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lasses & MAINSTREAM

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ILYA EHRENBURG

merica's Greatest Poet, by **ILYA EHRENBURG**

Slavery or Peace—

The United Press reports: "A party of high-ranking Spanish Army and Air Force officers left Madrid by special plane for Frankfurt to begin a tour of military installations in the American occupation zone of Germany."

But the peace delegation, headed by Pablo Picasso, is barred from our country by a State Department which simultaneously insults Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, Dr. Linus Pauling, Bishop Arthur W. Moulton and others of the welcoming committee.

Special planes for fascist vermin; slammed doors and public insults for artists and scientists who advocate peace.

Bills to provide for fair employment practices, to outlaw lynching, to abolish the poll-tax are emasculated or buried.

But the bi-partisan Bill for the Establishment of Fascism, sponsored by Republicans Mundt and Ferguson and Democrat Johnston, is hastily jammed through the Senate Judiciary Committee without public notice.

The Mundt bill provides fines from two thousand to ten thousand dollars and jail sentences from two to ten years for those who, in its deliberately precise language, help in "effectuating the policies of a foreign government, or the world Communist movement," or who adhere to "the positions taken by any Communist political organization, Communist foreign government, or the world Communist movement." Now, in the United States, such a bill threatens prison for all who want peace; the bill signifies democracy's death warrant.

The maximum fine is ten times that provided by the Fugitive Slave Act passed one hundred years ago, and the maximum jail sentence is twenty times greater than that provided in the same hell-born enactment. Of those responsible for that law, Charles Sumner said, "Better for them had they never been born!" And Emerson called their handiwork "a law no man can countenance or abet the execution of, without loss of all self-respect."

That law tried to make slave-catchers of all Americans. History records its fate. The Mundt bill would make slaves of all Americans. History will record its fate.

We are making that history. If we do not speak out today, we may thereafter hold our peace—the "peace" of fascism and world slaughter.

—The Editors

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JOHN HOWARD LAWSON'S essay is based on a chapter of his forthcoming book, *Tap-Roots of Our National Culture.*

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COVER: A photo of Ilya Ehrenburg at the All-Union Peace Congress in Moscow last year (*Sovfoto*).

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OUR TIME by Samuel Sillen

Welcome, Mike Gold
Yale Carries the Ball
Bombing the Psyche

Welcome, Mike Gold

IT'S a pleasure to welcome Mike Gold on his return from a long visit in Europe. No writer is so intimately a part of the tradition of this magazine—a tradition that goes back to the founding of *The Masses* in 1911 and runs through *The Liberator, New Masses* (which Mike edited for a number of years) and *Mainstream* (which he named). I wonder if a younger generation can possibly appreciate how much he has meant to the cause of proletarian literature and socialism. For nearly thirty years, as journalist, critic, novelist, poet and playwright, Mike Gold has been the leading force in our literary movement, a symbol of undeviating devotion to the working class of which he is flesh and bone.

Mike once wrote in an essay on his friend John Reed: "I was working as a night porter for the Adams Express Company in New York when I began reading *The Masses.* It was the beginning of my education." How many of us can truly say that Mike was the beginning of our education!

Readers of *Masses & Mainstream* will recall the inspiring articles he did for us on the Paris Peace Congress last spring and on his visit to Czechoslovakia. We are delighted to have him back home writing regularly for us.

From time to time, in these pages, I want to recall episodes of our tradition. Our history does not belong to the archives but to the thinking of living men and women.

When the magazine was reorganized as the monthly *New Masses* in the "prosperity" year of 1926, it blossomed profanely, as its editors noted, in the midst of highly respectable contemporaries—the whiz-

bangs, the success-liturgies, household aphrodisiacs, snob-Baedekers and department store catalogues. Under Mike Gold's vigorous editorship the magazine became a driving force in American cultural life. Menckenism was rife; the *New Republic* and the *Nation* were written, as Mike said, by careful men with perpetual slight colds; the expatriates contemplated their superiority in Rapallo and Paris. Even the editors of the bourgeois New York *World* were so bored that they welcomed, they said, a little thunder on the left. William Allen White, sage of Emporia, described the magaine as a lusty infant and gave it six months to live.

The controversy that soon developed between Mike Gold and John Dos Passos as to the cultural role of the magazine is especially significant today. Dos Passos was irked because Mike called him a bourgeois intellectual. "I'd like to see," wrote Dos Passos, "a magazine full of introspection and doubt," and added that "Ever since Columbus, imported systems have been the curse of this continent. Why not develop our own brand?" To which Mike Gold replied with a smashing attack on writers who hug chaos to their bosoms and try to live in delicately tinted ivory towers. Dos Passos, as Mike Gold accurately pointed out, wanted writers to revolt blindly; Mike called on writers to explore with the compass of Marxist science.

In a brilliantly incisive passage, written in May, 1926, Mike said:

> "Other writers choose the same paths of 'introspection and doubt.' Eugene O'Neill has definitely strayed into a queer mystic universe of his own. Waldo Frank is discovering tragic 'beauty' in the bullfight and in parlor Zionism. Sherwood Anderson is still mumbling prayers before the ancient phallic gods. Carl Sandburg has suddenly become a sentimental American nationalist. Floyd Dell is busy turning out bed-room romances for the adolescent. H. L. Mencken is still hypnotizing poor driven little press-agents or advertising slaves into the delusion that they are 'free' aristocrats and supermen. Robinson Jeffers offers serious epics on the solitary theme of incest. Carl Van Vechten prattles upper-class nonsense for the amusement of our *nouveaux riches.* James Branch Cabell plagiarizes from a thousand healthy folk-fantasies and weaves the results into flashy patterns for the same *nouveaux riches.* . . . Is pessimism, defeatism, despair, the fundamental chaos in your own brilliant and gifted work, the path you say leads to a new world? I beg to differ dogmatically if you say it does, John."

As to Dos Passos' Red-baiting sneer that Mike was "importing" ideas, the answer was equally cogent. Mike emphasized that he was a proletarian internationalist, while agreeing that *New Masses* writers should set sail for a new discovery of America. He denied that he or any Communist demands that young American writers take their "spiritual commands" from Moscow: "No one demands that; for it is not necessary. It is no more necessary than were orders from Moscow in the British general strike. Moscow could not have created such a strike; British life created it." And it was American life, he added, that created Jack London and Jack Reed.

At the same time Mike proudly affirmed the inspiration of socialism: "I will not deny that Soviet Russia and its revolutionary culture form the spiritual core around which thousands of the younger writers in every land are building their creative lives, including myself."

Dos Passos is today a degenerate writer openly calling in the pages of the Luce publications not for "introspection and doubt" but for war. The opposite paths taken by him and Mike Gold have led one to fascism, the other to socialism. Dos Passos is spiritually dead. Mike Gold continues as a vital force, a leader in the struggle for progressive culture in America.

Yale Carries the Ball

WILLIAM L. SHIRER begins a review of John Hersey's *The Wall* with these bitter words:

> "As every one knows—but who remembers now, or cares to remember—many millions of decent, innocent, non-combatant human beings were barbarously done to death by the Germans during the recent war. . . ."

A good question—who cares to remember? Not, certainly, the authorities at Yale University. Its faculty boasts an instructor in Slavic languages named Vladimir Petrov. Last month his book, *Retreat From Russia,* was published by Yale University Press. In this book he cashes in as an anti-Soviet expert. His credentials? The fact that he collaborated with the Hitlerites during the Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union.

He was, Petrov testifies, not one of those lukewarm (by hindsight)

collaborators. He was an "assistant mayor" under the Germans. He joined a "Russian liberation army" organized by Himmler to fight the Red Army. He relished his job of providing the Nazis the list of those to be hanged in his town.

And now he teaches at Yale, is published by Yale and is cordially greeted by reviewers in the same pages that lament the millions killed in the war, including the heroic Jews of the Warsaw Ghetto.

Untangling the Soul

(*Book Announcements in the March* Retail Bookseller)

March 2: *Son of the Giant,* by Stuart Engstrand. Creative Age.

"The Oedipus complex in fiction form . . . *and this means excellent sales and months on the best renter lists.*"

March 3: *Kierkegaard,* by Rudolph Friedmann. New Directions.

"A young English critic psychoanalyzes one of the ancestors of the Existentialist movement on the basis of his autobiographical writings."

March 11: *The Art of Real Happiness,* by Norman Vincent Peale and Smiley Blanton. Prentice-Hall.

"A minister and a psychiatrist have collaborated in this book, as they regularly collaborate in the Marble Collegiate Church clinic, to solve the emotional and spiritual conflicts arising from modern life."

March 15: *Do You Believe in Dreams?* by Russ Murphy. Reilly & Lee.

"Up-to-date book on dreams, containing psychological interpretations of the dreams of great men—Abraham Lincoln, Jules Verne, Victor Herbert, Mark Twain, David Belasco—also a complete index of the things of dreams with their meanings."

March 22: *The Psychoanalyst and the Artist,* by Daniel E. Schneider. Farrar, Straus.

"The author maintains that the artist (with brush or pen) gives expression through his art to a sort of intuitive psychoanalysis—giving universal meaning to his own unconscious."

The cultured gentlemen who hire Petrov today, like his former employers, are rigidly consistent. Yale has taken over the Bollingen Prize in Poetry, which last year went to Ezra Pound. The retiring president of Yale, Dr. Charles Seymour, disclosed that the jury which made the award to the fascist poet will be retained. No one can ever say that Yale let culture down. Funds for the award are supplied by Paul W. Mellon (Yale '29), who last June climaxed his many benefactions to alma mater with a gift of $2,000,000 for—hold your seats—an "expansion of the university's program of psychiatric guidance for its students."

And everybody is happy, including Robert Hillyer, who had carried on in the pages of *The Saturday Review of Literature* a campaign against the Bollingen-Pound award and the prize jury. He is quoted in the press as being "happy that Yale was to administer the prize" and not the Library of Congress. He evidently has no objection to fascism as long as it is free-enterprise fascism "detached from the Government." Similarly, *The Saturday Review* "congratulates" Yale and adds editorially that "The SRL would never have entered into the debate if the prize [to Pound] had been granted by any poetry society or university." Men of principle!

It is reassuring to know that Yale's lofty standards will be defended by her new president, Dr. A. Whitney Griswold who was informed of his new responsibilities while attending a musical comedy in New York. Dr. Griswold told the Associated Press: "In all matters of foreign policy, with or without the H-bomb, I have complete confidence in Secretary of State Acheson. He's as good an H-bomb secretary as he was an A-bomb secretary."

Bombing the Psyche

At a recent Carnegie Hall rally of artists and scientists against Truman's H-bomb edict, I met a good friend of the magazine, Dr. X, who spoke reproachfully of our articles on Freudianism as a reactionary ideology. Dr. X is himself a psychoanalyst. He is deeply devoted to the cause of peace. "The H-bomb is what the magazine should be concerned with," he told me. "Why not leave psychoanalysis to the journals professionally equipped to deal with it?"

One answer to Dr. X is given in an article on "The Bomb and the

Human Psyche" by Dr. Franz Alexander, a highly influential figure in the psychiatric field. Dr. Alexander is Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Illinois and Director of the Institute of Psychoanalysis in Chicago. He airs his views frequently over the big networks, and he published his article not in a technical journal but in a magazine devoted to world politics, *United Nations World.*

Dr. Alexander sets out to give an authoritative, scientific reply to this problem: What effect will the Soviet Union's possession of the atom bomb have upon "the psychology of the world's peoples . . . the psychic structure of modern man?" At the start of his modest inquiry this expert in the psychology of the world's peoples takes for granted that the Soviets' possession of the bomb "brings closer the chances of actual atomic warfare." Having thus demonstrated that his insight into modern man's psychic structure is fully as profound as Dean Acheson's, Dr. Alexander proceeds to psychoanalyze the world.

"Man," he says, has a "propensity to exploit his fellow man." "Man," he notes, "craves to enslave others." "Man," he adds, instinctively seeks "to utilize the new source of power for destruction."

It thus turns out that Mr. Truman voices not the desperate rapacity of the ruling class but the enduring principles of human nature. Not only is imperialism shielded, it is "scientifically" justified. The "psychic structure" of universal man accounts for the H-bomb.

Moreover, there isn't a thing in the world we can do about mending matters. For, declares this expert, progress in science and technology "requires from man changes in his social organization and emotional outlook which are beyond his adaptibility." By definition, then, socialism is an illusion, the U.S.S.R. a mirage. The world will end without even a whimper.

If this isn't reactionary ideology and reactionary politics then I don't understand the meaning of the terms. How can one fight the H-bomb program without fighting a Franz Alexander who provides, through psychoanalytic ideology, a rationale for that program? Is his article an isolated instance? On the contrary, it is typical of the avalanche of psychoanalytic writing in the United States today. To quote the accurate observation of the eight French psychiatrists in their article on "Psychoanalysis: A Reactionary Ideology" which appeared in these pages last September:

"This systematic exploitation of psychoanalysis, its direct intervention in a field where the class struggle is most in evidence, and the substantial financial support which it enjoys, openly place the problem in the realm of politics. The forces of peace and progress are bound to be disturbed at such a situation. They feel it necessary to ascertain to what extent there has developed—under the cloak of allegedly scientific activity—an ideology implying more or less admitted aims of social conservatism or regression; and, in this way, to unmask the contribution—deliberate or not—made by these devious methods to the war danger and to class oppression."

T. S. Eliot in *The Cocktail Party,* Lillian Smith in *Killers of the Dream,* Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. in *The Vital Center,* Isaac Deutscher in his phony biography of Stalin, Dr. Edmund Bergler in *The Writer and Psychoanalysis*—all these, together with countless films, magazine stories, radio programs, use Freudian ideology as the "scientific" basis of their reactionary slime.

Deutscher, for example, concedes that Stalingrad was the decisive battle of World War II and that from it Stalin "rose to almost titanic stature in the eyes of the world." But was this turning point of the war due to the political and military genius of Stalin and the unparalleled heroism of the Soviet people? Not at all. It appears that Stalin's "legend" was at stake; he had built up a "legend" about his military leadership in 1918 at Tsaritsyn (later renamed Stalingrad). He therefore had what Deutscher considers a neurotic compulsion called a "Tsaritsyn fixation." The greatest battle in history was a function of guilt feelings.

This mess of stupidity, typical of the book's psychoanalytic method, is echoed in the recent volume by Dr. Bergler, whose papers are widely published in the Freudian "professional" journals. He contends that the writer "does not produce his works—as naive people assume—because he has something important to convey to his eager listeners, but solely to solve an inner conflict . . . the writer writes to furnish inner alibis to his tormenting inner conscience." And: "Imagination is the purified successor to infantile peeping." So much for Shakespeare.

Not surprisingly, politics "somehow" manages to get into this picture.

The writer should stay away from politics, Dr. Bergler advises, "for *homo artisticus* and *homo politicus* are different types of individuals and cannot be successfully mixed." Is this more scientific than the mentality that killed the Federal Arts Program? This is Dondero with a doctor's degree.

If our friend Dr. X feels, as I imagine he does, that the Alexanders and Berglers are *distorting* psychoanalysis, I would urge him to join us in active struggle against their reactionary ideas. I believe that a really serious struggle against them would lead Dr. X to re-examine the philosophy and method of classical psychoanalysis in the self-critical, scientific spirit of the eight French psychiatrists.

The MINERS:

A Battle Report

by MILLARD LAMPELL

RIDE east out of Pittsburgh into the scraggy gray hills of Westmoreland County. Follow the swift, murky Allegheny River, rushing cold under the crouched winter sky.

Turn off the highway, traveling crumbled tar roads past the bare and lonely fields, the stark barns, pine and wild cherry trees dark on the ridges. You are in coal country now. Pass an exhausted bootleg mine, an ugly hole torn in the hillside, timbers decayed and sagging, bleak stretches of slate and slag like scars across the wild grasses.

And the remembered scenes flashing vividly through your mind as you ride:

Pittsburgh, at night. They are charging the Bessemer furnace in the low massive mill across the river. Every twenty minutes a blast of compressed air explodes the molten iron. A low, angry roar, the searing flames lick the sky, the churning, brilliant yellow smoke erupts, mountainous rolling clouds shot with the orange of pure iron, sprays of sparks showering into the river. The night burns for miles. Then the miracle of steel, the ingot of fire slid onto a flat-car and snaked into the rolling mill.

Again, the remembered scene:

A fast freight thundering west, gondolas and flat-cars rocking past a deserted country crossroads, the train curving away into the night.

