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One Year

M&M was born a year ago this month.

And we feel good about this birthday.

For it has been a privilege to take part in the tightening battle for culture and progressive thought, for peace and freedom. The magazine is beginning to take hold. Our family of friends is growing (the February issue was sold out two weeks after publication).

We face our second year with renewed confidence and enthusiasm. We have no illusions. It will not be an easy year. Big Business will beat the war drums ever louder to deafen reason. The right of Americans to speak and publish freely—which the Communist leaders are today defending in their trial—will have to be fought for with courage and resolution. Those who run for cover are selling out America. This is a time to stand up and fight.

We have a sense of proportion about our own achievement during this first year. We have had many shortcomings, and our circulation is still far too limited. But we have been conscientiously striving to meet the big demands of this period. The increasingly warm response of our readers makes us feel that we are on the right road and that we are making a serious contribution.

M&M needs to fight even harder and to reach a larger number of people in the next crucial year. We pledge to do our share. We appeal to every reader to do his or her share in getting the magazine to its rightful audience.

We need subs—and many of them—from all parts of the country. Each new reader means greater strength for us—*and adds to your fighting force. M&M* counts on you as it enters its second year.

—The Editors

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Cover: A woodcut entitled "Revenge," by the Chinese revolutionary artist Chen Yin-chiao.

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A Letter to JOSIE

by GIL GREEN

"Dear Daddy: We are well. The salamanders tail came off but he is still alife. When Danny was playing with it his tail came off. How are you? Love, Josie."

DEAR JOSIE: Knowing how you and Danny handle the poor salamander, I'm not surprised that its tail came off, rather that its head is still on.

You ask how I am. Well, Josie, that's quite a story.

As you know I am in New York on trial. Most of my day is spent in a courtroom. A courtroom, in case you don't know it, is a place where people go to get justice, in the same way that mother goes to a butcher shop to get meat.

Now, of course, a courtroom is not the same as a butcher shop. For one thing, meat is sold for a price, while justice, because it is priceless, is supposed to be free. Then there is another difference. Meat is something you can see with your eyes, feel with your fingers and taste with your mouth. Any person can recognize meat, regardless of whether he has the money to buy it, whether he be rich or poor.

But justice is not like that. Two people can look at it at one and the same time and yet violently disagree as to whether it be justice or injustice. The reason for this may at first be difficult to grasp. But when you think of it a little, it becomes clear. Many years ago, before either of us was born, a great American from our home state of Illinois understood this truth and expressed it in his own simple way. This man, Abraham Lincoln, said that "With some, the word liberty may mean for each man to do as he pleases with himself and the product of his labor; while with others the same word may mean for

some men to do as they please with other men and the product of other men's labor. Here are two, not only different, but incompatible things, called by the same name, liberty."

Then Old Abe illustrated his point with this story: "The shepherd," said he, "drives the wolf from the sheep's throat, for which the sheep thanks the shepherd as his liberator, while the wolf denounces him for the same act. . . . Plainly the sheep and the wolf are not agreed upon a definition of liberty." Nor of justice!

Abe Lincoln was referring to that period in American history when a few hundred thousand white plantation owners held millions of Negro men, women and children as their slaves, to do with as they pleased. And in defense of that brutal system, the white slave-holding class of the South plunged the nation into a civil war which lasted four long years, and did so in the very names of "justice" and "liberty." For justice to them meant the right to own slaves, while justice for the slaves meant the right to put an end to slavery—the right to be free.

But there is one thing about Lincoln's story that must not mislead you. Oppressed people are never sheep who wait for shepherds to save them. They struggle for their own liberation. And this was certainly true of the Negro people who valiantly fought to remove the cruel chains of slavery and who, under different conditions today, continue their struggle for freedom.

Yes, Josie, the sheep and the wolf are not agreed upon a definition of liberty or justice. You can learn this from your own experience. You remember last spring when Dickie's father's union went out on a long bitter strike for higher wages. You recall how the big packers attacked the workers by press and radio, said that they had no right to strike, called out the police to protect the scabs, got the courts to issue injunctions against picketing, and finally starved the strikers back to work. And at the same time that they refused to give the workers a living wage, they were charging scandalously high prices for meat and blaming this on what they called the "high wages" of the workers.

This was all done in the name of justice, for to the packers, justice means the right to rob the workers of their sweat and toil; the right for them to live in beautiful mansions and in idle luxury while the packing-house workers are compelled to live in over-crowded fire-traps and in poverty.

And that takes me to why I am in the courtroom, and not I alone. With me on trial are ten others, most of whom you know personally. You know Gene Dennis; you've heard him speak and you remember him as the guy who used to give you piggy-back rides when you were only a little snipper. You also know Johnny Williamson and Johnny Gates, both of whom you've seen at our house a number of times. And then there's Henry Winston, who stays at our home when he comes to Chicago and who has been Danny's hero all these years. And you could never forget big Ben Davis with whom we had such good times when we lived in New York and who once kidded you into believing that he owned Central Park. And even though you may not remember Jack Stachel, it was his son who visited Chicago last summer and took you and Danny to the Planetarium.

Well, all these friends of yours, and a few you do not know, are with me in the courtroom as fellow defendants—all of them, my comrades and friends.

NOW, why are we here? Because we and the party we represent—the Communist Party—believe in and fight for liberty and justice for the many, for the great majority of Americans who work for a living, the men and women who by their labor make this country great. But the wolves-in-human-clothing that Lincoln spoke of don't like this. Through their control of the government and the courts they have brought us to trial. They want to send us to jail and to outlaw our party.

And they are trying to do this now because all over the world the system-of-the-wolves, the capitalist system, is on its way out. The people everywhere are waking up, fighting for their rights, for their freedom, and the wolves daily become more frantic and desperate. That is why they want to destroy completely whatever rights and liberties the people of this country were able to win by many years of struggle. They also think they can drown the great movement of the working people of the world in the blood of another world war.

The last time I was home, your mother told me of something you had said that gave us all a good laugh. You remember that your teacher had asked you and your classmates to write compositions on some out-of-the-ordinary occurrence in your lives. You came home that day and sadly complained that "nothing ever happens in our family." But now you know that something has happened. There are

all too many people in America who are blind to what is happening in their very midst; who believe that while great tragedies may befall other nations, nothing ever happens here or can happen here.

That is also what the German people once thought. There, too, it began by jailing Communists and outlawing the Communist Party. But it didn't end there. Soon after, all liberty was destroyed. That was fascism. And with it came war, not only for the German people, but for the whole world. Millions of young men lost their lives. Millions upon millions of children were made homeless orphans. Six million Jewish people were murdered in cold blood, only because they were Jews. And if your grandparents had not migrated to America in the early years of this century, our family, too, could have been among the victims.

You were born during that war. You were born at a time when the world was covered with grief and darkness. On the very day you opened your eyes—November 1, 1941—the armies of Hitler were boasting of having reached the outer defenses of Moscow, and many, many people thought it was all over—that the fascist barbarians would inherit the earth. But that did not happen. The people of the Soviet Union, who thirty-one years ago replaced the system-of-the-wolves with the system-of-the-working-people (socialism), broke the back of the fascist beast. Together with the people of the whole world, they won the war.

So you can see, what happens to one family or one party has meaning for others as well. What is happening to your father and his friends in this trial is happening to all Americans. When men can be brought to court because of their *beliefs,* the rights of all Americans are in danger—their right to think, speak, write, teach and organize. And that is why America itself is on trial with us.

Your dad,
GIL

BEHIND THE Ivy Curtain

by SAMUEL SILLEN

ENOUGH professors were driven off the American campus last year to form a new University-in-Exile. The faculty of scholars purged on political grounds would come from every part of the country and would include authorities in a variety of subjects ranging from archaeology to civics. Among others the catalogue might list:

Dr. George Parker, professor of Bible and philosophy, fired "for political activities" from Methodist Evansville College in Indiana two days after he presided at a rally addressed by Henry Wallace.

Dr. Clarence R. Athearn, professor of philosophy and social ethics at Lycoming College, removed because of his association with the Progressive Party of Pennsylvania.

Professor James Barfoot, dismissed from the University of Georgia when he accepted the Progressive Party nomination for Governor of Georgia.

Dr. Richard G. Morgan, Curator of the Ohio State Museum, long a leader of the fight in his community for decent race relations, fired after twelve years of service because of anti-fascist activity.

Professor Lyman R. Bradley, head of the German Department at N.Y.U.'s Washington Square College, ousted because of his work in behalf of Franco's victims and because the university chose to become an arm of the Un-American Committee, which cited Bradley for contempt.

Professors Leonard Choen, Jr., Charles G. Davis and Daniel D. Ashkenas of the University of Miami; Don West of Oglethorpe in Georgia; Luther K. McNair, Dean of Lyndon State Teachers College in Vermont; Clyde Miller of Teachers' College, Columbia University—all dismissed for Wallace activity.

And this is only part of the story of academic freedom in the cold

war. A search for dangerous thoughts in textbooks has been ordered by college trustees, notably at Wyoming University. Branch offices of the Un-American Committee, such as the Tenney Committee in California and the Canwell Committee in the State of Washington, have led educational witch-hunts in the various states. Nor has the inquisition been limited to the colleges. On the grade and secondary school level the attack on the New York Teachers Union by the Hartley Committee on Labor and Education was only one episode in the serial of repression.

With every demagogue and bigot moving in for the kill, the disasters of education in World War I days as recorded by Upton Sinclair in *The Goose-Step* begin to seem like a trifling prelude. The peril is scarcely overstated by Dr. Kirtley Mather of Harvard when he warns that "The pattern of attack is ominously reminiscent of the techniques used by Hitler in the first years of his Nazi regime in ill-fated Germany. Even though the onslaught against academic freedom is made in the name of 'Americanism' and beneath the banner of democracy, the consequences are utterly antagonistic to the basic principles of our national life."

THIS long festering issue has been brought to a head by an action which John Rankin hailed in Congress as at last making "America safe for Americans." What delighted Rankin was the recent dismissal of three professors from the University of Washington on the ground that, in the words of the university's president Raymond B. Allen, "A Communist is incompetent to teach." In the specific sphere of academic freedom, this widely discussed case has an importance comparable to the trial of the Communist leaders in the broader battle against reaction and fascism. There is a close link between the campus in Seattle and the courthouse on Foley Square. To examine one outrage is to throw light on the other.

Just as no overt illegal act is charged in the indictment of the Twelve, so there is no grievance registered against the teaching record of the dismissed professors. The Washington case did not originate on the campus. It represents an invasion of the campus following a typical anti-Red jamboree by the Canwell Committee. Professors Herbert J. Phillips, Joseph Butterworth and Ralph H. Gundlach were no mysterious strangers at the University of Washington, suddenly to be smoked out by the police. Phillips had taught at the university

since 1920 and had held the rank of Assistant Professor of Philosophy since 1934. Butterworth had been an Associate in English ever since joining the faculty in 1929. Gundlach, an Associate Professor in the Psychology Department, was graduated from the University of Washington in 1924 and has at all times since, with the exception of a leave of absence during World War II, been a graduate student or a member of the faculty. These men, with periods of service ranging from twenty to twenty-nine years, were obviously well known to thousands of students and scores of colleagues. No complaint had ever been registered against them as teachers or scholars. In fact, as the majority report of the official faculty committee designated to investigate charges points out: "The complainant conceded during the hearing that the general scholarship and teaching ability of respondents Phillips and Butterworth, in their respective fields, were not challenged."

The sole "charge," then, against Phillips and Butterworth was that they are members of the Communist Party. But here there was no issue of fact, since both Phillips and Butterworth declared (not "admitted") that they are presently members of the Communist Party; moreover, they made this declaration at the very outset of the hearing. Gundlach was held to be "unresponsive and evasive" when he denied membership in the Communist Party, "neglectful of duty" when he did not deny association with groups listed as "Communist fronts" by the Attorney General. Three other professors—Edwin H. Eby, Garland O. Ethel and Melville Jacobs—were granted the dubious blessing of two years' probation when they agreed to sign statements that they are no longer members of the Communist Party.

The faculty committee's report to President Allen showed an eight to three vote in favor of retaining Phillips and Butterworth. The majority held that there was no cause for dismissal under the university's tenure code. Dr. Allen, overriding this recommendation, held that teachers should be concerned with "the pursuit of truth wherever it may lead" and that, being Communists, Phillips and Butterworth are necessarily "incompetent, intellectually dishonest and derelict in their duty to find and teach the truth."

FOR a touchstone of intellectual honesty we need go no further than Dr. Allen himself. He is a shining model. He wants the pursuit of truth "wherever it may lead"—provided it does not lead to com-

munism. He will defend to the death your right to believe—if you believe in capitalism. He pronounces the professors "incompetent"—having dutifully read the report of his own faculty committee that they are highly competent. He accuses Communist teachers of "smuggling" ideas into the classroom—when the faculty report states:

> "It is impossible to conceive how the mere fact of membership in the Communist Party could, in any way, affect the competency of respondent Butterworth as a teacher of Old English literature. As to respondent Phillips, there is potentially a closer question. As a teacher of philosophy, it might be suggested that, without specific proof, his objectivity as a teacher would necessarily be impaired by his strong bias in favor of a doctrinaire political philosophy. However, the testimony of his colleagues and students is directly to the contrary. Although he does have occasion to discuss Marxian philosophy in his teachings, it appears that his practice is to warn his students of his bias and to request that they evaluate his lectures in light of that fact."

Where is the reactionary, including Dr. Allen, who will similarly make clear his own point of view so that the student may judge for himself?

Ironically, then, the University of Washington case, which is supposed to raise the so-called "thorny question" of whether a Communist is fit to teach, itself answers the question in terms of the concrete teaching records of men like Phillips and Butterworth. Instead of puzzling over how it comes about that these admittedly excellent teachers and scholars can also be good Communists, educators would do well to study the relation between these two facts. They might then see that the Communist discipline which they fear as crushing independence, is in fact a democratic discipline which trains the teacher to look on his students not as empty jugs, in the manner of the conventional academic snob, but as partners in intellectual inquiry. Or they might see that the scientific spirit of Marxism cuts through the superstitions and prejudices that bottle up effective research. Or they might come to see that the putting of one's beliefs into practice, which Marxism calls for, scours away the hypocrisy of so much purposeless academic jargon. Or that the courage to oppose the police mentality of a Dr. Allen is just what our colleges need if they are not to become armed camps with daily sergeant inspection.

For all this chatter about Communists being threats to academic

freedom—recently parrotted by President Moore of Skidmore College, Gideonse of Brooklyn, Father Gannon of Fordham, Decker of the University of Kansas City and other pundits—is of course so much dust in the eyes to blind the people to what is really going on in the universities. The truth is that the college administrations are not, as they like to pretend in commencement speeches, the vestal virgins of spiritual advance. Increasingly they have become instruments of Big Business, and in fact big businesses themselves in many instances. By 1900, as the Beards noted in *The Rise of American Civilization*, "the roster of American trustees of higher learning read like a corporation directory." It is these men who run the universities, not the Communists or the non-Communist progressives on the campus, who need justification; just as it is not the Communist leaders who are on trial, but the whole system of rigged juries, trumped-up indictments, and the general subservience of justice to Jim Crow and privileged wealth and war.

LET us turn then to cold cash. We may begin by recalling an investigation of the Federal Trade Commission in 1928. This revealed that the power trust was subsidizing propaganda for private ownership in the schools; and the "close connection between public utilities and the academic profession" was confirmed by the American Association of University Professors following an investigation in 1930. Thousands of dollars, it was found, were spent by the utilities in fees to professors and promotion of textbooks favorable to the power trust. What happened then? Were these professors fired? "It is significant," says an American Civil Liberties Union report in 1940, "that after this exposure of the prostitution of the schools and colleges to the Power Trust no teacher was dismissed or disciplined. Some of them may have severed their connection by reason of policy or because of pressure by the authorities of the institution under criticism, but nothing happened remotely akin to the prompt dismissal of teachers or professors guilty of 'radical' utterances."

Is this an old story? Have we changed all that? Consider the record of Bloomfield College in New Jersey, an institution that bars "Reds, pinks and near-pinks" from its teaching staff. Why? Because of academic freedom. "They don't have to come here if they don't want to," President Frederick Schweitzer told a New York *Star* reporter last November. "That's my definition of academic freedom. They're free

not to come here." Five years ago Bloomfield was on the rocks financially. But "our new policies have attracted the interest of rich, conservative Americans, and so we're doing all right now," says Dr. Schweitzer.

And how have the rich been attracted to the higher learning? Bloomfield trains "responsible" labor leaders to drive out "the irresponsible pink ones." As an example, Bloomfield's president boasts of how his graduates rooted out "subversive" elements from the C.I.O.-United Electrical Workers in Newark with the aid of a group called Counterattack. And Counterattack, the educator explains, "is composed of ex-F.B.I. men who are rooting out subversive elements in labor unions and we got them in contact with the good, Christian people in the union." To complete this picture of academic virtue, the creed of Bloomfield College should be quoted: "We want to develop a new kind of political leader here and left wingers always want to be objective. We want Americanism taught here, not objectivity."

Is this a "crank" example, a sort of lunatic fringe of the American academy? In January the Association of American Colleges, the most influential body in this field, held its annual convention, with some 400 college presidents on hand. A few final words were spoken by the association's retiring president, Kenneth I. Brown, head of Denison University in Ohio. Brown, as reported by *Time* magazine, said that the college president of today is little more than a salesman who "scurries around the country seeking the company of rich widows. . . . One gathers the irrefutable impression that the item of major concern is not the maturing of the individual but buildings, large, spacious, attractive buildings. . . . The ethics of the counting house too often replace the higher standards common once in education."

That the college president divides his time between hunting after rich widows and hunting down radical professors will surprise nobody who has studied such works as as Thorstein Veblen's *The Higher Learning in America, A Memorandum on the Conduct of Universities by Business Men* or John E. Kirkpatrick's *The American College and Its Rulers*. As Veblen noted, the men of "pecuniary substance" have taken over the direction of academic affairs. With their concern for tangible properties there goes

> "a visible reluctance on the part of these businesslike boards to expend the corporation's income for those intangible, immaterial uses for which the university is established. These uses leave no

physical, tangible residue, in the way of durable goods, such as will justify the expenditure in terms of vendible property acquired; therefore they are *prima facie* imbecile, and correspondingly distasteful, to men whose habitual occupation is with the acquisition of property. . . ."

Veblen wrote this thirty years ago when university dollars were still mainly in the small business stage. Today New York University owns the C. F. Mueller Company, spaghetti manufacturer; the Ramsey Corporation, which makes and sells piston rings; American Limoges China, Inc.; the Howes Leather Company valued at $35,000,000; and other holdings. Columbia University, in its current report, lists its investment in Rockefeller Center at $28,230,311 (with rent receipts of nearly four million dollars last year), and other property at $16,371,685. Union College of Schenectady, New York, has bought (for $16,250,000) the real estate of Allied Stores Corporation, which operates the country's largest department store chain, and (for $9,000,000) the real estate, store buildings and warehouse of Abraham & Straus in Brooklyn. Oberlin College, Ohio, has bought such properties as the Montgomery Ward stores, a number of Woolworth buildings and Sears Roebuck locations. Morningside College of Sioux City, Iowa, owns the street car company of that city. Other colleges own cattle ranches, walnut groves and filling stations.

