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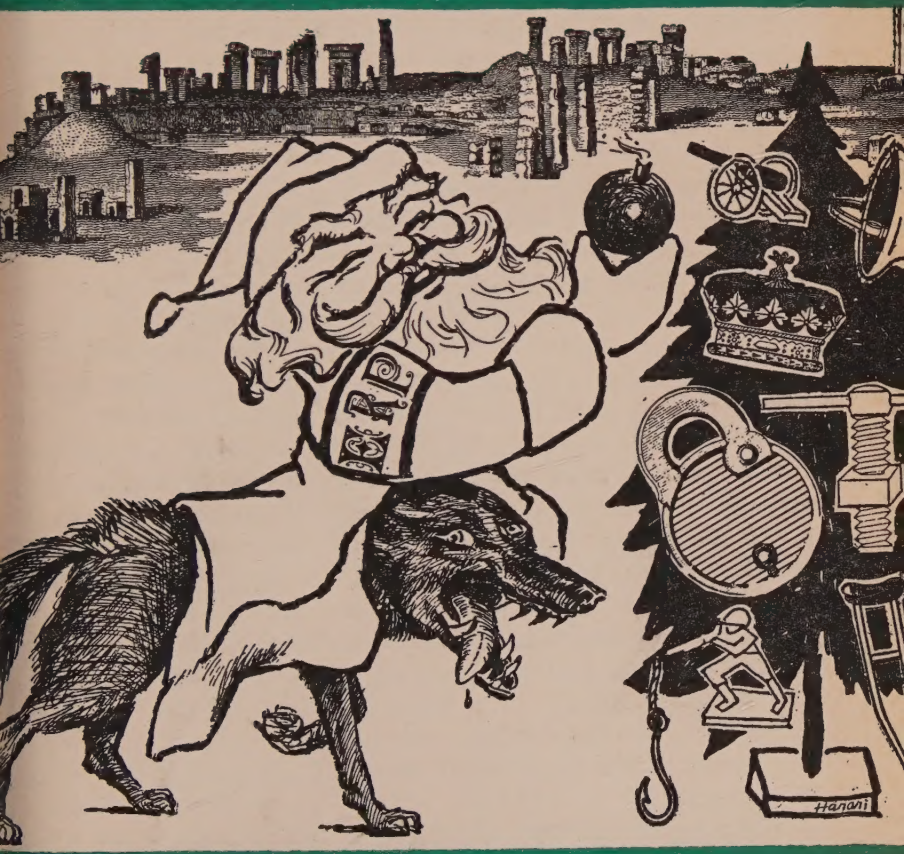

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Stories by HOWARD FAST, BEN FIELD · Books · Art · Music · Theatre

A Letter to Our Readers

Dear Friend:

With the approach of our magazine's first anniversary, a report to its readers is in order.

The National Association of Manufacturers has just decided to invest several million dollars in a giant advertising campaign aimed at selling the glories of capitalism—complete to the atom bomb. They will expend these additional millions though the same message goes forth daily and hourly via ten thousand publications and broadcasting stations. Simultaneously, too, the commercial book publishers flood the stalls with the latest droppings of Louis Budenz, Bertram Wolfe, Arthur Koestler and Benjamin Gitlow, and the ultra-respectable presses of Yale and Harvard Universities place their imprints on the poison of a David Dallin and a Ruth Fischer.

The bosses know well the decisive importance of the battle of ideas, of blunting the sensitivity and corrupting the culture of the American people. In this crucial conflict, Masses & Mainstream stands almost alone in the cultural arena as a beaconlight of Marxism and progressive thinking. When the conditions of the battle made it no longer possible to maintain the weekly New Masses, the enemy was met again, with the force we could muster—the monthly Masses & Mainstream.

That magazine was launched without any operating capital. Not only was it launched without capital but it also assumed as a debt of honor the obligations of its predecessors. Of great weight in this regard were unexpired subscriptions to the former weekly which Masses & Mainstream took upon itself to the tune of over $16,000.

(*Continued on inside back cover*)

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December, 1948

Art by Heller, Karnow, Levine, Shahn.

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COVER: by Hananiah Harari

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Memo

FOR PROGRESSIVES

TWO days after the elections the New York *Herald Tribune* editorialized, "The country is trending to the 'Left.'" By this it meant, of course, that the American people wanted public housing, health insurance, price controls, agricultural price support, and what it somewhat delicately called wage support. The sage afterthought has since been repeated throughout the press, which was almost unanimous in its Dewey support.

It is no secret that the people faced in this direction against a mighty wind of propaganda. Badgered, buffaloed, cajoled and threatened by their daily papers, radio networks, movies, their bosses and banks, the worker, farmer, and small businessman still remembered Roosevelt. They turned to Truman only in the last weeks of his campaign when he was forced to pretend that he wanted to revive the New Deal. And though Truman is a willing prisoner of the same class which Dewey hoped to serve as lieutenant, the people can now demand payment on his promissory notes.

If progressive intellectuals think of the election as a static fact, they may be unduly optimistic at the defeat of Dewey, or quite wrongly depressed by the low Wallace vote. On the one hand, let them remember that the bi-partisan imperialist foreign policy, with its threat of war, has Truman's sponsorship, that he is a strikebreaker in the grand style, and that twelve Communist leaders are now defending civil liberties against the President's own Attorney General. On the other hand, they must never forget that without the Progressive Party there would have been no cleansing fire, no one to exact pledges which the people now have the chance to enforce by mass pressure. Millions who, fearing Dewey, voted for Truman, will treasure the words of Henry Wallace who fought for them.

Intellectuals can reflect with pride upon the energy and courage which so many of them displayed in the new party movement; they now must think of what role they will play in the days ahead.

The American people, who bore up under an unprecedented barrage of Red-baiting and war-mongering, have made known their desire for peace and their rejection of the dog-eat-dog philosophy proclaimed by the Republicans. That their thoughts and feelings are still bottled up in the two-party system means all the more that other channels must be opened for them. That they still believe the occasional vote to be their only avenue of expression underlines the need for mass education. The Progressive Party must be strengthened for its future tasks. The trade unions must be infused with political consciousness. The mass organizations of the Negro people must be built up, as well as those of the national groups, and the cultural, women's and youth movements. *Action to defeat the attempts to outlaw the Communist Party and Marxist ideas is a primary responsibility.* The intellectual's participation in this work involves no "sacrifice" for him; on the contrary it is essential to his survival and development as artist, scientist or professional.

The progressive intellectual has a further, and for him, central job. He must wage war against the endless filth, vulgarity, planned idiocy and spiritual corruption that the mass media—press, radio, movies and advertising—hurl against the people. These are the means by which the capitalist class hopes to so debase and dull those whom it exploits that they will no longer recognize their own interests or feel comradeship with their own kind. That class wants subjects who are insensitive to cruelty, careless of others, hostile to human beings of a different color or religion, respectful to criminals with money or power. It sets up the ideal of the wise guy, and incites contempt for all culture that exalts creative labor. The Republican campaign was based on the assumption that the mass media had done their dirty work.

The intellectual must explain what monopoly capitalism hopes to achieve by its perversion of values. He must organize the struggle for the right of cultural workers to refuse to lie or distort their content. These are minimum duties for the intellectual.

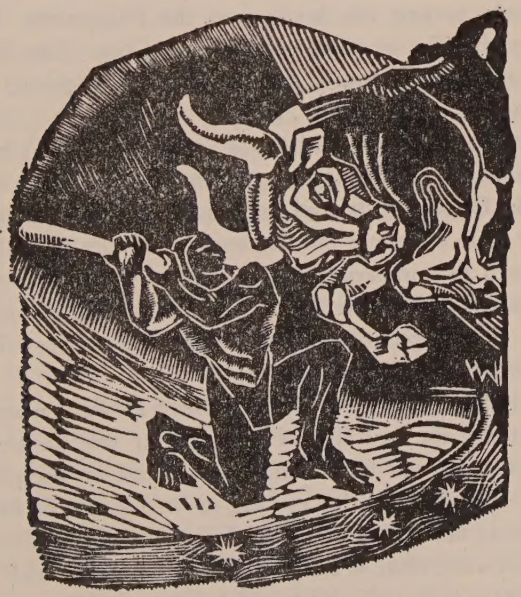
THEN there is the positive work of creating new values and showing how they can be realized in the struggle for socialism. This work has to be undertaken by Communist intellectuals, of whom Laurent Casanova spoke at the eleventh national congress of the Communist

Party of France: "When the people start to move, both the source and the development of cultural values jibe, so to speak, in an immediately perceptible way, with the people's movement itself.

"We say the source and origin of these values. For, of course, matters do not end there, with this elementary movement of the masses. There still remains the task of giving a form to these values, of expressing them very clearly. It is still necessary, in short, to resolve the problem posed by the masses themselves, who search for a clearer consciousness of their own role."

If ever there was a people groping for consciousness it is here in America, where the Big Money alerts its thousands of scribblers and clowns to promote obscurantism and mockery of the most elementary truths. It is not enough vaguely to want peace and happiness; one has to know how to attain them. The intellectual, in learning how himself, must help his fellow Americans to understand society and how to change it.

—THE EDITORS



Helen West Heller

Dooley, Twain and Imperialism

by SAMUEL SILLEN

"THE Blessings-of-Civilization Trust, wisely and cautiously administered, is a Daisy," said Mark Twain as our century opened. "There is more money in it, more territory, more sovereignty and other emolument, than there is in any other game that is played."

American capitalism is an old hand at this game of dispensing light to the people who sit in darkness. From McKinley to Truman our main article of export, judging by the advertisements, has been benevolence. Only one hitch developed, as Mark Twain foretold when we were sanctimoniously putting our hooks into the Philippines. The saviors were too greedy. The heathen became suspicious. "The Blessings of Civilization are all right, and a good commercial property; there could not be a better, in a dim light. . . ."

But here at home, where the light is getting so dim it's hard to read by, the missionaries are making better headway. With the fire-snorting pieties of Mr. Dulles proclaimed the official philosophy, we are losing not only our sense of humor but our sense of history as well. The holy-warriors preach that imperialism is a figment of Communist fantasy; that their cause is immaculately selfless; that only foreign agents oppose their global charity program. Mark Twain and other writers of his generation could tell a different story.

It is exactly fifty years since William Dean Howells wrote to Henry James concerning the war against Spain: "Our war for humanity has unmasked itself as a war for coaling stations, and we are going to keep our booty to punish Spain for putting us to the trouble of using violence in robbing her." When the light-bringers stormed into the Philippines the following year, William James angrily protested in the Boston *Transcript:* "It is bald, brutal piracy, impossible to dish up any longer in the cold pot-grease of President McKinley's cant." And Finley

Peter Dunne's Mr. Dooley, anticipating the Marshall Plan, addressed the Filipinos who under Aguinaldo spurned our affections: "An' now, ye mis'rable, childish-minded apes, we propose f'r to larn ye th' uses iv liberty. . . . An' we'll give ye clothes, if ye pay f'r them. . . . An' whin ye've become edycated an' have all th' blessin's iv civilization that we don't want . . . we'll threat ye th' way a father shud threat his childer if we have to break ivry bone in ye're bodies. So come to our ar-rms, says we."

Thus, at the dawn of the imperialist era, opened with a prayer by President McKinley, American intellectuals were mocking the moral pretensions of the robber barons. "In the United States," as Lenin noted in his *Imperialism,* "the imperialist war waged against Spain in 1898 stirred up the opposition of the 'anti-imperialists,' the last of the Mohicans of bourgeois democracy." A group of these "last of the Mohicans" formed the Anti-Imperialist League in 1898, with active centers in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco and other major cities. The League was influential in forming humanitarian opposition to the iniquities of imperialism, and by the end of 1899 it was able to hold a national convention attended by delegates from thirty states. Members of the Anti-Imperialist League included the economist Edward Atkinson, who edited the League's periodical, *The Anti-Imperialist;* the biographer Gamaliel Bradford; the Yale sociologist William Graham Sumner, author of *Folkways;* William James, Samuel Gompers and a victim of troubled conscience—Andrew Carnegie! A significant number of the older men who were leading critics of imperialism had worked for the abolition of slavery, notably Carl Schurz and Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

IN OPPOSING a war which ended in the conquest of Puerto Rico, the Philippines and other countries, the anti-imperialist intellectuals had a solid precedent. Half a century earlier the aggression against Mexico had evoked a strong protest not only from Abraham Lincoln, then a freshman Representative from Illinois, but from virtually every writer of stature in America. Henry Thoreau had gone to jail rather than pay taxes to support "the work of comparatively a few individuals using the standing government as their tool." His famous essay on Civil Disobedience, written in opposition to the war, had proclaimed: "When a sixth of the population of a nation which has undertaken to be the refuge of liberty are slaves, and a whole country is unjustly overrun and con-

quered by a foreign army, and subjected to military law, I think that it is not too soon for honest men to rebel and revolutionize." Another ardent Abolitionist, James Russell Lowell, had stirred up resistance to the hypocrites in Washington with *The Biglow Papers,* one of the finest satires in American poetry. Emerson wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes that he could not stomach "the cant of extending the area of liberty by the annexing of Texas and Mexico." It should be added that these writers were not pacifists, and that they later supported the Civil War as a just war against the slaveocracy.

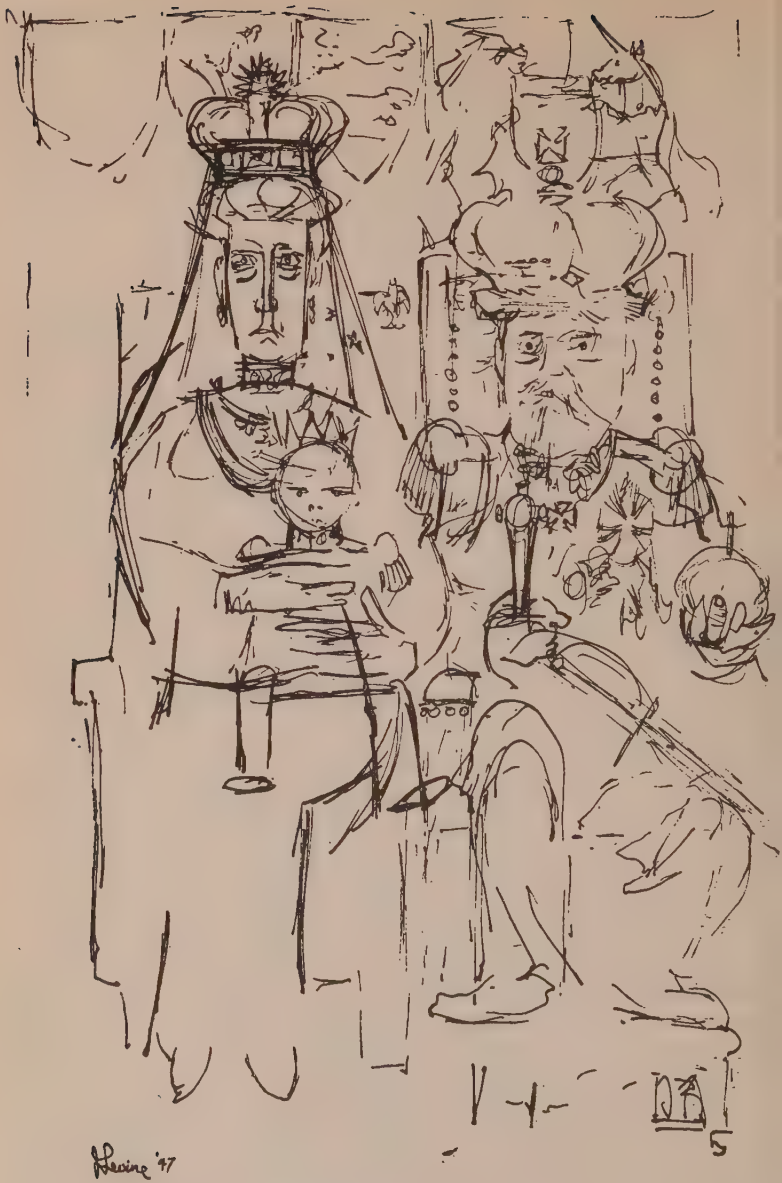
In the period from the Mexican War to the Spanish War the difficulties of those who opposed aggression by their own government had not lessened. Anti-imperialist writings were barred from the mails by the postmaster in San Francisco, among them *The Cost of a National Crime* and two other pamphlets by Edward Atkinson. The jingo Hearst and Pulitzer papers, whose ravings gave rise in this period to the term "yellow press," headlined their wrath against "traitors." Their name-calling bluster was not without success, as is evident in William James' complaint that "the bugbear of copperheadism has reduced the freest tongues for a while to silence." Threats of physical violence were common. Even a conservative scholar like Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard, translator of Dante and leading art historian of the period, was the object of a tar-and-feathers tirade in the press. Following his lecture on "True Patriotism," which explained the duty of opposing a war which the government could have averted, Norton wrote his friend Leslie Stephen in England: "My mail was loaded down with letters and post-cards full of abuse, mostly anonymous, some of them going so far as to bid me look out for a stray bullet!"

The Blessings-of-Civilization Trust had no such problems. While the newspapers blazed away, the popular magazines marched in step with the current hit tune, Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever.* On the Senate floor, imperialist prophet Albert J. Beveridge fervently invoked the American Century. Beveridge's rhetoric was to become a copy-book for imperialism with its accent on The Almighty's Infinite Plan, The White Man's Burden, Anglo-Saxon Destiny. "God," noted this Republican spokesman, "has not been preparing the English-speaking and Teutonic peoples for a thousand years for nothing but vain and idle self-contemplation. No! He has made us the master organizers of the world to establish system where chaos reigns." Beveridge wrapped into one pack-

age the aggressive navalism of Admiral Mahan, the unabashed racism of Josiah Strong, the Brahmin arrogance of Henry Cabot Lodge. A dutiful defender of the trusts, Beveridge did not omit profits from the divine scheme. "Fate," he intoned, "has written our policy for us; the trade of the world must and shall be ours. . . . It is God's great purpose made manifest in the instincts of our race, whose present phase is our personal profit, but whose far-off end is the redemption of the world and the Christianization of mankind."

BUT God's great purpose seemed far off indeed to writers like Mark Twain and William James as they studied our plunder of the Philippines. To those intellectuals who had assumed that the United States, born in a democratic revolution, would eternally pursue a liberal course, imperialism in full dress came as a profound shock. The foreboding had already been voiced by Walt Whitman, whose *Democratic Vistas* in 1871 sounded the alarm for an America that might become morally infected by "the depravity of the business classes." There was good reason now to fear, with Charles Eliot Norton, that "the old America, the America of our hopes and our dreams has come to an end, and a new America is entering on the false course which has been tried so often and which has often led to calamity." The forecast was given a more realistic definition by Howells, who had been strongly influenced by socialist ideas. He predicted: "After war will come the piling up of big fortunes again; the craze for wealth will fill all brains, and every good cause will be set back. We shall have an era of blood-bought prosperity, and the chains of capitalism will be welded on the nation more firmly than ever."

Many other writers sensed, even if only in a confused way, that the country had reached a turning point, with imperialism henceforth warring on the democratic heritage. This produced a genuine anguish which found its most moving poetic statement in William Vaughn Moody's "An Ode in Time of Hesitation." A leading poet of the period, Moody created a stir when he published his Ode in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1901. He was to achieve greater commercial success later on with his plays *The Great Divide* and *The Faith Healer,* but the Ode remains his major literary effort, even though, as his friend Edwin Arlington Robinson pointed out, it fell into a diction rapidly going out of date. Building on a forceful contrast between our employment of



ROYAL FAMILY, *by Jack Levine*

Negro troops in the Civil War and our enslavement of the Philippines, Moody asks:

> "Was it for this our fathers kept the law?
> This crown shall crown their struggle and their ruth?
> Are we the eagle nation Milton saw
> Mewing its mighty youth. . . .
> Or have we but the talons and the maw,
> And for the abject likeness of our heart
> Shall some less lordly bird be set apart?—
> Some gross-billed wader where the swamps are fat?
> Some gorger in the sun? Some prowler with the bat?"

The poem concludes with a warning to the country's rulers:

> "O ye who lead
> Take heed!
> Blindness we may forgive, but baseness we will smite."

Moody struck the same note in other works including "On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines," where he again comments bitterly on the distance between the men who died and the uses to which their victory is put.

Moody was only one of a Chicago group of anti-imperialist writers that also numbered Hamlin Garland and Henry B. Fuller. The latter writer, author of *The Cliff Dwellers, With the Procession* and other novels, was one of the pioneers of realism in modern American fiction, a forerunner of Norris and Dreiser. Fuller turned to verse in a blistering satire on the McKinley Administration, *The New Flag*, which no publisher would touch and which he thereupon issued at his own expense in 1899. Fuller is at his best when lampooning the apostle of imperialist "virility," Rough Rider Teddy Roosevelt, who as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in McKinley's cabinet was easily the most blatant chauvinist of the period. To the tune of "I'm the Plumber," Fuller pounds out the rhythms of "the strenuous life" preached by the future President:

> "I'm a howling, thumping, growling, jumping
> Broadway cable car,
> I'm a trolley on a down hill slope
> With my fender up for war.
> It's moil and strife and a 'strenuous life'

And the smash and grind of things,
And the jangling, wrangling, mangling, strangling
Joy that a battle brings. . . .
I'm a cut and thrusting bronco-busting
Megaphone of Mars,
And it's fire I breathe and I cut my teeth
On nails and wrought-iron bars.
I'd sit up all night to witness a fight
Between two roaches, I'm
A truceless truculent Teddy the Terror,
And I'm in it every time
When a scrap is on with the Spanish Don,
And my stinger is out for Crime. . . ."

