

the Wall Street magnates. Wall Street's imperialism is highly detrimental to the most vital interests of the American people. The toiling masses of this country understand that the great capitalists are thoroughly greedy in their domestic policies, and they are waging increasing struggles against these exploiters. Nevertheless they do not yet sufficiently grasp the facts that these same capitalists are also dictating American foreign policy and that they are just as profit-greedy in their foreign policies as they are in domestic policies. Many workers are still deceived by hypocritical talk about politics ending at our shorelines.

Whether the world will develop a livable peace or whether it will head toward a third world war depends in decisive measure upon the anti-imperialist understanding and action of the American people. If the Wall Street multi-millionaires are allowed to continue writing and enforcing our foreign and domestic policies, as they are now doing to an increasing degree, then certainly the world will face growing dangers of fascism and a new world war. But if the democratic American people elect a progressive Congress and President in 1948, it will become possible to work out a democratic regime in this country and a durable world peace.

The great menace to world peace and democracy now lies in the activities of the Wall Street trusts and multi-millionaires. Hence the tremendous importance of defeating them and their Republican-Democratic political stooges during the legislative battles of the present Congress and especially in the elections of 1948. The American people are basically opposed to the trusts and to aggressive imperialism, and they will respond to a strong democratic, anti-imperialist leadership. But if the Wall Street imperialists are to be defeated at home and abroad, the organized labor movement especially must show the highest political understanding and united action of its entire history. The trade unions must bridge over their internal quarrels and jointly take up the fight against imperialist foreign policies and against reactionary legislation in the Eightieth Congress. They must spare no efforts in making all preparations to administer a real defeat to reaction in next year's elections. The outcome of our developing political struggle is of decisive world importance.

PAUL LANGEVIN: 1872-1946

In this illustrious physicist France honored the unity between scientist and the common people.

By JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH



Paris (by mail).

PAUL LANGEVIN is dead, and the French government gave him a national funeral. On a dark December day, in biting cold weather, tens of thousands followed his bier to the cemetery. In this procession workers rubbed shoulders with scholars, shopgirls marched by the side of professors, trade-unionists with their banners followed academicians.

How did this happen? The work of Paul Langevin was not of a kind that directly interests, arouses and moves the masses, as had been the case with the discoveries of a Pasteur. The latter revolutionized medicine, banishing some of the diseases which had ravaged humanity and opening new avenues of hope to therapy. But the "days and works" of Paul Langevin were spent in the silence of the laboratory and study. His achievements were in the least accessible fields of higher mathematics and physics. His thought, which roamed the realm of the supersonic, was likewise at home in that of the ultra-spatial and ultra-temporal. As one commentator correctly pointed out: "Magnetism, para-magnetism, dia-magnetism, and the introduction of restricted relativity and Einsteinian

relativity to France—all that was the work of this physicist-mathematician. Of him we may say that, with Albert Einstein, he is the man who has brought analytical intelligence to its highest present point.

But what is there in all this capable of arousing the masses? Suppose we consider some of the industrial and military applications of Langevin's inventions, such as the detection of under-water obstacles and objects by a supersonic projector with a piezo-electric quartz base—an invention which in 1918 hastened the destruction of Kaiser Wilhelm's submarine fleet and assured victory for the Allies. Yet even that invention, long kept secret and then slowly revealed to the public at large, has none of the dramatic and sensational qualities to be found in the works of a Leverrier or a Lister. Only an educated elite was in a position to understand the mechanism of that projector.

So I repeat my original question. How can one explain the scene that occurred in the French National Assembly on Dec. 19, 1946, when the six hundred deputies and all the spectators in the visitors' gallery rose in a

body to listen in reverent silence to the announcement of Langevin's death and the eulogy of the deceased? How explain that burial procession in which, despite the rigorous cold, hundreds of people's delegations from the provinces marched and swelled the throng that blocked traffic in Paris for several hours?

WHAT the French people honored in this dead man was not the modern magician, the creator of complicated mathematical formulas, whom the specialists praise in terms as mysterious as they are incomprehensible. The French people were told that he was a great scientist and accepted him as such. But in this illustrious physicist, the French nation honored the unity between scientist and the common people. More even than this unity: the assertion that they are inseparable and can only be thought of as inseparable.

Langevin himself has told how at seventeen, during the crisis provoked by General Boulanger, he felt for the first time a violently Republican heart beat within him. Georges Cogniot, a Communist deputy of Paris and himself an intellectual of stature, told in his speech at the funeral ceremony how Paul Langevin, just graduated from the *Ecole Normale Supérieure*, threw himself into the fight for Dreyfus—that is, the fight for justice and liberty, copingstones of democracy. Before 1914, Langevin was one of the intellectuals one saw at meetings where Jean Jaures spoke.

