of his experience with his first book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers,* the only book, along with *Walden,* that he was able to publish in his lifetime. To get that book printed he had to put up his own money, scraped together by the work of his own hands as pencil-maker, surveyor, all-around handy man, and when it was printed by "my *publisher,* falsely so called," only a couple of hundred were sold, so that "I have now a library of nearly nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself."

Unable to find a publisher for his speech on Brown, he was nevertheless able to address other audiences. There is a revealing letter to his friend Harrison Blake in Worcester which gives something of his passion to act in behalf of Brown. Dated October 31, 1859, it reads: "I spoke to my townsmen last evening on 'The Character of Captain Brown, now in the clutches of the slaveholder.' I should like to speak to any company at Worcester who may wish to hear me; and will come if only my expenses are paid. I think we should express ourselves at once, while Brown is alive. The sooner the better. Wednesday evening would be a good time. The people here are deeply interested in the matter. Let me have an answer as soon as may be. P.S.—I may be engaged toward the end of the week." With such urgency did this "hermit" of tradition act. And when the news of Brown's execution arrived on December 2, 1859, Thoreau helped arrange for the funeral service in honor of Brown at Concord. The following summer he wrote another paper to be read at John Brown's grave in North Elba.

It was for "treason" that Brown was executed, and it is on this hysterical and hypocritical cry of "treason," which is today again being used by a reactionary American government to murder and imprison men and women for their progressive ideas, that Thoreau said: "Treason! Where does such treason take its rise?

I cannot help thinking of you as you deserve, ye governments. Can you dry up the fountains of thought? High treason, when it is resistance to tyranny here below, has its origin in, and is first committed by, the power that makes and forever re-creates man. When you have caught and hung all these human rebels, you have accomplished nothing but your own guilt, for you have not struck at the fountain-head. You presume to contend with a foe against whom West Point cadets and rifled cannon *point* not. Can all the art of the cannon-fodder tempt matter to turn against its maker? Is the form in which the founder thinks he casts it more essential than the constitution of it and of himself?"

Thoreau loved his country deeply enough to be outspoken about the defects that threatened its democratic promise. The polemical Thoreau is also the prophetic Thoreau. He summons us to resist the assault on reason and conscience which demagogically presents itself today as Americanism. He reminds us that the right to dissent is the cornerstone of our liberties. Does anybody imagine that the Thoreau who opposed the Mexican War and defended John Brown would pass the loyalty tests of Brownell and McCarthy? Or can anyone conceive that he would surrender his moral values to the Eisenhower administration any more than he was willing to capitulate to Polk or Buchanan? The crisis in which we find ourselves has this distinctive feature: that so many of the most influential American writers have persuaded themselves, or rather have been coerced or corrupted into pretending, that they have no responsibility for all that. They will tend their own gardens and cultivate the religion of art. Not theirs the fault if the Rosenbergs are murdered, or fellow-writers put under the ban, or teachers and clergymen bludgeoned by the modern Know-Nothings, or Communists thrown into jail because they protest against unjust and unnecessary wars, Jim Crow, and indeed the defilement of American literature. "O for a man who is a *man*," said Thoreau, "and, as my neighbor says, has a bone in his back which you cannot put your hand through!" He was himself such a man. And he bids us, at this fateful hour for our country, not to compromise for less.

Music and the Human Image

by SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

From a forthcoming book on the meaning of music.

MUSIC, IT is claimed, differs basically from the other arts. Literature can tell a specific story, and painting can describe a specific person and scene. But what connection to real life has music?

The answer lies in the fact that the subject of all art, not only music, but literature and painting, is the human being. Art builds its great conceptions and forms with human images, with recognizable human beings in typical actions and modes of life. There are simple human images, which do not go very deep into human psychology, and yet are true, strong, and moving. There are complex human images, in which the image expands to what we can call a portrait, disclosing the movement of the human mind, and the intricate relations between thought and action. The form of a work of art, which is the embodiment of the artist's thinking about life, rests on what is disclosed in the human being, the relationships among the people created by the art work, and how the people move and change.

Music also builds with human images. A melody is a simple human image, like the main melody of Beethoven's "Ode to Joy" in the last movement of his *Ninth Symphony,* or the Pennsylvania Shaker folk song that Copland uses near the close of his *Appalachian Spring.* A genuine melody, once heard, becomes a common possession of people, touching the heart, used by them and treasured by them. It seems to represent some aspect of their

own lives. There are also deep human portraits in music, like a movement of a Beethoven and Brahms symphony, or a complex aria in an opera. Sometimes these musical portraits, like an aria or a movement from a symphony, will embody as their material rounded, song-like melodies, which are in themselves human images. They will also use short phrases, which immediately evoke a mood of life, and will put them through complex rhythmic and harmonic changes and combinations, thus portraying a mind going through a conflict or process of change.

An artist must know his tools. To write music, a composer must know how to handle musical tones, chords, rhythms, and instrumental timbres, just as to write a novel a writer must be sensitive to the meanings and sounds of words, and to paint a picture the painter must know how to handle paints. But these are only the tools and instruments of the art. The living material with which the artist really works is the human image. A character in a novel appears to the reader as a unit, not as a bundle of so many words put end to end, and a painted human figure appears as a unit, not as a bundle of so many brush or pencil strokes. Similarly, a melody appears as a unit, evoking a feeling of life, not as a number of notes, one following another.

In one crucial respect the images and portraits of music differ from those of literature and painting. Literature and painting embody both the particular and general aspects of a human image. For example, Huck Finn and Jim, in Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn,* are particular people, living at a particular time and place, with particular parents, and a particular way of speech, dress, and movement. But we also recognize in Huck Finn qualities we can find in ourselves: a love for nature; a resourcefulness; an affection for other people. We can see in his relations with Jim, a struggle between friendship, realizing how much the two are kin, and the rascist ideas with which he had been brought up. In Jim, we recognize the yearning and determination to be free from the oppressiveness of slavery. These are the general aspects of the human image, which enable the work of art to move, and even to transform, the reader or audience. And when Jim, having a chance to be free, puts himself in danger again to help Huck, we realize how high the morality

is of the poor, in contrast to the "gentlemen" of the slave-holding plantation aristocracy and the petty swindlers who prey upon the poor. Putting the images, with their powerful general aspects, back into their social setting, we can recognize that in the book Mark Twain is going through a struggle against the racist ideas which were part of his own upbringing.

The human images of music evoke only the general aspects of the human image, not the particular. Thus Smetana's folk style melodies in *The River Moldau* evoke a feeling of the humanity and robust joy in life of the Czech peasantry. They tell us that the peasantry are not buffoons or work animals as the landowners see them, but people of dignity and richness of life, who are the bone and sinew of the nation. They do not depict a particular peasant.

In literature and painting, it is the general aspect of the human image that is crucial for the moving power of a work of art. Works often lack this quality. There is literature, such as T. S. Eliot's plays, *Murder in the Cathedral* and *The Cocktail Party,* in which the mass of people cannot feel the slightest sense of kinship to the characters presented. They cannot recognize in the characters any part of themselves, or anybody they know. There are similar works of painting, such as the host of academic portraits done to flatter the rich or the nobility. They seem to be real, but the more one examines them, the more one finds that the faces are only a mask behind which there is nothing, no real human feelings, no fund of experiences. Whatever the technical polish such works may have, they are shallow works of art. A work of art, to move people, must grasp not only the differences among people, but the ties that bind them together, the joys, sorrows, conflicts, losses, and hopes they share in common. Only thus can an artist create a human image that is both true to himself, and true to his audience. Only thus can a work of art perform the true function of art, which is to give people a consciousness of the collective life in which they are playing an individual part, and of their kinship to innumerable others faced with the same problems.

Nevertheless, because music presents only the general, not the particular aspect of a human image, specific problems arise in this art. Symphonies, string quartets, sonatas, and similar works,

without word or story, arouse joyous, sad, tender, tragic, and exultant feelings. What do these works mean?

To answer this we must understand first that all the arts, taken as a whole, are social creations, although it takes individual artists to create works of art. Theatres, symphony orchestras, schools for the development of composers and performers, singing and acting companies, concert halls, walls to be painted, the publication and distribution of books, all involve the most complex collective labor. They exist because they are a necessary part of the life of society.

Secondly, works of art are addressed to their own time, not to "posterity." They reflect the thinking of and deal with the problems that arise out of their own society.

Even when works go to the past for their subject matter, they do so because of the problems raised in their own day. When Mussorgsky, in his *Boris Godunov,* saw the peasantry as the moving force in late sixteenth century Russian history, betrayed by boyars and tsar, it was because he became aware of the powerful movement among the peasantry in his own Russia. And when on the other hand, T. S. Eliot in his play, *Murder in the Cathedral,* presents a false and ignorant picture of the Middle Ages, idealizing feudalism and the official church theology, he is demanding that the people of the twentieth century turn out the lights in their mind and bow their heads to autocratic dogmas. He reflects the thinking of reactionaries who in an age of monopolies, trusts, and imperialism, frightened at the movement of the common people, rush to abandon the science, humanism, and democratic principles that accompanied the rise of the modern world out of feudalism.

Nobody can isolate himself from social life. Of course the reflection of real life in the mind is an active process, not passive like a mirror. The reflection in the mind of one who is conscious of the struggle between reaction and progress, and allies himself with progress, is one thing; that in the mind of one who allies himself heart and soul with what is dying, is another thing. What is rising and progressive appears to the latter as the most frightening of nightmares. As Marx says, "the senses of social men are quite different from those of unsocial men." Nothing reveals this better than art. An example may be cited from

twentieth century music, Stravinsky's cantata *Les Noces,* which describes a Russian peasant wedding. It differs completely from the images of Mussorgsky who had shown the Russian peasants as suffering human beings to whom he felt kinship. Stravinsky portrays the peasants as dolls or robots. To perceive this we do not have to go to the words, which ignore the human side of a real peasant wedding to present a jumble of primitive myths that hang over as today's superstitions. It is found as well in the images of the music, which take over actual folk songs but set them in so mechanistic a way that the characters sound like mindless automatons.

To understand the meaning of a work of music, then, we must perceive and analyze its human images, and place them in a setting of the social movement of the composer's own time. And along with this, we must understand the relation between what goes on in the human mind and what goes on in the outer world; between the "inner conflicts" and the outer conflicts that engender them. We must see that every human portrait is a social portrait. Even such seemingly "private" matters as the way a person loves, or the attitude towards death, change as society changes, and reflect one or another way of social life.

Let us illustrate this by briefly examining Beethoven's great *Third ("Eroica") Symphony.* Written in Vienna in 1802-04, it was at first dedicated by Beethoven to Napoleon. When, in 1804, Napoleon made himself emperor, Beethoven angrily tore up the dedication, declaring, "He will tread the rights of man under his feet and serve nothing but his own ambitions."

The four movements of the symphony do not try to tell a story or to present a political and economic tract. They offer us four connected human portraits. The first movement is made up in technical terms, of an "Exposition," "Development," "Recapitulation," and "Coda." The "Exposition" presents the basic themes, or key melodic phrases, that Beethoven will use for the movement. Typical are the driving main theme heard from the 'cellos immediately after the first two thundering chords, and the more reflective, chromatic, and descending theme heard from the clarinets, flutes, and oboes, thirty-five bars later. Together with other phrases, and the expansion that Beethoven immediately gives them, they are the seeds of the dramatic conflict to come.

The "Development" starts by pitting the second theme mentioned above against the first, building up a tremendous portrayal of conflict and unrest, reaching a climax in a series of powerful dissonant chords, moving through abrupt, startling changes of harmony. Then the first-mentioned, or main, theme, is transformed into a hauntingly sad minor-key melody sung by the oboes, and while feelings of conflict continue, what we have now is a new thought, the awareness of the tragic losses in the struggle. The "Recapitulation" is the traditional return to the themes in their opening form and key, but here Beethoven, since he is reflecting a real life struggle and captures its dialectic, presents a "return home" which is also a qualitative leap. The French horn sings the main, opening theme, but it is magically transformed. Its eighth note, instead of descending, as previously, now remains high, the same as the seventh note. And this little change has the effect of an announcement of triumph, like a banner waving. The "Coda" confirms this qualitative leap and change, summarizing the dramatic conflict of the "Development" and then proclaiming the main theme repeatedly in its changed, exultant form.