And again:

The steady, metallic clack of cotton looms. The vast electric signs over Broadway. The small and comforting pool of light under the street lamp on the corner near home. The pleasant, familiar rustling of steam in the radiator pipes of your bedroom.

The images crowd in on you as you ride across the sparse Pennsyl-

vania countryside into the mining towns. You know that each of these familiar scenes would cease, the steel hearth go cold, the train halt, the cotton looms cease shuttling, the great signs darken, the street lamp flick out, the radiator turn icy, except for this—that every morning at dawn, in a streaked mining patch at Renton, Ronco, Guy's Run, Logan's Ferry, Harlan, Clover Fork, Straight Creek, in Pennsylvania, Kentucky, West Virginia, Alabama, a man named Fred Uzelac, named Joe Bonetti, John Ozanich, Caleb Powers, Giulio Nicola gets into a cage and drops 500 feet down a shaft into the earth, and digs coal.

I moved from mine patch to mine patch speaking to these men. It was mid-winter, and an old grim ritual was taking place. The ritual of silence and hunger. Drawn faces set with determination. The bitter ritual that has become annual as the seasons in a miner's life. Strike.

There had been, first, the usual formality of negotiation. The contract expired. The miners asked a wage rise and a few cents extra for the Union Welfare Fund. The owners sat at bargaining with the naked threat of injunction on the table, like a gambler's .45 at a wildcat poker game. And the months dragged on.

Pressure and counter-pressure. The company cut off payments to the Welfare Fund. The miners slowed work to a three-day week. The company stopped pension checks. Gnarled old men on retirement tightened their belts, mumbled curses, and started inching along on one meal a day.

July, August, September, sumac leaves turning scarlet in the dark hills, deer fleeing through the underbrush. November, December. Fragile morning ice on the mountain ponds. And still no contract.

In the mine patches, the restless, growing resentment, the wind of anger rising. Then, abruptly: "We just got sick and tired of waiting. Fed up with watching the old bucks sit around and starve. Pappy John up there in Washington horsing around, getting nowhere. We figured we weren't going to get no contract, without we pulled out. So we pulled."

As soon as one local voted to quit work, the others followed in a wave. That's the way it is, in coal country. When one goes, they all go. In District 4, along the West Virginia line, the giant Robena local hit the bricks first. In Westmoreland's District 5, it was the proud, tough little local at Renton with its fighting slogan, "First to walk out, last to walk back!"

Entering Renton, the road dips swiftly into a hollow where the black tipple rises, the hoist like a lean metal arm flung out against the sky. Flanking the mine are the loading tracks, the stacks of timbers, the "boney" pile of slag, an acrid stink of carbon rising from the smoking half-mile waste heap where fires flicker endlessly.

And beyond, the simple, faded houses, like lines of crates climbing the hill. Back of each house, a slanting privy. The dirt roads are mucky and rutted. Coal dust covers everything with a gritty gray web.

Class lines are drawn in the very contour of the town. At the crossroads stands the company store. To the west, on an isolated hill, is the superintendent's comfortable red-brick house, austere behind its shrubs and perfect lawn.

HARRY STEPAK is a Renton miner, a burly Croatian with alert brown eyes in a pale face, and an odd wisp of smile that touches the corners of his mouth. He lives in the cellar of a ruined house. His old place burned down, and he had planned to rebuild this wreck, but had barely finished cementing the cellar when the strike came. Now he lives with his wife and two sons in rough, makeshift quarters under the skeleton of the home he hopes to have some day.

Stepak speaks in a flat Ohio voice, thoughtfully scraping his stubble of beard with the stem of his pipe. "Place where I was born, it's not there no more. Mingo Bottom. There was twenty, thirty houses there. Miners mostly, each of us with a patch of farming land. I was a kid when the Carnegie Steel company came down and tried to buy us out. Offered four hundred dollars flat. Hell, that's for a man's whole lifetime. We wouldn't sell. So they built the damn mill right around us."

He gestures a circle with his pipe, grinning faintly. "Closed in the whole town. You couldn't get in nor out, less'n you went through the mill. Took about a year for the fumes from the smokestacks to make us move."

Three or four neighbors have slipped in quietly. Jake Schmidt, young and rawboned, with stiff black hair. And Giulio, a squat old miner with bright, restless eyes.

"Company don't know what is like to treat coal miner like he's human," Giulio says gravely. "In '27 when we make strike, hey, they throw us out the houses. Women, kids, everybody in the street like dogs."

Stepak nods, tapping out his pipe. "You can walk up the road past the schoolhouse and see the barracks. The union slapped them together out of scraps, after the company evicted us. There was families living in those shacks, ten to a room."

The miners have a long history of blood and agony, and they remember it well. Again and again the brutal 1927 strike leaps alive in this casual talk. Most of all, they remember the murderous Coal and Iron Police.

"I wasn't no more than six years old," Schmidt says in a low, hard voice, "first time I saw them ride their horses right up into our house."

Giulio says, "Any miner opened his mouth, he got the teeth knocked out."

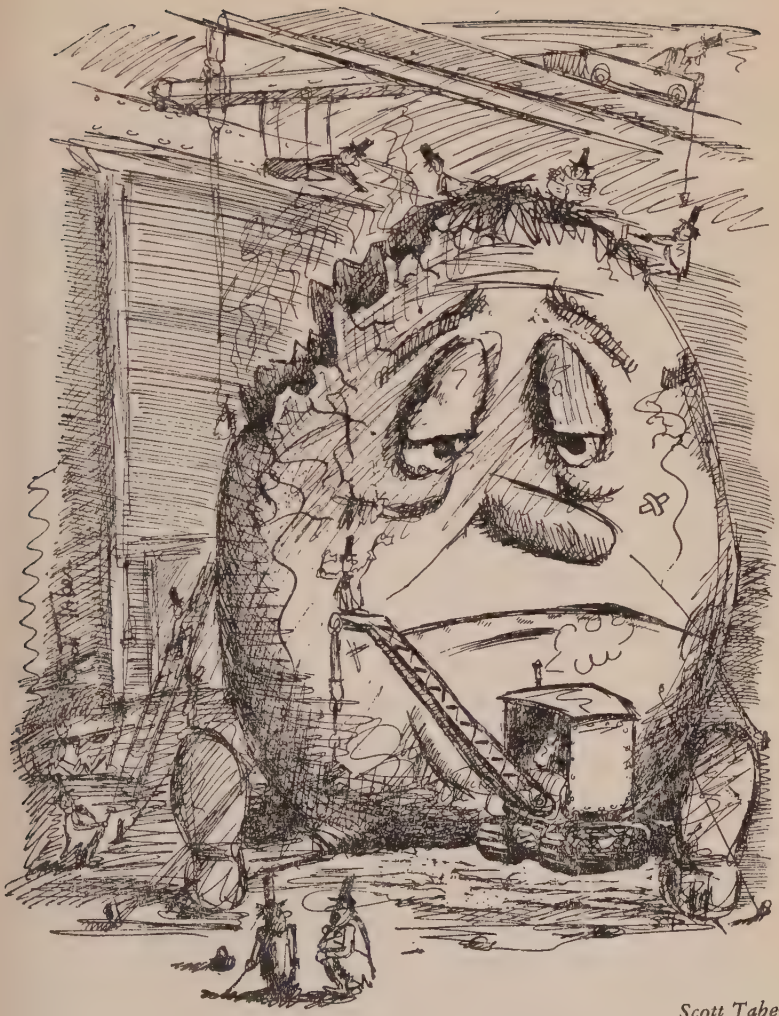
"A little different, today." Stepak smiles. "We don't have company cops in Renton. Not a one. Last yellow-dog we had in here, he went around getting tough with the boys. Till he throwed a pistol on ol' Joe, remember?" Schmidt and Giulio grin reminiscently.

"They found this yellow-dog up in the schoolyard, his head blown all to hell with a double-barreled shotgun. That was the last police we had in here. Any trouble since then, we handle it ourselves."

Struggle against the great coal corporations is something deep in the bone, rooted in earliest memory. It is this that produces what is most unexpected to an outsider. The quiet. The sure, quiet way these men do what must be done. Without fanfare, without wild, defiant talk. They have been forced to strike so often that it has become a pattern of life, woven into the simplest events of the day.

No emergency union meetings. No violent debates at the Slovenian Club. No family conferences at the supper table. Wives automatically shift to a diet of soup, baloney and potatoes. Kids stop asking for candy money. Everyone suffers together. Everyone helps his neighbor. There is a solid strength running deep, deep, something profound and moving.

When they must go into action, it is swift and business-like. Stepak is sitting at home in the evening smoking his pipe. There is a knock. A miner pokes his head in. "Convoy running into New Kensington." Stepak nods, puts on his mackinaw and faded baseball cap and goes out. On the road, a dozen cars are assembled. The miners quietly climb in, and head out through the hills, taking a twisting shortcut to



Scott Taber

"ANY SIGNS OF A RECESSION, DOC?"

a crossroads, where they intercept three loaded coal trucks. They cut in front of the trucks, halting them.

"Got a doctor's permit, Mac?"

The truck driver shakes his head, no. He is given a hard even command. "All right, dump it." The coal is poured out, right there on the highway. The trucks are ordered to drive on.

There is trouble with the strip operators who dig from a surface seam by steam shovel. Miners ride out and close down the strip mines. Where they meet defiance, they simply heave the great twelve-wheel trucks over on their sides.

"One stripper pulled a shotgun on us," Stepak recalls. "Told us, first man touches this shovel gets his head blown off. Well, ol' Chub, he just started in after him. Says, if he gets me, boys, you get him. The stripper fired loose and got Chub in the leg. Tore half his thigh away. We took him to the hospital. He was in godawful pain. Kept begging us to knock him out. Then he begin to sing. It wasn't a good thing to hear."

Stepak sucks at his pipe. "We didn't catch up with that stripper till three days later, in the five-and-ten, over in New Kensington. One of the boys spotted him, and climbed right over a counter to get him. We beat his tail, that's for sure. He's holed up in his brand-new sixty thousand dollar house right now; don't dare to stick out his head. I mean, he just naturally better get out of this county."

THE mines are shut down tight. Along the Monongahela, up through the Blue Ridge Mountains, across the foothills of the Alleghenies into Ohio and Illinois, the slogan is, "No contract, no work."

Old Giulio says it, his seamed face curving into a wide grin, "We don't have to dig coal, hey? Mister Harry Truman, he digs. All politicians, Taft and everybody, they go up to ass in stump-water and dig coal, hey."

"We got thirteen million in the union treasury," Stepak says. "If they want it, they can take it. That won't dig coal."

"Soldiers dig the coal with bayonets. Hey. Judge blow out seam in 45 Butt with injunction." Giulio pinches his nose with delight.

"They keep slapping us with orders. So much papers flying around here, you can't tell if it's snowing."

"No contract, no work."

In the black headlines, and in the oiled voices of the commentators, the coal strike is simply a stubborn feud of John L. Lewis against the operators. Lewis is the horse-opera villain, smirking as he bends the pale blond corporation to his cruel will. Lewis is the shag-browed little Caesar, blindly followed by his obedient servants. The miners are sullen, selfish men, wracking the nation with crisis out of sheer spite.

In the mining towns, you learn different. First, about Lewis. The miners admire Lewis. His volcanic anger reflects their own bitterness. When he lashes out at the operators (calling company negotiator Love "a liar by the clock") he is talking the miners' language. Lewis eats crow for no man.

A dozen tales about him have become coalfield legends: "Old Pappy, out there at the A. F. of L. convention in San Francisco, back in '47. Bill Green and them decided to go along with Taft-Hartley and sign the non-Communist oath. Why, Pappy, he walked up on that platform and looked down at them like they were lower than worms. Then he let them have it. 'On this particular issue, I don't think that the Federation has a head. I think its neck has just grown up and haired over!"

Miners grinningly repeat Lewis' stock remark these days when anyone mentions Murray. The comment is always the same. "Philip Murray is a dunghill."

The reasons for the Lewis-Murray break are significant. For years Lewis was Murray's idol and teacher. Then, at the 1940 C.I.O. convention, Murray turned up with a tight little group of "advisers." In his biography Saul Alinsky reports Lewis as saying, "I began to feel, here for the first time, a great power from the outside was being exerted into the organization of the C.I.O., and that Philip Murray was the subject of its intentions, and that Philip Murray might well be the vulnerable Achilles heel in this great American labor movement."

As Lewis predicted, Philip Murray became the bewildered private pigeon of the Catholic Trade Union bloc, and Lewis' hostility toward him flared into the open. This fed the fury which brought Lewis finally to his break with the C.I.O., and to Murray being given a humiliating heave-ho out of the United Mine Workers Union.

The miners echo Lewis' sentiments about ex-brother Murray. When news of the steelworkers' $500,000 contribution to the miners came

over the radio, I was lounging in front of a company store in a coal patch in Fayette County. An angular, hawk-faced miner spat contemptuously. "A lousy $500,000. A dollar a miner, for one day. We gave seven million to set up the C.I.O.! When the steel boys struck we offered them a million a week. We don't have to be thankful to Murray for his piss-ant contribution."

THE miners are loyal to Lewis, but they give him no blank check. Ironically, the name spoken with most love in the coal fields is that of Lewis' late enemy, Franklin Roosevelt. In company house after company house there hang portraits of Roosevelt, frequently hand-colored and adorned with crossed pick-and-shovel.

An old-timer says, "Roosevelt is the man who put a piece of bread in the miner's hands."

Another pokes a finger at your chest, "There's many a man in this patch today would shine F.D.R.'s shoes."

Now and then you will hear faint muttering against the heavy-handed way the Lewis machine runs the union. And there are many who remember the old days when Lewis gained roughshod control, heaving ballot boxes into the river, strong-arming independents, Red-baiting, gavelling down protests, railroading through stacked resolutions. A miner will tell you darkly, "Don't use my name. There's blacklists on both sides."

The miners know the meaning of solidarity, and any differences with Lewis are pigeon-holed while the union is under attack. But there are moments when, Pappy or no Pappy, the miner takes matters into his own hard, scarred hands. When the miners got fed up with the stalling tactic of the three-day week and walked out, no one gave them the nod. In fact, Lewis sent his District lieutenants to argue the men back. They yelled themselves hoarse, and they meant it.

District President Hines drove over from his Uniontown office to the dreary company town of Ronco, to talk to the 2,500 members of the U.M.W.'s largest local at the huge Robena mine. President of the local, John Ozanich, warned Hines that the men were in no mood to listen. Hines insisted. He was hooted down with angry yells of "No contract, no work!"

To know the meaning of a miners' strike, you must know the meaning of a miner's life.

"Get up before daybreak. Check in at the pit-head and hit the cage. Drop five hundred feet under. Ride the coal train, banging, rocking, screeching around curves. Man-trip is maybe six miles to the facing. You stand up to your ankles in water. A miner's feet are a mess, bloated up all the time. Fellow across the road, he's had seven operations for varicose veins."

In the darkness, black slime drips everywhere. A miner works lying on his back, or on bent knees, or hunched under a five-foot shelf. Underground streams gnaw at the walls, the rock overhead shifts as the seasons turn, sudden cracks appear, timbers snap, facings loosen and slide away suddenly.

"First time I went down," Ozanich says in his soft voice with its faint Serbian accent, "I heard the wall crack, and I took off and run like hell. My old man had to grab me by the seat of the pants and drag me back."

The giant mechanical cutters scream and grind, throwing a steady cloud of dust. "You eat coal, down there." The jackhammers pound, the drills whir and clatter, explosives rip loose with an abrupt, deafening roar, coal crashes down and is flung on to the clattering loader.

Brain-searing, back-breaking labor. Yet a miner is lucky to clear two thousand dollars a year. Wages are pegged around $14 a day, but a man rarely averages more than three days a week.

Ozanich says, "I could point out plenty that worked out a year for less than a thousand dollars. And when you figure we pay five cents extra on a can and almost double for meat at the company store. . . ."

That is the meaning of the miners' demand for a wage raise. And the meaning of the demand for a few extra nickels in the Welfare Fund is this: every day a miner goes to work, the odds are barely nine to one that he will survive death or mutilation.

Coal is the Black Death of industry. *Three million casualties since 1910.* In 1947, at Centralia, 111 men were torn to shreds in one explosion.

Coal dust releases deadly pockets of methane gas. It can't be tasted, smelled or seen, but the tiniest spark can ignite it. The only safety measure is "rock-dusting" with a chemical which clears the air. But some companies have been brutally and deliberately careless in taking precautions. Inspection is in the hands of the state, and is often a political shell-game, as in Illinois where the Mine Inspection Bureau

answered a desperate plea from Centralia's local by appointing an investigating commission which included Robert Weir, a boss for the coal company.

