

what is normal, in its standards of success and failure, in its attitude toward social progress, and in its fundamental pessimism.

IN RELATION to the social advance toward a better life it can therefore be said that the psychoanalytic tradition is characterized by certain evasive or reactionary tendencies. It is fascinated by the past at the expense of the present, and imputes excessive—at times almost magical—powers to the force of analytic insight, at the expense of action.\* Although the whole range of schools of psychoanalysis recognize to some degree the interdependence of social relationships and ideas, the psychoanalytic tradition always greatly overvalues the primary influence of ideas. To make matters worse it endows ideas with an abstract independent existence, as “instincts,” or makes them relatively independent by relating them to experiences long past, or derivative from an abstract cultural tradition. It minimizes the basic fact that ideas are derivative from social relationships, and are continually modified by changing relationships.

As a consequence, psychoanalysis is very attractive to many troubled people who are unable, unwilling, or otherwise unprepared to undertake the action necessary for their social adjustment. It is no accident that psychoanalysis makes a particular point of being independent of ethical considerations and that psy-

choanalysts are often scornful of the kind of psychiatry that gives advice.

Even the advanced psychoanalysts leave big loopholes for the orthodox point of view. A crucial point concerns the changeability of human nature. The instinct theory makes human nature relatively fixed. But so does an undue emphasis on childhood experience. This aspect of psychoanalytic theory can be regarded as a scientific expression of the popular notion that the tree's inclined the way the twig is bent (which, by the way, does not accord with the botanical facts). “There is no doubt whatever,” writes Horney (*New Ways in Psychoanalysis*, p. 152), “that childhood experiences exert a decisive influence on development . . . with some persons this development essentially stops at the age of five, with some it stops in adolescence, with others at around thirty, with a few it goes on until old age.” Robbins, for example, attacks Alexander for his insistence on the biological origin of certain human attitudes, but in the course of his attack shares the assumption that neuroses are based upon childhood experiences. “The question is clear,” he wrote, “what are the conditions in infancy and childhood out of which neuroses evolve?” (*Science and Society*, 6: 376, 1943.) Other analysts discard the instinct theory, but regard the need for sexual gratification as a “basic biological drive,” like hunger and thirst, and proceed to exaggerate its social

function. This reminds one of the man who was a staunch vegetarian, except for veal cutlets, which he liked.

As scientists and physicians it would be absurd for us to take the view that we are opposed to the analysis of neurotic symptoms. In the plain English meaning of the term analysis we certainly recognize the frequent necessity for the careful, detailed and painstaking unravelling of mental symptoms or personal problems. We must also recognize that free association, dream analysis, the understanding of symbols and of mental mechanisms are all invaluable aids to such analysis. But we do not regard the analysis as an end in itself. The end point of every analysis of a neurotic symptom should be an understanding of the social relationships that both initiated and maintained the symptoms or disorder, or an understanding of the physiological derangement involved. In either case the analysis must lead to a line of action that would serve to adjust the social relationships or relieve the physiological derangement. The analysis in other words is a preliminary to treatment and is not in itself a treatment, just as historical analysis is a guide to social action but no substitute for it.

\* The following quotation from the writings of Karen Horney is illustrative:

“Sometimes the mere uncovering of a neurotic trend is sufficient to cure a neurotic upset. A capable executive, for instance, was  
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## LISTEN TO THE RUMBLE

Pittsburgh.

“WHY do you have to let them in?” the little girl squealed in an excited voice.

“Nothing we can do about it—equal rights law,” the ticket man told her.

I handed the man my ticket, but before I had reached the door of the dressing room, another little girl ran up to me and said, “Say, lady, you don’t want to go in the pool today. They’re letting colored people in.”

“I don’t mind,” I told her quietly. “They’re exactly the same as you and I. Their skin is just a little darker. That’s the only difference.” The child was too surprised to answer. She just stared after me.

The dressing room was filled with a sense of excitement. The basket woman shoved an empty basket out the window for me. She was in a hurry to rush to the other end of the room so that she could see out to the pool. Slowly I walked back to the benches to change into my bathing suit. I remembered the bloody race riots here at Highland Park a number of years ago when Negro people had attempted to go into the pool. The pool belongs to the city and when I was in High School I used to spend practically all my sum-

mer afternoons here. I remember as I undressed that my mother always used to warn me, “Remember, if there are any signs of a riot, get dressed and come right home.” In those days I surely would have turned around and left. Now I undressed quickly.

As I stepped into the bright sunlight I was struck by the sight of at least twenty-five uniformed cops standing and walking around the pools. Casually, I walked over to one of them and asked, “How come all the police today?”

“Just getting a little fresh air and sunshine,” he answered.