Only the most insensitive minds in Vienna, at the time, hearing this work that took up the symphonic form as it had been developed and transformed it so radically, could have failed to see in it the great social upheavals then sweeping Europe, initiated by the French Revolution. The first movement clearly portrays a mind aware of these conflicts, fighting them through, lamenting over the human losses, and yet coming to an exultant resolution that through these struggles the world is moving forward.

The last movement is a remarkable testament to the breadth and insight of Beethoven's social thinking. It is a series of variations on a distinctly popular image, a melody which Beethoven had composed about two years before as a "country dance" to be used in the Vienna ballrooms. He had also used this melody in his ballet on the theme of Prometheus. At first in the movement, we hear only the bass notes of the melody, but the three-note rhythmic snap, like a stamping of the foot, indicates immediately that this is a popular-style dance. Two variations later, the "country dance," the popular image, itself appears. Two

variations following this, it is transformed into a heroic march, with a "Marseillaise" feeling. Then the country dance reappears in its original, dance form, and it is immediately made the subject of a complex harmonic and rhythmic "working out," or development. It is as if Beethoven were saying that the common people were not a "humorous" subject, but capable of great depth of emotion and dignity. From this point on the image of the common people is handled with increasing breadth and grandeur. Thus Beethoven, having summed up the great revolutionary events of his time, recognizes the fact that the common people played a notable role in them.

In this way, through simple human images and their development, through human portrayals, and their combinations, works of music are constructed, and embody in their finished form the composer's thinking about life. This does not mean that each step in the music is planned to convey a conscious idea. It means that each step is worked out by the composer because it seems to him to be psychologically true, realistic, in accordance with the essence of the human and social experience which he wants to evoke in the work. In music, as in literature, when a composer strikes an obstacle, he has to go back to think about real life before he can solve the problem raised in his work. And the work represents the ripe product of a host of past social experiences, learning from them and conscious thinking about them. Thus works of music, like those of all art, are part of the superstructure of ideas of their times, which rises above and reflects the social and economic base in real life.

Music not only embraces the thinking of its times, but also expresses this in terms of human images studied from life. Only thus does it become an art, not simply a statement of philosophical concepts or general world views. And so in the history of music, the expression of ideas, the battle of new world views against old, and the development of constantly new tools and methods for the exploration and penetration of life, go hand in hand. With each forward step in music, we have not only the expression of new thinking, but also the development of means for creating human images that are more true to life, rich, profound, greater in variety and scope. Methods of creating and using melody, of handling rhythm, harmony, and counterpoint,

of employing musical instruments and the technique of playing them, are not superstructural. They serve all classes of society and all periods, although they can be altered and developed. The material for the creation of melodies is not an individual product, but a social creation, built up over long periods. A writer who wants to create great and original characters cannot do so simply by examining his own mind. He must study people in real life. Similarly the great creators of melodies, of musical human images, were those who knew and were able to use the great social heritage of song and dance patterns, that were brought into being by people. This heritage includes the great wealth of folk music and composed works as well that used this basic material and created new melodies out of it, which came to be embraced by the people as their common, daily possession. This reservoir or the material of human imagery in music is also non-superstructural.

The superstructural and non-superstructural elements of music cannot be separated from one another. Each work combines both, although in varying degrees. To the extent that a work contains rich and true human images, and profound lessons for the depiction of life, its power carries over, moving people in later ages. These are the masterpieces that are cherished. And on the other hand, when a ruling class, trying to hold back progress, fastens its grip on the production of music, as on all art, it fosters a host of works distinguished by the barren and shallow character of its human images. Rigid, formalistic molds are advocated for the production of music, and the appeal to their times consists either of the shallow display of sheer technical manipulation or the borrowed life gotten through the imitation of past and better works. These are the mass of perishable, forgotten works.

Yet that even the greatest works of music are bound to the superstructure of ideas of their times is indicated in the fact that they all are dated, including the masterpieces. They can inspire people in later times, for whatever is real and true in them is part of the education of later times. And yet, moving as they may be, they cannot serve as the entire cultural life of later times. Each age must learn to use the heritage of the past, but must also create its own art works. People have changed, human

relations have changed, and new possibilities have opened up for human development.

It is only a half-truth to say that the passage of time makes it easier to appreciate great works of music. On the one hand, they become easier to follow because they are more generally available and become more familiar. But on the other hand, what is lost is the social context so necessary to the full understanding of the musical works, the context that engendered the "inner life" portrayed by the music. Also lost is something of the social origin of the human images themselves. For example, an audience of Beethoven's time would immediately recognize the popular image of the country dance theme in the last movement of the "*Eroica*," although to modern audiences it is simply another "Beethoven theme." The most emphatic statements as to the democratic sentiments expressed by Beethoven's music are not an invention of present-day Marxists but come from Beethoven's own contemporaries, such as his first biographer, Schindler, who also remarks that Beethoven's sonatas were frequently called "mere operas in disguise."

When music is extracted from its social setting, what is left is only the most general aspect of its human images. This happens in the concert halls today, in our country, where the descriptive notes that accompany the music generally describe everything but the real social struggles which engendered the works. The listener announces that the music arouses in him only "feelings," not "ideas," as if this were a profound statement of musical esthetics. The very power of the heroic, tragic, and exultant images of music such as Beethoven's enable it to be used in an opposite way to that of its own time. It can become a temporary escape from the troubles and problems of life, and critics foster this mystification by talking of music in purely technical terms, or in such cloudy terms as abstract "man," the "human heart," the "eternal mystery." But such distortions are not confined to music. American proto-fascists today can quote Jefferson for their purposes, although it was in struggle against reactionaries like them that Jefferson rose to such stature in his own time, and wrote the Declaration of Independence. Fascists can distort a Beethoven, like a Jefferson, to their own purposes, but they cannot produce a Beethoven and a Jefferson. Music becomes far

more moving when it is understood properly, as a chapter in the development of social consciousness, and of the power to reflect life; as a forward step in the ability of human beings to understand their fellow human beings, their society, and themselves, which accompanied a chapter in the struggle for human progress in real life. And the most important reason for appreciating music as an art with meaning, namely putting its human images into the context of the real social life that engendered them, is that only thus can we learn how a Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Verdi, Mussorgsky or a Dvorak of our own time is produced.

One of the reasons that the music of the past is so widely misunderstood today is that the composers of our own time, who should be close to the people and should reflect in their work the struggles of progress against reaction today, flee in such great numbers from any such role for their music, and abandon human images themselves except for revelations of their own loneliness. A vicious circle is created, whereby the meaninglessness of so much contemporary music inspires a distortion of past music to make that seem equally meaningless. Yet when in the late 1930's and early 1940's, Aaron Copland turned from a preoccupation with "pure sound" to such works as *Billy the Kid, Rodeo, Appalachian Spring,* and *A Lincoln Portrait,* full of the heartwarming images of American folk song, audiences recognized their meaning, namely a turn of the composer to the common people and a love of country, inspired by the democratic movements of the 1930's. These are also among the most cherished works of recent American music. The works had drastic limitations. As we can see for example in the variations on the Shaker tune in *Appalachian Spring,* Copland sets his folk melodies with great tenderness, but does not really develop them, or build them into human portraits, thus tying the American past to the American present, and making the past more understandable, as a Dvorak and a Mussorgsky did with folk material. And as a result of the impact of the "cold-war" hysteria and the McCarthyite attack on civil liberties, United States music has by and large retreated even from the achievements of *A Lincoln Portrait,* which itself has been under fire by the avid proto-fascists and book-burners.

There is much that United States composers can learn from

the discussions of music that have gone on in the Soviet Union since 1936. This statement of course will be greeted with horror by the warmongers who denounce the Soviet Union in the same violent terms as the reactionaries of the 1790's and early 1800's denounced the French "Jacobins," even accusing Jefferson and his followers of "Jacobinism" and "sedition." Yet the fact is that to study the Soviet Union discussions and the works that resulted, would help American composers to produce works that would be not imitations of Russian music, but more deeply American, deeper in their love of country and the American people, and at the same time possessing a humanity that people everywhere would love and respect.

The discussions were carried on not by composers alone, but by political and social thinkers, and by the audiences. Such widespread discussions were necessary, first, because music in the Soviet Union is fostered as a necessary part of social life. The critical atmosphere surrounding music reflects the high esteem for the art, and for the composer as a public figure. The second reason was the state of music itself. It was different from that of the time of Beethoven, or of the "Mighty Five" in Russia, who had come at the peak of progressive developments of the power of music to reflect life. Starting with the 1890's, however, the main trend of music had been further away from real life and people, with each new narrowness proclaiming itself as an "advance," discarding step by step the great tools for the reflection of life that had been developed in music with the rise of the modern world out of feudalism. To bring music back to real life, to make it express the great achievements of the working class, to reflect not merely a dying world but a world being born, with progress and hope for humanity, required more than good intentions. It required a restoration of the lessons of the classic and realistic musical heritage, so that they could be turned to and developed in terms of the contemporary world. And this could be done only by a searching critical discussion involving not only musical technicalities, but human history and its relation to cultural progress.

The value of these criticisms can be seen in the work of a composer such as Shostakovich. Freed from the crippling musical theory which proclaimed that to be a "revolutionary" com-

poser he had to be a primitivist, a medievalist, or a parodist on past music, his musical personality expanded. He has become one of the greatest of living composers, not only in his sheer talents but in the breadth of life he has increasingly captured in his art, able to portray the terrible anguish, tragedies, and determination of human beings to smash the fascist barbarism, in the Second World War, and to express the joyous hopes that rose for humanity after the war's end. Such themes are pertinent not only for the Soviet Union, but for the entire world, and it is a notable fact that despite the "cold war" hysteria in the United States today, five different record companies find it profitable to offer the public versions of his *Fifth Symphony*. His *Song of the Forests*, despite the venomous jibes of critics, has become a "hit" with the public, on records, and has aroused an ovation wherever publicly performed.

How deeply Shostakovich can portray a mind going through the deepest pain and sadness, winning through to a firm hope, can be seen in the last movement of his Second Piano Sonata in B minor. It was written in 1943, when the Nazis, although set back, were still over-running a great part of the Soviet Union, and the Soviet Union, fighting alone in Europe, had suffered grievous losses. The last movement is a series of variations on a tender Russian folk-style melody, introduced by a four-note phrase that has a feeling of being in a different key, thus creating at the outset a sense of dissonance and unrest. Thus the main theme has two contrasting parts, and these Shostakovich develops into a heartrending conflict, revealing at the same time a mastery of harmony and counterpoint turned to the most expressive uses. At first the folk melody is adorned with a varied ornamentation. Then abrupt rhythmic changes and dissonant harmonies take over, creating an almost explosive feeling of pain and unrest. Reaching a harrowing climax, this mood is resolved in a grand, noble and sorrowful "funeral march" variation, and then the folk theme touchingly reappears, like a rebirth of hope and faith in the victory of humanity.

Typical of the greatness of Shostakovich is his ability to move from the tragic feelings touched upon in the piano sonata to the radiant joy in life of the cantata, *Song of the Forest*, written in 1949. Its subject is the great plan projected after the war for

building forest belts and changing the face of nature, but with this it also expresses a deep love for people, and the prospects opening up for a world without war. In comparison to the complexities of the sonata, the cantata seems almost transparent to the ear. It consists of seven song movements, for chorus or soloists and chorus, with orchestra. Each group of melodies depicts a different aspect of Soviet life; the strength and determination of the people at the close of the war, the joyous acceptance of the plan, the sad memories of the misery of the old villages, a lilting children's song, a lusty and vigorous song for the youth, a tender song of spring and love, and, at the end, a great fugue which introduces a majestic peace anthem. Behind the ease with which the music flows lies a remarkable artistry. The many melodies, each so different from the other, are all connected to the germinating phrase heard at the very opening of the work, sometimes being variants of it, sometimes countermelodies, sometimes referring to it during their course. In some seemingly simple movements, the chorus will have one variation of the basic theme, the soloists another, the orchestra a third. Thus a magnificent unity is achieved, and through this wealth of images, Shostakovich performs the feat of both giving the people new songs to sing and reflecting the life of the nation.