Blood spills over the coal, not only in great headlined disasters, but in daily and anonymous murders. A single miner caught in a blinding explosion and withered to a charred husk. Two men caught in a cave-in, their necks snapped. And the crushed legs, paralyzed backs, chopped fingers.

Everywhere in a mine patch, you run into the casualties. The ex-miner with a drawn face who serves you beer at the tavern has half his hand gone. The blond girl of twenty-two, hanging out wash at Guy's Run, is a widow. Not so long ago, she would have had to "tote a sack from door to door begging food for her kids."

The Welfare Fund is the difference between life and starvation for the maimed, the orphans, the shattered old men, their arms sapped, their faces white as death, who stand in the pale winter sunlight, staring blankly at the hills. When you have met them, called them by name, Irma, Jake, Casimir, heard their soft laughter, swapped memories, sat with them in the gathering dusk, you can no longer list them as statistics. The Welfare Fund becomes something warm and poignantly alive.

IN THE mine patches there is that curious, deadly calm, a quiet waiting, woven with the threat of violence—the atmosphere that hangs over infantrymen in the front lines. Injunction points down at the American labor movement like the muzzle of an enemy field gun. On this stark battlefield across Pennsylvania and West Virginia stands the poised future of millions of auto workers, longshoremen, bricklayers, furriers.

The Federal injunction outlawing demands for company-paid pensions, for health programs, for the "willing and able to work" clause is only one blast in a merciless barrage by Truman and Congress and the corporations. They have mowed down the Wagner Act and the Norris-LaGuardia Act. They are gunning for every painfully-won labor gain of the last twenty years.

Under fire, Philip Murray whimpers and crawls for cover. Reuther crawfishes on wage demands and sends out another publicity release. Carey piously mumbles an incantation for friendship with fascism.

They advance bravely on the White House, carrying their own heads on a platter.

But not the miners. The miners quietly, firmly take up their positions in the line.

"If Taft-Hartley busts us, it will bust the union. If it busts our union, it will bust them all."

Slowly, wearily, like a man awaking from a long sleep, fragments of the American labor movement are facing the truth that their fate is riding the shoulders of the miners.

A truckload of eggs rumbles into Ronco, flying the banner "New Jersey Farmers Union." A load of canned goods from the United Electrical Workers climbs the winding hill into Renton. From steel locals and railroad workers relief begins to trickle in.

The miners gather around the food trucks. "'Bout time." The claw of hunger is scratching at the mine patches. But not once, in town after town, did I hear a word, a whisper of going back to work. They were out solid, they were standing on their iron promise. "No contract, no work."

They have come a long road, these men of Renton and Ronco and Guy's Run and Logan's Ferry. By way of Ludlow, where company detectives in armored cars set fire to their tent camp and shot down women and children as they fled. By way of Matawan, West Virginia, where the militia with high-powered rifles picked off miners in the hills. By way of bloody Herrin, Illinois and savage Harlan, Kentucky.

They have fought and died for their union. Now they mean to live for it.

A Portrait of Neruda

by ILYA EHRENBURG

As Ilya Ehrenburg points out in the following article, Chile is today under a fascist tyranny headed by Gabriel Gonzalez Videla. In exile, Pablo Neruda is a leader of the Chilean people's fight against Videla's iron-heel regime. Videla is scheduled to arrive in Washington, April 12, on President Truman's personal plane, ironically named "The Independence." He intends to visit several cities including New York during his "official trip." Bloody executioners are not welcome in this country. Videla is not a guest of the American people. We know that the indignation and wrath which all progressive Americans must feel will be effectively communicated to this puppet of imperialism.

—THE EDITORS

WHEN the volume of verse *Twenty Poems of Love and One Song of Despair* first appeared in 1924, it immediately drew the attention of all connoisseurs of poetry to the obscure Chilean author who called himself Pablo Neruda. Only a few intimates knew that this was the pseudonym of the 20-year-old native of the town of Temuco, Neftali Ricardo Reyes, who had made his debut in poetry in 1921 with a small collection of verse.

That was the period of an interregnum in Latin-American poetry. The last great representative of the literary trend called "modernism," Ruben Dario, had died in 1916. After Dario's death, diverse literary schools and groups sought to continue the poetry of yesterday with its fossilized symbols and conventionalized emotions. Some zealously followed the latest Paris vogues, others invented local "isms," but they were unable to infuse new life into the juggling with abstract words, or to refurbish the "marquises," "swans," "lyres" and the rest of this outworn poetic paraphernalia.

Twenty Poems of Love and One Song of Despair was a modest book, but those who read it felt that a poet had been born who would be able to free himself from the conventionalities and find his own path.

Morning, alive with tempests,
In the full swing of summer,
Clouds like snow-white kerchiefs of farewell,
Which the racing wind flutters.
The innumerable hearts of the wind-blasts palpitate
Over the tender silence of our love.

I cite these few lines from his early book because in them one already feels some of the features of Pablo Neruda's art: his bonds with nature, the freshness of his images, the fullness of his voice.

When talking about the birth of a poet, it is customary to mention his literary lineage. Neruda imbibed the great past of Castilian poetry. He did not disdain the poetic and spiritual legacy of the "accursed poets" of France, Baudelaire and Arthur Rimbaud in the first place. He absorbed the invigorating spirit of the folk poetry of Chile and its bards, among whom the most unique was the late Jesus Brito. However, the greatest role in the formation of Neruda as an artist was played by two poets of another nationality.

Neruda tells us:

> "When we were young we were struck by Mayakovsky's voice. Amidst senile poetic systems with their classifications dawn and twilight—there rang out a voice sounding like the blows of the builder's hammer. The poet stretched his hands to the heart of the collective and found strength there for new melodies. Mayakovsky's power, tenderness and fury remain to this day unsurpassed in the poetry of our epoch."

Speaking of Mayakovsky, Neruda said: "Whitman would have liked him."

It is not by chance that he places the two names side by side. It goes without saying that Pablo Neruda does not identify the views of the Soviet poet with those of a poet who lived in an entirely different epoch. However, the irrepressible joy of living, the grandeur and organic integrity of images and, finally, the disdain for all canons, the free verse

of the author of *Leaves of Grass* helped the young Chilean poet to find himself. He retained his love for Walt Whitman. In one of his recent poems he calls Whitman his "wise brother" and addresses him: "Lend me your voice and the burden of your heart . . ."

Years passed. Neruda entered the diplomatic service; he sailed many seas and saw many lands. His poetic skill matured and his fame spread. Yet his voice grew gloomier and gloomier. As he has admitted himself, he studied the "lexicon of death."

Thinking of this period in Neruda's art, I ask myself: Why did this man who so passionately loved life see death before him? It cannot be explained by a literary infatuation: he had never set foot in the cheap wax-works show of the last disciples of symbolism. He said: "I write only what I see and the Lord preserve me from invention." In Neruda's verse of the late Twenties and early Thirties death was a reality — the passing away of the world which he saw around him and to which he was bound by a thousand ties. The fuller and stronger his voice rang out, the more there was of the death knell in it, which he called the "purple metal of mourning."

Solitude born of a sense of emptiness, complexity of his approach to people, emotions and even objects compelled Neruda to resort to a unique and difficult language, to almost inexplicable associations, to involved, frequently puzzling syntax reminiscent of the trail of a mole. His poetry came to be classified as "hermetically sealed," unfathomable. Amado Alonso wrote a book about Neruda's poetry and style, entitling it *An Explanation of an Unfathomable Poesy*. It must be observed, however, that even in that period Neruda's great talent and emotional power saved his verse from that "unfathomableness" which was a curse to the poet himself and which has served some poetasters as a screen for their spiritual poverty. His involved verses reached the heart, their tragic power stirring it to the depths.

In America and Spain Pablo Neruda's friends also wrote about death. It seemed as if Castilian poetry were continuing the dialogue between man and death which Jorge Manrique began 500 years ago. Storm clouds gathered over the world: fascists burned books in Berlin and shot down miners in Asturias. Neruda was not an indifferent onlooker of this tragedy; yet days of civic awareness and nights of inspiration were separate worlds for him at that time. He felt that something was dying in himself, and of this he spoke with such penetration, so splendidly,

listening to him many forgot the real death that was creeping up on people and nations. Recently Louis Aragon wrote his *Song of Pablo Neruda* in the spirit of old folk songs. Describing the early Thirties, Aragon says:

I couldn't believe in the heavy stride
Of soldiers marching along,
When I heard the surging tide
Of Pablo Neruda's song.

The spell was broken: the heavy tread of fascist boots echoed first on the streets of Madrid, then on the streets of Paris. But this already belongs to the new era of Pablo Neruda.

NERUDA was a well-known poet. He was loved in Latin America and in Spain. He held the official post of Chilean consul in Madrid. His official duties left him sufficient leisure for poetry, for walks through the narrow streets of the Madrid he loved and for chats with friends, among whom were Federico Garcia Lorca, Rafael Alberti, Raul Gonzalez-Tunon.

Later some people wondered what had happened to the zealous proponent of "unfathomable poetry," how words like "airplane," "Franco," "rifle," "guerilla," "commissar" and "people" could have appeared in his verse. Neruda himself told what had happened in a poem which he called "Explanation."

You will ask: where are the lilacs?
Where the metaphysics strewn with poppies?
Where the rain that ever taps out
Words full of pauses and birds?
I will tell you what has befallen me.

. . . . . .

They called my house the "house of flowers,"
Geraniums blossomed everywhere,
It was a jolly place, my house,
With laughing children and romping dogs.

. . . . . .

Cutthroats with Moroccans and aeroplanes,
Cutthroats with monks who blessed the killers—
They came down to slaughter children
And along the streets the blood of children
Flowed . . .

The fascists shot Lorca in Granada. Each night airplanes killed children in Madrid. The heroic war of the Spanish people against the bands of Franco and two fascist empires was on. The Chilean consul could have declared for "non-interference." The "unfathomable" poet could have continued to muse about "metaphysics strewn with poppies." But Pablo Neruda acted otherwise: he sided with the Spanish people.

I met Pablo Neruda for the first time in valiant and doomed Madrid. I was struck by his features — the features of a pensive Andalusian and a proud Araucanian. His gestures were leisurely, his voice soft, and one felt that this man was made for meditation and poetry; but his eyes burned now with a tenderness, now with a fury. He spoke only about struggle: "Casa de Campo, London, betrayal, the international brigades, the people, Moscow, hope . . ." He did everything he could, for he wanted to be with the people of Spain. Finally, the Chilean government ordered him to give up Spain.

In Chile he wrote a book entitled *Spain in My Heart* — verses full of wrath and admiration, verses not of the bystander but the soldier.

The book came out in Chile. Soon it was translated into various languages of Europe and America. It was published in Spain too, on the last strip of free Spanish soil. It was put out for the second anniversary of the defense of Madrid — November 7, 1938 — and it carried this introduction:

> "The eminent poet Pablo Neruda (Garcia Lorca said that after Ruben Dario's death he is the most significant poet in America) spent the first months of the war with us. He wrote this book overseas, where he went as if to exile. The military commissariat of the Eastern Army has now republished it in Spain. Soldiers of the Republic themselves made the paper for the book, set it in type and printed it. Let our friend accept these lines as a dedication."

There is a simplicity acquired at the price of groping, search and sacrifice — the simplicity of the wisdom of a mature artist. It seems

to me that Pablo Neruda achieved that simplicity in his poems about Stalingrad and his poem "Let the Rail Splitter Awake." His poems of Spain still contain many complex associations somewhat difficult to understand. In spite of that, *Spain in My Heart* reached the heart of fighting Spain. This time a book of Neruda inspired not only connoisseurs of poetry, but the multitude of ordinary readers.

With great power and love Pablo Neruda speaks of the tragedy of Spain, her poverty and grandeur.

Spain stood parched and taut;
Day's tambourine dully throbbed.
On plain, in eagle's aerie
Silence reigned, lashed by storm.
How I love, unto tears,
Thy harsh earth, thy meager bread,
Thy people . . .

When you read his words of hatred for the fascists, you think not of the Hugo of *Les Châtiments,* who seems somewhat rhetorical, but of Agrippa d'Aubigné and occasionally of the prophets of the Scriptures.

Jackals that will be renounced by the jackals,
Vipers that will be abhorred by the vipers,
Stones that will be spat out by the burdock.

Writing about the shelling of the defenceless city of Almeria by German warships, Neruda hurls his curse at the killers and visualizes General Franco in hell:

Alone thou shalt be, and damned by all,
Lonely watcher, sleepless among the dead,
Let the blood drip on thee, even as would the rain,
And a river of torn-out eyes stare upon thee
In an agonized tide, eternally flowing.

The poet writes of the heroism of the Spanish people with inspiration, telling how the bricklayer and the miner, the peasant and the carpenter rose to defend freedom. He writes about the lofty example of self-sacrifice and brotherhood which the fighting men of the international brigades gave the world.

Far from friends and that which had become part of his life, his thoughts turn to Madrid:

The city
That harbors all I love
Has no bread, no light; and the crystal coldness
Falls on the withered geranium.

Pablo Neruda presented me with a copy of *Spain in My Heart,* writing these words on the flyleaf: "This is a book of sorrow and hope."

When the last units of republicans had to leave their native land, Neruda devoted all his energies to save his Spanish comrades who were thrown into Daladier's concentration camps. He went to Paris and succeeded in arranging for several thousand Spaniards to get away from France.

Spain remained close to his heart. Three years later, in his superb poem about Stalingrad, he recalled the nights of Madrid:

Spain stood alone
As now you stand alone, Stalingrad.
While Spain tore up the earth with her fingers,
Paris was gay and feckless,
While the life's blood ebbed from Spain
London trimmed her lawns
And tended her swans.

THREE cities played their part in Pablo Neruda's life. Two of them I have already mentioned: Temuco, where he was born, and Madrid, where in the midst of death he found life. The third city was Stalingrad, to which he has dedicated some of his finest verse. The great exploit of the defenders of Stalingrad found continuation in the life and work of the Chilean poet.

I saw Neruda during the winter of the war the French called *drôle de guerre,* little suspecting what the "drollery" of their contemptible rulers would lead to. Communists were thrown in prison, the newspapers vilified the Soviet Union day in and day out. It was at that time that Neruda became a Communist and firmly declared the Soviet Union would save Europe from fascism. A great many Left intellectuals reasoned so in 1936, and nearly everybody thought so in 1943. But Neruda said so in the autumn of 1939 when many "Left" intellectuals vied with the Right in attacking the Communists and the Soviet Union.

In 1942 Neruda was Chilean consul in Mexico City. One morning the townsfolk woke up to see rather unusual placards on the walls: Pablo Neruda, in defiance of protocol, had pasted up his poem dedicated to Stalingrad. The magnificent ode to the defenders of the Soviet city rang out in parts like an anathema against Soviet Russia's would-be allies who deliberately delayed opening the second front.

When your heart is rent by thousands of bullets,
When venomous scorpions poise their sting
At your bosom, oh Stalingrad,
New York dances, London ponders,
But I say: scoundrels!
For I cannot endure any longer,
We cannot endure any longer
A world where heroes die alone.

. . . . . .

The world is sick to death of your miserable exploits,
Of your doughty generals on Madagascar,
Who proudly slay five and fifty monkeys.
The world is sick to death of your autumnal meetings
Presided over by a parasol.

The poet speaks of the emotions of Latin America:

Oh Stalingrad, we cannot reach thy walls,
We cannot reach thee, we are too far away,
We Mexicans, Araucanians,
We Patagonians, and Guaranis,
We Chileans and Uruguayans,
The millions, millions of people.
We cannot come to defend thee,
Thou flaming city: oh, resist, till the day
When we come, we, storm-wrecked Indians,
To touch thy walls with the kisses of sons
Who longed and hoped to come hither.

Neruda knew that the future of Europe and America and of human culture depended on the fate of Stalingrad, on the war in distant Russia. He not only wrote verse, he was a public speaker and pamphleteer, a man to whom all the people of America listened. He exposed the in-

trigues of the enemies. He demanded aid to the Soviet Union. He called upon men of culture to share the life of the people. In an introduction to a collection of my wartime articles he exposed the "neutral" intellectuals:

> "Anger overpowers me when I see the young Aztec, Argentinian or Cuban pine for Kafka, Rilke or Lawrence. . . . Callow youths prematurely aged from concern for 'pure poetry,' they forget elementary human duty. . . . He who does not fight now is a coward. It is not befitting our times to turn to the survivals of the past or to explore the labyrinths of dreams. The life and struggle of men have attained such grandeur that only in our epoch, our struggle, can one find the well-springs of art. The miracle of the great Soviet resistance is not a supernatural phenomenon but a deeply materialistic miracle, a spiritual and truly human miracle."