These enterprises are exempt from taxation since their profits presumably are turned to "educational purposes." As a recent New York *Times* survey reported, the tax savings to one university last year amounted to $3,000,000. Increasingly colleges are resorting to the practice of buying properties and then "leasing" them back to the original owner, with no tax paid by either. Thus, N.Y.U.'s spaghetti factory alone saved over $300,000 in taxes last year. Behind the ivied walls university administrators appear to be conducting some of the shrewdest operations in Big Business history.

WHO are these academic rulers that install Eisenhower at Columbia, Stassen at Pennsylvania, Allen at the University of Washington? The answer is given in a doctoral dissertation at Columbia University by Hubert Park Beck, *Men Who Control Our Universities* (King's Crown Press, 1947). This book is an eye-opener. It is a statistical analysis of the economic and social composition of the govern-

ing boards or trustees of the thirty leading American universities, private and state. It deals with 734 trustees.

Of the 734 there is not a single worker, not a single Negro, while only 1% are farmers and 3.4% are women. Nor do educators fare very much better. The total number of educators of any type was 36 (and this included 12 university presidents who were members ex-officio). By far the largest number of trustees are men who hold directorships and executive offices in large-scale industry and finance. Of the 734, 41% appear in some social register. The average income of those with known taxable income as of 1924 was $102,000, with the median income well over $50,000.

Membership on the university governing board is not an "honorary" post, nominal in function. The trustees appoint the president, hire and fire, buy and sell. And they represent not merely business in general but Big Business, with names like Sewell L. Avery, Lammot du Pont, Charles M. Schwab, Alfred P. Sloan, Thomas J. Watson, George Whitney, *et al.* The author of this study points out:

> "Almost half (194) of the 400 largest business organizations of the country had among their officers or directors persons who were at the time of the study also members of the governing boards of these 30 leading universities. Even among these 400, those corporations having the largest assets provided the larger proportion of trustees holding such positions. . . . Not only did these 175 trustees hold 386 offices or directorships in enterprises numbered among the 400 largest business organizations in the country, but they held in addition 935 similar positions in enterprises not among the 400 largest, making a total of 1,321 positions, or an average of 7.5 per trustee for this key group of 175."

Directorships in public utilities were held by 50% of the California Institute of Technology board, by 47% of the Johns Hopkins board. Six trustees at Princeton and seven at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology had direct connections with a Morgan partner. The insurance companies and railroads account for a heavy proportion of college governors.

Are these rulers of the universities passionately devoted to the pursuit of truth "wherever it may lead"? Do they have "independent" opinions? The trustees in answer to a poll in 1936 as to the candidate they would vote for gave 26% for Roosevelt, 63% for Landon. The American people gave Roosevelt 523 electoral votes to Landon's eight.

In answer to another question—Should unemployed persons who are willing to work be given jobs at prevailing wages by the government? —33% answered yes, 59% answered no. As far back as fifteen years ago a majority were in favor of compulsory military training for students.

Men like these are presuming to defend "free inquiry" by firing progressives. Men like these are declaring that Communists are not "competent" to teach because they are subject to "outside coercion." Surely the smell of this hypocrisy reaches unto heaven. Will any but academic sheep be deluded by this pious cant?

The hard figures of academic control by Big Business are paralleled by the defense evidence produced in the trial of the Communist leaders. In the Southern District Federal Court of New York, where the trial is taking place, there have been 28 grand jury panels since 1940, with 7,487 names. Executives, making up 9% of the district's population, have formed 45% of the panels; manual workers, with 55% of the population, have formed 5% of the panels. Or take another set of figures. Of 1,155 Manhattan jurors on panels for November and December, 1948, and for January, 1949, 649 or 56% were drawn from the silk-hat 17th Congressional District, the greatest concentration of wealthy families in America. By contrast, less than 2% of the panels were drawn from the working-class neighborhoods, Negroes, Jews, Puerto Ricans.

THE facts of class control are totally ignored in the most recent theoretical contribution to education for cold war, James Bryant Conant's *Education in a Divided World.* The Harvard president, like Judge Medina, regards class concepts as un-American despite the obvious fact that class realities are American realities. "As we are all [all?] coming to realize, in reviewing the past forty years, the impact of the European radical doctrines of the nineteenth century based on the notion of the class struggle confused the thinking of some of our reformers of the early days of this century," Conant writes. "These foreign doctrines have to a considerable degree diverted the attention of forward-looking men and women from the social goals implicit in our native American tradition." Note that President Conant speaks of "foreign doctrines" as if ideas can be tested by their point of origin and as if the American tradition of Jefferson sprang immaculate from our soil without benefit of "foreign doctrines." Observe too that radical

ideas have turned us from our tradition, not the giant monopolies that are trying to stamp out that tradition. But I am more concerned here with Conant's thesis dealing with education "as an instrument of national policy."

For in developing this thesis Conant prepares a theory that perhaps more effectively than any other will justify the academic repressions which he claims to fear. We must prepare, says Conant, for an indefinitely prolonged "armed truce" between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. For "some years to come," American policy will be based on this armed truce. The job of education as an instrument of national policy is to help wage this cold war. The colleges must therefore support the military draft of students, even though this is admittedly not desirable from an educational point of view. Equally important, the colleges must help wage the battle of ideas, such as the concept of equality of opportunity as "an exportable commodity." And this in turn means that the colleges must help root out the alien class concepts of the "quick-witted fanatics" who "take their orders from Moscow."

Curiously enough, Conant supplies evidence which blasts sky high, in terms of the specific field of education, his bland assurance that we have such an abundance of equal opportunity that it has become "an exportable commodity." He cites the scientific study by Lloyd W. Warner and Robert J. Havighurst entitled *Who Shall Be Educated?* This gives a picture of social stratification in a midwestern city before the war. Conant summarizes:

> "The percentage of superior high school graduates who attended college followed the parental income scale in a startling manner, starting with a 100 per cent college attendance for those whose family income was over $8,000 a year, dropping to 44 per cent for the range from $3,000 to $2,000, and falling to 20 per cent for those with incomes under $500. These were all superior students, let us bear in mind; all, therefore, good college material."

Thus, not only the rulers of universities but the students reflect the class exclusions of American capitalism. But, answers Conant, we at least cherish the *concept* of equal opportunity. And indeed this concept, like that of academic freedom, is to be cherished. But do the Communists demand *less* equal opportunity? Are Wall Street and Washington trying to outlaw the Communist Party because it opposes

their efforts to elevate living standards, to overthrow class barriers to education, to abolish Jim Crow? The world, as Alice found, grows curiouser and curiouser.

As an example of how American imperialism is exporting spiritual commodities, Conant might refer in his next book to the New York *Times* of February 5. A dispatch from Tokyo informs us that Japanese thought-control is being restored by General MacArthur's officers against the will of the Japanese. Communist professors are being fired from the universities under a decree by Captain Paul T. Dupell, civil education officer for the Tokyo Military Government team. It appears, says the dispatch, that "the Occupation's thinking on Communists has veered around to the view the Japanese held twenty-two years earlier." And how do MacArthur's men justify the adoption of the original Japanese thought-control code? Why very simply and obviously they point out that the same thing is being done back home! The export trade in academic freedom flourishes indeed.

THE attempted blackout of the American campus is by no means unopposed on the campus itself. The firings at the University of Washington, for example, have aroused educators. Professor Thomas I. Cook resigned from the faculty in protest; Professor Joseph B. Harrison, in a letter to the student newspaper, described the action of the board of regents as a "tragic error"; the Seattle students have organized a large protest movement. Some college presidents, like Dr. Harold Taylor of Sarah Lawrence and Dr. Herbert Davis of Smith College, have expressed deep concern about the action. Investigations by the American Association of University Professors and the American Civil Liberties Union are under way—both organizations have in the past affirmed the "right of Communists to teach." The National Council of the Arts, Science and Professions, which has taken a leading position in the fight for academic freedom, is rallying educators around the Washington case.

Resistance is being crystallized and the issues are becoming plainer as the pattern of repression unfolds. Only by bringing their case to the people can the teachers effectively defend their right to teach.

ART AS A WEAPON

The Chinese Woodcut

by ISRAEL EPSTEIN

NO ART form in history has been closer to the course and purposes of the people's struggle than the modern Chinese woodcut. Unique in its origin, it was a weapon from the beginning and is a weapon today.

This woodcut medium was originally developed not by artists but by *writers who had been gagged.* When the White Terror of Chiang Kai-shek struck at progressive writers in Shanghai in the early 1930's, some of those young men and women looked for a channel through which they could speak directly to the largely illiterate working people of the police-ridden city. They found it in the woodcut, with its graphic representation, inexpensive technique, ease of reproduction and adaptability for poster use. It was these *writers unable to write* who first learned to carve woodblocks and use them to carry their message.

An early promoter of the new woodcut was the outstanding young short-story writer, Jou Shih. Inspired by the revolutionary prints of Kaethe Kollwitz, he planned to introduce them as a model in China. Jou Shih was arrested and shot by the Kuomintang Gestapo. His intention of exhibiting Kaethe Kollwitz in Shanghai was carried out by the tuberculosis-doomed literary giant, Lu Hsun, the "Chinese Gorky." Lu Hsun's introduction to this first exhibition, dedicated to the memory of Jou Shih, was a noble essay called *Written in Deep Night.*

In this essay, Lu Hsun called for use of the woodcut as a sharp sword in the struggle for China's national liberation and progress. At the same time, he saw in Kollwitz a means for bringing to the struggling Chinese people the consciousness that they were not alone, the mighty idea of international working-class solidarity which they could not otherwise acquire in a colonial environment in which every

resident "foreigner" was a participant or beneficiary of the imperialist machine that oppressed them.

That the two worlds in conflict were not the European and Asiatic, as it might seem from Shanghai experience, but the oppressed and the oppressors everywhere was the lesson Lu Hsun taught. "Chinese who have not had an opportunity to travel abroad," he wrote, "often have the idea that all white people are either preachers of the ideas of Jesus or well-dressed, well-fed managers of business firms given to the habit of kicking people about. . . . But the works of Kaethe Kollwitz show that the injured and insulted, the friends and allies of the people, exist in very many other places on earth and have among them artists who mourn, protest and fight in our common behalf. . . . Kollwitz is forced into silence [by Hitler] today but her work has penetrated to the Far East. No force can separate human beings from art."

LU HSUN, *by Mei Gan*

This was the beginning. The early woodcuts were crude in execution, but they were, as they have remained, high in conscious will and ideological content. The ever-vigilant Kuomintang police soon caught on and listed woodblocks and cutting tools among the "subversive objects" to be sought in house-to-house searches. The Chinese woodcut enjoys the distinction of being the only art *technique* ever to be totally proscribed as inimical to the existing order. Between 1932 and the lifting of the ban five years later, many of its practitioners suffered arrest and torture for no other reason than their use of the medium. It was from these depths of obscurantism that the woodcut suddenly emerged, with the anti-Japanese united front of 1937, to the status of a recognized national art which even Kuomintang propagandists abroad pushed heartily thereafter as a sign of "their" national vitality.

But here again we must refer to another unique feature of the

Chinese woodcut. Even when it became temporarily respectable, *not a single woodcut artist of standing* entered the service of reaction and no new one was developed by the Kuomintang's heavily endowed art-propaganda mills to serve its party purposes. After 1939, although Kuomintang publications abroad continued to tout the woodcut in their fraudulent effort to present themselves as the real leaders of national resistance, newspapers and magazines in Chiang Kai-shek's China itself were once again forbidden to print the works of top woodcut artists. Again their products were shown only in brief but heavily-attended exhibitions, occasionally under the "protection" of some highly placed and therefore temporarily inviolate liberal.

Once more the woodcut artists maintained themselves only through organization and communal sharing of meager rations. (There were over twenty groups formed in various parts of China, changing their names frequently, in the various periods of reaction.) So General Joseph W. Stilwell was perfectly apt and right (as so often) in his instinct when, writing to Agnes Smedley to thank her for a U.S.-published collection called *China in Black & White,* he commented: "I'd like to get out one entitled 'The Kuomintang in Black & Blue.'" The Chinese people are getting that one out today.

LOYALTY to the true nation, the determination to speak only for and to the people, has been the unwavering character of modern Chinese woodcut art during its entire existence. What about the form? Was it allowed to develop "spontaneously" without the constant discussion and criticism that were devoted to its content? On the contrary, improved technique was unceasingly stressed as a part of the artist's duty to his medium and his aim, the justification of a task undertaken "not because there is nothing else to do but as something that is meaningful as well as urgent to do" (Yeh Sheng-t'ao).

A characteristic piece of criticism was written in 1936 by Chen I-wan (Jack Chen):

> "Chinese commercial art is prostituted to advertise quack medicines. Our famous modern artists spend most of their time in the company of naked women and goldfish. The classical masters withdraw themselves from the misery of China into a dream world of bamboos, waterfalls, birds and misty mountains. . . .
>
> "The fundamental task of all art in China today is to teach the masses a realistic outlook on the world, to free them from the super-

stition of feudalism and the propaganda of imperialism, to help them, through the theatre, painting, literature, etc., to understand the modern world so they can decide how to act in their own interests.

"The woodcut artists are consciously attempting to put their art in the forefront of the struggle for national liberation. It is true their work is still very weak. Many of them are too lazy to study carefully from nature, so that the faces of their peasants and workers look like Europeans. Yet far from receiving intelligent criticism and aid from the recognized critics and press, I see them subjected to the most unmerciful treatment."

Another criticism took up the question of foreign models which influenced Chinese graphic artists (woodcut, cartoon, poster). The artists, who were leaning to George Grosz, were taken to task both for their choice of a model and for neglect of *positive* images even in that dark period which was nonetheless "a time that both calls for and produces heroism." "Grosz is a talented artist," the critic wrote, "but he can only teach one to disclose evils. . . . Grosz cannot see nor can he depict the positive forces of the people that will build and are building a new world. . . . As an aid in attaining a deeper realism, a stronger sense of composition and clarity and directness of imagery, artists like David Low, Efimov, Fred Ellis and Fitzpatrick are well worth our close study."

Close study, but not slavish imitation. This was stressed again and again as emphasis was placed on the *national* in art. The modern Chinese woodcut did not (as some think) derive in any way from the exquisite Chinese line woodblock illustrations of past centuries, when a brush artist drew the designs and a craftsman cut them into wood. It was a new form, born of the example of Kollwitz and the needs of the people. Only later, emerging from the apprenticeship of Kollwitz, it began to assimilate some of the old clear line illustration techniques familiar and dear to the people, but on a totally different level. As Yeh Sheng-t'ao says: "Some of the finely-wrought woodcuts are very much like our ancient wood-engravings, but they are not really alike: how could the latter have got such vigor of life?"

THE woodcuts produced today, as the art approaches its twentieth birthday, fall into two clear categories. Artists in the Kuomintang areas continue in the courageous and honorable tradition of com-

batting the old society. Artists in the Liberated Areas—soon to be all China—celebrate the new awakening of the people. Their work is clear with the clarity of the people's new-won freedom to go forward. Its images help the people organize and live in a new way—prints of the people's militia, election, land-reform, "heroes of labor," hygiene techniques.

A new genre adapts the ancient traditional "door god" form: the twin matching posters of idols which graced peasant huts not only to ward off "evil spirits" but also to lend a beloved touch of bright color to the all-pervading dusty brown of the typical village. Today, in North China, one sees "door gods" of a new type—the peasant surrounded by the produce of land that is his for the first time, the soldier of the People's Army, the village school teacher, the hero-guardians and creators of the new life who exist not in the fancied other world but in the real one being born. With this genre, joyful color has come back to the Chinese woodcut in whose previous forms Rockwell Kent saw "uncompromising power in black and white that expresses the irreconcilable conflict of right and wrong . . . those who are not with me are against me, the moral conflict of right and wrong."*

A far cry from the early passionate, uninstructed efforts of the stifled writers-turned-artists of Lu Hsun's day, the Chinese woodcut today is systematically taught by the best of its still-young veterans and pioneers. Far also from the starving garrets and enforced furtiveness of oppressed, tubercular Shanghai (now about to be freed) is the place where the teaching goes on. Standing among the co-operatively-tilled fields of the New China, and with branches in several liberated cities, it is named the Lu Hsun Academy of Arts after the great writer and cultural liberator who fought even in the "Deep Night."

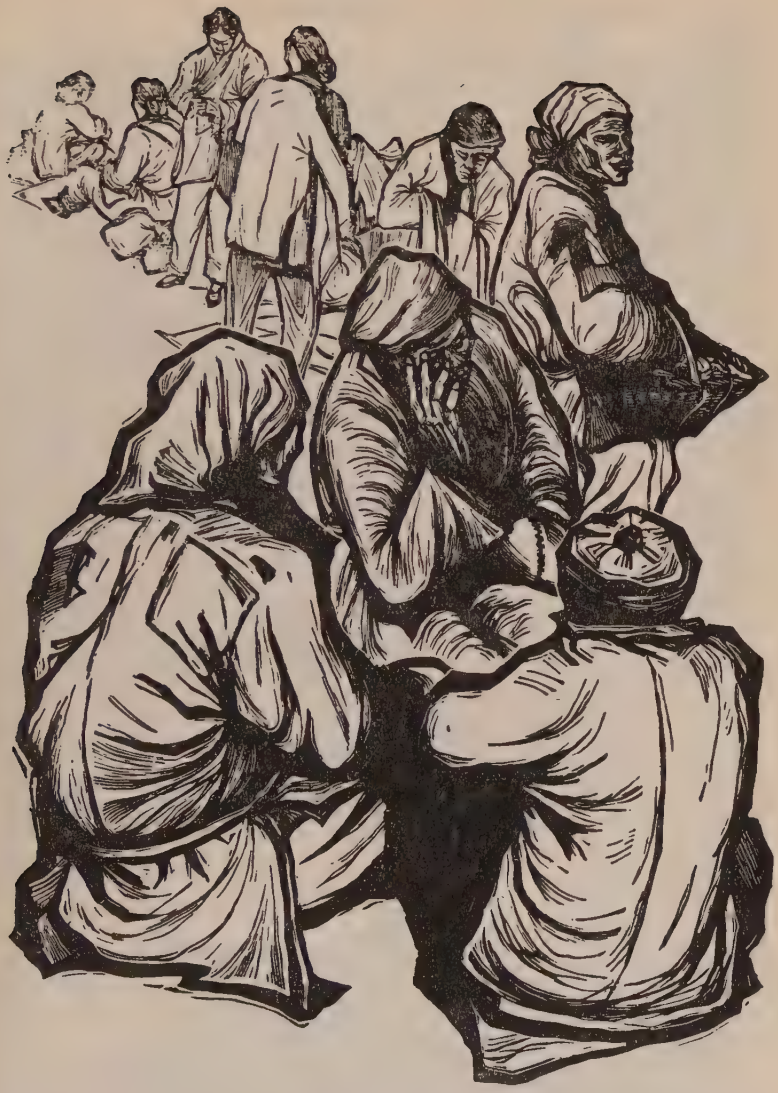
* From a review in the *Far East Spotlight* of the Tribune Art Gallery's portfolio, *The Chinese Woodcut.*

SIX WOODCUTS

by Chinese Artists

TILLERS, *by Chen Yin-chiao*

FOREVER MENDING, *by Yi Ching*



REFUGEES, *by Wang Chi*

CONSCRIPTION, *by Ko Yang*

FIGHTERS FOR DEMOCRACY, *by Li Ying*

WHO IS TO BLAME?, *by Shih Tze-chih*

The Dead Stay Young

A Story by ANNA SEGHERS

LIEVEN stopped his tiny auto in front of a flower shop. He liked to give himself Christmas presents. This year the bonus from the bank had been big enough to pay for the new car. He ran his eyes quickly over the flowers and finally chose a simple bunch of violets wrapped in a little tinfoil. As he walked the few steps to the revolving door of the Hotel Adlon, he swung the violets between two fingers.