Writing a song that people will take to their hearts and cherish is not a matter of a mysterious "bent," or mystic inspiration. It is something that can be learned, granted that the composer has musical talent to begin with. It is a matter of first living close to the people, understanding their lives, and secondly learning how to use and create new melodies and images out of the wealth of music that is their social heritage and possession.

This does not mean to write the kind of shoddy, imitative pseudo-melodies of the greatest part of tin-pan-alley, which die almost as they are written, but genuine popular songs, like Beethoven's "Ode to Joy" melody, the songs of Schubert, the melodies of Bizet, Tchaikovsky, Verdi, and Dvorak, or, for that matter the few treasurable songs of American popular music. Every great composer, who created music of the most profound human portrayal, was also able to give to the people songs and dances of the greatest simplicity and loveliness. What he did in one realm strengthened his achievements in the other. The

American composer can write great symphonies, sonatas, operas, and works of chamber music, touching on the most profound conflicts in American life. He will not be able to do this, however, unless he learns as well how to give the people songs they can sing. He must learn that music is created not with notes alone but with human images.

Philosophy and the Class Struggle

by HOWARD SELSAM

From the opening chapter of a work in progress entitled REVOLUTION IN PHILOSOPHY.

IT IS not the purpose of this book to introduce the class struggle into philosophy but to show that philosophy has always been a part of the class struggle. To say that philosophy is and has always been partisan to one or another class in society is not to deny philosophy or to negate its value. It is rather to show that it has, and always has had, genuine relevance and meaning for the problems of men and women. From ancient China, India, Greece, and Rome to the present day, philosophical discussions have reflected social issues, and major philosophical arguments reflected and referred to vital and significant social struggles.

Most philosophers, however, have thought that their philosophy was a product of "pure reason" and would be degraded by any admixture of earthly affairs. Rather is it the other way around. Philosophy has meaning and value because it deals with social questions by relating them to general theories of the nature of the world and of man.

One of the deplorable by-products of the philosophers' own

illusions concerning their divorce from social problems and class alignments is the popular notion that philosophers are people with their heads in the clouds. The ordinary person thinks he cannot understand the philosophers and need not "trouble his poor head" about them. Philosophers have mistakenly sought to give the appearance of being removed from social classes and their influence. The masses have countered by seeking to remove themselves from philosophy. But neither separation is possible. The fact is that, of necessity, the great class struggles of the age of imperialism constitute at the same time the greatest philosophical, or ideological, struggles of all history.

The subject-matter of philosophy has consisted historically of precisely those questions which are (1) of the most vital concern to human beings in the solution of their life problems, and (2) are not apparently resolvable on the basis of either everyday experience or available scientific knowledge. Just about everyone on earth, from adolescence on, has some views about at least some of these questions. The people called philosophers are simply those who have devoted themselves to a serious examination of them.

But what are the questions one calls philosophical? They are such as these: What are we here for? Where did we come from? What is the world all about? Expressed somewhat more concretely they are: Was the world created or has it existed eternally? Do things happen for a purpose and through a plan or do they come about through the operation of natural law? Was the world made for us or are we just products of its development? Is there a life after death or are we just here and when we die we're dead? Do all things change or are they fixed and eternal? Is the world real or could it be just a dream? Do we perceive the world through our senses or is it beyond their reach? What is good and what makes anything good? What is mind? What is matter? What is the relation between the two? These are the questions people have asked about the world from the beginning of civilization, and such is the stuff of philosophy.

The above questions may not at first seem to have particular social significance. Yet the answers to them provide the basis for the answers to a host of other questions that directly concern human life, forms of social organization, and principles of action.

A few examples serve to reveal this. Is this earthly life our only one or is it merely a prelude to a heavenly life? Has God ordained all that will happen or is our future in our own hands? Can we have such knowledge of the laws of nature and society that through the mastery of them we can plan and control our future, or is our knowledge necessarily limited and our future beyond rational control and unpredictable? Can human nature change or are the basic forms of character and behavior forever fixed? Can men and women cooperate for the common good or is it always a question of each for himself? Are we all "brothers under the skin" who can live together in equality and peace or is the "white race" predestined to rule the world? Is something good because God commanded it or because it satisfies human needs and interests? Do the ideas of self-appointed leaders or the struggles of the masses move society forward? These are basic questions of our times and the answers to them are dependent upon the answers to those stated earlier.

There have been, indeed, many other questions people have asked about the world and which philosophers have discussed. Some have fallen into disuse, through changes in social institutions and resultant intellectual habits, such as whether reason or revelation is the source of knowledge. Others, such as whether air, fire, or water is the basic stuff of which all things are made, or whether the species of animals were all separately created or evolved from simple forms, have been superseded by positive scientific knowledge. The disappearance of a host of problems for the second reason accounts for the relatively high degree of "technological unemployment" among philosophers. Areas over which many loved to argue have been removed forever from their purview by the advance of science. One of the theses of this work, indeed, is that the end of the class struggle will allow for a scientific answer to all these questions and thus revolutionize philosophy, as we have known it. Meanwhile these questions and the different answers to them reflect the positions of different groups and classes in modern society, as they have done through the ages.

Often enough the professional philosophers do not know that these are their problems. They belittle their own profession and trivialize their thought, as we shall see in subsequent chapters.

But the whole of historical philosophy, with the exception of Marxism, is built on a particular philosophical presupposition that became, with some philosophers, almost an "occupational disease." In its most extreme form it is the idea that the world exists in order that the philosopher might know and contemplate it. It is more commonly found in less obvious form in the notion that material production exists for the sake of intellectual production and is subordinate to it. Different forms of social-economic relations cause this idea to express itself in different ways, but common to all is the idea that society is properly and necessarily divided into the masses of people who do the physical work of the world and the intellectual elite who do the thinking. This has indeed been the chief justification for the existence of ruling classes through the ages. Another of the theses of the present work is that with the industrial revolution and the rise of the modern working class there is no longer the slightest justification for this division of manual and intellectual labor and that society not only no longer needs but can no longer tolerate the division of itself into a producing class and a thinking class.

Meanwhile the old religions, the old mythologies and superstitions of past ages, are losing their sway over the minds and hearts of countless millions. This is not to say that people have consciously broken with the prevailing ideas or have achieved a new world-outlook. It means that whether they are American working-class Protestants, Catholics or Jews, Latin American or Italian Roman Catholics, Iranian and Indonesian Moslems, or Indo-Chinese Buddhists, they are being led, by the circumstances of their lives, to believe in struggle rather than submission, in the primacy of housing, jobs, food, and social-economic equality over all promissory notes on heaven, in the right of all to a share in the good things of the earth, including education and culture, rather than in the right of any privileged class, sect, or nation to possess everything. It becomes ever clearer that as the whole non-socialist world is increasingly divided into exploiters and exploited, into those who want war and those who want peace, those who seek only ever greater profits and those who struggle to keep their families together in elemental decency, so does this division become expressed in philosophical or ideological terms between outmoded superstitions and mythologies and an objec-

tive materialist approach to the problems of society and of life.

Today two points of view are in conflict whether the contestants are conscious of it or not. A coal miner or a steel worker may not know that he has a fundamentally different outlook from the mine owner or the steel bosses, but let it become a question of wages, hours, safety devices, or union security, and the two classes at once part company. For the former the question is: How can my family live? How can I be protected against accidents? How can I keep from being worn out and dumped on the scrapheap in the prime of my life? For the latter it is only a question of how I can get a higher return on my capital investment, how I can achieve maximum profits. Behind it is the old, old story: production for the aggrandizement of those who own the land, tools, machines, or production for the well-being of all who produce.

This struggle now cuts across national boundaries, as never before, and has become a world struggle. It has acquired a totally new dimension through the fact that world capitalism has been in a state of general crisis for nearly forty years and one-third of mankind has already turned its back on capitalism and is at work building a totally new order of society.

It is not an accident but a product of historical necessity that this struggle is reflected in the highest levels of ideology, that is, in philosophy and ethics. It divides them into two kinds—the philosophy and ethics of the working class, of the exploited and oppressed everywhere, and the philosophy and ethics of the imperialists, the exploiters. Included among the latter, of course, are their many agents in exploitation, both those who derive their livelihood from managing capitalist enterprises and the political apparatus capitalism requires, and those who derive theirs from perpetuating, defending, and purveying capitalist philosophy, ethics, and ideology generally. This class division in the realm of ideology or thought is so basic and profound, that one of the principal tasks of the "thinkers" of the exploiting class is to deny that there is any such division. Whole philosophies, such as pragmatism, positivism, or existentialism, have as one of their prime conclusions that there are no classes and no class conflict. Denying any class struggle, the ideological agents of the capitalist class must deny any class division in the realm of

ideology. They are then free to deny any class partisanship on their part and to insist blithely upon their sublime objectivity and angelic aloofness. On the other hand it is not an accident, but inherent in the conditions of the twentieth century world, that the greatest philosophical influence has been wielded not by academicians but by such world-historical political leaders as V. I. Lenin, Joseph Stalin, and Mao Tse-tung.

A few hundred years ago, similarly, there were two kinds of philosophy—that taught in the "Schools" by the "Schoolmen" and that of the rebels, the spokesmen of the rising capitalist class, who were invariably outside the universities. The issue then was that of a narrow, dogmatic scholasticism—functioning as the handmaiden of theology and designed to maintain the feudal system—against an approach created to reveal new truths and to liberate life, the arts, and sciences, from the dead hand of the church and the feudal nobility. Only specialists today know the names of the scholastics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries who opposed the rising tide. Many have heard of the martyred Bruno, and of Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, Hobbes, and Locke.

Today, again, two kinds of philosophy are in mortal combat. But it is not now a class of merchants, traders, manufacturers, and their intellectual representatives that is challenging the ruling class and fighting for political power. Whole nations, vast masses of hundreds of millions of people are struggling to get out from under the yoke of bondage, led by the industrial working class and its Marxist philosophy. This is the greatest social revolution known to mankind. It is the movement from the dictatorship of a minority of oppressors to the rule of the working class, representing the interests of the overwhelming majority of the people. Its goal is the transition from class to classless society. And it includes an intellectual revolution of prodigious proportions. As Marx and Engels said in the *Manifesto of the Communist Party*, "The communist revolution is the most radical rupture with traditional property relations; no wonder that its development involves the most radical rupture with traditional ideas."

It is our purpose to demonstrate certain basic and simple ideas concerning the nature of philosophy, its history, and its place in

the world today. Central is the question of our conception of philosophy and the nature of its development through the ages. The two popular and mutually contradictory bourgeois views are (1) that philosophy is a mere succession of individual opinions concerning the nature of the world and of man, and (2) that philosophy is the "love of wisdom" and that its history is the history of the development of man's knowledge and understanding of the world.

Neither of these views is satisfactory. The history of philosophy is more than a succession of individual world-outlooks. Such a view ignores the social forces that inspire and shape philosophical thought, and fails to recognize the influence of specific stages of scientific and technological progress. Further, it fails to see any logic in the pattern of philosophical development itself. On the other hand, the history of philosophy is not the same as the development of man's knowledge of his world. If that were so it would be identical with the history of science, which is assuredly not the case.

This problem is resolved once we view philosophy in its actual historical development in class society. Then we find that from its beginnings in the ancient world to the present day it has been characterized by a struggle between the proponents, however bold or timid, consistent or wavering, of a scientific materialist world outlook and those of a religious, mystical, idealist world-view. The central thesis of this work, indeed, is that the true historical meaning of philosophy and its major significance is found in this struggle for a materialist outlook on the world against all opposed tendencies.

From this basic approach five propositions, which constitute the main themes of the present work, may be formulated as follows:

(1) The history of philosophy is the history of the struggle of mankind for a scientific materialist world-view against all forms of idealism and obscurantism.