I sat down at the shallow end and watched the kids splashing around. There were three or four Negro kids playing. I wanted to go in and dance around with them. We were so happy, the kids and I. They because the water was cool and fresh and the sun so warm on their bodies. And I with a feeling of pride and victory. Let the cops mill around. Let the ignorant ones get dressed and go home. The Negro kids were here for the first time. And for the present that was the big thing that counted most.

A loud conversation was going on behind me. “I’m getting out of here,” one girl was saying. “I’ll be

damned if I'm going in the same pool with ———s."

I held my tongue. Let her go, I thought, there are still hundreds of people staying.

"Let five of them in today and the place will be packed with them tomorrow."

"Ought to kick every damned one out."

Casual I walked over, listened for a few minutes, then remarked, "I thought one of the things we fought for in this war was equality for all people. Many of these people gave their lives in the war—" Before I could finish the sentence a woman standing on the outside of the fence called in, "Did they give their lives in the war?"

"Ever hear of Dorie Miller," I shot back. Either she hadn't or didn't want to remember about Dorie Miller.

"If you like them, why don't you get in the pool with them?"

Forcing myself to speak quietly I answered that I intended to go into the pool—when I was ready to do so.

There wasn't a friendly person in the crowd. So, tossing my bathing cap in the air—like a man who whistles in the dark—I walked away with an air of nonchalance. As I reached the deep end of the pool, I looked back toward the dressing room and noticed a crowd of about fifty people, with five or six Negro people being pushed along in front. I walked over to the nearest cop and said, "Aren't you fellows supposed to be here today to see that nothing goes wrong?"

"That's right, lady," he answered. "I don't see nothing wrong."

"What do you call that?" and I pointed.

"Perfectly peaceful as far as I can see," and he turned his head away with an air of finality.

But I stepped in front of him. "Yes, those people are 'peacefully' putting the Negro people out of the pool."

"Listen here, lady, my place is at this end of the pool. If there's any trouble down there, I ain't got nothing to do with it. There's cops down there at that end of the pool. What goes on down there ain't none of my business."

"Yes, there are cops down there. At least half a dozen of them and not one budging to do a thing about it."

My impulse was to rush to the head of the crowd and join the Negro people. But I knew how close the place was to a riot. Besides, they would be in the dressing rooms before I could reach them.

I knew it was a waste of breath but I turned back to the cop and remarked, "I happen to be white but I'm deeply ashamed of the white people here today."

"Nuts," I heard him remark as I walked away.

**S**URELY there must be some little thing that one could do—something to prove to these Negro people that they were not alone. Just then I noticed two beautiful young Negro girls about sixteen or seventeen walking along. They were obviously confused and were heading for the dressing room. I touched one of them on the shoulder. She shot back a cold look, not knowing what to expect. "I want to talk to you a minute," I said. "I just want you to know that not all white people are like those you see here today. We just finished fighting a war against race prejudice." I was too choked with emotion to go on. Tears were beginning to fill my eyes.

Several people had stopped. There were about five or six young Negro girls and a number of white people standing around. "We know," the girl said, her eyes softening. "It's just that the ignorant ones and the prejudiced ones are the loudest." I didn't answer. I had stopped them be-

cause I wanted to give them spirit and courage. And here I was, ready to burst into tears. I looked around and felt ashamed. There was not a single tear in the eyes of any of those girls. In that split second I thought to myself, "They've learned that tears only get in your way. There is no time for tears. Maybe the girl is right. Maybe the ignorant ones are in the minority. There are still hundreds of people in the pool. While they are not defending the Negro people, neither are they openly hostile. These people can become our friends."

"But we thank you for what you've said," the girl continued.

"Don't thank me." I was able to talk now. "We've learned a lot of things in this war. But we still have a lot more to learn. I hope it won't take long."

"Quit your agitating. Wanta cause a riot?" It was one of the cops. The girls walked away toward the dressing room.

"Get her a soap box," someone yelled.

"If you love them so much, why don't you go out with them?"

"Come on. Break it up. Break it up." The cop was waking up. He suddenly seemed to realize that he had a duty to perform.

I stepped back toward the wall and the people began to drift away. Suddenly I noticed fifteen or twenty kids, none more than twelve years old, crowd around a small Negro child, not more than six, and start chasing her out of the pool. The kid was bewildered, confused. She looked around, searching for the person she had come with. She was so little, she could hardly manage to get out of the pool. I wanted to rush over to her, to pick her up in my arms, to comfort her, to shield her from this terrible hurt that she was too small to understand.

DOROTHY SLOME.

NEW MASSES invites its readers to contribute to its "Listen to the Rumble" with accounts of what they see and hear on the many significant problems facing the nation today.



Ells.

