

politics

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Edited by Dwight Macdonald

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JIM CROW IN UNIFORM

Two Sensational Documents

"I Was a Seabee"

The Story of the 477th

Comment

The Shape of Things to Come

CHURCHILL's speech in the House of Commons on May 25 was refreshingly outspoken. It provoked the usual moans and protestations from the liblabs. Even the *N. Y. Times* felt it necessary to raise an editorial eyebrow, and Roosevelt, who embargoed American aid to the Spanish Republic and has loyally supported Franco ever since, washed his hands of Churchill's too-blunt endorsement of the Franco regime. The English are traditionally considered the arch-hypocrites of imperialist politics, but in this war it is Churchill and Smuts, alone among United Nations' statesmen, who call a spade a spade.

What Churchill had to say has been silent for a long time, and was said long ago by many liberals, including myself—with the significant difference that we said it at the beginning of the war and he says it at the end. In the first years of the war, when idealism and big promises were needed, Roosevelt made the major speeches for the United Nations; for the past two years, Roosevelt has been discreetly silent, while Churchill has delivered the weighty policy speeches. It is a sensible division of labor: New Deal rhetoric to get us to accept the war, and tough Tory talk to prepare us for the peace. Churchill seems to relish his role. He does not apologize for his Tory views, he trumpets them in the face of the liblabs, whom he knows have no fight left in them. "I am here today to speak

kindly words about Spain." "The word 'Empire' is permitted to be used, which may be a great shock to a certain strain of intellectual opinion." One can almost hear the sarcastic growl, see the ironical sideglance at the Labor benches that accompanied such words.

The key sentence in the speech was: "*As this war has progressed, it has become less ideological in character, in my opinion.*" (Almost simultaneously, Archibald MacLeish, a reliable liberalistic weathervane, showed he too understood which way the wind was blowing: "As things are now going, the peace we will make, the peace we seem to be making, will be a peace of oil, a peace of gold, a peace of shipping—a peace, in brief, of factual situations, a peace without moral purpose or human intent, a peace of dicker and trade. . . .")

By "ideological" Churchill meant two things. First of all, he meant revolutionary communism and "the other ideology", fascism. The latter he said, has already been overthrown in Italy, and "as to nazism . . . we intend to wipe that out utterly." Nor does communism, in its Russian form at least, hold any more terrors for Churchill as a realistic Tory:

"Profound changes have taken place in Soviet Russia. The Trotskyite form of communism has been completely wiped out. [William Gallacher, Communist member, interposed: "There was never such a thing."] The victories of the Russian armies have been attended by a great rise in strength of the Russian state, and a remarkable broadening of its views. The religious side of Russian life has had a wonderful rebirth. The discipline and military etiquette of the Russian armies are unsurpassed. There

is a new national anthem. [Laughter and interjection by a member, to which Mr. Churchill replied: "The honorable gentleman had better be careful to keep in step."] The terms offered by Russia to Rumania make no suggestion of altering the standards of society in that country. . . . The Comintern has been abolished. . . . These are marked departures from conceptions which were held some years ago for reasons we can all understand. [Mr. Gallacher interposed: "On both sides." Mr. Churchill replied: "Certainly, on both sides."]

The other sense in which the war is less "ideological" is that progressive principles play less part in it (less, that is, ideologically; they have never been important in reality). "The House will know that all questions of monarchy or republic or leftism or rightism are strictly subordinate to the main purpose we have in mind. In one place we support a king, in another a communist. There is no attempt by us to enforce particular ideologies. We only want to beat the enemy, and then in happy and serene peace, let the best expression be given by the will of the people."

How long this respect for the will of the people lasts will depend, of course, on what the people will. If they will socialism, we may expect a different tune. For the moment, however, Churchill is banking on the fact that the Soviet Union has been sterilized as the center of communistic infection. (As a rival imperialistic power, the Soviet Union offers a very real and growing threat to Britain, but Churchill is too much of a gentleman to allude to such things—prematurely.) It is true that Churchill speaks of supporting a "communist" (Tito), but he evidently uses the word in a Pickwickian sense. For a few paragraphs earlier he states: "Marshal Tito has largely sunk his communistic aspect in his character as a Yugoslav patriotic leader. He has repeatedly proclaimed that he has no intention of reversing the property and social systems which prevail in Serbia."

Churchill's present lack of interest in "ideologies", his broad tolerance for the popular will is based on the fact he thinks *one* of the two great ideologies has been removed as a revolutionary threat by the changes in Soviet Russia, while "the other ideology" still has a base on the continent which, with proper support from England and America, may be maintained in the postwar period. An Italian friend of mine recently developed the interesting idea that the perpetuation of the Franco regime in Spain is essential to the postwar plans of the United Nations, that our war leaders look on fascist Spain much as revolutionaries looked on Bolshevik Russia (but with a reverse content, of course): as a base from which revolutionary crises in postwar Europe can be fought, a center of international counter-revolution. I was sceptical at the time, but Churchill's speech seems to bear him out. Churchill devoted one-sixth of his speech to Spain. Not only did he overwhelm Franco with "kindly words", but he also gave a clear indication of the postwar line the United Nations will adopt towards fascist Spain when he said:

"Let me add this hope, that she will be a strong influence for the peace of the Mediterranean [read "civil peace of the continent"—D.M.] after the war. The internal political arrangements in Spain are a matter for Spaniards themselves. It is not for us to meddle in these affairs as a government." When a Labor member asked: "Is not a fascist government a preparation for attack?" Churchill replied: "We do not include in our program of world renovation any forcible action against any government whose internal form of administration does not come up to our ideas, and any remarks I have made on that

subject refer only to enemy powers . . . whom we shall not allow to become again an expression of those peculiar doctrines associated with nazism and fascism. . . . Surely any one can see the difference."

"What is the difference?" asked another Labor member. Churchill: "There is all the difference in the world between a man who knocks you down and a man who leaves you alone. . . . We pass many people in our ordinary daily life about whose internal affairs we do not feel ourselves called upon to make continued inquiry. . . . I look forward to increasingly good relations with Spain."

It could not be put much plainer than that.

Churchill's speech was the most detailed glimpse we have yet had of The Shape of Things to Come. This is the kind of postwar world the present governments in Britain, Russia and America will create so far as lies in their power. The pattern will probably be modified—let us hope drastically—by the coming social upheavals in postwar Europe, whose first tremors have already made themselves felt in Italy and the Balkans. The strength of these revolutionary forces, and the form and direction they will take are as yet obscure. The one safe prediction is that they are explosive and that practically anything may happen in Europe in the next decade. In this very speech of Churchill, for example, the world first learned of the extent of the anti-royalist mutinies in the Greek army and navy, mutinies so serious they had to be put down by force of British arms.

The most important political aspect of the speech was the revelation that the Big Three intend to dominate the postwar globe by force of arms, with no nonsense about a democratic league of nations, or the "sovereign rights" of small powers.

Last month in this department I analyzed the long-range antagonisms, mostly economic, between Britain, Russia and this country. These antagonisms exist alongside the kind of unity emphasized in Churchill's speech, a unity for the purpose of dominating the rest of the world. The pattern is: combination against the "outsiders" (lesser nations, colonial peoples), division between the "insiders". It should never be forgotten that each of the Big Three fears and suspects the other two, and that in these fundamental antagonisms are the seeds of the future's wars and revolutions.

"We intend to set up a world order," said Churchill, "and an organization equipped with all necessary attributes of power in order to prevent future wars. . . . For this purpose of preventing wars there must be a world-

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controlling council . . . comprising the greatest states which emerge victorious from this war, who will be obligated to keep within certain minimum standards of armaments for the purpose of preserving peace. There must also be a world assembly of powers whose relations to the world executive or controlling power. . . . I am in no position to define."

Thus there will be a "world-controlling" council composed of the Big Three ("the greatest states") which will remain heavily armed ("for the purpose of preserving peace", of course). The lesser nations will participate, along with the Big Three, in a "world assembly", which will *not* be world-controlling and will *not* be heavily armed. Although one might think it would be a crucial point, Churchill is "in no position to define" the relationship of the unarmed world assembly to the armed and controlling world council. One suspects that even so frank an orator as Churchill flinched from putting into words the exact degree of domination the Big Three plan over the rest of the world.

There is one rather startling idea in Churchill's prospectus which I have not seen commented upon anywhere: he speaks of the big powers being "obligated to keep within certain minimum standards of armaments". The word one would expect there is "maximum", that is, a limitation of armaments; this has been traditional peace talk for generations. But Churchill gives us the 1944 pattern: a floor *under* armaments instead of a ceiling *over* them. The Big Three will be compelled, (in the interests of world peace of course) to build a *minimum* number of battleships each year, to produce a *minimum* number of tanks and warplanes. The more they exceed that minimum, the greater will be, presumably, their contribution to international peace and harmony. (I have my postwar job already picked out: I am going to apply to the World Council for the post of Inspector of Armaments. My job will be to check up on the Big Three and make sure they are keeping their armament programs up to the minimum. It should be a sinecure.)

An extraordinary amount of evidence has appeared in the past few weeks corroborating the accuracy of the Churchillian postwar blueprint. Some items:

May 19: Sumner Welles, who since his resignation from the State Department seems to have developed a conscience about world politics, calls for the immediate formation of a "Council of the United Nations", in which the lesser powers would take part along with the Big Three in making policy decisions. "Up to the present moment," he complains, "except in a few isolated instances, none of the United Nations other than the three major powers has been called upon to join in deciding such political questions. It is inconceivable that free peoples who have been fighting to prevent Hitlerism from succeeding in imposing its domination over the world will willingly accept in the years to come some other dictatorship over their destinies, even though that be exercised by the United States, the Soviet Union and Great Britain." This is indeed inconceivable, but it is not inconceivable that they may accept it unwillingly.

May 13 and 20: The *Saturday Evening Post* publishes "What Really Happened at Teheran", two articles evidently based on official information, by the State Department's journalistic spokesman, Forrest Davis. These present Roosevelt's "great design" for the postwar world, which is essentially (1) to bring Russia into close partnership with England and America by letting her have her way in Eastern Europe; (2) to construct the new "League of Nations" on the model of the Pan-American Union, with

no permanent capital, a small staff, and the general attributes of—in Mr. Davis's incautious phrase—a "world-wide debating society"; the Big Three will attend to "the policing of the peace and the maintenance of world order in any foreseeable future . . . with incidental help from smaller powers." The temper of Roosevelt's postwar planning is indicated by this passage: "Roosevelt, an exponent of the realistic great-power theory, holds that in the future small nations such as Finland that are cheek by jowl with powerful neighbors cannot in any case enforce their will by military means. This war teaches the President that hereafter only countries with an abundance of manpower and resources plus huge industrial plants can engage in the complex business of war. . . . If he were President of Finland, he would recommend to his people that they make peace on Russia's terms . . . and rely on . . . the self-restraint of Moscow and the moderating influence of an organized world society for security."

May 29: A poll at City College of New York shows that 54% of 600 seniors there believe that there will be a Third World War within the next twenty-five years.

May 30: The U. S. State Department announces that it has invited Britain, Russia and China to open "conversations" looking towards the setting up of the kind of world organization Churchill outlined in his speech. "It is understood in diplomatic circles," reports the *N. Y. Times*, "that the basic idea behind the prospective discussions embraces the formation of a policing organization supported by the United States, Britain and Russia, with China as a courtesy member, and an assembly in which all the other members of the United Nations will have ample opportunity to discuss policy." That the Big Three's council (with China as a "courtesy member"!) will have the power relationship to the larger assembly which is described in the Churchill speech is indicated by the fact that no smaller power was invited to the conference. President Roosevelt himself, in talking to reporters about the plan, admirably suggested the atmosphere of Big Three world politics today:

"President Roosevelt began today's discussion when a reporter asked him how the current program differed from the old League of Nations. He replied that the League was a 1918 model designed to apply a rather altruistic program to problems as they were viewed at that time. The new program is a 1944 model, he added, which may reflect in some ways a more cynical outlook developed by some people in their maturity as a result of experience."

May 31: Raymond Daniell cables the *N. Y. Times* from London that the smaller United Nations are beginning to ask "whether it is wise or fair for Britain, the United States and Russia to shape a policy and then offer it to the nations of the Continent on a take-it-or-leave-it basis." He adds that "many of them fear that what is taking shape is a reduction of the whole Continent to a gigantic buffer state between the Soviets in the East and the Anglo-American bloc in the West." He also adds that the Russian press of late "indicates that the Russians rather lean toward a plan similar to the British one, in which a world council comprising the greatest states of the alliance would be the ultimate authority, with a broader assembly of all the friendly powers serving as an advisory body."

Footnote to history: Although making fun of the liberal weeklies these days is in the shooting-fish-in-a-barrel and taking-candy-from-children category, their reactions to Churchill's speech were so wonderfully characteristic that a few words may be forgiven on the subject. The *Nation* found the speech "as puzzling as it was shocking", which rolls into one tight phrase the two classic liberal attitudes

today: (a) "I just *can't* understand it! They seemed such a devoted couple." (b) "They can't do this to me!" Churchill's main difficulty, it seems, is that he doesn't "understand" contemporary world politics—as against, for example, the editors of the *Nation*. (My own dismal feeling is that he understands it all too well.) "British liberal and labor forces are outraged," reports the *Nation*, as I have no doubt they are, "and Edward Murrow of C.B.S. reports that for the first time since 1940 national unity has been impaired." One visions a huge glittering mechanism, the Murrowmeter, testing a specimen block of national unity, clicking away at its task month after month, the needle wavering between 260 and 357 degrees (the "Intact" zone), and then suddenly, the morning after Churchill's speech, the needle moves to 358, and with a great grinding of gears, frantic ringing of bells and flashing of red lights the Murrowmeter records the fatal tidings: IMPAIRED! Small wonder the editors of the *Nation*, aware of their tremendous responsibilities, should be concerned.

The editors of the *New Republic* also rose to the occasion. "NO, MR. CHURCHILL!" they grandly entitled their editorial. They were disturbed to find in the speech "several hints" that Churchill thinks more in terms of power politics than of liberal ideals. (This is perhaps the month's classic understatement.) But they are not the men to let Churchill get away with innuendoes. They put him squarely on the spot. "To put it bluntly," they write, "are you fighting to preserve the British Empire, and are we fighting to preserve capitalism, or are we really sincere about the noble abstractions we have together espoused?" This is blunt all right, positively brutal for an editor of the *New Republic*, but my impression was that Churchill has on several previous occasions replied to the question with equal bluntness. However, the British Prime Minister had better mend his ways. "This will not do, Mr. Churchill," warn Bruce Bliven, Malcolm Cowley, George Soule, Michael Straight and Stark Young in one thunderous squeak. And again, later on: "No, Mr. Churchill, it will not do." He can't say he hasn't been warned.

Information, Please An A.P. dispatch dated April 25 from Fort McClellan, Ala., states that twenty-eight Japanese-American soldiers there have been placed under arrest "on charges of refusing to take infantry training" and that nineteen of them up to then had been convicted by courts martial and sentenced to from five to thirty years in prison at hard labor. An earlier United Press dispatch reports that one of them, Pfc. Ben Ogoua, cited instances of humiliation because of his racial ancestry, and complained that mistreatment by their officers had reach the point where "we didn't know where we were going".

These are all the facts I have been able to find about the case, which was reported only in small buried news items in the New York papers. Inquiries in Washington reveal that G-2 (Military Intelligence) is interested in the case and that therefore the records of the courts martial are "impounded", i.e., not open for public inspection. It may be that all the twenty-eight (except, presumably, Pfc. Ogoua) mutinied because they did not want to fight Japan—although the fact that all of them were drafted before Pearl Harbor and have served at least 2½ years already and that Army policy is not to send Japanese-Americans to the Pacific Area anyway would seem to work against that motivation. If their motive is Japanese patriotism, there is clearly nothing to be done. But it also may be that the twenty-eight rebelled because of the Army's racial

policy, which, I am informed, is as discriminatory against the Japanese as against the Negroes. In that case, the severe sentences and the secrecy of the court proceedings are certainly due for an overhauling.

In any case, in view of what we know already about the Army's racial policies, groups and individuals interested in race relations should insist on being permitted to at least get the facts, whether from inspection of the court records or interviews with the prisoners.

Some Questions to a Democratic Committee The old warning, not to buy a pig in a poke, does not seem to hold for sponsors of committees that have been growing up in recent months. Committees for a Jewish State in Palestine set up by fascist-revisionist Jews are being sponsored by liberals, and now a newly created "Council for a Democratic Germany" is being sponsored by such American anti-Stalinists as John Dewey, James A. Wechsler, Alvin Johnson, Emil Rieve, Reinhold Niebuhr, and others. This council has published a declaration in which it attacks the Vansittart policy of making the whole German people responsible for Nazism, in which it opposes any attempt to split up Germany, and states that only thru integration of a democratic Germany into the framework of a democratic Europe will a Third World War be avoided. So far so good.

But who are the German members of this Council? Beside a host of innocents and not-so-innocents we find the names of old wheelhorses of the German Stalinist apparatus like Albert Schreiner and Albert Norden (collaborator of *In Fact*), we find Dr. Boenheim (editor of the Stalinist N. Y. paper *German-American*), we find such consistent fellow travellers as Bert Brecht, Budzislawski (who after his capture of Ossietzki's *Weltbuehne* made it into an organ in which the Moscow trials were enthusiastically defended) and Ernst Bloch, who in the pages of this same paper evolved a "philosophical" defense of the Moscow witch hunts.

We also find a number of right-wing and left-wing social-democrats (Baerensprung, Hagen, Grzesinski, Aufhaeuser, etc.) who, afraid that they might not be able to play a role again without permission from Moscow, are now busily building bridges.

The Council's founding statement declares against "any kind of unilateral settlement in Europe imposed by the East or by the West" (our emphasis). In the light of this admirable general statement, POLITICS would like to ask the Council some specific questions which the non-Stalinist sponsors and members should have asked before:

- (1) You claim to be against German militarism: What is your attitude toward the German Junkers and Generals who broadcast daily to Germany from Radio-Moscow under the sponsorship of the UNION OF GERMAN OFFICERS and advocate a "strong and armed Germany?"
- (2) You claim to oppose a splitting up of Germany: What is your attitude toward Russian offers of Eastern Prussia to Poland as a compensation for the loss of Eastern Poland?
- (3) Are you going to protest against Russian demands at the European Advisory Commission in London for millions of German workers and soldiers to be shipped to Russia after the war and used as forced-labor battalions?
- (4) Are you going to protest against the utterances of Soviet writers like Ilya Ehrenburg and Alexei Tolstoi,

who clamor that millions of Germans should be destroyed "like dangerous microbes"?

POLITICS will be glad to print the Council's reply to these questions in its next issue.