(2) This struggle reflects the class struggle and is inseparable from it, with progressive classes emphasizing and developing materialism and reactionary classes holding onto and embellishing idealism. The rising capitalist class made especially great progress towards a materialist world outlook and laid a basis for the later Marxist revolution in philosophy.

(2) All philosophy, however, prior to Marxism, regardless of the class it represented and hence regardless of its relatively progressive or reactionary character, was the expression of a small intellectual elite, removed from direct participation in the processes of production. This fact left an indelible and inescapable imprint on both the form and content of philosophy and prevented it, even in its most progressive stages, from solving certain central problems, especially those pertaining to the relation of mind and matter, the origin, process and extent of knowledge, and the nature of the good life.

(4) Marxism, as the position of the modern industrial working class, brought about a complete revolution in philosophy because it was based on the standpoint, for the first time in history, of the actual producers, and because it is the outlook of a class that, once it becomes conscious of its position in society, struggles for the elimination of all classes and of all exploitation. Thus as a class it has a different relation to the world of nature and of society and requires only a scientific approach to all questions. For these reasons, too, it can solve a number of questions left unsolved by previous philosophy.

(5) With dialectical and historical materialism, philosophy, in the old established form, as the struggle for a scientific materialist world outlook, achieves its goal, its place being taken by the natural and social sciences, and by the generalizations of logic and dialectics.

From its beginning philosophy has been a participant in the class struggle. It has been partisan to a progressive or a declining class and thus has sought to advance science or to advance superstition. Just as animism and magic characterized primitive communal life so has philosophy characterized class society, from the fifth and sixth centuries B. C. in ancient China, India, and Greece to the present day. It made great progressive leaps forward in the hands of a progressive class in one place and time, only to have such gains set back by new reactionary and obscurantist movements such as represented by Platonic idealism, Berkeleyanism, and by the pragmatism and positivism of our own day. If so much of traditional philosophy has been concerned less with the mastery of nature by man through science and technology than it has been with the instrumentalities for

the control of class by class, such has been the characteristic of class society. And finally, the very nature of class society with its division of manual and intellectual labor, inevitably left its mark on philosophical thought in the form of abstractness, and of remoteness from the actual problems of people—the problems of production, the problems of material and spiritual well-being.

The aim of this volume is, with the minimum possible technical detail, to develop the general theses that have been stated. It will seek to reveal more concretely the tremendous richness of Marxist-Leninist philosophical thought and something of the vast effects the current struggle of the earth's working people towards a new world will have on all human thought. The socialist transformation of society will not come as simply a change in man's economic and social relationships nor as mere quantitative changes in productivity. It will transform man himself and his total outlook on the world. This change is, as Mao Tse-tung has said, "none other than the complete overturn of the world of darkness . . . and its transformation into a world of light that never existed before."

Through this process of social transformation, philosophy as we have known it will come to an end. It will do so not because it was useless but because it will have achieved its true goal. All mankind will have moved from mythology to science in every realm of thought and action. The working class alone, through its struggle for power and its exercise of this power until classes themselves are eliminated, can achieve this goal. It alone can bring the end of exploiting society, and with it the end of all superstition, of all vestiges of man's primitive ignorance. This transition constitutes indeed a veritable revolution in human thought, a revolution which can come about only through a revolution in human society. It is a necessary concomitant, an inevitable feature of mankind's final struggle against oppression and all forms of the exploitation of man by man.

Today hundreds of millions of people are freeing themselves from one or another form of bondage and are building to overcome poverty forever. Oppressed classes have rebelled before, but all previous social revolutions, while marking an historical advance, have established a new form of exploitation and have replaced one kind of superstition by another. Thomas Hobbes

once defined the difference between religion and superstition solely in terms of social acceptability. We call, he said, "fear of powers invisible" derived from tales or legends not socially acceptable "superstition." But if the tales are conventionally approved, we call it "religion." But respectability is relative, and while one section of society is satisfied with religion, sections of the intellectuals require philosophical idealism and those who attempt to be ultra "modern" require and use positivism and pragmatism. It is not too much to say that most of the philosophy taught in our colleges and universities is a respectable form of superstition and has as little of a future as the class whose philosophy it is.

Meanwhile the official spokesmen of the ruling class are making a mighty effort to keep religion as a mainstay of its shaky rule. Government and big business join in this effort and neither politicians, generals, nor corporation presidents can speak of preparation for war on the socialist world without a pious invocation to the deity. They sound as holy as any leaders of the medieval crusades against the infidel Moslem. General Omar Bradley has solemnly proclaimed: "Our knowledge of science has clearly outstripped our capacity to control it. We have too many men of science; too few men of God. We have grasped the mystery of the atom and rejected the Sermon on the Mount. . . . Ours is a world of nuclear giants and ethical infants." As religion is the official ideology of the capitalist political and military world, idealist philosophy is its theoretical bulwark and pragmatist expediency its method.

The struggle being waged today by great masses of workers and farmers, inseparably linked with the great national and colonial liberation struggles against imperialism, is the beginning of the movement of all mankind into a scientific materialist world-outlook. It is the coming of age of the human species—the beginning of the achievement of that stature which enables the masses of men and women to say for the first time: "We need no blinders, we need no reservations. Only truth has freed us and can help us keep our freedom."

It is not an accident but an inevitable historic process that Chinese workers, peasants, students, are today studying Joseph Stalin's *Dialectical and Historical Materialism,* and Mao Tse-

tung's *On Practice,* an essay on the theory of knowledge. These give them what no Confucianism, no Buddhism, no Christianity, no "Western" bourgeois philosophy could possibly give. It becomes their meat and drink, their way of organizing their world, their way of controlling nature collectively. All the other ideologies could offer them only ways of controlling or of being controlled by their fellows. Countless millions of dollars and the efforts of innumerable devoted missionaries could bring Christianity or "Western philosophy" to only a handful of Chinese. But the people's own struggles for millet and rice, industrialization and national independence, guided by the theory formulated by the great working class leaders of the world, are bringing them in a few brief years across centuries to a scientific materialist world-view.

The bold and fearless materialism of Democritus and Epicurus waited unattended outside the stronghold of ancient slave power. The time was not ripe for a scientific outlook that could move the masses to storm and capture the citadels of power themselves. But today, thanks to the rise of capitalism and the physical and intellectual forces it has unleashed on the part of its "grave diggers," the working class, the "slaves" have a philosophy of their own. This is not one that consoles them, not one that removes the artificial flowers that decorate the chains that bind them, but one which, in Marx's famous phrase, enables them to throw off the chains that they may enjoy the living flowers.

One need only think of the horrible sufferings of the enslaved builders of the Egyptian pyramids, of the miserable slaves or starving "proletarians" of Rome, of the serfs of medieval Europe, of the peasants driven from the land for the sheep enclosures in England, or the Negro slaves of the United States, to realize that it was always done through the combination of the whip and the knout with the medicine-man and the priest. Now, for the first time, the very descendants of those who survived the famine and pestilence of the ancient and modern poor, are moving from superstition to science. They may now be devout Catholics as in Italy, or Moslems as in Iran or Pakistan, but the very process of their struggles against oppression and exploitation for peace and decent living standards, is at the same time the process of liber-

ation from mythology, from spiritual exploitation by the modern descendants of the medicine-man.

Thus through the great mass struggles of the twentieth century for national freedom, for peace, democracy and, ultimately, socialism, the age-old dream of the materialists of a mankind guided by science in the solution of all its problems is becoming a reality. The superstition that is the ideological expression of ignorance and exploitation cannot survive a classless society. Bourgeois philosophy has reached a dead-end. The rise of Marxism as the philosophy of the working class heralds a new age. The triumph of socialism in one-third of the earth and in the minds of millions of oppressed peoples everywhere, led by the teachings of Marx and Lenin, is bringing the new age to birth. And as Marx and Engels liked to refer to this movement as that from the prehistoric age of man to the historic, so can we also call it mankind's movement from a pre-scientific to a scientific world-outlook.

Pavlov's Momentous Decision

by HARRY K. WELLS

An excerpt from a work in progress on Pavlov and Freud.

PROFESSOR IVAN PAVLOV was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1904 for his twenty years of experimental work on the digestive glands. But by that time he had already become engrossed in another problem, one which led to the discovery of the conditioned reflex and to the study of the cerebral hemispheres, the apex of the nervous system. The final thirty-two years of his life were devoted to this work.

During the course of his work on the digestive glands, Pavlov

and his research assistants had run into a phenomenon which had continually interfered with their experiments. They found that saliva and gastric juices were secreted by the experimental dogs not only when food was introduced into the mouth but also when they saw or smelled it at a distance. This was, of course, the familiar fact that the mouth "waters" at the sight or scent of food. Pavlov called it "psychical stimulation" of the gastric and salivary glands. The term "psychical" was used to distinguish action at a distance through the sense organs from the direct physiological stimulation of the nerve endings in the mouth.

Traditionally, action at a distance through the eyes, ears, and nose has been considered to be wholly within the province of psychology. To explain such action, psychologists of the period resorted to introspective interpretation of the subjective life of animals. It was said that dogs, for example, *judged* the scent was food, they *desired* it and *willed* it. Animal psychology, at the time, had not yet been put on an objective experimental basis. So when Pavlov first ran across "psychic stimulation" he, too, fell in with the introspective approach. But as his work on digestion went on, the psychic phenomenon interfered with the experiments to such an extent that he could no longer either ignore it or brush it aside as a matter of introspective psychology. He decided to investigate "psychical stimulation." The question was how to carry on such an investigation: Objectively or subjectively? experimentally or by introspection?

Thus, at the turn of the century, Pavlov was faced with a sharp fork in the road. On the one hand was the age-old approach having the sanction of Church and State, as well as popular opinion, the method of looking into oneself. On the other was the scientific approach, which had been so successful in other fields but had not as yet been applied with any consistency to the subject-matter of psychology. It was by no means an easy decision. To choose the path of science meant head-on collision with official doctrine on the nature of the soul. Pavlov speaks of "persistent deliberation" and "considerable struggle" in coming to a conclusion on the matter. His own laboratory was the scene of a sharp conflict in the course of which one of his most able assistants resigned.

It was against such attitudes within his laboratory, and even within himself, reflecting the forces of uninformed public opinion, of Church and State, that Pavlov had to struggle before he could finally make his decision. But make it he did. "We chose," he says, "to maintain in our experiments with the so-called psychical phenomena a purely objective position. Above all, we endeavored to discipline our thoughts and our speech about these phenomena, and not to concern ourselves with the imaginary mental state of the animal; and we limited our task to exact observation and description of the effect on the secretion of the salivary glands of the object acting at a distance."

What motivating forces brought Pavlov to the decision to investigate psychic activity by the objective method of science? Of course, many factors were involved. There was his long experience as a most successful experimental scientist in the fields of blood circulation and digestion. Further, his career thus far in work on the lower nervous functions had prepared him for investigation of higher nervous processes. At work too, in all likelihood, was the situation in psychology, not yet a science, and, as far as he could see, off entirely on the wrong track. Moreover, this speculative discipline was being used for reactionary purposes in tsarist Russia and elsewhere—to "explain" the mystery of the soul and the doctrine of eternal human nature, forever unchanging. In a scientist imbued with the spirit of the great revolutionary democrats such as Belinsky, Dobrolybov, and Chernyshevsky, and of great scientists like Lomonosov, Sechenov, and Timiryazev, it was natural to face a challenge with honesty and courage.

But perhaps the single most important motivating force was his familiarity with the works of I. M. Sechenov, particularly *Reflexes of the Brain.* With this man and this book Pavlov had not only an example of courage in the face of persecution, but a treatment of the same subject, speculative rather than experimental to be sure, but full of scientific insights and important ground-breaking for an objective approach to mental phenomena.