Referring to the Bolsheviks, Neruda in this introduction declares that the "great Communist Party is the only Party of Man."

He returned to the theme of the "miracle of the great Soviet resistance" in his second poem about Stalingrad. Here the credo of the great poet merges with a hymn to the Volga city. It is an oath of allegiance to the future and to man. In his "New Song of Love for Stalingrad" the poet departed from his usual style, his verse is now closer to the classical, rhyme and assonance make their appearance in his work. The poem begins:

> *In the past I wrote of time, of the ocean,*
> *Of sorrow, in purple-tinged metal clad,*
> *Of the sky, of the apple tree's swaying motion,*
> *Now I write, I sing of you Stalingrad.*

The gulf between Neruda and the proponents of "pure poetry" widened. I recall his article entitled "Zweig and Petrov." Neruda learned simultaneously of the suicide of Stefan Zweig in Brazil, and of the death of Eugene Petrov at the front. He wrote: "Zweig's death is a natural one; it is the death of an epoch that has nothing left to live for. His was the death of a man who found nothing to do on earth at a time of the greatest deeds, the death of a writer who had said everything but who was still expected to say something. Eugene Petrov died

RELIEF CUT, *by Alice Neel*

fighting and working. In that lies his greatness." Thus Pablo Neruda understood the writer's duty. And the lofty words he soon backed up with lofty deeds.

TURBULENT years set in for Neruda. Returning to Chile, he threw himself into Communist Party work; he addressed meetings, wrote verses and articles, toured the country talking with farmers, miners and seamen. The workers sent him to the senate. Then came the presidential elections. The Communists supported the candidacy of Gonzalez Videla, who swore he would uphold democracy, protect workers' rights and effect an agrarian reform. Senator Pablo Neruda was one of the leaders of the election campaign. Gonzalez Videla was elected president, and three Communists became members of the government. Visiting the most distant corners of the land, Neruda studied the life of the miners and participated in the drafting of new legislation.

During the war he thought of writing a major work, *Canto General.* In one fragment, *On the Heights of Macchu Picchu,* which Neruda wrote in 1946, the poet sees, lying at the foot of the mountain, the remains of those who worked and died, of "buried America," the bones of the poor and unfortunate, of "Juan the Stonebreaker," "Juan the Starving," "Juan the Barefoot." He talks with them, calls to them. But his pressing senatorial duties prevented him from completing the work. In 1947 the leadership of the Communist Party of Chile, considering that it was more important for the people that the poet should write, decided to free him for a year from day-to-day political work. Pablo Neruda began work on *Canto General.* But then. . . .

I shall not dwell upon the "cold" coup d'état which Gonzalez Videla effected: it is very much like similar events in France and Italy. In the declarations of the Chilean dictator we see the only too familiar stamp of the United States Department of State. In the autumn of 1947, Neruda, again compelled to leave his poetry, declared:

> "The diverse anti-Communist declarations of Gonzalez Videla have been dictated by United States imperialists. You ask wherein lies the danger? Today it consists in one thing: an attempt to enslave man and to halt his progress. The Nazis have been defeated on the battlefield in Germany, but the Nazis have been taken under the wing of the Yankees of Wall Street — these new claimants to racial supremacy."

Events in Chile moved fast. The traitor Gonzalez Videla launched a drive against labor organizations, abolished freedom of speech, persecuted the Communist Party, broke relations with the U.S.S.R. in a provocatory manner. Now Neruda, enjoying prestige not only at home but throughout the world, wrote an open letter in which he told the true story of the coup d'état. He knew that the president would not be indifferent to this exposure of his treason, and the poet ended his letter on a note of warning: if he was killed, his blood would be on the head of the government of Chile and, in particular, on the head of Gonzalez Videla.

Soon after this Videla's agents set fire to Pablo Neruda's home where he had his valuable library and art collections. The government charged Neruda with treason and put him on trial.

The Chilean senators will hardly forget January 6, 1948. They had convened that day once more to declare their subservience to the newly-baked dictator. Pablo Neruda mounted the rostrum. The senators knew, of course, that he was a poet and hence an eccentric, they knew that you could not expect drawing-room talk from a Communist. What followed, however, astounded them: the man charged with high treason did not even deem it necessary to justify himself, but in well-substantiated and angry words levelled the charge of high treason against the head of the state, President Gabriel Gonzalez Videla.

The slow mellow voice of Pablo Neruda had a hard ring to it that day. Exposing the dictator's crimes one by one, he repeated each time: "I accuse Senor Gonzalez Videla. . . ." What were the counts on which the poet indicted the President? Gonzalez Videla had broken faith by entering into negotiations with Franco; Gonzalez Videla had betrayed democracy by attacking strikers; Gonzalez Videla had trampled upon the republic's independence by breaking good relations with the Soviet Union on the demand of Washington; Gonzalez Videla had betrayed his country by placing its defense in the hands of aliens.

Neruda did not limit himself to indicting the President; from the senate rostrum he glorified the Communist Party: "I greet all the Communists of Chile, women and men, persecuted, downtrodden and I greet them and tell them: Our Party is immortal. It was born in answer to the sufferings of the people and this hounding only exalts it and makes it stronger. . . ."

The poet became the tribune of his people.

We know little about the stormy events that followed Pablo Neruda's speech in the senate. Representatives of Mexico were ready to give asylum to the poet who is the pride of all Latin America. But the word of the U.S. imperialists is law not only in Santiago. . . . The Chilean police was called out in full force. Argentinian sleuths and Mexican frontier rangers were alerted.

In February, 1948, Neruda wrote a poem entitled "Chronicle of 1948". The persecuted poet defines his whereabouts as "somewhere in America." His poem is dedicated to the ordeal of Chile, Paraguay and Costa Rica, to Truman's offensive on the freedom of nations. He describes "a foul year, a year of blind rats, a year of malice and wrath."

The poem was written a month after Pablo Neruda's speech in the senate, and as he wrote it, the traitor Gonzalez Videla stood before his eyes. The poem ends with words carrying a message of indestructible hope: "My people shall win. All people shall win."

It seems to me that for the author himself "Chronicle of 1948" served as preparation, so to say, for his major poem "Let the Rail Splitter Awake".* In the latter poem he depicted to the full the drama of the epoch, all its woes and hopes. When a Chilean or an Argentinian speaks of America, he always specifies which America he has in mind — Latin or North America. In the "Rail Splitter" also there are two Americas; moreover, there are two Americas in the social meaning: the America of the imperialists and the America of the peoples. I do not know of a poem more sweeping and more deeply felt in modern poetry.

"Let the Rail Splitter Awake" is a long poem, with nearly 700 lines. It is written in free verse subject only to an internal rhythm. There is no rhyme. Frequently the author builds up his verses on repetitions or equilibrium of elements. The biting sarcasm of the pamphleteer alternates with tender lyricism. In this poem Neruda turns to his predecessor Walt Whitman, and it must be said that the verse of "Rail Splitter" (I refer here strictly to verse) is occasionally reminiscent of the best pages of *Leaves of Grass*.

The poet speaks of the crimes of the American imperialists:

. . . they love Franco Spain and offer you a cup of blood:
(one executed, one hundred): the Marshall cocktail.
Choose young blood: farmers

* Published in *Masses & Mainstream*, October, 1948.

in China, prisoners
in Spain,
blood and sweat in the sugar-fields of Cuba,
tears of the women
in the coal and copper mines of Chile;
next, beat it with energy,
like blows with a truncheon,
and don't forget the ice cubes and some drops
from the song "Let us defend Christian culture."
Is this a bitter mixture?
You will grow used to it, soldier friend, and drink it.
At whatever place in the world, in moonlight
or in the morning, in the luxury hotel,
ask for this drink that strengthens and refreshes
and pay for it with a good bill bearing the image of Washington.

Neruda calls the shade of Walt Whitman to join with him in exalting the regeneration of Stalingrad, the inspired labor of Soviet men and women, our factories and laboratories, gardens and fields, the "flutter of white skirts and doves' wings in the steppe," "engineers who reshape the maps," the country which the poet calls the "mother of free men."

Pablo Neruda warns the Americans that if they unleash war, all the peoples will rise against them. He turns to John, the ordinary American, who is a brother to the Juan of Chile or Mexico. "If. . . ." If the invading hordes set out again, everyone will fight them. The grapes of France will fill with bitter vinegar. The American soldier who finds himself in the olive groves of Spain will never return to his Oklahoma. All earth will rise against the invaders.

Such is the poet's stern warning. But Neruda believes that the peoples will upset the fearsome plans of the imperialists. He turns to the people of North America and reminds them of the lofty traditions of Abraham Lincoln, that fighter against slavery. At the end of this poem, Pablo Neruda glorifies peace, the peace for which all peoples are fighting. His embracing conclusion is followed by another — lyrical this time, in which the poet speaks of himself, of his lost native country, of his most cherished feeling: solemnity gives way to intimate warmth but, to the very last line, this poem remains a poem of struggle and hope.

Neruda modestly says he does not seek to "provide solutions." Yet, he has in his own way and without imitating anyone, solved one of the most important problems of our time: the creation of a new poetry associated with the labor and struggle of the people. His splendid poems refute the stupid, wearisome arguments of the proponents of "pure art" concerning the incompatibility of lofty poetry with political struggle.

Neruda continued his work as a poet. He revised and completed his "The Fugitive,"* "The Conquistadores" and the "Buried Lamp." All these poems, together with "Let the Rail Splitter Awake," and others, constitute his *Canto General*—a book which, quoting the writer's words, is dedicated to "Ancient and modern America, particularly to my beloved native country Chile, which invariably accompanies me in my heart and in my work." *Canto General* will be published shortly in Mexico City.

The greater his fame grew the more persistent became Neruda's persecutors. This man's personality was but little adapted to the stormy and dangerous life which he has been forced to lead. Yet he wandered up and down the face of the earth, teasing the police as they hunted him and, never for a moment losing faith in the justice of his cause, continued writing wonderful poems.

Recently, the Argentine paper *La Hora* published his answers to questions which it had sent him. I reproduce some of these questions and answers, because Pablo Neruda to a certain extent draws a balance of his work in them.

QUESTION: What are the fundamental reasons for your political activities?

ANSWER: Reaching an impasse in my literary work I sought for a more intelligent path, and found it in the struggle against unhappiness. This unhappiness is no metaphysical or religious conception—it is a consequence of social injustice of which people themselves are guilty. Such a path and struggle appeared to me as being the most worthy. I now feel that I am truly doing my duty. I was a writer wandering through empty night trying to break through walls. Now I am happy. We must walk in the middle of the road, toward life. A writer who stands aloof from politics is a myth, invented and supported by capitalism. . . .

* Published in *Masses & Mainstream,* January, 1950.

QUESTION: What is your attitude to the now prevalent division of the world into the "West" and the "East?" Do you consider a third world war as being imminent?

ANSWER: The term "Western culture" was fabricated and spread by the cunning hangmen — Hitler, Goebbels. They concocted and bottled this elixir; and today it is being freely dispensed by Marshall, Ford Motors, Coca-Cola and other similarly disinterested philosophers depending on Standard Oil or the manufacturers of Flying Fortresses. . . . For me, hunger and starvation are equally distressing both in India and in the suburbs of Western capitals. For me, the spirit of research, science and culture of the U.S.S.R. are indisputably far more progressive and fruitful than the spirit of mercantile profit which is the rule in the United States. Stalingrad proved that human culture was rescued from mortal danger by those who bore Soviet weapons, who read Marxist books, who were imbued with the fruitful spirit of the Communist Party. Tschaikovsky, Marx, Bach, Shakespeare, Pushkin, Goya and Pavlov — their works and thoughts — they all belong to humanity as a whole. . . . Divide culture — such is the vulgar propaganda of the imperialists.

Till recently, I did not entertain any possibility of a new war. But the Wall Street *condottieri* with bombs in their bosoms, excite apprehension: it is difficult to guess what they will do next, for they are now confronted by alarmed peoples claiming a better life and fuller rights. These gentlemen from Wall Street remind you of a miser who suddenly on his deathbed perceives the futility of his avarice. . . . The U.S. State Department is cold-bloodedly and criminally preparing America for a new war. But neither our nor any other peoples wish for war — this is indisputable. Our duty consists in hourly fighting this premeditated crime.

I HAVE given lengthy quotations from this interview because the struggle against the war now being prepared by the North-American plunderers has become Neruda's raison d'etre. At the International Congress held in Wroclaw, Pablo Picasso — an old friend of Neruda's — in his speech denounced those who have dared to persecute this great poet. The audience in reply stood up to a man and the greetings to Neruda echoed again and again.

The Paris Congress for Peace was drawing to a close. This was its

final session — April 25, 1949. Suddenly, a profound thrill passed through the hall: Neruda was mounting the platform. He had succeeded in avoiding the vigilance of the police of America. He mounted the platform as a soldier marches into battle: he knew that the great battle for peace, for human dignity, for poetry, had commenced. He read one of his latest poems, and miners from Scotland, and a schoolmistress from Korea, and Joliot-Curie, and a railwayman from Poland, and Meresyev, the famous Soviet flier — people from different countries, of different walks of life — all enthusiastically listened to this speech in another language, yet comprehensible to the heart. Then a worker from France, unable to contain himself any longer, joyfully cried out: "Pablo Neruda! It really is Pablo Neruda!"

I shall conclude with this meeting which is really beyond description. Pablo Neruda was among us even when we were unaware of his whereabouts. Now, I embraced him, and unrolled the manuscript of his latest book. He is among us — his courage, his friendship, his wonderful, great-hearted poems.

TO MIGUEL HERNANDEZ, Murdered in the Prisons of Spain

by PABLO NERUDA

YOU came to me straight from the East. Goatherd, you brought me
your furrowed innocence,
the scholasticism of ancient pages, an aroma
of Fray Luis, of orange blossoms, of dung
burning in the mountains, and in your mask
the prickly grain of gleaned oats,
and a honey that measured the earth with your eyes.

You also brought the nightingale in your mouth.
An orange-stained nightingale, a strand
of incorruptible song, of leaf-stripped strength.
Ah, boy, gunpowder intervened in the light,
and you, with nightingale and rifle, walking
beneath the moon and the sun of battle.

Now you know, my son, all that I could not do,
now you know, that for me, in all of poetry
you were the blue flame. Today
I put my face against the ground to listen to you,
to hear you: blood, music, dying honeycomb.

I have never seen race more radiant than yours,
nor roots so tough, nor soldier's hands,
I have seen nothing so alive as your heart
consuming itself in the purple of my own banner.

Eternal youth, rebellious freeman from ages past,
inundated by seeds of wheat and Spring,
creased and dark like innate metal,
awaiting the moment for your armor to be raised.

I am not alone since you died. I am among those
who search for you. I am with those
who will arrive one day, to avenge you.
You will recognize my footsteps among them,
as they hurl themselves on Spain's breast
to crush Cain, so that the buried faces
may be returned to us.

Let them know, the ones who killed you,
that they will pay with blood.
Let them know, those who tortured you,
that they will face me one day.

Let them know, the accursed, who today include your name
in their books, the Dámasos and Gerardos,*
the damnable, silent hangman's accomplices,
that your martyrdom will not be effaced, that your death
will fall across the full moon of their cowardice.
And those, wreathed in moldy laurel, who denied
you space on American earth, to extend
the blood-stained lustre of your fluvial crown,
leave them to me, to contemptuous oblivion:
for they wished to mutilate me by your absence.

Miguel, far from the Osuna prison, far from
cruelty, Mao Tse-tung leads your devastated poetry
in combat towards our victory. And Prague, humming,
constructs the sweet bee-hive of which you sang;
verdant Hungary cleans out its granaries and dances
alongside the river awakened from sleep;
and Warsaw's naked siren arises, lifting
her crystalline sword as she rebuilds.

* Spanish Franquista poets.

And further on the land grows gigantic;
the land
visited by your song, and the steel that defended
your country are safe, expanding
upon the firmness
of Stalin and his sons.
Already the light
is spreading to your resting place.

Miguel of Spain, star
of a ravaged land, I do not forget you, my son,
I do not forget you!
But I learned life
from your death: my eyes had commenced to mourn,
when I discovered within me
not tears
but inexorable weapons!
Wait for them! Wait for me!