He glanced in amusement at the large placard: "Come to Five O'Clock Tea at the Hotel Adlon and Enjoy Pleasant Warmth." Outside one caught a faint echo of the concert behind the heavy glass windows. The warm air that greeted him as he entered was pleasant indeed. And pleasant were the countless glances from all the eyes at all the tables, the silent, unobtrusive glances of men and women so well-bred that nothing ever seemed to impress them—least of all a tall, well-built young man in the black S.S. uniform, swinging a little bunch of violets wrapped in tinfoil between his fingers.

Lieven stood still in the middle of the lobby. He was perfectly aware that everyone was curious to see whom this attractive man had come to meet. Their curiosity was satisfied when a young girl, standing in a corner, moved toward him. Her suit, obviously made by a first-class tailor, revealed just enough of her beautiful slender figure. She wore no jewels save a pair of earrings—all the more noticeable because her untrimmed coat opened to show her bare neck and her hair was brushed severely back off her forehead. They were the same earrings she had worn at her brother's house—an inheritance from her mother.

Lieven and the girl sat down and ordered tea with rum. The admiring glances constantly turned in their direction, the soft music, gave them the certainty that they made a handsome couple. Elisabeth

Lieven began talking about herself: she was still receptionist at the sanatorium on the Buehler Hoehe. Her boss had invited her to the theatre in Berlin over the weekend. Yesterday they had seen *Die Kaiserin* at the Volksbuehne. Lieven stole a sidelong glance at this cousin who struck him as far more attractive here than in her brother's house.

"Why do you go to see a play for which a Jew wrote the music?"

Elisabeth laughed merrily. "You seem to think your black uniform obliges you to have all sorts of opinions. I can put up with it, however, because it really is very becoming on you. But you needn't worry. The Fuehrer himself sat straight in front of me. I'm not spoiling our race."

He looked at her out of the corner of his eyes without turning his head. She looked back at him the same way. He laughed and said: "No, really, Elisabeth, we two look alike. The same eyes; we laugh over the same things; and we are indifferent to the same things."

"Does that mean we are well matched or not?"

"I think tonight we are very well matched."

He stood up. She put her hand on his arm. Slowly, proud of each other, they walked straight through the gaping crowd. He put her in the car. She leaned her face against his back. The city at night was covered with hoar-frost: it glistened in the Tiergarten and on the ledges of shop windows and on wires and poles. They drew up to the curb in front of the house on Kufurstendamm where Lieven now lived.

"We're going up to my place," Lieven said. "I have to be ready at seven. Alert."

The entrance hall was furnished with carpets and mirrors. Lieven unlocked first the door to the apartment, then to his room which was large and almost magnificently supplied with mirrors and soft rugs like those in the lobby. There was a private telephone. Elisabeth looked at everything: photographs of people she did not know, the icon he always took everywhere with him, a little oil painting by Nolde for which he had paid the price of a few months' salary, his former landlady's Hitler picture which he had decided to hang up after all to counteract his comrades' sarcastic questions about the oil painting. He pushed the armchair up to the radiator. Elisabeth still held her violets in her hand.

"No matter how long you sit by a red-hot radiator," she said, "only a wood fire really warms you. Do you remember ours, at home on the estate?"

He ran his hand over her hair, shutting his eyes as if he were stroking with deep enjoyment a rare and expensive vase of very old and fragile polished metal.

"What, still homesick?"

"Always homesick, nothing else. It is sixteen years now since we left. Everything reminds me of home: every snowstorm, every smell. Do you think we will ever go back again?"

"Of course," he said. And he did not smile. "I promise you, you shall go home."

She began to laugh. "You say that so seriously that I believe you." Then she jumped up, ran to the balcony door and opened it. They stood side by side looking down on the street. In spite of the lights in the houses and the headlights of cars flashing past, the street looked lonely under the starry sky.

"Why do you have to stay at home?" she asked.

"Can't be helped. The moment they call me, I have to go into the city."

"You've become very conscientious. You take your work very seriously."

"Yes indeed, and it's worth while too."

"How? I think it never pays to take things seriously."

"Oh yes, when you know what it is all about."

"Well, what is it all about, my dear?"

"The most important things: whether you go back to your estate again or have to keep on working all your life in your crazy sanatorium. Whether I can invite you to tea at the Adlon or at the most to an automat. Whether I have to sell electric advertising signs or continue to wear my uniform."

"In any case I thought this evening was going to be more fun or I wouldn't have been so ready to come. You are very correct, very frugal."

"What do you want me to do? I can't leave, I have to wait for the call. What would you like? The gramophone?"

"Have you a nigger record?"

"Where do you think I'd get that? Certainly not. I can't afford

those now. I don't care to estrange the German nation, not even to please you."

Elisabeth laughed. "Oh dear! Oh dear! I've already told you a number of times today how well you look in your uniform! But I'm afraid you have let yourself in for a fairly painful sacrifice."

"But I've told you why it pays to play along with even this vulgar nonsense. Shall I turn on the radio?"

"Boring, dear God! Why is one never bored in the country? One is never bored in a lonely woods. But here on Kurfurstendamm one is bored, with lights and with buses."

"What about a little love?"

"Boring."

"What else then? Suggest something."

She put her arms around his neck. He waited a moment, arms hanging at his sides, feigning reluctance to make her exert her charms the more. He did not speak. Silence now—no sound in all the house of steps or of glasses clinking or of pointless words. Only whenever a bus passed, the house shook from top to bottom.

Later she said: "One might think you were in the midst of war, lying on the edge of a military highway ready to march."

He moved a little away from her and lighted a cigarette. The telephone rang. He jumped up: "Yes, sir!" he shouted into the receiver and quickly straightened his clothes. He fastened on his belt which hung on the back of the chair beside Elisabeth's neatly folded suit. "The call I've been expecting. I've got to report to headquarters at once."

Elisabeth said sleepily: "What's happened?"

"I'll find that out there. We'll have to take over something or other or clean out some part of the city."

"Does this give you a thrill?"

"My God, a thrill!" said Lieven. "It's my job. Sometimes it's boring too; sometimes I really get a kick out of it, for instance when the Reds have cooked up something and resist like mad. It's fun then to beat them down. Or when you happen to get a real live Red in your hands. It's always exciting to crush a really stubborn revolt. *Auf wiedersehen,* Elisabeth. I don't know when I can get back. You'll probably go back to Dresden with your boss."

"Not till tomorrow. Oh yes; it's already past twelve now. Tomorrow is already here."

•

LIEVEN got up from the table early in the evening and excused himself to his friends. They had engaged a private dining room in the hotel, where they could talk freely and undisturbed among themselves. As he walked through the public dining room, uniformed guests sitting at various tables with their families turned towards him like branches on a bush blown in one direction, and gave him the Hitler salute. The maitre d'hôtel hurried ahead of him to hold open the door. Lieven shut it so quickly behind him that he almost caught the man's raised arm in it.

He entered the station cafe where Elisabeth was waiting for him.

"We have two hours," she said. "I have to take the night train back to Dresden. My boss is sending the car so that I can bring the guests, who are coming on the same train with me, to the sanatorium."

She was wearing a short jacket which showed off her slender hips, her small breasts and straight shoulders to the best advantage—the tailor had charged a considerable part of her monthly salary for it. She was also wearing her mother's earrings.

"How long are you going to keep up this crazy notion that you absolutely have to support yourself?"

"My dear Ernst," said Elisabeth, "I can't go and live with Otto in the country. It bores me. Even Otto has developed a bad habit out of sheer boredom: he sits and meditates for hours at a time over all sorts of things. And the worst of it is, he thinks aloud. You have to listen to him at mealtimes and what is even worse, sometimes even give your own opinion. And as there is always something new happening nowadays, one can see no end to it all. Every time I go there for a vacation he invites me to share a new enthusiasm, and is horribly upset because I am quite oblivious of the most important things of all!"

"What does he consider the most important things?" asked Lieven.

"Night after night he and the German schoolmaster talk German Socialism: there is no need for trade unions and parties anymore, he says. On May First all Germans celebrated the union of labor under one swastika flag. He is ambitious to enlighten me." And she added

with laughing eyes: "He says he has to strike a spark out of my icy heart. I'd be glad enough to see the little spark that would leap out of me. But he doesn't strike any; he talks and talks. But I did not come here to complain of my brother—when I am lucky enough to have a cousin attending this crazy trial. How is it going? The radio suddenly went dead. We could only get glimmers of it now and then in the newspapers of our foreign patients."

"The whole thing is being handled much more lightly and superficially than I feared."

"Lightly, why? Dimitroff seems to be a very capable, thorough fellow."

"I wasn't speaking of him: I'm speaking of the conduct of the case, of those stereotyped judges in their old robes. They ought to have taken a look at the defendant beforehand. It's not enough to bring a man to court just because he happens to have been employed by the Comintern. They have just as clever people as we do. One must never underestimate the enemy. The fellow's insolent answers roused those people who had already calmed down. I wouldn't be at all surprised if we really got something like burning the Reichstag in earnest. They're already handing out leaflets."

"What sort of answers?"

"When Goering shouted at him, he said: 'You must be afraid of me, are you?' When Goering roared at him to shut his mouth, that he was a filthy thug from a barbarous country, he replied: His land was not wild and barbarous, but fascism was barbarous and that it was so in every country. His replies are already being used as texts for leaflets; fortunately most people are too stupid to know what it's all about."

Elisabeth laughed.

"All right, you can laugh," Lieven shouted; "and what is worse, thirty million people are laughing. All the careful police work we've done—all for nothing. They dug up a whole string of women the fellow had been running around with. They wouldn't talk—at least nothing one could use. On the contrary, one of the women did not hesitate to say before the court that she had been with him the night of the Reichstag fire."

"Seems to be quite a man," said Elisabeth. "I wouldn't have minded being there myself."

"You can laugh, but for us there is not the slightest ground for

laughter. For if there is any German law that can save Dimitroff, then it isn't a law we want. Either he is right or we are. And if he is right, you'll have even your earrings torn off. I'll be wearing a shabby suit—I've told you all this often enough."

"Oh dear, you and my brother," sighed Elisabeth, "you are never satisfied with me. I'm always laughing at the wrong things."

"It's not my purpose to amuse you. Stay as cold as you are, but understand. If it amuses you never to go back to your estate again and always to have to earn your living . . . if that amuses you, you can also get a laugh out of Dimitroff. Understand that once and for all."

"Good, I understand," said Elisabeth. "I won't laugh any more, I won't have to enjoy myself any more." During the last moments she had listened to him as closely as she had watched him. Once or twice she started to interrupt, but before she could ask her questions he had answered them. Still something bothered her, was not clear. Because all the reasons Lieven gave were obvious to her, she looked more sharply than usual at his face. It was a face she knew well and trusted. His teeth while regular and sharp were too small, like mouse's teeth. That is the only thing I don't like about him, she thought.

II

ONE night when Lieven returned to his apartment on Kurfurstendamm, he found a message to call Siebert at once. The office of the government police had once been the paymaster's office of an infantry regiment; then a department of the Red Cross Tuberculosis Fund, a soup kitchen, a tax bureau, and finally headquarters of the state police.

Lieven was expected. He was led up the inner stairs, immaculately clean, but still bearing the ineradicable atmosphere of government office buildings. His own chief, Siebert, met him in the writing-room on the second floor. As Lieven walked into the room, Siebert made a slight gesture in the direction of the S.A. boys standing around him in a half circle. With a sullen "Heil Hitler" they withdrew.

Siebert first offered Lieven a chair, then a cigarette. He leaned far back in his armchair.

"A common fellow like Siebert gets an out-and-out pleasure from

Illustration by Herbert Kruckman

making out reports," thought Lieven. "The fellow feels extraordinarily useful."

"I've been waiting for you," said Siebert. "We've got our hands on a certain Laemmle—he's the courier we've been looking for for weeks. The fellow was ill in the West End Hospital. He had had his appendix removed. We arrested the doctor. The nurse noticed that both doctor and patient stopped talking the minute she entered the room and she reported them.

"This Laemmle knows the addresses we need, at least four of them, possibly all. I had him brought here at once. But before I got here his wound had unfortunately opened. I sent for our doctor and he put on a new bandage. We've been waiting for you to give you a chance to try your luck. Lately you've been inclined to accuse us of being

amateurs, lacking in—what do you call it?—psychology. Now you have a chance to show us how an expert would handle things. See if you can get anything out of him before he lights out for the next world. So far he is still able to undergo examination."

They went over to the other building. Conversations broke off. Heels clicked: The doctor was a thin, elderly man in the S.S. uniform, with a bald, almost white head. The courtroom smelled like a sick-room. The prisoner lay on the bench, his shirt pulled up, and a fresh muslin bandage on. At a certain distance along the walls the S.A. boys were lined up; they stared motionless at the proceedings around the bench. The doctor knelt down beside the prisoner; he dampened a piece of cotton with some alcohol from a flask and held it under the man's nose. Two very young S.A. boys leaned against each other; their noses twitched.

Siebert said, "If you please, Lieven."

The doctor yielded his place.

Lieven said, "Kindly send the whole crowd outside, Siebert."

The man on the bench gave a start when Siebert barked out the command: "Dismiss!"

Lieven frowned; he pulled the shirt gently over the bandaged stomach. As he raised his head, the man's eyes were looking straight at him. They were so dark a blue that they were almost black; they had that strange luster, untouched by the shadows of earthly things, that only the eyes of the dying wear.

Lieven said very softly: "I just arrived. I came here at once when I heard that you had been arrested. I have not been able to prevent what they did to you, but I can prevent the worst now."

He did not know whether the prisoner understood him. Before the intolerable brilliance of those dying eyes, Lieven lowered his glance. He went on gently: "I will do whatever I can to help you. Perhaps you can leave here at once. I'll order an auto. I have the greatest respect for a man like you."

The man moved his lips slightly. The doctor handed Lieven a damp cloth. Lieven quickly wiped the blood away; then he put the cloth on the man's forehead. The man blinked. Some of the brilliance went out of his eyes. Perhaps he was trying to understand who the new man was, the one in the black uniform with the soft voice.

"The people who are still trying to rescue you—most of them are

dead," Lieven went on. "You do not want to betray any of your comrades. That I can understand. I like that. I respect you."

Siebert who was listening attentively, handed Lieven a piece of paper. The man followed every movement with keen eyes that were no longer so bright.

"You don't know Herbert Mueller? Good, he is dead anyway. So you didn't know him; that's all right. After all, it doesn't make any difference to him whether you knew him or didn't know him when you yourself are dead. When I leave this room, the S.A. will come back. I cannot do anything more for you. What's going to happen then? You must have asked yourself that question often: What's going to happen then? What good will all your stoicism do you then? And Betz—a certain Anton Betz? You don't know him either? He's walking about in the sun right now. He had money and fled to Paris; he's drinking coffee at Montparnasse; he is laughing. But you—you're lying here, in order to save him. And Berger, who took over his job. . . ."

The prisoner's eyes were dull. Lieven could see nothing reflected in them but the black of his uniform. He pressed the moist cloth gently to the man's temples; he wiped the remains of a trickle of blood from the corner of his mouth.

Siebert jerked the door open. He shouted into the corridor: "This way, men!"

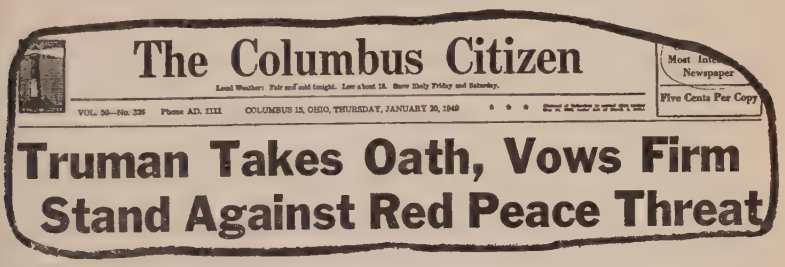
"Too bad, Laemmle, you placed so much faith in your party. Where is that party now? Where is there help for you? Doesn't look as though they're sending *you* any private airplane. You don't seem to rate as much with them as Dimitroff. Good old Dimitroff, yes—he's got the worst behind him."

The prisoner sat up straight; he cried out in surprise: "He got off?"

Then he collapsed. A trickle of blood came from his mouth. Lieven was furious with himself because he had made the mistake of sending the dying man to his grave with a comforting word.

Shouting and the tread of many feet on the other side of the door. Lieven sprang up. A light came into the man's eyes as he heard Death rushing towards him, cleaving the air on swift wings. His features still wore an expression of earthly joy at the last news he had heard.

MENACE


The Columbus Citizen

Local Weather: Fair and cold tonight. Low about 18. Snow likely Friday and Saturday.

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Truman Takes Oath, Vows Firm Stand Against Red Peace Threat

"WE THE PEOPLE . . ."

"The use of the word 'people' to define the lower levels of our society is a Stalinist obscurantism that prevents by moral intimidation detailed investigation of the field it pretends to delimit."—From Virgil Thomson's review of *Jazz: A People's Music,* by Sidney Finkelstein, in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

AMERICAN CENTURION

"CHICAGO—*James T. Magnan, an industrial designer, walked into the County Recorder's office and laid claim to all outer space. Then he offered to sell chunks of space the size of the earth for a dollar. 'Space is the only thing left unclaimed,' he said. 'It's just been overlooked.'*" —A United Press dispatch.

BENIGHTED

"A newspaperman's check on the man-in-the-street in Seoul disclosed last November that about every other man questioned wanted the Americans to get out of Korea as quickly as possible—just at the time when Dr. Rhee's legislature was asking American troops to remain. Koreans need education."—*This Week* magazine.

REVISED TACTICS

"TROOPS DIG IN FOR LAST-DITCH STAND THAT MANY BELIEVE WILL NOT TAKE PLACE."—*The New York* Times *headlines a Kuomintang communique.*

REVOLUTION IN GENETICS

by BERNARD FRIEDMAN

THE rash of articles from the pens of publicists and scientists severely condemning Lysenko's critique of classical genetics has been based upon two interlocking propositions: that "Lysenkoism" has discarded the findings painstakingly gathered by geneticists and that Soviet biology has fallen into this error because of the political domination of science by the Central Committee of the Communist Party. The second idea was examined at length in these pages last month by Louis Aragon. Here I will discuss the first proposition.

To begin with, a clear understanding of the empirical structure of genetics is needed. Geneticists have established that ultra-microscopic particles known as genes, located in chromosomes, determine the appearance of *certain* characters in living organisms. While the effect of a gene is subject to modification by the environment, the gene itself has been found to be relatively stable and to pass on unchanged from generation to generation. Genes have been observed to change "spontaneously," that is without determined cause. It has also been discovered that the rate of this unpredicted and uncontrollable change, or mutation, of genes can be increased by exposing them to certain radioactive materials, heat and a few chemical agents. One of the most impressive achievements of genetics has been the demonstration of a close correlation between the behavior of the chromosomes and parts of chromosomes as observed under the microscope and the movements of the genes attached to these chromosomes. The position of particular genes in definite places on the chromosomes was also established.

This represents in brief the empirical structure of genetics. These are facts established by experimentation and it must be emphasized from the beginning that, contrary to the claims of Lysenko's detractors,

there exists no contradiction between these facts and Lysenko's theory of heredity. It is necessary, however, to separate the hypothetical from the factual in genetics.

