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lasses & MAINSTREAM

n this Issue: **Our Duty Toward Life—PABLO NERUDA**

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—THE EDITORS.

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COVER: A portrait of Pablo Neruda by Antonio Frasconi.

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THE COMMUNISTS and YOUR FREEDOM

DURING the trial of the Communist leaders Prosecutor McGohey demanded to know from an editor of *Masses & Mainstream* whether or not this magazine had asserted that it had a "direct and immediate stake in this fight." Yes, of course. We said this in September, 1948, before the court proceedings began; we re-affirmed this from the witness stand at Foley Square; and now we repeat it with all the more urgent emphasis following the jury verdict. But it is not only Marxists who have a direct and immediate stake in this plot to scuttle the Bill of Rights. The American people as a whole is the marked and intended victim.

The meaning of this verdict for the plain people of this country has been smothered by the press. A vast conspiracy of deception has been practiced in order to befog the real issue. And this is that the conviction of the Communist leaders for "teaching and advocating" marks a turning point in American imperialism's drive to destroy every vestige of liberty for all.

This conviction brings the struggle against reaction to a new stage. Heretofore, each case, each tentative probing by the monster, while part of the general pattern, was nevertheless a sector in the fight. Of the conviction of the Eleven this is not true. This struggle contains within it the essence of all the

others; if this is not won, none of the other battles—whether for peace, or civil liberties, or Negro liberation, or lower prices—will be won.

For the frame-up is the beginning of an all-out effort by the bourgeoisie to illegalize the Communist Party, to place our country in the illustrious company of Hitler, Mussolini and Franco. It is in this context that one must view the anti-Semitic campaign of a Dulles—not a Rankin—in New York—not in Mississippi. It is in this context that one must see the significance of a Governor Dewey who, while gloatingly relaying the news of the "guilty" verdict, points out the location of an alleged Communist camp and urges his listeners to remember "next summer" that the patrons of this resort are "Reds."

THE first response to the guilty verdict is one of rage and anger. Feed this rage; nurse this anger—but not only within yourself. Make this rage and anger grow by sharing it with others. Let each day of imprisonment for the Eleven be as eleven coals to add fresh fuel to the fire burning inside yourself, and spread the flames until a forest fire of human indignation melts their bars.

The people's anger compelled Wilson to suggest a reprieve for Tom Mooney; a petition with over 300,000 signatures forced Harding to release Gene Debs. It is this kind of mass pressure, it is a united shout simultaneously issuing from millions of throats that will force Truman to erase America's shame and free the Eleven.

In the people's struggle against war and fascism the first and immediate objective is the liberation of the Communist leaders. Therefore every battle from now on—whether against Jim Crow, for Taft-Hartley repeal, against censorship, for the election of Marcantonio and Davis—must have as a constituent element within it, the effort to free the Eleven.

The conviction must be reversed. The battle of the appeal is the key one for all Americans. The Communist Party, functioning as the legal party that it is, will lead in this fight, but alone it will not win; if it is alone in this, all of us will lose.

It must not, then, be alone, and here comes the central task of *Masses & Mainstream* and its readers. This magazine is one of the very few channels of communication devoted to the truth, devoted to reporting things as they really are, that still remain in this country. And its readers have the overwhelmingly vital job of carrying their knowledge and their perception of the truth to broader and ever broader masses of people. This job is ours; we must do it. Upon the success we have in this task depends, quite literally, our freedom, our country's integrity and the lives of our children.

The bourgeoisie will increase their campaign of intimidation. Much of the intimidation that already exists has centered in the areas of the professions and therefore many readers of *M&M* are particularly aware of its character. Teachers and students know the meaning of the Feinberg Act, writers and artists the persecution of the Hollywood Ten.

Now, in accentuating the intimidation, one witnesses the scandalous sentencing to jail of all the lawyers who defended the Communists. New hoodlum assaults will be incited, more Mundt-Nixon bills will be introduced. Everywhere, the cry must be resistance! resistance! and, again, resistance! The opposition to the aggressions of the rulers must merge with the general offensive to Free the Eleven.

We call upon our readers to:

1. Contribute to the defense fund. The address is 35 East 12th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

2. Circulate petitions protesting the verdict against the Eleven and the sentencing of their attorneys.

3. Bring the truth about the trial to your community and organizations.

4. Write to President Truman and Attorney General McGrath demanding the immediate release of the Eleven.

WITH Shelley we know the meaning of the "judicial murder of the advocates of liberty"; we know, as he said, that "the temporary triumph of oppression" is the "surest earnest of its final and inevitable fall."

If there were any among us who suffered from illusions or legalisms this verdict has torn those scales from our eyes. Seeing clearly now the intent of the enemy—nothing less than the overthrow of the Bill of Rights and the instituting of fascism—our duty is crystal-clear. *That duty is to bring home to the American people the central fact that in this case is involved their own freedom.*

—THE EDITORS

CONTINENTAL PEACE CONGRESS

What I Saw in Mexico

by LLOYD L. BROWN

ARENA MEXICO

OVERHEAD, like a squadron of dive-bombers, a score of ferocious looking doves—six-foot models, painted white—wheel slowly around on their wires. The balcony banners shout: *Ganaremos la paz si luchamos por ella!* (We shall win peace by fighting for it!). Leering from beneath the new-hung slogans are the old signs: Schick Razor . . . Orange Crush . . . Ex-Lax. But here, for this week at least, the huckster's voice is muffled; and in this dingy prize-fight arena a new round in the worldwide contest is won.

The opening night of the American Continental Congress for Peace is a victory celebration. The little brass band blows its top as the flags of the nineteen nations represented are carried forward to the platform by the delegation leaders—Argentina, Brazil, Canada, Chile. . . . Lastly the representatives of the World Peace Committee in Paris are escorted to the front: Paul Eluard, poet of France, and Roger Garaudy, Deputy and writer.

We—all 1,500 of us—know that the holding of this Congress is a triumph of the American peoples over great odds, against implacable enemies. Barbed-wire barriers have been penetrated, rivers have been crossed at night. Our hands are clasped by men upon whose heads a price has been placed by their traitorous, fascist rulers. Along the many roundabout roads that lead to Mexico City from Central and South America there are men and women in jail—those who were caught. But others came to replace them. Even the Canadians had a hard time coming—the U.S.A. wouldn't let them cross. Most of them couldn't come, but nine of them made it by way of Jamaica in the British West Indies.

Dr. Enrique González Martínez, white-haired poet-philosopher of

Mexico, president of the Congress, welcomes us. His keynote address strikes the great chord that has sounded at the other peace congresses over the past months—at Wroclaw and New York and Paris and Prague and Bucharest and Moscow—the people against the warmakers. "We must unmask the insatiable killer," he declared, "and cry to the four corners of the universe that there is not enough gold in the world to pay for the sacrifice of one single human life. . . . No mental reservation, no suspicion, no political sectarianism, social or religious, can expel from the depth of conscience the yearning for lasting and perfect peace."

In the days that follow during that second week of September there will be many great speeches. The spokesmen of the peoples are here: Vincente Lombardo Toledano, Juan Marinello, Lazaro Pena, Pablo Neruda, Nicolás Guillén, Pedro Pomar, David Alfaro Siqueiros, Diego Rivera, Leopoldo Mendez, José Giral, Margharita de Ponze, Domingo Villamil, Miguel Otero Silva, Emilio Garcia Iturraspe—and many more. And there are messages from many—from Cárdenas and Prestes and Wallace and Batista and Robeson and Chaplin. From organizations around the world.

We from the U.S.—and there are more than 250 of us, headed by Dr. Linus Pauling of California—have our moment of glory in the closing session when Eslanda Robeson tells of the Battle of Peekskill. Proudly, defiantly, she speaks for us—and how they listen! These Latin Americans—enslaved, exploited, kicked around by hated Yankee imperialism—are desperately eager to hear of the other North Americans, the workers, farmers, Negro people, who are their friends. They lean forward, hushed, awaiting the translation; and from their shining eyes you know that the story of Peekskill will be retold, again and again, in a thousand city squares. Then comes the recording of Paul's voice bringing greetings and a song—"The Four Insurgent Generals." We shout, we cheer (*Viva Paul Robeson!*) and we weep unashamed. For Spain is here with us—thirty-odd delegates of the Republic in exile.

The first night we had wept, too, but that was different. Tear gas. Back in the spectator's section some sneak dropped a tear-gas bomb. There was no panic, just a rapid waving of hats and handkerchiefs to fan away the fumes. The North Americans were seated in the rear, where the earphones had been set up, and soon we got a whiff of it and we were weeping too. It smelled no different from tear gas in Youngstown or Ambridge, and you could bet your last centavo that like

TOLEDANO

Sketched at the Congress by Antonio Frasconi

the Schick razors, Lee hats, Ex-Lax, Coca-Cola and Ford cars it also came from North of the Border.

There were a lot of things to make a North American feel at home —the press of Mexico City for example. If you took the issues of the New York *Daily News* and *Mirror* and *World-Telegram* and *Journal-American*—the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* too—published during the Peace Congress at the Waldorf, and translated them into Spanish, you would have the contents of *Excelsior, La Prensa, El Universal* and *Novedades.* It was all a plot by Uncle José. They even sent down the quotation marks to put around each mention of the word peace.

Toledano, the dynamic leader of the Confederation of Latin American Labor, speaks of this in a memorable address. When he points out that these newspapers are an industry like the Mexican automobile industry, the audience roars with bitter glee—and the Mexicans loudest of all. "You see," he tells us, "we have a great automobile industry here. The *Yanquis* ship down from Detroit the chassis (laughter),

the motors (laughter), the wheels (laughter), the fenders (laughter) . . ." and so on through all the parts of a car down to the cigarette lighter; and after each item comes the great contrapuntal roar of savage laughter. "And then," he goes on, "they assemble it—our great automobile industry—and stamp it 'Made in Mexico'! The big newspapers work the same way: they import the paper, the ink, the type and the editorials written in Wall Street. Here they put it all together, add a dash of Mexican chili, and call it public opinion!"

After the laughing and applause die down, you reflect that these Latin Americans really know how to reach the hearts of their hearers. Their speakers don't talk *at* the people, or in front of them, but *to* them, *with* them. And they know the power of humor, the great clean-sweeping tide of a people's laughter against their foes, against the little men in the seats of the mighty. Pablo Neruda—as I'll show in a moment—knows it. In our country Lincoln knew it, and Twain and Debs. There are some progressive Americans—North Americans I mean—who have the blessed human touch, who can speak from the heart and reach other hearts and make men laugh and weep and cheer. But more of us must learn to speak out like Toledano and Marinello and Siqueiros and so many of the others we heard in Mexico City.

WHAT did the Congress add up to? Simply this: Another great link—the Western Hemisphere—was added to the chain which the peoples of the world are forging to hold the monster in check. There have been many "Inter-American" and "Pan-American" congresses in the past—Rio de Janeiro, Bogotá, Chapultepec—where the plantation overlord met with his riding bosses. But this was the first time that representatives of the common people of the two continents —the "fraternal sub-soil of pure America" of which Neruda sings —have met together on such a scale.

And for our country it was especially important. The Mexicans, the Cubans, the Colombians, speak the same language in more ways than one. They know each other; they are bound by common cultural ties, oppressed by the same imperialism. But the people of the United States have been largely strangers to them. We don't count Mexico City and Buenos Aires and Havana among the "world capitals"; somehow we overlook these fellow Americans, millions of them

—white, Negro, Indian. Mostly we have learned our three R's about Latin America—Rhumba, Revolution and Romance—from Hollywood.

Let the Arena Mexico be a beginning: we need many more such conferences. While in Mexico City some of us thought what a wonderful thing it would be if there was organized, for example, a conference of the Negro people of the Americas (there are more Negroes in Brazil than in the U.S.) where we could discuss our common problems, and together yank some tail feathers from the crow that calls itself an eagle.

THE HUNTED POET

MY NOTEBOOK is crammed with impressions of the many outstanding people I met at the Congress. I wasn't after autographs, but articles, stories, poems, drawings. I would like to tell you about some of the artists of the Taller de Grafica Popular—Pablo O'Higgins, and

AT THE ARENA MEXICO—*Frasconi*

Leopoldo Mendez whose work has appeared so often in our pages —but I signed him up for an article, and that will be better. And about Paul Eluard who told me of his poem on "The Twelve" which he will send us. And about Roger Garaudy, surprisingly youthful, with his big black horn-rims slipping down on his nose, looking like a genial young professor. He promised us an article within the next few weeks—on art.

But there is Neruda. He was a towering figure at the Congress and his speech (presented elsewhere in this issue) was somehow the high point of this whole momentous gathering. His words seemed to express in purest form, in deepest meaning, the spirit of the great movement that had brought us all together, just as he in his person symbolized the unity of culture and the people, unyielding resistance to fascism, and the patriotism which is truly internationalist. Here, we thought, stands an American Barbusse, an American Gorky. His delivery was restrained, he spoke without gestures or flourishes, yet such is the power of the man and his words that time and again the audience was swept to its feet, cheering, stamping, singing.

We went to see him at the house on Paseo Reforma where he was staying with friends—Waldeen, the dancer who translated his "Let the Rail Splitter Awake" for us, her husband and I. *Masses & Mainstream* is preparing a booklet of his poems for publication and I wanted to talk to him about it. We were told he was laid up in bed with a bad leg, varicose veins he developed in the difficult days when he was hiding from the hunters in Chile. But he insisted on coming out, and there was no stopping him.

He greeted us warmly, this poet, Senator, fugitive, and we made way for him to ease his leg out on the couch. He is a heavy-set man in his middle forties—slow moving, impassive. His face, smooth and round under a balding dome, is almost expressionless except for his small dark eyes which flash an inner fire and humor. His voice is soft and musical, strangely diffident and sad.

I tell him about the booklet of his poems we are working on, and that we are going to include the "Rail-Splitter" which made such an impact upon our readers just one year ago. He suggests some others that we might include.

"Long ones?" asks translator-Waldeen in mock dismay.

Neruda smiles. "Yes, long ones I'm afraid," he says. And then

as if in apology, "That's how it happens with me. I'm busy for a month doing all kinds of things and then I go in to write. I write and I write—and it's always something very, very long. No, I don't write other kinds."

He shuffled through a stack of papers on his lap and handed me a sheaf of legal-sized mimeographed sheets, stapled together. "This is one of my poems," he said, "and I want to tell you something about it." He speaks in English, precisely, sometimes hesitating. Waldeen translated the title: "New Year Chorale for a Nation in Shadows."

"This was published illegally in my country, in January of this year," Neruda explains. "First it was mimeographed in 2,000 copies and sold for 100 pesos. Very expensive for the poor people . . . they are very poor in Chile. Then it was printed in 10,000 copies and they were all sold. And then it was reprinted . . . another 10,000. All very illegally, you understand."

Then he laughed for the first time. "Let me tell you something very funny about this poem. There was a big inter-American congress on Otolaryngology held in Santiago at that time. When the President—Gonzáles Videla (he spits out the name)—greeted the delegates, of course, some of the students booed. But after the ceremonies were all over, a delegation of students went to see the President as he was getting into his limousine. They were all honor students, the best. 'We are sorry for what happened,' they said, 'and we have brought you a token which shows what the people of Chile really feel about you.' The boys handed the dictator a rolled up document, tightly tied—very, very tight," Neruda smiled as he described it, "so that he couldn't open it at once. With a red ribbon. They were gone by the time he opened up the present—this poem! Oh, it was very funny. . . ."

We went along with Neruda in the car that was to take him to the arena for his speech. He turned around on the front seat and said, "I want to tell you something else about poetry and Chile. In my country"—he says those words so proudly and lovingly—"the Communist Party thinks that poetry is very, very important. You can do such big things with poems. . . . When I was in hiding (he grimaces)—oh, it was worse than jail. My wife and I were in this little room and we had to be very quiet so that no one would know anybody was there. Every day at noon a girl brought us food—and that was all, just a tiny

little room. I thought I would go mad if I didn't do something political. So every day I wrote two or three small funny poems about what was going on—the terror in Chile. When the girl came I would give them to her and she would make one hundred, sometimes five hundred copies. Then these were mailed to that many people with a little note that said this will bring you much luck if you make fifty copies and send it to fifty other people."

Did they do it?

"Oh, yes, they did," he said, his eyes belying his lugubrious tone. "Yes, they did. In a few days Chile was swarming with my small funny poems."

What did you write about in them? (I didn't remind him that he had assured us that he could only write long poems.)

"Oh, all kinds of little things that the people like. For example, Videla went to the Antarctic on a warship—a big hero. I called that one 'The Conquistadore of the Antarctic'—it was very popular, too . . . so popular that when he came back he didn't make such a big fuss about it."

The first major poem he did while in hiding was the "Rail-Splitter" —"I felt that I wanted to talk to your people," he said softly, and in his tone there was the same note of hurt and warning and love that comes through in that memorable work. "You know," he said, "I was still in hiding when I got the pages from *Masses & Mainstream* with that poem. Just the cut out pages, not the whole magazine—someone sent them to me. It was very nice . . . very nice."

THE LONG ARM

"A RESERVATION to Houston? One moment sir," the handsome young clerk at the Pan-American Airways office on the Avenida Juarez was eager to be of service. "If you wait for just *one* moment while I call the office. . . ."

The conversation is in Spanish, but I try to follow it. *". . . Si, Señor Lloyd Brown, café inglés, . . . Houston . . . si . . . café . . . Brown . . ."*

After a while he hangs up and says triumphantly: "I have it for you, yes *sir!* Tuesday morning at ten-thirty o'clock. But why are you returning so soon, there's so many interesting things to see in Mexico?"

Yes, I say, but I've got to get back to work. By the way—why did you call me 'Coffee Brown' when you were on the phone?

"Ho, ho," he says, "but you didn't understand. You see in our language *café* means coffee, yes, but it also means coffee-*colored.* You see, you didn't understand. Ho, ho, 'Coffee Brown'—no, *sir.*"

Well, that coffee-colored business?

"Oh, of course, that's for the office, for reservations . . . you understand?" he beams happily.

Yes, I understand.

A long ways from home . . . but a short straight line as the Jim Crow flies. And I think of Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, chairman of Pan-American Airways—and Assistant Secretary of Air in the government of the United States.

NATIVE LAND

THE custom's inspector at Houston is in a genial mood. The ashtrays and rings and wooden dishes don't interest him. But I had also listed three art folios on the official form.

"They're not pornographic—obscene?" and he winks as he feels through my suitcase.

No, just a folio of Orozco, and Rivera, and . . . (better not mention the title of the one on the bottom: "Prints of the Mexican Revolution.")

"Yeah, that's art stuff," and he winks again. "Of course, a lot of it is pretty dirty, but when they call it art—what can you do?"

And in the waiting room I know for sure I'm home again: the drinking fountains marked Colored and White, and the toilets marked Colored and White, and the benches marked Colored and White. The lines from the Eighth Grade Reader leap to my mind and I recite them, half-aloud, savoring the full flavor:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land. . . .'

OUR DUTY TOWARD LIFE

by PABLO NERUDA

MY COUNTRY, as you know, is the most remote in the Americas. It has been carefully hidden by the Andean mountain chain, by the sea, and by feudalism.

Nevertheless, great powers are paying very close attention to that thin strip of long-suffering land—as in June of this year when two great nations sought to invite two Chileans. The United States Government invited the commander-in-chief of the Chilean army. I am not a general; I am just a poet. Yet at that time a great country invited me to visit it. That country was the Soviet Union—and almost at the very moment the Chilean general was en route to get a far-off look at the atom bomb, I was flying to celebrate the anniversary of an old poet, a profound and peace-loving poet: Alexander Pushkin.