(Translated from the Spanish by Waldeen.)

Taller de Grafica Popular, Mexico City

The Nazis Come Back

by HERBERT APTHEKER

"IN A VERY short time conservative elements . . . will be looking to Germany as the bulwark against Communism in Europe. . . . Do not let us be in a hurry to condemn Germany. We shall be welcoming Germany as our friend."

Lloyd George said that in the House of Commons on November 28, 1934, some eighteen months after the establishment of the Nazi dictatorship. His words reflect the policy of world imperialism without which there would have been no such dictatorship, no Munich, no Dachau, no World War II. And his words contain the continuing core of imperialism's policy.

This policy, with the breath-taking speed of desperation, has transformed the pledged program for the denazification of Germany into a calculated effort at the renazification of Western Germany. More and more this fact, this "fiasco of denazification," as Professor John H. Herz of Howard University put it,* is openly admitted—if not trumpeted—by the American ruling class. Thus, a dispatch from Munich, in the N. Y. *Times* of November 30, 1949, begins: "It is very important to recognize that renazification [observe—"renazification"!] has left Bavaria largely in the hands of those who controlled it under Hitler." And further along one finds: "Bavaria is not alone. Investigation in the other states of the United States zone reveals a resurgence of nazism." Or, again, a dispatch from Stuttgart, in the N. Y. *Herald Tribune* of January 13, 1950, refers to "the cynicism and contempt in which the denazification process has foundered," while Telford Taylor, formerly a Brigadier-General, and successor to Justice Jackson as Chief of Counsel for War Crimes at Nuernberg, categorically notes "the failure of the denazification program" which "started out a 'noble

* See his illuminating article in *Political Science Quarterly*, December, 1948.

experiment,' but ended up a sour joke" (*New Republic,* January 30, 1950).

Indeed, the failure of the denazification program in Western Germany is so frequently acknowledged that its original contents are in danger of being forgotten. It would be well, therefore, to review briefly what that program was. The program for the denazification of Germany is a legal obligation undertaken by the United States government (together with the governments of Great Britain and the Soviet Union) in two treaties signed by Presidents Roosevelt and Truman and ratified by the Senate. The treaties were signed at Yalta in February, and at Potsdam in August, 1945.

At Yalta the signatories unequivocally asserted

> "Our inflexible purpose to destroy German militarism and nazism . . . to disarm and disband all German armed forces; break up for all time the German military equipment; eliminate or control all German industry that could be used for military producduction; bring all war criminals to just and swift punishment and exact reparation in kind for the destruction wrought by the Germans; wipe out the Nazi party, Nazi laws, organizations and institutions, remove all Nazi and militarist influences from public office and from the cultural and economic life of the German people . . . enable the liberated peoples to destroy the last vestiges of nazism and fascism and to create democratic institutions of their own choice."

At Potsdam all this was reiterated and even more explicitly it was agreed

> "permanently to prevent the revival or reorganization of German militarism and Nazism . . . to prevent all Nazi and militarist activity or propaganda. . . . German education shall be so controlled as completely to eliminate Nazi and militarist doctrines . . . the judicial system shall be reorganized in accordance with the principles of democracy . . . all democratic and anti-Nazi parties shall have the right to take part [in political life]. . . ."

Between the signing of these two treaties, the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff sent to General Eisenhower in April, 1945 a directive on the military occupation of the American zone of Germany. This document is crystal-clear in defining the denazification program. Here

the aim of wiping out the Nazi party is not only repeated but the General is told to prevent "the reconstitution of any such organization in underground, disguised or secret form." And the defining and implementing sections of this directive merit lengthy quotation:

> "All members of the Nazi party who have been more than nominal participants in its activities, all active supporters of Nazism or militarism and all other persons hostile to Allied purposes will be removed and excluded from public office and from positions of importance in quasi-public or private enterprises such as (1) civic, economic and labor organizations, (2) corporations and other organizations in which the German government or sub-division have a major financial interest, (3) industry, commerce, agriculture, and finance, (4) education, and (5) the press, publishing houses and other agencies disseminating news and propaganda.
>
> "Persons are to be treated as more than nominal participants in Party activities and as active supporters of Nazism or militarism when they have (1) held office or otherwise been active at any level from local to national in the Party and its subordinate organizations, or in organizations which further militaristic doctrines, (2) authorized or participated affirmatively in any Nazi crimes, racial persecution or discriminations, (3) been avowed believers in Nazism or racial and militaristic creeds, or (4) voluntarily given substantial moral or material support or political assistance of any kind to the Nazi Party or Nazi officials and leaders. No such persons shall be retained in any of the categories of employment listed above because of administrative necessity, convenience or expediency."

With these three documents in mind one who examines what has actually been done, in the ensuing five years, in Western Germany will realize the extent to which avowed aims have been betrayed and legal obligations flouted.

THE building of the Nazi monster by international finance capital had as its declared, basic aims the crushing of socialism in Germany and its neighbors and the forging of an anti-Soviet spearhead. "The whole of American policy during the liquidation of the Armistice," wrote Herbert Hoover in 1921, "was to contribute everything it could to prevent Europe from going Bolshevik." Two years later General Hoffmann, the "hero" of Brest-Litovsk, remarked to the British

Ambassador in Berlin: "Nothing can go right in the world until the civilized Powers of the West come together and hang the Soviet government." The London *Daily Mail* editorialized (Nov. 28, 1933): "The diversion of Germany's reserves of energies and organizing ability into Bolshevik Russia would help to restore the Russian to a civilized existence." The "National Socialist" who recorded in *Mein Kampf* that, "The giant State in the East is ripe for collapse," was not too far "ahead" of that Missouri "Democratic" Senator who remarked, on learning of Nazi Germany's invasion of the U.S.S.R., that he hoped both bled themselves to death.

During World War II clear evidences began to appear of the intent of the rich to revive Nazism as part of their strategic determination to destroy the Soviet Union and to bury socialism. If, in doing this, one could also gain financial advantages over competing imperialisms, so much the better. When to all this is added the compulsion to preserve and extend the one and a half billion dollars invested by American corporations in Germany in 1939 (the Treasury Department reported in 1943 that 171 United States corporations had *controlling* interests in German industry amounting to nearly half a billion dollars) then this ultimate betrayal of humanity becomes comprehensible.

Thus it is that the well-known super-sensitive heart of Herbert Hoover moved him to declare back in 1942 that "there can be no real reparations," to decry "this endless treadmill of punishment," and to warn against "victory with vengeance."* And the Social-Democrats hastened to respond to their cue, a typical example of their "brilliant" commentating being the discovery by Dorothy Thompson that "the Nazi state has liquidated the power of every previous ruling class" and that even the Prussian militarists were "economically bankrupt and morally and politically a powerless anachronism." So the readers of *Newsweek* were told in October, 1944. And with the German ruling class already liquidated and the militarists impotent who needed to worry about "reparations" or "punishment" or "vengeance"?

Meanwhile, the principals in the strange drama were acting out their parts unbeknown to the audience. During the war the Nazi official who was Alien Property Custodian of the Reich was a Dr. Caesar. His correspondence, subsequently captured by American troops, con-

* Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson, *The Problems of Lasting Peace* (N. Y., 1942), p. 247.

James Turnbull

tains touchingly friendly letters from numerous French, British and American financiers. One is dated January 15, 1943, and came from a Mr. Lecestre of the House of Morgan. Among other things Mr. Lecestre asked for kindly attention since "Mr. Morgan never admitted Jews as associates or fellow-workers." Moreover, "The Morgan House has been frequently found in its business in opposition to the great Jewish banking houses in the United States such as Kuhn, Loeb & Co. As to *Morgan et Cie.,* Paris, the personnel, since the foundation of the bank in 1868, has never included a Jew."*

By the summer of 1943 another carefully manicured beast—the Nazi Ambassador to Turkey, Von Papen—was urging "that every possible move should be made to save German industry and military power for the future," while in April, 1945, the U. S. Department of State announced that:

> "Nazi Party members, German industrialists, and the German military, realizing that victory can no longer be attained, are now developing postwar commercial projects, are endeavoring to renew and cement friendships in foreign commercial circles and are planning for renewals of pre-war cartel agreements."

How potent these "friendships" were became apparent very soon. The American chief counsel for the prosecution at the Nuernberg trials, General Telford Taylor, was told as early as July, 1946, *by Secretary of State Byrnes,* that the United States did not favor the trial of leading Nazi businessmen. Yet the distinguished freedom-fighter from South Carolina remarked that, "The United States cannot afford to appear to be in the position of obstructing another trial." Still, he added—so subtly!—that should "the plans for a second trial break down" that would be "well and good." At the same time, Supreme Court Justice Robert Jackson, chief American prosecutor at the first Nuernberg trial, favored President Truman with a secret memo: "I also have some misgivings as to whether a long public attack concentrated on private industry would not tend to discourage industrial cooperation with our government in maintaining its defenses in the future while not at all

* Drew Pearson attempted to print this and related material in his column but pressure from Morgan and Chase National Bank prevented that. Congresswoman Helen Gahagan Douglas published it in the *Congressional Record,* May 5, 1945 and excerpts appeared in *Jewish Life,* March, 1950.

weakening the Soviet position, since they do not rely upon private enterprise."

Dr. Schacht, Hitler's chief financial adviser, knew of what he was speaking when he gloatingly declared, in October, 1946, upon his release by the International Military Tribunal, over Soviet protests: "If you want to indict industrialists who helped Germany rearm, you will have to indict your own, too."

WE ARE prepared now to examine concretely how the United States has carried out the obligations of Yalta and Potsdam in Western Germany. The basic betrayal was expressed with great frankness by the London *Times* on October 21, 1947:

> "Most of the confusion [!] of the last two years derives from the abandonment of the policies of reform. . . . Little or none of the promised land reform has been carried out. The transfer of heavy industry to public ownership is still a matter of words. Nothing decisive has been done to destroy great concentrations of industrial power like the Steel Union. . . ."

That's the crux of the matter. In the Western zones where some forty-five million Germans live and where seventy per cent of Germany's industrial capacity is located, nothing has been done to eliminate the generations-old domination of financiers, industrialists and landlords.

The personalities selected or approved by the United States to administer its zone demonstrates that the intent was betrayal. General Lucius D. Clay, the professional soldier from Georgia, has as much sympathy for the necessities of present-day democratic government as has that military Humphrey Bogart, General Frank Howley who was his chief assistant in Germany. General Clay has belligerently remarked that his earliest recollections go back to the "horrors" of radical reconstruction in the post-Civil War South as perpetrated by "thievish carpetbaggers" and he was determined that "Americans were *not* to be carpetbaggers anywhere in Germany!" (N. Y. *Herald Tribune,* Jan. 30, 1950). No, he was going to "spare" Germany even aborted Reconstruction and institute a modern analogy of K.K.K. counter-revolutionary administration at once!

General Howley was the perfect overseer for this Bourbon plantation owner. Only the script of some Grade-C Hollywood tripe could equal the uncouth, chauvinistic, arrogant and gross language of his book, *Berlin Command,* which was singled out for recommendation by the President in his exclusive interview with Arthur Krock of the N. Y. *Times* (Feb. 15, 1950).

And the civilians? High Commissioner John J. McCloy, formerly chief of the World Bank, was a member of two major Wall Street law firms——Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft, and Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine & Wood—the latter having represented I. G. Farben and its affiliates in the United States. Mr. McCloy is also one of the largest shareholders in the Gillette Company, which in 1949 took over the Zollenwerke Corporation in Western Germany. McCloy's chief counsel has been Chester A. McClain, who is also a partner in the Cravath, etc., law firm, and was chief counsel for Bethlehem Steel. The E.C.A. (Marshall Plan) representative in Western Germany is Norman H. Collison, formerly attorney for United States Steel.

During the two crucial years of 1945-1946, there were five American members of the Economics Directorate of the Allied Control Council. Who were they? Brigadier-General William F. Draper of Dillon, Read; R. J. Wysor, former president of Republic Steel, was supervisor of the steel industry in the U. S. zone; E. S. Zdunek, head of Antwerp division of General Motors, was supervisor of the engineering industry; Philip Gaethke, prewar manager of Anaconda interests in Upper Silesia, was supervisor of the mining industry; and P. P. Clover, an executive of Socony-Vacuum Oil, was supervisor of the oil industry.

Typical, too, were the five American members, in 1949, of the Steel Commission of the Bizonal Economic Administration: Four—W. J. Brinkerhoff, W. P. Naumann, Ronald Clark and I. F. Elliott—were from United States Steel; the fifth, F. M. Dillies, was from Inland Steel Corporation.

The German administrators and officials serving with these Americans are of a fitting character. Thus, associated with the last-named five American steel tycoons in running the great Ruhr steel concentration are twelve Germans, typical of whom are Herman J. Abs, director under Hitler of the Deutsche Bank; Guenther Sohl, director under Hitler of Krupp and United Steel Works (Vereinigte Stahlwerke); and Heinrich Dinkelbach, another director of United Steel Works,

described by the N. Y. *Times* (Feb. 26, 1949) as "sponsor and financial contributor to the Nazi S.S."

Dr. Theodor Heuss, President of the so-called German Federal Republic, was a prominent office-holder of the Right before Hitler, and as a Reichstag deputy voted in 1933 for the enabling act that gave Hitler his dictatorial powers. The Chancellor, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, a leading post-World War I nationalist, was a director of the Deutsche Bank between wars. His Minister of Finance is Fritz Schaeffer, described by the N. Y. *Times* (September 21, 1949) as "former Minister President of Bavaria who was dismissed by the United States Military Government for obstructing denazification." He, we repeat, is Adenauer's Minister of Finance!

Occasionally there appears an interesting and delightfully cozy family relationship between these American and "denazified" German office-holders. Notable is the fact, for example, that Chancellor Adenauer's wife was born Gussie Zinsser, who is a first cousin to High Commissioner McCloy's wife (born Ellen Zinsser), who in turn is the sister of the wife (born Peggy Zinsser) of the American Ambassador to England, Lewis W. Douglas. Mr. Douglas is a director of the House of Morgan, while Peggy and Ellen are sisters of the American tycoon, John Sharman Zinsser, another Morgan director and president of the pharmaceutical trust, Sharp & Dohme. Friendly, isn't it?

IT SHOULD surprise no one, then, to see how solicitous the Truman administration has been of the great industries—especially the steel industry—of Germany, notwithstanding the explicit commitments of Yalta and Potsdam. Shortly after hostilities ceased, the United States Military Government appointed a mission, directed by Professor Calvin B. Hoover, to investigate the German economy. This mission asserted in September, 1945, that the Potsdam agreement on reparation and disarmament was unrealistic, recommended the restoration of German exports to the pre-war level (by implication calling for the rebuilding of industry), and specifically proposed that German steel production be set at ten million tons a year, not at three million (used by Germany in 1932 for domestic consumption) as proposed by the Soviet Union.

This proposal was excessive for the moment and a total of just under six million tons was set. In 1947, the Marshall Plan was unveiled and, as the N. Y. *Times* (July 14, 1947), put it, "the Ruhr is the cen-

tral feature of American economic planning." By November, 1947, the figure for the West German steel industry was put at over eleven million tons, while in April, 1948, the House Select Committee on Foreign Aid was urging that:

> "The utmost effort should be made to maximize the western German steel industry's contribution to relief of Western Europe steel shortages. This will involve (*a*) reducing planned German exports to non-participating areas, especially the Soviet zone, to the extent feasible; (*b*) raising German steel output at the most rapid possible rate."

In March, 1949, another American mission recommended German steel production be lifted to fourteen million tons at once with the longer-range goal set at seventeen millions. In November of that year the Western Powers informed the Bonn government it need not dismantle the Thyssen works or key synthetic rubber and oil plants and could begin establishing shipbuilding yards.

Accompanying this has gone the campaign looking toward remilitarization. Pioneering in this regard was the pseudo-official spokesman for the Department of Defense, Mr. Hanson Baldwin. In the N. Y. *Times* of September 29, 1948, in a sentence reeking with authoritativeness, he wrote: "Sooner or later we must come to grips—whether we like it or not—with the utilization of German manpower for defense of the West and to help to restore the balance of power in Europe." A year later Senator Elmer Thomas of the Appropriations Committee announced himself as ready to consider the organization of "a certain number of German divisions" and *Newsweek* found Germany to be "the main source of continental manpower."