With somewhat more subtle irony, Stephen Crane also celebrated the virtues of militarism propounded by the imperialists. Crane had already, in *The Red Badge of Courage* (1895), drawn his brilliant anti-romantic picture of war. But where this Civil War story had been a work of pure imagination, Crane was now to experience battle at first hand as a correspondent in Cuba for the New York *World.* Unlike his fellow correspondent, Richard Harding Davis, who reported the glories of imperial conquest in a style that did honor to Kipling, Crane found the war brutal, unheroic, sordid. His volume of poetry issued in 1899, *War Is Kind,* combines irony with tremendous depth of feeling:

"Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.
Because your lover threw wild hands
toward the sky
And the affrighted steed ran on alone,
Do not weep.
War is kind. . . .
Swift blazing flag of the regiment,
Eagle with crest of red and gold,
These men were born to drill and die.
Point for them the virtue of slaughter,
Make plain to them the excellence of killing
And a field where a thousand corpses lie.
Mother whose heart hung humble as a button
On the bright splendid shroud of your son,
Do not weep.
War is kind."

But perhaps the biggest guns in the literary battle against the Blessings-of-Civilization Trust were supplied by Mark Twain. Twain did not at first see through the fog of propaganda that surrounded the war. Like so many of his countrymen he had associated imperialism with Great Britain rather than America. But the stubborn facts kept breaking through as he saw U. S. capitalism joining the parade of the pirates, and there was nothing of the "genial humorist" in the Mark Twain who satirized the imperialist humbug.

His essay on the Philippines, "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," appeared in *The North American Review* in 1901. The American people, he said, had to face up to one big question: "That is, shall we go on conferring our Civilization upon the peoples that sit in darkness, or shall we give those poor things a rest? Shall we bang right ahead in our old-time, loud, pious way, and commit the new century to the game; or shall we sober up and sit down and think it over first? Would it not be prudent to get our Civilization tools together, and see how much stock is left on hand in the way of Glass Beads and Theology, and Maxim Guns and Hymn Books, and Trade Gin and Torches of Progress and Enlightenment (patent adjustable ones, good to fire villages with, upon occasion), and balance the books, and arrive at the profit and loss, so that we may intelligently decide whether to continue the business or sell out the property and start a new Civilization Scheme on the proceeds?"

A second blast came from Mark Twain the following year. In *A Defense of General Funston* he "exonerated" one of our leading experts at shooting up Filipino women and children. General Funston, Twain argued, could not be blamed because his conscience "leaked out through one of his pores" when he was little. And so effectively did Mark Twain stab at the morality of imperialism that his writings on the subject, omitted from all popular editions of his work, have been virtually censored out of existence.

By 1903, with America launched as a world power, the anti-imperialist intellectuals had to admit ruefully, with William James, that "'Duty and Destiny' have rolled over us like a Juggernaut car." Some were left stranded with a vague hope in eventual victory. Others were reduced, like Mark Twain, to the deep pessimism about the entire human race expressed in *The Mysterious Stranger*. Despite their fine

moral fervor, the "last of the Mohicans" had not deeply enough understood the character of the period that the country had entered. As Lenin wrote of them, "while all this criticism shrank from recognizing the indissoluble bond between imperialism and the very foundations of capitalism; while it shrank from joining up with the forces engendered by large-scale capitalism and its development—it remained a 'pious wish'."

This truth was of course harder to grasp fifty years ago, at the dawn of imperialism, than it is today. Yet in comparing some of the leading writers today with Twain, William James and Howells, one is impressed not so much with their failure to advance as their failure to catch up. Yes, many of them had the wisdom to oppose the murder of Republican Spain; but Hemingway, MacLeish, Upton Sinclair give the consent of silence to the murder of democracy in Greece. Is it because this time our own government is the murderer? And some, like Sinclair Lewis and Carl Sandburg, raised their voices when the books were burned in Germany; but where is the evidence of their indignation now that their fellow writers in America, like Howard Fast and John Howard Lawson, face jail for their beliefs?

It was the courage to oppose the aggressions of *their own* government that marked the anti-imperialist writers at the turn of the century, as it marked Thoreau and Emerson in 1846, Randolph Bourne and John Reed in 1918. They were all called traitor by the Blessings-of-Civilization Trust. But being impelled by a concern for the future of democracy in America, they were not dissuaded by threats or abuse.

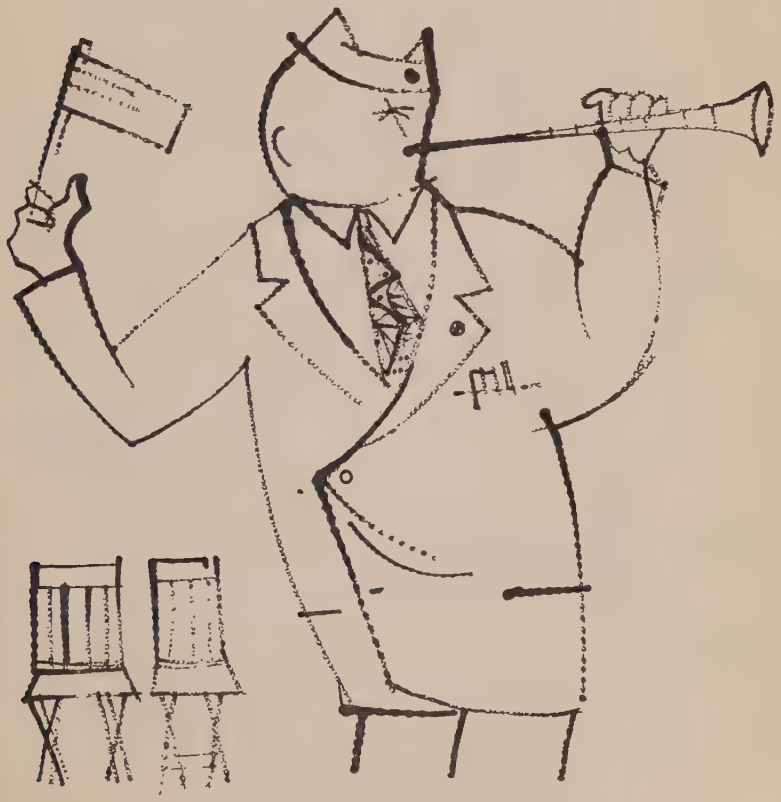
As we go to press, we learn with deep sorrow that Genevieve Taggard has died after a long illness. A contributor to NEW MASSES for over two decades, her death is a blow to the progressive cultural movement and to all those who knew her and were stirred by her poetry. In an early issue we will carry an article on Miss Taggard's life and work.—*The Editors.*

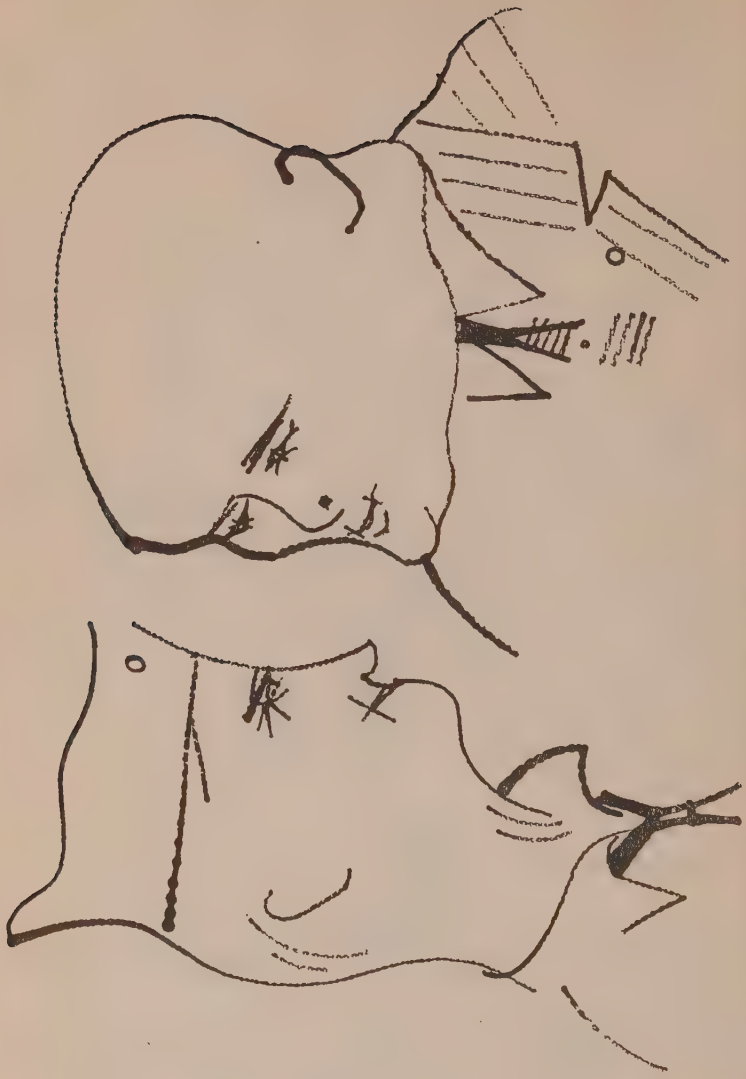
LEGION CONVENTION

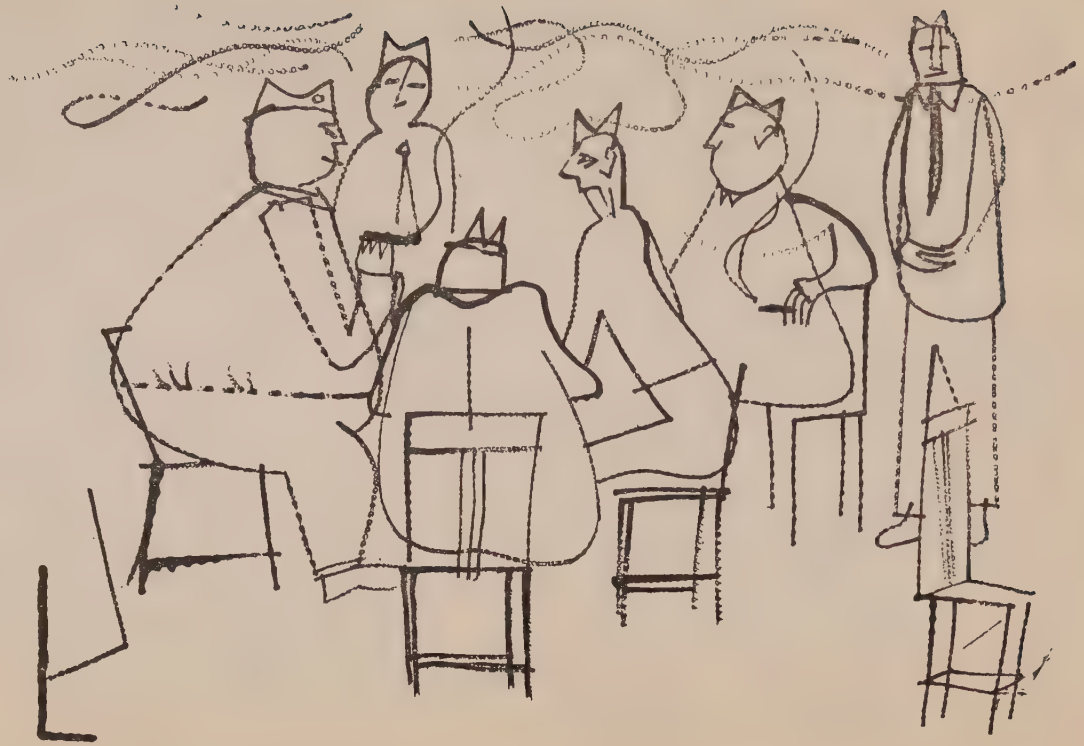
FOUR DRAWINGS

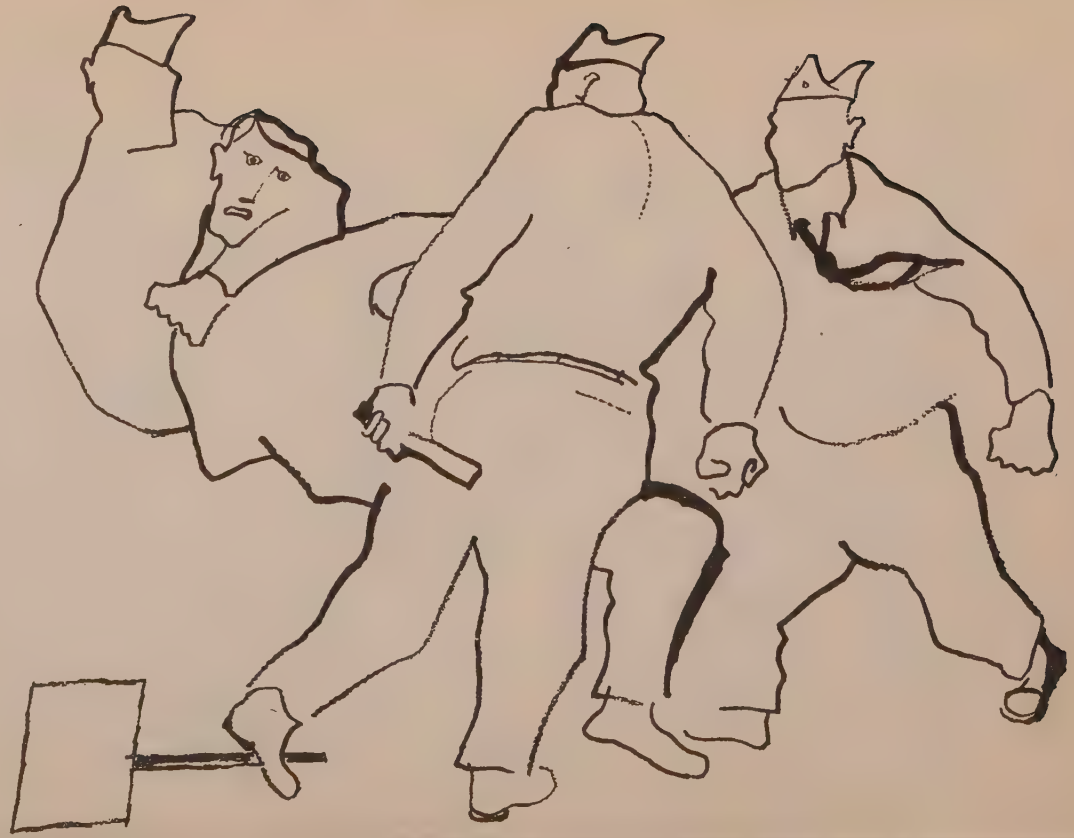
by

ALFRED ZALON









The Little Folk from the Hills

A Story by HOWARD FAST

THIS thing happened to me in an old, old land, where I had been riding forever with a tech sergeant, a staff sergeant and 2,000 pounds of United States mail. The train stopped every six miles or so, and each time there was no real certainty that it would ever start again. We were at Agra or Lucknow or Patna or some place like that; it doesn't matter very much, and one town looks like another in such a land. When we rolled into a town to stay for an hour or six hours or maybe all night, a bearer in a green and red and white uniform, with a great piled white turban topped by a splendid feather, more imposing than a Coldstream Guard on dress parade, leaped onto the running board outside of our compartment and said, "Tea, sahib?" or "Tray, sahib?"

Whether he said tea or tray depended upon what arrangements we had made with the same kind of person ten or fifty miles back. The time of day had nothing to do with it. In that sun-kissed land which the British had civilized, it was always tea-time, in the middle of the night and at dawn, too, and if the man with the turban said, "Tea, sahib?" he had the tray on his hand, a juggler, acrobat and waiter rolled up together, but he never missed, and he always knew if there was a dirty empty tray in the compartment.

We talked a lot about it, about this amazing piece of organization in an essentially unorganized land. In the compartment behind us, two English officers were riding, and I even talked to them about it. One was a subaltern, as they say, and the other was a colonel.

"Never thought about it," the colonel said. "I don't see why you chaps should be so disturbed."

"It's like a game," I explained. "When you got nothing else to talk about."

"You might ask the station commissioner next place we stop."

"That's too easy. Then we got nothing to talk about."

The two Englishmen were very nice and very pleasant. Every now and then I'd spend a couple of hours in their compartment. They had a few bottles of Scotch and gin, and they made you feel that nothing made them happier than for you to be drinking their liquor. But they didn't understand our ways or our methods of thought. The older one, for instance, the colonel, had been in India for thirty years, but it never occurred to him to question how, over a system of maybe a thousand towns and villages, they kept track of those tea trays. It impressed us as organization, perhaps the best piece of organization in the entire theatre, but they weren't impressed that way by organization.

The tech sergeant and the staff sergeant didn't like the Englishmen and weren't convinced by what I said about their being nice.

"Limeys are nice," the staff sergeant admitted. "They crap on you with niceness."

"Everything nice," the tech sergeant said. "They live nice. They fight a war nice. They cut your throat nice."

"If they're so damned nice, why don't you ask them if this rattler has a schedule?"

"They say shedule," the tech sergeant said.

"I asked them. They think maybe it had a schedule, but not in wartime."

"Like the train from Laredo to Mexico City—you add thirty-two hours to the schedule and then chop it up. But you got to be an Einstein to figure it out."

"Did you ask them about the bloody tea trays?"

"They don't know. They suggested I ask the station commissioner next place we stop."

"Isn't that just like a Limey?" the staff sergeant asked.

"Well, they seem interested now. That's the way they are—it takes a little time for them to get interested in something. I'm going to have tea with them and we're going to talk about it some more."

I HAD tea with them and was in their compartment when we pulled into the station where it happened. I really liked them because they talked so pleasantly about small things. When they asked you a question they didn't really expect any sort of a serious answer; they knew how to talk about things and make conversation. The colonel said

he liked Bengal because the hunting was good, but when he learned that I didn't hunt or care anything about it, he sort of apologized. They never said anything that could hurt your feelings. But in a way it put you at a disadvantage.

If you said that the folk were poor, they agreed. "Bloody poor," and with sympathy, speaking of the people with respect and consideration, not as GI's would have spoken about them. The subaltern, who was twenty or twenty-two, had a blonde mustache and pink cheeks, and a gentle sweetness that was never disturbed by anything around him. Not by the filth, the misery, the hunger, the heat, the bodies of famine victims along the right of way being eaten by vultures as we watched; not even in Lucknow, where they had three or four hundred dead British soldiers laid out under an awning, plague victims—such a sweetness was all over him, a part of him, that he was nice to the two sergeants, even though they were enlisted personnel. The tech sergeant, commenting on that, said he was a swish.

"A what?" I had asked.

"A swish—a loop."

"A queen, he means," the staff sergeant said. "A rosebud, a pansy."

"He's a gentleman, that's all."

"And who says a loop can't have nice manners?"

But he wasn't that, I said to myself on this day, just a nice young fellow. We were slowing down from what was our usual lightning-like sixteen miles an hour to come into a station, and the subaltern thought it was Crumar, but said so apologetically with a deprecating smile.

"I try to memorize the stations."

"Too many of them," the colonel said.

I thought that someone must know them, the conductor or somebody. "Or time-tables," I said.

"A bloody waste of time," the colonel thought.

And anyway, the stations are all the same. In the north there are deserts and in the south there are rice fields, but always a wooden platform with the three tanks of water, one for Hindu soldiers, one for Moslem soldiers and one for British soldiers. Always the food venders, when there is food, the water venders, the soft-drink venders. Always the crowds, the endless stream of people going somewhere or coming from somewhere. Wrapped in white, clean

white and dirty white, men in white and women in white, they mill around the stations. They come early; they bring their food; the smell of curry fills the air, and they wait and wait. When the train comes in, they make a rush for it, stuff themselves into the compartments, hang onto the running boards. They did it this time, but with a new element, for there were a hundred or so little people, dark and naked, carrying spears and little leather shields, and bows and arrows too, making a great rush for the train, but a rush that had in it a tired note of hopelessness that you saw at the first glance.

"I'll be damned," the colonel said.

The subaltern smiled gently as the train guards interposed themselves and firmly pushed the little people back.

"WOOLIES," the colonel said. "And where do you suppose they come from?" He was more moved than the subaltern, who merely remarked, "You would think they'd put some clothes onto them."

"Why?" I asked.

"You know—decent, and all that."

The train guards were neither cruel nor hard; they were simply firm. They pushed the little people away, and the little folk had not much heart in it and gave it up rather easily.

I got out of the compartment and went back to the mail. "In this country," the tech sergeant said, "anything can happen. Jesus God, anything can happen. It could rain balls."

"What do the Limeys say?" the staff sergeant asked.

"They say they shouldn't be undressed."

"So they hocked their clothes. I'm going over to look." We locked up the mail, and the three of us went over together.

"What about the train?" asked the tech sergeant. "How long does she sit here?"

We guessed one and two and three hours, but in any case this was not something you could pass by without seeing. Alongside the station, there was a broad field of sun-baked clay and a little parched grass. It was out in the center of this field that the little people had made their encampment and built small stick fires and raised a few hide leantos. There they were, a hundred or a hundred and fifty of them, a whole people, a tribe, a village, a folk, as some would say, with their

old and their young, their graybeards, their infants and their children.

They were small people; none of the men were more than five feet in height; the women were like large dolls and the children were like small, fragile dolls. The men and women were tired and hopeless looking, but the tiny children were like other children, even laughing just a little. In color they were a deep yellow-brown, and their eyes made you think of Chinese, but they were not Chinese and they were not anything else that had ever been itemized, catalogued or studied. They wore no clothes, except for a shred of G-string on the men and sometimes a bit of leather on the women, yet they had no consciousness or knowledge of nakedness; you could see that. Also, the stone age was ahead of them. Their spears were sticks of wood with fire-hardened tips. Their bows were toy bows, and their arrows had neither tips nor feathers. Their shields were pieces of dry, untanned hide, and their cooking pots were moulded crudely from clay. They had no footgear whatsoever, but walked barefoot, and there was just a trace of hair on the faces of the men.

I had never seen such people before. Neither had the staff sergeant; neither had the tech sergeant. They were out of the dawn of man; with each other they were gentle and loving and caressing; they fondled each other; they put their arms around each other; they comforted each other. And they were very hungry; their pots were empty, and they were terribly, terribly hungry. Their bones stood out and their flesh had dried away. Even in that hungry land, they were more hungry than just the hungry, and soon they would die because of the hunger.