After World War I, this indefatigable worker, at the very moment he was laboring on his greatest discoveries, presided at meetings in favor of the French sailors of the Black Sea Fleet and in favor of France's resumption of diplomatic relations with the young Soviet Republic. Later he was together with Romain Rolland and Henri Barbusse in the world movement against war and fascism; and he was at the side of Republican Spain, criminally assaulted by the fascists. He spoke out against the Munich surrender. And when the terrible scourge of 1940 came, one of the first to be imprisoned was Paul Langevin.

Sixty-seven years old and ill, he was thrown into a cell of that notorious building called by some grim irony *Le Sante* [Health] Prison. There the Nazi Colonel Boehmelburg said to him: "You are a man as dangerous to us as the eighteenth century Encyclopedists were to the *ancien regime*." An

involuntary act of homage from the enemy, which places Langevin on his true historic level!

After imprisonment came solitary confinement. Then in 1944, in mid-winter, he escaped across the snow-capped Jura Mountains. There for the first time the heart of this seventy-year-old "failed." Already he had endured the martyrdom and execution of the young scientist, Jacques Solomon, who was one of his sons-in-law, and the deportation of one of his daughters to the camps of slow death in Germany. Already he had witnessed mass executions of French intellectuals at the hands of the Nazi enemy. These repeated trials finally succeeded in wearing down his strong, rugged and healthy constitution.

Returning to France on the heels of the armies of liberation, those uniformed and those without uniforms, those inside as well as those outside France, he immediately took charge again of the famous Higher School of Physics and Chemistry of the City of Paris. He went back to his mathematical calculations and his laboratory researches. He accepted the chairmanship of a committee set up by the Provisional Government to reorganize public education in the light of the terrific experiences from which France had just emerged. Throwing himself into his work, he used up the last remains of his health. A relatively minor surgical operation produced, in his terribly run-down body, a shock from which he could not recover.

And several hours later, it was the end.

LANGEVIN, a student of the Curies and later their intimate friend and collaborator, was himself the teacher of Frederic Joliot who, marrying Irene Curie, joined her name with his and thus continued the glorious Curie tradition. Thus the standard was handed down from generation to generation in this group of closely-linked scientists. Now one of the shining lights of atomic physics, Frederic Joliot-Curie has always called himself the disciple of Langevin and shown deep affection for him. The speech he gave at the burial of his teacher will rank among the finest in France's scientific literature.

But should one really say "scientific"? Joliot-Curie, linked with the French masses in an ardent Communist political faith, reminded his listeners that Paul Langevin, the Communist scientist, did not consider science mere-

ly a brilliant sport of the mind, but a "powerful means of educating and liberating man, with a view to creating more justice and kindness. Paul Langevin embodied two missions: that of the great scientist and that of the great citizen. He sought to enrich our knowledge of the world and at the same time to create a world in which justice prevails. One finds in his work the imprint of a universal mind as well as extraordinary clarity and accuracy of judgment. It was these high qualities that enabled him to analyze social problems so profoundly and to adopt toward them the attitude we admire. Langevin did not want to be one of an elite of scientists divorced from practical events. It was as a member of the community of workers that he concerned himself with social problems."

Here is the answer to the question we posed at the beginning of this article. It explains why one could see marching behind his coffin academicians and trade-unionists, the greatest living artists and poets together with peasant delegations.

I had the sad privilege of being the last visitor he ever had, several hours before his death. I owe this honor to an old and deep friendship between us. When, awakening from an artificially induced sleep, he learned of my presence in the house, he insisted upon seeing me. "I'm fond of you . . . I'm fond of you!" he murmured as he seized my hand. How haggard my friend was! That little effort was enough to tire him. His eyes closed again, but his hand firmly grasped mine. And halting words came from his parched lips.

What were those words? The very same that had formed the web of his life and works: "Kindness," he murmured, "Kindness! . . . We need . . . kindness. And justice! . . . There is not . . . enough justice . . . in the world!" Then the words stuck in his throat. But even as he fumbled for expression, they betrayed his constant concern: "Yes! . . . And kindness . . . We need . . . justice . . . justice . . . equal to kindness. . . ."

Then in a feeble voice he called to his wife: "Mother!"

Those were the last words I heard from his mouth. Yet he still kept my hand in his, pressing it warmly.

"For kindness in justice"—has there ever been a nobler, worthier testament of a great man?

Translated by John Rossi.

LENIN THE LIBERATOR

Ringing throughout his work is the certainty of victory. "We are living," he said, "in happy times when the prophecy of the great Socialists is beginning to be realized."