It is now some time since the general has returned to my native land. I have not been able to return—among other things, because I am not sure that among the bullets obtained by the general there is not one destined for me. The fact is that since his return to my country warmongering has intensified; and the general, probably doing what he considers his duty, is writing articles on geopolitics in which he proposes that my far-away land be converted into an arsenal for a war of the continents. It seems to me—and it is well to say it—that that invitation resulted not only in spoken words but also in military bases, and that ships loaded with arms are leaving the big North American ports bound for the countries of the Southern Hemisphere.

And the fact is that shortly after that general's trip and for the first time in many years, the government leaders of Chile resorted to shot and shell—rehearsing perhaps for war, and rehearsing it, of course, against the Chilean people. The blood of about one hundred

dead and five hundred wounded stained the streets of the distant Republic. So, as you see, the lessons which the Chilean learned in the company of other military men have been successful; and they have been successful because they have turned the president of my country into a mere lackey maintained in power by the United States mining interests. This servile lackey does not believe in bothering too much about the welfare of the Chilean people.

If I had returned to my country, I would have brought back other stories, other experiences, and different truths. I would have brought the truth of Pushkin and the flag of Pushkin, which is poetry. For he is the *central* poet of his people. Other nations may have forgotten this flag but the Soviet Union, far from forgetting it, has hoisted it over its far-flung land. I saw this flag of poetry, of culture, and of peace floating over its broad expanses. I saw Pushkin museums arising amid the ruins; I saw the poet's face shining, like a surprised angel, in the ancient palaces of the Tsars, in railway stations, on the wings of airplanes, in the white nights of Leningrad, and in the enormous rebuilt tractor factory of the thousand-times heroic city of Stalingrad. But I also saw the verses of Pushkin in the midst of the fields, in vast checkerboard patterns. Thus, just as the Soviet Union has reconstructed its cities and factories and its collective well-being, so it has also reconstructed the faces of its creative spirits and displays them for the enjoyment of an entire people.

Perhaps in these two invitations we hold the key to so much of what is happening. We see, on the one hand, that when the Dollar Curtain is lifted by the U.S. immigration authorities, it is in order that Latin American generals may get a close—but not too close—look at the possibilities of mass destruction which a great country is showing off with peculiar pride; and we see, on the other hand, that when we pierce the curtain of slander with which that new world is being surrounded, we are shown the inspiring victory of the human spirit over time and the veneration of a lofty feat of human culture, shared by a whole people.

But we ask ourselves: Does the influence of the armament makers penetrate our lands solely by way of a few mercenary generals?

That is certainly not so. And perhaps never before has history given us a chance to see the process so clearly. The fact is that the war which is being prepared by the monopolies to ensure their domi-

nation in our Latin America in the face of the growing threat from the peoples who are struggling for their economic independence—these preparations for a world-wide tragedy seek to hide the extent of the decay. For within this decaying system the creation of culture is showing grave signs of mortal illness.

I SHOULD like to tell you, for the first time, of an important personal decision I have made. I would not bring it before this gathering if it did not seem to me to be closely bound up with these problems. A short time ago, after traveling through the Soviet Union and Poland, I signed a contract in Budapest for the publication of an anthology of my poetry in the Hungarian language. After signing, I met with the translators and editors. They asked me to pick out, page by page, which poems were to be included in the projected volume. I had seen the thousands of young men and women who had begun to arrive in Hungary from all parts of the earth to take part in the World Youth Festival; I had seen rise up, amid the ruins of Warsaw, the faces of young students who, between classes, were again lifting the shattered pedestal of peace; and I had seen with my eyes the great buildings built in a few weeks above the ruins of Stalingrad by twenty-five thousand youthful volunteers who had come from Moscow. I heard in those lands a sound like that of bees in an infinite beehive—the sound of pure, collective and boundless joy of the new youth of the world.

That day I glanced through my former books after so many years of not having read them. In the presence of the translators who were waiting for my orders to begin their work, I re-read those pages into which I had put so much energy and care. I saw at once that they were no longer useful. They had grown old; they bore the marks of bitterness of a dead epoch. One by one those pages passed before me in review, and not one of them seemed to me worthy of being given new life. None of those pages had the steel needed for reconstruction; none of my poems brought the health and bread needed by the human beings over there.

So I renounced them. I did not want old sorrows to bring discouragement to new lives. I did not want the reflections of a system which had driven me almost to despair to deposit on the rising towers of hope the terrible slime with which our common enemies

had muddied my own youth. I did not give permission for a single one of those poems to be published in the people's democracies. What is more, today when I have come back to these American lands of which I am a part, I tell you that here too I do not wish to see those poems reprinted.

We poets of this age have nourished within ourselves the two opposing forces which produce life. The hour has come when we must choose. It is not merely a question of choosing our mode of behavior; it is a question of choosing our inmost sense of responsibility.

A whole decaying system has spread deadly vapors over the field of culture; and many of us have contributed in good faith to making more unbreathable the air which belongs not only to us but to all men, those living as well as those to come.

How are we going to leave our trace on earth? Like a mark which a suffocating man leaves in desperation in the moistened clay?

Yet it is clear that many of the creative spirits of our time do not realize that what seems to them to be the deepest expression of their being is often deadly poison injected into them by their most implacable enemies.

Dying capitalism is filling the cup of human creation with a bitter brew. We have drunk of this liquid in which all the poisons are mingled. The books of what is called Western culture have, for the most part, been strongly dosed with the drugs of a decaying system. And our youth in Latin America are now drinking the dregs of an epoch which has sought to crush all hope in the future of humanity, replacing it with absolute despair.

When Fadeyev, in his speech at the Wroclaw Congress, said that if hyenas could handle the pen or the typewriter they would write like the poet T. S. Eliot or the novelist Jean-Paul Sartre, I think he was insulting the animal kingdom. I do not believe that animals endowed with intelligence and communication would make an obscene religion of annihilation and disgusting vices, as do these so-called "masters" of Western culture.

But their role is understandable. They are the apostles of the great charnel-house that is being prepared; they are the active microbes of destruction. Before the monopolists drop the atom bomb and annihilate a large part of the human race in defense of their unjust eco-

nomic system, these apostles have the task of annihilating men morally. In the chaos of dying capitalism they must make room for deeper anxiety and turn human intelligence into a partial light which illumines only the evil, diseased and perverse sides of human life. Theirs is the task of degrading life in order to facilitate the extermination of man on earth.

THE bourgeoisie has strongly supported these disciples of annihilation. In the last few years we have seen how our snobs have seized upon Kafka and Rilke. They have entered into all the exitless mazes; they have fastened on all the metaphysical systems which have dropped like empty crates from the locomotive of history. They have become defenders of the "spirit," high priests of Americanism, professional muddiers of the waters in which they wallow. They have consigned to oblivion the great humanists of our time. In our Latin America these pigmies blush when mention is made of a Gorky, a Romain Rolland, an Ehrenburg, a Dreiser. These delicate souls cannot utter the name of Balzac. These survivors try to make us believe in a bankrupt and buried surrealism, whereas the only useful thing about that movement is that from its ruins have arisen, like two splendid monuments of reason and faith in man, the two greatest poets of present-day France, the Communists Louis Aragon and Paul Eluard.

Who are the accomplices in the deliberate poisoning of our America? In the intellectual paralysis which is creeping over it? Who are the inciters to suicide of an age that was once able to think? Is it only the *Reader's Digest?* Is it only the guilty silence of the Steinbecks and the Hemingways? To what extent does the blood of the dead circulate in our own veins?

In recent years we have had in our Latin America a phenomenon of extraordinary importance. The arts—particularly painting and literature—have become profoundly concerned with the life and fate of our peoples. Painting—above all the superb Mexican mural painting—has magnificently carried out the mandates of truth and history. Literature, especially the novel, has also drawn near to our peoples but without going beyond a pessimistic realism and a penetrating exposé of our misery. On a few occasions, as in the case of Jorge Amado, José Mancisidor or Rómulo Gallegos, this literature, deeply rooted in our peoples, has succeeded in pointing to the path of liberation.

We have created a literature immersed in sorrows and a great many stories which seem destined to show only the insurmountable walls on the people's road. Great writers who are esteemed and profoundly ours, such as Graciliano Ramos of Brazil, Jorge Icaza of Ecuador, Miguel Angel Asturias of Guatemala, Nicomedes Guzmán and Reinaldo Lomboy of Chile, and many others, insist on depicting the dark forest of our America without showing the way out or the light. Yet our peoples know that road and that light.

It is our duty as intellectuals to fight against the diseased currents of metaphysics and sensuality which are sapping the foundations of our continent. Our great comrade who is here, Roger Garaudy, has defined these trends as follows: "Skepticism, despair, escape—all attitudes of a dying world. The trait they have in common is panic in the face of the real and, at the same time, the profound desire not to change anything."

In former days our native romantics, imitating Europe, sang of nightingales which they did not know and spoke of the month of May as our month of spring. Later they seemed a little ridiculous to us. Today this attempt to inject into American veins a poison of disintegration, which we do not accept as an American reality, would be more than ridiculous; it would be disastrous. In our America we have a world to build. We are not shipwrecked souls abandoned on some dark island, but fighters for a rational social order, champions of an unconquerable cause. Hence neither our creations nor our struggles are solitary acts but component parts of a constructive force. In our young continent we refuse to allow the enemies of life and of peace to preach and invoke the old intellectual disciplines of passivity, isolation, suicide and death.

IT IS well that at this stage of our grim struggle some individuals have arisen from our sorrow-stained earth and have shown in all its immensity the night which has ringed our American homeland. But now we are in a new period. We are in the period in which millions of human beings are freeing themselves of feudal bonds and breaking the chains of imperialist slavery. We are at the most inspiring hour of humanity: at the hour when dreams become reality because the struggle of men makes the dreams disappear and reality appear. We are in a period which has seen the Red Army enter the shattered

citadel of the Hitlerite assassins and hoist the red flag which symbolizes the age-old hopes of men; we are living through the bright days of the people's democracies. We have the honor and joy of living at a time in which a poet is winning a battle destined to change the fate of hundreds of millions of human beings. The name of that poet is Mao Tse-tung.

We are in a period in which Paul Robeson sings despite the Nazi-minded hoodlums who are trying to silence his song, which is the song of the earth. We are living through days in which the people of Chile—miners, students, fishermen and poets—fight back with sticks and stones and pour out their blood against the dishonor which a traitor has brought to my native land. We are marching together against the values of the merchants of war, against the slanderous poison of a kept press. We, the thousands of men and women who have gathered here on the consecrated earth of Cuahutemoc, Morelos, Zapata and Cárdenas, have come to defend and to impose peace.

This deserves the attention of our creative spirits. I am no critic or essayist; I am just a poet. And it costs me a great deal of effort to speak in words other than those of my poetry. Yet at times I have to speak because others have kept silent. I shall continue to speak while cowardice or indifference has sealed the mouths of many who should be carrying out the duties of their calling. That duty lies in pointing out to what extent the destructive enemy forces who want war are affecting our creations.

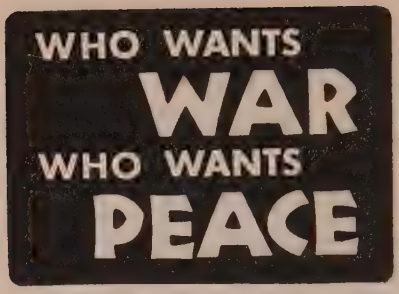
We hope for different works on our continent. We must give our American lands the strength, the joy and the youth they do not have. We shall not stand idly by while our treasures are shattered by the warmongers and while those philistines rob us of joy. We must overcome our sorrows and rise above the destruction. We must teach the road and travel that road in the full view of our peoples. We must cleanse that road and make it resplendent so that tomorrow other human beings may travel over it.

TODAY we have suffered a great loss. We have just buried in the earth, which he loved with all his strength, one of the greatest creators of our America, José Clemente Orozco. His life and death are a lesson to us. We cannot disregard that lesson or let it dissolve in tears. We must bring it to this discussion.

José Clemente Orozco was the artist incarnate of his land and people. His gigantic works will live as long as our America lives. Yet there is in his creations a dramatic intensity which almost borders on terror. The somber greatness of his work will surprise generations to come. The blood and suffering of our America are in his work; in it too are the seeds of insurrection of the past and of the future.

But now that we have lost him, now that his extraordinary and overpowering grandeur has become an indissoluble part of our lives, I should like to point out that José Clemente Orozco's last public statement was his endorsement of this Peace Congress. There has perhaps been no more significant act in any other previous congress. Rising above the totality of his work and above the obscure profundity of his past, and drawing close to the waters of death, José Clemente Orozco looked toward us and sent us his last message. He sent us his hope in us, his confidence in those who are fighting for the peace of the world.

It is this message of a great American who has just been taken from us which we must translate, proclaim, transmit and spread throughout the earth. It is the mandate of our age, the indestructible mandate which survives death. It is our duty toward life.



DRAWINGS FROM A FILM STRIP
BY ARTISTS OF THE
TALLER DE GRAFICA POPULAR
MEXICO CITY

A TYPICAL example of the social art produced by the famous workshop, *Who Wants War, Who Wants Peace* was first shown at the recent Continental Congress for Peace in Mexico. The fifty-nine drawings in this film strip were done by Leopoldo Méndez, Milton Zolotov, Seymour Kaplan, Arturo Gracía Bustos, Guillermo Monroy, Raul Anguiano, Alberto Beltrán, Elizabeth Cattlet, Roberto Berdecio, Mariana Yampolsky, Pablo O'Higgins, Francisco Mora, Ignacio Aguirre, Oscar Frías, Andrea Gómez and Carlos Nakata.

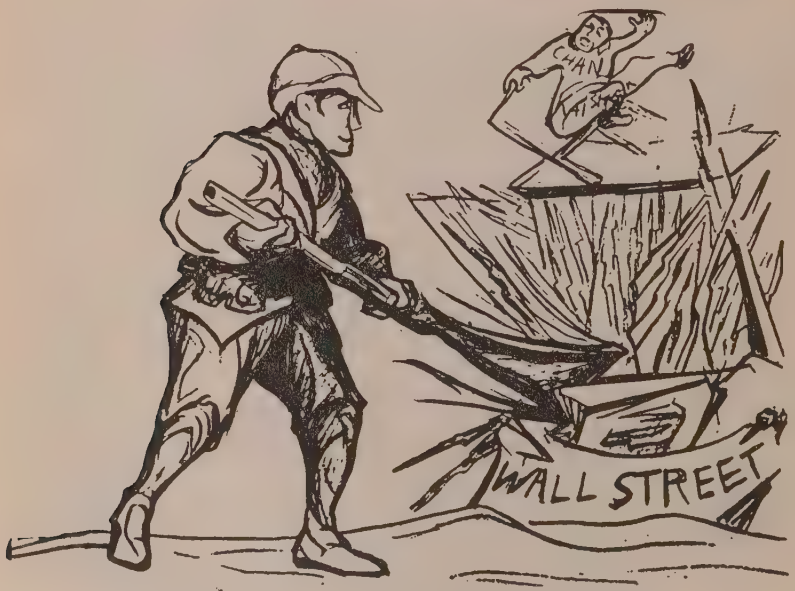
The film strip (35-mm.) can be ordered from the Bryant Foundation, 737 North Edgemont Street, Los Angeles 27, California.

(1) *While we still mourn our dead of World War II . . .*

(2) . . . *the warmongers screech for World War III.*

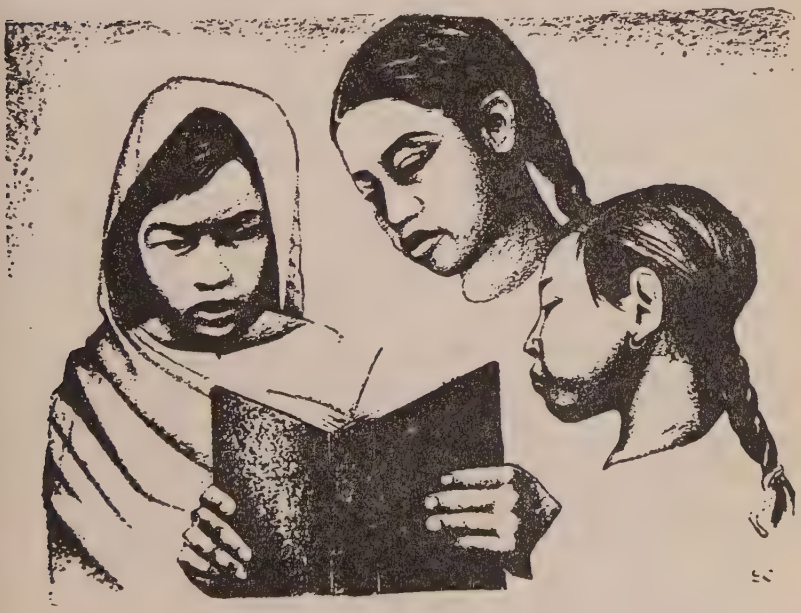
(3) *The Atlantic Charter is scrapped for an Atlantic Pact . . .*

(4) . . . *and the burden of armaments crushes the common people.*



(5) *But everywhere the people fight back . . . in China . . .*

(6) . . . *and unite their strength in the great Peace Congresses.*



(7) *For a better life, for culture, we must* impose *peace!*

Journey to Boston

A Story by HOWARD FAST

FROM the journal of Reuben Joshua Dover, it will be noted that even after he had well passed the allotted three score years and ten, he wrote with a firm, round hand. Therefore, it is not surprising that at the age of only sixty-six, he was a sound, dry and healthy man, able to do his day's work if it was necessary for him to do it; the trouble was that it was not wholly necessary, since he had four strong sons and two buxom daughters—and they were good children, which is not so often the case.

Like an old nut, Reuben Dover rattled a little, but he was sound, drying slowly like an apple that begins just bulging with juice and never has a bad spot on it. Of Puritan stock, he was city born, town born—he never forgot that and wore it like a badge—until the big layoff on the rope walk pushed him out to the stony fields of Middlesex where he hired on and learned what a damned crofter does. He was a man for a working wage, and he liked the feel of a wage and the companionship and good feeling that goes with a social way of work; and if left to himself he probably would have gone on that way, with occasional shipping out to see all the various Christian and heathen places of the world, the way a Boston boy does, until he ended deep in Davey Jones locker or on a board in the poorhouse; that's the way it probably would have been if left to himself, but he married Annie Cartwheel, an ambitious girl, and then he was not left to himself again, but had to go out after the war to the Mohawk bottoms and till the land and build a hard stone house. But prosperity never brought him the gladness of a glass of rum with the hard-headed boys on the waterfront. He had eighty-three milch cows, but he could climb his peaked barn roof and never see a ship or something that resembled one, and he would walk all over his acres and never see the pretty little whores that walked on King

Street or the wonderful sights of the yellow Chinese or the great black men from the warm places. At night, there was the chirping of the crickets everywhere, but nowhere the soft sweet singing of the Portugee fishers who sailed their boats across from the Azores and often enough bedded down with and even married some Yankee lassie, and nowhere the gentle crooning of the Kanaka harpoon men, so strong and graceful and gentle.

There was work and prosperity and a lumber mill and the six children, and suddenly he was old but not too old and what his sons couldn't take care of were just odds and ends of nothing at all, just miserable chores and not for a man who had worked a lifetime.

Thus, when it came out of the east, riding and sighing on the wind, brought by the fast post and by word of mouth too that the man Samuel Adams, old Sam Adams, seldom Sam Adams, had passed away and gone to rest with the best and the least of them, laid down his tired old body for ever and ever, Reuben Dover announced to his wife and children and grandchildren: "Now I think I'll go and walk in the procession and pay my respects, you know."

"As if they intended to put him on ice and just keep the corpse awaiting you," his wife commented sourly.

"Now maybe they would, knowing how folks will come from here and there as the news spreads."

"He's buried deep under right now," the son Joshua said.

"And if that's the case, I'll have me a glass of rum on his grave and toast him good, God bless him."

"Good riddance to a trouble maker," his wife said, and he told her sharp:

"You shut your mouth, Annie. I never took a hand to you, but sure as there's a God in heaven I will, talking that way."