The Supreme Court's Moot Suit The Supreme Court has refused to review the Lynn case, the only court test yet made of the meaning of Section 4(a) of the 1940 Draft Act, which prohibits racial discrimination in the selection and training of draftees. (The original brief was printed in the February POLITICS and a discussion of the present conduct of the case in the April issue.) Winfred Lynn, a colored soldier now serving in the Pacific area, had applied for a writ of habeas corpus to release him from the Army on the grounds he was illegally selected under an all-colored draft quota. His lawyer, Arthur Garfield Hays, is appealing to the Court to reconsider its refusal. The Court will rule on this appeal in the fall, after its summer recess. The case will not be closed until then.

The reason the Supreme Court gave for refusing to review the Lynn case is something to make the layman gasp: the case is "moot" (i.e., cannot be determined one way or the other by the Court) *because Lynn is no longer in the custody of the commanding officer of Camp Upton, who is the "respondent" in the original habeas corpus action!* In its judicial majesty, the Court does not condescend to "take notice" of the fact that Lynn has been in the Army for some time and was ordered overseas by the Army despite the written protests, filed with the War Department at the time, of his lawyers. As far as the Court is concerned, Lynn is touring the Pacific on a pleasure cruise of his own free will.* When the U. S. Supreme Court resorts to a legalistic trick of this quality to dodge a case, we may be sure it is a pretty hot one.

The Court's refusal to hear the case, furthermore, is also striking because in the Circuit Court of Appeals one of the three justices dissented in Lynn's favor, thus giving, in a normal case, a firm basis for an appeal to the Supreme Court. But the Lynn case is not a normal case, but a highly political one, and the Court acted with its customary sagacity in steering clear of it. Earlier this year it avoided another politically awkward case, that of the Minneapolis Trotskyists, in the same way: a simple denial of certiorari. As I pointed out at the time (POLITICS, February, 1944), the beauty of this tactic is that the Court, which after all has a big "liberal" reputation to maintain, is able to let reactionary decisions stand without going into embarrassing details. If the Court had heard the case, it would have confronted two unpalatable alternatives. If it ruled against Lynn, it would have put the seal of judicial approval on racial segregation in raising the Army, and would have set the colored people of America wondering what in hell Section 4(a) of the 1940 Draft Act really *means* and what kind of a war for democracy

*When Lynn originally brought his test case, he found that no judge would hear the case until he complied with law and entered the Army. Thus the lower courts forced him into the Army in order to get his case heard, and the Supreme Court now refuses to hear his case because the Army has shifted him from Camp Upton to the Pacific. It might also be noted that, although Lynn has not been in the custody of the commanding officer at Camp Upton for a year and a half, the Government lawyers did not even bother to raise the issue of "mootness" in any of the lower courts. The point was made only in the Government's counter-argument to Lynn's petition for a Supreme Court review, and even there only incidentally, as a minor argument thrown in for good measure. The Court saw the loop-hole, however, and made a dive for it.

this is (not that they haven't acquired a few suspicions already). If it ruled for Lynn, it would have embarrassed the military authorities, enraged the already inflamed South, and even perhaps called into question the legal status of the hundreds of thousands of Negroes now serving in the Army.

The "reactionary" Supreme Courts of the past had a naive habit of meeting issues squarely and putting their anti-democratic views down on record. This liblab Court is much slicker: Petition Denied. And the Trotskyists go to jail, the colored draftees continue to be jimcrowed. No fuss, no complications, and, above all, nothing on the record. Who says the New Deal has no future?

ODIN

When the one-eyed man appeared at the door and stopped
The hiccuping feast, and some guests dropped
Meat in the salt or to the waiting dogs,
And the king opened astounded mouth but did not invite,
And each sword shook on the wall
And the fiddles died in the music stall,
What did those large-fisted heroes think?
Who offered sacred welcome, and the first drink?

Their feet stirred the dogs, and their minds stirred
Before the one-eyed man in the cape had spoken a word.

Now did they guess, in their stupid, muscular way,
What rich horizon suddenly lay
In that sealed eye? And staring, did they find
That they, with two eyes apiece were blind,
While he, in his grey, single-knowing bull's eye look
Had already replaced their swords with a book,
Had rusted their armor, neglected the hardened thigh
And put their savage rewardable virtues by?
Did they guess from his widening iris that hordes
Of their cultured descendents, clever, affectionate, bored,
Hesitant soldiers made sad by conscripted heroics,
Ambitious of God yet accepting death as mere stoics,
Did they guess that those children, in spite of faltering
hearts

Would construct a meaningful universe out of meaningless
parts?

Did they guess? And was culture a too painful gift
That they did not immediately lift
The cup of welcome and praise the bringer?
Illiterate, rough-skinned, did they linger
Safe in barbarity, leaning
Away from the door and the one-eyed man and his
meaning?

He had one good eye
For looking above, below, where real things lie,
But behind the dropped lid
What sky lay hid?

Then the dogs barked, the men rose
With the king's voice, they chose
A place of honor and brought a full cup,
Then filled their own and drank up.

Croce and Italian Liberalism

Nicola Chiaromonte

GAETANO Salvemini has given a classic definition of the evolution of Italian liberalism:

"During the first three decades of the nineteenth century, the word 'liberal' meant, in Italy a man who fights for freedom against reaction. And since the Catholic clergy was in the vanguard of reaction, 'liberal' also meant 'anticlerical'. With Italy's political unification, the 'liberals' became the owners of the government machine. They accordingly became 'conservative'; but they remained anti-democratic and anticlerical. During the first decade of the twentieth century, the Vatican abandoned the tactics of intransigence against the Italian government, and the Catholic allied themselves with the conservatives against the socialist movement. Hence, the word 'liberal' came to indicate a conservative who is no more anticlerical, but accepts the help of the Catholics against the socialists. . . . After the war of 1914-1918, the Catholics refused to be any longer the stooges of the 'conservative-liberals' and formed their own independent party, the 'Partito Popolare'. Hence, the 'liberal conservatives' hated the 'popolari' not less than the socialists and, having lost any hope of being able to defeat Catholics and socialists at the same time under liberal institutions, they associated themselves with the fascists in order to wreck the liberal institutions. Consequently, the word 'liberal' came to signify a reactionary."

1.

Benedetto Croce could not be identified with any one of these successive incarnations of the "liberal principle" in Italy. He actually represents all of them in one, with the possible exception that he trod the same path somewhat in reverse, without however, actually giving up any of his preceding positions. After a brief flirtation with Marx (but not with socialist action) which ended up in a purely formal (and superficial) refutation of Marxist economic theories (a course which greatly scandalized his teacher Antonio Labriola) he declared himself anti-democratic, affirmed that politics is force, and law that which is useful to a certain group; proclaimed that the Inquisition was holy indeed; was a staunch supporter of power politics, and as such, admired imperial Germany as against the confused ideologies of the French and English. After the war he derided pacifism and the League of Nations and, in 1920, joined those liberals who made the shrewd calculation of using the fascists against socialist turbulence, being Minister of Education in the Giolitti Cabinet which put into practice this brilliant idea. In 1924, as a Senator, during the Matteotti crisis, he voted in favor of Mussolini on the ground of the Goethean idea that an injustice is better than disorder.

It was only in 1925, when it became clear that fascism meant the strict business of dictatorship, and the end of the liberal conservative State together with the vilification of culture, that Croce started his way back to the pure

liberalism of the 1830's and found that philosophy and liberalism were one and the same thing. But a conservative he always was, an anti-democrat, an anti-socialist, not less than an anti-clerical, although at the same time he knew (and this was his peculiarity) how to keep an eye on the opposite thesis.

As an antifascist, Benedetto Croce behaved with great dignity, and certainly the fact that the most illustrious of Italian scholars did not surrender was, for eighteen years, a great encouragement to the younger generation of Italian intellectuals as well as a source of considerable embarrassment and bad conscience to those historians, literati, scientists, philosophers and students who were prostituting themselves to Mussolini. During those years Croce made generous use of his privileges as a senator, not only by trying to alleviate the conditions of imprisoned liberals and communists, many of whom received from him books and whatever services he could render them, but also by not hesitating, when he went abroad to attend cultural congresses, to bring back to Italy in his suitcases all sorts of underground literature. He had no personal sympathy with the content of such literature. "These revolutionists"—he said once—"scare me to death. I feel like that man covered by ulcers who was helplessly lying on the ground, a prey to hosts of flies, and who used to pray God: "Please, O Lord, do not send away these flies that are now sucking my blood. The next ones will be much hungrier."

2

Such is Croce's liberalism at its best: an incessant undermining of every theoretical or practical affirmation by the awareness that the opposite is also valid, while at the same time both are to a certain extent false, and this last proposition is itself only partially true, the only final truth being that they are all true to a certain extent, and also all false insofar as they would claim to be actually true. And the process goes on in an atmosphere not of doubt or cynicism or, least of all, of despair, but of a tireless placidity which resembles serenity and is really a peculiar, and peculiarly Italian, kind of torpor. When it comes to the worst, that is to say to ultimate morality, Croce's liberal philosophy reveals itself as nothing else but a constant re-justification of accepted moral, intellectual and social conventions. An absolute conservatism in the absolute contingency of everything.

For example, Croce would not find anything wrong with the evolution of the Italian liberal as described by Salvemini, except the sarcasm. He would say that, precisely, everyone of those phases corresponded to a concrete historical necessity, and so everyone of them was perfectly justified as far as it went and, as far as it went, fulfilled perfectly the historical function of the liberal, which is, in every and each historical situation, not to yield to any particular ideology, passion or moralism, but always and

everywhere to defend the interests of the "synthesis" against the abstract and unhistorical claim of the "thesis" and the "antithesis". Those liberals of the past could, of course, have been wrong insofar as they were not aware of this deeper truth. But then one should not forget that the liberal function, without which human history is unthinkable, can perfectly well be accomplished by people who call themselves, or are called, conservatives, reactionaries and even (although very rarely, and only after they have given up revolutionary fancies and directly or indirectly agreed to support the existing state of affairs) socialists.

As for Croce himself, and for every liberal after him who has properly digested the principles of absolute historicism, he can rest assured of the blessing of the Universal Spirit as long as he keeps his thought and action within the boundaries of that most holy ground, the "concrete historical ground". And that is one reason why, while Croce himself was glorifying "pure liberty" against fascism, many of the most sophisticated servants of the dictatorship staunchly maintained that they were being more faithful to the spirit of Croce's philosophy than Croce himself, and made a very liberal use of his dialectics to justify their servility: they felt perfectly in touch with the concrete historical process. They belonged to that vast crowd of Italians (headed after all by Mussolini himself) for whom everything that was sinister in Fascism—violence, oppression, injustice, corruption—was purely accidental and (why not?) pure comedy, while its true essence was just "realism", straight and unbounded realism.

Croce's place in modern European culture is a curious one. European he is, not only for having remained faithful to a cosmopolitan outlook against Italian provincialism and cultural nationalism, but for the range of his learning and the stern respect for culture which has accompanied him throughout fifty-five years of untiring labor (and this is the fundamental difference between Croce and a man like the late Giovanni Gentile, who was never anything else but a boorish quack). At the same time, when placed against the background not only of modern European culture in general, but of Italian intellectual life of the nineteenth and twentieth century, Croce appears strangely out of date. His Hegelianism is at bottom a flat and laborious systematization (and corruption) of the Hegelian enthusiasm which had inflamed the liberal youth of Naples in the 1840's and given Italy men like Francesco de Sanctis and Bertrando Spaventa. His knowledge is immense, but it is a knowledge of books and theories rather than of men and facts. Toward facts, he has the scorn of the Italian scholar of the XVII century to which he adds the passion of the erudite for anecdotes, curiosities and secondary aspects of secondary figures. He claims to be nothing but a critical philosopher, nay a purely scientific historian. But nothing stirs his theoretical wrath more than the modest proposition that a single relevant fact can wreck the nicest historical synthesis. "Mere facts . . . brute facts"—he starts muttering, and wants to hear no more. At the same time, he has a profound distaste for any bold and dramatic synthesis, which seems to him false by definition. What he wants, and what he offers as a model, is a kind of history-writing based on generalizations by which any real con-

flict or contradiction can be replaced by an "ideal" one, and it is then properly solved by attributing to each side some kind of merit and demerit, the traditional view of events being eventually disturbed as little as possible.

Thus, the supreme achievement of historical wisdom becomes, for Croce, a kind of graduation ceremony, with very few failures among the prominent personages, but real men to whom real things happened in real surroundings decidedly flunked out. History "ad usum delphini", modern style. And, in the two most important books of history written by Croce (with the avowed purpose of showing "pure liberalism" in action), the "History of Europe in the XIX Century" and the "History of Italy from 1870 to 1915" which together form one unparalleled apotheosis of the "juste milieu", there is no doubt about who the "delphinus" is: the upper middle class, or rather, since Croce has no use for social classes, that ideal place in history where all conflicts are nullified, all impulses dampened, all sounds muffled, and everybody keeps what he has got. In Croce's nineteenth-century Europe, the heroes are Palmerston, Guizot, Cavour, Thiers, and the supreme achievement the constitutional monarchies, with Thiers' "republic without republicans" second best. In twentieth century Italy, there is one great hero, according to Croce, and this is Giolitti, the man who succeeded in taming the Socialist party into a "constructive" opposition which, moreover, he knew how to soften by opportune faking of elections.

One way of evaluating a modern philosopher is to try to measure the distance which separates him from Doctor Pangloss. To that immortal thinker Croce comes startlingly near, in statements like the following, printed in 1938: "The natural scourges which strike human groups, like earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, floods, plagues; and those with which men torment their fellow men, like invasions, slaughters, spoliations, depredations, wickedness, perfidy and cruelty . . . do not deserve the interest of the historian. . . ." One is reminded of Marx: "Perseus wore a magic cap that made him invisible when he was hunting down monsters. We draw a cap tightly over our own eyes, that we may have warrant for denying the existence of any monsters at all." Exactly like Doctor Pangloss, Croce's historian is interested only in the final outcome, and the final outcome is inevitably the "idea", that is to say the comforting assurance that the best of all possible worlds is always there.

3

For more than forty years, Benedetto Croce has exercised a peculiar kind of dictatorship over the cultural life of Italy, a dictatorship which was only weakly and confusedly challenged by disgruntled disciples, restless young men, vulgar careerists, and whose nature could be expressed by saying that nobody was ever really convinced by Croce, but neither did anybody really succeed in getting rid of his influence. Until, in the haunted desert to which fascism had reduced Italian intellectual life, again, as in the early 1900's, young men flocked to Croce for some kind of moral help: a reward to the stubbornness and indefatigable toil of the old man, but also a dismal spectacle for anybody who was aware of how little could be expected from such

a master and who wondered why intellectual life in Italy was condemned to run in such a narrow circle.

The answers are many and rather complex. But the fundamental one is probably the all-pervading and all-corrupting sense of *unreality* which has been hanging over Italian society (more precisely: over the life of the Italian middle class) since the early 80's at least. One of the signs was then, in the literary field, Giovanni Verga's giving up writing sentimental stories about society women and going back to the fishermen and peasants of his native Sicily as the only solid ground, although a very desolate and hopeless one, as he saw it. It was the moment of the Italian industrial and bureaucratic revolution. The Italian cities were noisy with small groups of careerists and crowded with masses of lost individuals who had left a stifling provincial and country life only to find the misery of the factory, of the office, of a small doctor's or lawyer's practice, with all the meanness of the struggle for life where there is not enough for everybody to go around. Nobody felt really rooted in anything, not even those who succeeded, and, although the surface was often smooth, and people seemed wisely resigned, or carefree, or even passionate and bright—too passionate and too bright to be true, like D'Annunzio—beneath the surface there was hollowness, lack of conviction, and helpless gnawing: a varnished nothingness.

But, and that was typically Italian, with a few exceptions people clung to the surface, that is to the narrow circle of their personal and familiar interests. Still there was no real social life, no feeling of meaningful achievement, no vigorous sense of reality: traditions were the only fixed things, and they were visibly disintegrating. From this point of view, after a few years of apparent "prosperity" (from the early 1900's until the First World War), things grew steadily worse. Pirandello was the man who gave artistic form to this stifled anxiety and sense not so much of doom as of bitter futility; and it is very significant that even Pirandello, who was certainly very far from accepting any Panglossian consolation, eventually ended up by rarefying his desperate sense of the solitude of the individual into a purely intellectual puppet show, and found for a while a vicarious gratification in the shallow dynamism of the Fascist State.

What Croce essentially did under those circumstances was to soothe a certain number of unhappy consciences: the professor unconvinced of his professorial business; the communist intellectual who, on account of his humanistic education, needed some kind of a philosophical machine to withstand naked Marxism and party discipline; the liberal who felt inclined toward socialism without quite being able to accept all that socialism implied; the young man who wanted to be a success without being thoroughly convinced that success really mattered; the provincial who wished to feel in contact with the great currents of European thought without ceasing to be a provincial.

Croce provided all those people, and some others with an ersatz sense of security and reality accompanied by an ersatz sense of intellectual restlessness. Verbal solutions spawned all over the place, and a peculiar form of pedantic dilettantism was the fashion in many circles, from the austere academic ones to those of a certain "avant-garde".

The blank spaces of unreality were filled with cerebral "pea-soup fog", without however being quite obliterated; and everybody could go on as usual but not without a dignified sense of inner drama. Of course, in the end many felt that the medicament was of no avail. However, many of the young men who looked to Croce for an anti-fascist philosophy discovered in his Hegelianism a stoic morality of protest and resistance which was not exactly there. Croce himself encouraged such attitudes by stressing over and over again the role of moral decision and of the "heretic" in history. It can be noted that the stress was always on the individual and his personal conviction, never on the social implications of both. Anyway, that was undoubtedly a moral contribution to the struggle against fascism.

Nevertheless, the net result of Croce's influence on Italian intellectuals was to blur, at least in the closed spaces of individual minds, the radical crisis of Italian society. Its nature can be plainly described by saying that there, as in few other European countries, a small minority, supposedly the "elite", was living, doing business, rearing intellectual structures as well as very material machines of repression, without any real connection with and without any real care for the life, the toil, the feelings and the mentality of the enormous majority of their fellow men; actually, without any real care for each other. And there, in that compact and dumb ignorance, were the roots of their frightful unreality.

4

Immediately after the fall of fascism, Croce's first public action was a letter to the editor of a Roman newspaper giving advice to an audience which he knew would be enormous. He said that the joy of the Italians in their reconquered freedom reminded him of other joyful revolutions: 1848, and especially the Spanish revolution of 1931. And the Spanish revolution of 1931 called to his mind the sad destiny of that great people who, instead of working purely and solely and unanimously at the establishment of good liberal institutions, had confused the issue with premature economic and social demands, and by so doing had finally drawn upon themselves the horrors of a civil war and eventually of a new and worse tyranny. Italians should beware of making the same mistake. The important thing for them was now to get to work at establishing a firm and pure liberty, and to leave aside everything that could divide them. Not that economic problems were not important. As a matter of fact, liberalism, as he conceived it, was compatible even with a socialistic economy. But economy is economy and liberty is liberty. Liberty should come first. Of the terrible plight in which the Italian people found themselves, caught between two armies, a civil war and a military dictatorship, with no hope of escaping the blackest tragedy, not a word; of the military dictatorship itself, not a word; and on the civil war, the advice: "*Be calm*".