We walked among them and their large, soft brown eyes followed us. We stopped by a woman with bare, flat, dry breasts, and the tech sergeant pointed to the baby she held in her arms and said, "Jesus God, that kid has been dead a long time. That kid has been dead so long it stinks."

"Who are they?" I wanted to know. "What are they? And where are they from?"

"You stink after four hours in this heat," the staff sergeant said.

"Now I've seen everything."

"Sure you've seen everything. Wherever you are, you see everything. You got a broad Arkansas perspective. The first time you seen a necktie, you seen everything."

The tech sergeant went back to the train and got some rations and some candy we had there. We opened the cans and took the paper off the chocolate, but at first the people wouldn't eat. We had to persuade them to eat, and then they gave it to the children, and the men and women wept and chattered in their strange tongue while the children ate. We spoke to some bearers, some station people, and some of the people who were standing around, but no one knew who they were, or what they were, or where they were from.

THEN the train whistle blew, which meant that some time in the neighborhood of five minutes or an hour the train would start. We walked back, and when we got to our compartment, there in front of it were the two British officers talking to a civilian; and the colonel said to me, "Rum lot, aren't they?"

"Who?"

"The woolies."

"Why do you call them woolies?"

"Got to call them something, don't you know," the pink-cheeked subaltern smiled. "No one really knows who they are or what they are. Can't talk their language and they can't talk ours. Damned shame. They're from up in the hills somewhere and they must have had a hard time of it with famine and all that, and I suppose a rumor reached them about a train being something which takes you from one place where there's no food to another place where there is food, so here they are." He added as an afterthought, "They've been trying to board every train for six days now."

The civilian's name was Johnson, and he was the local commissioner or something. The colonel introduced him to me, but not to the two sergeants.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"What can one do?" Johnson said. "They can't ride the train without tickets, and if they could, where would they ride to? Food is tight. They're not properly the concern of my district in any case."

Then he walked off with the colonel, toward their compartment in the car behind ours. The subaltern lingered. Embarrassed and apologetic, he said something to the effect of their not lasting very long. "Bloody shame and all that, but they are on their last legs. It solves a problem for the poor beggars."

"What do you mean?" the tech sergeant asked.

"He means, you horse's ass, that they'll starve to death in a few days," the staff sergeant said quietly; and then, just as quietly, but deliberately, he said to the subaltern, "You, my friend, are a dirty second-rate son of a bitch—an upstanding pile of crap, if you follow me."

The boy's pink flushed to red; he stiffened, he stared at the two enlisted men, muttered something, "Oh, I say," or something of that sort, stared at them a moment or two longer, then turned on his heel and walked away. The train began to move, and we ran for our compartment. The tech sergeant seated himself sadly on a mail-sack and started to whistle "Don't Fence Me In." The staff sergeant went to the toilet bowl where he kept a cake of ice and a few cans of tomato juice, and proceeded to open one of the cans.

"What in hell did you do that for?" I asked him finally.

"No more tea? No more nice people to talk to?"

"You hate, but you never hate with your brains. That was just a nice dumb kid."

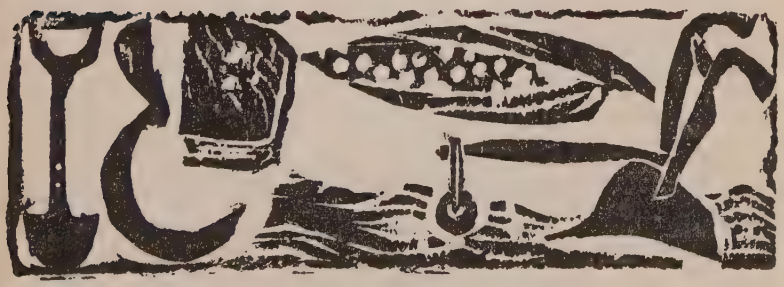
"You want some tomato juice?"

"Sure. I'll pretend it's a martini."

"What are you so pissed-off about?" the tech sergeant asked me.

"Nothing—nothing, but what a righteous, clean-limbed race of people we are. Oh, my God, how righteous!"

"To hell with him," said the staff sergeant. "He's got no more nice people to talk to."



THE TWELVE

A LAWYER LOOKS AT THE CASE

by GEORGE T. BOXLY

THE constitutional foundation of American freedom for years to come is now in judicial process of vindication or destruction. Such is the historic significance of the trial in the New York Federal Court upon thirteen indictments against twelve national committeemen of the Communist Party.

Only those who have not yet shed their illusions about the judicial process of a society in ever deepening crisis can still believe that the outcome will be wholly decided in the Federal Building at Foley Square or in the Justice's conference room of the Supreme Court in Washington. Registered in those places will be the relation and interplay of political forces which only the most resolute struggle from the nation's grass roots can redirect along the traditional path of American freedom.

Yet the juridical form of the struggle, the evolution of the legal doctrine by which peaceful advocacy of political doctrine has now become the subject of a criminal charge, is enormously important to understand. For these are the conceptual devices by which a brazen subversion of the Bill of Rights is made to appear "well settled," to use the quaint vernacular of bench and bar, and a prosecution such as this squared with "due process of law."

Let us examine then the "legal" basis of these thirteen indictments against the background of American constitutional history.

What exactly do they charge? Twelve of them say merely that each defendant is a member of the Communist Party which, as he "knows," has taught the violent overthrow of the government ever since July 26, 1945. In other words, simple membership in the Communist Party is now said to be a crime.

The remaining indictment uses the familiar weapon of "conspiracy"

to strike at all twelve defendants collectively. The "conspiracy"? On April 1, 1945, they "combined" to dissolve the Communist Political Association and to form the Communist Party—all for the purpose of teaching Marxism-Leninism which is said to mean the forcible overthrow of the government.

Note that not a single act of any kind, not a single incitement to violence, is charged to any of these men; not a single suggestion of any emergency or the remotest danger of public disorder; their "crime" is merely the organized advocacy of a political philosophy, undoubtedly "dangerous" to an economy of scarcity, profit and war, and which the courts are asked to interpret as teaching the forcible overthrow of the government. For their identification with this philosophy each defendant faces ten years' imprisonment, a $10,000 fine and, as if the Truman loyalty order were not enough, a mandatory bar for five years from all government employment.

How, it will be asked, can such charges stand up in a country whose tradition of free speech and assembly are firmly written into a constitutional guarantee? The answer is given in the words of Chief Justice Hughes uttered some years ago in a moment of bewhiskered frankness: "The Constitution is what the judges say it is."

The Bill of Rights was not always so lightly regarded. For 120 years after the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798 had helped destroy the Federalist Party and elect Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency, neither Congress nor Court dared trifle with the explicit mandate of the First Amendment to the Constitution which peremptorily excludes from the law-making province of Congress the entire area of human affairs comprehended by religion, assembly, the press and the right of the people to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

But with the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 and the rise of Soviet power, the specter that had been haunting Europe migrated to the minds of America's ruling circles and put an intolerable strain on the judicial integrity which, under our constitutional system, is essential to the effective maintenance of the Bill of Rights.

So it was that on March 3, 1919—the year of the general strike in Seattle and the great steel strike in Pennsylvania—the Supreme Court carved the first major mutilation upon the constitutional guarantee of free speech and assembly. The case was *Schenck v. U. S.*, 249 U. S. 47, and the judge was Holmes who wrote the opinion for all nine members

of the Court. Schenck, a Socialist, together with Baer, a woman associate, had been convicted under the so-called Espionage Act for circulating leaflets which, in terms, urged no more than peaceful protest against conscription. Holmes admitted that *"in ordinary times,* the defendants . . . would have been within their constitutional rights." Yet the Court unanimously affirmed their conviction and imprisonment.

To arrive at such a result, in face of the free-speech guarantee in the Constitution, the judges, liberally exercising their prerogative to make the Constitution what they "say it is," invented the so-called "clear and present danger" rule. Henceforth, the right of free speech and assembly would "depend upon the circumstances" in which it was exercised. "The most stringent protection of free speech," wrote Holmes, "would not protect a man falsely shouting fire in a theatre and causing a panic."

Now, such an analogy is an astonishing irrelevance from a man of Holmes' stature. Of course, the constitutional guarantee of free speech does not protect the right to "shout fire" anywhere. That guarantee was written into the Bill of Rights to protect the free dissemination of *ideas,* primarily political and religious ideas, not every stray impulse to emit a cacophonous noise.

Certainly that is all it meant to Thomas Jefferson, Sam Adams and the host of other patriots at whose insistence the guarantee was written into the Constitution as a condition of ratification. These men had just experienced the despotism of unlimited government under the British Crown and they were taking no chances on a Constitution without an explicit and mandatory bar against all government encroachments into these sacred areas of popular right.

But to the judicial mind—even to a sophisticated one like Holmes' —an innocuous irrelevance was to be preferred over the precise historical context of its origin in interpreting the First Amendment to the Constitution. Upon grounds so derived then, the rule of "clear and present danger" was pronounced: "The question in every case," said Holmes, "is whether the words used are used in such circumstances and are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that they will bring about the substantive evils that Congress has a right to prevent. It is a question of proximity and degree."

Yet the evil of the clear and present danger doctrine has so far proved more potential than real. "Proximity and degree" would ordinarily be a part—and not an easy part—of the factual burden which the

government must sustain in proving any criminal charge, though it might be different were prosecutions for proscribed utterance to be aided by a *Congressional* finding of "clear and present danger," as the Mundt-Nixon bill would have done. Then too the Supreme Court in 1940, when it was still New Deal, paused briefly to frown upon the "clear and present danger" doctrine and perhaps to water it down somewhat. "What finally emerges from the clear and present danger cases," the Court then said, "is a working principle that the substantive evil must be extremely serious and the degree of imminence extremely high before utterances can be punished."

It is rather as a first step in the judicial process of emasculation that the doctrine of "clear and present danger" is primarily significant. In the present indictments of the twelve Communist leaders this doctrine is *not* involved; rather the indictments rest basically upon the naked right to think and to speak. In undermining the unconditional character of the constitutional freedoms to speak and assemble in furtherance of political ideas, the "clear and present danger" doctrine laid the foundation for the second judicial incursion which brought the process to full fruition and, in so many words, introduced the principle of thought-control into our constitutional system.

THE second event was the Gitlow decision on June 8, 1925. Gitlow had been convicted under the New York Criminal Anarchy Law which expressly proscribed and punished the advocacy of left-wing socialist doctrine, that is, it made political utterance itself a crime. In the *Schenck* prosecution six years earlier, utterance was merely the imputed means by which another, independent crime—obstruction of military conscription—was sought to be proved. One could scarcely imagine a statute in sharper conflict with the explicit constitutional mandate that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

Yet did this mandate deter the Supreme Court from upholding the New York Criminal Anarchy Law? It did not. For had it not been decided only six years earlier that the constitutional guarantee of free speech was not an unqualified one? In fact, Holmes' qualification in the *Schenck* opinion now became "a fundamental principle . . . that the freedom of speech and of the press which is secured by the Constitution, does not confer an absolute right to speak or publish . . . whatever one

may choose, or an unrestricted or unbridled license that gives immunity for every possible use of language and prevents the punishment of those who abuse this freedom. . . . Reasonably limited, it was said by Story . . . this freedom is an estimable privilege . . . without such limitation, it might become a scourge of the Republic."

Thus, on the authority of Justice Story, the slavish follower of John Marshall with whom he shared an implacable hatred of Jefferson, the constitutional rights of speech and assembly were not only no longer unqualified but had now become merely an "estimable privilege" and, then only, when "reasonably limited." The Bill of Rights was indeed "what the judges say it is."

And let no one doubt what the Court meant by "reasonably limited." It may have been sheer naivete—perhaps the specter was by then too formidable to continue unacknowledged—but one could not ask for more revealing words than these: "Such utterances," says Judge Sanford's opinion, "by their very nature, involve danger to the public peace and to the security of the state. They threaten breaches of the peace and ultimate revolution. And the immediate danger is none the less real and substantial, because the effects of a given utterance cannot be accurately foreseen. The state cannot reasonably be required to measure the danger from each utterance in the nice balance of a jeweler's scale."

Thus was born the "dangerous tendencies" doctrine, or the judicial formula for thought control in the United States. It has not been used often in the twenty-three years since the Gitlow decision. But it has always been there, a "sleeper" in the judicial arsenal, conveniently available to shut off the protection of the Bill of Rights whenever the dissemination of particular ideas would become too "dangerous" to the *status quo*.

It has now been dusted off and refurbished to do service against the twelve national committeemen of the Communist Party. First, however, it was found necessary for Congress to take the cue of the Supreme Court in the *Gitlow* case and render the "dangerous tendencies" doctrine into legislative form. This it did when, in a period of great international tension it enacted the so-called Smith Act of June 28, 1940. Though ostensibly aimed at "subversive *activities*," particularly by aliens and among the armed forces, it contains also two separate sections in which, for the first time in 150 years, Congress has assumed to penalize as separate crimes (a) the peaceful advocacy of a political doctrine; (b) any organization or assembly to further it; (c) mere mem-

bership in such an organization with knowledge of its purpose and (d) the "attempt" or "conspiracy" to advocate or to participate in advocacy of the proscribed doctrine.

It is under these sections that the defendants in this case are charged. They are, in effect, a revival in modern guise of the Sedition Act of 1798. That act, likewise the product of an hysteria which the French Revolution had generated among the landowning and moneyed classes of the day, punished "seditious conspiracies or incitements," the publication of "false, scandalous or malicious writings against the government" and the stirring up of "hatred" against the Administration. As Professor Chafee, of Harvard University, has pointed out, the only difference between the act of 1798 and the one today is in phraseology. "To excite against the government the hatred of the good people of the United States" has now become "to advocate the overthrow of the government by force or violence." But, as Chafee says, the new words work out the same way. The precise language of any sedition law is like the inscription on a sword. What matters is the existence of the weapon.

Every schoolboy knows the ultimate end of the Sedition Act of 1798, the widespread protest against it that compelled its repeal, swept the Federalist Party from power and put Thomas Jefferson in the White House. No constitutional lawyer or historian can be found today who will defend it. Perhaps its most fitting epitaph was written by Jefferson himself years after his Presidency:

> "A legislature had passed the Sedition Law. The Federal Courts had just subjected certain individuals to its penalties of fine and imprisonment. In coming into office, I released these individuals by the power of pardon . . . which could never be more properly exercised than where citizens were suffering without authority of law or, which was equivalent, under a law unauthorized by the Constitution and therefore void."

THE impact of this early national experience upon the American constitutional tradition has been profound. It is, perhaps, chiefly responsible for the scrupulous immunity from all Congressional and judicial tinkering that the First Amendment enjoyed for 120 years prior to the Espionage Act and the *Schenck* decision.

But the tradition has been under frequent judicial fire since 1919 and what may well be the climax of the struggle is now at hand. By the thirteen indictments against these twelve men the constitutional validity of the "dangerous tendencies" doctrine is squarely posed in the

context of the naked right to speak, assemble and organize in furtherance of a political doctrine which Congress has itself undertaken to proscribe for the first time since the Sedition Act of 1798. What is involved, therefore, is nothing less than the integrity of the Bill of Rights itself. Will it be applied as the constitutional founders intended—i.e., to preclude the area of political speech and assembly from the legislative province altogether; or will the "dangerous tendencies" rule be permitted to stifle political freedom and impose Congressional thought-control upon the American people?

Such is the fundamental constitutional issue which is at stake in these prosecutions.

What perspective may we derive from all this? Certain it is that this contest between the "dangerous tendencies" doctrine and thought-control on the one hand and the Jeffersonian tradition of the Bill of Rights on the other, like all great contests in the historical evolution of human freedom, will not proceed in a straight line, much less be determined by the preconceptions of this or that judge. The process will be dialectical and the outcome determined by the degree to which the American people can be unified in the realization of their own stake in this momentous issue.

The struggle thus far has registered a distinct impact upon judicial thinking. The New Deal Era has at least loosened the moorings of "dangerous tendencies" and "clear and present danger," if they are not yet cast adrift altogether. In a series of notable decisions by a majority of the Roosevelt appointed judges, the Court has repeatedly pledged its devotion to the First Amendment with a rhetorical eloquence that would be difficult to swallow with any reaffirmation of the *Schenck* and *Gitlow* doctrines. In invalidating various state statutes compelling such things as flag salutes by school children and registration by labor organizers, or forbidding dissemination of religious and labor literature or even banning Communist meetings, the Court went far beyond the necessities of the case to call the First Amendment "a fixed star in our constitutional constellation"; a means whereby "vigorous enlightenment was . . . to triumph over slothful ignorance"; a "charter for government, not for an institution of learning"; an expression of the founders' "confidence in the power of free and fearless reasoning and communication of ideas to discover and spread political and economic truth."

Perhaps the high water mark of this trend was the decision in

1942 involving William Schneiderman, then as now leader of the Communist Party of California, which refused revocation of citizenship for membership in a Communist organization at the time of naturalization. "The constitutional fathers," wrote the Court in that case, "did not forge a political straightjacket for the generations to come. Instead, they wrote . . . the First Amendment guaranteeing the freedom of thought. . . ." It was this *Schneiderman* opinion that recognized also the significant distinction between advocacy and incitement, i.e., between "agitation and exhortation calling for present action . . . and mere doctrinal justification or prediction of the use of force under hypothetical conditions at some future time. . . ." This distinction will become important to these twelve defendants because, though the constitution of their party expressly proscribes any use and advocacy of violence, the government may nevertheless seek to establish this element by citing historical analyses and evaluations drawn from Marxist-Leninist classics which treat the role and relation of violence in the dialectical process of social change.

As MIGHT be expected, with the advent of reaction under Truman the New Deal majority has all but disappeared. The Court has refused, as of this writing, to review the outstanding subversion of the First Amendment since Roosevelt's death: the contempt convictions of those who have challenged the constitutional validity of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and its outrageous attempts to proscribe and penalize, by "exposure" and otherwise, all political utterance which it disapproved. Likewise, it has denied review of the dismissal from government service of any employee solely on account of his exercise of his constitutional right of political beliefs and association.

Yet on February 9, 1948, a decision came down that may foreshadow a repudiation of the "dangerous tendencies" doctrine. The case was *Musser v. Utah,* a prosecution for violation of a state anti-polygamy statute. The three stalwart New Deal judges, Rutledge, Douglas and Murphy, held that the conviction violated the First Amendment. Their view did not necessarily conflict with the majority who decided the case on totally different grounds. But the important thing about the case is Rutledge's opinion for the minority which summarizes the conflicting schools of First Amendment interpretation in terms that are sharply critical of the "dangerous tendencies"

doctrine. It is worthwhile to quote this latest word on the trend of the Court's thinking:

> "In the abstract the problem could be solved in various ways. At one extreme it could be said that society can best perfect itself by prohibiting only the substantive evil and relying on a completely free interchange of ideas as the best safeguard against demoralizing propaganda. Or we might permit advocacy of law-breaking, but only so long as the advocacy falls short of incitement. *But the other extreme position, that the State may prevent any conduct which induces people to violate the law, or any advocacy of unlawful activity, cannot be squared with the First Amendment.*"

In conclusion, it is noteworthy that this great issue of thought-control versus the Bill of Rights has now assumed an international scope in a most specific sense. For the essential guarantees of the American Bill of Rights, particularly those of political belief, advocacy, assembly and organization are now in process of adoption by the United Nations. The draft Declaration of Human Rights, already unanimously adopted by the Human Rights Commission and now on the agenda of the General Assembly in Paris, expressly guarantees the very freedoms of opinion, assembly, speech and association that are the essence of our own First Amendment. Articles 17 and 18 of the Declaration provide:

"Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression; this right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers.

"Everyone has the right to freedom of assembly and association."

These historic pronouncements which already possess a quasi-legal force raise to the level of international concern the cause of the twelve defendants and with it the current status of political freedom in the United States. They put to an acid test the good faith of America's democratic professions. What an exposure it would be if, at the very time that its representatives at the United Nations are urging adoption of these international guarantees, the United States through its Justice Department and judiciary were, by the conviction of these twelve defendants, to deny the protection of these same freedoms so solemnly guaranteed in its own organic law!

Wanamaker's & The Three Bears

ONCE upon a time it was three more shopping days before Christmas. The "A" train rocked and screeched as it raced downtown, but not fast enough for her.

"Are they here?" she asked at Fifty-ninth Street, the first stop after we got on.

No, not yet. But pretty soon. And I gave her the same answer when she asked, "Are they here?" at Forty-second and at Thirty-fourth.

After a long week of talking about it, "they" could mean nothing else in the world except The Three Bears. I had seen them at Wanamaker's, across the street from our office, upstairs in the toy department. All three of them, life-sized bears in a story-book cottage. You could walk through it and see them sitting at their table, and there were the cereal bowls and the chairs and the beds—the big one, the middle-sized one and the little one.

"Remember the story about The Three Bears?" I asked her that night after work—a foolish question, a three-and-a-half never forgets.

"Why did Goldilocks run away?" she answered.

"Yes, that's the one," I said. "Well, I saw them downtown today. In their house." I told her all about them and what they wore and about the cottage. I didn't leave out anything, not even the cereal.

"It's not cereal, Daddy, it's *porridge.* And anyway they're not there. They're out walking. Till Goldilocks comes in."

Well, anyway I saw them. I'll show you—Saturday.

She had to promise to be good and no fussing about going to bed, and she faithfully kept her promise the first night. On Tuesday she asked, "Is it Saturday yet?" And on Wednesday and the next day. On Friday I could vary the pretty-soon routine with the big news that tomorrow was Saturday.

Saturday finally came.

And now at Fourteenth Street I could say: "Next stop—only one more and then we get off."