That Sechenov and his major work played an important part in Pavlov's decision, is attested to by Pavlov himself. In the preface to the first Russian edition of his *Lectures on Conditioned Reflexes,* Pavlov wrote, "And I take it that the most

important motive for my decision, even though an unconscious one, arose out of the impression made upon me during my youth by the monograph of I. M. Sechenov, the father of Russian physiology, entitled *Reflexes of the Brain* and published in 1863. . . . In this book, a brilliant attempt was made, altogether extraordinary for that time (of course, only theoretically, as a physiological outline), to represent our subjective world from the standpoint of pure physiology."

To understand more fully Pavlov's momentous decision and to get a fuller appreciation of the work that led up to his discoveries about the higher nervous functions, discoveries that are going to become increasingly more significant as the science of psychology develops further, we present a brief account of the life and works of I. M. Sechenov.

Ivan Michailovich Sechenov was born on August 1, 1829, on his father's estate in the Middle Volga district. He was trained in the Military Engineering School in St. Petersburg and thereafter spent a year and a half in the Imperial Army. During this time he met an extraordinary young woman who fired him with a love of science and medicine, and on leaving military service he matriculated in the medical faculty of Moscow University. After taking his M. D. degree in June, 1856, he studied abroad, together with S. P. Botkin, the future teacher of Pavlov, under such world-renowned scientists as Du Bois Raymond and Claude Bernard in France, and Johannes Miller, Carl Ludwig, and Helmholtz in Germany.

On returning to Russia in 1860 he was appointed assistant professor of physiology in the Medico-Surgical Academy and began a series of lectures which produced a strong impression on the academic world and intellectual society generally. Here for the first time in Russia the physiological teachings of Bernard, Ludwig, and Helmholtz were presented.

In 1862 Sechenov went to Paris where in Claude Bernard's laboratory he carried out an experimental investigation of the nervous centres which inhibit reflex movements. After he returned to Moscow he wrote a treatise based on these experiments, which he intended to publish in *Contemporary*, a widely read monthly review. The title of the piece was to be "An

Attempt To Establish The Physiological Basis of Psychical Processes." But the tsarist censor would only permit the publication of the treatise in some special medical journal, and ordered that the title be changed on the ground that it showed "too clearly the conclusions aimed at by the author." It was accordingly published in a medical journal in 1863 under the title "Reflexes of the Brain." The original title does indeed show clearly the aim of the treatise. At the very outset Sechenov states that he has decided "to communicate to the world some ideas concerning the psychical activity of the brain, ideas which have never been expounded in the literature of physiology."

To establish "the physiological basis of psychic activity," he had to challenge head-on the long tradition of psycho-physiological parallelism, stemming from Descartes (represented in the United States by William James and others). This is the doctrine that the mind and body comprise two completely separated and materially unrelated systems which somehow run on parallel tracks. For the purpose of this challenge Sechenov based himself on Locke and Darwin. The former taught the dependence of psychic activity on sense experience and the latter that all phenomena have a history including origin and development from lower forms. More immediately he based his thinking on the physiology of the reflex developed by many scientists, including Claude Bernard.

What he was setting out to demonstrate was the idea that the soul, the psyche, the human mind, far from being independent of the body, is in fact a function of the central nervous system in general and of the brain in particular. It was therefore a daring materialist challenge to a deeply entrenched idealist doctrine, a challenge on many levels, religious, philosophical, and political. *Reflexes of the Brain* appeared just four years after the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* in 1859.

Sechenov develops his argument around the structure of the reflex. A reflex always has a three-phase structure: first the stimulation from the external environment of the sense receptors (skin, eye, ear, nose, etc.); second, the transmission to the spinal cord or to the brain where further connections and interconnections are made, and third, the transmission outward again, but this time to the muscles leading to activity. This structure

was well-known with regard to lower animals. Much of the experimental work had been carried out on frogs through vivisection. In this way excitation and inhibition had been analyzed as the chief elements in nervous processes. Sechenov, himself, had published two papers on the mechanism of inhibition in the brain of frogs.

Sechenov's thesis is that all the immense diversity of psychical phenomena can and must be explained on the basis of the nervous system and the brain, and that there is no reason to presume that higher nervous activity proceeds in any other way than through the mechanism of the reflex arc, which is the mode of operation of nervous processes generally.

He begins by stating the essential materialist principle that "the brain is an organ of the mind, i. e., a mechanism which, when brought into activity by any kind of cause, produces as a final result that series of external phenomena which we characterize as psychical activity." This psychical world is so vast, its manifestations so varied, its complexities so intricate that, as Sechenov puts it, the task of finding a physiological basis "at first glance, appears to be impossible." "But," he adds, "in reality it is not so, and for the following reason."

The reason is that underlying all the endless diversity of psychical phenomena there is a single unifying feature. Observable psychical phenomena are all expressed in muscular activity, whether in words, spoken or written, or in deeds. "*All the external manifestations of brain activity can be attributed to muscular movement,*" writes Sechenov. "In this way, the question is greatly simplified. Billions of divers phenomena, having seemingly no relationship to each other, can be reduced to the activity of several dozen muscles." He speaks of a child laughing at the sight of toys, Garibaldi smiling when he is persecuted for excessive love of his fatherland, a girl trembling at the first thought of love, or Newton enunciating universal laws and writing them on paper—"everywhere the final manifestation is muscular movement." To show that this thought is not as startling as it might at first appear, Sechenov reminds the reader that mankind down through the ages has created the framework of knowing the mental activity of a person by his word and deed. "Under *deed,*" he says, "the popular mind conceives, without question, every

external mechanical activity of man based exclusively on the use of muscles. And under *word,* as the educated reader will realize, is understood a certain combination of sounds produced in the larynx and the cavity of the mouth, again by means of muscular movements."

Here Sechenov, starting with what people already accept, has begun the demonstration of his thesis that the reflex is the mechanism of the brain and therefore the physiological basis of psychic activity. Muscular activity is, however, the third phase of the reflex arc. Thus that third of his task is completed. He goes on to demonstrate in great detail for many pages that both voluntary and involuntary muscular activity are the end result of a reflex stemming from the spinal cord or the brain. His next job is to show that all reflex arcs have their initial phase in the stimulation of sense receptors, and that the activity of the brain is no exception.

Here Sechenov appeals to Locke as well as to experimental evidence from lower forms of nervous activity. Locke's position, essential to his empirical philosophy in the bourgeois revolutionary struggle against the feudal concept of innate ideas implanted by God or nature, was that all ideas are complex combinations of simple ones which originate in sense experience, via eyes, ears, nose, etc. Therefore, there is no mental activity without sense stimuli. Without sensory stimulation there is neither thought nor emotion.

It has already been well established that no reflex in the lower orders of animal life is possible without sensory stimulation from the environment. Putting the two sources of evidence together, Sechenov concludes that psychic activity as a function of the brain by means of reflexes can only be initiated by some stimulation, from the outside, of one or more of the senses.

Now he has "demonstrated" that the activity of the brain in higher animals, including man, has two of the features of the reflex: its initiation in sense stimulation and its culmination in muscular activity. Two-thirds of his job is done.

But what about the remaining third? Can what happens after sense stimulation and prior to muscular activity be accounted for in terms of the second phase of the reflex, i. e., the connections and interconnections made within the brain? The question is

whether the mechanism of thought and emotion can be accounted for in terms of reflex.

Sechenov answers in the affirmative. But here he is on less firm ground for he has only analogy to go on, analogy with lower forms. But his hypothesis was brilliant for the time. It was later to be revised by Pavlov and given experimental proof in its main outline, with the discovery and elaboration of conditioned reflexes.

Sechenov postulated certain centers within the human brain the function of which was to augment or inhibit the third, or muscular, phase of the reflex arc. Emotions he accounted for in terms of an augmented muscular response, and thought by an inhibited one.

To buttress his contention that thought is the result of inhibited muscular activity, he cites two types of phenomena as evidence. First, he recalls that children through admonition, punishments, and rewards learn to inhibit certain actions. Adults, likewise, learn to inhibit the expression of their feelings and responses had been proven in the case of frogs and other lower certain form of behavior. Second, the fact of inhibition of reflex forms, and he says, "We must accept the existence of similar mechanisms in man as a logical necessity." He goes on to draw the conclusion: "Therefore, man learns, through the repetition of associated reflexes, not merely to group his movements, but also to inhibit them (this is also achieved by means of reflexes). Such is the origin of the immense sphere of psychical phenomena in which our thoughts, intentions, wishes, etc., remain, as we say, without external expression."

Thus, by inhibiting muscular activity man learns to think before he acts. "Let us now show the reader the first and greatest advantage which man gains by learning to inhibit the last member of his reflexes. He thereby acquires the capacity to think, deliberate, and judge. For what is, indeed, the act of deliberation? It is a consecutive series of connected ideas and conceptions that exist in our consciousness at a given time, and that receive no expression in external acts." A thought, according to Sechenov, is the first two-thirds of a reflex, sensory stimulation and connections made in the brain, while the motor reaction is inhibited.

In an emotion, on the other hand, all three elements of a reflex are present, but the end, the motor action, is augmented. For Sechenov, emotions are "psychical reflexes with augmented end." This means that the muscular activity or expression is stepped up beyond the usual response to a similar stimulus.

In a like manner, Sechenov attempts to account for all the psychic phenomena: sensation, perception, will, desire, memory, imagination, the love of man for woman, child development, etc., within the framework of the reflex arc with its three phases. In each and every case, he is primarily concerned with showing that "the real cause of every human activity lies outside man," namely, in external sensory stimulation and in external muscular motion. This was his primary task, for in developing these two hypotheses he is establishing at least two-thirds of the proposition that all psychic phenomena are of the nature of a reflex. As for his speculation about inhibition and augmentation, he himself says "this is a matter of secondary importance." But even in this speculation, his conception of the role played by inhibition in the workings of the brain proved very fruitful for Pavlov.

Sechenov concludes that "my chief task is to show that all acts of conscious and unconscious life are reflex from the point of view of their mechanism" and "to show the psychologists that it is possible to apply physiological knowledge to the phenomena of psychical life, and I believe that my aim has been partly attained."

The ideas presented in *Reflexes of the Brain* were so novel, so daring, and so convincing that the book rapidly became known all over Russia. It immediately became part of that heritage of materialism in the sciences which was so strong in Russia in the mid-nineteenth century.

But official circles frowned on this materialist document. The persecution, begun before publication, reached its climax in 1866 when *Reflexes of the Brain* appeared in book form. The sale of the volume was prohibited by the St. Petersburg Censorial Committee. This same committee ordered the Attorney-General to institute an action against Professor Sechenov's "extreme materialist" book on the grounds that "it undermines the moral foundations of society and thereby destroys the religious doctrine of eternal life. . . . Mr. Sechenov has given his theory the form of

a scientific treatise; but its style is far from scientific, it is written so as to be easily understood by the layman. This fact and the low price of the book (80 kopeks) prove that the author's intention is to make his theory accessible to a wide circle of readers. It follows that Mr. Sechenov's book, *Reflexes of the Brain,* is directed to the corruption of morals; it is indictable as dangerous reading for people without established convictions, and as such must be confiscated and destroyed under article 1001 of the penal code."

The Attorney-General, however, refused to take formal action against the scientist, since Sechenov did not explicitly deny the immortality of the soul. "Consequently," he ruled, "Sechenov's teaching, if it is erroneous, must be dealt with by means of scientific discussion, and not by means of legal procedure in the Criminal Court." But the Attorney-General did not act out of high principles; in fact, any new scientific ideas were officially frowned upon as undermining the tsarist autocracy, and in this case he was deeply concerned with the popular reception given Sechenov's book. This is clear from a letter written at the time by this official: "To explain in a popular book, even from the physical point of view, all the inner activities of man as reflex actions due to the influence of external agents upon our brain . . . is not this an attempt to substitute a new doctrine which recognizes the existence only of the material side of man for the doctrine of the immortality of the soul?"

Sechenov lived for forty-two years after the publication of *Reflexes of the Brain.* Much of that time was spent as Professor of Physiology at Moscow University. He also taught without pay several courses at the Women's Pedagogical Society and at an institution for factory workers. Both these teaching tasks were part of his life-long struggle for extending education in tsarist Russia to women and to the working class. These years were rich in scientific work, lecturing, and publishing papers in the professional journals. Through his laboratory and his teaching, he won the unofficial title of father of Russian physiology.