# SALT AND PEPPER . . . By JOEL BRADFORD

## THE WORLD IS A GLOBE

Now that news of battle has vanished and the works of peace, such as murders, thefts, divorces, and elopements, have resumed their wonted reign upon the front page, one is tempted to sit once more by the fire and revel in the old parochial environment. The old parish was pretty large. At one's fireside one knew what happened in New York and San Francisco. One knew of the existence of two oceans and of lands beyond: of England, Mother of Parliaments and of the Labor Party; of Czechoslovakia, "that far-away country," as Neville Chamberlain once called it; and of The Enigma which sprawled from the Baltic to the Pacific. It was an easy-uneasy parish, to which one might willingly return, with the added satisfaction that The Enigma, one-sixth of the world's surface, is now considerably less mysterious than an ounce of uranium.

There is, moreover, a lot to be done at home. War gave us a kind of abundance in the midst of death; peace gives us a kind of death in the midst of abundance. We have learned that destruction provides full employment; shall we tolerate the reverse, that construction provides famine? Obviously we cannot tolerate it, though that is the condition toward which everything will tend, unless there is resolute struggle against it. The United Automobile Workers, with excellent militancy, offers leadership in the decisive theater, and the Full Employment Bill is a proper companion-in-arms.

The opposition has not been slow to manifest itself. The auto tycoons, who seem imperfectly acquainted with the Teheran line, reject the thirty percent wage increase. They are plainly resolved that, so far as they can manage it, there shall not be enough purchasing power to buy their own automobiles or any sufficient part of the whole stupendous output of modern industry. That is to say, they have set out upon the shortest possible path to the next depression.

And why should they not? Depressions have their advantages for tycoons. Under such circumstances, union treasuries decline; the organizations and their members are poorer in money, in health, and in hope. All the divisive forces work with greater potency: racists thrive and alien-baiters batten upon the general misery. Out of that gloom can ride the man on horseback who is to "save" us from ourselves. The struggle against the next depression is, therefore, a struggle for the unity of all workers, for an alliance of the workers with the farmers and small businessmen, for the rights of all minorities, for a solid front against monopoly capital. There is no doubt that, if such a struggle were at all successful, capitalism would be seriously weakened, and America would be recognizably nearer its socialist goal.

But whatever Ford and General Motors may do, there is a section of capital which has a much subtler approach. In all the present maneuverings one discerns a scheme by which liberality at home is to be recompensed by extreme exploitation abroad. Surely this is the secret of Labor government policy in England. It is Churchillian abroad and "all-but-socialist" at home. While it "gradually" approaches

socialism in England with exquisite tentativeness, it continues the old modest flirtation with Admiral Voulgaris and King Michael. The flirtation with King Peter remains, I take it, clandestine. We do know, however, that the Bulgarian government is insufficiently democratic for Mr. Bevin's taste, and that the Yugoslav claim to Trieste is "imperialism." Not for nothing was it once observed by a witty Frenchman, "In England everything moves to the left except the Labor Party."

WELL, England's secret is our secret too. What else explains the joining of a liberal domestic policy with a foreign policy which steadily intrigues against the Polish, Austrian, Yugoslav, and Bulgarian governments? Is there no connection between De Gaulle's visit to America and his proposal of a Western European bloc? Surely it cannot be supposed that men who sponsored the admission of Argentina into the United Nations have any real concern for democracy in the Balkans or anywhere else. But, under such conditions, the liberal domestic policy acts as a kind of bait which is to lure the nation toward the reactionary foreign policy. The benefits bestowed at home are to be sweated from labor abroad. The German people were in a somewhat similar situation when they made their fatal choice: they could share the spoils which their imperialists proposed to reap elsewhere, or they could master their imperialists and make themselves true citizens of the world. It is of all choices perhaps the most difficult to make correctly, for it requires much imagination to perceive that the world is a globe, that we all live in it, and that no man ever freed himself by adding slaves to his master.

A valid program for the present time must unite the campaign for full employment with a campaign for world democracy. This latter phrase may seem a catch-all, but it denotes some startling things. It denotes Poland, Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, where the transfer of land to the peasants has been accomplished, where feudalism is thus at last obliterated, where governments intend to develop the national resources without intrusion of private monopolies. It means France, where the leftward tide is soon to overwhelm De Gaulle; England, whose people never intended the foreign policy they have been given; and the two colossi of the East, China and India, which are nearer to nationhood than ever before. We must explain to Americans what is really going on in these regions, the tremendous events which the press vulgarizes as "Soviet influence." I shall miss my guess if Americans do not respond heartily and effectively to the sight of other peoples winning some victories which we won long ago and some victories which we have yet to win.

This is the way to recoup the losses I referred to, not long ago. This is the way to demonstrate that one is not parroting a line, but pointing to certain empirical facts and to the conclusions which those facts yield. It is not accidental that, while American Communists never got to first base with the Teheran line, they previously did a splendid job of unmasking Mikhailovich—and this was, moreover, a job which only they undertook.

It is the fate, and doubtless the glory, of Communists to get just as much prestige as they earn. I do not know, for

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