The Fourth Street Station finally came too, and we pushed our way out to the platform; she pulled me up the steps. A fake Santa Claus jingled his bell, a truck was unloading Christmas trees onto a corner lot, a human glacier inched along the sidewalk. Then above the honking and jingling came the wail which rose up next to me.

"They're not here!"

No, now we take the bus. Won't that be nice? . . . Now stop that!

Finally the bus came, and I held her up from the crush while hanging on to the strap.

"What are they wearing?" she asked.

Oh, you know—I told you so many times.

"No, you tell me. Is the Daddy Bear wearing a red coat?"

Uh huh.

"Is the Mama Bear wearing a yellow dress?"

That's right. With a bow in the back.

"What is the Baby Bear wearing? *Tell* me."

Blue short pants.

"And a white blouse and a red tie?"

You'll see. Now we get off here.

The aisles were crowded and so were the elevators and it must have taken all of five minutes to get up to Toyland. They're here—we'll be there in a minute.

There it is! See— just like in the book?

A couple of nuns, like great black hens, were shooing their brood of forty or fifty school kids through the little cottage and lining them up, two by two, on the other side. After a while we could get in.

It was just as I had told her. The table, the chairs, the beds—but no bears. Neither hair nor hide nor stuffing. Not one.

"See, Daddy," she said in triumph, "I *told* you! They went out for a walk in the woods—remember?"

I remembered, gratefully. Oh, yes, that's right—out for a walk.

"But they'll come back. They always do. You'll see."

Of course they will, of course. But look—you wait right in here by this railing. And don't touch anything. And don't go away. I'm going out to see if I can find them.

"In the woods?"

Well, maybe I can find them someplace.

It took a lot of elbow work, and shoulders too, to get through to the salesgirl at the nearest counter. But she was sorry, she was just an

extra and didn't know anything about them. Neither did the girl at the doll counter—maybe the floor lady can tell you.

The floor lady had piled-up silvery hair and a toy department smile.

"The bears—The Three Bears in the little house, they're not there!"

"Oh, did you see them?" She beamed. "So cute, weren't they?"

"But now they're not there. Where are they?"

"They're gone. A gentleman bought them yesterday—yes, it was yesterday. Have you seen the little teddy bears over there? Only six ninety-eight—they're really very nice."

"You *what?* Sold! All of them—The Three Bears?"

"Just those in the display, but—"

I walked away and looked at the electric trains speeding around and around. . . . Oh, Lord! But maybe I could figure out something.

A short round woman in a short round fur was talking to her when I went back into the cottage: "And are you little Goldilocks?"

She didn't look up as she answered: "They're out for a walk."

The lady patted her with a departing smile.

"They'll come back soon now, won't they, Daddy?"

Maybe they will, but it's getting kind of late. Look, there are the cereal bowls on the table, see them?

"Porridge," she corrected patiently.

Say, you know what! We haven't seen Santa Claus. He's here too! A real one, not like the one outside. Let's go see him now, shall we?

"The bears—we have to wait for them."

We'll come back later, pretty soon. Now we'll go and see good old Santa and tell him what you want him to bring.

"No!"

(Oh Lord!) All right, honey, I'll tell you what. I'll go over and ask Santa if he wants to see you and if he says he does, well, then we'll go to see him. All right?

She clutched the railing with both hands.

Back to the frantic little trains. How am I going to get out of this? Oh, the stinkers! *Sold* them. Around and around the little trains raced. . . .

She tightened her grip on the railing when she saw me coming back in. "They'll be here in a minute, won't they Daddy?" and she tried to smile.

It was a battle, of course, but I won. And it was a long cry home.

—LLOYD L. BROWN

FRANCE:
The Battle of Ideas

by CLAUDE MORGAN

THE theme of this article is the development of the intellectual battle in France. It is immaterial whether one approaches this subject from the standpoint of literature or painting. As it happens, in this case it is painting.

One picture was enough to dramatize all the problems that so ominously divide the world. A canvas by Fougeron at the Autumn Salon has aroused passionate controversy in the art magazines. It depicts some housewives shopping at a fish-market. The fishwife holds up a fish by the gills to show how nice and fresh it is. The customers, seen frontally, are deciding which ones to buy. In the background are the outlines of houses—obviously in Paris.

"What insipid realism! What banality!" The same critics who have hitherto condemned modern art for its boldness, now wax indignant. Their brusque about-face seems strange indeed. Yet Fougeron, I assure you, has lost none of his talent. His violently colored figures stand out against their background. But in the eyes of the carping critics he has deteriorated. It seems that he has committed the unforgivable: he has stressed the art of composition. We had a similar scandal in the field of poetry when Louis Aragon, without yielding one iota of his talent, began to write rhymed poems, poems that everyone could understand. How old-fashioned that appeared! Yet all during the historic period of the 1940 disaster, all during our Resistance and our uprising, that poetry was in the vanguard, not only of the struggle but of poetry itself. And since when, despite those carping critics, has it been a step backward to re-employ old, neglected techniques?

These women by Fougeron are as hauntingly real as the famous drapers in the Amsterdam Museum. One of the critics, sniping at Fougeron, sneers: "You see? Why did he make the tips of her fingers

red?" As if you can handle fish without getting blood on your hands!

But as a matter of fact, the critics are scandalized only because they know that Fougeron is a Communist. They say and write: "Fougeron has been ordered to paint in that way." And they conclude: "Poor fellow! You see the evils of regimented art? *We* must not give up our freedom of artistic creation." We shall see in a moment how Fougeron paints, how Aragon and Eluard write. But in the meantime, let's talk a little about that famous freedom of artistic expression which, it seems, we so strongly enjoy!

AT THE last gathering of the *Rencontres Internationales* at Geneva, contemporary art was discussed for ten days. One of those present was Jean Lurçat, who has revived the French art of tapestry. Lurçat jolted all these metaphysicians, young and old, who were wallowing in a sea of abstractions; especially Thierry Maulnier, the "philosopher" of the extreme Right, who claimed that our epoch was a golden age for artists.

"As a painter," said Lurçat, "I feel a little lost in the midst of this forum of historians and thinkers, who pass judgment on our efforts and assign them a good or bad niche in history. Excuse me if I talk bluntly. I'm going to mention a phrase that is unheard-of in a discussion like this: *the selling price of a painting.*

"I'm not trying to be different. It's only that I have just come from my studio where all day long students tell me how impossible it is for them to support themselves while working on some important painting or tapestry, even one only two meters square. Ten days ago the president of the union of department heads at the Aubusson workshops came to my house. He was literally in tears. The crisis has forced him and his colleagues to lay off more than a hundred tapestry-workers in the last three months (100 out of a total of 400, the entire personnel of French tapestry-makers). Do you see then, ladies and gentlemen, why my remarks here are so concrete and why my conception of freedom is so down-to-earth?"

Does freedom of creation exist for the writer? Almost every day young writers come to see me and say: no one wants to publish me, the publishers won't even see me. A good many publishers, hard hit by the crisis, are more interested in translating American books like *Forever Amber* and authors like Henry Miller and his ilk; they are more interested in pornographic works or sensationalist books by

traitors than in the novels of our young writers. The memoirs of Pierre Laval and Marshal Pétain, of Pierre Taittinger and Jean Hérold Paquis get powerful backing and lavish publicity, as do the books of a Kravchenko, a Jan Valtin, an Arthur Koestler. So how do you expect there to be enough paper for our young novelists and poets? Let them starve. The publishers prefer the pen-prostitutes.

Let me give you an example: a young writer goes to Spain. With the aid of Left organizations, he succeeds in making contact with the underground *guerrilleros*. He returns with a story which first appears in a newspaper. Then he tries to get his story published in book form. The first publisher he sees refuses: No politics. The second tells him: "Your reportage doesn't interest me. If you want me to publish it, pad it by adding some attacks on the Soviet Union. If that is done, we'll get it out fast." The writer, who had no conscience, obeyed. The book earned for its author a fat prize for works of reportage. The publisher is one of the oldest houses in Paris: La Librairie Plon. I got these facts from the author himself. He cynically confessed to me: "I needed money." To be sure, not all writers are so corrupt. But then they have to stop writing or starve to death.

And in every field of culture it's the same story. The composer who offers his work to a theatre that plays musicals, is told: This music isn't commercial. The playwright has his play turned down because it is too realistic. "The public doesn't have to think; it wants to be amused."

THE French bourgeois finds it intolerable that in the U.S.S.R. the people and the Communist Party, which embodies the will of the people, have their say on questions concerning philosophy, literature and art. In France, as in every capitalist country, it is not the public that speaks but the worst hucksters who assume the right to speak in its name. Freedom of creation in a capitalist society? He who pays the piper calls the tune. That is the iron law that prevails everywhere. And quite obviously, the man who pays does not give orders with a view to educating or emancipating the people. He gives orders as a function of his own capitalist class interests. A good play, film, novel or painting is one that brings in the most money and panders to the worst instincts by doping the people.

The bourgeois critics of our country call French Communists narrow and fanatical. They always try to contrast them with foreign Com-

munists (yesterday it was Elio Vittorini, today it is George Lukacs). They have seized on a phrase by Lukacs: "No 'regimentation,' no 'institution,' no 'orders from above' can give a new direction to artistic evolution." What a discovery! And who doesn't know that a writer or artist cannot acquire Marxist thinking by decree? But Lukacs adds:

> "Only the artists themselves are capable of this [i.e., giving this new direction], but of course without being independent of the transformation of life and society. All that is not an internal problem of art, not a problem of working techniques: it is a question of an ideological transformation. . . . Questions of style are not settled by decisions but by the inner dialectic of the artist's evolution."

It is because Fougeron has remade himself that, like Aragon, and like Eluard, he has felt that socialism offers new possibilities to life, creates new relationships, re-establishes direct contacts between the artist and his audience and gives the artist freedom to create. These men have become convinced that the lives of men remade by socialism can "in their objective richness be full of promise for the future, a more fertile field and theme than ingrown self-contemplation directed exclusively toward inner life."

Yes, it is by a profound transformation of their being and not by some kind of a decision from on high that painters, poets and novelists can be brought to modify their artistic tendencies. That is what the bourgeois critics will never understand; with notorious bad faith they claim that art must be independent of politics. Yet the art of bourgeois painters, poets and novelists is never and has never been independent of politics—even and especially "art for art's sake."

A great bourgeois critic, Albert Thibaudet, who lived in the period between world wars, perhaps the last of the great bourgeois critics, made some penetrating and prophetic comments in his *Reflections on the Novel.* He wrote in 1938:

> "For more than half a century the French novel has been the novel of a destiny that is fulfilled, and generally of a human being who is undone. It has its typical character, Madame Bovary, on whom the French novel has built for sixty years. All these novels are novels with an unhappy ending. They all unfold a sad fate, follow a fatal path of destiny and show us more or less the charred sticks of a spent piece of fireworks. Barrès in his *Death of Venice* says that the essence of the pathetic lies in a man who disintegrates!"

And Thibaudet notes: "This direction that the French novel has followed since Flaubert was quite different from the direction it took between 1830 and 1851. Balzac's *Human Comedy* is, in an overall view, a laboratory of passionate wills, a crucible in which is built a world that wants to live and that does live, very sensuously and very powerfully [the bourgeois world]." And he adds these prophetic words: "The French novel may return to its 1840 path; it may reincorporate in its sources, in its watershed, the values of will. At the moment [this was the period of Jean Giraudoux, Paul Valéry and Marcel Proust] nothing points in that direction. . . ."

THUS, a bourgeois critic posed the problem of literary development in a most interesting way. He showed the two main streams of literature in the nineteenth century: that of Balzac and Stendhal, which is the stream of the powerfully expanding, triumphant bourgeoisie; and the second stream, that of realism and naturalism, the analysis of the established bourgeois order. What Thibaudet did not see was the profound reason why this analysis inevitably deals with the fatal destiny of disintegrating man. For the germs of decay have developed most malignantly in this "solid" capitalist order. Everything has been corrupted by money—love of family, and the individual freedom of the poor. And of course, what Thibaudet calls fatal destiny is only the destiny fashioned by capitalist society.

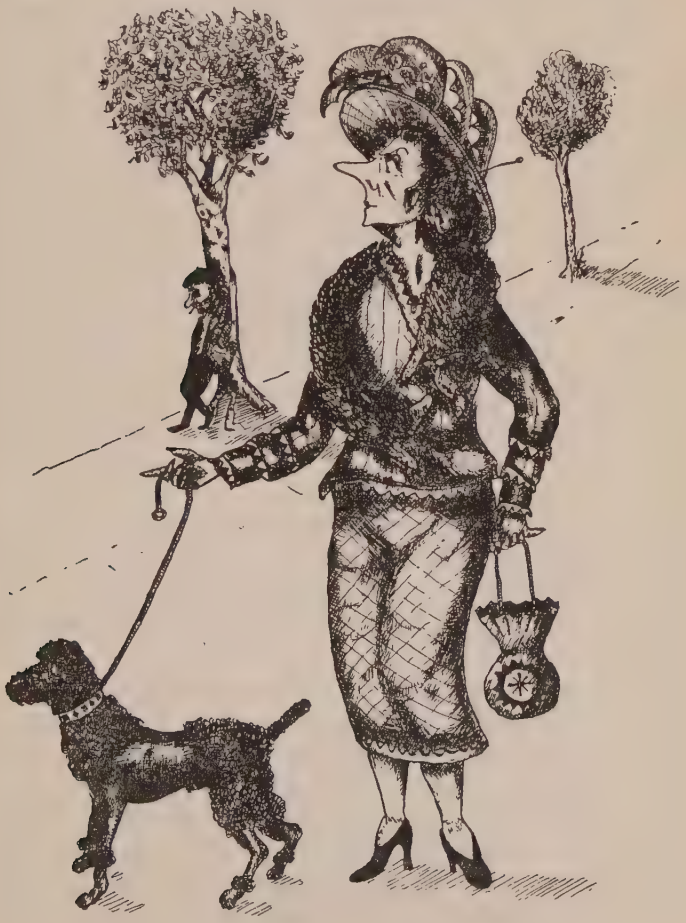
And as capitalism, gradually transformed by the concentration of industry, moved toward its present form of domination and oppression, the naturalism of the end of the nineteenth century became intolerable to bourgeois readers. It gave way to another form of literature, art for art's sake and intellectual anarchism.

With Proust, Giraudoux and Valéry, this blossomed into a brilliant, sparkling period—*but to the thinker a sterile period.* So this voluntary isolation of the writer and artist, this negation of the external world, the world of the living and the builders, has had very clearly defined social roots.

The surrealist movement too has social roots. It was a violent reaction on the part of some of the "intelligentsia" who felt deep disgust for a world in which everything was only lies and absurdities. I am not talking of present-day surrealism, which under André Breton is trying to survive and no longer has any meaning. Surrealism has long since been left behind; and in attempting now to survive, it does a

counter-revolutionary job. But the former surrealists, Aragon and Eluard, who have become Communists, have understood that you cannot fight against capitalist society unless you fight side by side with the people. They and they alone have remained true to themselves.

Right after Liberation, art for art's sake was done for—once and for all. The works of the Resistance movement had contributed a life-giving impetus. Literature had renewed its long-lost contact with the people. Under the impact of the Resistance poets, it had become the very expression of an entire people looking toward the future. Then



AVENUE KLEBER, *by Stanley Karnow*

the old critics said: That is not literature. They sought to check and strangle that "subversive" literature. Did it not awaken dangerous thoughts among the people? The old critics were glad to find something to pit against it. They fastened on a literature that expressed a whole section of the panicky bourgeoisie, in despair at the thought that a world was going to be built in which they would no longer enjoy their traditional privileges. Yes, the literature of Jean-Paul Sartre and Albert Camus also has its social roots. Camus is haunted by the absurdity of life, by the uselessness of all constructive action.

And Sartre, who is fond of talking about involvement and freedom, has presented in his novels nothing but sick souls, devoid of any creative impulse. That is not man, but a kind of tortured animal in man's shape. I said this before the war, writing in the magazine *Commune* about Sartre's *The Wall,* in which he portrayed some revolutionaries condemned to death and living their last night. Their human reactions are reduced to wretched physiological reactions. But he underestimated man's moral force, his greatness. The exemplary death of so many of our comrades in the Resistance movement, the death of the philosopher, Georges Politzer, whose teeth remained clenched under torture; that of Jacques Decour, founder of *Les Lettres Françaises,* who flung scorn at his hangmen; that of Gabriel Péri; that of Valentin Feldmann, author of *Contemporary Esthetics,* who shouted to his firing-squad: "Imbeciles, I'm dying for you!"; and the death of thousands upon thousands of nameless heroes has proved that Sartre scorned and slandered man. He still does.

BUT the writers who assailed the Resistance literature have not been able to stifle it, any more than the reactionary bourgeoisie has been capable of stifling the voice of the people who rose up against its oppressors. That is why some of them have turned to the collaborators and traitors. Precious support indeed!

Today they are bleating loudly. But neither a Henri de Montherlant, nor a Jean Giono, nor an André Thérive, nor a Marcel Jouhandeau, even if they are backed by François Mauriac and Jean Paulhan, can do anything now or in the future. They are stricken with impotence. Mauriac can no longer write a novel. All his books were biting criticisms of the upper classes of his native province. His admirers would not forgive him if he wrote in that vein today. The same is true of André Malraux. He no longer writes novels. Now he is nothing but the lieu-

tenant of a would-be dictator. One does not enrich oneself by lowering oneself.

The only thing left to stifle the voice of writers still loyal to the people is violent polemics (Sartre's *Unclean Hands* and Mauriac's newspaper articles in *Figaro*) and the publication of dozens of volumes of memoirs by traitors. Recently, the former Resistance organizations and the new group around Yves Farge, *Les Combattants de la Liberté* (Fighters for Freedom), called upon the people of Paris to demonstrate in front of a bookstore in the Saint-Germain des Prés district, where such books were being displayed. Despite the extra-heavy police mobilization, the people showed that they are in no mood to tolerate such insults. And that is only a beginning.

As the winter season commences, there are more progressive intellectuals in France than ever. And they are more alive than ever. This is particularly true of the National Committee of Writers, which includes all progressive writers of varying shades of opinion. This year its annual sale was a huge success. As part of its program, several books came out, including Aragon's volume of poetry, *Le Nouveau Crève-Coeur* (The New Heart-Break), and Jean Laffitte's *Nous Retournerons Cueillier des Jonquilles* (We Shall Return to Pick Jonquils), a magnificent and gripping story of the life of a group of *francs-tireurs* who blew up the radio station at Sainte-Assise during the occupation. The so-called "terrorists," too often misunderstood, show themselves to be good men, sensitive men, who love life. Their psychology as well as that of their women comrades is analyzed by Laffitte with profound truth. This sale by the National Committee of Writers has turned out to be one of the most important events in Paris, a real Autumn Salon of books.

Another striking bit of evidence: the French delegation to the Wroclaw World Congress of Intellectuals voted *unanimously* in favor of the main resolution passed there. The entire French press was forced to talk about the Congress, and a powerful movement to defend the peace is developing throughout the country. The movement is being headed by the groups of Friends of *Les Lettres Françaises.*

The shameful conditions in which intellectuals live and the complete indifference of the authorities to the future of our culture have drawn many new fighters into the struggle against the reactionary government. You wonder where you are when you hear a Minister of Education, replying to an interpellation demanding credits for our laboratories,

exclaim before a crowded National Assembly: "A scientist's best laboratory is his brain!" Yvon Delbos was the minister who uttered these amazing words. They have not been sufficiently played up; but by speaking them, Delbos has still further undermined the already low prestige of the present Cabinet.

DESPITE Malraux's efforts, de Gaulle's Reunion of the French People (R.P.F.) has not been able to win over any outstanding intellectuals. The only exception has been poor Paul Claudel, whose political ineptitude is notorious (has he not written an ode for Marshal Pétain?). The intellectuals know only too well the fate of their German and Italian colleagues under fascism; they know that a fascist dictatorship is the natural enemy of all culture. ("The more ignorant the people are, the more faithful they are." Those words of the Minister of Education in Hitler's Third Reich fit in nicely with the phrase of our French Education Minister on laboratories.) Nor will the bloody incidents at Grenoble, where a French citizen was murdered by armed bands of de Gaullists, attract many intellectuals! It seems that that event has caused a good many over-credulous Frenchmen to get rid of any illusions they still had concerning the "democratic" sentiments of the General.

The defensive is no longer on the order of the day. The people know it as they multiply their strikes to defend their daily bread and their freedom. The writers realize it too. Answering the appeal of the Fighters for Freedom, honest Frenchmen who have no desire to become cannon-fodder at the orders of the "Western" General Staff, are rallying to defend peace and freedom—more inseparable now than ever. Progressive artists and intellectuals are passing over to the offensive in their newspapers and magazines.

The battle that is developing is not a simple battle of intellectuals. It is like the struggle waged during the occupation when French writers, faithful to their country, suffering its sorrows and living its hopes, fought for freedom as writers. If a few scoundrels became renegades, how many more and younger friends have swelled our ranks!

This battle is the battle of France, which before long will win the democratic government all workers ardently desire.

This battle is dearer to us than our lives. And we will win it.

(*Translated from the French by Joseph M. Bernstein.*)

The Half-Chick

A Story by BEN FIELD

"So it's no sin?" cried Leah.

Her mother burst out laughing. "Oh, you! Soon as you see a scratch, blood, it's a sin. Sin, sin, sin," she sang. Her large bare feet slapped the floor as she danced and whirled Leah around the room.

"Mama, it—I was playing the piano, and it happened."

"Now we'll have to stop playing and dancing and breathing. You're growing up. My daughter's become a whole woman." She snatched the trembling girl to her breasts and plucked at her cheeks to make them redder than the roses. "See, even the Butcher, your brother, is laughing at you."

The Butcher was in the high-chair gnawing with his toothless gums at a poppy-seed roll the size of his head.

Leah smiled weakly and let herself be taken into the bathroom where she washed. Still feeling unclean, she put on a fresh dress, took her school reader, and moved downstairs on tiptoes as if she were carrying a jar which was filled to the lips with a precious liquid. She was going to wait for her father with whom she could always talk about her fears and who was always so quick to comfort and strengthen her.

