

Change the World

by Mike Gold

AS one wit put it at the time of a previous crisis (the Finland war, the Russo-German pact period, or some similar turn in this strange and bloody time of the collapse of capitalism):

"All the non-party comrades were so outraged that they tore up their non-party cards."

At the moment, we are witnessing another great rallying of the non-Communists around a new non-party leader.

"Give us justice," is the loud and fearful groan heard in Times Square. The ragged pants, brigade of Wall Street locks hands with the persecuted FBI, the New Leader "Socialists," the PM "liberals" and similar miseries to defend "freedom" against massed tyrants marching upon them from Union Square.

As they "defend the cause," the bare-foot Wall Street boys chant their stirring battle hymn:



"Browder is our Leader, he must not be removed,

Browder is our Leader, though the Communists have had him removed;

Just like a beautiful perfume is built up out of garbage,

We dare you have Earl Browder removed."

EVERYONE in the capitalist world now seems to be madly in love with Beautiful Browder. I can't understand it all, the sudden wave of affection. Is this another Tristan and Isolde in the making, or what?

Look how the FBI and State Department rushed to give their boy a shiny new passport to Europe in a first-class plane.

This could never have happened several years ago. Then they put Earl in the jailhouse for being an enemy to Wall Street.

I am all confused. I am all in a dither, like that beautiful renegade on PM, James Wechsler. Nameless Washington officials and authorities whisper in Wechsler's shell-like ear all kinds of rumors about the Leader: that the Soviets have asked for Browder; the Soviets want to make up to the USA via Browder; Browder is going as a salesman for some big business interests to peddle chewing gum,

steel and atom secrets to Russia; Browder is the only man who can save the United Nations; and though the U. S. Communist Party goes on fighting American imperialism, Browder remains an Eng-Eng-American," etc., etc.

There are various journalists in America with whom you can never tell where their literary career ends and the FBI begins. Wechsler must be one of this kind of critters. His "authorities" on Browder sound very much like FBI propaganda placement. It is also part of the thing begun at Berlin with the famous "Anti-Comintern" axis.

Anyway, college graduates now do the work in America. It is no longer crude and unlettered. It tries to familiarize itself with a Marxist jargon which it mistakes for Marxist thinking. It is very knowing about what it fancies is "inner-party" gossip, palace intrigue. It is an intellectual hound sniffing around every smelly lamp-post and discovering what it believes to be "important inside" stuff.

Only fools let such chatter influence them and pass itself off as anything but the old "anti-Comintern" confusion.

BROWDER'S trip is a piece of such professional confusionism, also. It can

Wall Street Falls in Love With Browder

have no other purpose but to confuse.

Previous distributors of the stuff rumored that he had told them he was going to Moscow to lay his case before Stalin and plead for reinstatement as leader of the party in America.

Now if the Russians admit him the question will be raised: Hah, they are interfering in the internal affairs of America.

If the Russians refuse to admit the fuhrer, the confusionists will raise the cry: Hah, they are interfering in the internal affairs of America by taking sides against Browder!

You are damned if you do and damned if you don't—and if I may be permitted to a little sniffing myself around smelly lamp-posts, some smart federal cop with a college education must have had a hand in this clever squeeze play and confusionism.

Or else riddle me this: how in the world could any well-known person with a long Communist record have gotten a passport so easily to Europe nowadays? Don't tell me they did it for the sake of Browder's beautiful big eyes, because they didn't. And why are all their pressmen falling over themselves about the trip? What do they really know?