The non-empirical principle of the isolation of the germ plasm from the soma or body, enunciated by August Weismann, who taught zoology and comparative anatomy at the University of Freiburg from 1863 to 1912, has unfortunately become an integral part of genetic thinking. This idea is based on the belief that when the organism begins to develop, those cells that are destined to become germ cells —eggs or sperm—are separated and isolated from the cells destined to become body cells. It is postulated by Weismann and his followers that there is no interaction between these two groups of cells.

This misleading concept of development has led to the doctrine of the non-heritability of characteristics acquired by the body cells. As H. J. Muller, a leading American geneticist, puts it in a recent issue of *Saturday Review of Literature*, "One of the fundamentals of the science of genetics is the demonstration of the existence in all forms of life of a specific genetic material, or material of heredity, *which is separate from the other materials of the body*" (my emphasis, B.F.). T. H. Morgan, the father of American genetics, claimed in *The Theory of the Gene* that "the egg produces the individual but the individual has no subsequent influence on the germ plasm of the eggs contained in it, except to nourish and protect them."

The separation of the germ plasm at the inception of development is denied by embryologists today. In the June, 1948, issue of the *Quarterly Review of Biology*, N. J. Berrill and C. K. Liu of McGill University have the following to say concerning this idea: "The germ cells, and the ova especially, are highly developed and to some extent specialized cells elaborated primarily in connection with the mechanics or physiology of development, and not as bearers of heredity although they have become so exploited. . . . As a sacred image remote from the somatic multitude, they have little meaning."

These Canadian embryologists distinctly confirm Lysenko's statement in *The Science of Biology Today* that "the reproductive cells, or the germs, of the new organisms are produced by the organism, by its body, and not by the very same reproductive cell from which the given already mature organism arose. . . ." The general conclusion of Berrill and Liu's significant study is that "the ideas which Weis-

mann arrived at intuitively or by induction from various sources, blinded him in his studies of hydroids and caused him to see imaginary migrations of visible and invisible germ cells, and that whatever the intrinsic merit of his ideas, they are not based upon the study to which they are credited." The meaning is clear: the concept of an isolated germ plasm is a purely imaginary sacred cow. As early as 1926, Professor G. T. Hargitt, an embryologist at Duke University, bluntly stated: "I believe biology would be greatly the gainer by dropping the germ plasm idea entirely and permanently." To which can only be added, "Amen."

THE isolation of the germ plasm has become widely accepted by geneticists, however, because various attempts to induce changes in heredity as a result of experimentally created body changes are regarded as having failed or as having led to "indecisive" results. From these "failures" a principle of impossibility has been established by the followers of Weismann and Morgan. This error is precisely like the one that was made when a principle of the indivisibility of the atom was erected on the basis of the failures of physics to achieve such division. This point was clearly recognized by Professor E. G. Conklin of Princeton University who pointed out in his book, *Heredity and Environment,* that "The classic argument of the Weismannians was that *we can conceive of no mechanism* by means of which somatic changes can be carried back into germ cells, and *therefore there is no such mechanism.* Now the fallacy of this argument is obvious, for even if we could conceive of no mechanism for this purpose, this does not preclude the existence of such a mechanism."

Geneticists have shown a decided unconcern for evidence clearly demonstrating the effect of the body on the germ plasm. For example, in an article on Lamarck in the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* T. H. Morgan discusses the work of W. H. Harrison who caused a heritable transformation in the color of moths by feeding the larvae on leaves treated with lead nitrate or magnesium sulphate. He states that "the evidence points to the conclusion that the treatment brought about the change and that the change was directly on the germ cells," but then goes on as if Harrison never existed.

It becomes clear that the assumed non-heritability of acquired characters is not part of the factual structure of genetics. It is a principle

which has been superimposed on genetics by a way of thinking, an ideology. It stems from an idealistic, metaphysical view of life and, in turn, is used to reinforce that view.

Weismann went beyond the facts to the assertion of an immortal hereditary substance because this idea conformed with his idealistic outlook. At the Darwin Centenary celebration at Freiburg he declared that "in man it is the spirit that rules and not the body." This philosophic idealism colored his interpretation of nature. He is defended today by those who for one reason or another are guided by the same view. Weismann's neo-Darwinism was a continuation of the struggle which was waged against Darwin's doctrine of evolution, a struggle which has traditionally hampered the progress of science. Because of the strength of these forces today, Lysenko devoted the first part of his report to an exposure of the unscientific results of this tendency.

Lysenko opposed to this false ideology a materialist view of life substantiated by experimental evidence. He demonstrated that the germ plasm is subject to modification by the conditions of life of the organism in which it resides, and therefore can be predictably changed. To a materialist, the idea that a group of cells developing in a body, protected and fed by that body, cannot be affected by bodily changes is immediately suspect. He would devise experiments to test its validity. Lysenko's study of the work of I. V. Michurin, the famous Russian horticulturist, and his own achievements—converting spring wheats and barleys to winter forms, rejuvenating old varieties of grain, making possible the summer planting of potatoes in the south, etc.—provided the experimental basis for his attack on Weismannism in Soviet biology.

Speaker after speaker at the sessions of the Lenin Academy of Agricultural Sciences last summer mentioned by name many new varieties of plants and animals, created by the application of Michurin-Lysenko methods, which had been successfully adopted by Soviet agriculture. In a country where practical achievement provides the validation of theory this is a telling argument. One might ask: If these methods are so productive, why are they not applied in the United States? Here one should note that a significant increase in the production of wheat or other crops in this country would unbalance the market. American farm policy, unlike that in the Soviet Union, shows fear of a rapid expansion of agriculture. This is borne out by the

concern recently expressed by Charles Brannan, Secretary of Agriculture, that there might be rather large surpluses of wheat, cotton and corn in 1949. Because of this, Senator Elmer Thomas, Chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee, is planning legislation to "discourage large plantings of wheat and corn" (New York *Times,* January 25, 1949). This fundamental distinction was expressed in a statement Lysenko once made: "There would be no vernalization if there were no collective farms and state farms."

ANOTHER non-empirical principle that appears in genetic thinking is the theory of the nature of the gene and genetic mutation. In the article mentioned above, Muller stated: "Although they [genes] are relatively stable, they do sometimes undergo sudden inner changes in their chemical composition called mutations. These mutations occur as a result of ultra-microscopic accidents."

What is non-empirical in this concept is the notion of "inner" change, and the isolation of the gene from the metabolic activity of the cell. It has not at all been made clear by geneticists whether the effect of X-rays on genes is only the result of a direct hit or whether it may also be due to a disturbance of the surrounding medium. This is an important distinction because the latter possibility means that the gene may be affected by chemical changes in its environment. Jerome Alexander, a colloid chemist, provides a material basis for the latter view. In his recent book, *Life*: *Its Nature and Origin,* he writes: "If a genic group adsorbs a particulate unit, such as an atom, ion, or molecule, and the gene is able to duplicate itself so as to maintain the new specific catalyst surface consequent upon the adsorption we have the same effect as a gene mutation."

This is an effective argument against the exceptional status of the gene in the minds of geneticists who regard the reactions set up by genes as "adaptive" but claim that the genes themselves cannot be modified in any adaptive way. Perhaps this will be made clearer in another statement from the same book: "It is certainly reasonable to expect that in some cases stronger molecules may produce effects which are beneficial, either by modifying existing catalysts or by serving to create new ones. From the standpoint of genetics the important question is: Can these new catalysts be carried on by heredity? Experimental evidence is accumulating to show that they can, thus estab-

lishing a physiochemical basis for a mitigated form of Lamarckism, which has been taboo in biological texts and teachings because of lack of experimental evidence."

The accumulating experimental evidence to which Alexander refers is the production of specific heritable changes in paramecia by Sonneborn which I described in the January, 1949, issue of *Soviet Russia Today*. Other results that might be mentioned are the classic experiments of Avery, McLeod and McCarty with pneumonia bacteria, and Witkus with staphylococcus. Specific virus transformations have also been frequently noted.

Avery, MacLeod and McCarty secured a "predictable, type-specific and heritable" transformation by chemical means. Dr. E. Ruth Witkus of Fordham University reported that a color change in one form of bacterium "may be produced at any time by either of two different methods of induction, one environmental, the other chemical."*

These specific modifications of heredity have been first achieved with lower organisms because their internal metabolic activity is more easily subject to direct environmental control, but they point to the possibility of a similar type of control in higher organisms and they provide a material basis for the understanding of Lysenko's theories.

Another fundamental problem in biology that the gene theory does not solve is the fact that the body cells become hereditarily differentiated during development although they have the same genes and chromosomes. I have developed this point at greater length in the above-mentioned article. The distinguished Negro biologist, Ernest E. Just, in his work, *The Biology of the Cell Surface* (1939), objected to the gene theory for the same reason. It might be noted that Just was accused of being biased against the gene theory because he, as a Negro, was opposed to its racist implications!

The demonstration of the specific effect of the environment on heredity makes possible an understanding of the mechanism of evolution. Many observers have expressed dissatisfaction with the mutation theory because an overwhelming proportion of mutations are harmful. Lysenko's basic understanding of the mutation process was expressed in his statement: "We do not deny the action of substances which produce mutations. But we insist that such action, which penetrates the organism, not in the course of its development, not through

* See: *Journal of Experimental Medicine*, February 1, 1944; and *Proceedings of National Academy of Sciences*, September, 1948.

the process of assimilation and dissimilation, can only rarely and only fortuitously lead to results useful for agriculture."

STILL another brake on the scientific progress of biology which Lysenko has sought to remove is the concept that genes and chromosomes are the sole bearers of hereditary material. Lysenko holds that while genes and chromosomes may govern the appearance of certain characters, they are not responsible for all the characters of an organism. The main lines of evidence to support this contention have been the established results of cross-hybridization and grafting of diverse varieties. Both types of breeding affect the nature and heredity of the organisms involved much more profoundly than do crosses involving gene differences. The case for Lysenko was well put in Lester W. Sharp's *Introduction to Cytology,* published in 1934:

> "Breeding data indicate clearly a causal connection between chromosomes and Mendelian differences; but since the crosses made must be necessarily narrow, relatively speaking, they yield little evidence as to the basis for the inheritance of those characters which are always the same in the crossed individuals. It is to be remembered that in all cases the cytoplasm is an essential component of the system that undergoes development and produces the characters; in fact it is mainly in the extra-nuclear portion of the cells that characters are differentiated. . . .
>
> "Hence the 'physical basis of heredity' in a fundamental sense is the whole protoplasmic system concerned in development, although the course of certain developmental reactions and therefore the appearance of certain characters may be correlated with the peculiarities in the organization of the nucleus. The nucleus is not an arbitrary determiner of development. . . ."

Both I. V. Michurin and Luther Burbank in America created many new, useful varieties by crossing widely diverse varieties, not restricting themselves to narrow Mendelian crosses. Their work is being continued in the Soviet Union by Lysenko and his followers with astounding success. The results of these crosses cannot be explained by Mendelian theories and this accounts for the fact that both Michurin and Burbank, despite their achievements, were not accepted as scientists by the geneticists.

Another important conclusion derived from the work on graft

hybrids is that organisms may interchange characters without the intervention of genes and chromosomes. The only possible explanation of the creation of graft hybrids is that diffusible substances affecting heredity pass between scion and stock. The prevailing scepticism regarding these results would be dispelled by a review of the work of Michurin and Burbank, both of whom created new varieties by graft hybridization. Mention should be made, too, of the careful experiments of Lucien Daniel, late professor of applied botany at the University of Rennes, who reported to the International Congress of Plant Science at Ithaca, N. Y., in 1926 on "The Inheritance of Acquired Characters in Grafted Plants."

Interaction between scion and stock has been reported frequently by horticulturists in this country. As early as 1880, Trowbridge reported that in apples, fruit produced on the stock displayed characters of the scion. Similar effects were announced by Heinicke in the *Proceedings of the American Horticultural Society* for 1927 and 1936. Swarbrick, Tukey and Brase have also reported on the transmission of characters from scion to stock in apples.

Lysenko's critique clearly contains no denial that there are genes and chromosomes in the nuclei of plant and animal cells and that they play a role in heredity. Muller's charge that "Lysenko and Present deny the very existence of genes" is a patent falsehood calculated to divert attention from the real issues. Lysenko stated his position unequivocally in his report as follows: "Naturally, what has been said above does not imply that we deny the biological role and significance of chromosomes in the development of the cells and of the organism. But it is not at all the role which the Morganists attribute to the chromosomes."

THE fourteen-year debate on fundamental problems in genetics which has been conducted in the Soviet Union is the kind of scientific controversy that can only lead to the further advancement of the science of biology. There is no attempted "destruction" of facts and no limitation has been placed on genetic research. Genes and chromosomes exist and Soviet scientists will continue to study their behavior with a view to understanding them better. On the contrary, it is classical genetic thinking that limits research by discouraging experiments of a Lamarckian nature. Moreover, future research in the Soviet Union will not be based on unfounded, scholastic theories

of an isolated, independent germ plasm, unpredictable gene change and the sole role of the genes and chromosomes in heredity.

The conclusion is inevitable that Lysenko is an important figure in science who has contributed a profound criticism of genetic theories as the result of a basic analysis of their deficiencies and an accumulating mass of experimental data. His reasoning cannot be avoided by an abusive attack on the Soviet Union; cries of "fraud" and "charlatanry" may make good newspaper copy but they are of no avail. The results of this controversy will affect biological science as profoundly as did Darwin's *Theory of Natural Selection,* which was also highly controversial in its time. Classical genetic theory is beginning to crack at the seams and like every dogma will be discarded by responsible scientists here as it was in the Soviet Union.

NIGHT

Nights are the mirrors,—the black side of the glass
that holds static the reflections of subtle reality.

Day is merely the clicking of doors, the rushing of mills,
the crunch of teeth chewing, feet walking in heavy shoes,
the whisper of dollar bills shuttling from hand to hand.

Night is the mind unbound from the brain-band
of statistical fate,—a gleeful insanity that terrorizes,
or a mute despair that sees the sagged and bruised
tissues of the uncorsetted self.

Lie in your small square of darkness
and plot your heroic crimes of revenge.
Tomorrow you can dispose of your still-born
"enfant terrible" in the flush toilet
before you comb your hair just right
to go out into the daytime.

LORRAINE T. HORVATH

POEMS

by THOMAS MCGRATH

A LITTLE SONG ABOUT CHARITY

(Tune of Matty Grove)

The boss came around at Christmas—
Oh, smiling like a lamb—
He made me a present of a pair of gloves
And then cut off my hands—
Oh and then cut off my hands.

The boss came around on my birthday
With the best pair of shoes in the land.
He smiled like a priest as he cut off my feet
Then he said: "Go out and dance"—
Oh he said: "Go out and dance."

The boss came around on pay day.
He said: "You deserve a raise."
Then he paid me off in counterfeit coin
And he chained me to my lathe—
Oh he chained me to my lathe.

The boss came around on May Day.
He said: "You may parade."
Then his cops shot us down in the open street
And they clubbed us into jail—
Oh they clubbed us into jail.

The preacher says on Sunday:
"Turn ye the other cheek."
Don't turn it to the boss on Monday morn:
He may knock out all your teeth—
Oh he may knock out your teeth.

So listen to me workers:
When the boss seems kind and good
Remember that the stain on the cutting tool
Is nothing but your blood—
Oh it's nothing but your blood.

If you love your wife and daughters,
And if you love your sons,
And if you love the working class
Then keep your love at home.
Don't waste it on the cockroach boss
But keep your love at home.

POOR JOHN LUCK AND THE MIDDLE CLASS STRUGGLE; OR: FREE ENTERPRISE, THE COMMON MAN, AND THE CORPSE IN THE BOOKKEEPER'S BODY

The clock uncoils the working day.
And he wakes up feeling that his youth has gone away.
Over the eucharist of toast and coffee
He dreams of a Jerusalem where he was happy,
But the cops came and got him while he was still young
And they gave him ambition and a clock to punch.
O poor John! Poor
John!

Then he claps him into clothes and he falls downstairs
And the street absorbs him as if he weren't there.
Reassembled in the subway as in the womb
He relaxes on tenterhooks to wait his time,
Reads of Armageddon on the sporting page
And appraises breast and buttock without getting an edge.
O poor John! Poor
John!

The street rolls up till his office reaches him
And the door puts out its knob and drags him in.
His desk-trap is baited with the kill of the day
He sets it off by touching it and can't get away.

So with profit and loss and commerce and knavery
The day is passed in business and thievery.
O poor John! Poor
John!

And just when the mind might snap and go sane
The five o'clock whistle brings life back again.
(Usury and simony have buried the day,
The closing stock quotations bear the sun away.)
Into the five o'clock shadow of the bars
Goes good John Luck and his crying nerves.
O poor John! Poor
John!

At three past Scotch it is time to go home
To the little woman and the sharp smell of doom
From the over-ripe radio. Free John Luck
Drops a penny from his eye into the magic juke
Box but can't get the number, as he never can now,
Because a witch stole his spell in the long long ago.
O poor John! Poor
John!

Then home to his castle and the sacramental beef
And after the dishes to the movies for them both.
Embalmed in the darkness of their deadly wish
The warped years fall at their feet like a dress
While snowed to the bricks, hopped up and heeled,
They throw an endless gun on their Monday selves.
O poor John! Poor
John!

But their Tuesday souls will be waiting in the street
When the lights go on and everyone starts
At his naked neighbor. And the lights go on.
The clock starts ticking. And the heart of man
Closes its shutters on its dreaming hurt
As another day falls into the files of the past.
O poor John! Poor
John!

THE ISLES OF GREECE

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece
Where bloody Bevin's murderers come
And Presidential missions work
To handcuff babies in the womb:

Here Plato's questionable state—
To savants of the F.B.I.—
Is redder than the Soviets;
Its archetypal imagery,

Half underground, half in the clear,
Excites the cop in Griswold's brain:
Insolvent Socrates becomes
A vagrant proletarian

And therefore shootable. For now
A dionysian frenzy stirs
The ruined civilizing isles.
An artless and unclassic war

Disturbs the critic generals who
(Stricter than Aristotle's law)
Will not allow true tragedy
Unless man ends against a wall

Preferably headless. They
Meditate the golden mean
(Shoot one half and starve the rest)
Read Clausewitz in the Parthenon.

The shadows of these murderers through
The smoky light of history
Darken all flags, as dark as blood,
And darker than the wine-dark sea.

Iron Country

by MERIDEL LE SUEUR

I HUNG up the receiver. The doctor's assistant said to call back at three. I knew that it wouldn't be any use. I knew by now that there was nobody on the range who would ever say the dread word: silicosis. I stood in the cold wind waiting for Bill, the C.I.O. organizer, who was going with me to visit miners who were dying of the disease the companies said did not exist. Across the road, the iron ore open pit fell straight down from the cold level prairie. The black sky of frost hung above.

I saw Bill coming down the street, his long legs bracing him against the wind. Bill had gotten silicosis, found it out because he was a veteran and gone to the Twin Cities for diagnosis. No range doctor or sanitarium diagnosed anything as silicosis, and according to the official reports they died of pneumonia, tuberculosis, miners consumption, anything but the dreaded disease.

I said to Bill, "I have got to call the doctor at three. But it's incredible," I said, "why, it's murder."

"Yes," Bill said, "but the murderer is a big guy."

"What about open-pit mining, doesn't it lessen the danger?"