A prim little girl with great black eyes, Leah opened her book and waited on the stoop for her father. But as the evening deepened, she could not keep her mind on her reading and her anxiety grew. Her father worked so terribly hard in the restaurant; sometimes he did not get home at all, waiting at tables all through the night. Since the strike he seemed to have become different. Before that he had always been such fun, saying: "Why do you look as if a piece of the sky had fallen on you, Chicken Little?" or "You are really a half-chick like in the story you read to me when you first started school."

Leah shuddered as she thought again of what was happening to her body, and then hope stirred in her, for this change could mean that

she might be mending and healing and be whole and strong one day without any fears whatsoever.

As she sat alone on the stoop, out of the basement laundry swaggered Becky Schuff who gave the world a hard look and took out of her pocket an orange stick with which she started doing her nails. Becky was a big, loose-jointed girl with a muddy skin and a curl hanging over her forehead in a fishhook. The wonderful thing about Becky was that she feared nothing, was always ready to straddle the sewer in the gutter where the devil kept house, could beat the boys at baseball and fool around with the men who worked in the stables across the street.

Leah smiled and nodded, but Becky just looked through her and went on with her nails: she had no earthly use for the scared. Sometimes Leah felt as if she would do anything in the world to be accepted by Becky and her circle of friends. Frightened by her yearning, she gave a last desperate glance down the street and ran upstairs. Midway she caught herself and started tiptoeing in order not to jar the body in which those bewildering things were going on. After her homework, she went to bed with a book and tried to read and wait up for her father. It was late when her mother ordered her to turn out the light, and she knew she would have to wait another day before seeing him.

SHE had a bad morning next day. During recess in the schoolyard, she could bear it no longer and she had to spill her secret to Mary Flanagan, her best firend, who lived in the same tenement.

Mary tilted her round face which was always shiny and covered with freckles like bread crumbs. "No, I ain't been took that way yet, Lee."

From the schoolyard the girls could see across the street into the cathedral the Flanagans prayed in, where the pigeons with painted feet moaned and bowed to each other as if they were in the courtyard of a king.

Leah asked breathlessly, "But is it a sin being like that? Is it a sin you have to go to church?"

Mary pondered that. "It can be a sin. Mother'll know. She knows all the sins by heart. After school we can ask her."

Mrs. Flanagan was darning socks, using a doorknob as a darning

egg, when the two little girls came in to consult her. Beside her on a perch in the living room cackled a green and yellow parrot with a hooked nose like a cracked nail.

Seated on a hassock at Mrs. Flanagan's feet, Leah put the question. Mrs. Flanagan listened attentively and then she shook her head gravely and began to instruct the child. "But that ain't enough. You mustn't tell it to any tom."

"Even my father, Mrs. Flanagan?"

"Even. Theyre all alike, the men. They got only one idea in their numbskulls, only one."

"You said it!" squawked the parrot, prancing on his perch and doing a fling.

Mrs. Flanagan reached out and batted him over the head with her steel darning needle. "Shut, you bad actor!"

She pursed her tiny eyes. "It comes of sin, Lee. If Adam and Eve kept away from the fruit, no such thing'd ever happen. They'd be no pain, no tears, no sin or heavy cross, ah, yes, but they had to go be tempted like a couple of poor, know-nothing kids."

After a while she had to prepare supper for the man of the house, and the girls went down to the street to play in the shadows thrown off by the rocks of the tenements.

Carefree Mary began skipping rope, calling to Leah to come join her, but she could not budge from the stoop. She was as terrified as that day last winter when they had been playing the game of follow the white horse over the white mountain and she had stepped by accident on a crack in the pavement, one of the devil's dishes. She had flung the rope away and dashed upstairs to find, just as she had dreaded, that her mother was sick and had a frightful ache in her bones. As she had wound her arms around the strong white neck, Leah had sworn never again to step on a crack and thus sicken her, while her mother had slapped her and laughed until the tears had streamed down her cheeks.

LEAH started up as Mary went off in a huff to seek other playmates. A trolley car clanged on the corner, and shadows stole out of their corners in greater numbers and ganged up in the street. In the dusty distance a short thin man appeared, pushing his feet. He held out his arms as Leah flew to him.

"Oh, Papa, Papa!" Then she remembered that her father was a tom, and she hugged him convulsively.

The mother met them in the hall on their flat, her skirt swinging, and she drew him aside with a whisper.

"So!" Leah's father took the little girl between his knees. He didn't seem to be awfully happy. "Overnight you grew up like on yeast. Couldn't you have waited, Lehke?"

She opened her mouth, her breath rustled.

"Mama, did you talk to our big, big daughter?"

"Talk to her!" Laughter swept over the woman's broad face. "Talking won't help. If she stubs her toe on a stone, God forbid, it's the devil is hiding there. A crack is the devil's earthenware. She runs from her own shadow. Natural things, and yet she's always worrying."

"Natural," he mimicked her sourly. "Lots of things is natural, but a man is crazy to stand them."

Too weary to eat, he put his arm around the little girl and drew her into the next room. Together they leaned on the window sill and stared into the street where they could barely make out the mysterious stables and the yard with one tree, a Chinese Tree of Heaven, worn down to a crutch, and the gutter crowded with carts and cars ripping air, and the stoops where children and women clustered like house-flies.

"Ach," he broke out, "the summer is coming. We ought to get out to the country with the children."

"You with your dreams," said his wife. "Run, millionaire."

"Dream, too. A working man has nothing but his hands and his dreams, and the hands are tired. Dreams don't cost money. Or do they, my big daughter?"

As she snuggled up to him, he felt her warm breath on his face. He put his finger out and touched her swollen underlip. "Don't worry, my little fowl. You look as if you are all hindquarters. Smile. It'll pass. Everything passes."

Her father's words comforted and strengthened her, and the ugly behavior of her body, which had run away with her, did pass, and she stopped walking on her toes as if she were carrying a jar on her head.

Though this fear was gone for a time, Leah remained unhappy. She had lost the friendship of Mary who would have nothing to do with her, saying that she had been stuck up, hadn't wanted to play jacks or

skip rope, hadn't wanted to do anything but stick to the stoop like she'd been nailed to it.

Heavy-hearted, Leah had to sit alone, make believe she was reading and watch out of the corner of her eye as Becky organized a game with Mary and the others. Leah stared down at the page until the words flew around like pinches of pepper. Then the tinsmith's boy with the slanty eyes, Chinky, and Henry Goodman, captain of the school monitors, and that bully Fishy butted into the game. Becky forgot the girls and joined the boys in "Johnny-on-the-pony," and in a few minutes she had them crying for mercy, riding them so hard that their eyes bulged like frogs'. The boys gave up; some dropped on the curb to rest, and the others trailed across the street to the stables.

Slyly Chinky sidled to the stoop and snatched at Leah's dress to try his old trick of seeing "what kind goods it is."

Leah leaped to her feet. "Don't please. I'm a lady now."

Chinky staggered as if he had been given a blow. He reeled into the gutter, yelping and drumming on his belly the big news.

Becky, who was sitting on the railing in front of the tenement, leaped down and looked at Leah as if she were seeing her for the first time. With a crook of her finger, she motioned her to come into the hallway. "So you're a real lady?"

Overwhelmed by this unexpected attention, Leah felt something warm rush to her eyes.

"And good looks, too, sudden, I been blind?" Becky straightened the ribbon on her hair and dropped her hands as if by accident on Leah's small breasts. "Want to step out tonight?" she asked.

Leah hesitated.

"We're throwing a party in the stable."

"I can't, Becky."

"Don't be that way. Nobody'll like you."

Leah shook her head helplessly. "I can't. I got homework and—"

Just then some women came into the hallway and Becky's father, the laundryman, started bawling for her, and Leah got away.

BECKY was not the kind of a girl to give up. Several days later Leah was on the way from the market when out of the stables where the men hung out, their hands big and hard with nails like parrots' beaks, Becky swooped with a cry and clamped an arm around her

hips. She stopped her and rooted in the bag of apples Leah had bought for her mother.

"You oughtn't of turned a feller down the way you done to me," said Becky, sinking her teeth into an apple so that the juice spurted. "Another girl'd tell you to go dung on the sea. I got patience, I want to be friends."

Leah hung her head. "I didn't mean I didn't want to go to your party, Becky. I had to do my school lessons."

"Forget it," said the big girl generously. She put her hand under Leah's chin. "Now what you thinking about?" she demanded.

Leah turned white.

"No use. You're thinking about a baby. You should be on the dot every month, and I'll bet a dollar you ain't. I want to be friends to show you all about it. But you're going to blow up like a hippodrome."

"Please let me. My father—"

"Who's afraid of your father with his little stick?" cried Becky scornfully. "Oh, you'll coming running to me yet to fix you up." She helped herself to another apple and walked off.

Leah stumbled upstairs, trying not to think. The harder she tried to cast off her thinking, the quicker it struck back at her, and she remembered how her father had warned her against Becky who brought girls into the dark corners in the rear of the laundry to rub up against the racks like the skeletons of fish until they had to start moaning and sucking.

Leah hurried into the kitchen where her mother was pounding dough. "Does that—" Her voice broke. "Does it come every month, Mama?"

Her mother looked up from the ball of dough. "What's 'it'?"

"What happened to me."

"Oh, that? Yes, every month."

"Are you?"

"Soon." She smiled. "My skin is beginning to feel like it was salted. Even my head—"

As Leah's fingers flew to her hair to comb through it, her mother roared, snatched her up and bit her throat.

Leah retreated to the bathroom. Month after month, year after year, she would have to go through this torture—broken off, healed, broken. Mechanically she turned the faucet and washed and washed, and still

the feeling of sin and uncleanliness clung to her. In her misery she had to turn to somebody, drove the thought of Becky out of her mind, and finally went down to the Flanagans though Mary was still sore at her.

The man of the house, the burly truck driver, was stretched on the sofa. He was in his socks and on the floor was a bottle of beer. "Hello, Lee," he bellowed, crackling his newspaper. "How's the prettiest girl on the block? Got a kiss for me?" The parrot perched on his shoulder was slyly making believe that he, too, was reading. Mary stuck out her tongue, but Mrs. Flanagan smiled and said to come along, they were going to church.

They walked past the drugstore where the devil stood with a bent spear of a tail, and past the school. Above the arch of the cathedral hung the Jesus God with his small belly like an apple, the stem torn out, stains on his hands and feet, his eyes closed in so deep a sleep that the gushing cars in the street could not wake him. Inside, the worshippers crowded around the fountain, and in the hush slipped from the cushioned benches to kneel in prayer. Clustered lamps gleamed like burst pomegranates, and priests and altar boys hung on a stoop of light.

Leah remained in the rear, sipping in the holy air, entranced by the chief priest in his white shirt who raised his arms this way, that way as if he were in front of a looking glass.

On their way home Mrs. Flanagan spoke of the crying need of prayer. "It's the healing waters, always good for what ails you. You ought to tell your mother to take you to a Jewish church regular, Lee. It ain't right to stay away."

All her mother would do would be to laugh at her if she asked to be taken to the little wooden synagogue with its towers like old onions.

WHEN she walked into the flat, her father was back already from work; the first time he'd been early in weeks. He took her into his lean strong arms. "Tell me what is wrong, big lovely daughter of mine. I don't like the way you look these days. You look like a little mouse drowning in a tub of milk, like the chicken that's lost its best parts."

Leah caught her breath.

"Well?" He looked searchingly at her.

These men. You mustn't tell it to any tom.

Her mother planted her hands on her hips and regarded her with an amused smile.

Leah freed herself from his arms and stood before him. "Papa, why is it the Christian church looks nicer than ours and you want to pray?"

"Christian church?" He stared at her in perplexity, eyed his wife who was shaking with laughter, and said thoughtfully, "They're richer."

"Mrs. Flanagan, she ain't richer, is she?"

"No, they're working people like us. But there's others. Why do you ask?" he demanded impatiently. "Church, smirch, what has it got to do with us?"

She dropped her head.

He sighed, and then casting his eyes about him, saw the vase of paper flowers on the table and the small white elephant beside it. The elephant had a broken tail. He took the flower and stuck it into the back. "Eats grass and a flower comes out. God's wonder. Ah, if only men were so blessed that every time we functioned we flowered."

Leah stamped her foot. "Oh, you pig!"

"Calls her father a pig!" He fell back, terribly hurt. "Butch, *brot-fresser,* please, son, help your old man, give her a punch in the eye." He swung the Butcher out of the high-chair and waved his fat fists in Leah's face so that she could not help laughing.

The moment the fun was over, however, the fear sneaked up and fell on her again, pressing against her chest so that it was hard to breathe. It went to bed with her, ate with her, walked the street with her, and in school it sat in her seat, getting her so upset that the teacher had to scold her. At home she sat motionless like a small brood hen, and when she had to move, she stepped about carefully, her body stiff as a ruler, as she carried her burden on her head.

Locking herself in the bathroom, Leah washed again and again, but the more she washed the less clean she felt. No, she didn't want it to happen again. Didn't Jewish people throw little stones of salt at the meat to chase the blood, the horrid red devil, away? If they failed to do so, wasn't it the most awful of sins? She glanced up at the medicine shelf. There sat the bottle with the skull-and-crossbones. A sip, a quick swallow, and you forgot everything. Her heart throbbed

and she made a bubbling sound. "Excuse me, please," she whispered.

She opened the door stealthily and heard a gabbling going on in the kitchen. The old neighbor, Mrs. Feintuch, whom her father heartily disliked, was visiting again.

"Yes, there are children like that, Mrs. Feintuch. My Leah when she was younger was always afraid of flies and shadows. Today it is the woman's thing bothers her."

"Ei, it does weigh heavy on some."

"With the women of our family it comes like eating. Had I wanted I would have had a house full like a theatre. Let a man eye us, we start breeding."

"My niece, she was different," said Mrs. Feintuch. "For seven years she tried all medicines, lay in bed with swellings big like corn breads. Her son, the messiah, did not come."

The teapot clattered. "We'll have a glass of something hot. I've made honeycake for supper. Go on, Mrs. Feintuch."

"So my niece, Hannah Breindel she was called, had a rooster fat as a featherbed. My niece said, 'I'll kill this Turk as soon as the baby comes.' She waited and waited until she was tired of waiting and sent it to the *shachet* to be slaughtered. That very night she was seized with pains. God save me from such! So wild was the woman they had to tie her with ropes. Later they found she had her child in her belly a whole year. We ran to the Rov for help. Ivan, a holy Christian magician, was also called to drive away the evil spirits and make signs over the door. In short, neither Jew nor Christian helped. . . ."

The outer door opened, and with a hysterical cry Leah hurled herself into the arms of her father. The old woman gulped down the hot tea and departed hastily.

He sat down at the table and ate wearily, picked a hair out of his mouth as if he were unwinding himself. "Pfui, isn't it enough I have your hair in my mouth every morning?"

Leah's mother laughed.

"Everything is funny! Laugh off the child's face. And that old cookspoon coming in again with her old wives' tales!"

"Do you want me to chase out a woman old enough to be my mother? You could live in the woods for all you care for people."

"Sure, the woods," he said bitterly. "At least it would be living."

He pushed his plate away without finishing his soup. "Come, my

lady, I'm tired. Hold me in your arms like we used to play, like I'm your baby, for a couple of minutes."

Leah backed away from him in terror.

He knocked his chair back in vexation. "Isn't there any rest for a man?" He went to his room for a fresh shirt and called her. "Make this bow-tie for me, and don't go around with half a head. Do you hear?" He shook her by the shoulders. "Quick." She knotted the tie with trembling fingers. "I'll bring you back something, but put on another face." Then off he went in the heavy shoes with the bumps as if they had stones in them.

SHE sat near the window in the twilight, while voices of the girls who were no longer her friends, floated up from the street. The clock ticked like pins falling. Slowly the tears started out of the corners of her eyes, and as she dropped her head to the sill, the door up front tittered: her mother was off again to gossip with that terrible old cookspoon, Mrs. Feintuch.

From the shrilling in the street you could tell the girls were playing the game of getting married and Becky was the teacher. *"Now we're off on our honeymoon, our honeymoon, our honeymoon— Now we're off on our honeymoon on a husky, dusky day."*

She could get married. Why hadn't she thought of that before? Mother and Father were married. It was no sin of hell. You didn't have to walk day in, day out on tiptoes all by yourself, without a single friend.

Across the street stood Henry Goodman, captain of the guards, he who had never reported her nor used bad words nor tried to raise her dress. Leaning against the lamp-post, he was watching the girls with a smile on his face.

Leah washed the tear-stains off her face, combed her hair, made herself sweet, and as she slipped into her dress with the sunburst pleats a little girl stared back at her from the looking-glass with dark hollows under her eyes and a heavy underlip.

Down the stairs she flew, over the devil's dark house and the devil's dishes fearlessly, to stop at the lamp-post. For a moment words failed her. Then, twisting the ring with the three tiny pearls on her finger, she whispered huskily, "Please, Henry, did it ever enter your mind to think of marrying?"

The captain of the guards blushed. He took off his hat with a flourish, scratched himself, turning red as fire, and then his eyes popped wide open.

It was Becky who had slipped up behind them. With a cry Leah flew back to the tenement. She stumbled at the landing in the hallway, and as she caught the banister, she saw moving down on her the bottle with the skull-and-bones knotted like the black tie her father wore at weddings. She climbed one flight, then everything fell away from her.

When she opened her eyes, she was in Becky's arms. "Did you get hurt bad, Lee?"

She tried to rise, but something heavy and hot like an iron pressed down on her.

"See, I told you, but you wouldn't listen."

Leah sobbed, "I don't want to die. I don't, Becky. Please I don't."

Becky's voice was warm. "Don't be scared. Always I'm your friend." She rocked her in her arms, and then when the sobbing stopped she helped Leah to her feet and took out her handkerchief. "Blow good," she said.

Becky drew her toward the celler. "You're growing up, and you got to take advantage. You'll be like me yet. Look." She clapped her hands, danced, and then suddenly did a handspring and walked with her head between her naked legs. "See that."

Leah nodded and tried to smile.

Becky switched on the light and took out her mirror and helped Leah do up with lipstick. Then they were ready.

They passed through the yard into an ally which led into the lot where among the shadowy wagons stood the broken tree. A hoof hammered and voices rose in the dark. As Leah trembled, Becky put her arms around her comfortingly.

Public and Private Morals

by DIRK J. STRUIK

I PRESENT here some thoughts which have occurred to me occasionally in attempts to understand the Marxist approach to ethics. They may serve to complement such books as Selsam's *Socialism and Ethics*;* they should be taken as the remarks of a layman trying to understand what Marxism has to say about ethical behavior in our violently torn capitalist society.

FIRST of all, ethical behavior is social behavior. We are part of the community; our actions, influenced and determined by the community, influence it in turn. All ethical principles, even if they address themselves to the individual, are supposed to guide society as a whole, for better or for worse.

Every form of society has developed its own standards of ethics, often conflicting with each other in minor and even in major points. We know that this is primarily because they represent standards for conflicting classes. Often one particular ethical code dominates, the code of the ruling class claiming to represent society as a whole. There are, of course, also ethical principles with group content rather than class content, such as the ethics of the teaching or the medical profession. They are supposed to transcend class boundaries since they reflect the common interest of all members of society who are served by the group: the physician is supposed to help all patients independent of class. We know that class ethics interferes with such professional ethics, since cases of class and racial prejudice and discrimination are all too frequent (racial prejudice is, in the final instance, also class prejudice).

With the development and decay of the capitalist system and the rise of the modern working class the conditions for the final abolition of

* *Socialism and Ethics,* by Howard Selsam. International Publishers, New York.

all classes are gradually established. With this has come at last the possibility of a universal code of ethics in a classless society. This ethics is primarily formed and developed in the struggles of the working class for emancipation. Since the leading theory of the working class is Marxism, Marxist ethics of today contains the nucleus of the future ethics of classless society.

Marxist ethics, thus emerging in the practice of the class struggle, can be analyzed and consciously improved by careful analysis of the trends in modern society. Here as in all other aspects of Marxism, practice and theory go hand in hand. The principal conclusion of this analysis is that society is moving, with ups and downs, to a condition in which both nature and social forces are brought under full control. This condition is desirable since it will allow every human being to satisfy his needs rationally and harmoniously. The dignity of the individual, that ethical dream of our liberal philosophers, can at last be obtained, not only for a few thousand individuals among "master" races, but for all human beings. (By the way, such human dignity of "master" races is in reality a sorry dignity indeed!). Marxist ethics is thus aiming at the acquisition of *freedom,* defined as man's ability to control his destiny. Such freedom, as Marx and Engels pointed out, does not consist in independence of natural and social laws but means their *mastery;* this again means the possibility of systematic planning, not only of better wheat and better radio, but also of better men.

Ethical behavior in the Marxist sense thus places men and women inside the framework of a historical development, in which they, consciously and with ever increasing understanding, work to establish a society for which that ancient adage of all socialists holds: From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs.