By **JOHN STUART**

HE DIED at 6:50 during the frost-laden night of Jan. 21, 1924. Two days before the hemorrhage that drowned his consciousness forever his wife sat by his bed reading to him Jack London's story, *Love of Life*. "In a wilderness of ice, where no human being had set foot, a sick man, dying of hunger, is making for the harbor of a big river. His strength is giving out, he cannot walk but keeps slipping, and beside him there slides a wolf—also dying of hunger. There is a fight between them: the man wins. Half dead, half demented, he reaches his goal." That tale greatly pleased Lenin.

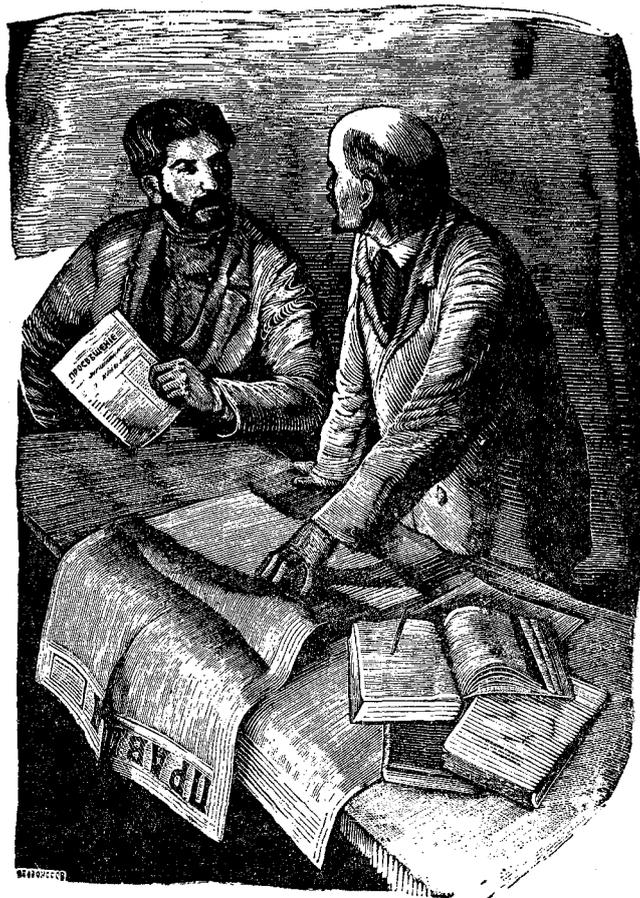
"The man wins." There is perhaps no more terse summary of Lenin's faith or the immensity of his achievement. In his own life he embodied the cause of working men, relentlessly pressing for a universal freedom in which men are no longer their own enemies, victims of the unknown or the creatures of chance. He knew what makes for strength in a class and the components of power to make that class supreme. Separating the chaff from the humanist tradition he took the wheat and made out of it a fresh loaf on which a whole new society could feed. He was the scientist and the transformer of dreams into reality. Few before him had the tenacity to make an indivisible sum of the word and the deed. "His heroism," wrote Gorky, "is surrounded by no glittering halo. . . . He was intrepid by nature, but this was not the mercenary daring of the gambler; in Lenin it was the manifestation of that unusual moral courage which could only belong to a man with an unshakeable belief in his calling, to a man with a profound and complete perception of his connection with the world."

His calling was that of professional revolutionary. That calling has been caricatured for Americans—at least most Americans—into monstrous forms. Every effort of warped imaginations has been thrust against it. Dictionaries have been combed for words to malign it and to ostracize it from the community of "respectable" men. Yet respectable men have been able to follow their own calling because professional revolutionaries helped them attain a greater measure of freedom than their predecessors knew. The first Christians were the professional revolutionaries of their era when they advanced their doctrine of brotherhood against the slavekeepers of a now-forgotten world. And our own American Revolution, which Lenin recorded as "one of those great, really emancipatory, really revolutionary wars," might never have unfolded so quickly if it were not for the band of professional revolutionaries who sparked and led the struggle against the English brigands.

There is no higher calling than that of professional revolutionary. They are the men who engineer history by recog-

nizing its necessities. To Lenin the calling came early. It brought him years of exile and wandering over the face of Europe. It crushed lesser men but it steeled him, freshened his senses, piled conviction on conviction, gave him the intellectual stamina to withstand both the enemies of his class and those misleaders who would divert it from its compelling mission. When the clouds of despair befogged the eyes of others Lenin remained optimistic, absolutely confident.

Ringing throughout his work is the certainty of victory. "We are living," he said, "in happy times, when the prophecy of the great Socialists is beginning to be realized." Echoing Marx's declaration at the time the Paris Commune was shattered, Lenin wrote, when the frenzy in the West to exterminate the Russian Revolution was at its highest, that: "Communism 'springs up' from positively all sides of



Lenin and Stalin working in the office of Pravda in 1917. Woodcut by P. N. Staronov.