Then, in Naples, Croce became the leader of the anti-monarchical opposition. Once or twice, he even spoke of a republic. He denounced the King, Badoglio and the Allies as the sponsors of "neo-fascism". Perhaps—if economic and social problems were, at the moment, irrelevant

and even dangerous—the problem of the monarchy was on the contrary a question of principle. Perhaps the heretics whose moral steadfastness he had praised while fascism was there would now help Croce to stand firm on his ground.

Meanwhile, Sforza had brought back from America new reinforcements of liberal double-talk. Throughout his exile, the Count had succeeded in the considerable feat of appearing antimonarchist while never committing himself to any definite course. He had heaped such vituperation on the head of Victor Emmanuel and House of Savoy that many people thought he could not possibly be anything but a republican, while he was carefully keeping under his shirt the Order of the Annunziata which made of him the cousin of the same Victor Emmanuel. The idea of a regency was thus launched. It seemed a truly golden mean. The great question became: regency of whom? The Crown-Prince? His wife? Their baby? The baby was the favorite, with Croce, Sforza and possibly Badoglio as nurses. The whole business of those negotiations is unintelligible if one does not know how firmly convinced Italian liberals are that Italy belongs to them: *they* have from history the mission to rule, because *they* are the elite. After all, the king and all that did not mean much, pro-

vided that, after Fascist usurpation, legitimacy be restored, and power go back to them. And that is why they were so painfully shocked when the British and the Americans disregarded their claims.

The pressure of history was hard and ruthless on those liberals. History was represented by the harshness of the conquerors, in whose hands their fate palpably rested, but even more by the ghastly spectacle of some 14 million Italians who seemed thoroughly unconcerned with the restoration of the elite, and thought in terms of bread.

How could history be ignored? How could Croce shut himself up in a purely negative attitude? True liberty, concrete liberty called. In the name of the liberals, Croce explained that he was “against the king as a person, and not against the monarchic institution”. A compromise was possible. Along came Palmiro Togliatti from Moscow and explained that, as far as he was concerned, he was “against the King as an institution, and not as a person”. A compromise was possible indeed. Palmiro Togliatti, like many other high officials of the Italian Communist Party, had been a disciple of Croce; for once, he had bested his teacher. Both became Ministers of State under the King, Badoglio, Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin. The synthesis was complete, and a truly Crocean one.

I Was a Seabee

Isaac McNatt

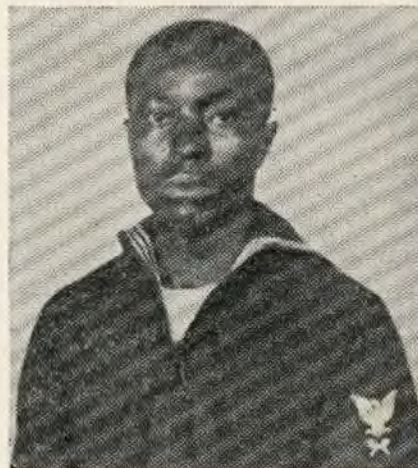
I WAS a Seabee for a year. I picked the Navy, the Seabees picked me. I volunteered for the Naval service in October, 1942 and was sworn in on the 24th of October. Just a year later, on the 23rd of October, 1943, I was discharged as UNDESIRABLE, with the reason given as unfitness.

At the recruiting station where I was sworn in, I was the only Negro out of approximately twenty-five men. I learned later that other Negro recruits from different parts of the country had been sworn in at the same time as white recruits, under the same roof, but that these groups had been separated by race. When we received orders to report to the recruiting station for transfer to a training center, we found that we were to travel as a Negro group.

At boot camp (Camp Allen, near Norfolk, Va.) we were organized into companies, B, C, and D. All the white recruits were in company A. We never came into contact with the white recruits, except on rare occasions. We were quartered in separate barracks, fed in separate chow halls, and drilled in separate companies. We bought goods at the same Ship's Service Store, but after we had been in camp a few days, a rudely scrawled pasteboard sign directed whites to one window, colored to another. A boot guard was posted to enforce this rule—a rule new to men who had been on the base for over a year.

In the recreation hall, at movies, the whites usually sat in one corner, but it soon developed into a policy of sit where you can find a seat. To avoid any such danger, one night the whites demanded to be allowed to march

to the head of the movie line. This was permitted and a near riot broke out. After the show, everyone went quietly to bed, the incident apparently forgotten. In the middle of the night, all the Negroes were ordered out of their beds, whether they had attended the movie or not, and forced



Isaac McNatt in his uniform as Storekeeper, Third Class, U. S. Naval Reserve

to drill until they nearly dropped of exhaustion. The whites slept peacefully in their bunks.

After boot training, we moved to Camp Bradford for our advanced training. Each company was broken up and reorganized. Some whites were put in each company. We

drilled to chow, to work, and in parade with the whites always at the head of the column. Upon making inquiry as to the reason for this, we were told that place in line was determined by rating. It was then for the first time we learned that practically all the whites had ratings higher than ours. With only one or two exceptions, they were first-class or chief-petty officer, while no Negro was higher than second-class petty officer. Lining up according to height, we were informed, might be followed in some places, but we must learn that there was, for everything, a right way, a wrong way, and a Navy way.

For offenders against Navy rule, there is an institution known as "The Brig". Men can be committed to the brig by varying degrees of court-martials or by order of the proper authorities. The ratio of Negroes to white in our unit was approximately four to one, so it was to be expected that most of the inmates of the brig would be Negroes. What actually did happen, however, was a little unexpected. Whereas several Negroes were committed each week, only one white was known to have been put in the brig during the entire period up to the time we were discharged. This one wasn't really put in the brig as we knew it, but was "confined" in separate spacious quarters, and was actually surrounded by more comforts than he would have had in his regular quarters. And "confined" isn't quite the word, either, for he was known to have gone ashore on liberty while thus detained, and it was even rumored around the base that he had gone home on a special leave.

Several Negroes and whites were promoted at the end of our first six months, and several before, but no Negro was promoted beyond second-class petty officer. Those who had enlisted at that rating appeared to be frozen there. One steward was promoted to first-steward, but a steward isn't a petty-officer and never has been. The second-class petty officers who inquired about their possibilities of promotion were put off with promises. One of these, a graduate of a southern Negro college, B.S. with highest honors in Electricity and Radio, wide experience, and superintendent of electrical construction at an Army Air Base at the time he enlisted, had been given commendation by the Commanding Officer as an outstanding example of a Seabee specialist. He was given a big write-up in the official publication of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, yet he was not given a promotion. He was told confidentially by his commanding officer that he was being considered for promotion but that he would probably be transferred to another battalion where he would have a better chance. What actually happened was that some few months after being sent overseas, he was dismissed from the Navy as "UNFIT".

Eventually came the time when we must sail for our overseas base. We didn't know the naval ceremony for boarding ship, but during the four months we had at our Advanced Base Depot, we saw many units embark for overseas service. With band playing and colors flying they left, and we thrilled at the spectacle, looking forward eagerly to the day when we should sail away. The day came. We, too, must leave. But no band played, no flag waved as we marched away to war, down the tree-lined streets of that little southern town. True, we had our band,

one we were very proud of, and each member carried his instrument, but the drums were mute, the horns silent. We had our colors but no one could see them. They were furled, cased. We wondered if this, too, was the Navy way.

Life on Shipboard

Aboard ship, we were quartered according to rating. This resulted in one or two incidents. The captain of the ship was told that first-class petty officers and chiefs would go into one hold and lower ratings into the others. He probably realized this was our particular "Navy" way, but ordered the lists made up accordingly. As a result, the three or four white yeomen below first-class were quartered with the Negroes and the Negro first class steward was quartered with the whites. While the white yeomen soon found reason to be transferred to the other hold without trouble the steward was threatened with immediate bodily harm if he didn't "get outa here".

Whereas at the base we had been accustomed to two chow halls, here there was only one. Consequently, all whites, those in other units aboard ship being influenced by the conduct of the whites in ours, lined up and ate first. We ate last. For the first two meals, several of our fellows didn't get any food at all, as it ran out before all were served. From then on, they always got something, though it frequently was not what the first through the line got. On two or three occasions when chicken was served, the last one through got, not even the neck of the chicken, but whatever was handy to the cooks.

During the day, most of the troop passengers had no regular duty except for short intervals. Therefore, we lined the rails watching the waves, the horizon, and other ships in the convoy. The second day out at sea, a long line was stretched across the ship, from the port to the starboard side. From it dangled pasteboard signs. They read: "Only first-class men and chiefs forward of this line". This meant that all Negroes were restricted to the rear of the ship, even up on the main deck. Who was responsible for the sign? The crew members didn't know, said they had never seen any such signs before, and if their ship was beginning such practices, they would resign from the Merchant Marine when they returned home, or at least get a transfer. One or two of our officers were approached on the subject. "This is an Army transport," they said, "must be an Army custom." The Army chaplain was approached. He knew nothing of it. Finally, after our Commanding Officer was approached, the sign was removed. Great cheers went up from the fellows.

At last we were overseas, disembarking at our Carribean base. We settled in a reception center while we began to build our own quarters preparatory to our main task.

At the Caribbean Base: 3 Chow lines

Buildings went up and roads took shape where there had been mud, jungle, and morass. Constant tropical storms vied with intense heat to make the work more difficult. Instead of coming back to the base for meals, the

fellows all ate at a nearby naval air station. For the first two or three meals, they filed into the chow hall in the order in which they happened to get in line. The second day, the Negroes, who did all the actual work while the whites supervised, were ordered to stand aside and let the whites eat first.

After this had happened once or twice, the Negroes found that they had to stand in line during the entire lunch hour, never having a chance to rest, while the white fellows had half an hour in which to relax. The fellows refused to eat. A high officer of the base intervened and asked one of our officers why he followed such a policy. He replied that such were his orders. However, they worked out a policy whereby the Negroes ate in a separate line, and the whites in our unit lined up with the crew members of the station, all white. But the station crew were so displeased at the attitude assumed by our whites that they refused to eat with them. As a result, three chow lines were formed, one for us, one for the station crew, and one for our superior whites.

When living quarters were completed, all of us moved into them, with the same patterns of segregation we had followed back in the States. For the first time since boot days, we were separate from all other naval units, with our own Ship's Service Store, our own recreation buildings. For the first time since boot days, too, a sign went up in the ship's service. This time, instead of saying, "Colored and White" as in boot days, it said: "This line for enlisted men".

No one, however, was fooled. Everyone knew what was meant, for even chiefs and first-class men are enlisted men. Also, the handful of whites who were below first class rating always fell into the first-class line. The sign this time was no hastily scrawled pasteboard affair, but was prettily painted in bold red letters against a white background. A Negro guard was posted to see that this sign was adhered to.

For the first week the store was in operation, the "enlisted men" refused to buy cokes and beers there. Instead, they went to the nearby air station or to the Army PX where it was a case of first come, first served. When the Supply Officer at the N.A.S. was threatened with a beer shortage, he asked our fellows why they didn't buy beer at their own store. The answer he got was that we didn't have any beer. Upon investigation, he discovered that not only was there plenty of beer at our store but that his helpers had been trying to borrow beer from it to replenish his rapidly declining reservoir.

Toward the end of the week, we noticed two or three strange "gold-braids" inspecting our ship's store. On Saturday the two pretty signs disappeared, and our fellows discovered that there was some beer in our Ship's Store, after all.

Conference With the "Skipper"

The next day, Sunday, I was approached by the Commanding Officer's steward, T. M., who asked if I would be at the C.O.'s office that afternoon at 1500. I asked what for. He said he had asked to have a talk with the skipper, at his convenience, to discuss some things not going so

well and which he thought the skipper didn't know about. The skipper replied that he would be glad to talk, not only with him but with a number of the other fellows as well.

"You know I have just had notices read which invite any enlisted man to a 'Request Mast' with his Commanding Officer when he thinks he has any grievance. Come Sunday afternoon and bring any of the men you wish," T.M. quoted him as saying.

I told T.M. I would be there at 1500. As I neared the office, I saw a group of officers enter. I was somewhat surprised to see them, as I had supposed we would talk only with our skipper. We all took seats in the office as best we could, approximately nine officers and twelve "enlisted men".

"This is a little informal, off-the-record get-together," our skipper said. "You fellows speak right up and get off what's on your chest."

The first subject broached was liberty. J. T. said he wondered if it was possible for the fellows to go ashore on liberty a little more often. The C.O. said the liberty bill was prepared by the Army, but if possible he would be glad to grant us more liberty. Transportation was an important factor he said, as we were much farther from liberty town than where we landed.

"That ain't really what's on you fellows' minds," spoke up one officer, "what we want to hear is what you think about the racial situation on our base here."

The question, thus frankly put, was as frankly answered. One by one the fellows expressed their views. Those who didn't speak up were called by name and asked either general or pointed questions.

Re-ratings were discussed at length. Said H.S.: "We wondered if there was a naval rule that a Negro could not be promoted beyond 2nd class p.o. Several white fellows who enlisted below that rating at the same time we did have advanced up to 1st class or chief, while not one of us has gone beyond that."

No, there was no rule against it. "I specifically looked up that point when I was in Washington," our skipper said.

"How can we obtain promotions?" asked J.T.

"Work hard, obey orders, and prove yourself worthy," he was told.

"We have always done that," said C.S. "I have always done my best for the entire time I've been in here. Before we left the States I had the understanding that I was soon to be promoted even if it meant my being transferred to another unit."

"Yes, that is true," said our C.O. "However, it is the policy of this battalion to have only white fellows first-class or above. If I were to upgrade you fellows to that rating, it would upset my setup. I had considered transferring all the whites out and giving you fellows the chance you want, but if I did that I would be dodging the issue, not meeting it, so I haven't decided to do that. I have also thought of upgrading all whites who can possibly be upgraded to chief, transferring the others out, and letting you fellows step up one grade."

"Me, I'm From Texas"

Here officer H demanded to know if we were re-rated

up to 1st class, would we expect to be quartered with the whites or eat with them. Some fellows said it didn't matter, they were interested in getting the ratings they deserved, not being held back because of color. Others asked if his question meant that we would not be promoted if we answered "Yes". One fellow said he didn't see why separation had to enter the picture at all.

"Where would you fellows be willing to draw the line between the races?", asked Officer H.

"I don't see any definite place you can draw a line," I replied. "So long as we get along with the white fellows on various jobs, why not in eating and living quarters? The more contact there is between the races on an equitable basis, the more they will understand and like one another."

"Anyway, within 30 or 60 days, you will know whether or not there will be Negro 1st class petty officers in this battalion," said Officer A.

Asked T.M.: "How do the officers feel about racial segregation?"

"That," replied Officer A, "depends on where one is from. Me, I'm from Texas, and wouldn't care to sleep with them, eat with them, have any recreation with them, or anything other than getting our job done."

Before the meeting broke up, our C.O. said he would ask the Chaplain to form a committee on interracial affairs. He thanked us for coming, said he thought the air had been somewhat cleared, and dismissed us. The next day, the regimental commander called us back to the C.O.'s office, bawled us out for "griping", and having petty complaints, and said he would have no more conferences and committees under his command.

"Back up your Commanding Officer with help and constructive suggestions," he thundered, "and let's have no more of this conferring and committee-izing. Spread that word among your mates! That's all."

"Undesirable by Reason of Unfitness"

A few days later, nineteen of us were dismissed from the service with discharges which read "UNDESIRABLE by reason of UNFITNESS" and "ORDINARY by reason of INAPTITUDE". No charges, no trial, no court-martial. Just dismissal. We have written to Washington, where the Navy Department stated that our Commanding Officer was justified in dismissing us in time of war. We have asked for trial, so as to learn the nature of the charges against us, but without success. We have asked to be reinstated, and have been told that there is no authority whereby we may be reinstated.

So we are casualties of war. When we volunteered for the Navy, we had in mind a number of bad things which could happen to us, but not this. We knew we faced death, maiming, or other serious injury by gunfire, bombardment or torpedoing. But we never considered UNDESIRABLE discharge, a discharge without cause. We didn't expect to come back to civilian life as heroes, but at least we wanted to be proud of the fact that we had offered to do our bit to help win the war, and have those we love proud of us.

We are casualties of war. The country which we worked and fought to save has stigmatized us. Those of us who held high civil service ratings cannot go back to work for

the government. Those of us who were school-teachers cannot earn a living that way anymore. The doors of professional schools have been slammed shut in our faces, making it more difficult to further our education. We are Negroes; we joined the Navy, and we are paying and will pay for being Negroes. I tried to help my country to the utmost of my ability but was penalized for being a Negro during the year when I was a Seabee.

Editor's Postscript:

Isaac McNatt's account of his and his comrades' experiences as Seabees comes to POLITICS through the Lynn Committee to Abolish Segregation in the Armed Forces, which we wish to thank for the document.

Some of our readers may find it hard to believe Mr. McNatt's story. "Why that couldn't have happened in our Navy!" said one person after reading advance proofs. "That's straight Nazi stuff." Unfortunately, Isaac McNatt's story is true. I have seen a document from the files of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, dated October 27, 1943, and based on the stories told by nine of Isaac McNatt's comrades who were discharged from the Seabees at the same time for the same reason. It checks in all essentials with the story told above. One especially poignant detail may be quoted from it:

"Our uniforms were identical with those of the whites. They resented this idea. They wanted us to take off the brass buttons and replace them with plastic buttons. . . . Due to the fact that we couldn't find plastic buttons, they wanted to restrict our liberty until we could get them. After we had proved that we could not get the plastic buttons, the incident was closed."

The N.A.A.C.P. brought this document to the attention of the Secretary of the Navy, asking that the discharges be reconsidered. The late Secretary Knox replied on January 1, 1944:

". . . The cases concerning these men have been completely and thoroughly reviewed by the Bureau of Naval Personnel and it is considered that action taken by the Commanding Officer of the Battalion, in time of war, was to the best interest of the war effort and the United States Navy. . . . Such discharges are in no way affected by race or color but are based solely on efficient performance of military duties. It is the obligation of both officers and enlisted men to adjust themselves to the service in order that they can render the greatest good. Consequently, any activity on the part of Naval personnel which is prejudicial to military discipline, or control, or which constitutes an influence preventing officers from discharging duties in enforcement of Navy rules and regulations, is considered detrimental to the service and appropriate action must be taken. . . . Sincerely, FRANK KNOX.

For those who have read Isaac McNatt's story, no comment on this letter is necessary—though it might be added James Forrestal, the new Secretary of the Navy, recently replied to a renewed inquiry from the N.A.A.C.P. that the case was closed.