"A sudden belief in God?" the son Adam said.

"I never had no trouble with God, you young fool—just never stood in no awe of Him nor no other, I tell you that! And how would you know today when there ain't men left! And how would you know about old Samuel either?" thinking to himself, by all that was holy, he wouldn't come back, but go and pay his respects and then ship onto some four-master out for nowhere, even if he went as a cook's helper.

"Wouldn't know a thing about him," the son Adam agreed.

"Still I'm going, and that's that, so we don't need to hash it over and over. I'm going, do you hear me? And I'm going on my best mare with my best suit and my best hat, and I'm going to pay my respects regular, deep and regular and sorrowful. Do you hear?"

But he thought to himself, there will be no one to weep, no one to know the truth of it, no one to remember, when it was all so long ago and like a dream that it had ever happened at all. And that very morning, he saddled up the mare and left for Boston.

IT WAS a two hundred mile trip to Boston, and no more Indians along the way to threaten your scalp and no more danger of British patrols, as there was once a quarter of a century past, but everywhere the mushroom growth of town and city and mill and farm, with the Yankees out to make a dollar where a dollar was to be made. The copper smelter smoked and the iron works glowed red by night; the gathered corn stood in the fields. The geese honked south in mighty flocks, for the Yankees had not yet figured out a way to get rid of the geese as expeditiously as they had gotten rid of the deer, who had once been as thick as flies over this land.

But for all of that, the land was still beautiful, with the lovely Mohawk wending its way into the lovely Hudson, and with the shadow of the pretty Berkshire hills on the eastern horizon. It was autumn time, the maples already red, the birch yellow, the dead leaves rustling as they fell, and the wonderful clean smell of coming winter on the air; and as old Reuben Dover rode along, he felt that his youth was flowing back into his veins. He felt free and footloose and full of good memories, and sitting bolt upright in his saddle, he put back his head and sang:

"Oh, pretty are the riggers as they sail across the sea,
But prettier is the lassie who waits at home for me,
With her sewing and her spinning and her weaving and her song,
May the best winds only grant it that she never waits too long,
That she never waits too long,
That she never waits too long,
For when I up and left her, I did a mighty wrong."

The better he felt, the younger he felt, the more certain Reuben Dover became that he would not go back to the farm, to his family, to his pinch-faced, carping wife. And when round about sundown, he saw a little stone Dutch inn, nestling in the shade of two giant maples and two giant oaks, with all the wood trim painted a neat white, he made up his mind to spend the night here. Most probably it was true that Sam Adams had already been taken into the earth, and a body in a grave will keep for more than a day or two, and it was seven years now since he had gone anywhere at all. He was in no hurry, and the dead were not impatient.

The boy who took his horse had been a crawling babe the last time he came this way, and that gave him additional thought about what happens when a man beds down in just one place. The innkeeper had a new wife, and sitting before the strong red fire in the tap-room were two of the new men, the selling men or salesmen as they were occasionally called, who took merchandise made in the Boston and Albany mills and drummed it to the farmers through the valleys. In the old days, Reuben recalled, you could always find at one of these wayside inns a Jew or a Scotsman with his pack of trinkets, cheap jewelry and piece goods, going out with a couple of pack animals to trade with the Indians for furs; but such men did a barter business pure and simple, while these new ones drummed for cash sale and nothing else. The wandering Jews and Scotsmen of the old times went out with never a thought for the time it took and were always ready to pass the time of the day over a cup of coffee, but these new ones were sharp and brisk with no time for anything that stood in the way of business.

There was also a neighborhood farmer, Fromm Vanjoorden by name, who had come in for a glass of hot rum and butter, and there was the post rider from Albany, a tall and sallow man in his middle thirties. The merchandise men were stout and neatly put together, intent on the fat barmaid, but Reuben, full of the juices of youth, set himself on the innkeeper's wife, a fine-looking woman of fifty or so; and when the innkeeper himself failed to appear, he began to think of the coming night just like some hot lad of twenty. He pinched her behind and shouldered her thigh and put away a pint of hot rum before his dinner.

She, on the other hand, looked sidewise at him, her blue eyes sparkling; for he was lean and hard and healthy-looking, for all of his years, and her husband was off to the market in Albany.

TALK was on, and Reuben listened before he put his oar into it. He himself was a Democrat and a strong one, but the two drummers seemed to talk Federalist talk; and whenever Reuben heard Federalist talk, he began to think of himself not so much as a Democrat as a Jacobin. He kept eyeing the Dutch farmer, speculating on whether he might not be a Jacobin too, which would make the odds better if he had to put the two damned fat fools in their places. But you could never tell about a Dutchman; they were as unpredictable in politics as in anything else; and Reuben bided his time until one of the salesmen called Tom Jefferson a "scut" and a "canting liar."

"I didn't hear you," Reuben said.

"I said, liar."

Then the lady of the house said, "Not in my house. No such talk in my house—or out you go."

"It's a free country, ain't it?"

"And no great credit to you," the Dutch farmer drawled. "No sir, mister."

Reuben was bulwarked. When the older of the two drummers said, just as he had expected, "What is this, Jacobinism?" he rose to his feet and answered: "God damned right!"

"There are ladies present."

"My apologies," Reuben said to the lady gallantly. And to the salesmen, "Did you call me a Jacobin?"

"If the name fits."

"It fits," Reuben said shortly. "And better than that, I'm on my way to pay my respects to the best of them all, old Sam Adams. I'll drink to him." He raised his glass.

"Not me, sir."

A long-limbed, red-faced man came in then, sleeves rolled and his leather apron of trade on him. "Did I hear that name?" he demanded. "Who's talking about Sam Adams?"

"I am, sir," Reuben said aggressively.

"For him or against him?"

"For him. If you'd a come a moment sooner, you would a heard me called a Jacobin too."

"Are you one?"

"I am." And then he added, "What in hell are you?"

"A bottle blower," the man in the apron answered.

"Politically?"

"A Democrat to my friends, and to them—" Nodding at the drummers, "Jacobin."

"Let me buy you a drink," Reuben said . . .

By nine o'clock, he was comfortably, homely drunk as he hadn't been in fifteen years, and he had kissed the landlady in the pantry and given her his gold watch fob to remember him by, not ten years from now, but around midnight, when he said he might just happen along to her room; and she called him a dirty old goat, which made him feel prouder than he had felt in a long time.

The two salesmen went to bed, and Reuben, the Dutch farmer, and the glass blower held down the fireside, with the boy fetching wood to keep it blazing and port wine to be mulled and keep them burning, at least to a degree.

LIKE most of the Dutchmen, the farmer had served in and out of the New Jersey line, and the glass blower had been on the long hike north to Canada with Arnold, whom he hated with a just and ripening hatred, not a quiet resentment at all. But neither of them had known Sam Adams, whom they toasted again and again.

"God bless him," they said.

"He never had a bad moment with God," Reuben pointed out. "A most religious man, orthodox, if you understand, but it never interfered with his tactics. Now Joe Warren never believed in God; came from cutting up too many bodies and seeing what was underneath, but Samuel respected the quality of disbelief. Could he have built a movement of Puritans—now answer me that?"

"That's granted," the glassblower said.

"So when Reverend Sutter came to him and demanded that Warren go out for being a damned atheist, Samuel asked him, Now what is most necessary for belief—mind, heart or body? Sutter thought to outsmart him, and knowing that Sam was one for tactics, answered—mind, just like that. Not at all, said Samuel, for I believe with the heart and Joe Warren—before Sutter could get a word in—believes with the body. There he was. A man who never had a mite of trouble with God."

"And I wonder how he died?" the Dutch farmer speculated.

"You can be just as sure that he died confident—and with everyone in that cursed city hating him," Reuben said.

"There should be a delegation," the glass blower nodded.

"With Yankees?" the farmer asked scornfully.

"Now wait a minute. There are good ones and bad ones. What did we build a movement out of, but the Yankees?"

"The quality of him was Yankee," Reuben agreed. "My own folks came from Plymouth, and that's nothing to be ashamed of, but he was not limited. Not narrow. Let me point this out to you—what did they fix on when they wanted to put a noose around his neck and squeeze the character from him: that he was a thief, and I tell you this, what honesty was to him is something different than what is to you and me. With him it was the way of life, that no man should be ground down under another man. All right, they still grind them down, don't they, but it's a little different and it will be more different, mark my word. Well, what for did they make out of him a tax collector? That was the mad thing to do, and did they expect him to collect from poor people who could not pay? But mark this, there was a man who went out of the world with as little as he came into it, never a penny—and never a penny did he have but the little bit he needed to eat and feed his children."

"Amen," the farmer said.

"Now you ask them that go on the road to drum business. They won't say many amens."

"That's the truth."

A little drunk now, for he had more this evening than any evening in a long while, and that on top of the wonderful sensation of freedom, Reuben's thoughts wandered idly through the past, with now and then just a flicker of anticipation toward the immediate future and the landlady. When men sit for hours looking at a roaring fire, and getting a little drunk in the bargain, they will see in the flames what they want to see, and sometimes very clearly indeed. Into life in Reuben Joshua Dover's memories came the Boston of long, long ago, when it was Sam Adams' town, when the carpenters and rope-makers felt for the first time on the continent the inevitable and irresistible strength of men who work together, and when they formed their revolutionary committees and lit a spark that burned for quite a while.

In his mind's eye, he breasted the hills to the west, and saw the whole pretty little town standing on its neck of land, and then he went walking on, through the gates and along Orange Street, but he was

young and hale and bold, and the palms of his hands—from walking the ropes—were hard enough to drive tenpenny spikes with, as the saying went. As he walked on, he saw the Boston that would not be again, that strange, unruly, stiff-necked, puritanical yet worldly, narrow yet cosmopolitan town that had already sent its ships to every corner of the civilized and the uncivilized world too. He saw the pigtailed sailors, parrots and monkeys riding their shoulders, and he recalled how carefully the commission merchants and the prim bankers avoided them. He saw the fat, respectable, matronly housewives shudder aside as the tarts passed, for that was a time when for every two honest women in the town, there was one that was a little less than honest. He saw the swaggering students from Cambridge, arm in arm, blasphemously singing, "Study is the most original sin!" And of course, he saw Sam Adams. You could not take a walk through Boston along Orange, up Newbury, through Marlbrough, then around past King's Chapel and over to Hannover along the neck without running into the old man and having him buttonhole you and say, in that close, inviting, confidential way of his:

"Now what do you hear, Reuben?"

"A ruddy sunset," if you were one of them, and Reuben Dover was, from the beginning. Then the old man roared with laughter and squeezed your arm in a way that made you want to do anything for him.

"Working?"

"On and off, Sam. If the ships don't sail, you don't need rope, and that's the mighty hell of it."

"Sure, Reuben." It wasn't just that he seemed to feel for you, he did feel for you. "Who takes the ships from the port—they or us? But I tell you, there are other uses for a prime piece of cordage. A mill turns on rope, and you can pull a cannon with a rope harness—and, do you know, I have even heard it said that a man can hang on the end of a rope?" It came as a question, and questioningly the pale gray eyes regarded you, the big, square face gently curious, the big square nose inquiring rather than aggressive. Only the mouth was round and full and sensitive as well as sensuous, and knowing. . . .

Then in his mind's eye, Reuben Dover saw more, for he passed the day with Sam Adams and walked on to the Old Wharf, where

the ships lay in every stage of construction, some with just ribs and keel, like herrings picked clean, some with flesh over the ribs, and some all decked and ready for the launching. One year merged with another, and as he dreamed, looking into the flames, he put the years together haphazardly, the good ones with the bad ones, taking from them what he wanted. So it was that when he came to the shipyards, they hummed with work, and men put down their hammers, saws and planes to wave to him and ask him how it went in the walks.

Rope to rig them, cloth to sail them, food to stock them and men to man them. Then they would dance over the waves like girls to their lovers and across the whole world the yellow folk and the brown folk and the black folk would see the colors of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

He shook himself awake, wiping the moisture from his eyes, and muttering, "He should a perished then, and what good was it for him to go on living, when I met up with one who had seen him in Boston, sitting by the window of his house, his spittle dripping and his hands so palsy they couldn't hold—and never a word of sense out of him, except when you called him a Jacobin, and then the old pride flowed back into him for a minute, God granting him that——"

"Who?" the glass blower asked.

"Why the old man, Sam, who else? He lived a proper life," Reuben said. "He did what he had to do and what he intended to do. And when he had finished, he had finished, that's all."

"And when was that?" came gently.

"To put your finger on it? As a moment? You know, I think I could do it—and I'll tell you of it, too, word by word. It was in 'seventy-five, and he was already by then fifty-three years old—or was it fifty-four? Well, I don't know and it don't matter, does it? There he was, anyway, riding his horse across the ploughed fields of Andy Simmons——"

"When was that, Reuben?" the glass blower inquired, for Reuben Dover was nodding over his rum as he spoke, tending to wander and live through the scene himself, without much thought for the others.

"I told you in 'seventy-five."

"But when? On what side of the year?"

"I told you in April!" Reuben shouted, sitting bolt upright, but the Dutch farmer wagged an uncertain finger at him and said: "Now you did not—not at all."

"And when would it be but in April?" He looked from face to face, and then he smiled, the wrinkles spreading all over his dry, leathery features. The landlady came up then, pulling a stool alongside his chair, and once again Reuben noticed what a fine figure of a woman she was, a ripe plum with clothes like the peel, for all of her years.

"Shouting," she said. Her voice was deep and filled with honey, but maybe Reuben was drunk and a woman's voice would be like that the way he felt now.

"In April, I told them," he said.

"Yes—and look at the time." She pointed to the tall clock in the corner, and the hands were coming together for midnight. "Would you burn every stick of wood I have?" she wanted to know.

"And how would you have us keep out the chill, woman?" the glass blower wanted to know.

"There are other ways," she answered, smiling at Reuben, who smiled back at her, just as graciously.

"Time enough," he said. The clock began to strike, and he cocked his head, and then they all listened until the twelve chimes had sounded out. "I'll cut you wood in the morning. I'll cut you a cord and stack it up as high as your nose. Now have a drink with us and I'll tell you about that April."

She poured rum from a pitcher, a tot for herself too, and sat on the stool, stroking a cat that cuddled in her lap. She hummed a little, the soft sound of a country dance, which Reuben didn't mind at all. It made a sound together with the roar of the blaze, and he wet his throat and told about that sweet April morning, with the sun coming up all red and clean in the east, and the crows flying and cawing, and the beads of dew all over the fields.

"IT COULD have been yesterday," he said, and they nodded, all of them being old enough to know how time makes its way. "It could have been yesterday, and I had a place three miles from Lexington, south over east, where there used to be a stone mealy mill——" But they didn't know the land, being New York bred, and he said,

"Well, there it was anyway, and I had a rotten few acres where you broke your plough on the rocks, so when I heard that shooting begin, like frozen twigs snapping, I say to myself, there it is, Reuben, and time enough too. Here's up and off and something doing, and Ill leave ploughing to them as wants it. That's what I said to myself, and I pulled on my britches. What are you up to? my wife says. What am I up to? My land, I'm up to making something and making it prime. Prime. So I took down my gun, a handsome musket of the French make, and I filled my pockets with ball and I took me a bottle of powder, and out I went—with her shouting after me that I hadn't heard the end of it yet——" He chuckled to himself over the memory. "Hadn't heard the end of it yet——"

"Where you at now, Reuben?" the glass blower demanded. "You started out with Samuel."

"And I'll be at him. He comes along. He comes along with that son of a bitch, John Hancock, the two of them riding hell for leather until Samuel sees me."

"What?"

"Why don't you keep your ears cocked? I told you before he came across the fresh ploughed field of Andy Simmons. Never was much of a rider, either, if the truth be told, just hanging onto the saddle and glad enough to pull up when he sees me. Come along, Hancock says to him, and Samuel answers, What do you mean, come along? This here's an old friend of mine, Reuben Dover. Then he says to me, a good day to you, Reuben; and I say, Good morning to you, Samuel, and what was all that commotion I heard?"

"Just like that?" the Dutch farmer grinned, slapping his knee.

"Just like that."

The landlady smiled her warm smile and remarked, "I never known one yet connected with that war that wasn't the biggest liar in the nation."

"All right now," Reuben answered her patiently. "What is a lie and what ain't a lie? Twenty-eight years ago, that was, and the man who says he remembers this and that was said, literal, why he just talks big. Nobody remembers that way, and also it's proper a thing should ripen a little, the way a good wine does, and while it's a ripening, you want a little coloring, the way a painter does, and that's proper —wholly proper."

"Wholly proper," the glass blower agreed. "What I seen, with summer marches and winter camps, and suffering until you wouldn't know blood from tears, my children won't never see—and for their kids, by God, maybe they won't never hear of it even; for what are they saying already of old Samuel but that he was just a dirty and cantankerous old man? What we seen, it was just normal for then, but it ain't normal for now, and you got to dress it a little."

"Just a little," Reuben defended himself. "But I tell you I remember that morning just like yesterday, and when I ask what it is with all that snapping and crackling, the old man says, gunfire, lad, gunfire. It's gone and happened, he says, and the dead are stretched out on the green grass in the most unholy way, and there's going to be a terrible anger all over the land. That's what he says, him who brewed the anger himself for fifteen years—. And I brewed a little of it too," Reuben nodded.

"But he was going the other way," the landlady reminded him.

"Sure, and I said to him, How is it, Samuel? Well, he said, I made it, and I'm off to tell the Congress a little about it. So I asked him, You going to miss the fighting? Miss it, he says, why there's going to be a bellyful for everyone, and I won't miss none of it! It ain't finishing, it's starting. So I waved him goodby, him and Hancock—who I never liked—and I ran North and found them at the bridge. . . ."

"Was you at the bridge?" the Dutch farmer asked.

"I was. I was that," Reuben whispered. "In at the first, and in at the last."

"Time for bed," the landlady said.

"You seen him again?" the glass blower wanted to know.

"Last time. I never seen him again, may he rest in peace. That's why I say, he could have died then. A man should know the proper time for packing his things and going off."

"A fine way to talk!" the landlady snorted. "Such a lot of talk, and where does it get to? A fine thing. Now go home—go home now," she said to the glass blower and the Dutch farmer. She bustled around them like a big hen and then she let them out of the door. Only Reuben Dover was left, he and the cat; the cat had curled up on a warm stone of the hearth, and Reuben Dover sat with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his palms, looking at the fire. Perhaps ten minutes went by while the landlady made things fast

for the night, and during that time, Reuben examined the past in the flames with a growing sadness. It was true, he reflected, that life was a moment; it came and it went, and the great treasure of youth was gone from you even before you made a full acquaintance of it. Then you filled yourself full of rum to loosen the strings that tied up your memory, but you never talked what you thought, and the rare goodness and courage of those you had known defied you. You babbled and that was all.

BY THE time Reuben Dover reached Albany, he had already come to the realization that he would not continue on to Boston, that he would not stand over Samuel Adams' grave and pay his respects, that he would not ship out in a square rigger for all the youthful and wonderful places of the world—but that he would go back to his farm and accept the scolding of his wife and the pitying looks of his children, and that he would go to church and listen to the pastor's sermons on the Godless, and he himself would lock his own godlessness within him. He realized that youth is for the young and that youth is a land no one ever revisits. He realized that this journey upon which he had embarked so lightheartedly was a strange contradiction in itself, for more than a journey to do homage to anyone, it was a desperate and rather pathetic search for those things which had animated him so long ago; and he also realized that an old man could not solve the essence of a betrayal so enormous.