One of his papers, written around 1875, is on the subject "Who Must Investigate the Problems of Psychology and How." Since he held that it was up to the physiologists, the paper must have been of special interest to Pavlov. In addition to militantly

upholding the right of physiologists to study psychical phenomena by the objective experimental method, Sechenov includes a sharp indictment of the introspective method. He scoffingly calls it "self-observation," and charges that by this approach psychologists merely invent *forces* to explain the psychical phenomena they observe. "It turns out," he says, "that the educated man explains the various aspects of psychical phenomena in exactly the same way as a savage explains those natural phenomena which he does not understand. The only difference is that the imaginary agencies postulated by the educated man are *forces*, while those postulated by the savage are spirits." He even seems to anticipate Freud when he adds: "Finally, there are cases when the thinker, in a boundless frenzy of mental speculation, endows some innocent grammatical forms with all the properties of psychological reality; take, for instance, that widespread and naive quibble—the conception of the ego." He only failed to mention the "Id," the "Unconscious," and the "super-ego."

Opposed to this introspective frenzy of mental speculation, Sechenov states that "The general character of the problems of psychology, as determined by our principle, is that psychology should follow the example of her sister science, physiology, and limit her research to the question of *how* a given psychical process (manifested in an emotion, feeling, image, voluntary or involuntary movement, etc., or leading to a thought) takes place."

If psychology follows this example, if the investigation of psychical activity is undertaken by physiologists, then "Nobody will doubt that the study of psychology will henceforth fall into good hands." There follows a summation of Sechenov's thinking on the question of how psychology is finally to become an exact, positive science, based not on introspection but on objective experimentation: "As an experimental science, psychology will not raise to the rank of incontrovertible truth anything that cannot be confirmed by exact experiments; this will draw a sharp line between hypotheses and positive knowledge. Psychology will thereby lose its brilliant universal theories; there will appear tremendous gaps in its supply of scientific data; many explanations will give place to a laconic 'we do not know'. . . . And yet, psychology will gain enormously, for it will be based on scientifically verifiable facts instead of the deceptive suggestions of

the voice of our consciousness. Its generalizations and conclusions will be limited to actually existing analysis, they will not be subject to the influence of the personal preferences of the investigator which have so often led psychology to absurd transcendentalism, and they will thereby become really objective scientific hypotheses. The subjective, the arbitrary and the fantastic will give way to a nearer or more remote approach to the truth. *In a word, psychology will become a positive science."*

It is at once clear what a profound influence these writings of the father of Russian physiology must have had on the discoverer of the conditioned reflex. Without this theoretical groundbreaking, this first challenge to introspective psychology from the vantage point of physiology, it would have been far more difficult for Pavlov to make his historic decision to investigate psychic phenomena by the objective scientific method of conditioned reflexes.

It is fitting that in 1915, on the tenth anniversary of the death of Sechenov, Pavlov sent a telegram to a solemn sitting of the Moscow Scientific Institute commemorating the event: "Unable to be present personally, I permit myself to take part in the Assembly at least by cable. Sechenov's teaching of the reflexes of the brain is, in my opinion, a sublime achievement of Russian science. The application of the reflex principle to explain the activity of the higher nervous centres is a proof that causality can be applied to the study of the highest forms of organic nature. For this reason the name of Sechenov will forever remain dear to the Russian scientific world."

The writings of Sechenov and the example of his fortitude in the face of persecution together were undoubtedly the decisive factors in Pavlov's determination to pursue the facts and laws of psychic processes. In the Soviet Union today, these two physiologists are hailed, among other things, as the founders of the basis for a science of psychology and of psychiatry. They are honored also as among the great Russian scientists who fought the tsarist autocracy, siding with the students in their many struggles against repression, and striving to spread the enlightening materialist outlook of science. With such a background, Soviet science was more easily able to reach its present high level of attainment in many fields.

Books in Courtroom and Classroom

by DOXEY A. WILKERSON

ON MAY 10, 1943, approximately one thousand people stood solemnly in front of the New York City Public Library and watched in silence as the library flag was lowered to half-mast, commemorating the tenth anniversary of the burning-of-the-books in Nazi Germany. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt saluted that ceremony with a message which declared: "We all know that books can burn—but we also know that they cannot be destroyed by fire. Men may die, but books never die. No human being and no arbitrary force can extinguish their memory. No human being and no arbitrary force can stamp out the powerful impact of free thought. Nor can they deprive the world of those books in which the struggling spirit of humanity is mirrored for all time."

Ten years later, on the anniversary of Roosevelt's death, on April 12, a mob broke up a meeting of the Council of American-Soviet Friendship in Chicago, injuring more than a dozen persons, and burning or otherwise destroying more than one hundred books in the street.

During the summer of 1953, at the instigation of the Senate Permanent Investigating Subcommittee of the Committee on Government Operation and by orders of the State Department, several thousand "subversive" books were removed from the libraries of 189 United States information centers throughout the world. Included were works by Mark Twain, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry James and Henry Thoreau. Some of the books were burned.

In May of this year in Boston, historic center of American culture, the police entered the home of Otis A. Hood and seized

two patrol wagons of books and pamphlets which the officer in charge swore he had "reasonable cause to suspect . . . could be used for the purpose of advocating, advising, counseling or inciting the overthrow of the Government of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, or the Government of the United States of America by force and violence or other unlawful means." The books were securely locked up in the Roxbury jail; and the Municipal Court was petitioned to authorize "that the same may be burned or otherwise destroyed under the direction of said Court, as provided by law."

The 1953 mob in Chicago, like the 1933 mob in Berlin, reflects that imperialist ruling class fear of an informed population which has led to the widespread proscription of *verboten* ideas and books in our country, and which finds its fullest expression in the fascist state.

The most proscribed ideas and books of our time, of course, are those of Marxism-Leninism; for the challenge of socialist theory to monopoly capitalism is more serious today than ever before—now that one-third of the world's people are on the road to socialism or communism under governments led by Marxist political parties. The Eisenhower-Brownell administration, reflecting the fascist cult of McCarthyism, would now exorcise those ideas and books, and banish from civil society the teachers and writers and publishers who give them currency in American life. Thus it is that Alexander Trachtenberg, founder and director for three decades of International Publishers, foremost publisher of Marxist literature in the United States, has recently been convicted and sentenced to three years in prison—*for his ideas alone!*—by our modern-day Inquisition. By late October 1954, 132 Communist leaders had been indicted for "conspiracy . . . to *teach* and *advocate*" the theoretical ideas of Marxism-Leninism, in alleged violation of the Smith Act.

In the Courtroom

I visited the trial of Alexander Trachtenberg and his colleagues during the latter part of 1952; and I entered upon a scene probably unparalleled in the annals of courtroom procedure in our country.

There in the Federal District Court building on Foley Square in downtown New York, behind an imposing bench in a stately courtroom, sat the robed and austere judge. He was intently reading a book.

Fourteen men and women sat in the jury box. All were reading books.

Prosecution and defense attorneys, their respective desks piled high with books, were likewise engaged in serious study.

A woman sat on the witness stand—three women and eleven men were in the dock, each charged with "criminal conspiracy" and faced with a possible prison term of five years and a fine of $10,000. Most of them were also reading books.

No word was spoken in that courtroom for twenty minutes!

It turned out that judge, jury, attorneys, and defendants were studying a passage in the *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union,* published in this country by International Publishers thirteen years before.

On many other occasions during this trial, there were similar protracted periods of silent study, followed by vigorous argument—over whether the footnote to a passage in V. I. Lenin's 1917 book, *State and Revolution,* should be admitted into evidence along with the text to which it refers; or whether to admit into evidence the sixth or the seventh edition of *The Communist Manifesto,* first issued by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels in 1848—the bone of contention being the differing prefaces of these two editions. Analysis of the 16,000-page trial record, a large proportion of which reproduces passages from published books and pamphlets, reveals the very great extent to which this proceeding consisted in reading books and debating their meaning.

Reading and discussing books *had* to be the pre-occupation of this trial, because of the nature of the indictment. It was charged that the defendants "conspired" (*i.e.* agreed among themselves) to "*teach* and *advocate*" the theoretical doctrines of the Communist Party, Marxism-Leninism, which the prosecution brought within the terms of the Smith Act by the simple device of equating "Marxism-Leninism" with "overthrow of the Government by force and violence." The relevant "evidence," naturally, consisted of books and pamphlets and articles setting forth the doc-

trines which the defendants were charged with teaching and advocating.

Here, indeed, was a trial of books. The situation was precisely comparable to that in the previous Smith Act trial of Communist leaders, regarding which the dissenting opinion of Justice Douglas declared: "So far as the present record is concerned, what petitioners did was to organize people to teach and themselves to teach the Marxist-Leninist doctrine contained chiefly in four books: *Foundations of Leninism* by Stalin (1924), *The Communist Manifesto* by Marx and Engels (1848), *State and Revolution* by Lenin (1917), *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union* (1939)."

Mr. Trachtenberg and his colleagues were not charged with any act ordinarily considered a crime, but only with "conspiracy" to TEACH and to ADVOCATE theories *which the prosecution claimed* called for violent overthrow of the government. In the words of Mr. Justice Black, dissenting from the opinion of the Supreme Court majority in the previous trial based on similar indictments: "These petitioners were not charged with an attempt to overthrow the Government. They were not charged with non-verbal acts of any kind designed to overthrow the Government. The charge was that they agreed to assemble and to talk and publish certain ideas at a later date. . . ."

Shortly after the Supreme Court upheld the convictions of the first group of Communist leaders for alleged violation of the Smith Act, Professor Fowler Harper, of the Yale University Law School, declared in a speech at Carnegie Hall in New York (July 25, 1951) that the imprisonment of Communists for teaching and advocating the Marxist doctrines contained in certain books is but one step removed from "burning the books" themselves, and persecuting all those who utilize such dangerous weapons:

"The logic of this view seems to me inescapable. If these men are to go to jail for ideas they advocate or *agreed* to advocate, then the ideas themselves should not be disseminated in any form. But the ideas are contained in thousands of books in libraries from one end of the country to the other. . . . We are, then, in immediate and grave danger until we eliminate the ideas by burning the books. . . . But when we start ransacking our

college, university, public and private libraries to start *bonfires*, we *will* be on a one-way street—and it leads directly to fascism. The concentration camps will not be far away."

This warning has been strikingly confirmed during the past three years by the "book-burnings," the pilloring of writers, ministers and other intellectuals, the attacks on progressive labor leaders, and especially the Big Academic Purge which has severed thousands of teachers from their jobs. The "courtroom seminar" on Foley Square has been extended outward—and most of all to the schoolrooms!

In the Classroom

It was inevitable that the congressional inquisitors—McCarthy, Jenner and Velde—together with lesser witch-hunters in local communities, should now invade the schools and colleges of our country. Where else could they expect more readily to unearth "subversive" users of proscribed books whose *ideas* the Supreme Court of the United States in 1951 has declared it a crime for Americans to "teach and advocate"?

There is scarcely a college or university in the United States which does not offer instruction in one or more aspects of Marxist-Leninist theory. Highly suggestive in this regard are the more than 25,000 copies of Marxist-Leninist books and pamphlets ordered by over 300 colleges and universities directly from International Publishers alone during the thirty-month period ended September 10, 1951, in addition to their purchases of International titles from other distributors.

During this period International Publishers supplied 124 colleges and universities with over 11,000 copies of *The Communist Manifesto*, 2,600 copies of *State and Revolution*, over 1,000 copies of *Foundations of Leninism*, and about 70 copies of *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union*—in all, almost 15,000 copies of precisely the four books which Mr. Justice Douglas cited as the basis of the prosecution's case in the first Smith Act trial of Communist leaders. The same group of 124 institutions purchased about 9,000 copies of other titles on varied topics from International; and 181 additional institutions purchased 1,600 copies more. Included among these 305 institutions

are the leading colleges and universities of forty-six states and the District of Columbia—all except Montana and Wyoming.