Mr. Forrestal is mistaken. The case is not closed, and will not be closed until the nineteen Seabees have received full justice and reparations from the authorities who have treated them so unjustly. In a broader sense, since this is not an isolated, accidental episode, but rather an extreme expression of the fascist racial policies of the military authorities, the Case of the Nineteen Seabees will not be closed until racial democracy is introduced throughout the Army and Navy.

The Story of the 477th Bombardment Group

"Bombardier"

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following narrative, like Isaac McNatt's account, is printed exactly as it was written—except for minor cuts—by a participant in the events described. The background of these events may be sketched in briefly.

The Army Air Corps has as vicious a racial policy as any branch of the service. When Judge William H. Hastie resigned from the War Department on January 18, 1943, he wrote: "Reactionary policies and discriminatory practices of the Army Air Force in matters affecting Negroes were the immediate cause of my resignation as Civilian Aide to the Secretary of War." Judge Hastie's action, and the scathing factual expose of jimcrow conditions with which he accompanied it, made all the deeper impression because he is a "moderate" Negro leader. But General Arnold's staff would risk a dozen "Hastie incidents" rather than open up to colored flyers the most glamorous, aristocratic and highly paid branch of the service.

When, therefore, on July 22, 1943, the Army Air Corps announced that a Negro medium bombardment unit would be formed, there was jubilation in the Negro press. Up to then, the Corps had accepted Negroes for flying duty only with single-engine fighter and pursuit planes—two small units, taking in only 200 pilots altogether. Last fall the 477th Bombardment Group began to take shape: 50 officers and 350 enlisted men, all colored.

The 477th began its training early this year at Mather Field, California. At first, there was no segregation. Colored and white bomber personnel studied in the same classroom, ate in the same mess halls. There was no racial friction, as has generally been the case when the military authorities permit the men to get to know each other as human beings. (It may be noted here that at specialized training centers—as, aviation signal corps, ASTP, etc.—it seems to be Army policy to let the commanding officer of the camp decide whether to enforce segregation or not; a fact, by the way, which debunks the official myth that segregation is necessary to prevent chaos and race riots.) This democratic and sensible state of affairs could not be permitted to last long in the Air Corps. What happened next may be told in the words of a news story from the Pittsburgh Courier of March 11, 1944:

Then came Maj. Gen. Ralph P. Cousins to the field on an inspection trip. Among his first orders to the camp commander was one for the separation of the Negroes from the whites in the mess hall.

The commander was flabbergasted. But in the Army, orders from men of higher rank become law. He called in the Negro pilots and told them the situation.

One of the spokesmen for the group asked if the men were under orders to eat in the mess hall. He was told they were not.

From that day to this, not a single Negro pilot has eaten

in the jim-crow mess hall. They dig into their own pockets and buy their food from the post exchange, in addition to paying their regular mess assessment.

The PX is staffed exclusively by whites, mostly women. But the entire force was in strict sympathy with the Negro pilots. They came to work earlier in order to serve breakfast to the "jim-crowed" pilots and get them on the field in time.

Then came Christmas. The girls were due to have the day off. But they voted to give up their holiday in order to serve the Negro pilots if they did not want to go into town for their Christmas meal.

"No," said the pilots. "We have decided that today would be a good day to do without anything to eat."

Not a single pilot put a morsel in his mouth that Christmas day.

A tradition was thus established. The first class has finished its preliminary training at Mather Field. Two other classes have followed. But not a Negro pilot has eaten in the mess hall since the infamous order by Major General Cousins.

The jim-crow order is still in effect.

Thus Major-General Cousins single-handed stormed and destroyed an outpost of democracy in our armed forces. He rates at least a D.S.M. (Distinguished Sabotage Medal).

After this demoralizing and embittering experience, the 477th Bombardment Group was shifted to Selfridge Field, Mich., for further training. (This is where the former commanding officer, Col. W. T. Colman, last spring expressed his annoyance at being kept waiting by the Negro private who chauffeured his car by shooting him. Military justice, however, did not sleep: the Colonel was tried by court martial and sentenced to . . . reduction in rank to Captain.)

"Bombardier" takes up the story at this point:

The following is a brief resume of the sequence of humiliating events perpetrated against the all negro Bombardment Group formerly of Selfridge Field, Michigan and now of Godman Field, Ky.

Following the submittal of applications for membership to the base officer's club of Selfridge Field, a meeting was called of all Negro personnel (officer). At this meeting, the commanding officer of the group, Col. Robert L. Selway Jr., proceeded in a true military fashion to rake the Negro officer personnel over the coals for having submitted applications for membership to the base officer's club, the only outlet for recreation other than travelling thirty miles to the city of Detroit. Another highlight was the reading of a letter from the base commander to the group commander in which he made it known in no uncertain terms that the applications submitted would not be acted upon since it was not the policy of the War Department to mix the Negro and White officer personnel in the messes and clubs.

This letter was supplemented by the remarks from the group commander that anyone who wanted to use the group to solve any racial problem or to further the race, his services in the group would be considered unsatisfactory in this group. Obviously noting the resentment set about in the command as a result of this decree, the Colonel decided that a stronger voice could portray these facts to the command more strongly. As a result, Major General Frank O'D. Hunter, Commanding General of the First Air Force was an unexpected guest of the command.

General Hunter stated that as far as he was concerned there was no racial problem at Selfridge Field and that he would not tolerate any race problem there. He went on to say that his primary concern was to prepare the various organizations of his command for combat. (How he can do this, prepare men to fight and die, yet deny them equal privileges is beyond the scope of human concept.) He further stated that this policy of discrimination had been going on for more than a hundred years and that we could not hope to solve it over night, and certainly not use this group to solve this problem. Also the country is not ready for what he deems a revolutionary change, namely the mixing of Negro and White Officers in officer's clubs. He promised to furnish a separate officer's club for the base with funds at the disposal of the First Air Force. The general reminded the officers that all individuals whom he termed agitators (those individuals of the group who are opposed to such treatment at the hands of the higher commander) would be weeded out and dealt with.

Construction of the promised colored officer's club was commenced only to be halted by movement of the entire group from Selfridge Field under the pretext of field training conditions. The real reason for the move was to shift the 477th to a Southern field where the local jimcrow laws and sentiment would be used to back up the Army's jimcrow policies. The Government will go to considerable expense in order to deny its men of arms an equal chance to fraternize on equal basis.

The train was unloaded at Godman Field, Kentucky, and the troops with drooping hearts marched to their new home to the tune of "My Old Kentucky Home". Plus the one recently constructed building, the group is now using the same facilities that accommodated the air corps of the last war. As a note of comparison it might be well to state that Selfridge Field, Michigan, is one of the best bases in the entire United States and Godman Field is one of the worst. The facilities are such that under no circumstances will the entire group, as such, be able to operate from this base. These facilities are inadequate for night flying and so one phase of the training program must be carried on elsewhere. The movement was dictated by spite rather than the interest of the service and the nation.

The enlisted men are housed in barracks of World War I vintage. The officers' living conditions are likewise deplorable. One high ranking investigating officer was tactfully shunted to inspect the one barracks which most nearly resembles living conditions prescribed by the army. Ironically the barracks housing the pilot personnel was discreetly circumnavigated during the inspection. This

masterful stroke was carried out by the guiding hand of the so called interested group commander.

The morale of the officers and men of the 477th is now at the lowest possible ebb because of their predicament. Despite the fact that the flying personnel, who must have complete ease of mind, are constantly confronted with ever increasing humiliations, and the enlisted men have little or no incentive to do their best, this group has established a safety record of one hundred and thirty-seven days without an aircraft accident. A letter of commendation attesting this fact was sent to the commander of the group from the commanding General of the First Air Force.

Conditions continue to get worse with the passing of each day. As a result, a number of investigating officers have been sent in to get the actual picture. The group personnel believes they were given the old "eye wash" treatment, or that they were not sincere in their efforts.

Culminating these investigations was a visit by the second highest ranking officer of the army air forces, Lt. General Barney Giles.

He and his entourage from the Inspector General's Office called a meeting of all the flying officers in the group commander's office with the group commander present. The men were asked if there was anything that was bothering them. Naturally the question was asked if the group was to remain at its present station to complete its overseas training. The reply was emphatically *yes*. Each man was given the opportunity to voice his complaint. However, with the commanding officer of the Group present, there was no expression of sentiment. This can be explained by the fact that with the departure of the inspecting officers, those who literally placed their necks in the guillotine would certainly have them chopped off by the group commander for exposing his dirty practices and policies.

The accepted and approved procedure for an inspection of this sort by an inspecting officer is to hold private meetings at which all who have complaints can make them, far removed from the disapproving eye and ear of the commander of the organization being investigated. Why then was this poor attempt at an investigation made by one whom all put their faith and confidence in? From his investigation, General Giles, promised swimming pools, squash courts, an enlarged post exchange, bus service to Louisville and other unimportant items. Obviously he was not aware of what is desired most, to be freed of the oppression that the south affords a Negro.

To the members of this group this all has been an insult to the integrity of these fine young men. It is a known psychological fact that the human mind and body can withstand only so much punishment without complete break down. However, they fail to realize that Negroes have been fighting all their lives and one more fight more or less makes little difference.

If the 477th Bombardment Group is to be a credit to the Allied cause and to its race, there must be a complete showing-up of its present situation. These men are fighting a battle far superior to that of survival, as many are doing on foreign shores. Their battle is only for those things for which many a husband, brother, sister and son is away from loved ones today—The Four Freedoms.

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Mr. Joseph Stalin's Revolution in Economic Science

It was bound to happen sooner or later. The Marxian theory of the state was revised years ago when Stalin told the 18th Congress of the Russian Communist Party that the state power instead of dying away, becomes stronger and more brutal with the approach of Communism. Historical science was revised to make possible the cult of Ivan the Terrible, the Romanov czars and their Suvorovs. Why not also Marxist economics?

The revision was made in an article in *Pod Znameniem Marksizma* (Nos. 7-8, 1943) signed by L. A. Leontiev, M. B. Mitin and eight other Soviet economists.* The names of the authors are not important. Everybody knows such articles cannot be written without high consent.

* The original is not available to me; these remarks are based on the abridged translation presented in the Spring, 1944, number of *Science and Society*.

The first innovation is a relaxing of the extremely rigid orthodoxy which hitherto prevailed in treating the ideas of the founders of Marxism. That the Masters, especially Engels, may have erred is actually now admitted. They are even blamed for errors they did not commit; the trend—to discredit them—is unmistakable. There are those that will see great progress in this—you see, the Russians are becoming more liberal and open-minded. But one should not forget there is still one infallible theoretician: Joseph Stalin. Jesus Christ and the Apostles could have erred and anyway their teachings are not very practical today, but the Pope, the Pope must remain infallible.

One revision concerns what might seem to be a remote and minor matter: primitive communism. Engels is criticised for having idealized this state of society too much, and Soviet economists hitherto are chided for following too closely in his footsteps. This produced "a romantic idealization of that system, which led students to neglect the idea of the progressive character of the development of human society. The transition from the primitive social structure to class society was looked upon not as a necessary step in the path of social progress, but as a fall, an expulsion from Paradise. In this connection there arose the false notion of communism as a sort of return to the social system under which man lived in primitive times."

This is not precisely a revision in Marxism. That class society represented a great economic advance over primitive communism is a commonplace of Marxist theory. But Marx and Engels also knew the other half of the truth: that mankind had to pay for this progress in the development of productive forces by tremendous suffering of the oppressed classes, by exploitation and human degradation. The emphasis is significant, however, in respect to Stalinist ideology. One might wonder why it is necessary to stress the progressive nature of the introduction of class society many thousands of years ago at the very historical moment when the abolition of classes is economically possible, and offers the one hope for mankind. The answer is that, despite the fifteen-year campaign of the bureaucracy against the "petty-bourgeois" idea of equality, the Russian people still dream of equality and fraternity. In the descriptions of primitive communism they find material for their dreams. These are dangerous thoughts—people might even get the idea that communism has something to do with equality. Therefore, the Soviet professors must track this dangerous beast to his lair in the primeval forest.

The second revision is much the most significant. It also concerns the crucial question of equality. Some people, it appears, think the Marxist law of value applies only to capitalism. Actually, Mr. Leontiev & Co. tell us it functioned also in a pre-capitalist society, although it did not have such an all-pervasive character. Again, this is true, and again it is only half of the truth, since it makes a tremendous difference whether the law of value works only in the pores of a society that is governed by other principles, or whether it *rules the whole society*.

But why is this question important now? Because from this misreading of past history, write the Soviet economists, an impression has got abroad that the law of value does not rule economic relations in a *socialist* society. This is

fallacious, they assert. The only difference is that in capitalism the law functions in a "blind" way, while in Russian socialism it is consciously utilized and applied by the State, which is able to do this because it controls all the important means of production.

As economic theory, this is nonsense. All bourgeois and Marxist economists agree that the law of value controls economy only where free competition prevails. Wherever a monopoly rules, the products are sold not for their values or prices oscillating around those values, but for *monopoly prices*. Even in capitalist society the law of value functions only *insofar* as there is still competition beside and above monopolies. The Soviet government has a super-monopoly for almost all products. It can dictate to still independent producers prices far below the value of their products. It can sell for prices very much above the value. It can maintain unprofitable productions for many years, taxing the population for the costs through monopolistic prices.

It is true that there are still remainders of market relations in the USSR. But they don't *rule* the economy. As far as they go, there are still some remainders of "elementary" laws. As far as conscious regulation goes, the law of value ceases to function.

Now, why this masquerade? Well, a Soviet citizen could ask: why does bread cost ten times more than the grain, and labor needed to produce it? And the bureaucrat has a convenient reply: this happens according to Law—to the Iron, Just and almost Eternal Law of Value.

But this is still not the most important point. The dispute centers not so much around the value of commodities as around the "value of labor," and the "surplus value," or, to put it more accurately, around the appropriation of the products of surplus labor.

Why does the worker get 300 and the director 30,000 Roubles a month? Is that not, perhaps, exploitation?

Oh, no!

"At first glance it might seem that the simplest way out would be to measure labor in hours or days. But the labor of the citizen of a socialist society is not qualitatively uniform. . . . Differences (between physical and mental labor) continue to exist. . . . All this signifies that the hour or day of work of one worker is not equal to the hour of day of another. Consequently, quantities of work and quantities of consumption can be calculated only on the basis of the law of value. The calculation and comparison of various kinds of labor are not realized directly by means of the 'natural measure of labor', labor time, but indirectly, by means of accounting and comparison of the products of labor, commodities."

It will be still difficult to understand, why the products of a bureaucrats—circulars and directives—have a hundred times greater value than shoes or airplanes produced by the workers. And Karl Marx will turn in his grave because the derivation of the value of labor from the value of the product stands *his* theory of value on its head. But some people will believe that the exploitation in Russia is made more respectable, because it goes on "according to the Law of Value."

Some American journalists welcomed this revision in economic science as a sign of a return to capitalism. Perhaps this idea was "sold" them by official Russian circles. But it is wrong. There are no signs of return to capitalism in Russia. The present revision aims to liquidate the last remainders of an egalitarian, socialist ideology and to find new justifications for the exploitation.

But for the specific, Russian, bureaucratic exploitation. The bureaucrats believe (and state it explicitly also in the article of Leontiev) that their system is "more advanced" than capitalism. They became more tolerant of capitalism (see Browder's praise of "free enterprise"), as the capitalists became more tolerant of the Russian system (see the Beaverbrooks and Rickenbackers of all countries). The exploiters of different kinds discovered what they have in common. They all believe, that there are people to command and people to obey; that the first ones have to live "better and happier", because their work has a greater value; that equality is a "dangerous utopia", to be persecuted by all means.

And so, may I be allowed to end my remarks with a modest suggestion? The Stalinists changed the emblem and anthem. But the official slogan still is: "Workers of the World, unite!" Does it not belong to the errors of Marx and Engels? What about: "Exploiters of the World, unite!"?

PETER MEYER

Our Golden Age

Alice Felt Tyler, assistant professor of history at the University of Minnesota, has had the excellent idea of bringing together in one volume the stories of all the social experiments and movements for human rights that flourished in this country between the Revolutionary and the Civil wars. The result is *Freedom's Ferment: Phases of American Social History to 1860* (U. of Minnesota Press, \$5), a big handsome volume of 600 pages, well illustrated. Reading *Freedom's Ferment* today when all moral energy has gone out of our public life and America has become the most timidly conservative force in world politics is both depressing and exhilarating—the former because we have lost so much, the latter because we were once a people with a heart and a will, and may become so again.

"We are all a little wild here with numberless projects of social reform," Emerson wrote to Carlyle in 1840. "Not a reading man but has a draft of a new community in his waistcoat pocket. . . . One man renounces the use of animal food, and another of coin; and another of domestic hired service; and another of the state; and on the whole we have a commendable share of reason and hope." The nation seethed and bubbled with a champagne effervescence of reform (both religious and secular), social experimentation, humanitarianism, democratic optimism and just plain crackpottery. Miss Tyler writes of it all with sympathy, humor, and a conscientious eye for detail—sometimes too much detail and not enough generalization, it is true. But as a survey for the general reader, her book is very good.

The first third of the book is devoted to "Cults and Utopias". What an array! The New England transcendentalists; the Millerite millennialists whose movement

broke up when the world failed to come to an end, as advertised, on October 22, 1844; the Fox sisters' spiritualist movement; the great revivals that swept through the backwoods, leaving large "burnt over" areas; Joseph Smith and the Book of Mormon an angel gave him one day, complete with magic spectacles with which to read it. The many religious communities: Zoar, the Rappites, the Oneida Community, Eric Janson's personal dictatorship at Bishop Hill, Ill. (Most of them showed a regrettable tendency to center around a single patriarchal personality—noteworthy exceptions being the dozens of Shaker communities.) The secular communities, built around some vision of a better human society: Bronson Alcott's pathetic and charming Fruitlands experiment; the Hopedale Community near Milford, Mass., a Christian Socialist experiment which lasted twenty years; Robert Owens' New Harmony; Frances Wright's Nashoba; the Fourierist phalanxes, of which there were fifty at one time, a movement led by Horace Greeley and Albert Brisbane—whose boy, Arthur, the Hearst columnist and platitudinous ideologue of big business, was as typical of our age as the father was of his; Etienne Cabet's Icarian community which took over Nauvoo, Ill., after the Mormons had been driven out. And above all, Brook Farm, "brightest and happiest of American Utopias", which Orestes Brownson called "half a charming adventure, half a solemn experiment", adding that it was fun to live there and even better to visit. "What a royal time we had," wrote a young English governess who had worked and studied at Brook Farm. "The very air seemed to hold more exhilarating qualities than any I had breathed before. Democracy and culture made the animus of the association. Had the world denied you opportunity for education? Here your highest needs should be satisfied. . . . What a heavenly world this was getting to be!"