By December, 1949, Field Marshal Montgomery, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, comes to West Point to announce, "If you tell me to rearm Germany, I will do it in a way that is safe." The way? "Western Germany must be rearmed for defensive warfare under Allied command." The next day (December 4, 1949) Dr. Adenauer mimics, at Bonn: "If the Allies demanded that we should take part in the defense of Western Europe, I should be in favor, not of an independent Wehrmacht, but a German contingent in a European force."

This year begins with a dispatch from Frankfurt in the N. Y. *Times* (January 14) which blandly announces: "A group of German generals

and staff officers has informed Konrad Adenauer, Chancellor of the Federal republic, that Germany's minimum requirements in the event of rearmament are one infantry division by June of this year and the addition of an armored corps by 1951, it was learned today from an unimpeachable source." And not only is the German General Staff back at work for Germany but Nazi General Guderain prepares a "blueprint for a United States General Staff at the request of the United States Army" which is blithely printed in *U. S. News & World Report* (February 10, 1950)! And General Clay, when asked by *Life* (February 20, 1950): "Do you think Germany should again have a standing army?", coyly replies: "Two facts seem plain enough. One: the West German people are entitled to some security against aggression. Two: the military occupation that now provides that security cannot be expected to endure for all time."

WHAT of the actual process of denazification as applied to individuals? In March, 1946, the task was turned over to German authorities and thereafter greater and greater loopholes, amnesties and exceptions appeared. Early in 1948 General Clay urged that the job be concluded by the summer of that year.

The overall figures to June, 1948, show that in Western Germany nearly thirteen million persons were registered for investigation of whom over nine millions were immediately dismissed. Of the remainder almost two and a half millions were given amnesty without trial and about 800,000 were tried. Nearly forty per cent were exonerated, fifty per cent were classified as "followers," and one-tenth of one per cent were classified as "major offenders." These are the figures for the lower courts; on appeal less than thirty per cent of the classifications and punishments were confirmed. Of those convicted, the vast majority (eighty per cent) were *fined less than a thousand marks* and as of December, 1949, there were throughout Western Germany, 250 people in jail for Nazi activities and atrocities!

Who are the people exonerated, lightly fined or jailed for a few months? In addition to such relatively well-publicized figures as Dr. Schacht and Ilse Koch, the names include: Simpfendorffer, a Nazi Minister of Education—freed; Hildebrandt, head of the foreign-labor branch of the Nazi Labor Ministry—fined 250 marks; S.S. Major-General Klepfer—classified a "minor offender"; S.S. Lieutenant-Gen-

eral Wolff, chief of all Gestapo activities in Italy—given a four years' sentence and released four days later because of his prior internment. People like Ernst Bohle, head of the Nazi Party's Foreign Office, and Josef Altstoetter, S.S. representative in Hitler's Ministry of Justice, have been freed after serving about two years. Here are other choice tidbits, selected more or less at random: *Exonerated were*: the former

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AS WE GO TO PRESS

BONN AGAIN ASKS TO STEP UP OUTPUT

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

FRANKFORT, Germany, March 6—Although warned at the time of the revision of the dismantling program last November that it could not be a "springboard for new concessions," the West German Government has initiated a new campaign for revision of the permitted level of industry.

Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, it was learned from authoritative Allied sources, has raised the subject several times with the Western high commissioners. German sources disclosed they were preparing a memorandum on the subject for presentation to the Allies, although it could not be learned whether they had been asked for it.

That a new German effort has a chance for at least partial success was indicated by a high American official who said in an interview that he at least supported the idea of increasing the permitted level of steel production beyond the present limitation of 11,100,000 tons a year. This official also suggested that limitations on German shipbuilding ought to be revised as well.

SS MEN GET HOMES OF HITLER VICTIMS

By MICHAEL JAMES

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

STUTTGART, Germany, March 8—The Government of the State of Wuerttemberg-Baden apparently is punishing no one and is not even pressing for a full investigation of the local denazification scandal.

United States officials here appear to have washed their hands of the matter, feeling that it is the business of the Germans to punish any local official guilty of selling absolution to the Nazis.

Yet at the moment another scandal involving former Nazis is developing. This new scandal concerns the eviction of former victims of Nazi persecution from a housing development in this city to provide homes for former SS troopers acquitted of Nazi charges.

In discussing the latest case Maj. Gen. Charles P. Gross, United States Commissioner for Wuerttemberg-Baden, said his office "could not go back three or four years and tell the Germans what to do."

Dean at Bonn University, a member of the S.S. and S.D. and an informer for Himmler; a Director in the Reich Interior Ministry, 1933-1943. *Fined less than a thousand marks were*: the former deputy police president at Nuernberg who organized the 1938 pogrom there; the Mayor of Augsburg, 1935-1945; Saar District President and subsequently Mayor of Vienna; the Nazi physician responsible for execution of the sterilization law.

Perhaps the most fitting epitaph on this almost incredibly sordid tale is the one-inch story sent by United Press from Munich, February 23, 1950, which said: "The Bavarian Denazification Ministry was ordered closed. . . . Ministry officials said the closing was necessary because no funds for denazification had been included in the 1950-51 budget."

No wonder the Bavarian Minister of Economics, Dr. Rudolf Zorn, found the courage to declare in June, 1947, in the presence of United States Military authorities, that the Jews in D.P. camps "can be compared to the most vicious of the insects that infest the German body." No wonder Wolfgang Hedler, a deputy of the Bonn parliament, becomes a hero when a court acquits him though he remarked "that the sending of Jews to the gas chamber may have been the right course," and that the Deutsche Recht Party wires him: "Congratulations on your acquittal under which the Right holds its own against the pressure of the street" (N. Y. *Herald Tribune,* February 16, 1950).

The American press unashamedly reports "a total of about eight million voters, one-third of the electorate, ready to support many of the same things Hitler stood for" (*U. S. News & World Report,* March 3, 1950); while the A.M.G. itself notes that its opinion survey shows some fifty-six per cent of the population in its zone felt, as of 1949, that Nazism was "a good idea, only badly carried out."

This mental reflection of the material counter-revolution engineered by American imperialism is stimulated deliberately. It is the American overlords who have seen to it that sixty per cent of the judges and seventy-six per cent of the public prosecutors of Bavaria are former Nazis, so that, as Telford Taylor reports, it is considered "unpatriotic" now to have been anti-Hitler! It is the American overlords who placed the Nazi author of *Race Hygiene,* Dr. Karl H. Bauer, over Heidelberg University as its rector, and put the former director of Hitler's Berlin Propaganda and Information Service in charge of the University of Mainz. Those overlords have seen to it that the West German school

texts contain nothing on German or European history since the First World War (*New Republic,* January 30, 1950); they are responsible for the fact that there are "more Nazis in German schools today than in 1945" (N. Y. *Times,* April 27, 1949); upon them is the guilt for the fact that only six per cent of the West German children "are permitted to enroll in special, privileged schools" and that the remainder do not go beyond the fourth year in the public school system (N. Y. *Times,* January 27, 1950).

Today, reports Drew Middleton from Munich, many of the Bavarian newspapers are "owned and edited by the same men who owned and edited them under Hitler" (N. Y. *Times,* December 1, 1949), and the best-sellers, the "big-name" writers are Hans Jost, former S.S. officer, president of the Hitler Academy of Poetry and creator of the noble line: "Whenever I hear the word 'culture' I take the safety-catch off my revolver," and Frederick Blunck, former President of Hitler's Literary Chamber of the Reich, and Pauli Hitler who states in her book, *Mein Bruder Adolf,* that her late brother "was the friend of little children"!

The line now is, as expressed by High Commissioner McCloy, to promise to deal "with any *serious* resurgence of German Fascism" (N. Y. *Herald Tribune,* January 26, 1950—my italics). Now men like General Clay and Henry Byroade, Director of the Bureau of German Affairs of the Department of State, like to stress the need for a *gradual* elimination of Nazism, and to insist that this process cannot be legislated, cannot be "forced," and that it is "undemocratic" to *repress* fascism—*i.e.,* to do what was pledged at Yalta and Potsdam.

THIS re-writing of the explicit provisions of Yalta and Potsdam, this "gradualism," this waiting for "serious" evidences of Nazism, represents in this instance—as the policy of gradualism always does—a policy of the active fostering of reaction. The American ruling class is moving toward fascism at home and has been rebuilding fascism in Germany.

Its policy is a sign of weakness and of desperation. It faces throughout the world the rising forces of peace, democracy and socialism. It faces the fact that in Western Germany, two million are unemployed.

And in the eastern sector, in the German Democratic Republic, it faces the fact that the Junkers and financiers are crushed and the for-

mer top Nazis dead or jailed. Thus, Professor Herz states that "as to the Soviet zone . . . denazification . . . was used to eliminate social groups like big land owners and industrialists, *i.e.,* groups which to a large extent had been responsible for the access of Nazism to power," though he feels the "political use" to which the policy was put "precludes it from being called genuine denazification." Denazification is "political," and if "genuine denazification" does not mean the elimination from power of those classes and forces "responsible for the access of Nazism to power," it does not mean anything.

The American ruling class faces, too, the fact that in Germany as a whole, as Gerhart Eisler pointed out in *Masses & Mainstream* (May, 1948) there is in the Communist Party (in the Western sector) and the Socialist Unity Party (in the Eastern Sector) a membership *eight times greater* than that of the Communist Party prior to Hitler! *

The American ruling class, in actively seeking to recreate Nazism, is guilty of the most foul crime against all humanity. For this its members from Truman to McCloy and from Du Pont to Harriman have earned a special place in the record of infamy.

The facts about the deliberate rebuilding of Nazism in Western Germany by the Truman Administration must be brought to the American people. The evidence of the betrayal of Yalta and Potsdam would help greatly in driving that Administration from public life. It would help, too, in convincing the American people that it was high time they took their destiny out of the hands of the McCloys and the Achesons. Nothing short of this will save the American people from inheriting the mantle of shame and hatred that cloaked the German people for permitting their rulers to bring terrible pain to all humanity and near-destruction upon themselves.

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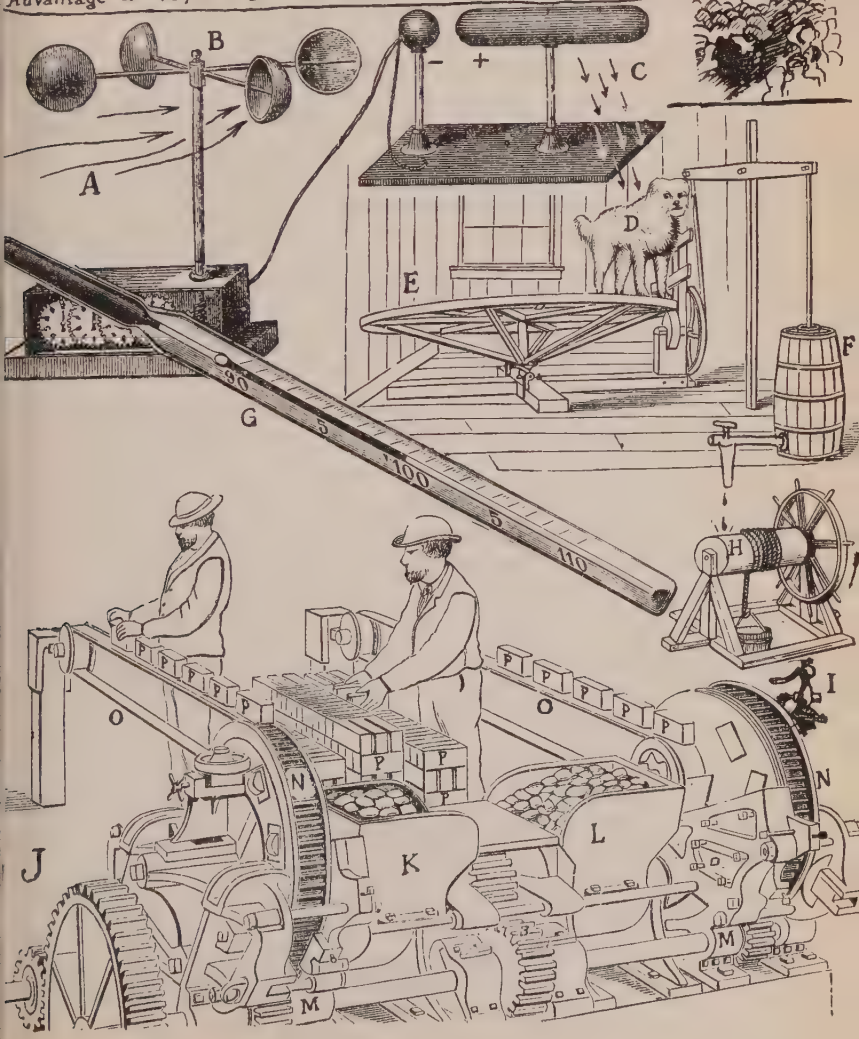
* See Joseph Clark, "The Struggle for a New Germany," *Political Affairs,* February, 1950.

ON SAFARI WITH HARARI

Potato Surpluses

The solution to the problem of the Potato Surpluses is explained as follows. Air currents (A) stir anemometer (B), generating electrical impulses (C) which shock dog (D) into motion, revolving mechanism (E) which churns butter in barrel (F). Feverish activity (note thermometer, G) melts butter, which then drips on axle of fly-wheel (H) releasing bucket and dropping it on starter (I) of M1 XP Fusion-Fission Stockpile Works (J). Maine (K) and Idaho (L) potatoes in respective hoppers drop through synchro-turbines (M) beneath magnetic gears (N) and are ground into an atomic pulp, then fried (in fresh butter) to emerge on belt-lines (O) in the form of dehydrated P- (for Potato) Bombs. If P-Bomb fails to explode, it is sure to kill with heartburn. Advantage of this plan: Butter surplus solved simultaneously.



WAR IS *Cannibalism*

by MARTIN ANDERSEN NEXO

THERE is much talk about culture, especially upper-class culture. And yet, does not the very center of culture lie among the mass of the people? Man's skill, his desire for peaceful creative endeavor, his pride in accomplishment—are these of no account? And what of the simplicity with which he makes life beautiful for others, and once the day's work is done, modestly seeks for himself a corner to pass the night in? So simple and modest is he that he allows himself to be exploited to the point where he has scarcely noticed that a devil has been squatting on his back.

The devil's name is Cannibal; and as long ago as the Arabian Nights the poet was wise to him. Sinbad the Sailor was shipwrecked on a desert island. Tortured by thirst, he eventually found a spring. Squatting on the grass near the spring was a man who appeared to be disabled, paralyzed, but fat. "Put me on your shoulders so that I can quench my thirst, too," he whispered painfully. And Sinbad put him on his shoulders so that he too might drink. But afterwards the fat parasite would not come down again. He wound his legs round Sinbad's throat, and everything Sinbad did had to be done with Cannibal on his back. Gradually Sinbad became so used to it that he explained it as being God's will; he brewed palm wine for Cannibal, and held him firm when he was drunk and threatened to topple over.

Cannibal goes right back to those ancient times when primitive men attempted to stand up on their hind legs and rid themselves of the beast. While striving to till the soil and to tame the wild beasts, they were tortured by hunger. "It is far too complicated," Cannibal said. "Why don't you go over to the tribe nearby and kill some of their folk? That way you'll have meat on your table." They obeyed him, and

devoured the dead. They called them enemies; that made it seem better. And this made Cannibal happy. He no longer needed to go with them when they went out to kill. He never left the tribe, and they turned over to him one-tenth of all they brought back. Then they adopted the name of their chief and called themselves Cannibals.

At times they killed more than they could eat. As they did not know how to preserve food by salting or smoking it, it went bad. "Take prisoners," said Cannibal, "living flesh keeps." But the prisoners had to eat, too, otherwise they would have died and become uneatable. And when there were many prisoners, there was no profit left. "Make them work to earn their food," said Cannibal. "Then they won't cost you a thing." Thus slavery was born out of cannibalism. Gradually society so shaped itself that Cannibal and his descendants, who were a minority, became the master-race, and the people, their slaves. A decisive turn also took place in ethical development. Great thinkers appeared who taught that war was bloody and gave one nightmares, and that war should not be the usual way of providing supplies for slaves, but the exception. Scientific raising of slaves should be introduced by mating them together. Because of this noble idea, these men were called humanists and are still held in high esteem today among the most intelligent of the bourgeois liberal descendants of Cannibal.

It was expensive to feed the slaves when there was no work to give them. So the doctrine of individual liberty was invented, and the slaves were set free. They had to find the means of feeding themselves. It was easy to recapture them when the old country needed them.