A number of things brought him to these realizations. Only the two men he had spent that first night talking to were interested in either him or Samuel Adams. In places where he stopped to eat or sleep thereafter, he was a bore, a tiresome old man. Twice he was roundly insulted, and at Cohoes, where he announced himself a Jacobin, a glass of beer was flung in his face, and when he fought back, a blow on the head laid him out flat. At Cohoes, too, the Merchants' Association had a Jacobin hanging in permanent effigy and now a card was put on his neck naming him Sam Adams; and after his beating, Reuben lacked the courage to tear it down and despised himself for that lack of courage. At Albany, a newspaper carried a story entitled: "An Intimate Exposure of the Frauds and Thieveries of the Late but Not Lamented Samuel Adams." And these were just a sampling of many small but telling incidents. Yet even all of these

together did not explain the bitter sadness of Reuben Dover, which he later entered in his journal in this fashion:

"I take this opportunity (he wrote) having taken no other, of paying my own tribute to my olden Comrade, Samuel Adams, may he rest in peace and without disturbance. For I have set out on a long journey to make some gesture to him, yet never completed that journey at all. My intent was to go to Boston, but no farther came I than Albany. Never finding along the way respect or consideration for the virtues I knew and labored for, I have no heart to continue more but will return now to my home.

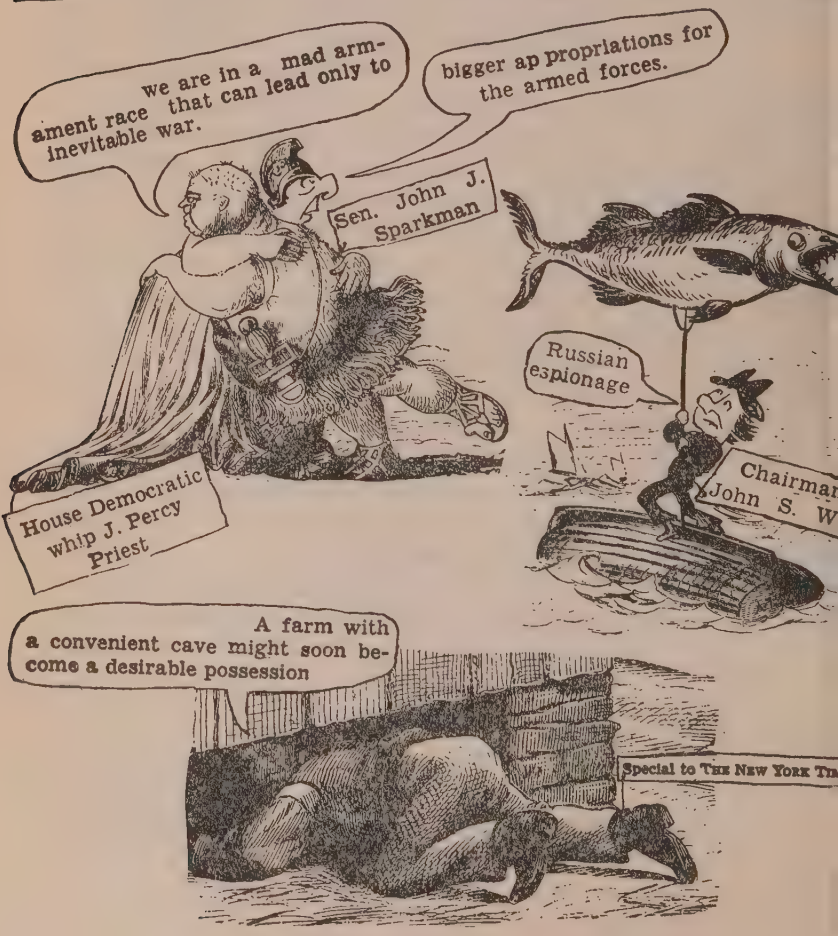
"I must take note of the way this nation has changed, so that the Young are not brought up with honor for those who took the situation as it was and made from it a Revolution. Nor do citizens in the fullness of their life recall the splendid trials we endured. Rather do they embrace what was mean and narrow in the Yankee than the shining things that seem now so seldom. The honor of men who worked with their hands and their tools is now turned into dishonor, and to ask a wage for wife and child is to be called a Jacobin. To speak a good word for old Samuel Adams, that too is termed Jacobin, and it would seem that the brave People we knew are lost to us. I do not hold that way, for many of them must be in the towns and the countryside, and I think they will rally again as they did once. But who is to call them when those of us who remember are so old? I saw in Albany the new Smelting Mill, and the men who went in there to work took their children with them, holding them by the hand. No head, it seemed, was lifted with pride. The little children walked in shame and the grown ones too. And at a Goodsmill at Shineyside, I saw the same. I saw beggars in the streets and I was stopped by hale and hearty men who whimpered that they had no work.

"I can do honor, but what is the use if not to the living! I turned home because my part is finished and this land does not greet old men."

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1949

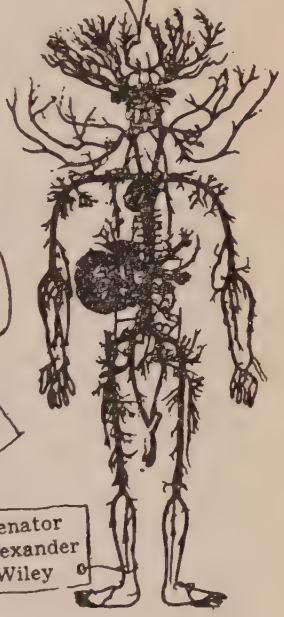
The President's decision to break the news of the Soviet success in atomic weapons has done much to calm men's nerves and to clear their minds.

WALTER LIPPMANN



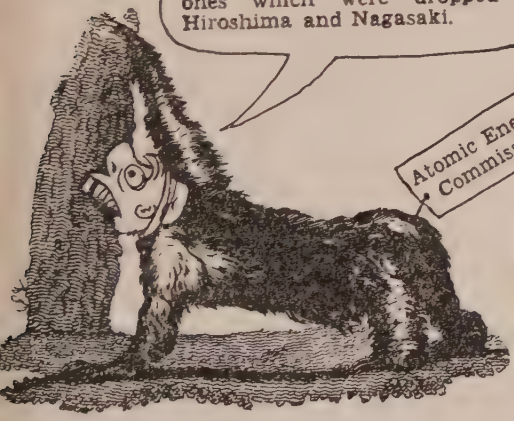
Sen. Richard B. Russell

immediate steps for getting as many key Government personnel and officers out of the Washington area as soon as possible.



Senator Alexander Wiley

the bombs we are producing now are much better than the ones which were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.



I don't believe it.

Sen. Hugh Butler

No comment.

Defense Secretary Louis Johnson

Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg

There is nothing I can say

Sen. Tom Connally

Speaker Sam Rayburn

I am not in the know on these things now.

Bernard M. Baruch

SOVIET SCIENCE IN THE ARCTIC

by WILLIAM MANDEL

THE current controversy in this country over Soviet genetics has re-opened the age-old question of the relation between politics and science. Light can be thrown upon this question by an examination of the facts concerning Soviet scientific activity conducted in its vast Arctic regions.

All Arctic explorers grant without argument that from 1928, when the Russian icebreaker *Krassin* took the survivors of Nobile's dirigible *Italia* off the ice north of Spitsbergen, to the present day, the Soviet Union has led the world in Arctic scientific research, scientific discovery and the development of entirely new sciences such as ice forecasting and the study of permanently frozen soil. This was a result of the policy of a political party and the government it led, assigning vast funds and precious personnel to the solution of a task elsewhere deemed to be impossible.

Scientists of the non-socialist world, proudly empirical, had proclaimed that regular navigation of the Arctic Ocean was an unattainable fantasy. Leading Western figures denied the significance of Soviet accomplishments even when they could not deny the facts themselves. As late as July, 1940, the *Geographical Journal,* publication of the Royal Geographical Society, carried an article by Professor Kenneth Mason who quoted Pananin, chief of Soviet Arctic development, as writing, in November of the previous year: "There should be no reason to import fuel to the Arctic, for the Arctic possesses its own natural resources of coal, oil and rare metals." On this, Professor Mason commented: "It is difficult to imagine a more glaring instance of wishful thinking." Unfortunately for the type of scientific thought he represents, the very month in which his article appeared marked the beginning of the first northern navigation season during which the Arctic merchant fleet was powered by Arctic fuel.

To see the picture whole, let us go back to the epochal voyage of the *Sibiriakov* from the Atlantic to the Pacific via the Arctic in the summer of 1932, the first time that this had been done in a single season, without being frozen in for the winter. Prior to the feat of the *Sibiriakov,* western scientists held the view that the Arctic could not be navigated *simply because it never had been* in 400 years of trying. In 1878-79 Nordenskiold made the through voyage for the first time, but the fact that it took two years deprived it of all significance as far as practical transport was concerned. When two Russian vessels had to make three annual attempts before succeeding in making the trip in 1914-15, that further "proved" the practical uselessness of the Northeast Passage. Then, when it took the famed Amundsen three years, 1918-1920, to do it for the third time, that settled the matter.

The *Sibiriakov* voyage of 1932 was the more remarkable in contrasting two types of scientific procedure because the ship was not a new vessel specially designed for this voyage as its predecessors had been. It was a twenty-three-year-old, British-built semi-icebreaker, designed for use off the Newfoundland banks and bought by Russia in World War I for the semi-Arctic run to Archangel. Yet the 1932 voyage was no accident. Here was a classic case of a *new philosophy* and *new politics* scoring a *new scientific result* with means that had been at hand for years but that had lacked the guidance that could attain that result. The Marxist-Leninist philosophy guiding the Soviet government holds that there is nothing in nature that is unknowable to man, and that there is nothing which is beyond his control once he has discovered the natural laws which govern it. What is needed is only the means, the effort and the patience. Therefore, as far back as July 2, 1918, when the Soviet government was only seven months old, Lenin signed an order for a large hydrographic expedition to the Arctic, with a million-ruble appropriation. And by 1932 the knowledge and practical experience acquired through scientific exploration and commercial shipping over part of the route made the voyage of the *Sibiriakov* possible.

Previous Arctic navigation had been based on the principle of staying as close as possible to the mainland shore for safety in case one's vessel were caught in the ice with the danger of being crushed and sent to the bottom, and in order to take advantage of the open water usually to be found near the coast in summer. Now it had become

known, thanks to experimental cruises, flights and, most important, the reports of radio-equipped polar stations on outlying islands, that when heavy ice moved in to the coast in summer, open water could be found far to the North. Therefore, when the *Sibiriakov* was faced with impassable ice in an important strait, its leaders struck boldly up into the high latitudes hundreds of miles around a great island and came down safely, in the clear, on the far side.

Two entirely opposite conclusions were drawn from that voyage, just as similarly opposed conclusions have been drawn from Lysenko's work in genetics. A leading expert on the Arctic, Breitfuss, a Russian-born émigré of German origin, living in Germany, applauded politely, granted that such a through voyage might be made every few years, but insisted that commercial exploitation was out of the question—scientifically impossible. The conclusion drawn from the *Sibiriakov* voyage by the party and government directing the destinies of the Soviet Union was the immediate establishment, in December, 1932, of a Northern Sea Route Administration, to master the Arctic completely and make it a normal waterway.

Was not that unwise, on the basis of a single trip? Was it not, perhaps, a combination of unusually favorable ice conditions that year and "luck" which made that trip successful? Today, of course, it is clear that that was not the case. But in 1932 that was clear only to those whose *philosophy* held that nothing is ultimately beyond the reach of man, given a *policy* of providing the personnel, training and equipment until the given problem is solved. *They reason that everything in nature is interdependent with everything else, and any given phenomenon may eventually be controlled through the leverage of others which man has already learned or is learning how to direct.*

The Soviet government replaced scientists imbued with a fatalistic attitude toward the conquest of the Arctic, or men tending to separate theory from practice, no matter how many expeditions they had made or papers they had written, by others who truly lived the philosophy and policy which all professed, and who moved knowledge of the Arctic ahead.

Had the doubts of individuals, such as B. V. Lavrov, been permitted to hold sway, the sciences of ice forecasting and the study of permanently frozen soil would have died a-borning, no study of the Central

Polar Basin would ever have been made, the Papanin ice-floe drifting expedition of 1937 would not have taken place, and the zoological, magnetological and other discoveries which followed would still be in the realm of the unknown. Knowledge of the Soviet Arctic would be no further advanced than that of the Canadian, which to this day cites Stefansson's findings of thirty-five years ago as the latest data available on many areas.

There was no mechanical, idealist pessimism in the men who replaced the Lavrovs. The name of Otto Schmidt is indelibly inscribed in the history of the Arctic. Schmidt and his successor, Ivan Papanin, are living illustrations of yet another aspect of the relation between politics and science. Schmidt was a scientist by background, a theoretical mathematician to be specific, and today he is a geophysicist—which represents an admirable combination of his special field of knowledge and his eight years' experience in the Arctic. Why was this mathematician placed in charge of discovering the realities of the Arctic and developing it economically? Because, among Russian scientists of the late Twenties, many of them overawed by the material superiority of the West, he was a leading advocate of the dialectical materialist philosophy and policy of his party and government toward science, convinced that this would enable it to *leap* ahead. And from 1929 to 1937 he plied the waters of the Arctic, discovered new islands, placed in motion a vast machinery of scientific investigation in every conceivable branch of study, founded the operative sea route, and finished —on the positive side—by organizing the first expedition ever to live and make observations at the North Pole.

Papanin headed that party of four who dwelt on the Polar ice floe for almost a year, in 1937-38, and thereby won world recognition as a scientist of the first rank. He and his group provided entirely new knowledge, much of it unsuspected, of the waters, ice, climate, meteorology, magnetism and biology of this spot where only one group—Peary's—had ever trod before, and then only long enough to establish the geographical fact that he had been there. After ten years as head of the Northern Sea Route Administration, Papanin is recognized today as a scientist and executive of the highest rank.

Let us spell out the extent and nature of Soviet theoretical scientific achievement in the Arctic. In terrestrial magnetism, there is Professor Weinberg's discovery of the probability of a second magnetic

Pole in the North, a conclusion drawn from the vast mass of data on magnetic variations made through years of observations by 100 polar stations on the mainland and islands, by repeated flights to the geographic Pole and the Pole of Inaccessibility, by ships plying repeatedly above 80° N., by the Papanin group drifting down from the Pole itself, and by the *Sedov,* drifting north of 85° longer than either the great Nansen or Papanin.

There is Professor Wise's discovery of the principles concerning the drift of the ice in the Arctic, governed by currents local, Atlantic and Pacific in origin; and atmospheric conditions. This knowledge is so exact that it enabled Wise to predict the existence of an island no one had ever seen on the basis of the manner in which the one ship ever carried to that vicinity had drifted when ice-bound. Later he had the pleasure of being aboard the ship that discovered his island!

More important, and vital for the shipping which Breitfuss believed impossible, is the fact that the movement of the ice in a given year can be forecast with seventy-five to eighty per cent accuracy. Here again there is the closest relation between theory and practice. These forecasts are based not only on the records of years of observations by the same facilities used by Weinberg, but also on constant long-range ice patrol flights by crews having extensive experience in recognizing ice conditions from the air in polar day or night, in clear weather or when clouds cause confusing optical phenomena.

Ice, snow and permanently frozen soil are not temporary or nuisance conditions in the Arctic; they are the general state of things. If planes are to land on ice its exact reaction to their weight and their shock of landing must be known. If buildings are to be erected over permanently frozen soil, with its tendency to thaw and result in sinking when covered by a warmed structure, this phenomenon must be studied. As early as ten years ago 694 different studies of ice and snow had been published in the U.S.S.R. This body of knowledge did not exist anywhere else. One hundred and fifty-one volumes of the *Trudy* of the Arctic Institute had been published by 1940. Three hundred expeditions had been sent out up to 1945 by the Arctic Institute alone in its twenty-five years of experience.

The Hydrographic Administration sends expeditions annually, and, in the current fourth Five-Year Plan, 1946-50, its schedule alone calls for 540 of them, 200 by plane, 170 by ship and 170 on foot along

the coast. The Murmansk Biological Station investigates the habits of the fish in northern waters which provide one-third of the total supply of this staple of the Russian diet. The Geographical Society, the Oceanographical Institute and the Hydrological Institute also send out expeditions, ships and field staffs, and maintain laboratories in which to analyze the results of their findings.

In 1947 the Academy of Sciences sent six expeditions to the zone of permanently frozen soil. One of these made an intensive study of soil formation and plant development near the twenty-year-old lumber port of Igarka on the lower Yenisei, now a substantial town of 25,000, which is envisaged as one of the agricultural centers of the Far North. Yes, agriculture. Nowhere in the Soviet Union is Lysenko more appreciated than in the Arctic. That area's subjugation demands the development of new plant and animal varieties. The scientists working here, basing themselves on Lysenko's methods, have been successful in developing varieties capable of surviving in the North. At Narym, where the *average* yearly temperature is below freezing, and the winter gets colder than 60° below, they grow winter rye and wheat, potatoes, sugar beet, tobacco and sunflowers. At Verkhoiansk, where winter means 90° below and worse, and which was believed to be the coldest spot on earth until recently, vegetables are now grown on the open ground. This work is directed by the Research Institute of Polar Agriculture. These are developments of the past fifteen years.

THE purpose of all this is to make the North livable, to discover its riches, determine how to extract them and how to bring them to the country at large. The results are many. Geologists have found 2,000 deposits of valuable minerals. Since 1940 the ships of the Northern Sea Route have been fuelled by coal dug at many points along its shores. Now oil is being developed to make more efficient shipping possible. More tin is mined at Chaun Bay on the Arctic coast in the extreme northeast than in the rest of the Soviet Union combined. It is taken out by ships moving through the most ice-bound of all Arctic waters, the Chukot Sea, and then via Bering Strait. The nickel of Norilsk, the lumber of the Yenisei and the fluorite of Amderma, essential mineral for the iron and chemical industries, are taken out via the Kara Sea, "the ice box of the Arctic."

The great coal deposits of Ust-Vorkuta above the Arctic Circle in

northeasternmost Europe, linked with the country at large by a 1,200-mile railroad built to last during the war—when the United States built only a highway to Alaska, although a railroad was needed, proposed and mapped—had twenty mines in operation by November, 1946. By next year it will rank with Karaganda as the fourth largest coal-mining district in the U.S.S.R., and will later provide coking coal for a complete pig iron-to-steel mill being erected near Leningrad. The iron ore for that mill will come from near Murmansk, an area which already produces vast quantities of the fertilizer apatite, the aluminum ore nepheline and many other rare minerals. Their discovery and development was the sensation of the 1937 International Geological Congress.

Human beings find the Arctic livable, although it would be false to assert that life is as easy as in the temperate zones (one might argue about the tropics) and it would reduce the grandeur of socialist achievement to do so. But the population of the Soviet Arctic proper almost tripled in the thirteen years from 1926 to 1939 (731,800 to 2,097,000) while Alaska, almost all of whose people live south of the Arctic Circle, has a smaller population today, excluding the military, than it had before World War II. To cite one of dozens of examples, there is the port of Tiksi, on the shore of the Arctic Ocean, located where the Lena River (frozen seven to eight months in the year) meets the sea. It is as far north as the uppermost tip of Alaska, and further north than any town there. The *average* January temperature is 40° below zero. Trees and bushes have not yet been taught to grow here, although lush grass comes up in summer and cattle are raised on it. In winter it is dark twenty-one hours a day. The other three hours are just light enough to read by.

In 1932, when the *Sibiriakov* put in here, Tiksi consisted of about a dozen tents and huts, and that was progress. In 1945, forty-five ocean-going vessels discharged and took on cargo here; hundreds of barges and river steamers took freight up the river. Ten coal mines have been sunk at Tiksi since the war. There are streets, shops, restaurants, a post and telegraph office, a hospital, a powerful short-wave broadcasting station, a power plant, and water mains kept operating the year round by heating them just above the freezing point. In 1943, 235 babies were born here, and the population is about 30,000.