The same spirit is in the "Humanitarian Crusades" to which Miss Tyler devotes the latter part of her book, a spirit of optimism, enthusiasm, benevolence. There is also, of course, a grimmer note, since here are the reformers doing battle with the main evils of their day. The educational reformers are here—Horace Mann, who made his annual reports as state superintendent of education in Massachusetts classics of educational theory and practice; Bronson Alcott's Temple School, where Pestalozzi's new theories were transplanted to American soil; Emma Willard and Mary Lyon, who had the novel idea of educating females. Prison reform and the attempts to improve the lot of such wards of the state as orphans and poor-house inmates did not seem to get very far. (This was just as well in one case, the "Pennsylvania Plan", which isolated the prisoner completely, in order that he might not be distracted in "improving himself", cutting him off from all contact with the outside world, including newspapers and visits from family and friends, and even giving him, at great expense, his own tiny private courtyard to exercise in.) Another unsuccessful crusade was the Temperance movement, which finally went to pieces on a nice doctrinal point: is a temperate use of liquor permissible, or is *all* drinking, even of beer, immoral. The "ultras" or "radicals" insisted on the latter, and carried their point within the American Temperance Society, but, alas, "the result was a vast decline in the movement." There is a chapter on the remarkably widespread anti-war movements of the period, and another on the spirited and effective crusade for women's rights, which was linked with all the other reform movements and in many ways was the most significant of all. There is a fine picture of Susan B. Anthony, who at seventeen "wrote angrily, 'What an absurd notion that women have not intellectual and moral faculties sufficient for anything but domestic concerns.'" The climax

of the book, of course, is the Abolitionist movement, in which the intense energies of the period's humanitarianism found expression. And when Emerson said that all people "in proportion to their sensibility and self-respect" sympathized with John Brown, and Thoreau compared Brown's hanging to Christ's crucifixion, the conflict had indeed become irrepressible.

The United States between Jefferson's decisive popular victory in 1800 over Hamilton's aristocratic big-money party and the Civil War was as thoroughly democratic a nation as Western history had seen since the Greek city states. (The Greek Revival architecture of the period was peculiarly appropriate; a popular sense of its fittingness may have been one reason it spread so widely, becoming our first and only really *national* style of architecture.) The equalitarianism of the frontier, the intellectual traditions of 1776 drawn from Locke and Rousseau, the individualistic democracy of Jefferson's beloved small freeholders all mingled to make America appear the ideal land where the dreams of the Enlightenment could be realized in practice. The Americans of this period had a strong sense of their national destiny as the propagators of democracy throughout the tyrant-ridden, custom-bound Old World—much as the Russians felt themselves to be the bearers of world communism in the first decade after 1917. And the Europeans shared this feeling. It was to America that the Utopian Socialists came to found their ideal communities, and it was of America that Alexis de Tocqueville wrote: "The principle of the sovereignty of the people is not either barren or concealed . . . it is recognized by the customs and proclaimed by the laws."

The times were propitious. The frontier was slowly opening, industrialism was growing at a pace fast enough to stimulate but not so rapid as to corrupt, material prosperity advanced steadily. The moral and economic cancer of slavery only became pronounced towards the end of the period. Up to 1830, in fact, it seemed to be dying out slightly, and the anti-slavery movement had roots even in the South, in fact especially there. As cotton became more profitable, with the perfection of the cotton gin and the rise of England's Lancashire spinning industry, the South's attitude changed from defensive apology to positive endorsement of its "peculiar institution". In the 1850-1860 decade Northern industrialism took a great leap forward, clashing with the now economically indispensable Southern slave system, and the two forces—each hostile in its own way, though this was not realized at the time, to the democratic pattern of life—locked in the death struggle of the Civil War.

Well might the aged Jefferson, alarmed by the bitterness of the strife over admitting Missouri as a slave state—the first rumble of the conflict that was to break out decades later—exclaim it was "like a firebell in the night". For the Civil War was the great watershed in our history as a people. After it, everything was different: industrial capitalism shattered the agrarian democracy of Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln; the Marxian class struggle became the dominant theme in American history, the brutal dominance of big business confronting a growing native proletariat, with the middle classes, formerly the prime movers in society, reduced to hangers-on of one or the other contenders, mostly the former; governmental corruption on an undreamed-of scale was one expression of the disillusionment and political apathy after the war which Emerson, Garrison and Phillips hailed as a crusade for human liberation and which turned out, to put it mildly, somewhat different. By the end of the century, the Negroes were re-enslaved by the South, with the tacit agreement of the North, and in a subtler legalistic way which has made

race relations an issue which today threatens to overwhelm us; trusts and monopolies were forming on a scale matched only in pre-Hitler Germany; the "manifest destiny" of the American people had shifted from spreading democratic values throughout the world to imperialistic expansion. Today, after World War I, in the midst of the equally ghastly and purposeless World War II, with World War III waiting in the wings for its entrance cue, we look back from our prison-house with longing and wonder at the period that is chronicled in *Freedom's Ferment*.

Another new book from a college press also suggests the flavor of American life before the Civil War: Lawrence Sargent Hall's *Hawthorne, Critic of Society* (Yale U. Press, \$3). This is a PhD thesis—the author is now in the Navy—and, like Miss Tyler's more massive work, suffers from the curse of American scholarship, a dropsy of data, or in plainer language the inclusion of more raw facts than the theoretical framework will stand. The result is that it is often as hard for the reader to assimilate a chapter overloaded with crude data in the American style as to follow the most abstract and tortuous Germanic theorizing. It is easier, of course, to collect facts than to think about them, and Americans, myself included, have a pragmatic weakness for biting off more data than they can chew. But of this very important matter, more at another time.

Temperamentally, Hawthorne was out of key with his times. Neither the moody introspection with which he regarded his own soul nor the cool, sceptical realism he turned on the everyday world jibed with the democratic optimism possessing most of his fellow citizens. It is an indication of the potency of the *zeitgeist* of those days that it could affect such a temperament so deeply. The portrait of Hawthorne which Mr. Hall draws is not at all the conventional one, but he is able to justify it. For Hawthorne took part in the Brook Farm experiment—which is more than Emerson or Thoreau did—investing one thousand dollars of his small savings in it and later writing about it in *Blithedale* with more affection than bitterness. Later on he lost his youthful idealism and became almost grossly materialistic. (Hall's treatment of this change is the most novel part of his book; he traces out in Hawthorne's letters and journals the whole story of how he maneuvered to get appointed to the fat Liverpool consulate, writing his old college friend Franklin Pierce's campaign biography as one step in the campaign, and how after Pierce was elected Hawthorne squeezed every possible dollar out of his Liverpool years, engaging in some undignified haggling to do so.)

Yet even Hawthorne's middleaged materialism had the smack of the times about it. It took the form of a pride in American institutions which brought him close to the "Young America" movement, an odd blend of chauvinism and democratic idealism. When his friend, George N. Sanders, the guiding spirit of "Young America" as well as the American consul in London, got into difficulties because he practically turned the consulate into headquarters for Kossuth, Mazzini, Garibaldi and other European revolutionists, Hawthorne backed him up strongly. (Sanders also wrote some rather undiplomatic letters, including one in which he urged his correspondent to arrange the assassination of Louis Napoleon. Even the consulates in those days were full of the *zeitgeist*.)

What Hawthorne saw of England made him a more fervent believer in American democracy than ever before in his life. *Our Old Home* is full of horrified descriptions of the Liverpool slums, through which he often walked, which show they had changed little since another Amer-

ican writer had observed them, with similar repulsion and compassion, fifteen years earlier. (See Herman Melville's "What Redburn Saw in Launcelott's-Hey" in the March POLITICS.) Like Melville, Hawthorne felt a deep sense of human kinship and of *responsibility* for the wretched slum people of Liverpool:

"Unless these slime-clogged nostrils can be made capable of inhaling celestial air, I know not how the purest and most intellectual of us can reasonably expect ever to taste a breath of it. The whole question of eternity is staked there. If a single one of those helpless little ones be lost, the world is lost."

As the thunderheads of civil war piled up in America, Hawthorne became increasingly distressed. Like Pierce, Sanders, and Stephen A. Douglas, his political leaders, Hawthorne wanted above all to avoid war, even if it meant leaving the Negro enslaved. His very belief in the democratic mission of America, oddly enough, made him unsympathetic to abolitionism, on the grounds it would lead to civil war which would tear the nation apart and prevent it from fulfilling its historic mission of spreading democracy throughout the world.*

"Nobody was ever more justly hanged," he wrote of John Brown. Yet the moral conflict was as irrespressible as the economic one, nor could American democracy be whole so long as slavery was a part of it, as Hawthorne, with his flair for the "mysteries of the heart", must have inwardly realized. Helpless, despairing, he dreaded "the hurricane that is sweeping us all along with it, possibly, into a Limbo where our nation and its polity may be as literally the fragments of a shattered dream as my unwritten Romance."

The Romance was never written, the national dream was shattered, and Hawthorne died in the midst of the war. In his cool, penetrating way, he saw pretty clearly what lay ahead. As Mr. Hall writes, he "had the courage to face the facts" and was "more accurate and realistic" in his estimate of the war's historical meaning than either Emerson, whose sweet idealism persisted unchanged throughout the postwar period, or Whitman, whose democratic optimism seems feverish, self-conscious and a little forced compared to the prewar kind.

One of Hawthorne's last letters contains the Delphic warning: "You will live to see the Americans another people than they have hitherto been."

DWIGHT MACDONALD

*Hall quotes a statement by Sanders in 1854 in which he declared it was not the policy of those who were struggling for the national liberation of European peoples to interfere with American slavery. "They know," wrote Sanders, "that strife and ill blood between the Northern and the Southern people of the United States are music and luxury to the enemies of Democracy . . . and must feel at this moment . . . it is most urgently important that their only unshackled friends on earth—the people of the United States—should harmonize all differences so that they may present to Europe an unbroken front." Kossuth echoed these sentiments in a letter published at the same time. It is all somewhat reminiscent of current liblab pleas for "national unity" to win the war. Of the rationalizations of men in a "good cause" there is no end. . . .

HISTORY IN THE REMAKING

The full reports of Joseph Kennedy as Ambassador to Britain; of Claude Bowers as Ambassador to Spain, and of William Dodd, as Ambassador to Germany, will be a long time reaching the public. That's because the State Department decided it is not good policy to make public reports that may reflect on the policies of Russia or of Britain in the pre-war period. — U.S. News, Oct. 29, 1943.

The Revolution At Dead-End

(1926-1928)

VICTOR SERGE

IT is raining, the docks are black. Two rows of street lights hang at long intervals in the night; between them are the black waters of the Neva. On either side, the dark city. Inhospitable. It has not yet emerged from its wretchedness. Four days before, I had seen a great glow over the night sky above Berlin, which had just gone through an inflation more fabulous than our own. We had never spent more than a million on a lemon; in Berlin a postage stamp had cost trillions.

Why does this despondency persist on our Russian soil? Leaving the customs-house, we are met by a skeleton outfit splashing through the mud puddles—ghost-like horse and rattling carriage, as though we were living in Gogol's time, entering some forlorn city. . . . It has always been like this. Returning to Russian soil is always poignant. "Russian soil," the poet Tyuchev writes, "Christ in bondage has covered every inch of you." And the Marxist explains it: "The production of commodities was never sufficient, the means of communication were always lacking . . ." The poor (and there are some Christs among them), slaves to want, have always been forced to set out bare-foot, with knapsacks on their backs, wandering from one steppe to another, never stopping in their flight, always seeking. . . .

I find myself in a peaceful but depressing atmosphere. Lutovinov has committed suicide. The organizer of the metal-workers had been wandering about at night with Radek in Berlin. The cocktails of the Kurfuerstendamm burned his throat. "What messes the bourgeoisie invents to intoxicate itself with!—What am I going to do when I get home? I've told the Central Committee over and over again that we must re-examine the salary problem. Our metal-workers are going hungry. So the Sanitary Commission of the party sent me abroad for my health . . ."

Glazman has committed suicide. Few people are aware of this incident, which took place in the entourage of Trotsky, president of the Supreme War Council. It is spoken of only in whispers. And Glazman is not the only one.

Expelled from the party for having opposed the "New Line," some young men have gotten hold of revolvers—to turn against themselves. Young women, as everybody knows, prefer veronal. What good is life if the party refuses us the right to serve? This new-born world is calling us, we belong to it alone—and in its name somebody spits in our faces. "You are unworthy . . ." Are we unworthy because we represent the throbbing body and unworthy thought of the revolution? It is better to die. The curve of suicides is rising. An extraordinary session of the Central Control Commission is called.

Eugenie Bogdanovna Bosh has committed suicide. Nothing has been printed abroad about the death of one of the

greatest Bolshevik figures. Since the Civil War, she had headed with Piatakov the first Soviet government in the Ukraine; dealt severely with the difficulties in Astrakhan, and the counter-revolutionary peasants in Perm; she had commanded armies—and she had always slept with a revolver under her pillow. The party discussion in 1923, the juggling with workers' democracy by the Central Committee with its ambiguous resolutions, the purging of the universities, the dictatorship of the secretaries—all this saddened her, while sickness hollowed out her strong square fighter's face with its deep eyes. When Lenin died, she made her decision. What could be done, with the party misled and divided? With Ilyich gone, what was there to wait for, when she could do nothing herself? Lying in bed, she shot herself in the temple. The committees deliberated on the question of funeral rites. The formalists argued that suicide, even when justified by an incurable disease, remained an undisciplined act. Besides, in this case the act of suicide bore witness to a spirit of opposition. No national funeral, only a local one. No urn in the Kremlin wall; a place according to her official rank with the Communists in the Novo-Devichy Cemetery. . . . Forty lines of obituary in *Pravda*. Preobrazhensky declared that this was nothing but underhanded censorship. When she had been resisting the Germans, the Ukrainian nationalists, the Whites, the rural Vendée, what humorist would have inquired into her official rank in the party hierarchy? The very idea did not exist then. Preobrazhensky was requested to hold his tongue. The fleshly spectre of Lenin, stripped of all substance and of all spirit, lies in his Mausoleum, while the hierarchy, living and devouring like unnatural beasts, has only just begun to show us. . . .

Serge Yessenin, our matchless poet, has committed suicide. The telephone rang: "Come quickly, Yessenin has killed himself. . . ." I rushed out into the snow, went up to a room in the Hotel International. I could hardly recognize him; he no longer looked the same. The evening before, he had been drinking quite naturally and then had said goodbye to his friends. "I want to be alone. . . ." Waking up sadly that morning, he felt the desire to write something. He had neither pencil nor fountain-pen in his room; there was no ink in the hotel ink-stand, but he found a razor-blade with which he slashed his wrist. And with a rusty pen wet with his own blood, Yessenin wrote his last lines:

Au revoir, my friend, au revoir . . .

*. . . There is nothing new about dying in this life,
but there is surely nothing new about living.*

He asked that no one be permitted to enter. They found him hanging, a suitcase strap around his neck, his forehead bruised by falling in death against a steam-pipe. Washed,

his hair combed, the hair more brown than gold, he lay on his deathbed; his face had stiffened, he wore an expression of cold and distant severity. "One would think him a young soldier who died alone," I thought, "after having been bitterly defeated." Thirty years old, at the height of his fame, married eight times. . . . He was our greatest lyric poet, the poet of the Russian campaigns, of the Moscow cafes, of Bohemian singing during the revolution. He has sung the victory of the steel horse over the russet colt in the "fields without light." His verses are filled with dazzling images, yet they are as simple as village talk. He considered his own plunge into the abyss: "Where has your rashness led me, oh my head?" "I have been dishonorable, I have been wicked—but only to burn more brilliantly. . . ."

He had tried to put himself in tune with the times—and with our regimented literature. *I am a stranger in my own country . . . My poetry is no longer needed, and I myself am in the way . . . Blossom, oh youth, with your sound bodies . . . Your life is different, your songs are different . . . I am not a new man, I have one foot in the past—and yet, although I stagger, although I limp, I would join the cohorts of steel once again. . . .*

*That's it, the unbending harshness,
The whole tale of men's sufferings!
The sickle cuts the heavy ears of grain
As one cuts the throat of a swan.*

Vladimir Mayakovsky, second in popularity only to Yessenin, addressed a reproachful goodby to him:

*Now you have passed away, as we say, to the other world. . . .
The void. . . . You whirl round and round, jostling the stars. . . .*

Mayakovsky, athletic, clothed in a kind of jeering violence, hammered out his goodby before an audience for whom this death had become symbolic:

*This globe is not too well equipped for happiness.
We must try to seize happiness at some future time!*

And Mayakovsky is soon to kill himself, with a bullet in his heart; but that is another story. Through the snowy night, we carry the body of Serge Yessenin. This is no time for dreams or lyrics. Farewell, poet!

Lenka Panteleyev, a Kronstadt sailor in 1917, one of those who battered down the gates of the Winter Palace with the butt of his gun, has just ended his career in Leningrad. A legend grew up about him in the swamps where legends grow, for we have swamps again. When money came back into use, Lenka felt his end near at hand. He was not a man of ideas, he was an equalitarian. He turned bandit to plunder the first jewelry shops opened by the first neo-capitalists of the Nep. A day or two before, the militiamen who told me this tale, and who admired Lenka, had surrounded him in his hide-out (he had been betrayed, of course). There were women and drink. He came in, threw down his leather jacket, tossed off a glass of vodka, took up his guitar. What should he sing? "Roll under the axe, head of Stenka Razin. . . ." They struck him down while he was still singing. This dangerous guitar was silenced. The militiamen, who got forty rubles a month, wore on their caps the red star which the Panteleyevs had put there.

The sordid taint of money could again be seen on everything. The ostentatious shop-windows of the grocery stores

were filled with fruits from the Crimea and wines from Georgia, but a postman earned fifty rubles a month. There were 150,000 unemployed in Leningrad alone; the allowance they received ranged from twenty to twenty-seven rubles a month. Agricultural day-workers and servants received fifteen rubles (with meals, it is true). Party functionaries got as much as 180 to 225 rubles a month, like skilled workers. There were many beggars, and abandoned children; many prostitutes. We had three casinos in the city, where baccarat, roulette, and chemin-de-fer were played; low dives, the scenes of many crimes. The hotels which were run for foreigners and high functionaries had bars in which there were tables covered with soiled white linen, dusty palms, and assiduous waiters who knew secrets unknown to the revolution. What will you have? Some dope? Thirty girls, painted and bejeweled, lounge about the Europa bar, with men in fur coats and caps drinking from brimming glasses, of whom one-third are thieves, another third swindlers, and the last third melancholy workers and comrades who, by three o'clock in the morning have begun to quarrel with each other, and sometimes draw their knives. Then someone cries out with a strange pride (I heard it only the other night), "I have been a party member since 1917!" The year when the world shook. On snowy nights, sleighs drawn by proud thoroughbreds and driven by coachmen as bearded as those of the night-owls of czarist days draw up there before dawn. And a director of a nationalized factory, a wholesaler of textiles from the Lenin factory, an assassin sought after by the informers who drink with him—all these take with them, squeezed tightly together on the narrow seats, daughters of Ryazan and of the Volga, daughters of famine and revolution, who have only their youth to sell and are too thirsty for life to be among those on the suicide list which I check over in my editorial office. Leningrad lived at the price of ten to fifteen suicides a week, chiefly young people under thirty.