"Well, most people think the range is all open-pit mining, but it ain't so. Most of the mining of iron ore is drift or raised mining. You go straight down and then drill upward following the iron ore vein so the miner is drilling straight above his head and the silica dust falls into his face. He is breathing it heavy all the time, so young men get it now. Why, of the kids I worked with in drifts ten years ago, I am the only one left. Julius, where we are going now, is an old miner, but young men die now. You get it in the open pit too, on account of the machinery they use stirs up more dust. . . . Here we are."

We stopped before a tiny neat wooden house, green plants crowding the windows and white, very white curtains. We stood at the

back gate and an old scrub now looked up from last summer's cabbage stumps. The wind blew around us and the winter sun hung in a red ring like iron ore.

"I don't like to go in there," Bill said. "I got the report on Julius' X-ray the union took in Duluth. It shows he's got only one inch of live lung left to breathe with. He thinks he's gonna get well." We stood at the gate. "By hardly moving at all he might live a year but he's got to stop walking in the rain and going to the mine every day."

"What does he go to the mine for?"

"To see the work is going on all right. Wants to see his drill and his old wheelbarrow."

Two chickens flew from his long stride, and at his knock the door opened and we looked down on a strong squat Croatian woman who pulled up chairs around a cook stove out of which had just been taken six loaves of bread now turned out on a white cloth on the table.

"Oh," Mrs. Julius looks at me and says something very excitedly in a fast guttural tongue, her eyes fastened on me all the time bright, asking and full of hunger to understand.

Bill translates. "She says you are so lucky, blessed, to have words to make it known to everyone what this bad silicosis is."

"Are there many who have the disease your husband has?"

"Oh, many," she spreads out her cracked blunt hands. "Many. I know it since I was married. Men die of miners' consumption which union now says is silicosis. C.I.O.," and her eyes light as if she might be speaking of her father, "C.I.O. takes pictures themselves—and find out. Lots of widows, lots of children without father and no moneys from company. No—no."

"Compensation," Bill says, and again that quick awe of the word glints over her face. She and Bill begin to talk about the case the union wants to bring against the company, and Julius, her husband, is against it because he says the company gave him work for forty years and he is grateful.

I LOOK clear through the house from where I sit—into the parlor which has a big round table in the center and company chairs. The windows are covered with growing flowers, and to my amazement one corner of the room is entirely occupied by a tall tree in full bloom. A big oval embossed wedding picture takes up the main wall. There

is Mrs. Julius on her wedding day, with black sleek hair and a smiling face and round full bosom; and with her a tall dark handsome youth, straight as a die, with black mustaches arrogantly twirled, and both look warm and lively and courageous. Through a small door I see the bedroom dominated by a large four-poster with huge pillows—all covered with a snowy white counterpane, its borders embroidered in bright flowers.

"Where did you get that tree?"

"I found little slip on garbage long time ago, got him rooted and grew and grew pretty soon go right out roof. Missus, do you know name?"

"It's an oleander."

"O-le-an-der," she says, her black eyes trying to speak better than her language. She seems so strong, so odorous of bread, yet so tender and shy.

"Where is Julius?" Bill says softly, filling his pipe.

"Oh, he is walk. Now he is walk."

"He goes to the mine," Bill says to me, "he hangs around the mill until the afternoon shift comes out."

"You mean he hopes he will be going to work again?"

Mrs. Julius follows our conversation, turning her whole body first to me and then to Bill. She nods and looks into her lap. "Forty years miner," she says tenderly. "Don't lose old tricks. He walk so slow has to start early morning to get there when shift goes in at evening. In night he figures out how much ore he would have mine for coompany if they let him work."

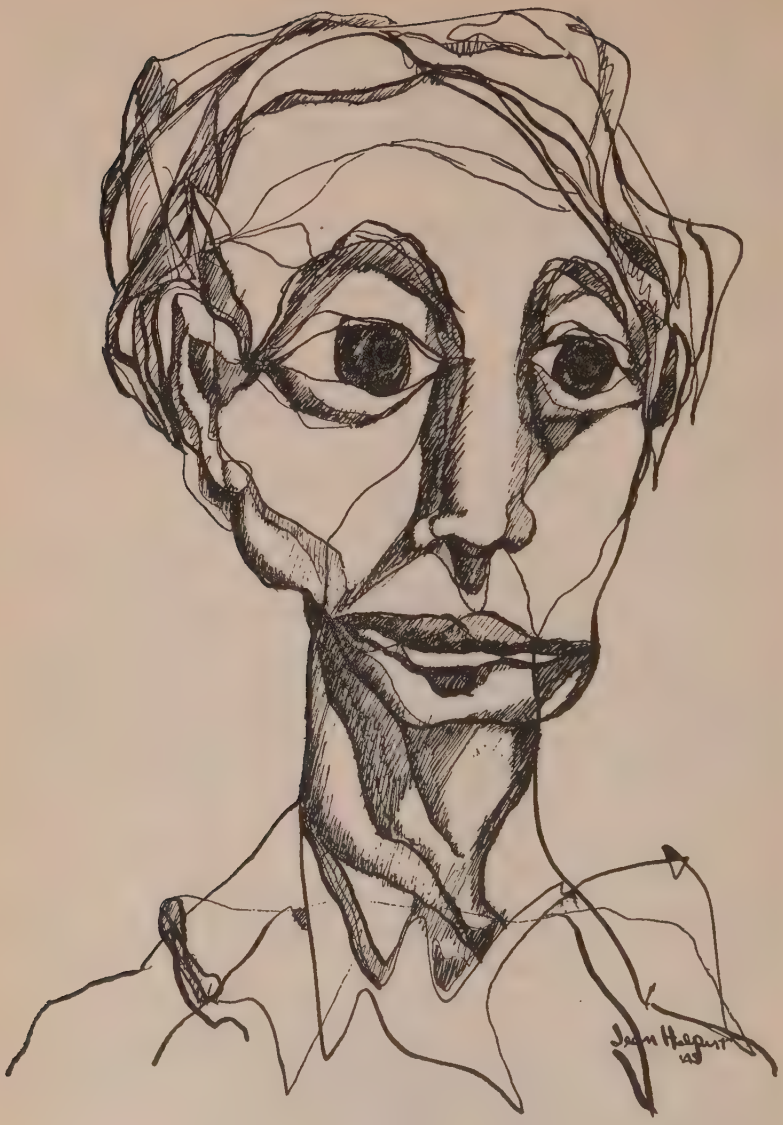
We all look into our laps. I say, "How long has he—how long since he first got the silica. . . ."

"Long time," she says sadly. "Felt very very tired, got skinny, all time think he get well. If coompany let us know early, too late now, lungs have turned to stone."

Bill strikes a match and holds it to his pipe. We all watch him.

"He ought be coming," she says, standing up, her hands under her white apron as she looks out into the black day. "Julius can't sleep night. Lungs fall back so heavy against him. He can't breathe." She has a curious grace in her, apologetic and fatal.

"Do you think that the company could have installed wet drilling or masks and prevented this?"



Jean Halpert

She looks at Bill. She seems confused now. "Coompany always good to us. Coompany doc birthed all my childrens—but they should have told him, they should give him chance. They have pictures now seven years ago and they never show us. Julius work good, very good for many many years."

Her voice is growing fuller and her face puckers savagely. "They turn him off like nobody. They know Julius good worker, never make trouble. It was wrong coompany do this to Julius, Missus. Coompany should not. I tell Bill go ahead, sue." She begs me to approve of her going ahead against her husband's wishes and against the big "coompany." From her comes gentle love and belief, you see it in the well-scrubbed house with the hand-woven embroidered love in every garment and cloth. They love it so well, they like it so well, all of it, and all they want is to live without anger; it takes them a long time to get angry, a long long time, and when they do, they keep it a long time under their coats, walk around with it and think there is something wrong about it and apologize for it.

I see her eyes shift then like a compass to the sound of a man whose step she has listened to for many years. "Julius," she says, going to the door. The gate clicks and a slow-moving step sounds on the gravel, then on the first step and after what seems a long time on the second, and before the door opens I hear the steady grit breathing through the rock lungs of the silicosis breather.

JULIUS comes past her. Their communication is not spoken. He shakes hands with Bill. I see a squat man like a gnome, bent to the angle of the moving pit axe, his long arms hanging from the powerful miner's shoulders. He looks as though the mines had foreshortened him. His face looks like Michelangelo, the harried battered look, the wild strong eyes; and his head has been bashed in, his nose broken, every inch of his face marked by the violence of the underground.

"I feel bad all over," he says to Bill's question, "but I get better. Old Julius not give up to this. Julius get better." His head is set queerly on his shoulders from drilling upwards. He has a sprightly strength and gnome-like humor.

"Your case will come up soon, I hope," Bill says. Bill had told me that in a month he might be dead.

"Is letter for me?" he asks his wife. She shakes her head as if it were her fault there is none.

"I tink maybe letter from Oliver Coompany. They can't treat me like baby. Sorry, Julius, maybe we change mind. Come back tomorrow. Say they think Julius can't keep up. Seven ton a day I took me out. Seven ton a day."

This man whose breathing seems to make the walls rasp with him has in his day mined 3,900 tons of iron ore a year for forty years —156,000 tons; that's a lot of wealth, a lot of coupons cut, a lot of money.

"And Coompany insult. Hundred twenty dollar for my life. I got everything down here, Missus." He has a piece of paper—it says Croatian Society on top—full of dates, figures, curious estimates and what people said in 1933 when he first began to feel bad. "I been miner in Washington, Wisconsin, Steel, Sargent mine, puddler for International Harvester. In 1933 I still feel all the time number one. Then begin to get skinny."

Now that he is here, his wife does not say a word and he doesn't ask her to. She sits at the table, her hands under her apron. "Got very skinny 1934, worked in mine so dusty and steamy so couldn't see partner. Men quit there, say how can stand it? Julius stand anything. I good worker for coompany. I don't know what kind of sickness I got him. He was very, very bad. Coompany saw me get thin, forty pound off me and they take picture. No like picture. Take one of other men, then—poof. He laid off without say so. Just go away and pretty soon he dead. I see over and over but no understand what is very bad sickness. Now all coompany know when picture shows silicosis and don't hire you. Got job in bootleg coompany air so bad lungs go in and out. But lookie get back in Oliver, but one day legs give out. I get up just like drunk. Then they take picture and chase me out of mine like dog. But I show 'em."

He winks at us, grinning. "Oh I live for ten year yet. Even today they look different at Julius, they look again at man who is going to work, going to go down in the morning, come up at night, bring out seven ton again."

"Don't you think," I ask, "the company could have prevented you from getting silicosis?"

"Missus, coompany very good to me. Give me job for forty years. I work again when they call me, some day I get letter. If you good

man, good miner, you don't need fan, don't need mask. I was weak some place or not get it. Coompany not blame only should not kick me out like dog. I good worker, stand anything, rocks fall, timber give way. Look—" He pushes forward his battered head, "In Number 2, I carry coal once in powder box, anything. I get stuff out. Why, boss say, 'Julius, go ahead, see how many cars today. Make fifty cars today,' he say, 'I give you seven dollars.' I work like animal. Make forty-four car. More no can do. No man can do more. If can do, Julius can do. I'll do again, too."

BILL leans over and puts a long arm on his shoulder. Then he strikes another match. "You have to take care of yourself, Julius." He is looking at the bowl of his pipe.

Julius, his empty mouth showing where the teeth have been knocked out, says, "All my life I go in the morning, come home evening and I can do again. Soon I go back in morning, down with others."

I watch Bill's lean jaw tighten. "Julius, I got the report on the pictures the union took of your lungs."

"Pictures?" Mrs. Julius gets up and takes a dead leaf from a geranium plant.

"Yes, yes, I knew it. They show getting better inside, she better now? When Larue open up—hope they give me some drill."

"Julius, you have to take mighty good care of yourself from now on. No more walking in the rain or going to the mine every day. It ain't going to be good for you."

"I worked twelve hour a day." Julius stands beside his chair now. He is quick to sense disaster, like a falling rock or bad timber. "What she look like? What she say?"

Bill says, "Take it easy for a while and you'll live a long time, Julius."

Julius looks trapped. "You mean not go to work in Larue?"

"Yes," Bill says and his pipe has gone out again. "You can't think of going to work now. We'll try to get enough in your case so you can live."

"No work," he says, his wife standing beside him, "no live!" We all are silent. "No move, no move maybe live a year, maybe five month. Never be old."

In the silence we rise to go. Looking back from the door I see the

powerful fallen figure in the chair and the strong broad woman following us, her sweet, broad, strong face smiling, asking something, drawing us like nourishment. The wind strikes us. She puts her arm on my arm, pressing the powerful bread-smelling body close to me, her eyes asking. "Missus," she says, "miner very ignorant. Not know speak other language. Not know the right word—silicosis. Know that word, Julius would live."

Her warm insistent presence presses upon me, her eyes searching for the strength of words unknown to her. "Here, here, missus," and she puts into my hands a fresh loaf of bread wrapped in a linen cloth white as snow.

IN THE drugstore booth I kept the door closed even though the stench of stale tobacco smoke was strong. At last I got him. The doctor. To my question, he said, "Ridiculous!"

"But I have reason to believe that you are still in cahoots with the Oliver Mining Company. To deny. . . ."

"Madam, you impugn the motives of the medical profession."

"Yes," I said.

"You are attacking a powerful enemy."

"No doubt, doctor, and you too are attacking a powerful enemy."

"What!" he shouted. "This connection is bad."

"Very bad. . . . So you wish to go on record that there is no silicosis on the range?"

He hung up.

THEATRE FOR THE PEOPLE

by HARRY TAYLOR

IN THIS period when every mass medium is striving to confuse and disarm us, progressives must seek out every means of providing people with material to help them act realistically in their behalf. One such means is the community, trade union and campus theatre; the theatrical form capable of conveying the most factual and documented communication is the epic. My purpose is to re-examine the potentialities and the proper and improper use of this form which has proven itself in battle on the side of the people.

Epic theatre is most readily identifiable in Bertolt Brecht's plays and in the Living Newspaper plays produced by the Federal Theatre Project. The last two seasons have seen a resurgence of interest in the form paralleling increased theatrical activity off Broadway. Thus Experimental Theatre gave us Brecht's *Galileo* and Hallie Flanagan Davis' *Atom,* the case for atomic energy as against atomic bombs; there have been campus productions of others of Brecht's epic plays; Erwin Piscator produced Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men;* New Drama, Inc., is planning a version of the famous Living Newspaper on housing, *One Third of a Nation;* last winter's revival of Marc Blitzstein's *Cradle Will Rock* gave epic theatre full Broadway stature.

On first thought there may seem to be too little in common between Brecht's plays and the Living Newspapers; but, as we shall see, the significant difference is not at all in the form but in the conception of what content is most suitable to it. Many playwrights, directors and actors have only the vaguest understanding of the essence of epic theatre. This was strikingly demonstrated at a recent workshop meeting of a group of experienced playwrights when one writer read to us a synopsis of a play intended to explore the psy-

chology of its protagonist. Charged with crossing a multitude of conflicting forms, he hotly contended that he was writing epic theatre, that he felt all other theatre forms had been done to death, and that, indeed, epic must become the theatre of the future. It took some three hours of discussion to determine that epic is the wrong form with which to probe individual psychology, that epic is not an unholy marriage of styles but rather a true form having unique function and justification, and that it cannot become the exclusive form of the theatre.

Brecht, initiator of modern epic theatre, took the term from epic poetry not only because he found the laws of the form in that poetry, but also to establish the sharpest contrast between his kind of theatre and the ancient and modern Aristotelian theatre. Aristotle had described epic poetry as a *narrative having a single theme* (like *Odysseus*), *composed of many episodes equally treated and without climax,* and having a beginning, a middle and end in which the parts are coherent in the whole. In contrast, he described dramatic tragedy as highly selective in its single episode, having perforce a singleness of time and place, and so directed in its characterizations, movement and climax as to excite in its auditors the emotions of pity and fear, and, finally, to "let" these emotions like a "good clearance" or "catharsis."

Two thousand years later, Goethe made a keener penetration into the contrast between the epic and dramatic forms. "The epic poem represents above all things, circumscribed *activity;* tragedy, circumscribed *suffering* [read: psychology]. Epic requires a sensuous *breadth* [read: narration]; tragedy, but *little space* [read: intensity]. The epic poem gives us *man working outside and beyond himself.* Tragedy gives us *man thrown in upon himself."*

Rejecting the theatre of Shakespeare and Ibsen as opposed to the scientific and objective atmosphere of our time, Brecht adapted the laws of epic poetry to the uses of the stage, calling the new form epic theatre and, sometimes, "learning theatre," for through it he hoped to help liberate man by teaching him the social relations of the real world about him. Ironically, a kind of epic theatre had once before virtually replaced Aristotelian drama, not for the purpose of liberating man from an oppressive status quo but to bind him to it by fear. The religious and morality plays of the Middle Ages introduced narration and chronology, divested their characters of personality and moved to

a sermonized end without suspense, climax or emotional purge in order to impress upon the individual that his salvation depended on obedience to his overlords and the Church.

Brecht's recreation of epic theatre followed from his understanding of the revolutionary needs of the working class in Germany after World War I. The main thing for Brecht and his frequent producer and director, Piscator, was to bring the theatre into the fight for democracy, to make of it a people's instrument of information and agitation: in Piscator's words, "a tribunal," in Brecht's a place "to teach the spectator to reach a verdict." Here is a description from Piscator's *The Political Theatre* of the reception of *The Rowdy Red Review* (1924), one of the earliest epic dramas, not by Brecht:

> "As we approached, hundreds were standing in the street and vainly trying to get in. In the hall, everything full and jam-packed. The air enough to make you faint. But faces beamed—on fire for the start of the production. . . . The footlights are switched on and the disputants appear before the curtain. They are two workmen talking about their situation. A gentleman in a top hat steps up. Bourgeois. He has his own *Weltanshauung* and invites the disputants to spend an evening with him. Up with the curtain! First scene. Now it goes snip-snap. Ackerstrasse—Kurfuerstendamm. Tenements—cocktail bars. Porter resplendent in blue and gold—a begging war cripple. Fat paunch and thick watch chain. Swastika—Vehm murders—songs. Between the scenes: screen, movie, statistical figures, pictures! More scenes. The begging war veteran is thrown out by the porter. A crowd gathers in front of the place. Workmen rush in and destroy the cocktail bar. The audience co-operates. What a whistling, shouting, milling . . . unforgettable!"

The motto of the Theatre of the Proletariat was "Not art, but politics. Educate the proletariat and agitate." "The theatre should be a fire-arm," declared the earlier Piscator. "Settings, actors, motion pictures, lighting, music, I gather these means together, mix them up, and fire them at the public for all I'm worth."

But note the salient elements of epic even in this rude beginning. Not the dramatization of an episode, but a narrative within a frame of theme; not psychological characterization and penetration, not "suffering," but activity and the depiction of the outer circumstance of man even to the use of documentation and statistics. Above this, not the purging of emotion in the audience, but an enhanced emotion

compelling it to thought and action beyond the walls of the theatre. Esthetics came with Brecht's unyielding exploration of the potentialities of the form. In this he had the valuable collaboration of Hanns Eisler. Knowing the job they had to do in that period of Social-Democratic betrayal and Nazi growth, these two together with Piscator avidly sought the best means of reaching workers, of describing to them, theatrically and statistically, the conditions of their existence, the forces creating their social pathology and how these can be combatted and replaced. Yet for all his long and, latterly, exclusive experience with epic theatre, Brecht has not made the best possible use of it, has not employed it for its one unique superiority as a form, and, indeed, insistently counterposes it to all other theatrical forms as superior to them in *every* respect regardless of content.