What brings these pioneers to the North? In 1946 the Soviet Arctic

College at Leningrad, training hydrographic engineers, oceanographers and navigators, had two applicants for every student it could admit. The Arctic High School, training radio operators, hydrometeorologists, electrical and ship mechanics, had 1,176 applications for an entering class of 220. Mainly, the people who opened the Soviet Arctic were Communist Party members assigned to the job, scientists attracted to this unknown field, and, in the majority, enthusiastic members of the Young Communist League who volunteered in large numbers and from whom the best were chosen. The U.S.S.R. also applies material incentives to attract workers. The *Polar Record,* a scholarly British publication, carried in its issue of October, 1946, the following information on special benefits for Soviet workers in the Arctic: "The privileges are in the form of increased pay (a ten per cent bonus on basic rates), increased leave and free return travel for the worker, and certain facilities for his family. In the calculation of pension rights one year's service in the Far North is to count as two years' elsewhere."

In 1947 the Institute of Ethnography equipped fourteen expeditions for long-term work among the most primitive Soviet peoples. One of them was to spend from two to three years among the Chukchi. One of the native nationalities of Siberia, the Yakuts, of Mongol derivation, had made such progress in the development and training of scientists, with Moscow's aid, that a permanent base of the Academy of Sciences was founded among them in 1947. Their program of research is most impressive: geology, geography, zoology, botany, soil science, mineralogy, geophysics, hydrobiology, and the Yakut language and literature. It will not be springing from unprepared soil. In 1946 teams of local Yakut scientific organizations had started archeological investigations in the town of Yakutsk and its vicinity. They found numerous traces of ancient settlements, including arrow-heads, combs and household utensils dating from the Stone Age and, at another place, Bronze Age artifacts.

All this system and organization does not mean that adventure and the thrill of new discovery have left the Arctic. In the summer of 1946 the geologist Leo Berman and two associates set out to learn the cause of unprecedented summer floods on tributaries of the Indigirka River, rising near the Pole of Cold in Yakutia where there is virtually no rain or snow. Unable to find guides, as no Yakut had ever followed the river to its source, Berman and his colleagues set forth on horse-

back. After two weeks, they discovered a completely unknown mountain range, ninety-five miles long and forty miles wide, with sixty major peaks and 114 glaciers—the third largest field of glaciers in the U.S.S.R. The peaks, reaching 9,000 feet, are the highest in the northeast of the Soviet mainland. The fearlessness of mountain goats in the presence of the Berman party indicated that they had never seen human beings before. The floods which led to the expedition were discovered to have resulted from melting of glaciers caused by the unusually warm summer that year.

How does all this compare with developments in the American Arctic? Scientific investigation there has lagged until recently because more temperate climes had more than sufficient resources for the market to absorb, and exploration depended upon philanthropy and intrigue to such an extent that so great a pioneer as Stefansson was unable to return to the North after 1918. The combined population of Alaska and northern Canada is today perhaps 100,000—maybe 1/25 of that of the Soviet Far North. The first single-season through passage from ocean to ocean via North American Arctic waters was not made until 1944, twelve years after the *Sibiriakov* voyage, and at a time when nearly 200 vessels were already in regular service in the Soviet Arctic.

But now that an avowed policy of military encirclement of the U.S.S.R. has been adopted by the United States government, scientists find themselves not only assisted but directed through financing into Arctic channels, at least such channels as can in any way serve the war machine. All these operations—"Musk-Ox," "Williwaw" and "Iceberg"—have revealed, it is announced, innumerable new problems for science; and considerable scientific progress—if that word is applicable when its purpose is destructive—will undoubtedly be made. But because the field of investigation is isolated from and opposed to the normal requirements of peaceful human existence in the Arctic, it may be predicted with certainty that scientists will find the results of this work to be as distorted and lopsided as nuclear physicists have reported in their field. It would be surprising, under these conditions, if Soviet Arctic scientists did not continue to maintain the overall lead in the study of the Far North.

forum

Three Views on Psychoanalysis

We present below three of the many comments we have received dealing with the article by eight French psychiatrists, "Psychoanalysis: A Reactionary Ideology," published in our September issue. The extraordinary interest in this article was reflected at an overflow forum on the subject sponsored by M&M *at the Jefferson School in New York on September 25. The panel speakers were Joseph Furst, Mark Tarail and Francis H. Bartlett. Mr. Bartlett's remarks at the forum are published below. In our next issue we plan to publish a paper by Dr. Furst. While we may not be able to publish all communications, we welcome further expressions of opinion.*—The Editors.

Francis H. Bartlett:

I WANT to confine myself to clarifying, if possible, one prevalent and serious misunderstanding to which the article on psychoanalysis in *Masses & Mainstream* gave rise.

In order to forestall still more misunderstanding, I had better preface these remarks by saying that I agree with the main points developed in the article. Briefly, these points are that psychoanalytic theory functions as an ideological weapon of the bourgeoisie in the class struggle. Secondly, that this reactionary role of psychoanalysis is no accident. It is not, as is sometimes believed, the "misuse" of a valid scientific theory for reactionary purposes. The psychoanalytic tradition is unscientific even within its own proper field. It is pervaded by a "mystifying principle" and must be fought on a scientific as well as a political level.

To attack psychoanalysis correctly in this manner, however, is not at all the same thing as attacking any and every attempt to understand neuroses and treat them by psychological means. The authors of the article in *Masses & Mainstream* specifically disclaim any such sectarian position. They make it very clear that they are themselves engaged in treating neuroses by psychological means. They are trying to work out

a new orientation toward such treatment. The fact that the understanding and treatment of neuroses are at present dominated by reactionary theories means that we have to get rid of these theories. It does not mean that we should stop trying to treat neuroses. The authors specifically state that they are making efforts to develop "non-abstruse psychiatric technique and 'de-mystified' psychological therapies." They are attacking mystification; they are not attacking psychological therapy. Many people have misunderstood this essential point.

Efforts to develop a new orientation toward psychological therapy are also being made in this country. There are many disputes involved in these efforts and there is no such thing as a fully developed and agreed-upon "Marxist therapy." But there are many good beginnings. I cannot go into these in any detail. I would only like to indicate that, starting with Marxism, an approach can be made to a truly scientific understanding of psychological disorders and de-mystified methods of psychological therapy. We do not have to leave the understanding and treatment of neuroses to the reactionaries.

Capitalism, in the course of exploiting the masses of people, inflicts upon them not only material injuries, but also psychological injuries which are not to be minimized. It threatens our material well being, our physical health and even our lives. Capitalism also has the most dangerous effects upon people's mentality. As William Z. Foster says, "it is not only that great numbers of people actually go insane in capitalist countries; the whole atmosphere of capitalism, with every man's hand turned against his brother's, is fundamentally neurotic and psychotic." The problems which are central in a fully developed neurosis can only be understood in the context of capitalism and as closely related to the psychological injuries inflicted to some extent upon all of us.

In contrast to socialism which is classless, integrated, planned, where people, as Foster says, "live in an atmosphere of friendly solidarity and have a clear social perspective" which makes life significant and meaningful, capitalism is exploitive, anarchic and distintegrated. It impairs each individual's relationship to his fellow men at every point. It shatters the integration of each individual with those others whose interests are basically the same. This fragmentation, this atomizing process is the essence of the psychological injury which is the breeding ground of neurosis.

LIFE under capitalism is not a positive, active, co-operative enterprise in which mankind works together for mutual aims of great importance. Capitalism confronts us with a hostile, dangerous and aimless world which inevitably arouses in individuals, as an overwhelmingly powerful motive, the preservation of their own private security. Such a system cultivates in even the most basically decent individuals, self-centeredness, destructive competition, indifference to the welfare of others, bitterness, cynicism, fear, suspicion and so on. It cultivates fantastic individualistic goals along with all the other myths and distortions which capitalism has found so congenial; all the beliefs and values which separate a person from the very people with whom he should be working most closely. Above all, and because of these influences, capitalism robs people of the sense of the value of their own life and the worth of any human endeavors. It robs their lives of meaning and significance and tends to leave them with no greater purpose in life than to save their own skins.

Now these tendencies and the unsuccessful struggle against them constitute the very heart of the neurotic's problem. These tendencies are not peculiar to neurotics. To some extent, these unhealthy attitudes are present in all of us. We must all conduct a constant struggle against them, because capitalism regenerates them every day. Most of us can and will have to carry through this struggle in the ordinary course of life. Some of us, however, more neurotic than others, may need special assistance. I will return to this question shortly.

Fortunately, capitalism does not have everything its own way. Individuals are confronted by situations which force them, whether they are originally so inclined or not, to get together with other individuals to struggle against capitalism for their mutual common interests. This is not only historically progressive, but also, individually healthy. In this process, the barriers between individuals are broken down; people develop closer bonds with each other; they identify themselves with broader and broader segments of humanity; they lose the sense of isolation and develop feelings of solidarity; they become convinced that co-operative human action *can* control human destiny; they begin really to care what happens to other people. In short, their lives, in spite of capitalism and against it, begin to acquire significance and direction; they begin to shed the corrupt ethics, decayed theories and sick moods of capitalism and begin to develop a new morality, new

feelings about others and about themselves, a new and healthier attitude toward life.

This process of the growth and change of individuals through their experiences does not take place mechanically. For each person it involves a great multiplicity of events and influences. It is not easy to get rid of the corrupting influences of capitalism, not only because we live in it today, but because we have always lived in it. From our earliest years, our material relationships to our families and to other families are governed by capitalism, to say nothing of the prejudices and corrupt values with which we are directly inculcated. An individual who, because of his experience and understanding of the world comes to participate in the progressive movement is taking a further step toward his own development as a more fully human individual. But he does not automatically rid himself of all that was unhealthy in his social heritage. He changes and develops only through years of work, experience and thought and through this process becomes more and more able to integrate himself as a full participant in the life of his time. Taken altogether, this gigantic process of social change and of changing human beings will in time produce, not only socialism, but with that, the advent of a new type of human being, the socialist man and woman.

THIS process will go on whether there is any psychoanalysis or not. Where then does the treatment of neuroses by psychological means come in?

The kind of psychological damage which I have described as inflicted upon all people by capitalism is precisely the kind from which a neurotic person also suffers. Why then is it not possible to say: let the more neurotic person do what the rest of us have to do; let him get into the progressive movement, work, struggle, learn and in this way change himself for the better like everyone else? Now, unfortunately, this is precisely what a seriously neurotic person cannot do. I do not mean that he cannot participate in the progressive movement. He most certainly can, in one way or another. He may very well be a politically developed and hard working person. *What he cannot do at all or cannot do adequately is to change his own character in a healthy direction.*

Ordinary life experiences which result in growth for a less seriously

neurotic person, may leave him feeling just as isolated as before. No matter how hard he tries, however fully he may devote himself to healthy progressive activities, he always comes out the same door wherein he went. This is one of the reasons why a neurosis causes an individual so much suffering. He cannot grow; he cannot get rid of his isolation; he cannot consistently experience a sense of solidarity. Such a person has been more seriously injured by his special experience of capitalism. He has become more entangled in his own methods of trying to save his own skin and he cannot break out of them; he cannot break down the psychological barriers between himself and others even though he may be going through the motions of working with them. Such an individual needs help and can frequently be helped by a trained individual who understands this problem.

I have not gone into the technical questions of neurosis and its cure. I only want to indicate a few things. Neuroses exist and their extent and severity are not to be minimized. It is possible to approach these problems as a Marxist; to understand how capitalism causes neuroses and on this basis to understand also what is the essential difficulty of the neurotic person. It is also possible to learn, without any mystification, how to help many such people even under capitalism. We learn how to involve the neurotic individual in a co-operative effort with us to understand and root out the individualistic goals to which he clings for dear life.

There is no contradiction, with such an approach, between the struggle for socialism and the attempt to help particular individuals straighten themselves out. The goal of such psychological therapy is not to make a socialist man. It is not to recruit individuals into the Communist Party. It is not to serve as a painless substitute for growth through the class struggle. The goal is to help the neurotic individual become more truly accessible to the growth-promoting experiences of his own life and especially experiences in the progressive movement. It is to help a person reach a point at which healthy development can take place in the normal way.

I would like to conclude by remarking that under socialism all society will be organized to give human life meaning and significance. It will be much more difficult, as it already is in the Soviet Union, for a person to keep himself estranged from his fellow men. Every institution wields its influence to draw each individual toward the same

healthy, co-operative social ends. Under such conditions, neuroses will be much rarer and easier to cure.

Let us not however, tell our neurotic friends to console themselves with the thought that under socialism they would never have developed a neurosis. Or that under socialism, they will feel much better. We will all feel much better under socialism. In the meantime let us not abandon psychology to the reactionaries. Let us do what we can to help people who need the help now. And to that end let us never cease criticism of reactionary theories and let us really move ahead to a new orientation.

Joseph Wortis:

Almost everybody now agrees that neuroses are social products, and most readers of *Masses & Mainstream* probably feel by now that Freud's views on many basic questions are heavily tainted, to say the least, by individualism, subjectivism and idealism. But even with Freudianism disposed of as a vestige of the past, it is likely that *M & M* readers will now be offered a number of psychoanalytic alternatives, ranging from slight variations on the Freudian theme to bold individual adventures in novel and anti-Freudian psychotherapy claiming to cure neuroses better and quicker than the Freudians can. In New York and Los Angeles this has by now become a common type of activity attracting not only left-wing doctors, but a large number of social workers, psychologists, teachers or other people who have been analyzed themselves and have then equipped themselves for this type of work.

All of these "progressive" psychoanalysts, it seems to me, share certain views in common which may be enumerated as follows:

1. Most mental illness has psychological causes.
2. Most people are more or less neurotic.
3. Most psychological disorders must be cured by psychological means.

4. Treatment by psychological means is psychotherapy.

5. The basis for the practice of psychotherapy is to be psychoanalyzed oneself.

These people generally believe in the Unconscious, or if they do not, they believe in very obscure and very complex forces that drive people into neurotic entanglements which cannot be unravelled without psychotherapeutic help. They also believe that Neuroses, if untreated, may turn into Psychoses like Dementia Praecox, with all its harrowing associations, and that many common physical ailments have psychological causes. Pavlov and physiology play no part in their thinking. A public lecture by any one of them on the psychological consequences of capitalism leaves many in the audience frightened and palpitating, with no alternative but to place themselves and their families at the disposal of the already overtaxed facilities of the lecturer.

I believe all this has created a completely confusing and intolerable situation. Our bewildered middle class, even with the friendliest feelings toward socialism and progress, grows more confused and less resolute, and as their own economic crisis deepens cry out in despair, "Where shall we turn for help?" The rank and file of the working class is already too poor even to pose this type of problem.

Mankind, according to Marx, always sets itself only such tasks as it can solve. Towards a solution of the tasks presented by this situation may I suggest:

1. That the widespread discontent and bewilderment of our middle class be treated as a social rather than a medical problem.

2. That Reason and Consciousness be accorded full dignity and that the concept of the Unconscious be attacked.

3. That active educational measures, mutual criticism, practical help and enlightened activity in large measure supplant individual psychotherapy.

4. That a sharp distinction be made between the truly medical forms of mental disorder and the common psychological problems of our day.

There will be a small residue of complex cases that require a more cautious approach. But I believe that *Masses & Mainstream,* as a medium of popular education, should be careful lest it contribute to the reactionary tactic of driving our middle class wholesale into the blind alley of the psychiatric office.

ANONYMOUS:

I DO NOT believe that scientific controversy can often be settled by polemical dissertations which make assertions and counter-assertions. In recent years, however, the literary organs of Marxist opinion have carried such a hostile barrage of criticism of psychoanalytic theory and practice that a word on the other side of the issue is in order.

First I would like to offer my credentials for making such a rebuttal. I am a practicing psychiatrist and psychoanalyst. I have had thirteen years of postgraduate training and experience in neurology, psychiatry and psychoanalysis. Four of them were spent doing psychiatric work in the Army. I have a conviction of the fundamental correctness of a Marxist position and carry this conviction with me into organizational and political activity.

The most woeful lack in all the critical analyses offered us to date on psychoanalysis is that of simplicity and specificity. To begin with, I cannot see how criticism can be called "Marxist" unless it be direct, concrete, and couched in the language of ordinary people so that it will be available to "all" of them for their further edification instead of heaping chaos upon confusion. This is especially true of criticism in non-scientific publications like *Masses & Mainstream,* which is not intended for the technically trained individual in any one field but for the average thoughtful person. The article by the eight French psychiatrists may have suffered in the translation; but even conceding it greater clarity in the original, it is so full of its own "mythology" as to what psychoanalysis really is that, like the delirious state it discusses, it is difficult to separate fact from fancy.

The article uses the technique of replacing one generality with another generality all of which need further defining and subdefining. One of the basic tenets of all good psychotherapies is not to let the problem be discussed in vague general terms. All kinds of paradoxes and contradictions can be cloaked by a generalization which permits the underlying neurotic thinking to proceed intact. In political discussion we know that we cannot be satisfied that one is talking about democracy simply because one asserts the term. We would want to know where, when, how, and for whom—and even more specifically, what the term implies concerning the rights of a specific Negro singer to assemble freely with his audience in a specific American town.

Unfortunately we have missed in this and in other articles a correct

historical perspective on the role and development of psychoanalysis in our society. It is certainly true that psychoanalysis is a development and product of bourgeois society; but so are atomic physics and the use of penicillin. Socialist science must build upon what is best in bourgeois science. It cannot succeed by pouring out the baby with the bath. I think that many of us still fail to appreciate the historical significance of Freud's contribution by following with too much eagerness the more fascinating game of debating his metapsychology, finding flaws in his sociological pronouncements, or opening our eyes in horror at the expensiveness of the treatment he devised (much less expensive, to use a familiar slogan, than a heavy cruiser). His real genius lay in opening up an entirely new vista for the understanding and treatment of the most perplexing and nihilistically viewed group of human illnesses facing the medical scientist of his day, namely the psychoses and psychoneuroses.

In the pre-Freudian period, the dilemma facing all approaches to the problem of mental illness lay in two conflicting and equally sterile attitudes. One of these stemmed from the clerical authoritarianism of the dark ages. This attitude is familiar and widespread even today. It consists of viewing the sufferer with a contemptuous eye and asserting that his symptoms are due to laziness, spitefulness, lack of faith in God, an overindulgent mother or sparing of the rod in childhood. Its therapy is based largely upon exhortation, the most familiar being "Pull yourself together," the religious sermon, cure through hard work, or—in the words of the Army drill sergeant who best exemplifies this naive technique—"a swift kick in the seat of the pants."

The second, more scientific but equally unavailing approach stemmed from the success of biological discoveries of the nineteenth century in the field of tissue pathology, bacteriology and biochemistry. This approach was transferred in rather crude mechanistic fashion to psychiatry by Kraepelin and others. The origin of all symptoms, including the psychogenic, was covered by the prevailing dictum that for every disease there is a pathogenic agent and for every agent there is a characteristic disease. The world needed only to wait for the proper microscope to be turned upon the proper brain cell to find the cause and cure of all psychiatric illnesses from hysteria to schizophrenia.

From this dogma stems the familiar pattern of medical care for the neurotic patient. He makes his weary rounds from one internist to the

next, from a diagnostic clinic in New York to one in Minnesota. He undergoes an amazing series of X-ray examinations and complicated laboratory studies into all his body fluids and finally into the electrical activity of his brain. The long vigil often ends in such futile therapies as an expensive surgical operation, unproductive periods of bed rest, drug therapies which only fill the coffers of the pharmaceutical monopolies and, finally, dependence on sedatives. This is the "indulgent" organic approach which is afraid of the word "psychological," as contrasted with the clerical-authoritarian attitude. Freud, in his first American lecture at Clark University, pointed out how one attitude supersedes the other. Even the most enlightened physicians of his day and many of ours, after the diagnostic and therapeutic armamentarium had been exhausted, would turn to abuse or at least neglect of the patient who so maliciously denied the benevolent doctor the satisfaction of another cure.