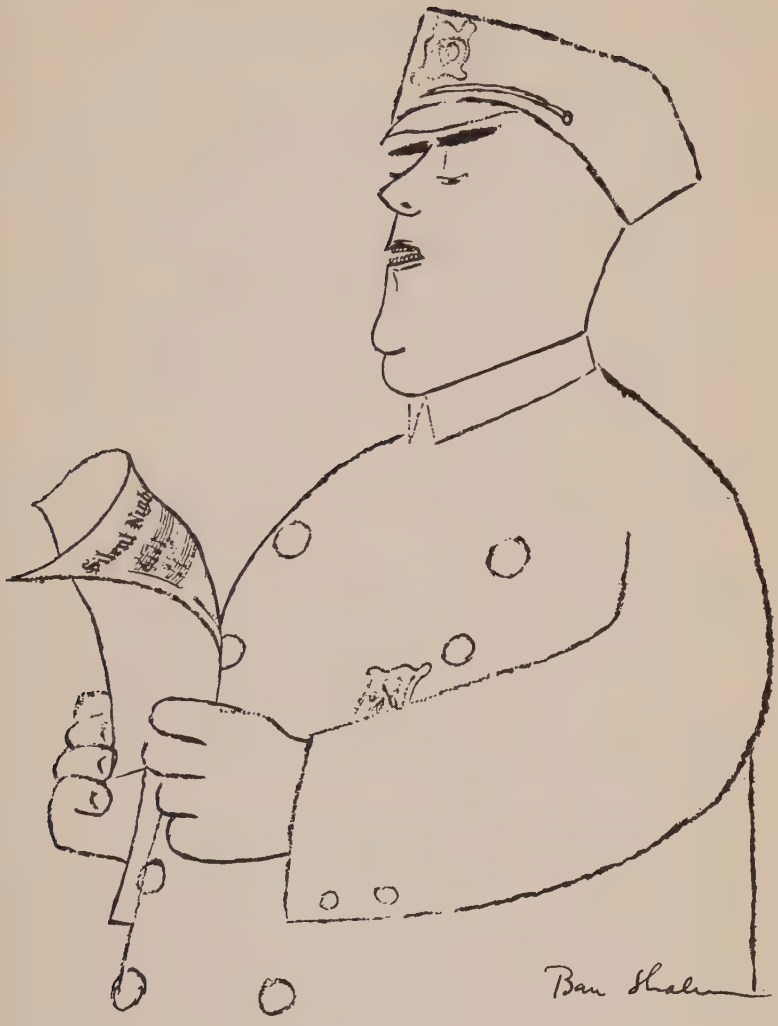
THIS means that Marxism claims that the principal norms of ethical behavior are based on conditions existing in the outside world and can thus be determined *objectively.* There remains, of course, a considerable margin for individual standards, but this does not affect the general fact that there exists a broad objective foundation for ethical standards. This is the reason that ethical norms are found to be *binding,* it explains why men and women will act in a certain way despite the chance of personal discomfort: they feel themselves bound by social factors existing outside of them and revealed in their conscience. It is

important to stress this objective character of ethics. Too often, in progressive circles, we find a subjective (hence essentially an idealistic, even solipsistic) approach to ethics. I remember how a leading Socialist once said to me: "People are neither good nor bad, they are only different." This was not a Marxist, not a materialist, standpoint, but a subjective, a Bohemian one. The difference between good and evil, between "virtue" and "sin" can be analyzed by objective means, and can often actually be determined on the basis of available objective data.

This is why the code of ethics based on the struggle of the working class and its allies for emancipation is objectively higher than any other contemporary code of ethics. Strikebreaking, witchhunting, loose sexual behavior, war-mongering and preaching the doctrine of "master" races may be in accordance with the ethical standards of decadent classes, but are objectively unethical. They lead away from the ethical ideal, which is the achievement of freedom.

Marxism agrees with religion in its claim that there are objective standards of ethical behavior. It differs from religion in rejecting any supernatural origin of these standards. It finds their origin in the social structure itself, just as natural science endeavors to understand its object in terms of nature itself. Marxist ethics emerges in a world in which man's actions influence in an increasing degree the actions of men in all parts of the world. Support of the Marshall Plan may make a God-fearing American a partner in the destruction of a Greek village; the civil responsibilities of the average citizen become more and more ethical responsibilities as well. *Ignorance leads to unethical behavior; knowledge can make better men.*

Marxist ethics therefore cannot condone the code of life preached from so many pulpits, which deals with the duties of the individual in terms of the individual alone or in terms of a small unit, his family, his locality, his church. Why do so many of us object to the usual type of sermon? There are two main reasons: (a) Because the preacher often does not understand or refuses to face the nature of the ethical problem in a world in which the struggle for freedom has become predominant; (b) because of his insistence on placing moral judgment on a metaphysical foundation, treating ethics in the same way as his colleagues of the seventeenth century treated lightning, comets and earthquakes. It is not sufficient to preach man and his God alone, his personal salvation, his own life in righteousness. The ten command-


Silent Night
Ben Shahn

ments, expressive of social behavior inside the framework of small tribal communities, allow interpretation in just such a narrow sense. And when broad social behavior is brought into the discourse, platitude must take the place of precise analysis, and platitudes are an easy way of covering up unsocial behavior.

Where traditional church ethics extolls the parent's duty to his children, it often dodges or condones the exploitation of child labor for profit. Where such ethics deal severely with individual manslaughter, it dodges with generalities the problem of war and the murderous colonial system. Condemning individual sexual trespasses, it never bothers much with prostitution as a social institution, dealing with it solely as the basis of individual sin and salvation (the "wicked" woman). Social criminals like Chamberlain and his cronies who helped Hitler to power can be leading churchmen; chief war-monger Dulles can play an outstanding role in the World Federation of Churches.

MARXISM, on the contrary, has always stressed in its ethics the larger social issues. It supports trade unions and co-operatives, works for the peaceful cultivation of arts and sciences and defends democracy against fascism and its twin, colonialism. These actions are all ethical as well as political and economic; fascism is not only an economic waste but is also ethically objectionable: fascism is *evil.* The Marxist approach to ethics is in a sense a new version of the ancient materialist ethics which claimed that "virtue" is what benefits the community. Marxism is able to give a more precise definition of this "benefit": the transition from capitalism to socialism and the establishment of an economy of abundance in a classless society.

The danger in this emphasis on man's behavior with respect to the great social movements of this day is that the problems of everyday behavior are glossed over. When reading Marxist expositions on ethics we sometimes feel that a person cannot conduct his life according to Marxist standards of ethical behavior except in his activities as a trade unionist—preferably on strike, as participant in a militant demonstration, as a member of a political organization or as a man bearing arms against the enemies of the people. As to the rules of ethical conduct outside of these exalted situations, this type of Marxism cannot give him any lead. He must borrow the precepts of daily conduct from

other sources, perhaps some form of Christian ethics, or imagine that he invents them ad hoc, Bohemian-like.

Such a borrowing misunderstands the *universality* of Marxism, the fact that Marxism is, or can be made, a guide to *all* human thought and activity. It also has its standards for individual, personal, ethics; it is able to lead every individual of a socially useful group in his personal attitude toward his work, his family, his neighborhood. In other words, Marxism enables a progressive person—even in a self contradictory and broken up capitalist society—to integrate his personal and public life in a more satisfactory way than any other conception of the world.

Marxism does not commit the dialectical error of separating individual and social ethics. It is clear that a person's anti-fascism suffers if he is at the same time a drunkard, neglects his family, is dishonest or cynical in relation to his friends. Just because Marxist ethics is primarily social ethics, just because it is the most appropriate ethics for the fighters for a world of abundance, it must affect all phases of human conduct. This is partly because the world will judge a movement by its members. Worthless individuals are poor carriers of an enlightened message. But even more important is the fact that integrated behavior as a public person implies integrated personal conduct.

From this it follows that we cannot combat racial prejudice in public life while yielding to it in daily conduct. We are poor fighters for the political and social equality of the sexes without an attempt to eliminate from our actions and our thinking all traces of the illiterate old prejudices concerning the inferiority of women. This does not only mean that women should be paid the same as men for equal work or that women and men should have equal educational opportunities (these are not only economical, but also ethical issues). It also means rejection of such slippery expressions as "women's logic," "women's talk" and the endless "jokes" about women's fickleness and loquacity—and of all actions based on such philosophy. Expressions like "country yokel" tend to perpetuate the antagonism of town and farm and should be avoided. Every aspect of the struggle for the preservation and extention of democracy has also its ethical aspects; the study of the meaning of democracy is also the study of the improvement of ethical standards.

We witness not infrequently the spectacle of the politically progressive father, who in his family plays the petty tyrant, taking out

on wife and children the worries that beset him. We know progressives—especially in some nationality groups—who persistently discourage wives and daughters from taking part in public affairs. And a champion of socialism, extolling the superiority of common property over private property, should realize that respect and care are due to those beginnings of common property which already exist under capitalism, our parks, our reservations and playgrounds. It is good ethics to guard the disposal of smouldering matches in a dry season, just as it is good ethics to cultivate the virtues of responsibility, reliability and courtesy in the personal associations of common life.

THIS all seems very obvious, and simply part of what might be called good citizenship. However, it requires study to find out, in our changing society, what makes good citizens. The "good citizenship" promoted by our radio and newspapers is the good citizenship of the most aggressive section of our present ruling class, and often in poor accordance with the demands of a growing democracy, and hence often unethical from a Marxist point of view. The glib talking of our pundits about the necessity of heavy armaments and even of war is not only stupid, but also evil. Men like Forrestal and John Foster Dulles are certainly not good citizens, whatever the controlled press may say. A Marxist approach to good citizenship establishes attitudes of active sympathy for better schools, better race and sex relations, social legislation and friendship between the peoples of the world; it promotes strengthening of family ties wherever there is a chance, sacredness of the given word to a friend and respect for the religious convictions of other people.

Marxist ethics is not static. It does not establish an invariable code of ethics, with respect for all eventualities. This may not even be possible in a classless society; in a rapidly changing society as ours such precepts are utterly impossible. Marxist ethics is dynamic, it helps to activize men and women in building a better future. It teaches that common everyday actions represent moral values, since such actions may be contributions to the general movement of progressive man to freedom, and that therefore private and public life can never be ethically separated.

right face

THE PAUSE THAT DEPRESSES

"Daniel Schorr cabled the *Christian Science Monitor*—from Batavia —that there was a great upsurge of Communist activity in Bangkok. When questioned, he admitted that his information came from a young Coca-Cola representative he met at the K.L.M. hotel fifteen miles outside Bangkok, where he stopped for one night . . ."—*Andrew Roth in* The Nation.

HONEST AS HELL

"In all intellectual honesty we must recognize that the Air Force with the atomic bomb could bring about the capitulation of an enemy. But it would be intellectually dishonest to proceed on the assumption that the Army and Navy are unessential."—Lieut. Gen. Elwood R. Quesada, U.S.A.F., in the New York *Times.*

INTERVENTION

"Huge stores of arms and ammunition were surrendered to the Communists by the twelve American trained and equipped Nationalist divisions."—*A.P. dispatch, October 30.*

"Today Generalissimo Chiang charged that the Red troops were being supported by a foreign power."—*C.B.S. broadcast, October 31.*

THE MATERIALISTS

"William Philip Simms, foreign editor of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, says that the U. S. delegation at Paris must be reinforced: 'What the West greatly needs to add to its staff is a Jim Reed of Missouri or a Clarence Darrow or some other rip-snorting prosecuting attorney to neutralize Mr. Vishinsky.' We suggest Senator Vandenberg who has an advantage over Messrs. Reed and Darrow in that he is still living and at the height of his oratorical powers."—From the Catholic weekly, *America.*

. . . AS LONG AS YOU'RE HEALTHY

"The Laborites are going to stand for free enterprise under a planned economy; the Tories will advertise planned enterprise under a free economy."—*Fred M. Hechinger in* This Week *magazine looks ahead to Britain's 1950 elections.*

books in review

Mirror of Socialism

RUSSIAN LITERATURE SINCE THE REVOLUTION, edited by Joshua Kunitz. *Boni and Gaer.* $6.00.

ONE of the canons of Soviet literature is that it must strive "truthfully to mirror external life, truthfully to represent objective, all-sided human practice." In this 900-page anthology, edited with scholarship and authority by Joshua Kunitz, Soviet writing since 1917 is revealed in its rich diversity; and the over-all effect is one of vigor and purposiveness. It is a literature created in the framework of a socialist society, based on the ethic of Soviet man in the society. The many-sided attitudes and aspirations of the Soviet people—their hopes and fears, their lights and shadows, their *values*—come alive in these pages.

We are often warned of the perils of "artists in uniform." We are told that Soviet literature is straitjacketed, that the critical spirit has been liquidated. You have only to dip into this anthology at random to scotch these lies. The impression one gets is of color, vividness, variety. The spirit of criticism, far from being absent, flourishes with unprecedented vigor. As Kunitz comments: "The prime characteristic of Soviet literature is the ruthless realism with which it reveals the vicissitudes of Soviet existence. Even the most negative aspects of Soviet experience are shown up with extraordinary fidelity. Evil is unearthed, explored, exposed, and at times exaggerated with a fervor verging on self-flagellation."

Here, for example, is Maxim Gorky castigating Soviet writers for

". . . our current work, our scholastic and barren wordy disputes, the confusion that attends our personal relations and the abundance of vulgar gossip upon which we thrive. . . . We are trusted, but we have not fully justified this confidence. Our work compares poorly with the work of the masses who are imbued with an heroic and exceptional enthusiasm, with a burning passion with which we, comrades, writers and critics, for some reason have as yet been slightly infected."

Here is Ilya Ehrenburg, in the dark and terrible days of World War II, giving the lie to those who invent a Soviet culture that is regimented and self-isolated:

"We set up our ideals of universal brotherhood against the swagger and conceit of the fascists. We know that

in the nineteenth century the Russian novel altered the aspect of world literature. Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky and Chekhov exerted a beneficial influence on all the writers of the West. But we have never said that there was nothing more for us to learn, nor do we say it now. We welcome the winds that disseminate the seeds of the beautiful over the earth. We recall the role of Byron, Stendhal, Heine and the French symbolists in the history of our literature. World civilization is not merely a balancing of imports and exports but a living organism. Only artists who doubt their own moral force, only people who do not believe in the genius of Russia can entertain thoughts of closing down the frontiers in art...."

It is in this spirit that Kunitz has conceived his anthology. To him, it is a self-portrait or autobiography of the Soviet people. "The theme is Soviet life; the hero, Soviet Man; the aim, the revelation of the Soviet Man's thoughts, attitudes and springs of conduct." One might add that it is also the literary expression of the *re-making of man* in a socialist society.

This mirroring of Soviet life is divided into four well-defined historical periods: Wartime Communism (1917-1921); the New Economic Policy or Nep (1921-1928); the Five-Year Plans of Industrialization and Collectivization (1927-1941); and World War II and the Postwar Period (1941-1947).

Some of the highlights of Kunitz's selections are worth recording: Alexander Blok's powerful visionary poem, *The Twelve;* Fadeyev's *The Nineteen,* a revealing narrative of chaos and heroism in the early years of the Revolution in the remote Siberian *taiga;* Katayev's sharply satirical *The Embezzlers,* with its devastating picture of the evils and excesses of the Nep period; brief excerpts from Gladkov's *Cement;* Lidin's evocative short story, *Youth;* Sholokhov's *Seeds of Tomorrow,* presaging the future greatness of the author of the Don novels; delightful, often biting, passages from Ilf and Petrov; Gorky's eloquent essay on *Literature* (a portion of which was quoted above); and in the final section, a truly amazing burst of wartime poetry by writers like Konstantin Simonov and Vera Inber and lesser known figures like Margarita Aliger and Pavel Antokolsky.

It has been said that all poetry —particularly Russian poetry—is untranslatable. However that may be, the renditions in the present volume succeed to a surprising degree in conveying the lyricism, the rich diversity and the deeply personal sentiments of contemporary Soviet poetry. Such poems as Simonov's "Rodina - Motherland" and "Wait for Me," Aliger's "New Name" and Antokolsky's "Son" are a revelation of the fusion of "public passion and private feeling." As Kunitz says: "It is, for the most part, poetry of a very high order, and, for depth of feeling, exalted faith, heroic stature and

variety of form, quite unmatched by anything produced in any other country during and since the war."

To be sure, no anthology is a completely satisfying thing. There are many obstacles involved: limitations of space, copyright difficulties, problems of selection, the anthologist's personal taste and—in this instance—the hurdle of translation from a foreign language. Yet on the whole, Kunitz has acquitted himself admirably of his task. Perhaps on occasions he has sacrificed too much to the exigencies of his historical framework.

He himself asserts that "the material in this volume is presented less for its literary qualities (though these have not been ignored) than for the light it throws on Soviet history, sociology and psychology." It may be that in so doing he has gained in scope what he has lost in depth and intensity of impact. It is a moot question. But certainly the *representative* work of literature is not always or necessarily the best creatively. Thus, Ben Jonson's plays tell us more about the contemporary life of Elizabethan England than do Shakespeare's. But as between the two, the question of primacy is not debatable.

If I may speak in a purely personal vein, I should have liked something of Gorky the creative novelist in the thirty-year period covered; the later, riper Sholokhov rather than the promising author of *Seeds of Tomorrow;* more Leonov and Alexei Tolstoy; some of Ehrenburg's creative fiction as a pendant to his flaming articles during World War II; something of Ostrovski's *Making of a Hero;* and some examples of Soviet dramatic literature, notably of the young Afinogenov, who was killed in the war.

One theme, above all, runs through this interestingly conceived volume: "the spiritual integration of the Soviet individual with Soviet society." More directly and more intensely than any other group in Soviet society, the writers give us "the sense of a united people, deeply conscious of its historic roots and common destiny, inordinately proud of its spiritual heritage and humanist culture." The conclusion is inescapable. In Kunitz's words:

> "It is fair to assert that as long as Soviet art and literature are freely accessible, no reader of imagination and good will has cause to complain about riddles, enigmas, mysteries, walls and iron curtains. As long as Soviet citizens sing, paint, act, compose and write literature for all the world to hear, see and read, nothing can obscure their unfolding spirit, nothing can hide their most intimate feelings and thoughts, nothing except bias can prevent the world's communion with them."

In this light, *Soviet Literature Since the Revolution* is a valuable contribution for our time.

JOSEPH M. BERNSTEIN

The Negro Question

NEGRO LIBERATION, by Harry Haywood. *International.* $2.25.

THE *main* enemy of the Negro people is Wall Street imperialism, which owns the economy of the South, dominates its government and oppresses its people through Bourbon "pro-consul" agents; and only in truly revolutionary struggles to help break this dominance of American finance capital—in struggles for "land, equality and freedom"—can the Negro people, as an independent political force allied with the labor-progressive movement, hope to achieve liberation from Jim Crow oppression.

This is the central thesis of Harry Haywood's *Negro Liberation;* and it is here developed comprehensively—with clarity, concreteness and full documentation unmatched in any other book I have read on the Negro question in the United States.

The first major theoretical merit of this book lies in its consistent emphasis upon the material foundations of Jim Crow oppression—the drive of capitalism in its imperialistic stage of development for super-profits. Within this framework, the horrible oppression of the predominant Negro population on the plantations of the Black Belt—robbery of tenant farmers, usury, lynching, peonage, enforced ignorance and "color caste" segregation—is seen as a means for wringing super-profits out of human labor.

Within this theoretical framework also, the more general characteristics of the Jim Crow system are seen in proper perspective. The impoverishment and degradation of the Southern poor whites, depressed wage levels, violence against organized labor, mass illiteracy, widespread disease, oligarchic state Southern governments, as well as the barring of Negroes from many areas of industrial employment in the North and the Negro ghetto in Northern cities—all are interpreted as offshoots of the Jim Crow system in the agrarian South, as the "Shadow of the Plantation."

Haywood leaves no doubt as to the primary responsibility of Northern finance capital for the system of Jim Crow oppression. He shows how the defeat of Reconstruction democracy toward the end of the nineteenth century came as a direct consequence of the developing American imperialism, now firmly in control of the bourgeois state and "out to reap the full benefits of the new internal market that resulted from Northern victory in the war." The thoroughly outmoded plantation structure, he makes clear, persists in spite of social change and progress "because it has been bolstered up and kept alive by the dominant economic force of the country, finance capital." Even more concretely, with full documentation in text and appendix, the author dem-

onstrates that Northern finance capital—"the Morgans, Mellons, Fords and Rockefellers"—are the real rulers of the South today.

From these insights it follows that any fundamental approach to the goal of Negro liberation must attack and destroy the material foundations of the Jim Crow system. This means, first of all, drastic land reform in the agrarian South. "The plantation system which stifles the development of the productive forces of the South and warps the lives of its people must be swept away." It means, secondly, breaking the dominance of finance capital in the nation as a whole. "Only under the aegis of a genuine people's government in the United States can the status quo in Southern land relationships be radically altered in favor of the great bulk of the agricultural population, Negro and white."

These, of course, are "radical" proposals, from which those who cherish a "gentle and gradual" solution of the Negro question shy away. Their alternative "liberal remedies" are effectively exposed as illusory and opportunist in one of the most spirited polemics among the many which characterize this work. Moreover, drawing upon the highly illuminating experience of the Soviet Union and the new democracies of Eastern Europe, the author advances a concrete program of immediate demands, short of the ultimate goal of socialism, which point toward the more fundamental economic and political changes which are required for the complete destruction of Jim Crow oppression.

The second major theoretical merit of *Negro Liberation* lies in its interpretation of the Negro question as a national question, with its roots in the Black Belt where some 5,000,000 Negro Americans are developing as a "nation within a nation," even though as yet largely unconscious of their national character and of the goal of self-determination toward which they are being propelled by the dialectics of history.

"The rise of a finance-capitalist oligarchy to dominant position in American economic and political life precluded the possibility of peaceful democratic fusion of the Negro into a single American nation along with whites. Thenceforth the issue of Negro equality could be solved only via the path of the Negro's full development as a nation. The Negro question has now definitely become the problem of an oppressed nation striving for national freedom against the main enemy, imperialism."

In this respect, incidentally, Haywood's work avoids a major weakness of another highly significant book in this field, Oliver C. Cox's *Caste, Class and Race.* Dr. Cox sees clearly the super-profit motivations of Jim Crow oppression and its organic relations to the struggle of the working class against American imperialism. What he fails to grasp, however,

is the *national* character of the Negro liberation movement, as an independent political force of major significance. Thus, his limited analysis precludes an insight which yields one of the most important tactical conclusions of *Negro Liberation,* namely, "the urgent need for the formation of a fighting alliance between the labor movement and the Negro people, without which neither the victory of labor nor the freedom of the Negro people can be achieved."