War and cannibalism are of the same flesh and blood, and slavery is closely connected with them. War is a shameful blot upon creative and progressive mankind and real culture; it is a leprous disease which man has endured for centuries, along with Cannibal and his brood. But now man, the faithful son of mother earth, is beginning to become aware of the burden of the parasite which has weighed him down since the dawn of time. He no longer unquestioningly accepts. The desire for peace has at last taken hold of him and will prove deadly to any parasite that seeks to fatten on his labor and forward march.

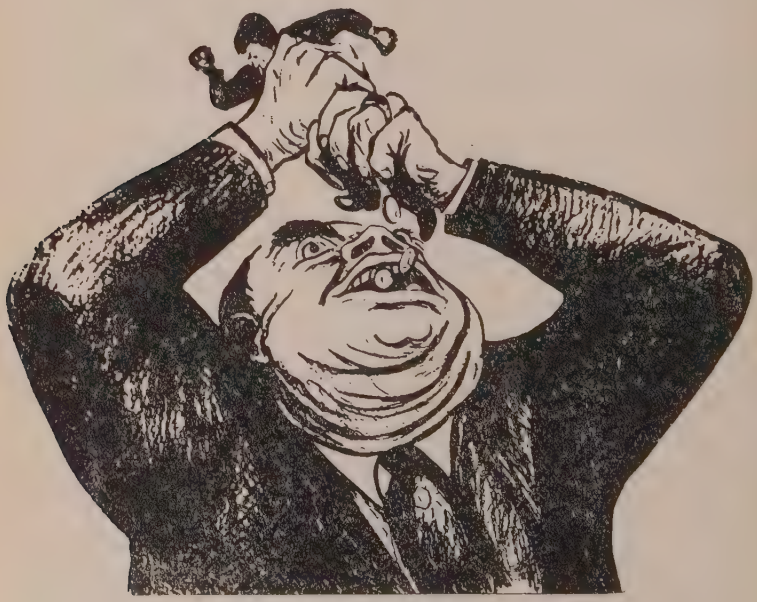
Is it not true that since the Paris Peace Congress the atmosphere seems calmer, and less strident? Man, the creator, has acquired greater dignity and determination. The cannibals have become proportion-

ately more silent. The great beast of burden, who patiently submitted to being torn away from his labors and harnessed to the war machine, has awakened to his dignity as a human being. He wants to have the right to work in peace and to build a better life for himself and those who come after him. Enough of unquestioning submission. Enough of shielding harmful beasts, or turning the left cheek also!

Away with Cannibal and his brood, with all who live on human blood!

The desire for peace—all that is best in man demands it—is now a militant, fighting desire. Cannibal is at long last doomed to extermination.

For two thousand years that forceful word peace has kept mankind in calm and resignation. Now, however, it has become a militant call to action, ringing as clear as steel. No thunder of war can silence it. *Peace on earth!*



Taller de Grafica Popular, Mexico City

The CHILD and the SHIP

A Story by HOWARD FAST

THE child was then eleven years old, and if you must have a time, it was the year 1733, in the town of Boston in Massachusetts Bay Colony. The ship came from the West Indies, to where she came from the old country, a dirty old bark that still could make enough money for the owners, and she came sailing into the harbor like a monster from hell.

A bark is a three-masted sailing ship. Foremast and mainmast are square-rigged, and the mizzenmast, which is the shortest mast, at the stern of the ship, is rigged fore and aft—in other words, two booms carry a sail slung between them, and this can be swung and set any place in a full arc of a hundred and eighty degrees. This was the kind of a ship which sailed slowly and not too well into Boston harbor, and the boy saw it. Who would not see it? The boy was on Union Street, and the ship pointed north around the Long Wharf, and people ran from everywhere like crows flapping down on a cornfield. An old sailorman, Jack McKinney, an Irishman and therefore scum and dregs and dirt in that town at that time, called out to the boy: "Hey there, Sam'l, and what in hell's name do you suppose they are running for, what they got nothing better to do, them fine folk!"

They were fine folk too, as well as others, the merchants out of their shops in their velvet caps, and the fat ladies of quality in their little lace aprons, and the old deacons and the young apprentices. The ropewalkers and carpenters and wrights came more slowly, with a different kind of dignity.

"There's a vessel, there is," young Samuel answered, proud to be singled out for an inquiry by a man as unrespectable and exciting as wicked Jack McKinney, whom he had seen at other times lying dead

drunk in the gutter and again with one of the fat, toothless prostitutes who were such a disgrace and plague to the town. Now they stood where there was a break in the houses and a narrow run of vision down to the bay, and the boy saw the ship framed there an instant. He had grown up on terms with ships of every sort. "Stinking old bark, she is," he said. They were already part of the drift to the waterfront. "Bad language makes for a bad one, now, young Sam'l. It ain't fitting." Samuel said, "No, sir, Mr. McKinney, but there is something funny about her." Then, when they came past the hogpens where Faneuil Hall would be raised up seven years later, the child saw what was funny about her. They crossed Merchant's Row, and there was the bark standing in drunkenly, with the fore and aft booms swinging loose and crazy, and with a little boy—and no older than this child, Samuel Adams—hanging from the upper one. And from the yardarms of the two forward masts, four other men hung, their bodies swollen and ugly and torn where the birds had fed upon them.

Boston of that time was a hard city, and in her there were some hard men, and what else would you expect from a place that had scrabbled its own bed out of the wilderness only a century before, with no guarantee to anyone except the odds that he would die under thirty? But if she was hard, she wasn't hard enough to see this unmoved, and there was a lot of vomit cast up by people who saw that child's body swinging back and forth like the pendulum of a clock. The child Samuel Adams pressed close to the sailorman Jack McKinney, who folded his big horny hand around the boy's little one, holding the lad close beside him and protectively, but not sufficiently the master of his own curiosity to turn away—as was no one else either.

And the bark moved in as the crowd of people gathered on the dockside to watch her. Many a small boat pushed toward her, but you could see that these bumboat peddlers and bottom fishermen had no urgent desire to get onto that dirty old ship, so reeking with death, even though there were those on board who were alive. Now the people on shoreside could see them, the helmsman on the stern deck, the captain beside him, the sailors sullenly—and that was plain from every movement they made—and poorly working the ropes and canvas, some passengers in their shore clothes close together on top the midship housing.

"Why that's the *Larkspur,*" someone said, and everyone agreed and wondered why they had not recognized her before.

"And that's old Ebnezer Saxon," someone else said, pointing to the captain, "by God, it is, the wicked old sinner." "And more to answer for too, and many a day to spend in church before he makes God or the citizens forgive this," another said. But still another said, "What happens on the high seas is not what happens on the hard earth, before you make judgment." But many made their judgment just looking at the child's form.

His Majesty's customs palavers with ghosts, if the need warrants, and they ran out and stood under her side. Captain Hixby went up and spoke to Captain Saxon of the *Larkspur,* and those with good eyes—and young Samuel's were very good indeed—could see the vigor with which Captain Saxon pounded one fist into the other palm, and they could also see the obedient nods of Hixby. The *Larkspur* had no motion now, just lying broadside to the shore and not too far off, making for Samuel and everyone else a convenient stage for drama. Thus Samuel, all sick and shaky and terrified and excited, saw how the customs man pointed at the little boy's body, and how Captain Hixby pointed at it too, nodded his head and then pointing from one to another of the sullen seamen, and then calling to one of the passengers who came down from the housing and joined them. Then the three spoke, Hixby pounding palm with fist again and the customs man uneasily pulling at his lower lip and scraping wax from his ear, and the passenger judicial and sober.

Then young Samuel began to cry, and McKinney, moved by a sudden tenderness, gathered the boy up in his arms and carried him away to a little inn by the Old South Church, where he bought him a small beer and talked to him soothingly. For McKinney did not have to see anymore. He knew the story, all of it, and what detail he was not aware of would be supplied him a hundred times over for many weeks to come. And anyway it was a commonplace story, and some sense, some strange intuition, told the Irishman that this was no commonplace boy at all.

"BUT why did they want to kill the lad?" Samuel asked him. "Will they kill me?" he added anxiously.

"If you did what the lad did, Sammy, why sure and make no mistake."

"What did he do?"

"Ah now—and that's still a matter of conjecture." The Irishman

had a large, long, bony face. Samuel could see how tight the skin stretched over the bones, weather-beaten skin that was traced over with the red finery of broken capillaries and made a nest of wrinkles for each of the little pale blue eyes, a hard, savage face he had always thought when he was somewhat afraid of Jack McKinney; which he was not now, but rather warm inside with the small beer which he had never tasted before. Perhaps a little drunk too, which was the sin of the old sailorman. Now Jack McKinney stroked his head and answered gently, "But I conjecture pretty good, huh, Sammy, I tell you, Sam'l, you ask a pretty deep question, all right, when you ask what he did. He did wrong, Sammy. Wrong for you? Now what is right and what is wrong for you, just a shaver and never out of Boston, which is just a bit of a town and would never be noticed even a mite in one of the old countries. Wrong for me? Well, now, I'm an old evil one, and going to burn my fill too, Sammy, for what there ain't no redemption, none at all, considering the sin I sinned. But, you know, Sammy, sometimes I say to myself, maybe I never sinned no sin what I would call it. But I don't know, Sam'l, and that's the round world of it. And how shall I say that the little lad, God rest his soul, did wrong. I ain't no preacher, am I, Sammy? Come along—let me see a smile out of you."

"You ain't no preacher, no," Samuel said, smiling.

"And don't you go home and tell your bonny mother I fed you small beer, or every cursed Christian in this town will have the whipping of me, and me in the stocks soon after too."

"Are you no Christian then?" Samuel asked.

"Hah!" The Irishman drank deeply of his beer, smacked his lips, and wiped his mouth on the sleeve of his shirt. "Tastes good, Sammy, and calls to mind too the hot days I spent in the stocks of this same cursed town. For what? For no being no Christian, so they give me Christian treatment, thirty or fifty hours in the stocks with never a spot of water, never saying beer, to wet my poor cracked lips and my poor swollen tongue. Ah, it is a hell of a life that a sailing man lives, Sam'l, with a dry mouth on shore and a dry mouth on sea too, where all is water. Now what is a Christian, Sammy?"

"Don't you know?"

"Do I know? That ain't the point, Sammy. Do you know? A good Christian, I tell you, is Captain Saxon of the *Larkspur,* him that hanged

a little lad from the boom for the birds to eat! In this town, it is a blue-nosed Puritan what's a Christian, begging your pardon, Sammy. So I ain't no Christian, am I? Only fit to put away in stock if I have a wee little bit too much. But the mother and father of me was Roman, Sammy, which even I ain't, since I was never confessed or given the Sacrament these twenty years. No. I am no Christian, Sammy, and I don't lose no sleep over it. I will burn in hell properly, and maybe a fine, good lad like you will say a prayer for me, a candle being not permitted in that dry barn you call a church. But I tell you this, Sammy, there will be some fine folk burning with me. . . ."

He cocked his head at the boy, who looked back at him with wide, terror-stricken eyes. So would the lightning, proper partner for the hellish thing he had just witnessed, fork down from heaven and consume this iniquity! But instead, the sun shone.

"And the *Larkspur* was a proper Christian ship," the sailorman went on. "Proper, Sammy. You asked me how I knew what had betaken her. I conjectured from out of experience, laddie, and don't you never go to sea. Mother of God, I could take off my shirt and show you, in the many raised welts on my poor aching back, a history all right. The dirty miserable food, the lashes, the work, the freezing cold, the dry time when she's blown off course and no water no more, no more, the scurvy with the teeth a-dropping out, the wet that goes into your bones when she storms—and work, Sammy, such work from the poor body of a man. Sometimes you vomit it up, like they must-a done on the *Larkspur,* and that is mutiny, and the punishment is death. But if you want to make a mutiny, Sammy, out of your terrible misery and despair, you will want a gun, won't you? And where are the guns, Sammy, but in the captain's cabin and in his fowling chest? And who can get to it but the cabin lad? So he must be one of you, the poor, motherless, lost lad who has no childhood but only the bitter years at sea. So you entice him, Sammy—God forgive you, you entice him—and his tender little heart bleeds for you, and he does your will. And then, when the mutiny is put down, like always the revolting and striking of scum like me is put down, you got to pay the price. That's right, Sammy—that's proper. He who dances must fair enough pay the pipers, and every one of them, Sammy. So that is why you see the little lad hanging from the boom, hanging out there in the hot sunshine, while his soul races off to hell for the terrible wrong he did."

Only then did the Irishman realize that the white face of Samuel Adams was covered with tears. In a fumbling and awkward way, he took the boy's small hand between his big, coarse ones and fondled it, and remembered a lad of his own who had died of the pox, and said, "Bide your own way, Sammy, in quiet and peace. Don't take heed of what is said of adventure and far places, for it is all a rotten curse. Stay at home, Sammy, and make no revolts—for when you strike out against what makes you less than a man, there is always a lash for the back and a rope for the neck. Now heed me, Sam'l."

IT IS wrong to say that all and anything that happens to a child is of great consequence—and as wrong to say that nothing that happens to a child is of great consequence; and this was a child who lived in a world of ships, where the land was only shelf for the ship to nuzzle to, but who did not take ship. There began somewhere at some time in this child, in his mind, in his blood, in his heart, in the whole of him, a series of less than thoughts and more than thoughts, patterns perhaps, for there is no precise way of describing the formation and growth of what is sometimes called personality and sometimes character and sometimes other names as foolish—but is actually a fire the world stokes and then sometimes in return sets the world on fire. You will have to look hard to find the *Larkspur,* and it doesn't matter; for once the boy saw a carriage roll over a mouse, just seeming to touch it but killing, even though the mouse was able to kick and squirm and make tiny mouse cries of terror and anguish and pain, and the boy, picking the mouse up in his two hands and holding it close to his face, thought that in all his life he had never heard anything so heart-rending, and as the life went out of the mouse, he pressed it against his cheek, filled with the sense of suffering and hurt that he shared with the world, not in equal guilt but in equal sufferance.

THE child sat at home at table with his mother and his father and his sisters and his brothers, and each and all knew that a ship terrible and horrible had come into Boston Harbor, but to each it was different and to none as it was to him. "Blessed art thou, oh Lord our God, King of the universe," said his father, in a rough and homely grace, stripped, as he so often put it, of the swinish filth of that iniquity of iniquities, the High Church of England, "who layeth our board

and giveth us bread to grace it." They said, "Amen," and one of them then said, "Who saw the ship?" knowing they all had seen it.

"There will be no talk of that," said Samuel Adams, the father, and the son, Samuel Adams, said, "I saw it."

"With the black, heathen Irishman McKinney," said his brother, with malice; and in the child there were the unspoken words, "Damn you, curse you." His eyes probed at his brother who was soon to die, in a time when few enough grew to manhood; the memory of sickness goes, but the memory of hatred festers and lingers; and while the two children stared at each other, the father said stolidly, "This is a house where God is not unwelcome and we do not talk of godless things. No ship came into Boston harbor today. A ship of iniquity is no ship, even as a man who makes of himself a vessel of iniquity is no man."

Large jawed, big-boned and righteous was the father, Samuel Adams; he was a fierce and God-fearing man and he had done well in the world—justice of the peace, deacon, selectman, representative of the people on one hand and the Almighty God on the other, a merchant of means, a man who conducted his business with a word bonded by the sword of the angel Gabriel, a man of substance and property, he could be understood better by what he hated than by what he loved. What he loved was unspoken and often unrealized in the conscious parts of his mind, but what he hated he catalogued day in and day out; English he hated, the sound of the London language, the men who used it, and the high Church they worshipped in; he hated Rome a little less, and he hated the Irish who deserted ship and profaned the Boston streets and worshipped images, even as the Children of Israel did when they heeded not Moses who led them, and of all folk in all the past, he loved Moses best. He hated the whores who multiplied in the streets day by day, and he hated the red Indians, the black-eyed somber men who wandered in from the wilderness like a conscience in motion; he hated the West Indian rum that cursed his land, and he hated all men who wore the uniform of His Majesty's regiments, even as he hated His Majesty and all the crowned "scum," as he put it, of all time back. These and much more he hated, but what he loved he had never formulated; he was not a sensitive man, and when his children spoke, he often as not hardly listened. So the name of the Irishman McKinney echoed in his mind for a time before he reacted to it,

slowly then, fixing his pale eyes on the child who bore his own name.

"Samuel," he said.

"Yes?"

"You were with the Irishman McKinney?"

"Yes," said the child.

"Can we not eat in peace?" the mother asked, a thin and ailing and tired woman.

"There will be peace," the father said. "Peace, Mary, comes with the truth. And what is the truth, Samuel?"