FREUD had the genius to perceive that we would never understand the neurotic sufferer by looking for sheer perversity or by peering for tissue changes behind the façade of his symptoms. A careful reading of Freud's work, not as a fixed body of doctrine but as a changing log of the observations and research of a man of genius who made errors, revised them and left much more to be done by those who would examine dispassionately and build upon his concepts, does not reveal a mystical concept of mental disease. Freud in essence understands these maladies by viewing them as occurring in a certain species of complicated biological organism (man) with a highly individualized historical development existing in a certain culture with its own historical development—an organism reacting both to cultural pressures and to unique personal circumstances in such a way as to produce a certain type of character or a caricature of this human quality which is the core of neurotic illness.

The therapeutic process develops logically from this approach. It can best be summarized as follows: if it is true that neither authoritarian exhortation nor medicinal indulgence have any fundamental effect upon neurotic illness, a third way must be found. This consists of demonstrating to the patient, without condemnation or approval, how he got the way he is and what he reacts to both internally and from the outside world in his own characteristic way so as to remain what he is. Pragmatically it is found that if this can be done—that if

the patient becomes "conscious" of the emotional patterned responses within him which are based upon past problems and relationships and are no longer appropriate to the reality around him—he becomes capable of characterological change which permits a more effective adaptation to his current needs.

The assertion that psychoanalysts wish to make their patients "satisfied" with the status quo is a generalization devoid of meaning. This implies that psychoanalysis has a politico-social program which is in direct competition with Marxism. I believe that this is a baseless fear which has no substance in the theory or practice of this medical specialty. Such confusion also implies a return to a clerical attitude toward neurotic illness. One hears it commonly said that "If he were a better Marxist he would not be neurotic." This has the familiar ring of another kind of faith cure. Reduced to its final absurdity, it would mean that since people are neurotic because of their dissatisfaction with capitalism it would be reactionary to relieve them of their distress, since that would necessarily blunt their revolutionary zeal. The medieval circle is then closed again in modern times by denying the neurosis the status of a disease and turning it into a latter day heterodoxy.

The psychoanalyst can only be correctly estimated as a social force, not when he is viewed as competing with the political economist but when he is considered as one of the specialists in the practice of the healing arts. His work, exactly like that of his colleagues in medicine and surgery, is with the sick. A sick man is a drain upon any society; his dissatisfactions are distorted by his personal suffering. He is incapable of making a clear and reliable separation between his inner feelings and the impact of outer world events. We must count upon the frustrations of the healthy individuals in our ailing society to effect the social cure. The job of the psychoanalyst with the mentally ill, as in the case of his medical colleague with the organically disabled, is to return the neurotically dissatisfied individual to health so that he can make his disciplined contribution to progressive social change. If some psychoanalysts use their special status for reactionary ends we can look for the difficulty in the person rather than the method.

In the minds of the eight French psychiatrists and dominating the thinking of many others seems to lie the equation "expensive" equals "bourgeois." It is undeniable that psychoanalytic therapy is expensive, and at present prohibitive for the average worker. Several factors

underlie this defect: The first is in the technical backwardness of our science. It is a form of treatment that is still in its childhood. Its method remains indirect and time consuming. This is not an inherent defect but a problem that must be attacked through intensive clinical research. The second factor is the long and arduous training of psychoanalysts which makes them a scarce commodity.

This problem also is a social one and not inherent in the "doctrines" of psychoanalysis. When our whole educational system is democratized and less expensive, psychoanalytic as well as medical training will be available to a wider group of the population. In a society that prizes atom bombs above butter, it should not surprise us that this situation exists in psychoanalytic as in all technical training. In addition to educational democratization, research in teaching as well as treatment methods will be necessary to condense the period of training. These are defects in our society which must be attacked at a political level—they are no more inherent in psychoanalytic therapy than is the similar poor distribution of medical care an indictment of the method by which modern physicians are treating pneumonia.

More than fifty percent of all patients seeking medical treatment in the United States are in need of psychotherapeutic help. There are increasing numbers of patients who are turning to the physicians of our country and asking for this kind of help. Young progressive doctors in increasing numbers are seeking psychoanalytic training. It is becoming a standard discipline for many social workers and technical workers in the field of psychology. Many physicians refer their patients for such treatment through the recognition of what it has to offer. In the presence of such a situation it would seem to be the correct "Marxist" policy to agitate for increasing opportunities for treatment for all the people, increase in government aid to research facilities, more widespread training for psychotherapists, and government scholarships for students who cannot afford the expense of such arduous training.

To do less, or to be content with a scholastic attack on the methodology of psychoanalysis, which has proven to be the best available treatment for neurotic illness, would seem to aid the reactionary elements of our society. When we find that the "Marxists" and the Catholic Church are the two major present-day opponents of psychoanalysis, then it is time for stock-taking and the re-evaluation of a position that strongly suggests an infantile leftism.

right face

I ASK YOU

"How can a country like this live without its profit earners? How can the Chancellor collect his revenue without taking, as he admits, 50 to 60 per cent of the profits they have earned? How can anything stand without the profit earners?"—*Winston Churchill to the House of Commons, September* 28.

TOUGH

"When a man casts overboard everything he can think of to lighten his budget, I suppose the one thing he can absolutely do without is his yacht. Which is unfortunate."—Ernest Ratsey, president of Ratsey & Lapthorn, Sailmakers, in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

RIGHT IS RIGHT

"She wears an $8,500 blonde mutation mink designed by Maximilian. Ordinarily, *he* would be content with a good warm wool overcoat, ranging anywhere up to $100. But now that fur-lined coats for men have come back, he insists on his share of the wealth—$750 for a cashmere shell with removable nutria lining. 'Why not?' asks Perkins Bailey, *LOOK* Menswear Editor."—*LOOK magazine.*

POOH!

"We both believe that eruptions, earthquakes, floods, tidal waves, wars, and revolutions are deplorable and, in the long run, unimportant." —Albert Guerard reviewing a book by Peter Viereck in *The Nation.*

SAFE!

"To a man lying in bed at night, with a good light falling upon the pages of a good book, the lonesome cry of a distant locomotive going upon its appointed rounds comes as an emphatic accent upon his own cozy state, secure against the night and labor."—*From an editorial in the New York* Sun.

We invite readers contributions to this page. Original clippings are requested.

WHITE CHAUVINISM: A Personal History

by PHILLIP BONOSKY

WHEN I was five years old, our family moved into a two-family house, replacing a Negro family that had just moved out. Our neighbors, on the other side of the thin wall, were a Negro man named Jones and his motherly wife. They were childless. Every day a newsboy delivered a newspaper to them, which he placed in a box on the fence; and as soon as he was gone, I would pull out the paper and run to the door and cry: "Mrs. Jones! Mrs. Jones! I brought you the newspaper!" Somehow, I would pretend that this was an enormous feat —for speed and for concern—and she, boy-wise, understood completely and played her part to the hilt.

"Well!" she'd cry. "So you have! Now, just come right in here and lay the paper on the table where I can get it, while I go look for my glasses." It wasn't her glasses that she went looking for, but for two pennies, which she brought back to my willing hands, along with a laugh and sometimes a hug.

Her house was the duplicate of ours, although we had many more to stuff into it. It was four boxlike small rooms and a dirt cellar. There was a sink with cold water; no gas—we used kerosene lamps; and we cooked our suppers on a coal stove. The alley came right to our door—or perhaps through it. About ten steps from the door was an "outdoor telephone booth," which was emptied each year or so by men who came around at midnight and who were called honey-dippers.

When I was ten years old I had to go to Pittsburgh, which was twelve miles away from our town by streetcar, to see a doctor who had taken care of me while I was in the hospital. I got off the streetcar and stood suddenly frozen on the corner. There was no stop light and the traffic poured madly up and down the wide street, and I stood terrified unable to start a leg into that destruction.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, I heard a great comforting laugh, and the next moment felt myself swung into the air by a pair of strong arms, and was crossing the street. I cannot, to this day, forget the sense of comfort and security I felt in those arms, the reassurance I felt in that voice; and looking up at the dark face of the Negro stranger who had seen a little boy paralyzed with terror on that street-corner and with a laugh had gathered him up in his arms—I felt nothing but peace. The trip from curb to curb could not have lasted more than a minute; I have remembered it for over twenty-five years.

Once I remember being in a fight—but how did it start? There was perhaps the argument, the testing of strengths, the ritualized insults—everything normal in boyish life. Across the street, however, sitting in his rocker, was an old man. He looked on the world with a lizard's eye. He sent his little grandson over to me—to the white face—with the message: "My Granddad will give you a quarter if you whip that n——r!" It was to be white against black!

The little Negro boy who stood facing me also heard the instructions and the promise. Something different now entered into what, so far, had only been a half-jostling, half-talking contest that could have been forgotten in a moment if a spotted dog came by. It was ugly and horrible that moment—we understood that it was ugly and horrible—but by its cruelty we recognized the inexplicably sadistic hand of the adult. Some other obscure loyalty had been appealed to—what it was I didn't know; but now, standing across from me, was no longer my in-again, out-again friend, but a n——r!

So we had to be pushed toward each other, and called coward, before we fought; we both really wanted to cry and run home or out into a sunny field where we could clean ourselves from the stain that had been spread over us. But we fought, and I won, and the other boy ran home. Meanwhile, the old man sat rocking on his chair, perhaps already bored; but bored or not he didn't send his grandson back with any message and certainly no quarter!

Thus, all through my childhood, boyhood, through high school, I always had at least one close Negro friend. These were limited friendships, of course, restricted to the contacts outside of home—but then we never brought any friends home. Since I was convinced that Negro boys, made bold by the same social outlawry that touched me and my brothers, were completely courageous, the vicious "folk"

superstitions about Negro cowardice, etc., never impressed me. I was never impressed either by the "fact" that Negroes were naturally illiterate, ungrammatical, etc., since I envied their speech—the fact that they were born speaking English, and their mothers and fathers spoke English, while mine did not! If anything, we envied the Negro children, for at least they lived closer to the all-important American culture than we did—we children of the foreign-born, uneducated, working families. Insults based on infinitesimal gradations of lowness on the social scale, or names, or physical peculiarities were all too common an experience for all of us for me to think there was anything *especially* vicious in insults against Negroes—although I would fight if anyone called me "hunky."

So, in a sense, I was not really aware of the "Negro problem," nor of Jim Crow. I belonged too much among *all* the victims to rise high enough to understand a *particular* injustice. Who knew who was going to be hit by what particular rock?

MY FIRST glimpse of the real Jim Crow began in the early years of the depression. I had left home, like thousands of others, and had joined that huge emigration by freight into nowhere. My childhood lay mangled among the denuded hills of Pennsylvania in a sooty steel town; while over us the unsmudged blue skies of unemployment shone month upon month, like an eternal Easter. We fled from east to west and west to east, from north to south and south to north, meeting on our way there, like some plague, the victims, fleeing from where we were going *to;* and yet we kept aimlessly going. We had no property, no voting rights, no jobs—and for the police we had false names and addresses. Our personalities were reduced to the vanishing point of significance. We were outlaws, stripped of every social attribute, and we were picked up each morning lying beside the tracks like some exhausted locust.

Those were the Transit Bureau days—of temporary shelters set up by the government for migrants, where one could pick up a meal and a new set of crabs every few hundred miles. Although we mixed on the road, we always ate and slept lily white. Even in our total poverty, our government remained sensitive to our most precious possession, our prejudices, which no calamity, no matter how great, was to deprive us of. They went to every pain to see to it that these were not offended.

They could build us separate sleeping quarters and find us separate dining rooms, no matter how troublesome that was—even though they couldn't find us work.

It was weird to me, and for the first time in my life I began to look at Negroes as separate—because now they were separated. I began to inspect them from afar, because now they were afar. I began to see them as a group, together by themselves, because now they were. I had never really noticed that before; but suddenly now I found myself in full possession of the "Negro Problem." I didn't know where it came from. All I knew was that suddenly it was there—lying in beds on the opposite side of town and eating food in other halls.

I was only nineteen years old when I arrived in Washington, D. C.; it was a great event in my life. The marble buildings hurt my eyes, they blazed so, and true I couldn't read the Latin inscriptions on them any more—could they have been so important if you had to learn Latin to read them?—and, true, when I went to look into the Capitol, I was shocked to see the Senators lolling about spitting into brass spitoons and munching cigars and droning on about—what was it then? Could it have been, fifteen years ago, the same filibuster against the same Anti-Lynching Bill? There was Senator Overton (now dead) and Senator Bilbo (now dead) and Senator Connally (not dead) and Senator Vandenberg and Senator Taft (I believe)—and although everyone agreed that lynching was a terrible thing, it seemed that nobody could do anything about it.

They were a spectacle to me, sitting behind the railing in the visitors' gallery, gazing down on them as I was later to gaze at fish at the aquarium. They were interesting but I wouldn't want to live with them, I thought.

One day, after I had just taken a drink from the rusty iron fountain in front of the Carnegie Free Library, off Seventh Street, an old Negro came up to me and said diffidently: "Boss, can I take a drink out of that fountain?"

"What?" I cried, whirling on the man, wondering what the joke was—who was belittling me.

Standing before me was a dark little man, wearing an old bleached fedora, a rope for a belt, a blue working shirt now almost gray, white eyebrows and a little hummock of white hair over his ears; on his back he had a bundle tied together into four humps. On his face was an ex-

pression I had never seen before, but saw often again—and then never again: of fear and shame, of dread and caution, now hidden slightly by a smiling, deferential look—a man about fifty deferring to a boy of nineteen!

He saw my expression and said quickly: "Down South where I just come from, a colored man can't drink out of a white folks' fountain. Still," he added lonesomely, "a man gets mighty thirsty. . . ."

"Go ahead! Go ahead!" I cried with sudden anger—perhaps, horror. "There it is! Drink! What the hell are you asking *me* for?"

Now his expression changed, and he said to me, as though he wanted to spare *my* feelings: "Don't let it worry you, boy, that I asked *you.* I just have to make sure. I didn't mean to make you feel bad." Then he added with a sly laugh: "I was going to drink there anyhow . . . soon's you'd gone!"

I STUMBLED away from that public fountain with my brain in a boil. It was impossible for me to grasp at that moment what hundreds of miles this man had ridden from what Southern state—not only from across the Mason and Dixon line but also across the Civil War. Then the irony of this event struck me. How had this old man come to choose, out of this city of some 600,000, probably the only one who had as little to say about whether one might drink from a fountain as the pigeons in the park? But he couldn't know, I thought, that I hadn't a dime in my pocket. How could he know? Besides, I was white. *Besides, I was white!*

That was why he had spoken to me—*because I was white!* Any white person would have done, anyone stood custodian over such rights as drinking from fountains, no matter *who* he was, as long as he was white! I had contempt for the man back there and as I walked along there was hoisted in me a bright little flag of pride. *I* wouldn't do what *he* did, I thought proudly; besides, he asked me for permission! I hadn't a dime in my pocket, but the flag flew proudly—the tiny flag of white chauvinism.

All by itself, without wish or will on my part, chauvinism came alive. I began to stare at the thousands of Negroes that passed me by as I walked—at the long procession of them; I peered at them as I sat on the streetcar, or as the stream of laborers and housemaids and low-graded government workers crowded toward the Negro section

of town. They were sealed off from me by I knew not what invisible wall. Our eyes never met; we never exchanged a smile; never a word. It was as if two nations passed side by side in absolute silence, never touching, never seeing.

It was no good to watch them, I thought, for I would never find there a friend, a lover, an acquaintance—we would not see each other, we could never meet. In time I began to realize that I no longer was watching the faces; that, in fact, *I no longer saw them at all!* Before me was a mass of undistinguished humanity: there were no personalities, no individuals. Sitting in a streetcar, I would idly examine the face of each newcomer, and if it was white, let my imagination play with thoughts about the face—the girl, the old man, the tired woman; but I noticed that when the face was black, my thoughts stopped, my mind ceased to function, I blotted it out. *It did not exist for me!* There was no lover there, no friend, no partner —there was only a blank, a nothing, a dead-end. I, who had always identified my own struggles with those of my Negro childhood friends, now no longer admitted the existence of the Negro people!

Slowly I began to realize what nobody told me: If you wanted to succeed in life, it would be better to follow the unspoken, the written and unwritten laws of Washington's Jim Crow. I had not been instructed in this; I only knew it—knew it more certainly than if I had been take inside the White House and the President himself had told me: "As a white citizen of the United States you *must* despise Negroes—or else!"

IN MY own way I began to fight back. But how does the individual fight? As if, in some humble way, I could make amends, I took pains to be courteous to Negro women, to sit down beside Negroes in streetcars, to speak to them on the street, if to say nothing more than to ask a direction. I met from the Negro people distrust, caution and hostility.

One day I was coming home late at night through the Negro section. I was out of cigarettes and abruptly walked into the first store I saw open and asked for a pack of cigarettes. When the Negro proprietor saw my face, he cried: "Get the hell out of here, you white bastard!" I was chased down the street by a few Negro youths inside the shop.

This adventure stunned me. It was only my white skin they saw! It was with a sense of full horror that I began to examine what had happened and what was happening. How was I, a young boy whose parents were immigrant working class, whose own life was filled with oppression, and who wanted no hatred, no cruelty, no ugliness in life —how was I forced into a position where, willy-nilly, I had become the enemy of the Negro people. I had not chosen it; it had been chosen for me. I had fought against it, as best I could; and I realized that, in a literal sense, I would be risking my life to remain clean inside with hatred toward no people. The struggle was an inward one; the blood that was spilled flowed unseen deep inside.

What was I to do? If I wanted to live in Washington and go to school and "rise," I would *have* to obey the Jim Crow laws; and if I obeyed the outward laws, soon they would become transplanted inwardly. Something I held sacred for myself was being threatened. I knew that I could not believe in equality for the Negro people and live as an average, law-abiding 100 per cent American at the same time. Either I had to choose to become a brother to the lyncher—or I had to fight against him and his brothers—yes, his brothers who sat in the government, too. To be truly patriotic one was forced to be *against* so rotten a system. To want to be free *within,* I had to fight those who threatened me from without. I wanted only to be able to look at every person who stepped into a streetcar and be free to say to myself: "You might be my friend, my lover, my fellow-worker!"

I knew that I could live all my life in this city of some 200,000 Negroes and never, by accident or by design, get to know one of them. I could pass them in the street, brush against them even, but I could never look into their faces! I could never say to them: "How do you do?" I could never say: "Can you tell me what time it is?" I would never say: "Got a light?" or, "Miss, take my seat." I would never say: "Isn't she cute? How old is she?"

To 200,000 people in this capital of my country, as long as I lived, I would never say: "Good-night. Good luck. Hope you get better. Glad to know you. It was a lovely party. Had a swell time. Hope you get over it. Sorry to hear your boy had the mumps."

To 200,000 people of this city I could never say, if I lived to be a hundred years old: "Let's eat in here. What a lousy movie! Let's go

swimming! Let's go bowling! Do you love me? I love you. Will you marry me?"

As long as I lived, no accident or trick of fate would bring me face-to-face with one of 200,000 human beings of my city to say: "Call me up tomorrow and we'll go out for dinner!"

BUT one comes to know the Negro people well through poverty and unemployment. I had to find a job or starve; and that sent me into the militant organization that fought for the jobless, the Workers Alliance, whose membership in Washington was largely Negro. As a member of the Alliance, I attended a Southern conference in the Senate Caucus Room. Southern Congressmen had been invited to participate. They came in gingerly and hung about the door listening to the talk. Suddenly, through the droning discussion, we heard a piercing yell, and all faces swept to the door, where we saw a man with his hands flung wildly over his face, which was white as chalk, his eyes staring, his lips actually wet with froth.