One could take the elevator and find on the roof of the Hotel Europa another bar, just like those in Paris or Berlin, brightly lit, with dancing and jazz, and even more dismal than the one on the street-level. I was there with another writer at the beginning of a party, while the hall was still deserted, when Mayakovsky strode in with his athletic gait. He leaned on his elbow near us. "Are things all right? Yes, I suppose they're all right! *Merde!*—Do you think I'm a hypocrite? No. But some day I'll blow my brains out. Everybody's a swine!" This was several years before his suicide. He was earning a great deal of money writing official poetry for the press, still very powerful poetry at times.

We wanted to remain a party of poor people, but money very gradually became most important. Money rots everything—and yet it also makes life spring forth everywhere. In less than five years, freedom of trade has accomplished miracles. There is no more starvation; an extraordinary zest for life rises up about us, carrying us along, but the worst of it is we feel we are rapidly being swept down hill. Our country is a great convalescent body, but on this body whose flesh is our flesh we see the blotches spreading.

When I was president of a cooperative apartment-house, I supported some girl student in a long-drawn-out struggle to acquire a maid's room in this "bourgeoisified" house. The house accounts submitted to me by an engineer had

been falsified, but I had to sign them anyway. One of our fellow-tenants was becoming rich quite openly by reselling at high prices goods which a socialist factory sold him cheap because of his small salary. The explanation: the demand for manufactured articles exceeded the supply by about 400 million rubles. The workers escaped their miserable quarters by going to the cabarets. Housewives in the Red Putilov Works section begged the party committees to find a way to turn over to them a part of the salaries of their drunkard husbands. . . . On pay-days, some proletarians lay dead-drunk on the sidewalks, and others reviled you as you passed. I was despised as a bespectacled intellectual. A children's aid committee owned and ran the Vladimirsky Club, a vicious gambling-den. It was there that I saw a woman struck in the face and thrown down the stairs half dressed. The manager came over to me, and said calmly, "What makes you so indignant? She is only a street-walker. You ought to have my job!" This manager was a Communist, we were in the same party.

Trade produces a certain liveliness, but it is the most polluted kind of trade imaginable. Retail trade, the distribution of manufactured articles, has passed into the hands of private enterprise which has defeated both the cooperatives and the state-controlled trade. Where does this capital come from, which did not exist five years ago? From robbery, fraudulent speculation, and the most ingenious "combinations." Some cheap peddlers start a false cooperative; they bribe functionaries to give them credit, raw material, and orders. They had nothing yesterday, but now the Socialist state has supplied them with everything (under certain burdensome conditions), because contracts, agreements, and the granting of orders are all perverted by corruption. Once started, they go on trying everywhere to make themselves the middle-men between socialized industry and consumer. They double prices. Soviet trade, due to our industrial weakness, has now become the field of activity for a flock of vultures, in whom one can see the makings of the toughest and shrewdest capitalists of tomorrow. In this respect, the Nep is unquestionably a defeat. The prosecutors, from Krylenko down, spend their time vainly bringing speculators to trial. A shabby little fellow, with a ruddy face, very talkative, called Plyatsky, is in Leningrad in the middle of all this corruption and speculation. This businessman out of Balzac is behind a long string of enterprises, has bribed functionaries in all the bureaus; and he is not shot, because he is really needed, he keeps the wheels turning. The Nep has become a racket. This is also true in the rural districts, although it is somewhat different there. One year's sheep-breeding in the south has produced Soviet millionaires of a strange kind, former Red Partisans, whose daughters live in the most beautiful hotels in the Crimea and whose sons gamble for large stakes at the casinos.

In another field, the huge fees paid to authors encourage the slow growth of an official literature. The hack playwrights Shchegolev (the historian) and Alexei Tolstoy have amassed hundreds of thousands of rubles for some silly plays about Rasputin and the Empress; and the goal of many of our young writers is to imitate them. All they have to do is to write to the public's taste and at the same time follow the directives of the cultural section of the Central Committee. Not that this is so easy. It is becom-

ing obvious that we are going to have a conformist and corrupt literature in spite of the remarkable resistance of the majority of young Soviet writers. . . . Although we are starting life anew, we can see everywhere things which have escaped us, which threaten us, which will be our ruin.

Konstantinov solved the equation. We knew each other without ever having met. I detested him, but I was beginning to understand him. Someone said to me, "He is scholarly and collects autographs. He has manuscripts of Tolstoy, Andreyev, Chekhov, Rozanov. . . . He is a materialist, but he has begun to visit mystics. Perhaps a little cracked, but intelligent. A former Chekist. He says he likes you very much. . . ." In a house located on the right bank, I met some people standing about under a chandelier. One old man told us about Rozanov, in whom there was something of Nietzsche, Tolstoy, and Freud, all sublimated in a sensual Christianity rebelling against itself. A kind of saint, although a prey to *idées fixes*, he had thoroughly studied the moral and the sexual problems. A bit of a scoundrel through thinking himself one—not that he wanted to be one, but he told himself that basically everyone is, in spite of everything. Author of "Fallen Leaves," a book of meditations on life, death, hypocrisy, unclean flesh, and the Savior; a book written on sheets of toilet paper in the w. c. . . . He died about the same time as Lenin, and left a deep impression on the Russian intelligentsia. They spoke of him as though he had just left the apartment. There were some young women there, and a tall lean man with a small, blond moustache and a colorless, expressionless face, whom I immediately recognized as Ott, the director of the administrative services of the Cheka in 1919-20. An Esthonian or Lett, and characterized by a bloodless immobility, he was the one who handled all the scribbling during the period of the executions. Konstantinov, bald-headed, with a bony nose, eyeglasses; I did not remember him, although he treated me as an old acquaintance. Late in the evening he told me privately, "You know me all the same. I was the examining magistrate in the Bayrach affair. . . ."

I remembered him. In 1920, along with a French Communist, I had waged a long struggle against him to save some men who were surely innocent but whom he seemed to want shot at any cost. I shall not go into this unimportant matter. There had been the incident of the bloody shirt which had been brought to me from prison, the incident of the young woman with the face of an odalisque for whom the sadistic judge had set fantastic traps and to whom he had made certain insulting proposals; there had been many incidents, and we had finally saved the accused by going to the very top man in the Cheka, Xenofontov, I believe. At the Cheka in Petrograd, the comrades had spoken to me about the examining magistrate in equivocal terms. A hard man, incorruptible (he only pretended to be willing to sell his mercy), a sadist perhaps, "but you understand—it is psychology!" I avoided meeting him again, believing he was a dangerous person, a professional maniac. Seven years later, he offered me tea as if we were friends.

"Your protégés went to Constantinople, where they have doubtless become big speculators. You were very wrong to take so much trouble to keep me from liquidating them. I knew that strictly speaking they were innocent, but we had many other things against them. Well, it doesn't mat-

ter now. In other circumstances, even greater people than you could not prevent me from carrying out my revolutionary duty. . . . It was I who . . ."

In January, 1920, when Lenin and Dzerzhinsky were proclaiming the abolishment of the death penalty, Konstantinov was one of those Chekists who ordered a night execution at the very moment that the decree was being printed. Several hundred suspects were massacred.

"Ah, it was you who . . ." And now?

He was on the periphery of the party now, not completely excluded, but pensioned, tolerated. From time to time he would take the train to Moscow and go to the Central Committee, where an important secretary would receive him. Konstantinov would carry his secret dossier, bulging with choice bits of information, and supplemented by his memory, whose accusations were irrefutable. He would show proofs, make accusations, name high personages, yet, never dared to tell everything. He would have been killed. Now he proposed to tell me nearly all. Whence this confidence in me? "You are an oppositionist? You are missing the whole point of the matter. You don't even suspect anything. . . ." He began by making some allusions, and we spoke of what was happening. Of what Lenin had foreseen when he said, "You think you are running the machine but it is running you, and suddenly there are other hands at the wheel."

Figures on unemployment, wage-scales; seizure of the home market by private businessmen resulting from plunder of the state; privation in the villages and the creation of a peasant bourgeoisie; weakness of the Comintern and the Rapallo policies; wretchedness in the cities and the arrogance of the newly rich—do these results seem natural to you? "And have we done all that we have done, just for this?"

He put his cards on the table and told me his secret. The secret that we have all been betrayed. There was treachery in the Central Committee while Lenin was still alive. He knew names, he had proofs. He could not tell me all, it was too serious a matter; they knew that he knew. If anyone should suspect that I learned it from him I should be lost. It is tremendous and appalling. To combat this plot, one must have a profound perception, an inquisitorial genius, and absolute discretion. At the risk of his life, he had submitted to the Central Committee his analysis of the great crime which he had studied for years. He whispered the names of foreigners, of the most powerful capitalists, and of many others to which he attached some occult significance. He mentioned a city in America. I followed his argument with the blank uneasiness which one might feel in the presence of a logical lunatic. And I saw that he had the inspired look of a madman. But in what he said there was the germ of a basic idea, and it was not the idea of a madman: "We did not fight the revolution for this."

We left each other bound by a feeling of mutual confidence. It was a white night. The street cars had stopped running, and Ott and I walked away together. Crossing a bridge which stood between the dull sky and the mist-colored water, I realized that my companion had not changed in six years. He still wore the long cavalry coat without insignia; he had the same phlegmatic air and the same half-smile under his pale little moustache as if he

were leaving the Cheka building on a white night in 1920. He was in entire agreement with Konstantinov. The argument was sound, wasn't it? We hold the threads of this plot against the first socialist republic, this monstrous plot with world-wide ramifications. . . . But everything can be saved, if only. . . . There are still some men in the Central Committee. But who are they?

The quiet city at two o'clock in the morning opened its long empty vistas. It seemed indifferent; a cold design in stone, full of memories. We had passed the blue cupola of the Mosque. On the little hill on the right, the five heroes of the Decembrist plot were hanged in 1825. On the left, in that little palace which once belonged to one of Nicholas II's favorites, the Bolshevik plot was organized in 1917. The gilded spire of the Peter-Paul fortress appeared above the casemates and the river; a prisoner there, Nechayev dreamed his grandiose plot to overthrow the empire. The conspirators of the "People's Will" group died there—died of starvation, in 1881-83. (Many of their younger disciples survived, the link between the older group and our own.) We approached the tombs on the Field of Mars, enclosed by ramparts of red granite. Our tombs. Opposite, in St. Michael's Palace, Paul I had been assassinated by his own officers. "Just one conspiracy after another," said Ott, smiling. "But that was all child's play. Today . . ." I had a notion to reply (but it would have been useless with these victims of an obsession): "Nowadays it is not nearly so easy. It is another thing altogether. And the conspiracies which you are inventing, my poor Ott, are quite superfluous. . . ."

I sketch these portraits and recall these chance remarks of the year 1926 because they show that even then there were vague beginnings of an atmosphere of psychosis. The whole USSR, for many tragic years, was to suffer from this psychosis more and more intensely; it is a psychological phenomenon unique in history. (Konstantinov was deported to Central Siberia in the early thirties, and disappeared.)

Then the dramatic story of Chubarev Lane disturbed the calm of the workers' city of Leningrad by revealing the conditions under which some of our young people lived. About fifteen young workers of the San-Galli factory had raped a poor girl of their own age in an empty lot close to the October Station. This was the Ligovka section, a squalid slum of filthy tenements. The Control Commission of the party, overloaded with nasty little matters of morality, were confronted with a kind of epidemic of collective rapes. Doubtless, sexuality, long repressed by revolutionary asceticism and then by poverty and famine, was beginning to recover its insistence in a society suddenly deprived of spirituality. Two affairs of the same kind became the subject of an inquiry. They took place at the House of Students in Zhelyabova Street, the former Hotel Medved, a few doors from where I was living. During the same evening, two parties in different rooms had ended by a young girl being left to the mercies of several drunken young males. . . . I visited this house with a Sanitary Commission. The rooms, nearly bare of furniture, were horribly poverty-stricken. Clothes hung from the window latches. Some pots and little tin wash-basins stood on the floor, and books were flung in the corners along with shabby, down-at-heel shoes. On the iron beds, generally

without mattresses, boards had been placed, and a quilt placed on these to be used as a mattress. Wherever there were sheets, they were gray with dirt. In a large room where there was nothing but a quilt on the plain boards we found three young people asleep, two boys with a girl between them. Promiscuity was growing under these conditions of miserable squalor. Books like those of Alexandra Kollontay were promulgating an absurdly simple theory of free love; a childish materialism was reducing the "sexual need" to its fundamental of carnal desire. "We have intercourse for the same reason that we drink a glass of water, to slake our thirst." The more advanced young people, in the universities, followed Enschmen's theory, disputed by Bukharin, on the disappearance of morals in the future communist society. . . .

A trial for propaganda purposes of the fifteen culprits of Chubarev Lane took place under the portrait of Lenin in the Workers' Club. Rafail, editor of the Leningrad *Pravda*, presided, a bald, crafty-looking functionary. He did not seem to understand at any time what depths of human wickedness and poverty-induced decay he was being compelled to plumb in the name of workers' justice. A room filled with men and women workers followed the testimony in an atmosphere of weary endurance. The fifteen accused looked like guttersnipes, and combined the more brutal elements of both the proletarian and peasant types. They confessed freely, and also informed on the others, gladly giving details, understanding nothing when anything but facts were mentioned, and finding that enough fuss was made over things as they were already without inventing stories. What is more natural than sex in the desert wastes? And if she prefers to sleep with four or five or six? She would become just as pregnant and diseased if she had slept with only one. And if she refuses, perhaps it is because she has "prejudices." I still remember some bits of testimony. The lack of self-consciousness of the culprits seemed so primitive that Rafail, accustomed to committees, was continually disconcerted by it. He had just made some senseless remarks about the new culture and good Soviet morals. A small blonde lad with a short, flat nose answered him:

"I don't know what they are."

Rafail went on, "I suppose you'd prefer the bourgeois morals of the foreigners?"

It was absurdly stupid. The boy replied, "I don't know anything about them. I've never been abroad."

"You might know about them by reading foreign newspapers."

The accused answered, "I've never even seen the Soviet papers. I get my culture from the streets."

Five of the accused were condemned to death. In order to be able to execute them, the authorities had to twist the law, and they were accused of being bandits. On the evening of the verdict, I saw a purple glow in the sky over the city. I walked towards this light, and saw that the whole San-Galli works were in flames. The condemned were executed the following day. Rumor had it that the workers who had started the fire were secretly executed, but this was impossible to verify.

I decided to get to know our social inferno, which flared up so brightly at night. I went down into the Soviet

night shelters. I was there when some girls were shipped out by administrative decree to the concentration camps of the far north. I can safely say that Dostoyevsky saw very little, or at least, nothing has been improved in certain dark recesses of the world since Dostoyevsky's day. *Frères clochards de Paris*, how difficult is social transformation!

(Translated by Ethel Libson)

Periodicals

"The 1942 Congressional Elections". By John Harding. *AMERICAN POLITICAL SCIENCE REVIEW*, February, 1944.

The results of a Gallup investigation of who voted how, and why, in the 1942 Congressional elections, when the Republicans did better than in any year since 1930. Especially interesting now in view of the coming presidential election.

The investigators found that none of the supposedly big issues made any significant difference in how people voted in 1942, neither the personality and policies of Roosevelt, nor the conduct of the war, nor internationalism-vs.-isolationism (remember *P.M.* and the *New Republic* on that issue?), nor postwar planning, nor "free enterprise", nor labor unions. The Republicans did well "mainly because more Republicans went to the polls. This happened because a larger percentage of Republicans were interested in the elections, and because a larger proportion were eligible to vote in them."

Parenthetically, it is a defect of Harding's investigation that it limited itself to those who actually voted, or said they were going to. Only a survey of those who failed to vote would answer the question: *why* did Republicans turn out better than Democrats? The answer is probably that labor was too fed up with Roosevelt to turn out for him, but not fed up enough to actually go Republican. Much the same situation seems to be still existent, and the main job of the CIO Political Action Committee in this fall's elections will be not to persuade workers to vote Democratic *instead of* Republican, but simply to persuade them to vote. (Quite an assignment, incidentally.)

Since issues played no part in the 1942 elections—except in the sense noted above, that many of Roosevelt's supporters were too demoralized and apathetic to turn out at the polls—a decisive weight was given to such factors as the ineligibility of many war-workers (predominantly Democrats, the Republicans being older and more big- and petty-bourgeois in character) to vote because they had moved too recently. Also the loss of millions of soldier votes was mostly to Roosevelt's disadvantage, since the overwhelming bulk of the armed forces seems to be pro-Roosevelt. In the light of these findings, one can understand the bloc of Republicans and Southern Democrats (who fear Negro soldiers may vote) in Congress to deprive the armed forces of a vote in this fall's election.

Harding's investigation also covered social groups, as well as individuals. He found, as might be expected, that the Republicans did best among businessmen (64%), farmers (61%), professionals (60%) and white-collar

workers (54%), and worst among various kinds of manual workers (41% to 48%). (Yet the existence of 36% of businessmen who voted Democratic, and of 48% of workers who voted Republican shows how loosely class lines are still drawn in this country—or at least, how imperfectly either major party represents any definite class interest.)

Less to be expected was his finding that the Republican gains between 1938 and 1942 were mostly among small town dwellers and farmers, and that among urban business and professional people, the Republicans actually *lost* 6% in the period. And positively sensational is his report that the main Republican gains in 1942 were among the poorest section of the population: those who did not own telephones. (In 1932, the *Literary Digest* made its fatal prediction of a Hoover victory, it is interesting to recall, because its polling methods were based on names in phone books.)

This does not mean that the Republicans won over the "underprivileged" because of any social program. It is rather that, with full employment and prosperity generated by the war boom, class and economic factors have become less important in American elections, and geographical and traditional factors have come to the fore again. Specifically: "It is clear that the main source of Republican gains was the almost complete elimination of the WPA." In 1938, WPA workers were by far the most solidly Democratic of all groups: only 25% were Republican, as against 46% of the non-WPA "Poor". Now that WPA is no more, Harding infers, they have simply gone back to their normal political allegiance. The superficiality of the so-called "Roosevelt Revolution" is suggested by this one little fact.

"Facts for a Candid World" by Shyama Prasad Mukerji. COMMON SENSE, January, 1944.

The text of the letter of resignation of Dr. Mukerji from the post of Minister of Finance in the cabinet of the Province of Bengal. Dated November 16, 1942, the letter is a detailed and often eloquent expose of British misrule, all the more sensational because Dr. Mukerji is a conservative. When such respectable folk are driven to write with the bitter pen of a Tom Paine, we can be sure that the Indian revolution is still on the calendar of history.