Here, line for line, is his own estimation of the contrast between the aims and characteristics of epic theatre and what he generically calls the "dramatic" theatre:

THE DRAMATIC THEATRE	THE EPIC THEATRE
the stage embodies a sequence of events	the stage narrates the sequence
involves the spectator in an action and	makes him an observer, but
uses up his energy, his will to action	awakes his energy
allows him feelings	demands decisions
communicates experience	communicates bits of knowledge
spectator is brought into action	is placed in front of an action
is plied with suggestion	with arguments
sensations are preserved	till they become insights
tense interest in the outcome	tense interest in what happens
one scene exists for another	each scene exists for itself
linear course of events	curved course of events
man is given as a known quantity	man an object of investigation
man unalterable	alterable and altering
nature makes no leaps	it makes leaps
the world is what it is	the world is what it is becoming
what man should	what man must
his instincts	his reasons
thought determines reality	social reality determines thought

The analysis is less valuable for what it reveals of its subject than for the light it sheds on the reasons behind Brecht's shortcomings.

Clearly, the "dramatic" theatre which includes the poetic, expressionistic, naturalistic and realistic forms can be used for the development of Marxist concepts; and just as clearly, a writer may employ epic form in projecting a view in which man, the world and all nature is static and immutable and the idea precedes the "thing." One's world view is not a basis of choice between the two theatres. In this respect, Brecht's analysis is pure rationalization to justify his putting everything into epic form.

It is his excessive desire for an objectivity worthy of our scientific age that is, I think, the stone in Brecht's shoe. It is why he condemns as "trance theatre" those forms in which the auditor is seduced into becoming Hamlet and suffering as Hamlet, and can only return to himself with Hamlet's death. It is why he once wrote a radio version of *Hamlet* in which he strove to keep his auditors at an emotional distance from the Prince to get them to judge his behavior from outside, objectively. It is what causes Brecht to mistrust emotion in the theatre and to put his weight as best he can upon dispassionate intellectuality and to invite his audience to do so as well. But the fact is that the theatre deals with the social relations of human beings and, as many scenes from his plays eloquently attest, Brecht's great artistry prevents his draining off any but the more intense feeling however hard he tries, and for all that the narrative, chronological form of epic prevents a continuous and mounting emotional pulse.

I DID not see the Theatre Union's presentation of Brecht's version of Gorky's *Mother,* but Mordecai Gorelik who designed the setting, says in his *New Theatres for Old* that it was not successful in Paul Peter's adaptation and that Brecht blamed the adapter as attempting to infuse the characters with psychological life and the play with melodramatic excitement. A reading of the adaptation does not, however, reveal much of either of these elements. Where the action threatens to become explicit, it is reined in by narration to avoid both intensification and the resulting involvement of playwright, actors and audience in what the writer reminds us is not an actual event but a play. Brecht's insistence on epic disregarded Gorky's life-long desire to appeal to the totality of his reader, to both heart and brain, and robbed the novel of its greatest power—the Mother's parallel growth in intellectual *and emotional* awareness. I would make a similar criticism of Brecht's *Galileo* and his two most recently published plays,

The Caucasian Chalk Circle and *The Good Woman of Setzuan* (see *Parables for the Theatre,* translated by Eric and Maja Bentley. University of Minnesota Press.)

Brecht's most powerful and successful play is *The Private Life of the Master Race.* This is a montage of brilliant scenes of the Nazi corruption of the German people in the year 1938 against a recurring scene of a Nazi tank lost in Russia in 1943. Each scene is complete. There is no character continuity. But each scene develops characterization and empathy and suspense and climax, and fits both fore and aft on the binding theme of Nazi doom. Here, by his use of epic, Brecht has been able to produce one of the fullest and most excoriating pictures of the psychopathology of a *society.* His body of plays makes manifest that epic form is eminently suitable for pitting the forces of society, but can only impoverish material in which the conflicts between and within individuals is important.

Neither has Piscator demonstrated for us the best employment of epic. In his epic production of *The Case of Clyde Griffith,* the dramatization of Dreiser's *American Tragedy,* and again, lately, in Robert Penn Warren's dramatization of his novel, *All the King's Men,* depicting the rise and fall of a Huey Long, Piscator vainly strove to give us the subjective man as well as the world acting upon him. Here epic form defeated the essays at psychological characterization, while the unnatural grafts only confused the style and its possible effectiveness.

THE specific justification of epic form, that which makes it superior to any existing theatrical form for a particular use, was highly developed in the Living Newspaper plays produced by Federal Theatre. From its inception, the Living Newspaper division became the most trenchant, the most controversial sector of the four arts projects, indeed, of all the Works Projects Administration. When, for all its audience of thirty million people, Congress killed Federal Theatre, that action was a tribute to the nature of Living Newspaper epic form to constitute a "tribunal" to which the masses might resort for the facts of their existence in terms of exciting art.

Indeed, Living Newspaper, more than any other sector of the theatre project, taught reactionaries that a people's theatre is highly

Al Blaustein

dangerous to their special interests. The State Department prevented the showing of the first Living Newspaper, *Ethiopia,* a documentary dramatization of the fascist invasion. One of the last of the epics was *Cradle Will Rock.* Its presentation was forbidden, and only the herculean team-work of its author, company and Orson Welles, acting privately outside Federal Theatre, was able to find a temporary stage for this working-class musical satire.

In between the proscribed plays came *Triple A Plowed Under,* documenting the horrors of food scarcity and profiteering amidst plenty and attacking the U. S. Supreme Court for destroying New Deal measures to alleviate the farmers' capitalist-made dilemma; *Power,* depicting by way of the fantastic growth of the Insull utilities empire the people's plight in the face of increasing monopoly control of gas and electric power and posing T.V.A.'s as solutions; *Injunction Granted,* the terrific drama of labor's struggle to achieve unionization; *One-Third of a Nation,* describing how it came about that one-third of the people are slum-housed and how landlordism and the monopoly concentration of real estate ownership adversely affects the health of fifty million Americans; *Spirochete,* which brought into public discussion the hush-hush origin, social consequence and legal and medical treatment of venereal disease; and finally, *Medicine,* propagating the need for socialized health and medicine and presented privately after the project was disbanded.

Living Newspaper was teaching and agitational theatre at its best. Its form was narrative and boldly representational, its thematic conflicts opposed not individuals and psychologies but class forces and proffered positive thinking and action. Occasionally, it successfully typified a social force as in *One-Third of a Nation,* in which the slum house is the continuous protagonist; and as in Mrs. Davis' *Atom* in which the atom plays a continuous role, but it shunned individual human character continuity and put its dependence on a montage of facets of the thematic conflict. It used statistics and documentation by blackboard, screen and loud speaker; counterposed historic incidents with realistic scenes, satire, fantasy and vaudeville; and used songs, music and dance to make the most difficult explanations witty and entertaining. Realizing that the looseness of the form cannot build to an emotional crisis, the writers and directors tried all the harder to get empathy and suspense and crisis into as many of the individual

scenes of the mosaic as could accommodate these elements. And, of course, there was one powerful factor that came to their plays ready-made: the emotional experience of the audience with poverty, slums and ill health. This helped give the plays emotional continuity and line.

SHOULD our progressive playwrights, then, rush to their typewriters to begin Living Newspapers? They cannot. Epic plays such as Brecht wrote may be written by the individual—though a writer would be ill-advised to write such drama without a theatre to play them. But Living Newspaper epic is a tremendous complex of problems that cannot be undertaken without a theatre to initiate the assignment, to subsidize its research and writing and to test, edit and organize the many facets of the production into a coherent, swift, entertaining unity. Only a people's theatre would engage in such an undertaking.

But where are the people's theatres? There are many neighborhood theatres throughout the country and even some campus theatres which occasionally present plays with content. These might conceivably interest themselves in an occasional Living Newspaper project. Playwrights must attach themselves to these theatres if they are to understand the local scene and come up with play ideas that will genuinely merit the attention of the community. Indeed, it should be the task of all progressives in these theatre companies and in their audiences to urge the production of Living Newspapers. It is one of the most important avenues to the development of people's theatre.

Among some of the most likely theatre companies for the initiation of Living Newspaper are the Actors Laboratory Theatre of Los Angeles and the San Francisco Labor School Theatre. In New York, New Stages might well consider integrating itself into the community by means of a Living Newspaper. It is to be hoped that New Drama will create an original Living Newspaper along with its program of new plays in other forms. Trade-union theatre companies and groups like the Caravan Theatre, which did such a rousing job at factory gates during the Wallace campaign, can grow strong on epic.

Some time ago I was present at a discussion on why a certain small theatre, one of the best equipped in the country, situated in the midst of a theatre-hungry slum, is unable to build an audience that will not only come to those of its productions praised in the press, as if it were but another Broadway stage, but will begin to think of the

theatre with community possessiveness and pride. I suggested that a Living Newspaper on a local grievance might help.

At once, we had an outpouring of episodes of major local indignation. The most recent and grievous of these was the death of several small school children in a period of a few weeks at an unguarded traffic crossing. Mothers had gone to the Mayor and the Police Commissioner without avail. Ministers, trade unions, settlement house workers, school authorities were aroused. Surely a quick, unambitious Living Newspaper could have been written around this genuine anguish; and most certainly its preparation, production and presentation would inevitably have involved the members of the community and made them feel that this theatre was indeed theirs, an ally in a crucial time. It would not take many such efforts to fix the theatre in the community's conscience of necessities. Nor would it prevent the theatre company from continuing to present revivals of popular plays or from producing new plays in other than epic form.

The production of Living Newspaper epic by Federal Theatre was too elaborate and costly for little theatre emulation. It can, however, be so simply designed in the writing and staging as to cost little more than a realistic play. The totally amateur theatre company will require a professional writer and a highly skilled director. The professional or semi-professional theatres can recruit supplementary casts from the community with inestimable benefit to all factors.

I would emphasize that I am not advocating that a people's theatre pour everything into epic mold. The form is a wonderful vehicle for people's content, but it is the content and intent that matter and a people's theatre will feel free to use whichever form best suits particular material. However, the unique value of epic—its ability to carry more information and documentation than any other theatrical form—makes it potentially the most exciting and persuasive people's school in the realities of our existence. Neither the time of the rise of Hitler nor the period of our great depression, both of which grew people's theatre out of the soil of necessity, needed it more urgently than we do now.

books in review

Russell Rides Again

HUMAN KNOWLEDGE: *Its Scope and Limits,* by Bertrand Russell. *Simon & Schuster.* $5.00.

IT IS difficult to review a book by Bertrand Russell. If one does not take his philosophy seriously, there are many nice things one can say. The book is well printed and bound, and Lord Russell writes with urbanity and sophistication. But what if the reviewer takes Russell seriously, even to the point of believing in his analysis of knowledge and its *limits?* Here is what a review of *Human Knowledge* would have to be like if the reviewer really employed Russell's method and his categories:

I believe I have just had the experience called "reading a book by Bertrand Russell." But "the question what it is that is believed when an organism is in a state of believing is usually somewhat vague" (p. 146), so I had better drop out the word "believe."

Now I might say, *This* is a book by Bertrand Russell, but then the question arises do I believe this sentence, which for convenience I'll call "S." I don't want to ask what would make the sentence true, or what would entitle me to know it, but only what is happening in me when I have the belief in sentence "S" (p. 148). Since this seems impossible to answer we should turn to the question: Is this book a permanent "thing" or is it a new book every time I look at it? Maybe it is neither, but is something in between, and, say, exists on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, but not on the other days (p. 481). And since it is now Sunday it is hard to say what I am talking about.

But suppose I allow the book to exist: how can I know it was written by Bertrand Russell? Could not a monkey have written it accidentally by playing with a typewriter? This is improbable, inasmuch as I have seen two copies of the book and the chances that all the letters would be the same in two copies of a book of 700,000 letters is the 700,000th power of 1/26 (p. 466).

Thus, since the hypothesis that the book was produced by a monkey by chance is incredible, I am led to seek out the publisher. When the publisher introduced me to a man who said he wrote the book, then in spite of my Humean scepticism, I noted "that perhaps the noises which seemed to issue

from the publisher and the author signified what they would signify" if I had uttered them, then I believed that the book had its "source in the object which says it is the author" (p. 467).

Leaving the dreadful problem concerning the existence of the book and of its authorship, I am brought face to face with the question: Is Bertrand Russell? and if so, what is he, and how can I know that he exists even if he does exist? Logically, of course, there is no answer to the solipsistic position that he is merely a creation of my own imagination (p. 471), but then "a purely logical analysis" of such a seemingly simple statement as " 'Dogs bark' soon reaches complexities which make it incredible that ordinary folk can seem to understand anything so remote, mysterious and universal" (p. 431).

Anyway, it is all a matter of animal habit that makes me believe anything, for the habits of animals have "everything" to do with knowledge (p. 430). Does "B. R." (as he calls himself, for short) exist? My only reason for thinking so is that I write books and here is a book that I didn't write, and I infer that something else must have written it. This "kind of inference is not valid" however (p. 485). In any case I am still left with the fact that I have the name B.R. to account for. All I can say is, "to be exact, 'His name is a class of sensible occurences all very similar to this' " (p. 87), but the problem what *this* is, is nearly insuperable and will appear again to plague me when I get back to the first word of the sentence I am trying to explain, namely, the *I*.

The fact is that proper names such as Socrates, Napoleon, B.R., and so on "in the ordinary sense . . . are misleading, and embody a false metaphysic" (p. 84). Nevertheless, as desirable as it would be, "we cannot wholly dispense with proper names," but can perhaps reduce their number (p. 78). Equations giving temporal, latitudinal and longitudinal co-ordinates should be substituted as far as possible for proper names, inasmuch as they "are ghosts of substances" (p. 73). I can only conclude that in using the name Bertrand Russell I mean: "Given a temporarily brief region having the characteristics of a living human body, it is an empirical fact that there are earlier and later regions connected with this one by physical laws, and having more or less similar characteristics; the total of such regions is what we call a 'person,' and one such region" is called "Bertrand Russell" (p. 76).

Having settled this question, I am now ready to analyze what I mean by "reading a book." I can mean nothing but some series of mental events involving a condition called "reading a book" (p. 107). This must be strictly separated from any question of external reference such as books that

are supposed to exist when I am not reading them. All I mean is that I had an experience, or was in a condition such as I have been in before, and to which I give the name "reading a book." If the book is to become a "public datum" then it must generate "similar sensations in all percipients throughout a certain space-time region, which must be considerably larger than the region occupied by one human body, throughout, say, half a second—or rather, it is one which would generate such sensations if suitably placed percipients were present" (p. 47). (Here Lord Russell touchingly explains that he has to add the last clause "to allow for Robinson Crusoe's crops").

By this time the reader of this review, if there be any such, will perceive the difficulty involved in writing it. But my problems are not yet over. I wrote, "I believe I have had the experience, etc." This is clearly a "case of a memory belief," just like remembering "'I saw an elephant yesterday.' There is involved not only my experience of yesterday but belief in an animal having an independent existence, not only when I saw it but also before and after" (p. 110). I must conclude that this belief of mine depends solely on "animal inference" (mine, not the elephant's) and is without any logical justification whatsoever. I might be dreaming that I read the book, and although "I do not believe that I am now dream-

ing. . . . I cannot prove that I am not" (p. 172).

Finally, I am left with the "I" with which my sentence began. This is an exceedingly difficult question, for "I" is like three other words: "this," "here," and "now" (p. 84). These we call "egocentric particulars" because they are all terms "of which the meaning varies with the speaker and his position in time and space" (p. 84). But I "may define 'I' as 'the person attending to this,' 'now' as 'the time of attending to this,' and 'here' as 'the place of attending to this'" (p. 92). But then I find that I "could equally well take 'here now' as fundamental; then 'this' would be defined as 'what is here-now,' and 'I' as 'what experiences this'" (p. 92). I don't know which alternative to prefer.

Such in brief is the picture of the degradation of philosophic thought Bertrand Russell reveals. Such utter nonsense as is contained in these 507 pages cannot be known, to employ one of Russell's favorite distinctions, by description, but only by acquaintance. One has to see it to grasp it in all its inanity and corruption. And although Russell is a kind of philosophical "Playboy of the Western World" who goes clowning his way shamelessly through innumerable volumes, the fact remains that he is taken seriously and that in his thought is fully revealed the sterility of bourgeois philosophy itself.

He began his career by refuting Marxism in his first book in 1892, and since Marxism has declined the honor of being "refuted" by Bertrand Russell, he now calls for the immediate dropping of atom bombs on the Soviet Union (see New York *Times*, November 21, 1948). His recent speeches and articles make it clear that he would prefer the destruction of mankind to the survival of the U.S.S.R. His philosophy is of a piece with his practical negation of all values. Yet, even in the present volume, he has the effrontery to present himself as not an idealist, not a Humean agnostic, not a solipsist, but as a plain common-sense man. If he were consistent in either his extreme mechanistic materialism or his subjective idealism he would have to remain speechless, but Russell was never the person to be reduced to speechlessness by the sheer demand for consistency.

This volume is a rich mine of material, of nearly everything absurd that has been dreamed up by the philosophers of the bourgeois world since Berkeley and Hume. It reduces drastically what the student needs to read to know the whole complex of empiricist ideas Lenin so brilliantly slaughtered forty years ago in his *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism.* Here is shamelessly paraded before the reader all the long-since outworn narrowness of mechanical materialism as well as all the fantastic consequences that flow

from the subjectivism of Berkeley and Hume. *Human Knowledge* is the book to end all books by Bertrand Russell, and it renders all his previous volumes superfluous. It is the apotheosis of the decadence of the philosophic thought of the capitalist world in the twentieth century.

HOWARD SELSAM

More of Sholom Aleichem

TEVYE'S DAUGHTERS, by Sholom Aleichem. Translated by Frances Butwin. *Crown.* $3.00.

THE more of Sholom Aleichem that we get in English translation the more we want and need. Since the first publication in 1946 —thirty years after his death—of a collection of his Yiddish tales entitled *The Old Country,* Sholom Aleichem has begun to leave an unfading impression on his tens of thousands of new readers. A second, smaller collection, *Inside Kasrilevka,* was received gladly in 1948; and the volume under review, containing some twenty-five stories, is sure of its eager audience.

We do not yet have in translation the full face of Sholom Aleichem. The main features even of his complexity and diversity will require at least a couple of more volumes to make themselves manifest. And it is the virtue of the selection in *Tevye's Daughters* that it adds new lines and planes to the physiognomy revealed in the first two books.

Of course there is exemplified again the unique quality of his laughter, the warmth of his humor. It is a laughter based upon the progressive values of his people, and directed against oppression and the effects of oppression upon his people. Even when he is deriding the backwardness of certain aspects of the Jewish life he describes so realistically, his total effect is to win respect and not contempt for the Jewish masses.

Instructive is the way, in "The Purim Feast," certain unlovely features in an impoverished family are transformed by the perspective added when the self-satisfied rich Uncle Hertz invites his poor relations to a Purim feast at which he overawes them to such an extent that "We are hungry, but nobody feels like eating. Our appetites have been taken away as if by magic." And it should be noted that Sholom Aleichem's characteristic attitude to the poor is not one of sympathy. He is not so far removed from the poverty of the Jews in the old tsarist Pale of Settlement as to luxuriate in "sympathy"; it is an empathy that he has with the very marrow of their wretched life.