He was shrieking: "Stop it! Don't you take a picture of me standing with a n----r!" He was shaking so hard he could hardly speak. He was a Representative from a Southern state. His mouth working, he continued to scream: "We treat our nigras all right! But they've got to stay in their places! I don't believe in bringing them up here and mixing with white folks! They ought to stay in their place! They ain't the same kind of people! I'm for relief and all that, but I don't believe in associating with nigras just because of that! You got no right bringing them nigras up here!"

I stared with amazement as on and on this Congressman went, paralyzed by some unspeakable fear. The photographer who had covered the meeting had tried to snap a picture of him, and to the side of him, but within range of the camera, stood an old Negro man. It was this fear of being photographed with a Negro that had sent this Southern Representative into a raving panic.

I shrank into my skin with humiliation for the man—the humiliation which I thought he must feel, *any* man must feel. Never before in my life had I seen such open degeneration; never before seen a man stripped so nakedly to a quivering hunk of *fear*. I wanted to yell to him: "Stop it! For God's sake, please stop it!" I wanted to rush him out of the room and hide from all of us this sickening sight. A horror

had descended over the room; men shifted uneasily on their chairs and turned their eyes away from the man, shaken with shame. . . .

Several Negro children, one summer day, were playing in the Columbus Fountain which stands before the Union Station and within a quick walk of the Capitol, whose great dome shines in a blinding sun. Children are not permitted to play in that fountain—nobody is, I suppose. Still, a few little Negro boys were splashing about in its cool waters, while the stone Columbus sat above them staring toward the far horizon where the Indies lay. A rookie policeman appeared and ordered the children to leave; and how or why it happened nobody now knows—but suddenly he had shot a ten-year-old boy in the neck. He swore later it was accidental. He swore, as the others swear several times a year, that the Negroes shot down in the streets of Washington had been "resisting arrest," "refusing to stop when challenged."

The little Negro boy did not know that the penalty for playing in a fountain within view of the nation's Capitol is death. Nor does every white boy know that the proud white flag that flies in his chest may one day be dipped in blood.

I had seen the Negro people shot down by the police, tortured and daily insulted; I had seen them suffer stuffed in ghettoes. But I had never seen them fight back. Was it really true that the Negro people accepted their oppression as a martyrdom, to which they bowed their backs silently? Did they even consider it oppression? I did not know then; I had not seen anything but individual isolated blows struck back—but struck only in moments of intense agony or desperation. I had not seen the *people* fight.

I did not then know that one object of segregation of Negro from white is to keep from the whites that very evidence of rebellion which the Negroes show in a million and one small and big ways against their oppression. In the Negro ghettoes, armed plug-uglies, in the guise of policemen, roamed the streets; and their function was to suppress every rebellious incident, to divide and terrorize the people so that they could not strike back *en masse*.

To the casual observer, who did not go into the Negro sections and who depended for information about Negro affairs from the big newspapers who themselves were part and parcel of the conspiracy of oppression, there seemed to be no evidence of mass resistance by the Negro people.

I WAS soon to see them rise as a people—and it happened in the following way. One day a Negro man was shot. I have forgotten now which of the many it was—the man who was running for a streetcar, clutching a bundle of laundry under his arm, and failed to hear the challenge of the cop? Perhaps. But this murder came close on the heels of several other brutal murders. The Negro people of Washington were stirred as they had not been in years.

At this moment, the Communist Party, led by both Negro and white, stepped into the picture. It proposed to organize a Death March through the city. Would the Negro people, with their white allies, come out into the streets and publicly throw their defiance into the faces of the hundreds of police who lined their route of march—police whose holsters were loaded with death and in whose dehumanized minds murder watched? Who knew what would happen? Would the police charge them and club them? Who would stop the police if the police would not?

Such a demonstration had never before been called in Washington, so far as I knew, and as the day drew near, there was some trepidation in the minds of the Negro and white organizers. But when they arrived at the route of the march, the street was jammed. Thousands had come to march, while thousands more lined the streets watching—and protecting. Rank upon rank the police stood with their impassive and pale faces viewing the crowd. Between these faces the thousands of men and women marched; they marched as they would have continued still to march had they known they were marching to death. In absolute silence they moved bearing before them a dark coffin. The entire Negro section had come to this spot, drawn by an irresistible power. They marched and stood boldly in open defiance, for the placards they silently carried called for the punishment of the police murderers and for the dismissal and indictment of the Chief of Police of Washington, D. C. The signs declared what not one of them would have dared to utter, except on pain of death, to any of these policemen alone. It was a national protest against their own oppression; and because at their head marched the leaders of the Communist Party, it was a protest too of the white working class against the same oppressors.

Long into the evening only the soft shudder of feet and the almost silent murmur of voices could be heard. In the faces of the marchers

I found a profound and simple commitment to struggle: as if, since there was no other choice but struggle, struggle was best.

I understood then what I had not understood before: that beneath the surface order, imposed by police and ghettoes and segregation, moved the powerful protest of the Negro people: that they were not passively at rest, but slowly a force was growing among them, a gathering of bitter streamlets and rivers was proceeding silently; and in the end they would issue forth in some irresistible flood that would tear down all barriers before them. I knew that this was so because I saw that it *must* be so: for the men who marched on that parade between the rows of revolvers and belts of bullets knew that they could die in a moment should those policemen reach for their guns, but accepted their own deaths knowing that the thousands of them could not be killed. I felt with them this great security in numbers and profound militancy and the white police felt this, too, for not a finger was raised, not an expression was altered, not a word was spoken. And for two years from that day on not a single Negro man, woman or child was murdered by the Washington police.

So ended the first chapter in the Journey Within.

books in review

Progress in Philosophy

PHILOSOPHY FOR THE FUTURE: The Quest of Modern Materialism. Edited by Roy Wood Sellars, V. J. McGill and Marvin Farber. *Macmillan.* $7.50.

WE HAVE in this volume an extraordinary landmark in the history of American philosophy. With all its unevenness, limitations and confusions, it is a most significant endeavor to break with the dominant modes of pragmatist, positivist and openly idealist thought. Instead of the skepticism and disillusionment that dominate our contemporary academic philosophy, and which have converted it into "the opium of the intelligentsia," to use the happy phrase of Ralph Barton Perry, here is the forthright and unequivocal stand that materialism is the philosophy of the future. A glance at the table of contents reveals two other unusual features. Professional philosophers and scientists in the most varied fields co-operated in writing it, while distinguished Marxists and non-Marxists harmoniously united in a common intellectual endeavor.

The 28 papers that compose the book form three distinct groups: the first deals with phases in the history of materialism; the second with its central philosophical standpoints and their application to the sciences, both natural and social; the third with polemics against pragmatism, positivism, existentialism and other forms of subjectivism. Behind this structure would seem to lie the editors' belief that materialism has an ancient and honorable history, that its systematic use helps to advance all the sciences by helping them to find their own proper foundation in a materialist world-view which they themselves reinforce, and that materialism now as ever has to fight its way against all forms of idealism and obscurantism. Finally, of great significance is the recognition by the editors that materialism itself has been drastically overhauled in the past century, so that the old mechanical or reductionist forms of materialism are now obsolete and, in fact, reactionary.

The very conception of the book is an exciting one, constituting as it does a kind of philosophical common front, uniting hitherto diverse individuals and groups on the basis of a minimum platform. This platform consists of three main planks: (1) There is an ob-

jective reality revealed to us through our senses and which is the subject-matter of the sciences; (2) this reality is material, in the sense that it operates according to the laws of its nature, and that it is not spiritual, purposive, teleological; and (3) that the variety of things and processes in our world is not reducible to the movements and nature of its parts or units, but manifests a progressive diversity, each stage or level of which must be studied in its own terms on its own level of organization or integration.

As any student of philosophy recognizes at once, these first two planks are the essence of materialism through the ages, while the third represents at least one essential aspect of dialectical materialism as against all forms of mechanical thinking.

I do not mean that every contributor adheres to this platform —unfortunately that is not the case. I mean only that the underlying program of the volume, that which differentiates it from all previous American philosophical symposia, exhibits these principles. It was a bold venture and will stand as a landmark of progressive philosophy in these times, dominated as they are by Dewey and pragmatism, logical positivism or a weak-kneed naturalism that stands vaguely somewhere between Aristotle and Dewey.

The editor's Foreword is highly significant. It not only states some of the main features of modern materialism but goes so far as to point to the social implications of a genuine scientific materialist position, such as that "the materialist makes himself at home in the world, not by investing nature with purpose, but by transforming it to meet his needs," that "it is the socio-economic organization of men which lags behind, and prevents the full realization of human values inherent in our industrial and scientific efficiency," and that "modern materialism . . . demands a society which organizes full production for the maximum benefit of all its members."

Marxists, of course, would point out the damaging absence of any mention of the working class as the bearer of materialism in our times and of socialism as that society which alone provides the basis for both the theoretical developments and the practical ends that both the editors and most of the contributors desire. And although this is not a Marxist volume, it was incumbent upon the Marxist contributors to develop their position clearly.

The Foreword, further, differentiates between materialism and current "naturalism," which it recognizes as a compromising position not hostile to a belief in faith as prior and superior to reason. Interestingly, it criticizes as shortsighted the earlier twentieth-century American Realists (of whom Roy Wood Sellars was himself an

outstanding leader). The editors fight for the word "materialism," refusing to take cover under such terms as naturalism, humanism, etc., which are much more respectable in the bourgeois academic world. They say, indeed, that "unreserved endorsement" of materialism is "possible [they should have said necessary] to scholars who wish to preserve their birthright of independence, and the ideal of following wherever the facts may lead, in all fields of inquiry."

There are, however, shortcomings in the Foreword that reflect weaknesses among the editors and which in turn are reflected seriously in the volume as a whole. One of these is the listing of "varieties" of materialism as cosmological materialism, ontological, medical, scientific, historical. These are not in the same class, and cataloguing them together confuses issues. Historically, there are only two main *varieties* of materialism, namely, mechanistic and dialectical.

These may be, and have been, applied to cosmology, ontology, epistemology, all the sciences, and history, although the term "historical materialism" has become identified with the Marxist interpretation of history and indeed is so used by a number of the contributors. "Scientific materialism" is more difficult to pin down. Marxists frequently use it as a synonym for dialectical materialism, though it can be used in a somewhat broader sense for a materialism in close contact with the sciences and which avoids at least the more flagrant errors of mechanism, of static and metaphysical thinking. The question must be asked: Were the editors avoiding the issue of the two main types of materialism by their formulation?

Far worse is the statement, "And in all this we must be on guard against emotional transfers, such as moral materialism. . . ." True, "moral materialism" can be misused (and always is by idealists) to mean gluttony, sensuality, economic greed, and the like, but it did, for Epicurus and for Marx, mean putting ethics on a materialist foundation. Is materialism to be used in every sphere but that of morality and ethics and human values generally? No, it has to be fought for here as everywhere else.

But altogether unpardonable is their statement, after saying that dialectical materialism today exerts enormous influence, that "it is a matter of regret to the Editors that an article on this subject could not be obtained in time." To say the least, this imposes a premium on credulity. A number of distinguished Marxists are included in the volume, such as George Lukacs of Hungary, Auguste Cornu of France, Benjamin Farrington, J. B. S. Haldane, J. D. Bernal of Britain, and Dirk Struik of the United States. It is impossi-

ble to believe that among these, and others not included from this country, no one could be found to write on dialectical materialism.

Such are some of the difficulties of an "ideological united front." They are not too dissimilar, in essence, from those of a political united front. In both there is a vast difference between clear formulations of program, of the areas of agreement to be fought for, together with a delimitation of the areas of disagreement, and evasiveness, hesitation and confusion. Unless I completely misunderstand this book, it would have rested on a much more solid foundation if at the outset the editors had said that here was a common program on which they felt that all progressive and scientific materialist minded thinkers could unite, and that such a common endeavor is impossible today without Marxists being given full scholarly and scientific citizenship.

Many of the papers are outstanding contributions, some are weak and vacillating, while a few, regardless of their individual merits, simply do not fit into the scheme of things. Among the latter I would include that on astronomy by Roy K. Marshall, that on "Aristotelian Philosophies of Mind" by Wilfred Sellars, and that by V. J. McGill, one of the editors, on personality. Another group of papers falls so seriously short of materialism or else is so mechanistic as to render it "out of bounds" in a volume devoted to *modern materialism.*

In this class belong Infeld's paper on the structure of the universe which worries about theoretical and esthetic difficulties with an "open" universe and therefore chooses a "closed" one, and Reid's piece on values, which is flippant, full of pseudo-scientific jargon, and would solve our conflicts by semantic analysis. The contributions by Pos and Herrick also fall seriously out of line with the stated principles of the volume.

The historical section contains three excellent pieces, all by well-known European Marxists: Benjamin Farrington writing on the struggle between Plato and ancient materialism, Christopher Hill on Thomas Hobbes, and Auguste Cornu on the transition from Hegel to Marx and Engels.

Among the valuable contributions in the second section may be mentioned those of Melba Phillips on quantum mechanics, Judd Marmar on psychoanalysis, Leslie White on anthropology, J. D. Bernal on the social relations of science, and Abraham Edel on the origin, meaning and role of ideas.

The third section of the volume, consisting essentially of polemics against anti-materialist philosophies, is highly rewarding. C. West Churchman, dealing with measurement in science seeks a materialist theory as against all

forms of operationalism (Bridgman and others). Maurice Cornforth continues, in the path of his volume *Science and Idealism,* in dissecting logical positivism. The well-known Hungarian Marxist, Georg Lukacs, contributes a penetrating study of Sartre and existentialism. Here is class analysis at its best and a clear indication that only in this way can existentialism or any other "third way" position be understood.

Marvin Farber, one of the editors, brings up the rear with a study of "Experience and Subjectivism" — a technical, much condensed, but most stimulating paper that merits a review all its own. Though I strongly disagree with Farber's rather feeble attempt to treat himself as a kind of disciple of Husserl, nevertheless throughout his whole discussion there is a solid social-historical approach to all philosophical issues that is most refreshing together with extraordinary clarity in relation to the questions discussed.

These very sketchy comments on some of the individual papers may perhaps help to point up some of the generalizations already made. This is an important volume, not merely in terms of its individual papers and its actual accomplishments, but also because of its underlying conception. It does provide Marxists and non-Marxists an opportunity to work together on common

grounds. It proves that there are many allies to be found in the struggle against the nonsense and obscurantism in current bourgeois philosophy. It proves that there are philosophers and scientists who can unite an a common progressive intellectual program just as diverse elements in society can unite politically.

Certain faults that have been pointed out may well be due to fear of attack on the part of the editors. This takes the usual form of a sort of subtle self "Red-baiting" and results in the absence from the volume of a Communist writing as such and employing dialectical materialism in dealing with our theoretical and practical problems. Nevertheless, this volume opens the way for more such co-operative work in the future. The ground has been broken. A new direction has been charted in American philosophic thought.

HOWARD SELSAM

Algren's Chicago

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM, by Nelson Algren. *Doubleday.* $3.00

THE reader who knows anything of Nelson Algren's writings and comes upon the following introduction of two characters in *The Man With the Golden Arm* will recognize that he is on familiar ground:

"The tranquil, square-faced, shagheaded little buffalo-eyed blond called Frankie Machine and the ruffled, jittery punk named Sparrow felt they were about as sharp as the next pair of hustlers."

Nelson Algren has settled himself in a little sector of American life of which he is the consummate, descriptive master: the Chicago slums, an ant heap of drunkenness, gambling and petty gangsterism. The characters are always Poles, with a smattering of other nationalities: Jewish, Italian, Negro. He repeats himself even in plot. *Never Come Morning* told of a young Pole, in his twenties already a completely corrupted petty thief, a coward under his tough front, who drives the girl he loves into a brothel and commits an accidental murder which catches up with him in the end. Frankie Majcinek, or "Machine," of the new novel, is also a Pole, a dealer in a gambling joint, a coward at heart, whose beloved becomes a nude dancer in a cabaret, and who commits an accidental murder which catches up with him.

This bare plot outline does not give an idea, of course, of the quality of the present novel, or of its dramatic conflicts. In this work Algren is a more subtle psychologist than I remember him. The portrait of Frankie's wife, Sophie, is truly tragic; a girl who had loved dancing, and is now crippled by an automobile accident caused by Frankie's drunken driving. She spends her life now bickering in a wheel chair, trying to transfer her pain to him. Equally powerful is Frankie's struggle against the morphine habit, which he turns to partly because of his wife's hatred, partly because of a wound gotten in the last war. The only hope of escape from the habit comes from the new woman he finds, who honestly loves him. But this hope slips through his fingers, and at the end he is as much a fugitive from the desire clawing within him as from the police closing about.

A third dimension is added to the book through Sparrow, who plays Sancho to Frankie's Don; agile-minded, sharp-tongued, cynical, but also completely bewildered, terrified, his doom already signed and sealed. Through Sparrow, some scenes of fantastic comedy enter the book, which only intensify its pity and horror.

This book may be called a kind

of reduction to a pinpoint end of Greek tragedy. The Athenians, emerging from a monarchic society, believed that the tragic hero had to be a king, or personage of noble blood. Now here, the tragic hero becomes the forgotten speck of humanity, the cast-off of society. And in drawing this line of continuity, I mean to indicate that Algren is a genuine poet. A creative writer, he is not to be classed with the James Cains and John O'Haras.

His style seems hard-boiled in its deft use of slang, its keen eye for the most minute sights and sounds of slum life, its metaphors made up of the same sights and sounds. But it is not a manner, put on like a coat. It is a fine instrument in his hands to trace the hopes and longings of his people, their pathetic memories of childhood; to reveal, quoting a phrase from Tom McGrath, the "darkness inside them." Here for example are some passages from his description of gamblers:

"Till Frankie would sit back wearily, sick of seeing them come on begging to be hustled, wondering where in the world they all came from and how in the world they all earned it and what in the world they told their wives, and what, especially, they told themselves. . . . Thus, in the narrowing hours of night the play became faster and steeper and an air of despair, like a sickroom odor where one lies who can never be well again, moved across the light green baize, touched each player ever so lightly and settled down in a tiny whiff of cigar smoke about the dealer's hands. . . . Now dealer and players alike united in an unspoken conspiracy to stave off morning forever. Each bet as if the loss of a hand meant prison or disease and when it was lost hurried the leader on. . . . For the cards kept the everlasting darkness off, the cards lent everlasting hope. The cards meant any man in the world might win back his long-lost life. . . ."

Algren, in his sheer handling of language, is one of the best writers in the United States. But his very superiority over the Cains and O'Haras sets him a task which he doesn't fulfill. He cannot take up their sleazy kind of sensational plot; and yet he fails to conceive a higher level of tragic action which would do justice to his insight into character. If their books move on a dishonest level, his books hardly move at all. They offer one remarkable scene after another, and yet remain static.

That is because the world of which Algren writes is not a real one. In spite of its wonderfully accurate detail, he has made it up. Out of this mud and brick, he has built an ivory tower. For the characteristic of an ivory tower is not its ivory, but its roundness. It is static, self-contained, unchanging. Because this world of Algren

is stagnant, lacking the shove of history, his novel lacks inner movement. It is unreal because a real world must be in motion.

I was brought up in slums, and I remember the gangs, and the whispered reports of one or another character who disappeared, to be heard from in a reformatory. But I also remember a grandfather who was proud of a union card, and a crowd of people cheering the election returns of the then militant Socialist Party. I am not asking Algren to have his "hero" fall in step with a May Day parade. I am not asking him to seek out other characters. I am asking only for the truth. I would like him to remember that the foreign-born, of whom he writes, have shown historically a higher morality than those who invited them here to become the needed laboring masses in factories and mines.

Algren shows to perfection that the police are as guilty as the corrupt they persecute. He is bitter that his people suffer from the "great, secret and special American guilt of owning nothing, nothing at all, in the one land where ownership and virtue are one." He might realize that there are others more guilty, and more corrupt. He might go on to show that the "neon wilderness" of which he writes is an exact reflection and needed creation of the jungle law at the very top of the social ladder, where the slaughter of Greeks, Chinese, Israelis, the dropping of atom bombs on socialism, are being planned with the utmost callousness.