A few large universities obtained very substantial quantities of Marxist materials from International Publishers during the 30-month period surveyed. For example, one leading university purchased 3,600 copies of 33 titles, another 2,125 copies of 98 titles, etc. Some had standing orders for all titles published by International, or for all works by Marx and Engels.

In addition to Marxist books, as such, many widely used college textbooks quote extensively from Marxist writings. To cite one example, *Western Political Heritage*, by Elliott and McDonald (New York, 1949), includes extensive "Readings" from Marx's and Engels' *The Communist Manifesto*, Marx's *Critique of the Gotha Program*, Lenin's *State and Revolution* and *Imperialism: The Highest Stage of Capitalism*. The colleges also supply students with mimeographed excerpts from the classical and other Marxist writings as collateral reading. Further suggestive is the fact that during a period of approximately nine years (December 1942 to July 1951) there were at least 130 individuals and agencies, mostly college and university teachers, who requested permission to quote in works they were writing from 200 different books issued by International Publishers.

Moreover, scores of institutions offer courses on various aspects of Marxist theory, and accept graduate theses and dissertations on Marxist themes. In this connection, *Doctoral Dissertations Accepted by American Universities*, which covers from 90 to 100 graduate institutions annually, lists at least 84 dissertations on a wide range of Marxist themes which were accepted by 27 universities between 1933 and 1950.

The very considerable attention given in American colleges and universities to the study of Marxism reflects, of course, the sharp challenge which these theoretical doctrines have posed for "accepted" ideas in many fields. As expressed by *The Columbia Encyclopedia*, the ideas of Marx have "exerted an incalculable influence on the modern world."

It would be something less than scholarly, for example, to try to teach economic theory without serious consideration of the Marxist principle of surplus value. Any adequate treatment of the theory of government must necessarily give attention to the

Marxist concept of the state and revolution. The principles of dialectical and historical materialism cannot be ignored in any serious study of philosophy. And so it is with most other branches of knowledge. The teaching and study of Marxism on the campus is inherent in the true function of a modern university.

This fact is attested by some of the most eminent scholars of our country. As Herbert Aptheker has pointed out, Professor James Harvey Robinson credited Karl Marx with "a scientific explanation of many matters hitherto ill-understood." Thorstein Veblen said: "There is no system of economic theory more logical than that of Marx." Professor Albion W. Small wrote: "I confidently predict that in the ultimate judgment of history, Marx will have a place in social science analogous with that of Galileo in physical science. . . ." Such appraisals are even more general among the scholars of other countries.

In short, Marxist theory constitutes and is recognized as an important part of the intellectual heritage of our age. Moreover, its concrete expressions in social development—in our country and all over the world—are among the political phenomena toward which our government must formulate foreign and domestic policy. The requirements of both scholarship and national interest, therefore, would seem to require the full availability of Marxist books in the general "market place of ideas," and their widespread study in our schools and colleges. No other course is open to a democratic society which would base its policies on social reality.

A Century of Marxist Writings in the United States

As today's Inquisition flays about, trying to ban Marxist books and ideas from the intellectual life of our country, the uninformed are given the impression that here is an alien ideological importation recently brought over from the Soviet Union. The fact is, of course, that Marxist books have been studied and taught, and their ideas advocated, continuously in our country for more than a century.

Indeed, Marxist socialism—as differentiated from the utopian socialism of Owen and Fourier, which was very popular in this country during the 1840's—was introduced into the United

States by its chief architects, and through the pages of the most influential newspaper in the country. From 1851 to 1862, Karl Marx was European correspondent for the *New York Tribune,* edited by Horace Greeley and Charles Dana. Marx's articles, written in collaboration with Frederick Engels, did much to help establish this newspaper as a great liberal force in American journalism. Collections of many of these articles, interpreting contemporary historical developments in the light of Marxist theory, have subsequently been published in thousands of copies by International Publishers (among them, *The Civil War in the United States, Revolution in Spain,* and *Germany: Revolution and Counter-Revolution*).

From 1848 to the death of Engels in 1895, Marx and Engels were in continual correspondence with leaders of the developing working class and socialist movements in this country, helping and guiding them in the task of applying Marxist principles to the specific conditions of American life. One of these many correspondents was Joseph Weydemeyer—pioneer American Marxist who came to the United States from Germany in 1851, organizer and theoretical leader of the new socialist movement in this country, and a commander of the Union forces in the Civil War. He published Marx's *Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte* in his paper in 1852, seventeen years before this historical classic appeared in Europe. Another correspondent was American-born Florence Kelly—leading socialist and social reformer, who translated and arranged for the publication of works by Marx and Engels in this country, including Engels' *Conditions of the Working Class in England in 1844.* Many letters from Marx and Engels to these and other American Socialists are contained in *Letters to Americans: 1848-1895,* which Mr. Trachtenberg edited even as he was being tried.

The study, teaching and advocacy of Marxist theory played a major role in the program of the Communist Club of New York, founded in 1857, and then in the American branch of the First International, established in 1867, five years later embracing some 5,000 members in about thirty sections in seven cities. Both these organizations played an influential role in the founding of the national trade union movement after the Civil War.

The rapidly growing socialist movement in our country, espe-

cially after the turn of the century, brought into being a wide network of publications, educational societies, reading circles, and schools devoted largely to the study, teaching, and advocacy of Marxist political economy, philosophy, and related theoretical doctrines. The Socialist Party published seventy-five or more weekly newspapers, approximately twenty dailies, and a large number of monthlies. During 1912, the high point of the movement, when Eugene Debs received 897,011 votes for United States President, the weekly *Appeal to Reason* reached 500,000 regular circulation, with some of its special editions running to 2,000,000 or more copies each.

"Educationals," involving the study and discussion of Marxist literature, constituted the very life-blood of the Socialist movement. At club meetings it was almost a rule that each member purchase ten copies of each pamphlet for himself and nine other persons. In this way millions of copies of Marxist publications were distributed. The story goes that Debs himself, setting an example for other Socialist propagandists, always traveled about the country with two suitcases filled with literature for sale, replenishing his supply at pre-arranged stops.

During this hey-day of Marxist study and discussion, especially during the period from 1904 to the Russian Revolution of 1917, Charles E. Kerr and Co. emerged to prominence as the pioneer publisher of Marxist works in the United States. This firm issued over 20 titles by Marx and Engels, and about thirty clearly pro-Marxian works by other authors.

This big upsurge of Marxist study and discussion found expression on the campus in the form of scores of Societies for the Study of Socialism, coordinated through the *Intercollegiate Socialist Society*, founded in 1905 with Jack London as its first president. The Society published a quarterly magazine, sponsored forums and debates on the campuses, pressed university authorities to offer courses on socialism, and sent prominent speakers on tours of the great colleges and universities. It was also during this period that the Rand School of Social Science was established (1906) as a socialist school.

More than a little ironic is the fact that publisher Alexander Trachtenberg—convicted for teaching and advocating Marxist ideas in 1953—was president for two years of the Yale University

chapter of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society almost forty years before and then became a director and a teacher of the Rand School of Social Science.

Since the split in the world socialist movement, the Communist Party carried forward the long American tradition of Marxist teaching and advocacy, study and discussion, now reflecting the further theoretical contributions made by Lenin and Stalin.

Founded in 1924, International Publishers became pre-eminent in the field of labor, social, and economic literature, although its list includes titles in many other fields as well. It also became the leading publisher of the Marxist classics and of works by American and world Marxists. This firm has issued what its officers characterize as "millions of copies of more than 200 titles," including numerous theoretical works by Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin which were previously unavailable in the English language. Although International has long been the leader in this field, analysis of the *United States Catalog* and *Cumulative Book Index* reveals that at least 139 other publishing houses, including the leading publishers, issued one or more books on Marxist themes between 1901 and 1948; and that at least 68 of these books were written by Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin.

A substantial impetus to the publication and use of Marxist books during recent decades has come through the establishment of "workers' schools" and "people's schools" in different parts of the country, in all of which the curriculum included systematic instruction in various branches of Marxist theory. Outstanding among them was the New York Workers School, founded in 1923; at the peak of its development, around 1936-37, it enrolled more than 1,000 students a term in fifty different classes. The 1940's witnessed the birth of more than a dozen institutions in seven leading cities with much broader sponsorship, instructional programs, and student bodies than these earlier "workers' schools," but which also included instruction in Marxist theory as an integral part of the curriculum.

The largest of these institutions is the Jefferson School of Social Science, an avowedly Marxist educational center for working people, in downtown New York City. Since its founding in 1943, this institution has enrolled from 8,465 to 14,414 students in short-term courses annually. It is not surprising in these

times that the Attorney General of the United States is now trying to close the Jefferson School under provisions of the (McCarran) Internal Security Act of 1950. The case was argued over nine months during 1953-54, and is still pending before the Subversive Activities Control Board.

Thus, in one form or another, the publication and use of Marxist books runs like a red thread through most of our country's history; and current efforts to banish the ideas of Marxism-Leninism from the intellectual life of the United States run counter to a tradition whose roots are deep and firm.

Every exploiting class in history has sought to bolster its position of privilege by "burning the books" of the rising people's movement; and the monopoly plunderers of our country would be acting quite out of character were they to follow another course. But the motion of history proceeds in accord with laws which the ruling class cannot command. It may be said of progressive social development in the twentieth century, no less than of Galileo's earth in the seventeenth: "It moves nevertheless."

The working people of our country will yet come to understand that the books of Marxism-Leninism chart the path of social progress; and our whole people will increasingly see that the "crusade" to banish Marxism and Marxists conceals a fascist threat to their freedom and their very lives.

Trial of Books

by ALEXANDER TRACHTENBERG

This is the statement to the Court made by Alexander Trachtenberg on February 2, 1953, before being sentenced to three years in prison, after a trial lasting ten months in the Federal Court at Foley Square, New York. Arrested on June 20, 1951, the trial of Trachtenberg and his twelve co-defendants began on March 31, 1952. They were all found guilty under the infamous Smith Act. The Circuit Court of Appeals has just upheld their conviction, and at time of publication it is not known if the Supreme Court will accept the case for review.

YOUR HONOR, the number of books which Elihu Yale gave to found a college in 1718, did not exceed, I believe, the number of volumes which the prosecutor put in the dock with the defendants, including the publisher of these books. *Verily, this is a trial of books and of the ideas which quickened them into life.*

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

Referring to a similar situation in British history, John Milton wrote, "As good almost kill a man as kill a good book," which the prosecution wants you to do, of course, figuratively.

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

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

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

My co-defendant Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, whom I have been privileged to know for 35 years, was right when she stated that the three-score so-called exhibits were published before 1945. The latest book, the classic work, *The History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union,* was published in 1939. The Stalin volume, issued later, was not a new book. It was a collection of materials which were published in the 1920's and 1930's. The testimony about this as well as other books was tailored testimony, as our learned counsel would say, but I would prefer to call it out-and-out perjured testimony which could easily be proven as such.

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

The prosecutor could have also stated that every year we print a complete catalogue of our publications which we send out to bookstores, libraries, and individuals in many thousands of

copies; that we advertise in various commercial *media; and that* each book, as it is issued, is listed on the date of publication with the name of the author, the title of the book, and a short description of the contents in the book sections of magazines, newspapers, and trade publications.

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

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

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

The main objective was to reach not only the usual reading public, but especially the worker-readers by issuing the books

in popular-priced editions. We have created a market for our publications which makes it possible for us to exist on a commercial basis. The other books were not presented in court for the same reason that we were not permitted to bring in all the evidence showing what the Communist Party and its members in local organizations are busying themselves with day in and day out in their communities, organizations, and places of employment.

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

The arrest and conviction of the 11 Communist leaders in 1948-51 was the signal to the reactionary and pro-fascist forces to proceed full speed ahead with their attacks against all and every progressive organization and individual—especially trade unions, political and social organizations, schools and colleges, as well as against the progressive books in libraries.