"'Rationality' in Conduct: Wallas and Pareto". By Monroe Curtis Beardsley. ETHICS, January, 1944.

A debunking, in rather technical language, of the excessive claims of Wallas and Pareto "(a) that human conduct can be quite definitely divided into the categories of 'logical actions' and 'non-logical actions' and (b) that in the past half-century we have somehow 'discovered' that most human conduct is 'non-logical', or at least much more of it than was recognized as such by the psychologists of the liberal political tradition." Beardsley concludes his analysis of Pareto:

"What emerges from all Pareto's pseudo-scientific pother about human rationality is the completely unproved conclusion that the common people are not rational, are largely incapable of reasonable . . . conduct, and hence are fair game for the superior cunning of the elite, who alone have the rationality to develop culture and run the machinery of government. When the confusions discussed above are supplemented with further equivocations on the term 'elite' (which are apparent to a critical reader), the whole discussion amounts to a crude attempt to give some plausi-

bility to the theory of classes and the elimination of political ethics, by disparaging the rationality of ordinary human conduct in the social and political sphere. And the method of disparagement consists of a morass of contradictions and confusions."

"Sex Roles in Postwar Planning". By Georgene H. Seward. JOURNAL OF SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY, February, 1944.

Broader than its title. A concise and informative summary of the biology, anthropology and history of sex roles in society, and of recent work done in the field.

Women in American society are really an oppressed and exploited subject caste, like the Negroes, grotesque as it sounds to put it that way. (The feminist movement in the last century, significantly enough, was closely tied in with abolitionism, the leaders of each movement sensing the connection with the other.) "With the exception of color-caste," writes Seward, "sex-typing is the only lifelong form of rank in contemporary society." Women are expected to devote their full time to caring for children and doing housework, labor that is largely drudgery and unpaid drudgery at that, and to leave to men the more creative and interesting activities. This inequitable division of labor is justified by much the same kind of rationalizations as to alleged biological and mental differences as are used to justify keeping the Negro in "his place".

The very concept of "sex roles" no doubt would seem odd to the average American, who assumes that women and men have clearly-defined and important differences in abilities, and that their different roles are the result of these differences, which go back ultimately to biological differences. Yet Seward shows there is little scientific basis for such an assumption, that it is not at all easy to say, on any innate biological and mental grounds, what is the "normal" role in society of men as against women. Parents bring up male children to function like what they and their friends think of as "boys", and female children to behave and react like "girls". But "boy" and "girl" are patterns derived more from culture than from biology. "When the effects of differential training is ruled out, the only unexplained residue seems to center around male muscular superiority and female verbal excellence." (This last refers to the superior linguistic ability of girls from nursery school through college.) Research so far has been unable to find any other *innate* differences in capacities between the sexes. That differences do exist is because of cultural training. Even such apparently clear biological handicaps of women as menstruation, gestation, and the menopause, according to Seward, are at least as much cultural as biological matters. From a combination of superstition and sentimentality, society *expects* women to be incapacitated by these functions, and so women themselves "assume a 'delicate condition' instead of a 'normal condition' attitude toward these processes." Biologically, the effects are much less serious than the socially expected behavior of women at such periods would indicate.

The history of sex roles shows how they are determined by the culture of a given society. Seward describes one primitive tribe in which both sexes behave in what we would call a "feminine" manner, another in which both behave in a "masculine" way, and a third in which sex roles are reversed (with corresponding psychological effects) from those of our own culture. She sketches the ups and downs of women in social status through history. One point especially relevant today is that the Roman women became more "emancipated" when their husbands

were away fighting the Punic Wars, and that mediaeval women likewise improved their status during the long periods of warfare. "The women had to take full charge of the estates, including care of the sick, fighting lawsuits, and even standing siege. . . . Indeed, when the men returned between wars, it was they who . . . became dependent."

Capitalism lowered the status of women again, when the man left the home to "make a living" and the woman became imprisoned there as a dependent and unpaid "housewife". In modern American society, of course, men are "typed" as stronger, bolder, more logical; women as more sensitive and emotional. "Until the present war, the male was still being trained for dominance, while the female was oriented towards domestic and service roles." A footnote on the prevailing idea of woman's role is a study Seward cites of "single women in selected American novels, covering the past 100 years". Of 179 such characters, only 20 are major figures. Of these 20, only 7 do not marry before the story ends, and all of these 7 "are without exception unattractive, disagreeable, unhappy or pitiful."

The postwar "plan" Seward proposes is simple, and ambitious: get the woman more out of the home, and the man more into it—"the restoration of the father as a functional member of the family." The gains made by women in this war are significant, and must not be lost. "The achievement of democracy between men and women has been prevented by an economic structure which oppresses minority groups. . . . On the intellectual plane, woman is man's equal. She is fully as capable of theoretical, abstract work as man, although the educated woman has often been forced into more practical, social and domestic pursuits. The time is ripe for her educational renaissance. . . ."

Books

THE TRAGEDY OF EUROPEAN LABOR 1918-1939. By Adolf Sturmthal. Columbia University Press. \$3.50.

According to Mr. Sturmthal, the basic reason for the defeat of European labor was that it was mainly engaged in pressure group politics. Hence it did not accept the responsibilities of leadership in the interests of the entire nation, but thought mostly in terms of the industrial working class alone. He contends that two paths lay open to the European labor movement, either the way of revolutionary overthrow of capitalism, or the way of deepgoing reforms. The first road, according to Sturmthal was definitely barred after the collapse of the revolutionary efforts of the years immediately following the first world war. But the second was not followed either. Wherever there was socialist participation in government, this was merely limited to the furtherance of the particular interests of the working class, it was never directed toward a large scale national solution.

In essence, his argument boils down to saying that if there had been enough bright young New Dealers among labor leaders in Europe, the tragedy would have been avoided. This thesis sounds somewhat antiquated already,

coming at a moment when the American New Deal has been definitely defeated.

Sturmthal notes that "Nothing is more dangerous to democracy than a social stalemate, a paralysis of one regime without any hope for the rise of another." Indeed, the situation in many European countries between the two World Wars can be described in these terms. But Sturmthal is not very successful when he tries to fit the history of these years into his pattern of "pressure group politics" vs. "national leadership". He offers some brilliant criticism of the attitude of certain social-democratic leaders under the Weimar Republic, but the motives of their acts still remain obscure. Was it only because they were conservative in their thinking, not as bright as the younger New-Dealish generation? Or was it not mainly because, as reformists, it was unavoidable that they should have acted as they did? Fundamental changes are only brought about by setting masses into motion, preparing them to act. But that's exactly what they avoided and opposed, just because they were consciously "national-reformists."

The French Socialist movement for example, since the days of Jaures, had been taught to think along national, if not nationalistic lines. Since that time, the French Socialist party was never fundamentally distinguished from the extreme liberal wing of the middle class parties. In Germany, those social-democrats like Ebert or Noske who made their secret agreements with the Reichswehr and the reactionary army clique against the threatening revolution do not seem to have been so much concerned about pressure politics in the interests of the workers. There was really no want of "constructive national thinking" among German social-democrats when they supported Hindenburg. The same holds true for the British Labor Party of MacDonald and Snowden. When the Belgian Socialist minister Vandervelde played cards with His Majesty the late King of Belgium this doesn't exactly seem to come under the heading of "pressure-politics." If they had at least been pressure groups!

The fundamental fact in post war European politics was that no *rational* solution could be found to labor's—and indeed the whole continent's—troubles. But Sturmthal blames the socialists for not having engaged themselves still deeper in this blind alley. Thus he claims that if only the English labor government had not been so conservative in its economic thinking, it would have devaluated the pound sterling much earlier and would thus have avoided the big economic crisis. But curiously enough he also claims that for Germany as well—England's chief competitor on the world market,—devaluation would have been one of the basic means to overcome the crisis.

"Planners" like De Man, who wanted to introduce a kind of labor New Deal, are Sturmthal's heroes, the only ones who, according to him, had found new ways to overcome the crisis. But is it really an accident that the majority of these "planners," at least in Western Europe, who envisaged "constructive" solutions along state capitalist lines, later on became enthusiastic collaborationists? It may be that planned state command of economy would have been a temporary solution of the deadlock, but it could become such a solution only when directed against labor's claims. If the deadlock between labor and middle classes was not solved through victorious action of the workers, it could only be solved through the emergence of a third force,—with the proletariat as its first victim.

There is no solution along the lines which Sturmthal indicates. The tragedy of European labor can rather be traced to its integration into the fabric, structure and behavior of "national" society and politics. The second In-

ternational broke down completely because its member parties thought only in terms of constructive national policies and its leaders were unable and/or unwilling to realize that there remained no national and reformist solution to the problems of European labor in a decaying capitalist society. Granted that they played the game very badly, but let's not accuse them of not having been willing to play it.

Sturmthal's arguments are all on the superficial "rational" level: he criticises and proposes policies without analyzing socio-economic contents. All his reporting is done from the outside, without any real understanding of the underlying social forces and their interplay. For example, he reports faithfully governmental changes in Spain both before and during the revolution, but overlooks the fact that the Spanish workers and peasants at the outset of the revolution had seized the land and the factories. . . . Also the disastrous influence of Stalinism is hardly discussed; there is no evaluation of the impact of structural changes and prospects of the Communist parties under Stalin's leadership.

In spite of all criticisms, his argument tends to justify the leadership of social-democratic parties in Europe. It conveys the idea that they perished because they were too faithful to labor's demands, not because they betrayed labor's true interests. . . .

Any serious attempt to inquire into the causes of the defeat of the European labor movement would have to find out why there was the persistence of reformist and "national" thinking in large layers of the working class itself, in spite of the fact that the real basis of this thinking had already vanished after the first world war. It would have to concern itself with the persistence of the reliance on outside guidance, be it of the state or other agencies, instead of on independent class activity. It would have to concern itself with the failure of working class parties to re-define the basic concepts of socialist thought after they had been distorted among millions through the influence of the Stalinist bureaucracy inside and outside Russia. It would have to inquire into the reasons for the debasement of theoretical thought inside the Marxist movement. None of these things have been attempted here.

Sturmthal accuses the French Popular Front of disregarding national duties in times of national emergency, by fighting only for labor's selfish interests. By doing so, he yields to the classic anti-labor propaganda. In fact, had French labor continued to push the movement which had started magnificently by the tremendous wave of sitdown strikes in 1936, the face of Europe might have been changed. During this movement, when the workers showed their strength, they engaged the awed support and admiration of the lower middle classes and drew them to their side. Labor could only win when it decisively upset the social balance in its favor through its own action. A socialist revolution in France and Spain simultaneously would have had incalculable repercussions all over Europe, and in Germany especially.

Sturmthal wants to make us believe that European labor was defeated by Hitler because it didn't rally soon enough in a new "*union sacrée*" behind its respective national governments on behalf of a war against Germany. Actually, however, it failed because its leaders had bound it indissolubly to a decaying system of national bourgeois states which had outlived their validity. These states crumbled under the impact of Hitler's legions. And labor, tied to this system, crumbled with it.

LOUIS CLAIR.

THE REVOLUTIONARY GENERATION. By Evarts Boutell Green. (History of American Life Series Vol. 4. Edited by A. M. Schlesinger and D. R. Fox.) Macmillan. \$4.

ORIGINS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By John C. Miller. Little, Brown. \$3.50.

For more than a generation, historians have winnowed through fact and fable for the kernels of truth about the American Revolution. Neither of these books present much that is radically new; their function is rather to harvest the generally accepted interpretations.

Indeed, John C. Miller will amaze the general reader with his scintillating array of ideas, borrowed without adequate credit from almost every authority upon the struggle. He has plotted a careful path through the center of conflicting concepts. In one section he agrees with Curtis P. Nettels that this was an unavoidable conflict based upon deep-seated economic grievances; in another he stresses the view of the late Charles M. Andrews that the British colonial system was benign and beneficent. But since he has clothed these old viewpoints with new and lively quotations from contemporary propagandists and polemicists, he has produced a book which compensates in readability for its deficiencies in consistency and originality.

Greene's *The Revolutionary Generation*, the summation of a long scholarly career, is sounder and better balanced, but unfortunately also less readable. It is a distinguished social history of the years 1763-1790 with an impressive array of detailed evidence and excellent documentation.

Though neither writer would view so complex an upheaval as the American Revolution solely as an economic conflict or a struggle between bitterly contesting classes, both present ample evidence of this significant aspect of the war. Class lines were much more apparent then than at present, and while the most numerous group, the yeoman farmers, could look down on the slaves and indentured servants, they had to pay due respect to the Southern planter-patricians, the Connecticut Valley "River Gods," the merchant aristocracy, and their retainers, the lawyers. These monied classes felt sharply antagonistic toward England: the planter owed heavy debts and the merchant found his trade hampered in innumerable ways. In turn, through debts and rents the American aristocrats enchained the small farmers, and thus earned their deep hatred. Through control of the colonial assemblies they kept the debtor farmer from breaking bonds within the law, and through military force put them down when they tried armed revolt in North Carolina and New York.

Adroitly the merchants and landowners saved themselves from this increasingly difficult situation by diverting much of the popular unrest from themselves toward the British. As Miller points out, "Although they carried on the struggle for home rule in the name of popular liberty, they had no intention of making the people sovereign. They sought, rather, to transfer power from the Crown to themselves without furthering the cause of democracy."

Both these books record the success of the ruling classes. Miller's ends in the early years of the Revolution, but Greene carries his past the conclusion of the war to the establishment of the new Constitution. He demonstrates how the war created new vested interests in America, especially among those who according to Robert Treat Paine were "putting six or seven hundred per cent on goods bought in peace time." These people and town mechanics earning high wages were loath to see the war end. Robert Morris wrote, "The prospect of peace has given more gen-

eral discontent than anything that has happened in a long time; particularly among the mercantile part of the community."

After the war, the aristocrats of ledgers and land continued to hold an upper hand and directed state governments to the primary task of protecting property. While many planters regarded the statement in the Virginia Bill of Rights that all men are "by nature equally free and independent" as a subversive and incendiary doctrine, New York merchants kept valid in their state John Jay's favorite maxim that "those who own the country ought to govern it."

FRANK FREIDEL

WAR AND CHILDREN by Anna Freud and Dorothy T. Burlingham. Medical War Books. \$3.50.

War and Children is a very intelligent summary of the psychological effects of war on small children in England. Anna Freud and Dorothy T. Burlingham have observed hundreds of cases of children under war conditions in the three nurseries in England run by them and financed by the Foster Parents Plan for War Children. And they have helped these children adjust themselves happily to wartime living.

The book deals mainly with the psychological attitudes of children towards war situations: bombings, separation from parents, death and destruction. Although the book is chaotically organized, it gives many touching case histories, and the conclusions are useful and valid for peacetime as well as wartime parents.

Their experiences have shown them that children do not worry unduly about bombings unless their parents have shown anxiety. It is often, indeed, the parent and not the child who seeks comfort from fear. They cite an example of a mother and son in a shelter. The mother very fearful listened to each bomb as it fell. The boy after a while turned to his toys which were more real and interesting to him than the distant noises. His mother finally said to him in exasperation: "Drop your book and attend to the air raid!"

War has "comparatively little significance for children so long as it only threatens their lives, disturbs their material comfort or cuts their food rations. It becomes enormously significant the moment it breaks up family life and uproots the first emotional attachments of the child within the family group." Those children who have been separated from their parents, particularly between the ages of 1 and 5, have suffered most and the separation from the mother in particular has been most harmful. However, if the separation is accomplished slowly, it has been possible to bring it about finally without harm to the psyche of the child.

The stories of those children who underwent the sudden loss of their mothers or both parents are very moving: Patrick, 3 years old, who assured everyone that his mother was coming for him and would continually put on his overcoat ready to leave; Ivan, 5 years old, who said: "I am nobody's nothing."

And Bertie, four years old, who "seemed for a time as if he were really going crazy. He would suddenly interrupt whatever he was doing, run to the other end of the room, look aimlessly into the corners and return quietly as if nothing had happened. He would distort his face in the most horrible manner. He was restless and excitable, quick to pick quarrels and very worried about his own health; he would not go out without warm clothes even in the summer heat, and so on. It showed in time that

this was his way of relating how his mother had behaved after his father was killed and before she went insane. She had aimlessly searched for the father, had expressed her grief in an unrestrained manner, had been excitable and quarrelsome and very worried about the health of the boy. In the end it had been Bertie's falling ill with scarlet fever which had completed her breakdown. Bertie, in his behaviour combined the expression of her emotion, her attitude toward the people around, her attitude to himself and possibly even some imitation of his father who is said to have been specially protective and affectionate towards his family." For a long time Bertie verbally denied the fact of his father's death. But finally after a half a year of denial of this fact in his games he was able to tell his story: "My father has been killed and my mother has gone to the hospital. She will come back at the end of the war but he will not return."

Because of their inability to tell their experience and so relieve themselves of some of the horror and loss as grown ups do, these children played out what they were feeling. Often, not until months later, as in the case of Bertie, would they admit that their mother or father was dead, until they had made a new adjustment to life and felt secure with a substitute family (artificial families were created within the nurseries with great success). The authors point out that the destruction and violence of war are dangerous to the child's psyche, but only because they release anti-social impulses already prominent in the child psyche.

Aggressive and destructive wishes in very small children are evident even in peaceful New York. I was entering a subway one day when a man dashed past me, knocked my arm up so that it hit my jaw, squeezed through the door which slammed in my face. I told my 5 year old son about it when I came home. He said very excitedly: "I wish I had been there. I would have knocked him down, cut him in two, thrown him under the subway, cut his head off." Then he smiled very pleased. He had found the opportunity to express something which his peaceful world did not permit him to express. We have recently read about cases of older children stabbing and killing each other, their teachers, their parents. These acts will inevitably happen in a world where adults are so little educated to understand and care so little about the minds and reactions of children. But how much greater is the danger in London where adults are openly doing what children secretly long to do?

If more mothers understood the motives and reasons for their own actions and those of their children, they would perhaps act towards them with the deep understanding and love that these two teachers display. The tremendous importance of feeling secure, of feeling loved by an adult, of belonging, of protection from a frightening peacetime as well as wartime world—these are the most important things to remember when dealing with a small child.

NANCY MACDONALD

EXCESS PROFITS TAXATION. By Kenneth James Curran. American Council on Public Affairs, Washington, D. C. \$1.50

This business-minded and wholly unimaginative study loses its subject in a maze of technicalities. A few generalizations, however, can be excavated. The World War I pattern ran as follows: (1) the 1917 War Revenue Act was rough on excess profits, mostly because Borah and LaFollette led an energetic fight in the Senate; (2) the Treasury Department, however, "re-wrote the tax through

its regulations and decisions" (the author, while he applauds the Department's "heroic efforts", admits that "there can be no doubt that there was no legal authority for many of the Treasury's regulations"); (3) Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo made it legal the following year by pushing through Congress a new law more favorable to business. The march of progress since 1917 is shown by the fact that World War II's original excess profits legislation, passed in 1940, was "a vast improvement over that of World War I"—from the business standpoint, that is. The 1940 act also had the virtue of being "far more complex" than its World War I counterpart, so complex, indeed, that "it proved next to impossible for any other than the tax expert to understand it". Finally, the Revenue Acts of 1941 and 1942 still further "improved" the law, which seems like gilding the lily.