What is relatively new in this volume is that there is more iron, more satire, indignation and even bitterness than was exhibited in the two previously published compilations. This invigorating touch of acid is to be found not only in

the six stories about Tevye and his daughters but in many of the others too. The bite is there in "What Will Become of Me?" when a famished orphan boy is caught stealing an apple from a well-stocked orchard and publicly disgraced. He had really loved peaches more than apples, having once eaten a peach "several years ago, when I was not quite five years old and my father was still alive." And now that the orchard-owner had called him "thief," what *would* become of him? This nip is also in the story of Chaim Chaikin, the unemployed worker who becomes "a glutton for fasts" so that he may give his children an extra crust of bread, and dies fasting.

Perhaps the edge is keenest when it is turned against the affluent Jewish philanthropists who see to it that "all year long a Kasrilevkite is allowed to swell up from hunger, but when Passover comes—let the world stand on its head—he must be provided with *matzos*." And therefore if anyone dies of hunger during Passover "obviously he did not die because he had no *matzos* to eat during the eight days of Passover, but because he had no bread during the remaining three hundred and fifty-seven days of the year." Lest you become bitter, Sholom Aleichem adds the gently assuaging assurance: "There is, you will admit, quite a difference between the two."

In Tevye, the dairyman in the village of Anatevka who makes a hard living for his wife and seven daughters by selling milk, butter and cheese to the rich in Boiberik and Lehupetz, we have one of the finest of Sholom Aleichem's characters. If he is lovable rather than admirable, and if you want to hug him rather than imitate him, that is because Tevye has an infinite capacity for absorbing the blows of a harsh fate while seldom striking back. His main defense against a sea of afflictions is a flood of comic misquotations from the Bible and Talmud; his credo is, "A Jew must never stop hoping."

Ever ready to justify the status quo as God-given, Tevye is also ready to accept change and progress as not in violation of God's will. He does not fool himself or blaspheme against God by assuming that this is the best of all possible worlds. Pious and fatalistic, Tevye nevertheless has a sense of justice which constantly wells up in an inherently impious reproach against the omnipotent indifference of God. "Have faith in Him," Tevye says, "and He will see to it that you stagger under a load of trouble and keep on reciting: *'This too is for the best.'*"

And when a tsarist decree orders the Jews out of his native village, Tevye bursts out: ". . . why do You always have to pick on Tevye to do Thy will? Why don't You make sport of someone else for a change? A Brodsky, or a Rothschild?" What if Tevye immediately bites his irreverent

tongue and concedes that "He is the master and we have to obey Him?" Occasion will soon impel the same tongue to make the same complaint.

Both his pride and his problem are in his daughters, for where will he find a dowry for those numerous penniless beauties of his? But new winds are blowing. His eldest, Tzeitl, rejects in horror an engagement to a rich but elderly butcher, marries a poor tailor, and lives happily with him in penury until his lungs give way and he dies. Hodel, next in age, marries a revolutionary student and follows him to Siberia when he is imprisoned. Chava, to Tevye's utter grief, marries a Gentile and is disowned; but she returns to Tevye's fold when the expulsion of the Jews from the village is ordered. Schprintze commits suicide when a wealthy lad who wants to marry her is suddenly removed from the scene of such a possible misalliance by his haughty mother. And Beilke marries a rich fellow who goes broke, and they both wind up working in a stocking factory "in America."

It is, significantly, Hodel of whom Tevye is really proud, because "she has a husband who is a human being who can call his soul his own, even if his body is in prison." Thus Tevye as a type is shown as ready to receive the future.

For the echoes of the class struggle bring notes of vigor and hope into many a story. The daughters

of the man who dies fasting work in a cigarette factory and have been on strike: "even here in Kasrilevka, we have learned how to strike." When a student who has been excluded from a score of *Gymnasia* because of the quota system finally gets into one school, he soon takes part in a student strike, and when his father berates him his mother defends the son: "A better life, a newer life has come into existence, she tells me, where all are equal. There are no rich, no poor; no master, no slave; no lamb, no shears; no cats, no mice." Then there is gusto, rare in Sholom Aleichem, in "The Passover Appropriation," in which a band of unemployed young workers who have been refused money for *matzos* by the Town Philanthropists, invade the home of the Chief Philanthropist at the first *seder* and hungrily devour all the viands.

Of particular interest is Sholom Aleichem's picture of the relations between Jews and Gentiles. He avoids the nationalistic view that would pit all Jews against all Gentiles. Even when Tevye repudiates his Chava for marrying a Gentile, he thinks "peculiar thoughts": "What is the meaning of Jew and non-Jew? Why did God create Jews and non-Jews? And since God did create Jews and non-Jews why should they be segregated from each other and hate each other, as though one were created by God and the other were not?"

Sholom Aleichem rejects the theory that anti-Semitism is inherent in the non-Jew: "Even the enemies of Israel, the Hamans of the world—what do you think they have against us? Nothing at all. They don't persecute us out of plain meanness, but because of their lack of security." He knows that "security from want is the most important thing in the world." Pogroms, he shows, are stirred up by the government. In a wave of pogroms, a crowd of villagers descends on Tevye's home. The Mayor speaks up apologetically: "We at least have to smash a few of your windowpanes. We don't dare not to. Suppose an official passed through the village and saw that your house hadn't been touched. We would surely have to suffer for it." The upshot was, as Tevye says, "they came to curse and remained to bless." The responsibility for pogroms is always seen in relation to tsarist policy.

The translation and the sensitive introductory essay are by Frances Butwin, who, with her husband, Julius, now deceased, did such a good job in *The Old Country*. Mrs. Butwin has the prime quality of being thoroughly idiomatic and colloquial in English, and therefore essentially faithful to Sholom Aleichem's style. The lapses into the straining and stiffness that plague translators from the Yiddish are few and almost unobtrusive. She is doing a more adequate job than anyone else with the possible exception of Maurice

Samuel, whose occasional translations of Sholom Aleichem are rare and uncollected. We should all be the gainers if Mrs. Butwin could devote her full time to the translating of many more such collections.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES

Socialist Law

THE LAW OF THE SOVIET STATE, by Andrei Y. Vyshinsky. *Macmillan.* $15.

"THE LAW OF THE SOVIET STATE" is more than a law book, as its author is more than a diplomat. Andrei Vyshinsky was a prosecutor (*procurator*) before the war took him into diplomacy, and a professor before he was called into the courtroom. The present volume is a book written by a collective, as is usual practice for basic Soviet publications, and edited by Academician Vyshinsky (as he signs his legal articles).

In his legal activity and writing (which he does not separate), Vyshinsky treats law from the point of view of its theory before going over to its practice; he does not omit either stage, and treats law in its relations, in context, as real, not as abstract: in a word, historically. Bourgeois jurists, as the book shows in detail, treat the law absolutely, formally, out of connection, as just law; but "what should he know of England that only England knows?" They neglect both theory and practice. Their neglect of theory is conscious; they shun theoretical or philosophical considerations as not being law, and hence anathema. Naturally, their philosophy enters into their law; but in the worst possible way, unconsciously, as a prejudice, irrationally. Equally noxious is their failure to take into account the practical, the moral and economic consequences; these things too, they say, are not law. The contrast is glaring between bourgeois narrowness and socialist breadth and humanity.

The volume before us presents the principles which govern the functioning of the Soviet state and society, and furnishes an excellent approach to an understanding of Soviet man and the Soviet system, and how they got that way. All this gets into one reasonably sized book because it is organized around one basic principle. This principle, which recurs throughout the *Law of the Soviet State,* is formulated as follows:

"The object of public law [is] . . . the study of the legal norms and institutes which reflect, confirm, and develop the social and state order of a given society, the system of social and state institutions, the principles of their interrelations, the extent of their rights and obligations, the methods of their activity, and likewise also the study of various sorts of public-law institutes which define the rights and obligations of citizens both in their relationship to society and the state and in their relationship to each other. Soviet pub-

lic socialist law studies the socialist order . . . of the U.S.S.R., its emergence and development and the system of Soviet state institutions and organs . . . (p. 83f). In the bourgeois public law and bourgeois constitutions there is no section concerned specially with social organization (p. 129)."

The chapter headings themselves show the difference of the two systems and the two attitudes. Chapter I is an introduction to the Marxist theory of the state and of law, and the theoretical basis of the Soviet state. Chapter II relates the fundamental stages of the development of the Stalin constitution of 1936. In the very important Chapter III, the authors outline the social organizations of the U.S.S.R., its class structure, its political and economic basis, Soviet democracy as opposed to bourgeois democracy, socialist property as the basis of socialist living. Later chapters treat of the state organization of the U.S.S.R. and such questions as nationality, federalism and autonomy; the structure and operation of the governmental agencies; the court system and the prosecutor's duties. The rights and obligations of the Soviet citizen are the subject of Chapter IX, and the great bourgeois declarations of rights are compared and contrasted. The last chapter explains the election system.

The achievement of the book can be measured by any one who has ever taken a course in government or read a jurisprudence text, where the principles and institutions are put before you (or you are supposed to induce them from texts and cases), naked, orphaned, with no ancestors in history nor roots in economics. The situation is not a passing fashion, nor confined to pedagogues. Justice Holmes, patron saint of the entire school of sociological jurisprudence, prided himself on his ignorance of economics (Brandeis could never get him to learn any).

The great merit of Vyshinsky's book is that it puts into literary form the basic principle of Soviet life as it applies to human relations. It starts with the fact that legal principles are products or outgrowths, and vary with their societies; there are no absolutes anywhere. The state comes before law, not law before the state; and society, a concrete form of social organization, with a concrete form of economic relations, comes before both law and the state. Force, that is violence, is of the essence of the state, but it is not abstract; everything depends on whose state it is, whose force it is, and for what ends, economic and moral, it is used. The state is a class formation; if we do not realize this, we shall have no chance of understanding history, the state, or law.

Vyshinsky treats these matters as class matters, and unmercifully harries the wretched bourgeois theorists who advance all sorts of schemes to avoid the awkward fact

and give their class dominance the outer semblance of impartiality, of a state above classes: as if a house could avoid resting on the ground. The contrast between Vyshinsky and Beard, say, on constitutions is as striking as the contrast between Vyshinsky and Jessup at the United Nations.

On the technical side, the book is handsomely gotten up and surprisingly well translated, successfully putting the Russian into English rhythms. The translator is a little careless with names in the history of political theory, and a definite reference to the names of the contributors and the date of original publication would have been in order. The price is fantastic; it almost seems as if the price had been set so high in order to discourage reading it, a sort of censorship of the dollar such as was practiced in Godwin's day in England, and in the 1870's in Russia. The average citizen may have to read this book in the library; but it will be worth his while to do so.

J. S. BIELASKI

Mostly Error

TRIAL AND ERROR: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHAIM WEIZMANN. *Harper.* $5.00.

CHAIM WEIZMANN'S autobiography has received more attention and publicity in the American press than any other Zionist work that I can recall. It has been serialized in the New York *Herald-Tribune* and generally brought to the attention of a large audience quite unfamiliar with Zionist doctrine. In part, this is a reflection of the popular interest in the new state of Israel. But considering the nature of the book, which devotes only a few pages to the new state and is concerned primarily with the evolution of the Zionist movement and Zionist ideology, there are undoubtedly other reasons for the acclaim the book is receiving.

One reason is the fact that Dr. Weizmann, writing as a bourgeois nationalist, envisages national independence within the framework of imperialism. At a time when the entire colonial system is being shaken by the rising tide of national liberation movements, when the citizens of Israel are in conflict with an imperialist conspiracy to stifle their independence, an autobiography appears by the first president of Israel that whitewashes the crimes of American imperialism and omits the singular contribution of the Soviet Union and the new democracies to the emergence and defense of Israel. So, notwithstanding the preoccupation of the book with the internal conflicts and problems of the Zionist movement, *Trial and Error* has apparently been picked up for the value that it has to the imperialist camp in the "cold war," even though it is not brazenly anti-Soviet.

Within the Zionist movement, Dr. Weizmann has been the mid-

dle-of-the-roader. But reading his lengthy exposition of the Zionist mind you see clearly that beyond the sharp tactical and party differences within the Zionist movement the dominant thing is that Zionism as an ideology, as a bourgeois-nationalist class ideology, unites all Zionist parties in a series of errors and historical illusions that bode no good for the coming trials of the state of Israel.

To begin with, Weizmann, as a Zionist ideologist, repeatedly equates Zionism and Jewishness and virtually excludes non-Zionists from Jewry. He divides the Jews into Zionists and assimilationists, failing to distinguish between the assimilationism or conscious rejection of being Jewish espoused by the upper economic levels of Western Jewry, and the progressive Jewish organizations that are non-Zionist and anti-Zionist and at the same time are militantly and consciously Jewish, seeing the solution to the problems of the Jewish people in the winning of full equal rights for the Jews as part of the battle for the extension of democracy. Weizmann erroneously depicts Marxism as assimilationist, failing totally even to take cognizance of the most elementary Marxist principles on the national question and the national development of the Jews in the Soviet Union. Instead, Dr. Weizmann simply writes off Soviet Jewry from the body of world Jewry.

From the detailed historical discussion the reader gets ample evidence of the fact that modern Zionism has developed in intimate alliance with British imperialism. It was the Zionist movement that enabled British imperialism to gain its hold on Palestine at the end of World War I at a time when imperialist rivalry was sharp and when France and Italy coveted Palestine as greedily as did Great Britain. Weizmann's leadership as president of the World Zionist Organization is synonymous with the epoch of the Zionist partnership with Great Britain, an unequal partnership which gave rise to betrayal after betrayal of the Jews of Palestine and the Zionists, and rendered incalculable service to British imperialism.

Dr. Weizmann is extremely sensitive, and refers frequently to the charges voiced within the Zionist movement that he has been a British agent. But the fact remains, as Dr. Weizmann himself points out, that as president of the World Zionist Organization, his leadership was synonymous with the efforts to link the destinies of Palestine and the Jews with the British Empire. Significantly, Weizmann's active leadership of the world Zionist movement (aside from a brief earlier period in which a factional struggle unseated him from the Zionist presidency) coincides with the period when Zionism rested its hopes on British imperialism. With the end of World War II,

the weakening of the British Empire and the increasing dominance of the American Zionists in the world Zionist movement, Weizmann lost his hold on the world movement.

Always the negotiator with the imperialist powers within the Zionist movement, as his autobiography reveals, Weizmann recaptured a powerful position once again, after Great Britain made it impossible for the Zionists to work with British imperialism, by emerging as the key Zionist negotiator with President Truman, the representative of the now dominant imperialist power to which the Zionist movement is veering rapidly.

While increasing numbers of the Jews in Israel are drawing the conclusion that the independence of their state can be preserved only through conscious anti-imperialist struggle, in alliance with the anti-imperialist camp headed by the Soviet Union and the new democracies, the dominant leadership of world Zionism is shifting from one imperialist dependence to another, from British to American imperialism. That is the main mistake of Zionist ideology, which sharpens the necessity today for making the clearest distinction between Israel's continuing fight for independence—an anti-imperialist manifestation—and Zionist ideology which remains imperialist and thus tends to weaken Israel's fight for independence.

With the United Nations debate on Palestine so fresh in our memory, with the duplicity of the U.S. position in that debate so keenly before us, Dr. Weizmann nevertheless credits the Truman administration for the United Nations decision on Palestine and dismisses with only a single sentence the role of the Soviet Union and the new democracies, which played the greatest part in establishing the conditions that enabled the state of Israel to be born and survive.

The book contains much valuable information on the development of Zionism. But as a political document its chief value is for the imperialist camp. For American progressives it heightens the conviction that in the fight for Israel's independence more discerning support will have to be given to the conscious, progressive, anti-imperialist forces in Israel and not to the Zionist movement.

ABRAHAM CHAPMAN

Orchids and Blood

DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE EVE OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR. *International Publishers.* (2 *vols.*) $5.25.

ONE of the first acts of the new Bolshevik government was to publish the secret documents captured in the Tsar's Foreign Offices relevant to the origins of the First World War. Bourgeois historians are still reeling from that blow.

The two volumes under review

similarly consist of secret documents uncovered by those terrible and implacable Bolsheviks. This time it is Hitler's Foreign Office manuscripts and the personal papers of von Dirksen, German Ambassador to Moscow, Tokyo and London, which, having been captured by the Red Army, are offered to the public. These, confined to the years 1936 to 1939, illuminate the origins of the Second World War.

The story they unfold is one of almost incredible treachery and double-dealing; and the nearly unbelievable character of the drama they depict is enhanced by the sanctimonious phraseology with which the most despicable chicanery is decorated.

Quotations alone can do this justice. Late in 1937 the British Foreign Minister, Lord Halifax, looks Hitler in the eye and intones: "The great services the Fuehrer had rendered in the rebuilding of Germany were fully and completely recognized." The British Ambassador in Berlin assures Hitler in 1938 that His Majesty's Government feels Nazi Germany should share in the government of Africa since this could only "further the general welfare." Churchill, in the summer of 1938, tells Albert Foerster, Gauleiter of Danzig, that while anti-Jewish legislation was "irritating," still "It was probably not an absolute obstacle to a working agreement because the reasons for it were understandable."

Chamberlain while burying—temporarily! — Czechoslovakia at Munich feels it necessary to remark that "he had no doubt the Fuehrer would see that order was retained" and that those who objected to the country's immolation "would not be persecuted"! And Lord Halifax tells von Dirksen "it would be the finest moment of his life if the Fuehrer were to drive along the Mall side by side with the King during a visit of state to London."

A month before the invasion of Poland, Lord Kemsley, owner of three London newspapers, informs the same von Dirksen that he has found Alfred Rosenberg, director of the Foreign Office of the Nazi Party, a "charming personality," while Goebbels was "a clever and broadly educated man." Meanwhile, such "broadly educated" Englishmen as the historian and professor, Sir Raymond Beazley, and Sir Arnold Wilson, editor of the influential magazine, *Nineteenth Century and After,* were making pro-Nazi speeches "which were inspired by us" says von Dirksen.

But the climax in this satanic exercise of virtuous phraseology comes with the Nazi Ambassador to Paris, Count von Welczek, reporting to his Foreign Office in December, 1936, offers of rapprochement from Premier Blum. "I learn," writes the Count, "from unimpeachable sources that Blum and [Foreign Minister] Delbos

are being very strongly attacked on account of their overtures to us by the radical Lefts who take their instructions from the Soviets . . . it is in our interest to keep these two intelligent and honest men at the helm of state." The friend of these "intelligent and honest men" —both "Socialists" and one of Jewish descent—ends his letter: "Heil Hitler!"

Running through everything was the conspiracy against the land of socialism, that "barbaric creation, the Soviet Union," in Hitler's choice language. This savage state, he stormed, "should not have been allowed into Europe" and so he proposed—it sounds marvelously contemporaneous—"a union of Europe without Russia." The Polish, English, French rulers all understood that here was the problem; again in Hitler's words: "The only catastrophe was Bolshevism. Everything else could be settled."

"To the east, to the east" was the refrain in the chancellories of the rich. Read these volumes and see from the pens of the conspirators themselves the basic impelling motive of bourgeois foreign policy during the era of Hitler. Having done this, one will grasp with fresh understanding what an inestimable service to all humanity the Soviet Union rendered by its brilliant diplomacy and irresistible strength in the struggle against fascism.

HERBERT APTHEKER

Debussy as Critic

MONSIEUR CROCHE, by Claude Debussy. *Lear.* $2.75.