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

Your Honor, such trials as these are helping to fan the flames which threaten to consume not only the books which the prosecutors paraded here and in other trials in prison garb, but also other publishers' books, as well.

The political *Index Expurgatorius*, which the pro-fascists are trying to foist on our schools and public libraries, is growing in length. *The librarians alone cannot defeat these reactionary forces. The people, armed with the Bill of Rights, must fight them all along the line.*

A pall of fear is hanging over the classroom in schools and

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

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

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

Your Honor, I am 68 years old. I have lived in the United States nearly three-quarters of my life. With the exception of five years in Hartford and New Haven, I lived and worked in New York. The education which I received in college and university I believe I put to good use for the benefit of the American people at the three different jobs I had during the past 38 years—workers' education, labor research, and editing and publishing. Although I was especially occupied with the publishing of books during the past 28 years, I also gave all my leisure

time to workers' education and labor research, as well as the Communist movement, and I expect to continue in these endeavors. My activities were public, and I was happy in my work and in my associations.

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

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

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

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

In Conclusion

About the publisher and his work.

HAVING LOOKED forward, we now glance back at the work of International Publishers during the past three decades. It is not easy to define its unique contributions to American life and culture, nor the quality of the man who made that contribution possible. Of the books placed on trial in Foley Square, New York, some two score are on the list of International Publishers. In a way, this is a unintentional tribute. Only books that touch the wellsprings of social progress and are a ringing challenge to reaction are punished in this fashion. And their publisher, Alexander Trachtenberg, who has placed in his debt all intelligent and decent people, now faces three years in prison for "conspiracy to advocate" the very ideas that are contained in the books he has published for thirty years.

Why was so much energy expended by the sleuths of the printed word in searching out a "criminal" phrase here, a "felonious" sentence there, tailing a "suspect" idea through thousands of pages of text? The answer is simple enough. They were constructing a caricature while pretending to put on trial the real theory of Marxism. In real life, not in the chimera of the court, scientific socialism has been tested by entire nations in peace as well as in unwanted war, and is being put to the test in the heat of current social transformations, and has been found a trustworthy guide.

In thirty years International Publishers has produced hundreds of books in many fields, which the prosecutor dared not bring to court. He preferred to emasculate the Marxist classics, with the intention of presenting Marxism as a foreign importation, as alien to the American way of life—as if profound thought about life and society has ever had national boundaries. In truth,

socialist ideas appeared here at the same time as in Europe, over a hundred years ago. They came, in authentic American style, as "immigrants" and were also native-born, the two becoming one. Throughout the past century, the thought of the great Marxists has in many ways enriched the thinking and culture of the American people, deeply influencing some of our foremost scholars and writers, giving our labor and progressive movements some sense of historic direction and mission. Only fascist barbarians, bent upon submerging our nation in mental and social darkness, would cut us off from the world cultural heritage, of which Marxism-Leninism is such a vital and integral part.

What is the prosecutor to do about this living Marxism, as native to America as to other countries? Is he to draw a line setting off one part as "alien," the other as "American-born," deport the first and deprive the latter of citizenship? Where does an idea begin and end geographically? Where is the three-mile limit in the domain of thought?

Study the list of International Publishers and tell me, if you can, what part of Marx's *Capital* or Lenin's *Imperialism* pertains to some other country, and what part to ours—or Engels' *Anti-Duehring* and Stalin's *Linguistics*, Marx's and Engels' *Letters to Americans* and Lenin's *Empirio-Criticism*, the *Communist Manifesto* and Stalin's *Marxism and the National Question*, or any others. Would you, as an honest and intelligent American, deprive our generation and our progeny, if you could, of these and other great products of world thought?

The prosecutor kept from the jury the works of American progressive and Marxist writers, but he cannot keep them out of the thinking and culture of the American people. The list of International Publishers has many books by American writers who have made significant contributions in their original studies of United States history, the labor movement, the history and problems of the Negro people, agriculture and the farmers, monopoly and imperialism, national politics and world affairs, and other subjects of interest to every thinking person. Among the books published by this house are to be found vital works of creative literature, biography, social arts, criticism, philosophy, science, and serious books for children, treating them as young people.

Many of these books have been translated and widely published abroad—an honor, if you please, for our country at a time when its foreign policy arouses enmity and resentment throughout the world. Did these "foreigners" exile the Americans from world civilization, disdain our honest cultural contributions, refuse visas to our ideas in general? They seem to welcome with joy every product of our culture that bears the imprint of the best native tradition, carrying forward the popular democratic heritage for which our nation was always admired. International Publishers supplies no small part of this precious national asset.

In the primitive surgery which is now being attempted on American culture, how is the knife to cut through the intricate tissue of research, analysis, and interpretation dealing with the turbulent world politics of two war decades and a decade of severe economic crisis? Again to experiment on the International list, will the effects and consciousness of the great Socialist revolution in Russia and of the victorious Chinese revolution be erased by banning books like Harry F. Ward's *The Soviet Spirit* and the Dean of Canterbury's *China's New Creative Age*, or Stalin's *Economic Problems of Socialism in the USSR* and Mao Tse-tung's *Selected Writings*? Will we be more American if we close our frontiers to the writings of R. Palme Dutt, Maurice Dobb, D. N. Pritt and a dozen other brilliant analysts of world politics? Has International Publishers done our country a disservice by issuing many works by Americans and others which interpret sympathetically the guiding policies of the Socialist world, throwing light upon the great social upheavals of our time and supplying the knowledge which will help us achieve peaceful co-existence with the rest of the world? To cut out such writings would be a fatal operation, for we would be left to rot in a narrow and ever deadening insularity.

Yet, without International Publishers many of these writings would not have been available to the American reader. When International Publishers was founded in 1924, it continued the century-old tradition of labor and Marxist publishing in this country, and the progressive pamphleteering tradition that reaches back to colonial times. The tasks before it were immense. Numerous publishing houses, taking on but a small part of the program envisioned by Alexander Trachtenberg with such cour-

age and daring, have fallen by the wayside. Trachtenberg still refers to the small book with black covers, where in 1924 he noted the elements of an ambitious publishing program, attuned to the needs of the American labor and progressive movement. As he grew with the project, Trachtenberg kept evolving new ideas, many of them still to be realized. His vision always paced far ahead of the meagre resources available and the capacity of the market for such books. He would be the first to remark that the task is just begun, for it always renews itself and faces new horizons, as well as new obstacles. But as a result of his labors, we have an immense body of literature, veritably a culture in the making, and a program, a style of work, a high standard, and other intellectual assets such as was never possessed by such a publishing house in the past.

If International Publishers is a living success, it is due to the vision, scholarship, keen intelligence, unflagging persistence, administrative and business ability, and, above all, the devotion to principle of its founder and director. Already forty years old when he started the enterprise, Trachtenberg had acquired a varied and rich experience which prepared him for his remarkable achievement as an editor and publisher. His unique trait in this capacity is his identity with the people's movements during a half century, not only in intellectual understanding of the historic role of socialism but also in his practical connection with the struggles and aspirations of the American workers and progressives.

More than vision was necessary to start a successful publishing enterprise. The intellectual equipment and business acumen were also needed. These he acquired not only by formal training at college and university, where before the first world war he organized and led Socialist study societies among the students, but also in the course of his many public activities. His preliminary preparation for serious research was done at the university, where he did postgraduate work in economics and labor, and wrote a doctoral dissertation on the history of legislation for the protection of coal miners. He absorbed the rich tradition of socialism and popular protest in America, and applied himself with characteristic enthusiasm and devotion to the educational tasks of the labor and Marxist movement. Before the

Socialist revolution in Russia, Trachtenberg was already a teacher and director of the then Marxist Rand School of Social Science in New York, where he also founded a labor research department serving the unions, and initiated the *American Labor Year Book,* several volumes of which he edited. Subsequently, he became the staff economist for the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, then among the most militant of unions, and also helped other unions establish educational and research departments.

He was among those who grasped immediately the world significance of the Russian revolution, writing many interpretive articles and lecturing widely. Together with a number of American trade union leaders, he organized in 1919 the American Labor Alliance for Recognition and Trade Relations with Russia, and helped send labor delegations to the Soviet Union. His interest in American-Soviet relations, the key question of world politics, never left him. Throughout his years of intense publishing activity he also retained an avid interest in labor education and research, helping found and continuing to work with the Labor Research Association and the Jefferson School of Social Science, and as publisher he was also active in the organizations of progressive American writers.

Thus, Trachtenberg was uniquely fitted for the task before him, and by constant educational and public activity throughout the years of publishing he kept renewing his store of equipment. His careful editorial supervision, his critical approach, his painstaking concern for accuracy, his insistence upon scholarship, his exacting demands for clarity of expression and good writing, are known to every author who has come to him with a manuscript or a project. Whether it is a translation of a Marxist classic or a new work produced here, be it a full-length book or a pamphlet, nothing shoddy or half-done can get by him. He raised the publishing of Marxist classics in this country to a science, putting out properly prepared new editions of works poorly translated in the past and even distorted. He issued more titles by Marx and Engels in three decades than had been published in this country in the preceding seven decades and by other publishers during the past thirty years. More than anyone else, Trachtenberg deserves the credit for making available to the American reader the works of Lenin and Stalin and

of Marxist thinkers in other countries, always at the highest editorial standards.

As Trachtenberg said in his statement to the court before sentence, International Publishers was organized in the first place to encourage and issue writings by American scholars and writers, in the great democratic and Marxist tradition. This is pioneering work, and for such work courage and confidence are needed, and the ability to help train and guide new writers. A measure of his success is to be found in the present volume of "works in progress," in the books by American writers issued by International, and in many volumes put out by other publishers which in one way or another have benefitted from the literature published by Trachtenberg.

The business problems that had to be solved to produce and distribute the books of International seem insurmountable. Here Trachtenberg's organizational experience stood him in good stead, and also his feeling for the popular, working class market. He has a high sense of responsibility to the reader, and he always tried to dress the books properly, making them as readable and as attractive as limited means allow. Long before the days of the pocket books, he spread among the people the same knowledge to be found in the higher priced big volumes in low-priced popular pamphlet and mass editions. Many adult workers were introduced to the social sciences and creative writing by these popular editions.

As a result of Trachtenberg's pioneering work as editor and published, there is at hand today a sizable body of basic literature such as never existed before in this country from which the workers and the people as a whole can learn. It is a fluid, growing body of literature—a vast permanent capital, always reinvested in new enterprises in the search for knowledge, always more than reproducing itself in new works and in new thinking, the profits realized in the form of a living movement. Theory is life, and life is theory, and just as a good book lives and grows with the years the people that read it also grow, and thus new frontiers always open.

As this volume is being published, Alexander Trachtenberg turns 70 years of age. I may, therefore, be permitted to end on a personal note. I have known him as my friend and as my pub-

lisher for 25 years, some of them as a colleague in the publishing house, learning from him. To be of that advanced age in years, and in the prime of one's life in energy, intellectual attainment, imagination, enthusiasm, confidence, and sheer joy of life and of work is a rare and precious thing. Faced with the uncertainties of existence in prison for three years, to be shut away from his life's work and his many associates, with the urge and stress of work still to be done part of his very being, he has been able to retain a remarkable optimism and calm for a man by nature exuberant and passionate.

If he does go to prison, a victim of unconscionable agents of reaction, he has seen to it that his work will go on during his temporary absence. There is on hand a portfolio of manuscripts, prepared under his guidance and encouragement, as well as projects in various stages of realization, enough to keep the publishing house busy for some years. Should he have to serve the full sentence, failing the public force that will bring amnesty to all those incarcerated under the Smith Act and similar repressive laws, he will be sustained by the unbreakable inner strength which comes from his identity with the mainstream of social progress. For such a man is the product of more than his individual upbringing and growth, and he possesses more than his personal qualities. He possesses all that is common to the great masses of people in the surge of humanity forward. He takes from it and gives to it, and what he takes is always greater. But it is an exceptional man who, taking more than he gives, acknowledges his debt. Such a man continues to learn, and learning has more to contribute to the people. Alexander Trachtenberg is such a man.

JAMES S. ALLEN

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