His slums are not so innocent of "world events" as he makes them. Out of these petty thugs and frightened gangsters he describes come the storm troopers who today are being egged on against the very people who would build a world in which they can live.

Algren's realism is not so real. To put it in another way: He has left himself out. Where, among these beaten people, whose humanity is seen only in their pathetically remembered fantasies of childhood, is Algren himself, a child of the slums who has struggled up to become its poet? He is too good a writer to thus ignore himself. A much greater writer lives within him.

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

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WITH the announcement of a Poets' Series, International Publishers has made a welcome addition to its list. The first three volumes in the series include sig-

nificant contributions to American poetry.

Milton Blau in *Brief Journey* demonstrates in clear contemporary idiom that lyricism and realism can be fused. He cherishes life and knows that love of people is a prime virtue with all who seek to end the imposed hatreds which mar so many human relations. He sings this love theme variously, but always in a voice which can be easily heard and clearly understood; and he is vivid and original. Blau knows very well what he is doing as an artist. He disciplines his fancy and makes it serve his ends. Futhermore, his steady vision of the socialist world a-coming, in which full brotherhood will be possible for the first time, lends direction and unity to his poems as a whole.

One passage from "The Intentions of a Poet," first published in *Masses & Mainstream,* tells what he is about:

This year is the minefield
Planted by retreating armies.
The engineers are crossing over
The thin green cover of death.
I go with them. The distance is short;
Our science is sure.

The poem closes with the image of children, and the living ahead of them, a theme which runs through much of the volume. In "Among the Dead I Have Gone Counting," the image of child victims of the Nazis is beautifully evoked, and at the same time those who already gloss over the reality of fascism are rebuked.

In "Come Little Children," Blau writes with genuine tenderness which, on one level, has a bright decorative charm made up of the kaleidoscopic fantasies of childhood. On a deeper level the happy images point with unmistakable firmness toward the frightening night around so many children, which is "dark enough to hide wide eyes," but which the poet knows cannot "hush the tiny voices of tomorrow." Again solicitude for childhood appears in "Daniel and the Lions," a poem written against the background of an invaded and betrayed France.

From the midst of the confusion and horror of the war, in which Blau fought, come other songs of love and hope and also such sweeping generous responses to the good in the world as "I Think Upon a Time of Nations." Themes treated intellectually as well as emotionally are also well within Blau's range, as in the anti-imperialist "Miners in the Exhibition Cases."

THOMAS MCGRATH'S *Longshot O'Leary's Garland of Practical Poesie* shows an active talent lashing out at the shams and crimes of the bourgeois world. McGrath here intensifies his already familiar satires of bankers, clerics, generals, diplomats, and he handles them not lazily as stereotypes, but vigor-

ously as realities affecting the lives of each of us. He also continues to honor the working-class militants who have died in the struggle.

In these elegies McGrath does not slip into the sagging quality of much elegiac verse. Although he pays primary attention to the destruction of life and life's values, which capitalism spreads, he largely avoids defeatism by discovering to the reader new life emerging from the midst of death.

If McGrath sometimes fails, as I think he has for instance in "Blues for Jimmy," to reveal all of the significance he feels in a death, he has at least found a way of emphasizing life while pointing toward the people's loss through the kinds of death which some day will not be.

Though this complex poet does not always meet the full obligation of a poet to communicate, he is never dull, and he releases his virtuosity against the enemies of the common people. His method is well illustrated in "The Isles of Greece," which is a bitter comment on British and American intervention in Greece. Read on just this level of firm emotion toward a subject of objective importance, the poem meets a primary test as poetry. The images and statements are exciting, but the poem becomes more exciting as it is read on levels other than the most apparent one. The very title reminds us of the words with which Byron opened a poem on an earlier struggle for Greek freedom.

McGrath continues this allusion by parodying Byron's second line. Instead of "Where burning Sappho loved and sung," we have "Where bloody Bevin's murderers come." McGrath telescopes past and present by having generals "read Clausewitz in the Parthenon." Such condensed evocation of many images continues to the last line, with its Homeric phrase, "the wine-dark sea."

McGrath's abundant allusions, when they are too private or too academic, come into conflict with the social content of his verse. There is likewise a certain conflict between form and substance arising from his continuing use of some of the methods Auden found suitable for reflecting his anti-human retreat into existentialism. But when McGrath jams disparate images together, as Auden, and others, have done, he is not consciously trying to say that the world is unutterably confused. Rather he is trying in a way to demonstrate the dialectical law of the unity of opposites. Time and again he makes dynamic unity of violently contradictory images.

Contradiction appears even in McGrath's vocabulary which he draws from the extremes of a world he sees as divided and in mortal combat. The argot of the lumpen racketeer in "He's A Real

Gone Guy," contrasts sharply with the elevated, almost patrician language of passages, for example, in "Such Lies They Told Us" and "Blues for Jimmy."

He is also a hater of things hateful, a surgeon operating on malignancies. These qualities he shows more than the warm persistence required for nursing to health, for rearing to fruition. And he tends too often to let his own considerable inventiveness take precedence over the social act of communicating. However, his own artistic — and class — conscience can take him far in his search for themes of import to the people, and for fully effective forms.

AARON KRAMER, the third writer in the series, has concentrated in his previous books on the important problem of communicating a revolutionary message as clearly as possible, and he has succeeded here in such a poem as "Marblehead Fishermen." This ballad, based on Howard Fast's prose, tells a simple narrative of the heroism of plain people, and gives new currency to a part of America's revolutionary past. It suggests a direction in which Kramer might well work further.

Other poems in *The Golden Trumpet* suggest a problem which this reviewer believes Kramer has yet to solve. Although Kramer is always honest and direct, his desire for clarity and simplicity have produced a certain quality of flatness in the verse. He has too often sacrificed freshness of language and imagery in the desire to be understood. As a result he is often needlessly obvious.

International Publishers has embarked on an important project with the Poets Series, and one hopes that this encouraging start will be continued.

FRANKLIN FOLSOM

Benjamin Banneker

YOUR MOST HUMBLE SERVANT, by Shirley Graham. *Messner.* $3.00.

THE fact of the neglect or distortion of the history of the American Negro people is, I suppose, no longer news. This reflection and, simultaneously, this bulwark of white chauvinism has no better example than the whole area of Negro biography.

Up to very recently one could count on the fingers of two hands the number of Negro men and women of whom really serious biographies existed. Harriet Tubman, Sojourner Truth, Frederick Douglass, Booker T. Washington, John Hope—that would about exhaust the list; and the remaining fingers would be more than enough to mark off the first-rate autobiographies like those of Douglass, James Weldon Johnson and Dr. Du Bois.

Happily, Shirley Graham has been engaged in rectifying this situation. Miss Graham has already contributed worthwhile biographies—occasionally in fictionalized form—of Paul Robeson, George Washington Carver, Frederick Douglass and Phillis Wheatley. And now, with *Your Most Humble Servant,* she has recreated the life and times of Benjamin Banneker.

Anyone who has ever attempted work in the area of American Negro biography knows how very difficult the ruling class has made this task. To uncover the simplest facts—where and when was the subject born, who were his parents, what schooling did he have? —is frequently a job requiring infinite patience and great persistence.

Shirley Graham's simple, lucid style, while delightful in the reading, may be quite deceptive in terms of obscuring the labor that goes into making a figure like Benjamin Banneker come alive again. This she has done and it is a rewarding experience to read the result.

Benjamin Banneker's life span ran from 1731 to 1806, years of colonial struggles, the Revolution, the formation of the nation and the great Jefferson-Hamilton struggles. Years, too, of the fastening of slavery upon the nation, and of the Negro people's maturing struggle against their bondage.

In this period, Banneker as a patriot, a pioneer anti-slavery figure, a federal appointee of Jefferson, a distinguished mathematician and astronomer, played a significant role.

Banneker's exploits in clockmaking and almanac-writing, in astronomical calculations and forecasting, in fighting slavery, opposing capital punishment and denouncing war, are remarkable. When one remembers that these things were true of a Maryland-born free Negro suffering under the oppressions of a slave state over a century ago, the story becomes almost incredible. And how upsetting it would be to Rankin, or the so-called Daughters of the American Revolution, to learn that, on Jefferson's appointment, Banneker, with L'Enfant and Ellicott, was responsible for planning and surveying the city of Washington—Jim-Crow capital of a Jim-Crow nation!

In the midst of the plethora of filth that passes as historical fiction in America today it is refreshing and invigorating to have the vital work of Shirley Graham. *Your Most Humble Servant* will provide the reader with a stimulating and salutary experience. It is the type of book that, having read, you will want to pass on to your friends. The Liberty Book Club, in making this its November selection, has performed a distinct service.

HERBERT APTHEKER

From the Inferno

THE WORLD NEXT DOOR, by Fritz Peters. *Farrar, Straus.* $3.00.

THIS novel is a relentless indictment of mental hospital practices, by a man who himself descended for a time into the inferno of a psychiatric institution.

The writing is vivid; the speech of the hospital attendants is reproduced in a swift staccato that emphasizes its underworld derivation. Terrible scenes of cruelty to patients pile up their testimony against the system: the sadistic epithets and curses, the fist crashing to the jaw, the straitjacket binding cruelly tight the bodies of those who dare to question or protest.

The story is told in the first person, by a young veteran called David Mitchell. David, like many another veteran held in a mental hospital, realizes that as long as he signs over his disability checks to his family, his incarceration will continue; it will last much longer than his illness, and it may devour his lifetime. After his recovery, he tricks the hospital authorities into releasing him by refusing to sign any more compensation checks.

If Mr. Peters had done no other service to the inmates of psychiatric institutions (to whom his book is dedicated), he would deserve their gratitude for having brought to light one more of the unprincipled practices that keep our hospitals crowded with recovered patients. Some families of veterans don't mind because the procedure relieves them of responsibility and gives them a permanent income. All too many institutional doctors don't mind because a crowded hospital makes their jobs more secure.

There are unforgettable passages in this book. There is the deliciously funny episode in which the hospital's preacher finds David of unsound mind because he, David, refuses to believe in supernatural beings. There is the terrifying scene in which David, after a visit home, calls down eternal damnation on the family that is needlessly returning him to the psychiatric hell. There is the embittered paragraph in which David describes the attitude of the usual run of mental hospital visitors: "the presumptuous and disdainful way in which they came in here with their little trophies of the outside world, cigarettes, candy, chewing gum, dropping little brown paper packages into the laps of the condemned."

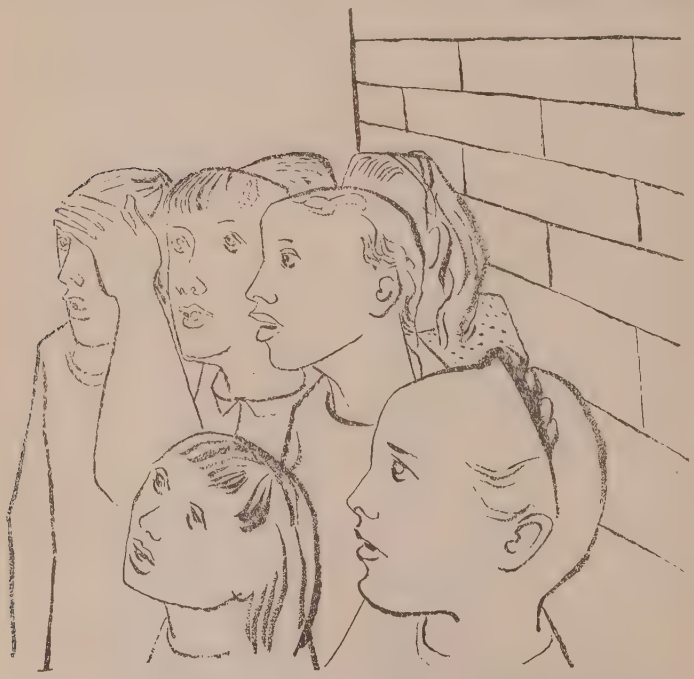
On the road back to sanity, David asks the many questions that psychiatric patients have asked through the years. How much can doctors know about the health of patients whom they never see? Why, if one is confined in a hospital on the excuse that one needs treatment, is no treatment given? Why is a pa-

tient who cheerfully accepts his commitment, who is willing to fade into the hospital world, perhaps forever, considered by the doctors to be normal? Why is a man who revolts against unnecessary confinement and restraint, who wants to return to job and family and ordinary living, considered abnormal? Who conceived these institutional standards of normality that repeal the laws of common sense?

Coming after a decade that has seen a dozen competent writers rip aside the curtain that once shielded the psychiatric institution, this book has a special contribution to make. Our medical hierarchy would have us believe that the Veterans Administration hospitals, at any rate, are models of institutional care. When one has read Mr. Peters' book, one knows that there is little to choose between these and any other snake pits.

For a time, David Mitchell's psychosis led him to believe that he had been captured in war and was living in a Nazi concentration camp. In this delusional madness there was much sound reason, and an accurate appraisal of psychiatric hospitals in the U.S. today.

SELDEN MURRAY



LOOKING AT MURALS, *by Anton Refregier*


J. Reppbier

Rossellini's Germany

by WARREN MILLER

ROSSELLINI in Germany, like Baedeker in Italy, is so concerned with place he never comes to understand the people. Since Rossellini is not a professional tourist, we learn little of Berlin's "points of interest" and nothing about its people. The only part of the tourist's paraphernalia that Rossellini succeeds in maintaining is detachment: he was just passing through and did not wish to get involved; human relationships always raise problems. Since the director was not involved, his audience, of course, cannot be. Seldom do his characters step down from that thin pure zone inhabited by symbols to become, for a moment, people. At the end, one's emotions are not excited but numbed: as if one had witnessed the sudden death of a stranger.

Rossellini attempts to show what Nazism was by what it has left behind. The method is certainly a valid one but, in this case, largely a failure. It would have been more successful, probably, if he had found only ruined buildings and undecorated pots. But since people move among the ruins, Rossellini's task is made more difficult. It is easy enough to ascribe a function to a pot or determine the cause of a building's collapse. But what is the function of a defeated, bitter people, what is the cause of its collapse? It requires a knowledge of people and a sense of history to answer this. The film's failure indicates that Rossellini, faced with the phenomenon of postwar Germany, had not enough of either quality to cope with the problem he set himself.

The story of his new film has the clear hard outlines of a Greek tragedy; there are no secondary plots; it moves remorselessly, without pause. The protagonist is a twelve-year-old boy; he lives with his father, a retired civil servant who is dying of heart disease; a sister who attempts to hold the family together; and a brother who has fought with the Wehrmacht to the very end of the war. Because he did not give himself up when the army surrendered, the brother must remain in hiding.

The burden of survival falls on

the sister and on the boy, Edmund. The sister goes to nightclubs with Allied officers and returns with cigarettes, a precious commodity that can be exchanged for food.

The film's opening scene shows Edmund digging a grave; when it is discovered that he is under-age, he is forced to leave this job. Wandering through the shattered streets of Berlin, Edmund meets a former school teacher. The teacher, a homosexual, had been a Nazi. He takes Edmund to his room, fondles him, and sends him out with a record and a record-player. He is instructed to get 200 marks for the record. In the ruins of Hitler's Chancellery, Edmund plays the record for two British soldiers. It is Hitler, making one of his speeches of triumph and victory. From the shot of Edmund and the soldiers listening to the record, the film cuts to the empty ruined halls of the building, and then to the indescribable ruin of the streets, and all the while the soundtrack carries the tinny voice crying of glory.

Edmund sells the record and, through the school teacher, meets a gang of children who live in a cellar. With them he steals potatoes, and spends the night with a fourteen-year-old girl who is a member of the gang. In the morning she gives him cigarettes. Reviewers continue to speak of Rossellini's realism and continue to miss the way he uses this realism for entirely sur-real effects: the street scene after the raid on the potato-train is made up of real objects and real people on a real street, yet its effect is wholly unreal: the darkness, a fire, the grinning, tempting lascivious little girl—it is like an illustration of the Inferno.

The father suffers another heart attack and is in the hospital for two weeks. Life at home is easier now; but they know that when the father returns it will mean a return to the old pattern of living. Edmund goes to the school teacher for advice. He ought to die, he ought to be put out of his misery, for his own good, for the good of his family, the Nazi tells Edmund. Edmund visits his father at the hospital and steals a bottle of poison.

When the father comes home he lies in bed, complaining about the food, wishing he were dead. He asks for tea and while Edmund prepares the tea and adds the poison, the father makes what is to be his final speech. Edmund brings him the tea; the father kisses him. As he talks the camera moves from face to face. The father drinks his tea and falls asleep; it is an intense scene.

The soldier-son gives himself up to the police, and while he is gone the daughter discovers that the father has died. No one suspects that it is anything but a natural death. He is prepared for

burial; the landlady wonders if the pajamas might not fetch something on the black market, but they are too old. Edmund refuses to spend the night in the house. He goes out into the streets, is rejected by children playing, thrown out of the cellar where the gang lives, called a monster by the school teacher when Edmund tells him what he has done. He returns home at night and sits on the hall steps; suddenly the lights go out and, in terror now of darkness, he rushes out again into the streets.

In the morning he climbs to the top floor of a bombed building. From here he can see his house, sees the coffin arrive, hears his sister calling him. He attempts to play, shoots imaginary objects with an imaginary weapon, climbs among the ruins. He sees his sister and brother leave for the cemetery. He leaps from the building. We see his twisted body on the sidewalk.

The film's success or failure rests on the credibility of the boy's murder of his father, and it lacks credibility. The only motivation for the murder is the advice of the school teacher, and this cannot properly be called motivation. As a result, everything that stems from this act is artificial; since we do not believe in the murder, we cannot believe in the suicide. Rossellini's detachment has produced characters who have no human status; we cannot believe in anything they do. They oper-

ate as symbols, but as human beings they are incomprehensible.

It is possible to take both the murder and the suicide as symbolic acts; indeed, there is a ritualistic quality in their presentation. The murder of the father may be construed as the final destruction of the past. The suicide, on this level of meaning, can be taken as a symbol of hope for the future of Germany: the suicide is the rebirth of conscience, for only one capable of feeling guilt would destroy himself.

But the act of suicide is a questionable form for a symbol of hope; it is so final an act, and the result of such despair, that it defeats its symbolic intentions.

Primarily, then, the film's failure is one of story; but there is also a failure of craft. Editing is virtually non-existent and further corrupted by the use of such mechanical devices as "wipes"; no attention is given to timing and rhythm, by means of which emotion is built and heightened; the camera work is undistinguished, even amateurish.

Despite Rossellini's seemingly advanced film technique, his approach to film is essentially a primitive one in that editing, which is the foundation of film art, often appears to be merely an accidental adjunct, and not a principal concern. As in the earliest silent films, too often the camera is permitted to stand motionless and record a scene as it

plays itself out. The camera can be used as an instrument of analysis and interpretation only through the process of editing: a closeup of a hand or face is a means of emphasizing, of underlining, of giving point to an action, an idea. The scene of the playing of the record in the ruined building is an effective one; that the editing here is of an elementary and obvious kind only makes more evident the potency of the editing principle.

Rossellini's strength as a film maker resides, principally, in his fine visual sense. He does not depend on the soundtrack for an articulation of meaning; he understands the basic law that the film is, first and foremost, a *visual* art. He has also the ability to get from non-professionals performances that equal, if not surpass, those of many professional actors.

Unfortunately, instead of using and controlling this fine visual sense, Rossellini has become subservient to it. Setting has become more important that people, and a moving camera more important that editing.

Rossellini's Germany is strangely detached from the rest of the world, a curious vacuum set with ruined buildings and inhabited by beings who act without understanding. In that Germany there are no occupation forces, the enormous problem of Germany is completely evaded; it is Germany seen by a politically inert tourist.

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