EVERY work by a great composer has some interest, if only to show the path of his development, and this interest extends as well to his literary works. This volume of music criticism by Claude Debussy is too slight to rank with such documents as the three volumes of Mozart letters, the Berlioz memoirs or the essays of Wagner on art. Yet he is the best writer of all of these, with an agile wit chiefly directed against the German influences that in the early 1900's were threatening to overwhelm French music. His arrows were shot not only at Wagner and Richard Strauss, to whom the French intellectuals were flocking, but at the German conductors such as Weingartner and Mottl, who came yearly to Paris to reveal the hidden secrets of the great symphonies, "as if Paris were a training school," and at so innocent a figure as Gluck, whom Debussy regarded as the founder of fake pomposity in opera.

Today these criticisms seem one-sided and self-contradictory. Debussy however was more interested in polemic than in analysis, and much of what he said was worth saying. He tried to save French art not only from the cloudy mysticism of the German

romanticists, but from the sentimentality and vulgar display fostered by the Second Empire, the French version of English Victorianism. He was one of the first to point out the puerile concept of human beings in Wagner's operas, and the erotic core of his religious mysticism, which passed among his admirers for profound philosophy. He was one of the first to hail the fresh musical voice of Moussorgsky, and in this respect he foresaw and gave impetus to the powerful influence that Russian music was to have on the entire twentieth century school of French composers. Yet the base he found for a "truly" French art, the refinements of the early eighteenth century, was an inadequate one.

Debussy was a fighter more certain of what he was against than of what he was for. In an interesting essay on "The People's Theatre," he sees correctly that such a theatre should be different from the exhibitions of maudlin sentimentality that were the bourgeois conception of the "popular." But as to the positive content of such a theatre, he is vague.

And this vagueness reflects the limitations of Debussy's art itself, so admirable in its rejection of the sensational and mock-heroic, so lacking in the truly strong and heroic. His was an art that had important elements of a people's music in its careful union of speech with song, its love for and discerning use of folk idiom. But these elements were used more for mood and color than human portrayal, unrealized in strong forms. To him the French people and therefore French music were shadowy concepts, different from what the bourgeois philistine would make of them, but to be sought only through his own lonely research. And so in this book which is in part his autobiography, there is, as in his music, an undercurrent of sadness, although so much of it is written in a de-

lightfully comic vein. "If sometimes this or that man of genius tries to escape the galling yoke of tradition, care is taken to swamp him with ridicule; so the poor man of genius elects to die very young, this being the sole performance for which he will get an appreciative audience."

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN.

Angry Man

THE EMBERS STILL BURN, by Ira A. Hirschmann. *Simon & Schuster.* $3.00.

THERE is a characteristic review of Ira Hirschmann's book in the Sunday *Times* Book Review Section of January 16. It is by a history professor at Cornell University. The writer, after discussing the author's exposure of the sabotage of U.N.R.R.A. by Wall Street, the State Department, the Army and the British Government, has this to say: "Many people, and things, richly merit Mr. Hirschmann's anger. But in the fulness of that anger, he has not thought his accusations through." The chief accusation to be deplored is that our imperialist policy is reviving military fascism as a weapon against the U.S.S.R.

The approach is familiar: Hirschmann is so angry that he has prejudiced his case by immoderation. Perhaps if he were less angry, he would change his mind. Perhaps he would have no case at all. And then why be angry at anyone?

But it is just because Hirschmann is so angry that his book builds up so effective an indictment of a policy which has led to the ruin of hundreds of thousands of human beings in war-devastated Europe, and which threatens to ruin the chances of peace altogether. And because he is so personal in his accusations, he is able to drive them home with a shocking force that statistics or editorial comment could never do.

As Special Investigator General appointed by the late Fiorello La Guardia to check on the DP camps in Germany and the administration of relief in Europe, Hirschmann was in a position to determine the degree to which the victims of Nazi oppression were being rehabilitated in those camps and the destroyed cities of Europe. He saw the victims further victimized, the oppressors assured that no harm would befall them, a nightmare of injustice enacted with military hyprocrisy and aplomb. Only behind the fabled Iron Curtain did he find directness and honesty among government officials and confidence for the future among the people.

Readers will find *The Embers Still Burn,* the February selection of the Liberty Book Club, a welcome change from the host of eyewitness accounts concocted in the State Department, the British Foreign Office and over publishers' cocktails.

C. H.

art

Rock Candy

by JOSEPH SOLMAN

A SINGLE canvas, "The Rock" by Peter Blume, was recently on display at the Durlacher galleries. The artist, according to the fanfare carefully prepared like the groundswell that inaugurates the hero's appearance in *Die Walkure,* had painstakingly hacked and burnished away at his *meisterwerk* some four long years. There were also sufficient rumors as to the theme and motif of the work to make several critics speak blandly about Death and Transfiguration as though they had plainly divined the allegory from the painting itself.

Though "The Rock" is a culmination of Blume's surface mannerisms in painting, a method of work that was either too stencilled or schematic on the one hand, or literal to the point of medical gravure on the other, the art critics, in my opinion, must bear some measure of responsibility for the evolution of Blume's iron-clad illustration. It was these self-same judges who had augmented a cribbed, insular style of picture-making to the level of an American tradition. It was they who helped prolong and inflict upon a patient public a cramped species of genre art by hailing the varnished kodachromes of rural life by Grant Wood, Benton's serpentine Wild West scenes, and those puerile magazine illustrations of John Stuart Curry. It was they who coddled Blume in his pretentious technique, a razor-edged manner attached to an anemically conventionalized drawing; who promoted, encouraged, and in a sense helped give birth to this efflorescence in paint—brittle, metallic and granular in workmanship and stewed in a vague symbolism.

In "The Rock" we see represented on the right side of the picture a fragment of a demolished old house, its scattered timbers going up in a volcano of smoke; in the center a huge jagged rock rounded like a globe at the bottom from which several men and one woman are zealously wresting and breaking up slabs of granite, presumably as material for the new structure on the extreme left, a building hardly past the steel-frame stage with distant figures already hoisting cement bags to the top.

The theme of the old and new

structures is evident enough—in fact, painstakingly so—being underlined by a meticulous graphic approach akin to the etchings of Pennell or Ostrowsky. As painting it is as remote as last year's academy winner. It has not an iota of imaginative handling or even *trope d'oeil* virtuosity, something which might have partially saved it by swinging the concept over to the surrealist camp. What lively significance can the building of the new have when it is bound to a form of inert literalism?

The huge rock, so obviously centered in the picture, practically disperses every other pictorial element in the scene, leaving one to contemplate a kind of poisonous raspberry jam flowing over and filling all the jagged crevices on top of the stone. The figures, grim or startled, are patently staged. Blume has attempted to save them from academic puppetry by a sudden enlargement of their hands. Since nothing else in the picture warrants or points up this distortion it has the effect of weakening rather than strengthening the characters. The foreground swarms with enough tiny stone and dust particles to afflict the spectator with silicosis. Had Blume glued some pebbles on his canvas the result could not have been more literal.

The rock and the people are presumably the kernel of the work's symbolism. It is subject, however, to any number of guesses —such as: unlocking the earth's riches, man versus nature, Nature Triumphant, etc., etc. To McBride, critic of the *Sun,* who stated that once an allegory is painted it belongs to anybody, "The Rock" represented the city's noisy habit of tearing down and erecting buildings. The simple fact is that Blume's large fungus-covered rock is no more than a pseudo-symbol designed to *imply* overtones of meaning in a picture that might otherwise have passed as an elaborate cover design for the *Saturday Evening Post.* Just because of its pretentious treatment, the rock served no meaning, since it dwarfed in interest the people, landscape and buildings and destroyed any genuine interplay of these elements in the picture.

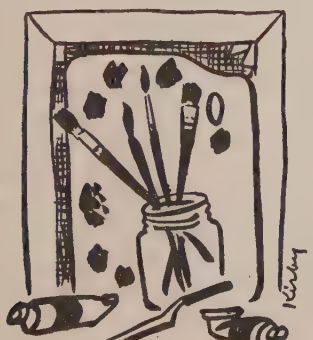
The prime question raised by all the ballyhoo greeting Blume's solemn opus is whether this painting forebodes a push towards a new "realism" in American painting. It must be borne in mind that Blume has long been exalted by museum authorities and critics and has been aided by Rockefeller patronage. Bringing his work into such striking illumination can only serve the purpose of highlighting the works of those American painters grovelling in various techniques of a corrupted realism. This would include among others the catahrral visions of Tchelitchew and Cadmus, the photographic "classical" scenes of Stuempfig, the pasty, vulgarized

genre set-ups of Grosz and Schreiber and the glandular putrescence that fills the work of the Albright brothers.

There is a sufficiently coarse bourgeois venality in the ideas dealt with by these artists to galvanize a reactionary art movement much more dangerous to this country than the Benton-Curry-Wood school ever was.

We have already seen how the State Department recalled from Europe a comparatively healthy, vital group of modern American paintings following the attacks of the Hearst press. Perhaps the desiccated corpse of Mid-Victorian realism, decked out with new touches of horror, sentiment and symbolism, will be picked to lead the art parade.

There's just now a swarm of abstract symbolists in the art market, falling over each other's tracks, borrowing each other's tricks of style, all still claiming to reveal a "psychic" universe. The frantic search for the great master in this ghost town is leading art critics as well as the public a merry dance. So the cautious art dealers have on hand, in the work of Blume and the others, the makings of an opposition movement, a movement designed to reassure the cash customer, to give him a sense of substance and stability. The new art buyer will be able to go right up to the canvas and touch the cloth, muscle or jugular vein. No doubt about these solid commodities.



It is reported that someone connected with the Museum of Modern Art has bought Blume's painting. So far, then, the matter is private. The collector may remain in steadfast communion with his varnished icon. But if the picture passes into the Museum's collection, to be featured alongside Tchelitchew's miasmal "Hide and Seek" and other recent acquisitions that beg admission to a waxwork's gallery, there would be little occasion for surprise. The Museum has for some time been paving a road that leads from it to the galleries and thence to the windows of various antique dealers. For that is where its new discoveries will eventually wind up. There Blume's picture can join them, glittering like the elaborately detailed masterpieces of Vibert and Messonier, in gold frames and with glossed surfaces forcing their icy highlights. But should one wait for time to dump these trivia? Let the spectator have his say and hasten them along now.

films

Progress in Documentary

by WARREN MILLER

IT SEEMS clear by now that if the American film has any future at all, it lies not in Hollywood but with the independent film makers. It is these men, unrestricted by banks, motivated by artistic need and the social quality of their thinking, who may bring the film to a place in art and give the neighborhood movie house a value and importance in the lives of people—an importance it now completely lacks, being only a dark place seldom illuminated by the light of truth and art.

Two independent films recently made in New York and currently playing are Leo Hurwitz' *Strange Victory* and Sidney Meyers' *The Quiet One.* Both were directed and edited by two men who were responsible for, and the product of, the old Film and Photo League —a group that included Irving Lerner, Van Dyke, Steiner, Lionel Berman, Jay Leyda, Louis Jacobs. Virtually unrecognized is the fact that, by and large, the history of American documentary *is* these men; and, but for Jacobs and Leyda, this country's contribution to the literature of film would be non-existent.

The Hurwitz film opened last summer and played but a short time; it received reviews that were both favorable and cool. The impression given seemed to be this: that Hurwitz had done well a job that needed doing, but that was no reason for people to go see it. And some who went to see it were made uncomfortable by the film's refusal to compromise with fact: the fact of the exploitation and oppression of the Negro people in America, the fact of anti-Semitism, of native fascism; and the disquieting idea that the recent war had indeed produced a strange victory, the values of the loser being adopted by the victor.

To accept the film's message as a valid one meant that one had also to accept the responsibility for doing something to end that condition. Some found an easy out for conscience in criticism: there were too many babies, it was too long, and besides we all know these things anyway—as if the critic's sole job was demolition.

The film has since been re-edited and worked to a tight finish. Its structure is so complex that it would require diagrams to describe it. It twists in on itself, coils, and then springs with tremendous force. It is not, as has been charged, repetitive—unless you find a Bach fugue repetitive. There is reiteration and variations on a single theme. It has been and, I am certain, will be, criticized by those who miss the larger structure which holds it all together, enforces and molds it.

The construction of the film gives it the destiny of a poem. I do not mean that it has the levels of meaning of, say, a poem by Yeats; the meaning, as it should be, is clear and explicit. Here, the density is a matter of relationship of one image to another, of juxtaposition, of the purposeful harmony and discord of cuts, of the theme briefly stated and then taken up again in another context, seen from another perspective, in a different light.

Aware of the easy road that racism travels, Hurwitz juxtaposes a COLORED ONLY sign with a tattooed number on the arm of a Nazi victim. The Russian woman grieving at her husband's coffin; the emaciated, twitching child with swollen body; the horrible corpses at Auschwitz—these are seen to be the victims of this singularly undangerous looking man in the conservative business suit.

In this film Hurwitz had to be both director and editor. Indeed, in such a film the distinction is almost meaningless. The task that faced Hurwitz as editor was a staggering one: organizing thousands of feet of assorted shots taken by nameless Army cameramen, as well as the sequences, staged and unstaged, specifically prepared for the film. Of course, this is the problem of every editor with any film. But seldom is the task so immense and seldom is it carried off with anything like the artistry and power achieved by Hurwitz.

It should surprise no one that every company from MGM down to Film Classics has refused to release this film in the United States. It will have to play at those houses not owned or controlled by the major companies. Meanwhile, it is playing to large audiences in England, France, Czechoslovakia. In Italy, in towns where theatres are not available, it is shown on street corners and town squares by those who recognize the film's value and importance.

SIDNEY MEYERS' *The Quiet One* is a brilliant, moving film about a boy, insecure and unloved, mentally disturbed by the conditions of his existence. That the boy is a Negro is not invested with special significance; yet, in our society, the choice of a Negro child as hero has, inevitably, extensions of meaning that go beyond the frame-

work of the film. What Meyers has achieved here is a total identification with his central character; one makes no reservations. It becomes, therefore, more than the story of a boy's sickness and partial recovery; it shows, as it must, the environment that makes love difficult and security impossible. Its meaning then is social, and the simple story of a disturbed boy becomes a document of the power of knowledge and love.

The film was made in co-operation with the Wiltwyck School for Boys, a place where mentally disturbed children, of all races, are given guidance, care, and, if they permit it, love. The film might easily have fallen into an old trap: that psychiatry alone is the answer. But the intelligence that went into the making of this film, from producer to cameramen, did not permit this. And this intelligence operated on every level of the film; it is for this reason that *The Quiet One* is the best film exposition to date of psychiatric treatment. There is no magic, the cure is not found suddenly in Ingrid Bergman's lovely eyes; it is depicted for the first time as the slow and painful process that it is.

There are three major sequences in the film. The editing of the first is as good as anything that has ever been done in this country; and the last, the boy's flight from the Wiltwyck School, approaches the grand work of the European masters of montage. The first sequence is the boy's search for love: his wandering through the streets of Harlem; the faces that smile, but not to him; the bought companions who leave him; the pregnant woman whose secret is not his; the spurned gesture of helpfulness; the mother who walks out on him. All of this builds in tenseness and is broken off at precisely the right moment. He is about to throw a rock at a plateglass window; the rock is thrown and at that instant the film cuts back to the countryside around the Wiltwyck School—the rock falls in a pond and the wavelets circle out, touch the shore.

In his flight from the school, the boy, Donald, walks along the railroad tracks. Startled by an oncoming train, he leaps to a rockface and holds himself pressed against it while the train goes by. At this point occurs the most brilliant editing in the film. The terribly abused device of flash-back is here used validly—valid because it functions organically in the film and is not imposed on it between fade-outs or by means of some artificial transition gimmick. As each car of the train passes, there is a flash of light on Donald's face and, seemingly, it is within the time-space of the flash that his mind relives incidents from the past, scenes with which the audience is already familiar. This gives it an intensity the flash-back rarely has since it is usually employed to inform the audience of an event

it has no knowledge of; here, we relive it, too.

The camera work of Helen Levitt, Richard Bagley and Janice Loeb contributes enormously to the success of the film, particularly Helen Levitt's outdoor shots. Some of the Harlem exterior shots are so brilliantly composed as to seem to change, for a moment, the proportions of the frame. The score by the Negro composer, Ulysses Kay, like that of David Diamond's for *Strange Victory,* is excellent. James Agee's dialogue has a highly-charged poetic quality and is beautifully recited by Sadie Stockton and Estelle Evans.

The Quiet One simply could not have been made in Hollywood. The few men capable of conceiving a script like this have been fired from their jobs, and no director now functioning there has the talent to put it on film. And no producer with the courage or moral energy to sponsor it.

THERE is space enough to give but brief mention to another unusually fine new film, *The Last Stop,* produced in Poland and now playing at the World. It is the story of a group of women prisoners at Auschwitz. This is the second film production from postwar Poland I have seen—the other, *Suite Warszawska,* will be shown at the Museum of Modern Art in the Fall—and if these are any indication, then we must expect from Poland the kind of film renaissance we recently witnessed in Italy.

letters

The Negro Woman

To M & M:

CONCERNING Herbert Aptheker's article, "The Negro Woman," in the February issue, my personal experiences in the labor movement have verified his observations that the Negro women are great and militant fighters against oppression and for progress. If it wasn't for the personal sacrifice and willingness to fight of the Negro women workers in the peanut industry, there wouldn't be a trade union in this area. Even in some of the smaller unorganized plants, individual Negro women are holding their own and winning concessions for the workers by their fighting spirit.

One example stands out in one of these seasonal plants: The foreman there in trying to speed up the women picking peanuts attempted to get the workers to place dead rats (found in the peanuts) in a box near their seats, rather than remove them from the area. Some of the workers were going to comply, but one Negro woman, a grandmother, told them not to do it. She told the workers that the dead rats were a source of disease and that they could not have them at their work seats. Every time one of the workers found a dead rat, she left her work and took the rat out of the pick-

ing room. When the foreman protested, she told him off and created such a row that the general manager came and gave in. The workers no longer have dead rats lying in boxes by their side.

One last thing: Moranda Smith is a member of F.T.A.-C.I.O.'s Executive Board and Assistant Regional Director for the South Atlantic Region, not International Vice-President as stated in Aptheker's article, although she may well be after the convention which will start February 14, in Santa Cruz, California.

L. M.

Suffolk, Va.

Prague Protests

To M & M:

OUR press is filled with news of the persecution of the twelve Communist Party leaders in New York. Recently a mass meeting was held at the same hall where twenty-two years ago the people of Prague protested the crime against Sacco and Vanzetti, and where sixteen years ago a protest meeting was held in connection with the trial of Dimitroff.

But unlike those two meetings which were officially ignored by the then reactionary Czech government, this gathering was called by the Czechoslovak Lawyers Guild, together with such other national organizations as the Syndicate of Czech Writers, Council of Czech Women, Central Trades Council and many other leading groups. It was a powerful protest against the attempt to condemn the teaching of scientific socialism, which is the motive power of progress all over the world. It was an outcry against the attempt to abuse American justice for the wicked aims of the war-mongers. At the conclusion of the meeting, Andre Simone said that confronting each other in the New York courthouse were not only the twelve accused and a jury, but war and peace. Judge J. Turecek, dean of the law faculty, condemned the accusation as anti-Constitutional.

This great meeting unanimously adopted the following resolution:

"We appeal to the conscience of progressive citizens of all nations and especially of the United States and we urge them to protest the attack against basic human rights being prepared in the law courts of the U.S.A. The persecution of the Communist leaders is not a domestic affair of the United States. It is an affair of the whole world just as was the Reichstag Fire Trial. We Czechoslovak citizens have learned that the crusade against the Communists is a road leading to war for world domination. We have paid with our blood for this knowledge and we have a right to raise our warning voice against this persecution."

JOSEF MACHACEK

Prague