In his final chapter Haywood interprets the development of national movements among the Negro people since the turn of the century—the Tuskegee Movement, Niagara Movement, National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Urban League, Garvey "Back to Africa" Movement, Southern tenant farmers movement, March-on-Washington and National Negro Congress. In so doing, he recognizes that there is "a wide gap between the predominant reformism of the Negro liberation movement today and the revolutionary political struggles inherent in the principle of self-determination for the Negro nation in the Black Belt." One wishes he had projected his analysis into the future, interpreting concretely the dialectical process by which the struggles of today for immediate demands must surely be transformed into the revolutionary struggles of tomorrow.

This latter comment is not to be interpreted as suggesting that the book concludes without a sense of direction. On the contrary, its interpretations of the vital role of the Communist Party in the struggle for Negro liberation, of the developing alliance between the Negro people and the labor movement, and especially of the emergence of the Negro industrial working class as "the *main driving force* of the Negro national liberation movement"—all point clearly toward the coming development of Negro liberation struggles on higher and higher political levels, to the stage where it will be generally understood that the Negro question is "a focal point of vulnerability of American imperialism."

Negro Liberation is an extremely helpful book. It merits careful study by all Americans, Negro and white, who cherish freedom, security and peace.

DOXEY A. WILKERSON

Three Negro Reformers

THE STORY OF JOHN HOPE, by Ridgely Torrence. *Macmillan.* $5.00.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, by Basil Mathews. *Harvard University Press.* $4.75.

A MAN CALLED WHITE, by Walter White. *Viking.* $3.75.

"BLOWING one's brains out is a great sight easier than some of the things we have to do," the late President John Hope of

Atlanta University wrote to Dr. Du Bois. At other times he expressed envy of mothers who risked their lives for that which they brought forth, confessed that "much of my life has been repression," and in 1929, seven years before his death, exclaimed: "I feel sometimes as if I could just scream and run away from what we call civilization."

Booker T. Washington, a more phlegmatic person, tried washing away the "damned spot" with post-dawn tours of Tuskegee's grounds carefully noting the names of faculty members whose gardens' hedges were uncut, and with formal notes to "Mrs. Washington" suggesting administrative reforms.

Walter White, attuned to the modern technique, drowns out what is left of his conscience's voice by furious mendacious Red-baiting tirades and by a vindictive persecution of the eighty-one year old Diogenes, W. E. B. Du Bois.

That which plagued these three men, that which shaped their lives and their efforts, is missing from these books though it is most clearly hinted at in Torrence's *Hope,* easily the best volume of the trio as its hero is the most estimable.

The pretentious way in which White misses the mark is typical of the man and almost ludicrous. He tells in one place of interviewing H. G. Wells whom he found to be disappointing in that Wells wished merely to reform imperialism, but "envisioned no material change in the system itself"! In another he tells how the N.A.A.C.P., some fifteen years ago, "mapped out" — under Walter White's leadership, of course—"a broad frontal attack on the basic causes of discrimination instead of waiting to handle the manifestations." The next sentence elucidates what the author means by "a broad frontal attack on the basic causes of discrimination"—"Mr. Charles H. Houston of Washington was added to our staff as the first full-time lawyer to head our legal department"! From hilarity White moves to and closes upon a note of absurdity: "Yet I know, I know, I know [the man doth protest too much] that there is no reason for this killing, this hatred, this demarcation."

There *is* a reason, dear Mr. White, and it is the key to your Red-baiting, to Washington's petty and fanatical fault-finding, to Hope's secret desire for flight. The reason lies in the profit and power monopoly capitalism derives from the super-exploitation of the Negro people. The three gentlemen, each in his own way, knew or knows this and each made his own adjustments thereto, while ostensibly leading the freedom efforts of these people. Rationalizations and excuses are at hand and partial concessions—like million-dollar universities staffed by Negroes or resounding court victories—may be won, but the ultimate fact of acquiescence (to use no harsher word) remains.

Since this reason never appears in the works under discussion, one never understands the times nor the men with which they deal. The central fact of the Populist movement and the great labor strikes and struggles of the 1880's and 1890's in connection with which the conciliatory policy of Booker T. Washington must be placed in order to be understood is missing from Mathews' work. As a result one has the governor of Georgia publicly grasping his hand, the governor of Mississippi providing him with a car to tour his state, the vice-president of the Southern Railway system "a warm personal friend," the venal railroad tycoon, Huntington, giving him $50,000 and the Montgomery, Alabama, *Advertiser* hailing "his essential intellectual integrity"—all because of his forceful personality and his great oratorical powers!

Our three authors are enamored with Myrdal's classless thesis of Negro oppression, seeing its roots in the "heart and soul" of America's white people who must be won away from their delusions by a long-time "educational" process and by Negro "self-improvement."

Though John Hope resisted complete submission to the Montgomery *Advertiser's* conception of "intellectual integrity," he did buckle under to a considerable degree. The result was—and this is not in Torrence's book—the gradual disappearance of the fine academic freedom and faculty control that had marked the old and small Atlanta institution during Du Bois' first tenure there at the close of the last century. Hope never lost his sense of torture, however, and this was intensified when, shortly before his death, he visited the Soviet Union and was forced to confide to his colleagues: "I was uplifted by what I saw in Russia," where the people were "reaching up on tiptoe."

Walter White, in his interpretive sections, falls back upon a completely subjective and personal approach. Accomplishments result from individual intervention and the individual is usually a man called White. (The perpendicular pronoun appears in profusion in his book.) The organization of Negro workers at Ford results from a half-day tour of picket duty by White; the U.N. vote on partition of Israel results largely from several conversations dominated by White. Where real mass organization appears, and especially where proletarian Negro leadership forges to the front, White is beside himself with rage and impotently resorts to distortion as in his incredibly bad account of the Scottsboro case.

The three volumes contain information and data that will be of value to students of history, but these must be used with care for, except in the case of Torrence's volume, the incidence of error is markedly high. Probably White's volume is the least trustworthy as may be indicated by the fact that he performs the truly remarkable

feat of describing the formation and early years of the N.A.A.C.P. without once so much as mentioning the name of Du Bois!

The best of these three leaders, John Hope, never moved beyond his belief "that the future of Negroes lies not with the great mass, but rather with the heart and soul of the educated Negroes in the United States." No, the Negro's future lies not with the largely mis-educated elite—neither ten nor a hundred—but with the tens and scores of thousands, "with the great mass" in factory and plantation who, united with the entire working class, must free themselves. Only thus can real liberation be achieved; only thus can the future be captured.

HERBERT APTHEKER

Taxidermy

THE YOUNG LIONS, by Irwin Shaw. *Random House.* $3.95.

IN *The Young Lions,* Shaw writes with neither passion nor pity; both are beyond his powers. Where there should be passion, he is merely slick; where there should be pity, there is sentimentality. For him, history is a series of rooms, hermetically sealed, completely separated one from another. The war in Spain was last year, but now it is this year and here is another war. And what connects the two? Guilt. Guilt because you did not go to Spain to fight but stayed home to be cuckolded, witty, knowing, and—guilty. And now here is another war—it just happened—and we have to go and fight. Not fight for something, not against something, but to expiate our guilt. War has for Shaw a therapeutic value.

This is not a novel, but a compilation of the expected; it contains everything that the lending libraries demand of a novel: pure love and impure love, incompetent officers, bullying sergeants, at least one satiric portrait of a war correspondent, unfaithful wives (but not unfaithful husbands), the frantic excitement of furloughs, clever talk, dirty talk. All can be found in Shaw's book, carefully apportioned like the ingredients in a store-bought cake.

The book follows the fortunes (one cannot say *lives*) of three men: a young Nazi, Christian Diestl; Noah Ackerman, an American and a Jew; Michael Whitacre, a guilty American who, his first night in the army, pulls the blanket up to his chin and thinks: "The expiation has begun."

The Nazi begins with high hopes of bringing civilization to the world, becomes brutalized in North Africa, is killed in Germany.

Noah is drafted and assigned to a Southern infantry company. At inspection, the captain finds copies of *Ulysses* and Eliot's poetry in his foot-locker. The entire

company is restricted because of this. Noah now becomes the butt of the Jew-baiters. He challenges the ten biggest men to fight him, one at a time. He is beaten up by the first nine; ribs and jaw broken, he spends weeks in a hospital. He defeats the tenth man. Now, he thinks, surely they will accept me. But they do not. He goes AWOL, returns a month later and finds he is now accepted because he has defied the captain.

I am not at all certain what Shaw means by this. It is quite possible the incident has no meaning but is simply more of the same padding and filler which is the book. A meaning however can be extracted from this endurance contest: the Jew who reads Joyce and Eliot will be rejected; but the Jew who shows himself capable of entering into Gentile society on the lowest possible behavior level will be accepted.

Whitacre, who wears his guilt like a silk-lined cape, is also assigned to this infantry unit but he gets himself transferred. Toward the end of the book they are together again. Noah is killed by Christian Diestl; Whitacre then kills Diestl. Presumably, his guilt is expiated by this act, but I suspect that he will arrange another guilt for himself. Because it is all he has and a man has to have something, doesn't he?

Those same reviewers who, in their frantic desire to give the widest possible publicity to the second rate, have called this a great war novel and Shaw a great writer —one wrote that this was the "greatest novel yet written by an American"—felt that the drawing together of these three at the end of the book was, perhaps, a little tricky. But having accepted over 600 pages of slick nonsense it is rather petty of them to balk at the last little bit.

In this book Shaw has accomplished something which is, unfortunately, not unique in American letters today. He has written a book which is all filler. Nothing is meaningful; it is all adventure. It is what Eric Johnston meant when he spoke of American films as "pure entertainment." Shaw has violated whatever talent he had. When, occasionally, we do get a line revealing some perceptivity, it is destroyed. For example, this description of a dead soldier: "Kraus looked very young and healthy, and there were red stains around his lips from the cherries. . . ." This is fine and sufficient, but Shaw feels he must add: ". . . like a small boy who comes guiltily out of the pantry after pillaging the jam jars."

Filler, anecdote, padding. It is a cheap construction that shows immediate signs of wear. It is built neither on the realities of history nor the reality of the mind and will wash away at the first rain.

WARREN MILLER

Two Fronts

STALINGRAD, by Theodor Plievier. *Appleton-Century-Crofts.* $3.00.

THE CRUSADERS, by Stefan Heym. *Little, Brown.* $3.50.

A LITERARY naturalist seeking to describe war in our times would go as mad as a Pavlovian dog set loose among a mirage of bones. And should this dog be turned out to nose among the real bone yards of Stalingrad he would chase his tail until he faded beyond the echo of his own howling. For at Stalingrad the maniacal fury of Hitlerism was contained and had nothing left to devour but itself. It is this spectacle, and the meaning of it, which Theodor Plievier presents in his shattering novel, *Stalingrad.*

Plievier works at the problem before him in an interesting way. He is dealing with the elite German Sixth Army trapped in the heart-shaped Stalingrad pocket by the Red Army. There were 330,000 Germans in this trap. Of these, 140,000 were killed; the rest surrendered. To describe this holocaust physically, to show the moral, philosophic and psychological effects on the officers and soldiers involved, Plievier compiles dozens upon dozens of quickly etched scenes through which as many harried and desperate individuals move.

What unifies this tumultuous procession of scenes and characters is, on the one hand, the iron Russian fist which squeezes the Stalingrad "heart" and, on the other, such characters as Vilshofen, Gnotke, Stieger and others who reappear constantly in the novel's scenes to discover what sort of role they are playing and who learn to face their guilt. Vilshofen is employed by Plievier as a sort of chorus of conscience.

The scenes in *Stalingrad* are among the most memorable in war literature. Many of them are set against the freezing background of snow which rises like a winding sheet on the wind. Others are set in the cellars of the ruined city where the sick and wounded troops huddle together to wait for death. A few scenes take place in Berlin where sadistic inner-office military politics are played.

Some of the more macabre scenes have been dealt with in reviews. The one, for example, in which Lieutenant Wedderkop, a young and devout Nazi, in trying to take the boot off the frozen leg of Captain Stieger pulls off the dead flesh leaving the clean skeleton of Stieger's leg connected to the living knee and thigh. These citations, however, do not demonstrate Plievier's sensitive handling of scenes—how, for instance, Plievier uses the Wedderkop-Stieger leg scene to prepare the reader for Stieger's denunciation of the Hitler war and for Wedderkop's dissolution as the "ideal" Hitler youth.

Almost all the novel's fine scenes have a lengthy preparation in terms of previous if lesser scenes. The case of Colonel Unschlicht is a good example. The certainty of disaster and complexes of guilt drive Unschlicht to play his flute and turn him back to God and religion. This return to religion takes place among a number of men who have come to need a replacement for the Fuehrer.

But not everybody could retreat to Heaven. Vilshofen, a colonel who has spent his life in state and army service, learns to denounce Hitlerism and the war simply because he cannot stop thinking and adopt in its stead the phrase which covered all guilt: "I will obey." He sees clearly that Stalingrad must be lost and he is revolted by the high command orders which call for the sacrifice of every man there—for no purpose. He cannot play the part of executioner of his own men. He will not commit suicide. He will not desert.

Consequently, he fights and argues with his fellow staff officers and with his commanding general for capitulation. All of them know that Vilshofen is right but they are officers who have lost the ability to decide any matters of importance; they are Hitler's bloody errand boys. They too are waiting for death as if this were the path to dignity. Vilshofen, understanding this, as he leaves the generals and other officers for the last time before the surrender, which was more spontaneous than it was planned, says:

". . . You must accept the gift of life as a sentence to fight the man and the crime he has committed against Germany and the other nations."

Perhaps in this bit we see one of the shortcomings of *Stalingrad.* Vilshofen pins guilt to the breast of Hitler and because of that fails to recognize the Hitler makers. It would be easier to dismiss this flaw by saying: more cannot be expected of a man of Vilshofen's background. Yet only a few hours later when he pleads with Ser-

geant Gnotke to have faith in the future, he says:

"Good God, Gnotke. Every man must be able to breathe freely, to be master of his own house, to keep and consume what he produces with his own hands. . . ."

Vilshofen is the only character to voice the latter argument, but many of the characters advance the first argument without going beyond it. It is difficult to concede that Vilshofen can see the necessity of a new (socialist) society without being able to understand that it must, in the first place, grow out of the old social order. In spite of this and some other shortcomings, *Stalingrad* is, in my opinion, the unsurpassed novel of the Second World War.

STEFAN HEYM in *The Crusaders,* a much larger book than Plievier's, tries to set forth the story of the American army as it stormed Europe from the Normandy beaches through the occupation of Germany. It is a swiftly paced, panoramic narrative which does not probe the American at war as successfully as Plievier probes the German.

It is the story of men of conscience who believe in the just purposes of the war and who are consequently appalled by the corruption in the army. Lieutenant Yates, Sergeant Bing, Captain Troy and Colonel De Witt fight against this big business corruption with some, if not complete, success. All of Heym's ideas are good and his over-all grasp of the war's meaning seems mature and accurate. But the novel is written as a *popular* work (popular in the precise American sense of the word: Love, Romance, Adventure in good proportion) and because of this the novelist has no time to treat or probe the many questions he fleetingly raises. Still it is encouraging to note that the book is winning a large audience with a story that reflects much of the reality of the European war.

MILTON BLAU

Death-bed of Empire

CHILDREN OF OUR TIME, by F. C. Weiskopf. *Knopf.* $3.00.

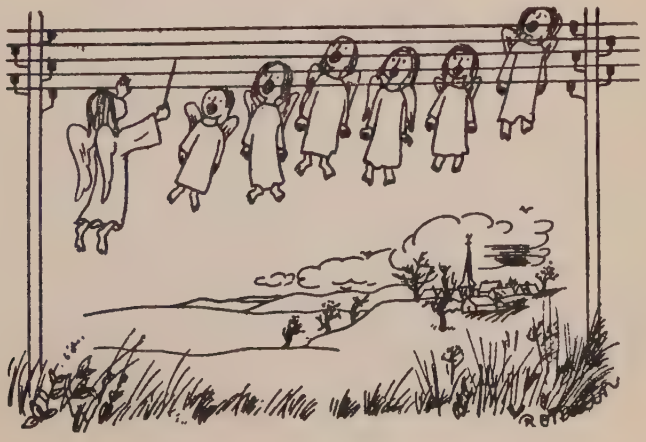
THE most fascinating period in modern history, from the standpoint of the social novelist, begins around the First World War. *Children of Our Time,* the second in F. C. Weiskopf's series of novels treating this era, is directly concerned with the upsurge of the working class in Europe around 1917. The present work, dealing with an upper middle-class family in Prague, portrays the disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

The Reithers, Austro-German patricians in Bohemia, are not convincing as a family unit since its members do not belong to each other emotionally or economically, by love or by hate. Thus the numerous life stories, running paral-

lel, have neither the cohesive integration nor the forceful clash of opposites so necessary to a novel of this type. Perhaps this is the reason why Rankl, a high school teacher linked to the family by marriage, seems a trifle overdrawn even though his relationships to "inferiors" are as clear as they are bitingly illustrated. Rankl, on discovering that his son has inherited a third of the grandfather's newspaper and he none, wines and dines the lad although he heartily despises him. Bombastic, weak, craving power, Rankl organizes what will eventually become a Nazi Youth Group in Czechoslovakia, marches at the head of a mob about to storm Czech proletarian quarters.

The author, with sound artistic and political insight, conceived Rankl's opposite, his niece Adrienne Reither, as an earnest Communist but neglected to let the uncle's antics affect or clarify Adrienne's position. She is never brought near them. When her grandfather's peculiar will is read, Adrienne is studying economics in Geneva; she would have learned more had she returned to Prague! But Adrienne never experiences life deeply. She feels only mildly unhappy about her cousin Wally's sexual promiscuity even though it destroyed their friendship. In Geneva, Adrienne falls in love with Dusko, a medical student and revolutionary, but is unable to have sexual contact. Neither the reader nor Adrienne knows the reason for this: her subconscious identification with Wally is not made clear. Thus her subsequent marriage to Dusko, her pregnancy and her very real joy in the Russian Revolution carry little of the intended significance.

Children of Our Time is nevertheless a much better book than *Twilight on the Danube,* the first in this series. The excessive talkiness which weighted the action and obscured the scene is not to



be found in the companion volume. Here, the author addresses himself directly to the reader and while this allows for a certain amount of clarity and suspense, it also prohibits the full perception of characters. Thus the reader, passing through a situation along with the protagonists, experiences too little. If he is to do justice to his theme, Weiskopf will have to solve the problems of characterization in his third novel as ably as he eliminated in *Children of Our Time* the technical flaws of his first.

His heroine, for instance, is too vague. And it seems that in order to justly portray a Communist, the novelist avoided the infantile and anarchistic rebellions so often found in bourgeois families. Lack of neuroticism, however, does not preclude profound emotional criticism and intensive struggle—it necessitates them. Adrienne Reither is drawn towards socialism not because it might liberate her, but for its intellectual implications. Since she feels little for herself, since her search for a positive ethic is carried out on a weak and isolated plane, she cannot grow and feel passion for the working class, the group she champions; she cannot and does not speak for them. It is altogether possible that Adrienne will develop persuasively in novels to come, but in this book, concerned with the advent of socialism, one is at a loss to explain the omission of a major working class character.

The forthcoming novels may also reveal Weiskopf's reason for depicting—in *Twilight on the Danube*—the Reithers' newspaper as a liberal establishment, paying its workers well and objecting to a printers' strike only because of an agreement with the Publishers' Association. But nothing can justify his failure to portray, in the present book, the true position of the Austrian and Hungarian families in Czechoslovakia. Since 1638 (as was shown by Weiskopf in his anthology of Czech literature, *One Hundred Towers*), the Czech people were socially and economically subservient to the Hapsburgs and its entourage, their own nobility having been exterminated. Their struggle for national liberation in 1917 was therefore also a fight against feudalism and capitalism.

The novel fails to reveal this, or to tell of the bitter anger, the spirit of co-operation, the concentrated struggle of the Czech proletariat which, among other things, forced the Austro-Hungarian Empire to its knees. The role and character of the working class is glossed over, so too are the conditions under which they lived, against which they protested, finally becoming Communists. Thus the advanced philosophy of the book does not grow organically out of the inevitability of events, the Empire writhing on its deathbed, the awakening consciousness of the working class.

NAN MIZRACHI

art

Life's MAD-HATTERS

by JOSEPH SOLMAN

LIFE magazine recently carried a story on a round table discussion of modern art in which "fifteen distinguished critics and connoisseurs" took part. These included, among others, James Thrall Soby and Francis Henry Taylor, directors respectively of the Museum of Modern Art and the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Meyer Schapiro and James J. Sweeney, lecturers on art; a few art editors and author Aldous Huxley. The lone art critic admitted to the gathering was Clement Greenberg of *The Nation,* dubbed "avant-garde" in the article. No painter was present. The experts were summoned to the Museum of Modern Art to aid the painter understand his own images, the artist presumably being the mere dupe of his inspiration.

It was a meeting of great moment. Huxley was flown in from California, Sir Leigh Ashton (director of the Victoria and Albert Museum) and Raymond Mortimer from London, and Georges Duthuit, editor of *Transition,* from Paris. The question set before the authorities was, "Is modern art, considered as a whole, a good or a bad development? That is to say, is it something that responsible people can support, or may they neglect it as a minor and impermanent phase of culture?" All artists put aside their brushes, awaiting the momentous decision.

At one point, Miró's painting, "Person Throwing a Stone at a Bird," was put on trial. Here are several excerpts from the evidence:

MR. SWEENEY: ". . . Let's take the mood first. The mood is gay. The mood—"

SIR LEIGH ASHTON: "I disagree. I think it is very somber."

MODERATOR: "Where is the foot?"