D. M.

KARL MARX AND MARXIAN SCIENCE. By Arnold Petersen. New York Labor News Company. 25 cents.

This booklet is an incompetent and badly written answer by the leader of the Socialist Labor Party to such equally incompetent but literarily better-versed critics of Marxism as Lewis Corey, Sidney Hook, Edmund Wilson, and Harold Laski. Some of these critics are called "renegades" though it is difficult to establish from what they have deserted. They merely tried different enterprises, a trouble which such organizational monopolists as Petersen are spared. Of course Petersen is right in maintaining that, in comparison with his present-day critics, Marx is really a "universal genius". But the proof he delivers in support of the only true God, who is Marx, and the only true Church, which is Petersen's Party, is even more harmful to the cause of Marxism than the criticism of the people he attacks.

PAUL MATTICK

DANGLING MAN. By Saul Bellow. Vanguard. \$2.50

In September 1917, Randolph Bourne wrote in his war diary: "Let us compel the war to break in on us, if it must, not go hospitably to meet it. Let us force it perceptibly to batter in our spiritual walls. This attitude need not be a fatuous hiding in the sand, denying realities. When we are broken in on, we can yield to the inexorable. Those who are conscripted will have been broken in on. If they do not want to be martyrs, they will have to be victims." Twenty-five years later, Joseph, Saul Bellow's protagonist, writes in his journal which is the *Dangling Man*: "Many men carry their ambitions over from civilian life and don't mind climbing upon the backs of the dead, so to speak. . . . Myself, I would rather die in the war than consume its benefits. When I am called I shall go and make no protest. And, of course, I hope to survive. But I would rather be a victim than a beneficiary."

Bellow is by no means a Bourne, but he works in the same tradition. Koestler, concerned primarily with the conflict of ideas, is *in* the battle; Silone, through sheer force of spirit, has placed himself *above* its reach; Bellow is deliberately and thoughtfully "below the battle."

Dangling Man is the journal of a young man of the WPA generation, who is awaiting the unrolling of the red tape that leads to induction. Skillfully avoiding the traps

of self-pity, pathos, and melodrama which menace such an effort, it is superb in its restraint, dignity and insight. As a moral effort it is unassailable, as a work of fiction only slightly less so. The prose is lean and controlled. A sophisticated high-powered style would have breached the novel's integrity, inflating into "tragedy" an experience which can make no such claim. For there is nothing heroic about Joseph's aimlessness, irritability, hysteria, his distraught personal life, his hungry search for standards of value. It operates on the rock bottom of our war-deranged culture, where an honest word is its own sufficient justification. The facts of the case call for a clear humility, and Bellow responds with scarcely a false note.

Of course, the twenty-five years between wars had lessons of their own to be learned. We can hardly help envying Bourne for the relatively easy time he had of it. Men during the last war were still capable of feeling unadulterated horror at its brutalities, at the chasm it dug in the path of progress. To Joseph it is but another disgusting item in the natural unfolding of a nightmare, solving no problems one way or the other, simply suspending for the duration the urgent search for a meaningful vision of one's personal destiny. His "revolutionary" illusions had been shattered and abandoned long before Pearl Harbor, and politics of any kind presents a repulsive countenance. (He does say that he "supports" the war, preferring "our" imperialism to "theirs" — in the context of the novel it reads like a silly grammatical error). Alienated although he may be in spirit from friends and society, yet he will not exalt this attitude into a spurious romantic dominion. Bourne and his friends had the inestimable advantage of knowing surely where to locate their noble opinions; Bellow's generation finds it difficult to distinguish a desert from a fertile plain.

The final words of the journal, written on Joseph's last day as a civilian, are:

"I am no longer to be held accountable for myself; I am grateful for that. I am in other hands, relieved of self-determination, freedom canceled.

"Hurray for regular hours!

"And for the supervision of the spirit!

"Long live regimentation!"

The War Writers' Board to the contrary notwithstanding: this is our best war novel.

IRVING KRISTOL

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Because of our Anglo-Saxon heritage, American art is a literal three-dimensional art. There is little room in its pattern for such esthetic detours as cubism or non-objective painting.

—Peyton Boswell, Jr., in "American Art Today" a collection of color plates of war pictures painted for "Life"

FOUR YEARS OF LASKI

"Should war be forced upon us and we see the old, ugly, imperialist aims dominating the rulers of the democracies, we of the Labor Party . . . see it as our duty to turn these wars into civil wars and remake those governments which disregard the working classes which are their foundation."

—Harold J. Laski, as quoted in N. Y. Times, April 8, 1939.

"Professor Harold Laski has written an open letter to President Roosevelt calling on him to declare before the world that this war is being fought not only to crush Nazi tyranny in foreign relations but economic exploitation at home as well."

—N. Y. Times, April 10, 1943

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The Intelligence Office

According to the *Detroit News* of April 24, the Michigan Commonwealth Federation will hold its constitutional convention on July 28, 29 and 30 in Grand Rapids, Mich. The same report states that President Thomas of the U.A.W. told a recent union conference that "he had assurances the M.C.F. would offer no conflicting third party ticket in the state." To which Chairman Hammond of the M.C.F. later replied: "Thomas must have been misinformed. The M.C.F. will run its own candidates wherever it thinks it needs to run them. Moreover, the M.C.F. has not bound itself to endorse all CIO candidates. We'll work with the CIO wherever it is possible but we reserve the right to run our own candidates wherever we desire."

More recent information from Detroit is that rapid progress is being made in organizing neighborhood Commonwealth Clubs, and that enough signatures have been obtained to MCF petitions to put the new party on the ballot this fall. One interesting fact is that, in proportion to population, more signatures came in from upstate Michigan than from the Detroit area. This would seem to indicate that the movement is not limited to CIO members, but has spread widely also among AFL workers and farmers and small-town residents in the rural countries. The prospects, incidentally, for the coming constitutional convention adopting a more radical program than the founding conference did would not seem to be very bright at present.

Kelly Postal, former Secretary-Treasurer of Minneapolis Truckdrivers Local 544-CIO, who was sentenced in 1943 to five years in prison, has been freed on parole, the Civil Rights Defense Committee announces. Postal was sent to prison because, as treasurer of the union, he transferred funds from the AFL to the CIO when the union's membership voted to enter the CIO. Although he was never accused of misusing these funds personally, he was tried and convicted for "embezzlement". His release after much pressure from labor and liberal elements, is gratifying, but does not wipe out the scandal of his original conviction. Even American legal history provides few instances of so gross a frame-up of a labor leader.

On April 22 last, the National Citizens Committee for Winfred Lynn announced it is broadening the scope of its activities to cover the general field of racial discrimination in the armed forces. It has a new name and address: Lynn Committee to Abolish Segregation in the Armed Forces, 360 West 125th St., New York 27, N. Y. Wilfred H. Kerr, co-chairman (with Broadus Mitchell) of the new Lynn Committee, explained the change:

"There is no greater contradiction in our American life today than that represented by a bi-racial American army, two armies in fact, one white the other black, waging a war for freedom and democracy abroad while it perpetuates at home those things against which it professes to fight. . . . Out of the welter of struggle and discontent on the part of both the Negro and white people with the racial

program of the War and Navy departments, of the Red Cross and other auxiliary services, there come almost weekly new cases which deserve attention. These we can now undertake."

Constructivism

You're anti-Stalin, anti-Roosevelt, anti-Churchill, anti-Wallace. What are you *pro*? How about a *constructive* article?

STATION KRE,
BERKELEY, CALIF.

RICHARD MARSH

I think that your publication is treacherous and obstructive to national morale. Your aims are vague and undefined and as such can only serve to mislead honest constructive opinion.

CHICAGO, ILL.

H. LEWBIN

—*These are familiar criticisms. We shall let Alexander Herzen reply for us. In the forty-first chapter of his memoirs, he writes:*

"Reading Proudhon, like reading Hegel, cultivates a special faculty, sharpens the weapon, and furnishes not results but methods. Proudhon is pre-eminently the dialectician, the controversialist of social questions. The French seek experimental solutions in him, and, finding no plans of the phalanstery nor of the Icarian community, shrug their shoulders and lay the book aside.

"It is Proudhon's own fault, of course, for having put as the motto on his Contradictions: 'Destruo et aedificabo'; his strength lay not in construction but in criticism of the existing state of things. But this mistake has been made from time immemorial by all who have broken down what was old. Man dislikes mere destruction: when he sets to work to break things down, he is unconsciously haunted by some ideal of future construction, though sometimes this is like the song of a mason as he pulls down a wall.

"In the greater number of sociological works, the ideals advocated, which almost always are either unattainable at present or lead to some one-sided solution, are of little consequence; what is of importance is that, in working up to them, the problem is stated."—ED.

Footnotes

Two items in the April issue give rise to some footnote trivia.

One of the filler items states that a doctor has discovered a new chemical that turns skin of any color white; your headline was Extra! Science Abolishes Race Problem. This intriguing thought however is not original, at least not in fiction. George S. Schuyler's satirical novel *Black No More* has a Negro doctor inventing a process whereby black pigmentation can be turned white. One enterprising Negro turns his skin white, scoots down South and becomes the head of some league for white supremacy. All over the country the whites become agitated, for the Negro race is fast disappearing and white boys and white girls cannot tell whether their spouses are white or colored. This first enterprising Negro himself has married the daughter of a high Southern muck-a-muck. The denouement comes when the children are born, for all over the country, white mothers give birth to coal-black babies; even the wife of our first Negro produces a black baby. All seems chaos

until the Negro scientist who first invented the process announces that black pigmentation means greater intelligence; the final scene shows the whole country as black men, including the Southern feudal gentleman.

The other item: C. Wright Mills quotes Melvin Lasky as responding to Koestler with the epigram "Neither to laugh, nor to cry, but to understand." The phrase, as Lasky himself used it in his original *New Leader* article, is from Spinoza, and later was a favorite maxim of Trotsky. Latterly it has been employed by Trotsky's most devoted epigone, Joseph Hansen.

NEW YORK CITY

DANIEL BELL

In Defense of Dictatorship

When I read the title of the leading article in the March issue of *Politics*, "U.S.S.R.: A New Class Society" by Peter Meyer, I turned to it eagerly thinking that I would find some discussion of class and the meaning of class in the social systems of western society. Instead of this, however, I found a bitter denunciation of Stalin and indeed of Communism, all based either upon false data or upon a conscious twisting of questionable data. It is certainly a great pity that we in America cannot concern ourselves with the primary business of educating the people to a realization of the tremendous problem of socializing their own economy. . . .

For our purpose in America there seems to be only one significant question about the Russian system: is it time for the dictatorship to yield to a democratic form of government—not capitalist democracy but socialist democracy? Even Meyer admits that the state now controls to a very large extent the means of production. This is the fundamental aim of socialism. In a revolution, especially a communist revolution, a dictatorship is absolutely necessary: and dictatorships must either purge or be purged. No one in a revolutionary situation—and her present involvement in war is the culmination of the continued counter-revolutionary pressure exerted upon Russia since the inception of communism—can be permitted to develop anti-administration movements. In such a situation there can never be two strong parties. Moreover, even when communist democracy is finally established, bourgeois freedom and individualism could never exist. The person who wants this kind of freedom and socialist production also will have to wait until he gets to heaven to enjoy it. A welfare economy necessarily involves concern of the administration for the individual; and although a bureaucracy is necessary in a socialist system it has none of the basic attributes of such classes as bourgeoisie and proletariat. . . .

It seems to me that there are many anti-communist publications in this country that will be eager to pay for articles such as this; *Politics* should devote itself to educating us in the meaning of the current class struggle and not make its pages available to persons who have personal quarrels with Stalin. It should be our end to prepare for our own struggle as largely independent of Russia as possible. The Russian people are on their way; we have not yet started; yet we exhaust ourselves with criticism of them. Let us criticise the folly of our own Communist Party, and do this truthfully and realistically — that is our business.

M. GUY MILLER

Wiley College,
Marshall, Texas

—The heart of Mr. Miller's objections to my article may be found in his remark: "Even Meyer admits that the state now controls . . . the means of production. This is the fundamental aim of socialism." I cannot agree. The fundamental aim of socialism is the abolition of exploitation and oppression, the establishment of a classless society of free and equal men. Today in Russia, as I tried to prove in my articles, a new exploitative class society has arisen on the basis of state ownership of the means of production. For my part, I refuse to kiss a knout simply because it is state knout.

"In a revolution . . . dictatorship is absolutely necessary; and dictatorships must either purge or be purged." But the problem I set myself was not: Is some kind of dictatorship needed? But rather: whose dictatorship rules in Russia? Accordingly, I tried to show that Stalin's is the dictatorship of a minority of exploiters over the vast majority of working people. To which Mr. Miller replies, if the dictatorship were not brutal and ruthless, it could not continue to exist. I heartily agree with him; it could not.

Mr. Miller suggests it would be more profitable to criticize the follies of "our own Communist Party" over here. Let me assure him there is not one of this party's major crimes and follies in the past fifteen years which was not decided upon in Moscow, both before and after the dissolution of the Comintern. It is well known that every sudden turn of policy in Moscow has been repeated at once in all the foreign sections of the movement, including the American party. People who attack Browder and do not see the Russian bureaucracy behind him are like those who would pin responsibility for the evils of capitalism on the doorman of the National City Bank. The Russian workers also believed, at least up to the Bloody Sunday of 1905, that the Czar and his ministers were benevolent, even if the local police sergeant was a brute. But they had at least the excuse of being mostly illiterate. Here in America, the land of universal education, it still seems to be a habit to make some obscure official of the State Department responsible for the policies of Roosevelt and the American bourgeoisie, and to damn Earl Browder for policies that originate in Moscow.

PETER MEYER

Melville Appreciated

The March issue came a few days ago and proved stimulating, not so much because of the novelty of its ideas, as because of its challenge (in line with the trend in my own thought) to the superficial optimism and apologetics of the "liberals". Perhaps it is characteristic that what moved me most was the excerpt from Melville's novel, with its compassion and its sense of desperation or even of entrapment.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

PFC.

—It is significant of the times that the little chapter from Melville's "Redburn" seems to have provoked a remarkable intensity of response among readers of *POLITICS*. The above reaction is typical of a number that have come in, by letter and word of mouth.—ED.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 8—The American Council of Christian Churches announced yesterday that it had called to the attention of Congress a telegram it had sent last Sept. 30 to President Roosevelt, asking that two Japanese State Shinto shrines be destroyed by bombs to shatter the Japanese belief "in the protective power of the divine emperor and his ancestors."

—"N. Y. Times", Feb. 8, 1944

Of "Time" and the Bliven

In your issue for April, 1944, you quote a statement from *Time* of March 20 that *The New Republic* changed its policy on the war in the fall of 1941 "to reflect the views of its owner, Mrs. Leonard K. Elmhirst, a British citizen."

You neglected to state that in its issue of April 10 *Time* retracted and apologized for this false statement. *The New Republic's* action in demanding that the United States enter the war was solely the work of its editors. We still think we were right, and we believe that a majority of intelligent Americans today agree with us.

Faithfully,

THE NEW REPUBLIC
NEW YORK CITY

BRUCE BLIVEN

Reply by D. M.: The above came into the office registered, with a receipt to be signed by me and returned by the Post Office to Mr. Bliven, thus establishing I had received it, and accompanied by a covering letter which pointed out that *Time's* statement was not only false but also libelous. Such are the precautions, such are the pressures which honest liberals feel they must use these days. However, I would have printed Mr. Bliven's letter in any case, and I regret having quoted a statement from *Time* which was later retracted. It is, by the way, not true that I "neglected" to cite *Time's* retraction. I do not read *Time's* letters department, and so did not know the statement had been withdrawn until Mr. Bliven's letter called my attention to the fact.

I do not know why *Time's* editors made such a definite statement and then backed down on it when they were challenged. But I do know that the reason I quoted *Time's* statement was that it seemed to clarify certain rumors which were widespread in 1941 at the time when Mr. Bliven's fellow-editors, George Soule and Malcolm Cowley, suffered a considerable and unfavorable change in editorial powers vis-a-vis Mr. Bliven. The question of the war was to some extent involved in that shift, Mr. Bliven apparently favoring a more aggressive "forward" policy than his colleagues. After looking through the back files of *The New Republic*, I can say that it is not true, as *Time's* statement implied, that *The New Republic* made a sharp about-face from isolationism to war. There was an interim period of all-aid-to-England-short-of-war which set in after the fall of France in 1940. What role, if any, Mrs. Elmhirst played in the transition from isolationism to bundling-for-Britain, I do not know. But I do know that the following sequence of events accompanied the transition from bundling to the magazine's call for war four months before Pearl Harbor:

(1) On May 5, 1941, Michael Straight first appeared on the editorial staff of *The New Republic*, as "Washington Editor". Two things are relevant here about Mr. Straight: (a) he is the son of the present Mrs. Leonard K. Elmhirst by her first husband, the late Willard Straight, whose money is behind *The New Republic*; (b) judging by his published writings, Michael Straight was ardently pro-war at the time.

(2) On July 29, 1941, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard K. Elmhirst arrived in this country, by Pan-American clipper, from England.

(3) On August 25, 1941, *The New Republic* changed its line from "all-aid-short-of-war" to simply "war" in a lead editorial announced in big type on the cover: "FOR A DECLARATION OF WAR".

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THE MARCH OF PROGRESS

In order to increase the supply of labor for the coal mines in the Central Provinces of India, all such mines have been exempted from the provision of the Indian Mines Act, 1923, prohibiting "the entry of women into underground workings for the purposes of employment."

—"Monthly Labor Review", Jan. 1944, p.61

SKIN DISEASE

In Durban, South Africa, U. S. Negro Bishop John Gregg stopped over on his way to visit Negro troops in the Middle East. No hotel would put him up. Finally he got bed and board in the McCord Hospital for Negroes. Said Bishop Gregg: "Maybe this hospital is the right place for me. After travelling half around the world, I have suddenly discovered in South Africa that I suffer from an incurable disease, malignant pigmentation."

—"Time", March 27, 1944.

BROTHERLY LOVE, 1944 VERSION

ELMIRA, N. Y.—Jacques Romano, 80-year old lecturer on Oriental occult philosophy, disapproves of hating Hitler because hatred hurts a person. "I would love to see him dead," he added.

—"N. Y. Herald-Tribune," March 9, 1944

European Angle

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