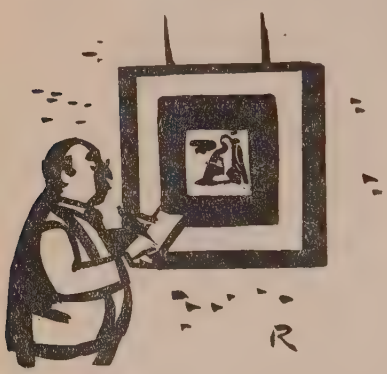
MR. FRANKFURTER: ". . . I think it is a cartoon, a very high form of cartoon in the sense that Bosch and Breughel were cartoonists."

SIR LEIGH: ". . . The sky is put on in a manner a child would be spanked for."

DR. GREENE: ". . . Miró expresses a kind of infantilism. . . . I happen to like children. But I think there is a limit to how much time I want to spend in conversation with a one-year-old."

Thus Miró was given his kindergarten diploma by the professors.

Dr. Taylor, director of the Metropolitan Museum, has often openly and energetically expressed his antipathy to modern art. In the company of his distinguished confreres, however, he warmed up to, perhaps was even shamed into,



a genial tolerance. Confronted with a severe example of Picasso's early cubism, Dr. Taylor made a remarkable pronouncement: "I think 'Ma Jolie' is a very beautiful picture, and I like it enormously. But I haven't the foggiest idea of what it means." As may be seen, this statement marks vast strides in the process of educating the layman.

It might be well here to describe Picasso's "Ma Jolie" (1911). It is an extreme cubist dissection of a woman with a guitar, belonging to what is commonly referred to as the "analytical" stage of cubism, a stage frankly experimental in character which reached its synthesis in the flat planes, greater clarity of design and higher degree of representation of the series of still-lives of 1924-26. The Modern Museum owns a perfect example of this latter period called "Still Life with a Cake" as well as the classical "Three Musicians," two paintings representing a peak in the artist's development of the initial cubist idea. Yet these works were not chosen for the discussion around Picasso, though it would have been comparatively simple on the basis of such examples to clarify for the general reader some of Picasso's important contributions to modern art. The critics preferred hyperbole to exposition, snobbery to clarification.

Here are Dr. Schapiro's closing remarks about Picasso's "Girl before a Mirror":

". . . in the face is also a moon crescent which occurs elsewhere on the body and there is a large contrast like that of the sun and moon in the relation of the real body and the mirrored body and indeed the moon has a reflected light. Whether the symbolism is deliberate, unconscious or accidental, I would not dare to say; it is at least a metaphor emerging for me."

This mystical outpouring concerns a rather luxuriantly decorative, highly rhythmic and psychologically acute painting of a girl in a bathing suit admiring her figure in the mirror.

All purposeful trends in modern American painting were deliber-

ately ignored. There was no sign nor mention of Hartley, Davis, Weber, Marin, Knaths, Shahn or Avery. (The list could easily be extended). Instead, works of a small cultist group including the painters Pollock, Gottlieb and Stamos were brought up before the examining board. (An article, "Totem & Tattoo," in the March issue of MASSES & MAINSTREAM examined the tenets of this group.)

It is difficult to find any evidence in the minutes of the meeting that the experts appeared one whit less confused than the layman in the face of these "symbolic" abstractions. One canvas by Stamos was variously termed "a personal and rather sensitive vision," "academic" and "dull, reworked and chewed over." To compound the confusion, the flattery in this case came from the conservative camp (Ashton and Sawyer), the knocks from the modern enthusiasts (Duthuit and Sweeney). The American works seemed to have been especially provided for our avant-gardist, Mr. Greenberg, who acted the part of soloist on this part of the program. In one painting he thought the artist was wrestling with his fears. "The emotion in that picture," Mr. Greenberg said sweepingly, "reminds me of all emotion."

During the extended discussion of Picasso's cubist painting, "Ma Jolie," the layman was severely chastised by the experts for looking first for "recognizability" in a picture. This was considered dead wrong. It must therefore be concluded that prior to 1910, that is for more than nineteen centuries before the advent of abstractionism in art, people did not know how to look "correctly" at painting or sculpture.

The pictorial evidence of Rouault painting his bitter parables, using clowns, judges and harlots; Picasso shuttling in his work from bathers to bullfights, employing a stark skull as a grim symbol in his still-lives of the war period; Chagall weaving his fanciful village fables, or Orozco dramatizing the conflicts of humanity on the walls of Mexican schools can only make Mr. Greenberg groan: "It is one of the tragedies of our time that great painting has to do without a 'recognizable' subject matter."

In conclusion, modern art, or more particularly the obscurer branch of modern painting so coddled by the group, was wrapped up in the holy vestments of Individualism:

"The meaning of modern art is, that the artist of today is engaged in a tremendous individualistic struggle to assert and to express *himself*" (Dr. Greene). "It (the creation of modern art) gives to individual experiences an enormous value beyond that of previous art. It requires a constant searching of oneself . . . This attitude further involves a freedom of the individual" (Dr. Scha-

piro). "I feel that the modern artist, in insisting upon the highly individual experiences that have been emphasized today, is fulfilling a very valuable function. He is preserving something that is in great danger—namely, our ability to remain individuals" (Mr. Janson).

At this point the editors of *Life* intone their conclusion. Modern art is a burnt offering on the altar of our society:

". . . this tremendous, individualistic struggle, which makes modern art so difficult for the layman, is really one of the great assets of our civilization. For it is at bottom the struggle for freedom. . . . Maybe obscurity is a high price to pay for freedom, culturally speaking. Yet it has been, and may for some time, continue to be, an inescapable cultural by-product of the great process of freedom which is so critical in our time."

So, if the mad hatter seminar at the Museum of Modern Art does not leave you with a high opinion of the experts, remember that there was a specter haunting them. They foresaw Red collectivism crushing their personal freedom to be as obscure as possible, the madding crowd demanding that they remove their star-studded fool's caps and take their social responsibilities seriously. Should this happen, who would fly them from London and Paris to New York unless they had something to say?

theatre

Summer and Smoke

by ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

EVEN more than *A Streetcar Named Desire,* Tennessee Williams' latest drama *Summer and Smoke* is a one character play. Apart from Alma Winemiller, its emotionally repressed heroine, the dramatis personae have little individual characterization, serving mainly to impersonate supporting symbols. Nevertheless Alma's part is so sensitively written and, except in the culmination, so convincingly developed that in itself it can stand as an achievement. And in Margaret Phillips' performance Williams has been fortunate. She has rendered the long, lonely, wistful martyrdom of the sexually repressed with almost heartbreaking poignancy.

Despite this superb piece of dramatic portraiture, *Summer and Smoke* is far less effective, dramatically, than *The Glass Menagerie* and *A Streetcar Named Desire.* Some of its characters, like Alma's feeble-minded mother and the Mexican dancing girls, are reduced to less than symbols, to talking props. And the symbols, which are used to carry on the old scholastic debate between Body and Soul, obscure the tragedy. For the debate is a contest with a very important stake, the happiness, even the life of Alma Winemiller. Is this purely an inner, emotional conflict? Or is it a conflict with imposed social values? There is no answer.

To make this a little clearer to the reader I will give a brief synopsis of the play.

Summer and Smoke has, for its protagonists, Alma (or Soul), the daughter of the Reverend Winemiller, and John Buchanan, the son of a doctor, who symbolizes the Body. To carry on the symbolism, they live in adjacent houses; and the action, a sequence of attraction-repulsion episodes, veers from one house to the other, or to the neutral ground of a park fountain decorated with the figure of an angel whose obliterated title on the pedestal is Eternity—spirit symbolized as the impenetrable body of stone with icy water for its blood. When the action shifts to John's house it takes place under a life-size, anatomical chart of the human male body with the skin stripped off to show the musculature and the organs.

Alma and John enter maturity, she virginal (and neurotic) and he promiscuous. The climax of the play, precipitated by the murder of Dr. Buchanan in which John has an accidental complicity, comes when Alma (Soul) overcomes her fears and offers herself to John (Body), who recoils as if in fear that knowledge of the soul incurred a mortal risk. He discloses that he is engaged to the daughter of a notorious woman; and, as the play ends, Alma seeks knowledge of the life she is denied in the arms of a traveling salesman.

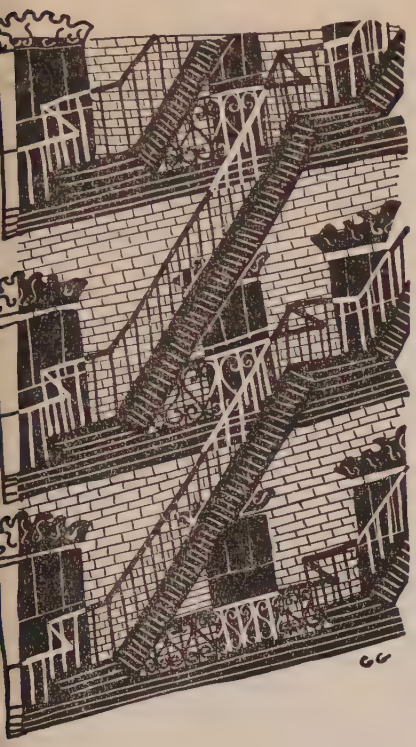
Although *Summer and Smoke* was produced after *The Glass Menagerie* and *A Streetcar Named Desire,* it is said to be, and gives internal evidence of being, an earlier play or a reworking of an earlier play. In itself, despite its shortcomings, it would be sufficient to challenge attention. Together with the two previous plays it emphasizes distinctions which entitle Williams to a place among our outstanding playwrights. What are these distinctions?

Williams has brought to American playwriting what it had lacked for some years, a literary individuality. A trend to literally realistic dialogue in "serious" plays and gagging in what passes for "comedies" has made American playwriting rather featureless. In Williams' plays you feel a literary personality almost from the opening lines. The dialogue holds the overtone of Williams' style without weakening the personal intonations of the separate characters; his effects seldom sound unnatural or out of character.

Further, this literary individuality is poetic; Williams may be said to have brought, or restored, some poetry to the American stage. I do not mean by this the use of poetic diction, though Williams has written at least one one-act play in verse. The poetry is in the internal rhythms and cadences of the dialogue; in the design that his action in its patterned oppositions and recurrences takes on; in the summations, like extended metaphors, that his symbols become; and in what everyone in the audience would identify as poetic feeling, though each might define it differently.

Another distinction is a new attitude toward women. Williams' work is remarkable for its loving understanding and respect for women despite the fact that everyone of his lead women characters is portrayed as a neurotic. For some time so much attention has been given to the "emancipation" of women that it has scarcely been noticed, except in impatient resentment, that despite the vote and other formalities of emancipation they are not yet free and that many continue repressed and frustrated. Williams portrays some aspects of this frustration with extraordinary sensitiveness.

Together with this, though less profoundly, Williams has given a sense of the general frustration of American life, though it should be noted that, while for women he seems to see no escape, for his



men he sees escapes in animal contentment or flight from family responsibility.

If only in nostalgic memory, as in *The Glass Menagerie,* the settings of all of Williams' plays are in the South, adding a regional flavor to his work. But his regionalism is not romanticized; it is realistic without animosity, affectionate without doting. In his treatment of psychopathic character, Williams' perceptions proceed from sympathy rather than disassociation, in which he differs from such obvious literary influences as Faulkner and Caldwell, two other Southern writers who have observed the endemic pathologies of the conflict-ridden Southern life.

Finally, Williams' plays are built on characterization to the point where their very structure is determined by the unfolding of the principal character. The dramatic interest is sustained in this unfolding rather than in turns of plot.

On the other hand, one must note certain persistent flaws in Williams' work. The literary, in Williams, tends toward the symbolic and the mystical. The symbols, particularly when they are used to sum up male characters, are oversimplified. In *A Streetcar Named Desire,* for example, the Polish-American worker is stamped with symbolic carnality in the very opening lines. He comes in tossing to his wife a purchase of meat in, as the stage directions describe it, "a red-stained package." In his portrayal of men he is fumbling and plagued by a romanticizing of virility derived, in part, from D. H. Lawrence.

Williams' awareness of the frustrations of lower middle-class life is also partial. It is limited to the frustrations of the declassed, those who have come down in the world. But these individuals are only the fringe of the lower middle class, not its main body. If one were to judge the South from Williams' plays, one would have to assume that its tensions came largely from the decline of its old families.

Williams' workers are given a sort of brutish effectiveness, by which Williams probably means

to imply a superiority; in essence, however, this is a variant of the frequent intellectuals' concept of the worker as the comparatively unthinking and unfeeling robot.

These shortcomings may be summed up under three heads: a youthful poeticism that Williams appears to be outgrowing; a deficiency in structure; and a deficiency in social analysis, in awareness of the social conditioning of character.

The deficiency in structure proceeds from too great a dependence on the development of a single character. The characters that are set in opposition for dramatic conflict generally have only a symbolic counter-position and are in little actual conflict. A play structure developed more out of conflict might give more fullness to the counter characters.

This, in turn, might stimulate and intensify social awareness since conflict, so often, has a social source or takes weapons from social concepts. By this I do not mean to imply that Williams lacks social awareness altogether. Indeed he is to be counted among our more, rather than our less social-minded dramatists. But in comparison with his subtle psychological perceptions his social perceptions are undeveloped.

In *The Glass Menagerie* and *A Streetcar Named Desire,* social consciousness appears in the very stage directions. "This is the social background of the play," says the narrator in *The Glass Menagerie,* as he closes a prologue which more or less paraphrases an extensive stage direction that begins with:

"The Wigfield apartment is in the rear of the building of one of those vast hive-like conglomerations of cellular living units that flower as warty growths in overcrowded urban centers of lower middle-class population and are symptomatic of the impulse of this . . . fundamentally enslaved section of American society to avoid fluidity and differentiation and to exist and function as one interfused mass of automatism."

And in *A Streetcar Named Desire* the stage directions thus describe the setting:

"The section is poor but like corresponding sections in other cities it has a raffish charm. . . . Three women, one white and two colored, are taking the air on the steps of the building. . . . There is a relatively warm and easy intermingling of races in the old part of the town."

And in the play itself there is an attempt, however romantic, to set off the virility and realism of the worker against the sickly dreams and nostalgia of decaying gentility.

Summer and Smoke, which shows least social consciousness and the narrowest constriction to the single character, appears as we have noted to be grounded in an earlier play than these. It is possible that Tennessee Williams himself feels these two lacks and is developing from them toward greater dramatic conflict and clearer social consciousness.

music

RECORDS of the Year

by SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

AMERICAN record collectors are turning in increasing numbers to imported European recordings—if they have the money, otherwise, to domestic pressings of European masters. There is some snobbery connected with the ownership of an imported item, but the main reason is that European recordings generally present more interesting music in more musicianly performances. They are also mechanically better than the home product, in spite of the pride of home companies in their expensive plants and mechanical know-how. Too often those responsible here for the engineering don't know anything about music and even seem to dislike it, the result being that we get seemingly "high-fidelity" but unbalanced recordings which are a complete distortion of the intentions of the composer, who planned his sounds for the ear of a concert-hall listener. The record repertory here is still chosen on the basis of the star performers with the most favored concert management tie-ups and whatever they happen to have rehearsed, instead of on the basis of the music that needs doing and the performers best able to interpret it.

French and English recordings, which provide the bulk of the importations, are making available for study a vast amount of fine music from the middle ages through the eighteenth century, as well as sponsoring work by living composers. The lack of star performers is more than made up for by the musicianship and training of the ensembles.

Ironically, recordings are being made in England for America which English people are still not permitted to buy. The American record-buyer is seemingly in the position of being able to take better advantage of another country's scholarship than can its own people for whom music remains a "luxury." The situation reflects that of the concert world, for the greatest number of world famous performers is now gathered on these shores.

But this constant importation becomes a kind of musical parasitism. It is one thing to have a stimulating exchange of cultural material; another thing to treat culture as a kind of cosmopolitan

commodity, seeking "the best that money can buy." Art suffers sea changes. Music may speak to all people, but it speaks essentially of its own land and people. It is on American music that American performers and recordings must thrive, and the home composer is treated as a misfit who must compete with Brahms and Beethoven. The American performer is treated either as a beggar or, in rare cases, a hot-house "genius" who by herculean effort has been able to challenge a European virtuoso on his own national musical ground.

Streaks of degeneration appear in artists who have stayed here long and become involved with Hollywood: for example, Arthur Rubinstein, Arthur Rodzinski, José Iturbi, whose playing is increasingly sentimental and flamboyant; Lauritz Melchior and Lotte Lehmann, who now sing that most vacant of all music, "light-classical."

There is a commercially thriving American music which has become a return export. But it is the pseudo-jazz, the unpopular but cheap and accessible "popular music," itself spiced with fragments of the folk music of other lands and puffed up with emotional clichés from the last century's concert music.

A big factor in the sad record-music picture this year was the resistance of the recording companies to the demands of the American Federation of Musicians. Three years ago the union won a settlement by which it took a royalty out of each record for relieving and giving free concerts. A special provision was inserted in the Taft-Hartley Law to make that agreement illegal and during the past year the union boycotted all record making. At the present writing, an agreement between the companies and the union has been negotiated and is awaiting government sanction.

Also part of the picture is the gradual reappearance of performers who were known as friends of or collaborators with the fascists, such as Flagstad, Gieseking, Cortot, Gigli, Furtwaengler, Mêngelberg. The connivery with fascism that our State Department shows in Germany, France and Italy has spread to music as well. The music of Beethoven and Mozart can get along very well without such blood-stained hands to perform them. Music lovers may well heed the example of the greatest living performing musician, Pablo Casals, who will not give concerts in any country that has dealings with Franco Spain.

THE most important works newly added to the record lists during the past year are as follows:

The Berlioz *Requiem Mass,* an autobiographical work using the Requiem text as symbols for the composer's own struggles, protest, anguish and resignation, rich in melody and in an inexhaustible

variety of instrumental and choral sound, recorded in France (Columbia); the Beethoven *Diabelli Variations,* a knotty notebook of the composer's most profound and experimental ideas, performed by one of the best interpretive minds among American pianists, Leonard Shure (Vox); the Bach *Magnificat,* by the Shaw chorus (Victor); the six Bach *Sonatas* for violin and harpsichord, done by Schneider and Kirkpatrick (Columbia).

Of contemporary music we have the Charles Ives *Concord Sonata,* performed by John Kirkpatrick, a piece not easy for the listener but still wonderful music, portraying the composer's feelings about Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcotts and Thoreau with an idiom weaving together old hymn tunes and quotations from Beethoven in an impressionist and contrapuntal texture (Columbia); the Khachaturian *Violin Concerto,* recorded in the U.S.S.R., nothing more than a light and exhilarating work but featuring the great David Oistrakh (Mercury).

Ernest Bloch's *Second String Quartet,* a grand, rich-textured and serene work by this great Jewish composer, performed by the Stuyvesant Quartet (International); Vaughan Williams' *Oboe Concerto,* a charming work in an "Old English" pastoral mood, splendidly performed by the oboist Mitchell Miller (Mercury); Ravel's children's opera, *L'Enfant et les Sortileges,* a French recording and for melody, wit and orchestral color the best single chunk of Ravel on records (Columbia).

A Stokowski single record containing, on one side, *Sensemaya,* the first recorded work by the great Mexican composer, the late Silvestre Revueltas, who was a Communist (Victor); Bartok's *First Rondo* and Khachaturian's *Chant Poeme* excellently performed on violin and piano by the sisters Anahid and Maro Ajemian (Victor).

Lovers of great singing will find complete satisfaction in Isobel Baillie's performance of arias by Bach, Handel, and Haydn (Columbia); and an album of reissued records by John McCormack, including Mozart, Handel, Brahms and Puccini (Victor).

Outstanding chamber music recordings were Mozart's dramatic masterpiece, the *G Minor Piano Quartet,* with George Szell and members of the Budapest Quartet (Columbia); and his *Divertimento in D,* for string quartet, woodwinds and horn (Mercury).

The best piano performances of the year were those of Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition,* by Horowitz (Victor); Albeniz' *Iberia,* by Arrau (Columbia); Schumann's *Piano Concerto,* by Serkin (Columbia). Outstanding conducting performances were those of Schubert's *C Major Symphony,* by Toscanini (Victor); and Dvorak's *Fourth Symphony,* by Walter (Columbia).

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

ART

(NOTE: *Figures in parentheses indicate page.*)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 of MASSES & MAINSTREAM, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1948.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joseph Felshin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Masses & Mainstream and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Masses & Mainstream, Inc., 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.; Editor, Samuel Sillen, 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.; Managing editor, none; Business manager, Joseph Felshin, 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Masses & Mainstream, Inc., 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.; Joseph Felshin, 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

3. That the known boldholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly and triweekly newspapers only.)

JOSEPH FELSHIN, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1948.

MANUEL LICHTENSTEIN.

(Seal) (My commission expires March 30, 1949)

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

These are "impossible" conditions under which to launch a magazine, but those are the conditions under which Masses & Mainstream was launched because it had to appear. And in the face of the mounting hysteria it must be maintained and enlarged.

The magazine has done well; the response of its readers has been warm. Its operating deficit is low—about $6,000 a year; and this in the face of two increases in the cost of printing and binding and continued boycott from almost all advertisers. We know that with about 5,000 additional readers M&M would be fully self-sustaining. The recent steady rise in our circulation convinces us that, with a modest promotional campaign, these 5,000 new readers can be secured.

The situation, then, comes down to this: M&M is a vital weapon in the fight against reaction. It needs about $20,000 to clear its decks and carry on under full steam. If this sum is realized, we are confident there will be no need for further fund-raising campaigns.

The editors are keenly aware—from personal experience!—of the heavy financial demands made these days upon all of us. But believing as we do, as we think you do, in the necessary function M&M performs and in the truly great potential force that it represents in the fight on the cultural front, we do not hesitate to ask you to give and to give generously to your magazine. The need is pressing; every dollar will be deeply appreciated.

Masses & Mainstream belongs to its readers. Please invest in it.

Faithfully yours,

Samuel Sillen
Herbert Aptheker
Lloyd L. Brown
Charles Humboldt