"I went with him to look at the ship," the child said.

"Through the public street?"

"Yes."

"And you knew that you walked with a handman of the devil?"

"Yes," Samuel whispered.

"But it was not the child's doing," Mary Adams pleaded, "and if the child didn't know, it was not the child's sin."

There was a frozen, timeless silence at the table, and even the brother who had betrayed him was awed and crushed by what he had done. Calvin and Wesley stood one on either side of Samuel Adams, the father—who stared so somberly and thoughtfully at Samuel Adams, the child, and to the mother there came a phrase from the book that was so knit with their lives, *and he hardened his heart against him.* "And he hardened his heart," she said to herself over and over.

The father then said, "And this is a just household, Samuel—heed ye, we walk in justice and in righteousness. Perhaps he enticed you?"

The child could not speak; but he moved his head from side to side, just a fraction, just a trifle.

"Cozened you? Wheedled you?"

"No," the child whispered.

"Threatened you?"

No answer.

"Dragged you?"

"No," the child managed to say again.

"Then you walked with him of your own free will, through the public streets."

"Yes," the child admitted, with no sorrow, no regrets, no resentment but only a projection of himself into the image of the lad who swung and swayed from the yardarm. And also no sorrow and no fear when

the father rose and motioned. In the midst of the meal, the two departed, so that justice might be done according to the lights of the elder, but for the younger justice was a thing forming in a riot of troubled impressions and doubts and wonders.

THE town was already old, a century old in this new land, and the men of the Massachusetts Bay Company who had put it there were all of them dead and gone and many of them forgotten too. The town had the aspect of something old and established, perhaps more so than would ever again be the case in the future. Only an occasional citizen whose imagination was a little more vivid and active than most would pause to think of how the great and endless wilderness swept away westward from this town, a green sea, unknown, untouched, unexplored, unchanged, crossed only by the narrow, moccasin-beaten trails of the red men and filled with all manner of wild beasts. If you looked at the town with that in mind, you would have realized that it was just a scratch on the shore; but that was not the point of view of the child, born and raised in the town. For him it had always been here, since he could not accept emotionally what he knew intellectually—that a group of men had come from a share-holding company in an old country called Britain, and that they had planted the few shacks with which the town began. His sense of time was not yet developed to a point where he could wholly accept such a thing; he saw the town as it was in the moment of its being.

He had crept out of the house, and the town lay there in the spring moonlight, in the gentle, sweet New England evening, all black and all over with a ripe velvety sheen. The great silver-blue moon sailed in the heavens and its trail coursed across the bay. The town was old and homely and lovely in that moonlight, with all the hard edges softened away, and ancient too, and for the first time in his life, the child was able to make a conscious appraisal of the relationship between himself and his city. His heart filled with wonder and love and awe, and he was able to put into words a feeling that this was his place and he was able to realize himself as a plant that had sprung out of this cobbled earth. The sense of identity flowed through him like heady wine, and he felt like he walked on air as he moved down toward the waterfront. He felt that he would like to touch every piece of wood in every house in this town, and the sleeping folk in the houses

communicated to him. He felt a song in his heart that was nameless and wordless but which he knew very well indeed and would never forget, and now, in this moment, the future was assured and resilient and ready to be kneaded, like a wet lump of clay. He remembered the Irishman McKinney, and he felt a great pride in his ability to know people and like them and understand them—and no fear for the sin he had sinned. Sin would not trouble him again.

So he thought as he came onto the dock and curled up against a tangle of rope and looked out over the bay to where that awful ship floated. Still, the bodies hung, and the boy looked without fear at the obscene thing that had been done to the living.

But horror, already muted, was less horrible in this caressing moonlight, and the child who had paid with his life for acting in the mutiny was familiar by now. From the child on the dock, there went out a current of love and sympathy to the child on the yardarm, and sitting there, Samuel Adams wept softly and without fear or pain for what the other had suffered.

right face

SIGHING DEMOCRACY

"The daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury was married. . . . Among the 1,000 guests at the ceremony, the social scope was as broad as democracy could make it. There were Old World nobility and New World Republicans and Democrats, Cabinet members and diplomats, officials of every rank and sighing housewives."

—*From the New York* Times.

DANGER! PEOPLE AT WORK

"Hunger, privation, shortage of food and consumer goods—these are precisely the things which are not *inherent in the Communist regimes of the 'new democracies.' By and large the opposite conditions exist, and that is why communism is a danger to the West."*

—Alexander Werth in *The Nation.*

THE SECRET AT LAST

"When John D. Rockefeller was 11, the turning point in his life came. A farmer borrowed $50 from the boy's savings and paid $3.50 for use of the money. He decided not only to work for money but to make money work for him. In such fashion do Americans become capitalists, and amass oil fortunes."

—*Editorial in the Portland, Oregon,* Journal.

THE SILVER KNIFE SET

". . . the best refreshment I have run across in many a day is the fresh paté de foie gras *flown from Strasbourg and sold by Ellen Grey, 800 Madison Avenue (67th), at $18 a pound. . . . It is far too delicate to risk spreading on even the grandest bread or cracker; rather, I think, it should be savored from the end of a silver knife, between sips of a chilled white wine—a dry champagne would do, but a Chablis would be better."*

—"On and Off the Avenue" in *The New Yorker.*

HEIGH-HO HIROHITO

"Mr. Kent Roberts, speaking before the Watsonville Woman's Club, told of the democratic air of the Japanese Emperor, who for instance was pictured reading Dick Tracy to the crown prince, instead of riding his horse in regal attire."

—*From the Watsonville, Cal.,* Register-Pajaronian.

Myth and Money

by JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

One hears the term, folk art, *used frequently, and with a bewildering multiplicity of meanings, in contemporary discussion of cultural and aesthetic history. The term is applied to the art of primitive peoples, to the religious art of the middle ages and to such diverse forms as Christmas carols, Negro spirituals and modern jazz. Underlying the generalized and over-extended concept of* folk art *is the assumption that this kind of art is relatively or absolutely classless, a unified expression of popular feeling. Such an assumption seems to contradict the Marxist theory of history as a struggle of classes. Even in primitive communal societies, the development of ideas and art forms reflects the increasing division of labor and the evolution of productive forces and relationships. The study of the origin and continuing influence of myths affords an insight into the way in which class conflict shapes culture. The myth is frequently a dynamic projection of the beginning of class conflict. It is for this reason that myths are often preserved over thousands of years, not as static "relics of the past," but as the still vital memory of the rise of a struggle which is continuing. The myth is revised, transformed, welded into new forms, in order to reflect new phases of the unresolved struggle. These notes on the evolution of the myth may be of some value in illuminating problems of aesthetic and cultural theory.*

J. H. L.

MYTHS are to a considerable extent economic allegories, dealing with the accumulation of wealth, the control of the society's surplus and the beginnings of trade. Since the process of emergent civilization has followed a similar course in widely separated areas, one finds

similarities in the folklore of many lands. The process is exceptionally clear in ancient Greece, because the early mythology is supplemented by an extensive literature of interpretation.

Gold appears in three forms in the folklore of the Greeks: as an ornament of heaven, as the object of an earthly quest, as a dangerous source of power. The three forms mark three stages in the development of Mediterranean civilization.

In primitive societies, the first recognition of the value of gold is associated with its display as a symbol of authority. The wealth derived from military conquest of slave labor is hoarded in the temple, showing that it is now only *symbolically* the property of the community. The people, being forced to accept the idea that the alienation of the surplus is divinely ordained, invent a mythical land where the gold is so plentiful that the guarded splendor of the temple is everyone's possession.

The legend had many forms. Atlantis, with its towers of gold, was somewhere in the western sea beyond Gibraltar. There were many other lands in the west. Immortality awaited those who reached the Isles of the Blest or the Fortunate Isles.

The mythical country was often a land of women, or a place where women enjoyed exceptional freedom and happiness. Thus the myth related the promise of an after-life with the communal past, when women had enjoyed a privileged social status.

The degradation of women was connected with the alienation of property and the growth of commerce. It was the link between the "pure" myth of a promised land and the complicated legends that related to the expansion of Mediterranean trade. The transition is shown in the story of the garden of the Hesperides: the island was the home of the maidens who guarded the golden apples given to Hera at the time of her marriage to Zeus. We cannot attempt to disentangle the various functions attributed to Hera; all her duties were associated with productivity—marriage, womanhood, the rites of spring, the growth of vegetation. The apple is mentioned in many ancient records, in the Egyptian *Book of the Dead,* in the annals of Babylon and China. In the biblical story of Adam and Eve, it is the symbol of earth's fruitfulness, alienated by man's greed. When Hera married the greatest of the gods, agriculture was wedded to power. It ceased to be the common possession of mankind. The treasure of the earth became gold, and was

removed to a land of myth and promise in the West, where women, the ancient guardians of the social order, watched the golden fruit.

As commerce spread across the Mediterranean, the exploits of early maritime trade are projected in the labors of Heracles. He undertook the perilous voyage to the garden of the Hesperides, bringing the apples back to mankind: first he brought them to Argos, the oldest center of Greek trade, and then to Athens, which was destined to rival and surpass Argos. Through mercantile activity, a part of the urban population regained its inheritance, tasted the apple of wealth.

The later expansion of Greek mercantile activity was eastward, to Asia Minor and the Black Sea. In the legend of the Golden Fleece, the story shifts from the fabled west to the area of known historical development. In the course of their voyage, the Argonauts find a land where the women have killed their husbands and re-established their rule. But the goal of the quest is beyond the Dardanelles, on the other side of the Black Sea. The Golden Fleece may have symbolized the grain of the Crimea, or it may have referred to the metal found in the streams tumbling into the sea from the mountains of the Caucausus. But whether the expedition found food or gold, it marked the beginning of the trade between the Aegean and the Black Sea that was to enrich the towns of southern Greece and the Ionian islands.

Homer's *Iliad* recounts the warfare for possession of the strategic Dardanelles (Troy commanded the western entrance to the straits) at a period of pre-history when the people were still organized in tribes led by a chieftain and a council of warriors. Priestly power was just beginning to assert itself, as is evident in the intimate and confused relationship between mortal kings and the gods who participate in their quarrels. But the favor of the gods was already a matter of property relationships, a means of obtaining wealth. The Greek word for the three Fates means share or portion; it originally referred to the division of land and the distribution of booty among the tribes.* The terror associated with the Fates reflects the methods by which the rulers enlarged their possessions, calling on the gods to justify their seizure of the common property.

Four or five centuries separate the mysteries of the Homeric age

* George Thomson, *Aeschylus and Athens,* London, 1946, p. 38. The material on Greek society in the following pages is chiefly derived from Thomson's work.

from the clear outlines of urban civilization as it emerged in the seaports on the coast of Asia Minor in the seventh century B.C. The Ionian cities derived their wealth from the movement that is mythologically presented in the voyage of the Argonauts and the Trojan wars. The development of Black Sea trade intensified class distinctions: merchants tried to extend their power over the lower classes of the towns; the owners of landed estates improved their position by heavier exploitation of slave labor and the exaction of tribute from the free peasantry.

From the melee of conflicting interests, new rulers were able to seize power. These men were known by a new name—*tyrants.* They were money kings, and their rise is celebrated in a new type of money-myth, of which the stories of Midas and Gyges are the best known examples.

MIDAS and Gyges became the masters of neighboring kingdoms, Phrygia and Lydia, where the profits of trade were augmented by the income from the gold and silver mines of Sipylos and Tmolos. Greek tradition holds that coins were first introduced in Lydia; the earliest Lydian money was made of an alloy of gold and silver, and was of comparatively high value.* Gold was no longer a temple ornament; it was an instrument of commerce and a source of power. In Phrygia, control of the mines gave Midas the inhuman ability to turn everything he touched into gold. In Lydia, the myth tells of Gyges' possession of a magic golden ring, which made him invisible. By the use of the ring, he was able to enter the palace of the king, seduce the queen and secure her help in murdering her husband.

The bitterness of the myths leaves no doubt that the tyranny of the money kings rested on an insecure foundation. They rose to power because they held the key to increased metallurgical production. They performed a progressive historical function in breaking the power of the landed nobility and stimulating the development of an urban economy, commercial interchange, mercantile wealth—with an accompanying growth of art and thought. The tyranny of Pittacus over the rich island of Lesbos at the end of the seventh century B. C. coincided with the rise of the dithyramb and the poetry of Sappho.

But this economic and cultural expansion brought more violent

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* Gordon Childe, *What Happened in History,* p. 65.

clashes of conflicting interests. Rural poverty increased; in the cities, the exploitation of slaves and the poorer classes of laborers and artisans created a class of rich merchants and traders who challenged the centralized authority of the tyrant; at the same time, the discontent of the poor became dangerously explosive.

During the sixth century, the Ionian cities were weakened by internal conflicts and were thus unable to withstand the expanding power of Persia. Athens, having imported the art and science of the eastern towns, entered on a similar cycle of social change. The age of Athenian tyranny, under Pisistratus, lasted for half a century, from 561 to 511 B.C. It was followed by the century of intensive commercial and industrial expansion and increasingly violent class conflict that culminated in the brief splendor of the Periclean age; during those golden years, it seemed as if the apples of the Hesperides, which (according to the legend) had been brought to Athens by Heracles, had been planted in an inexhaustibly fertile soil. But the social structure, with its towering superstructure of art and thought, rested on slave labor. In 431 B.C. there were 172,000 citizens in Athens and 115,000 slaves. This was the year in which the Peloponnesian war began. The poverty and malnutrition which afflicted a considerable part of the population were to a considerable extent responsible for the great plague that swept the city in 430. In 413, 20,000 slaves, most of them employed in the mines, deserted to the enemy. The loss of these trained workers was an irreparable blow,* guaranteeing the defeat which came a few years later when a Spartan garrison occupied the city.

THE Athenian culture in its flowering period was largely devoted to the interpretation of mythology. As the hope of social progress in Aeschylus turned to foreboding in Sophocles and recognition of doom in Euripides, the legends were tranformed to provide new meanings. Aeschylus believed that it was feasible to revitalize the old communal organization, so that the free citizens might derive equal benefits from the growth of productive forces. His plays reflect the Pythagorean doctrine of the fusion of opposites—the doctrine which expressed the interests of craftsmen, small traders, free peasants demanding a satisfactory compromise between the greed of the ruling

* C. Osborne Ward, *The Ancient Lowly*, vol. I, pp. 133-144.

by Leona Pierce

oligarchies and the controls required for the exploitation of slave labor. There was to be slave labor without *excessive* oppression; there was to be a mercantile state without *excessive* profit for vested interests.

Sophocles lived only a generation later. Commercial expansion had brought a vast increase of wealth and culture—and exposed the contradictions that threatened the social order. To Sophocles, gold—as the symbol of prosperity—was the Midas curse, the root of evil:

> *Of all foul growths current in the world,*
> *The worst is money. Money drives men from home,*
> *Plunders great cities, perverts the honest mind*
> *To shameful practices, godlessness and crime.*

In Euripides, the corruption is deeper and irrevocable. The Jason of the golden fleece has become a careful politician, discarding Medea so that he can get ahead in the world, explaining to his wife that his

betrayal is solely for economic reasons: "that we—and this is most important— may dwell in comfort, instead of suffering want." Medea's answer is a foreboding comment on the moral disintegration of Athenian society: "May that prosperity, whose end is woe, ne'er be mine, nor such wealth as would ever sting the heart."

The bold voyages of Heracles and Jason have brought tragedy. The apples of the Hesperides have become the tree of evil; the golden fruit is like bitter dust in the mouth; it poisons and kills.

We cannot attempt to trace the later and more mature interpretation of mythology in the writings of Plato and Aristotle and other philosophers of the ancient Mediterranean world. With the rediscovery of Greek culture in the later middle ages, the myth of money and power reappeared under various guises, in the service of various class interests. In the fifteenth century, the Duke of Burgundy celebrated his feudal lordship over the rich textile towns of Flanders by creating the knightly Order of the Golden Fleece, which played a leading part in European politics for five centuries. In England, the legend became a symbol of mercantile power, the fleece being an emblem of the wool which was the realm's "sovereign merchandise and jewel."

BUT a more profound and novel allegory, reflecting the rise of new social forces, is embodied in the Faust legend. The origins of the story may be found in the medieval tales of alchemists who, by magic or a pact with the devil, transmute the baser metals into gold. The relationship to the story of Midas may be noted. But the Greek allegory has lost its simplicity; it has been given scientific implications. The development of chemical experimentation encouraged hopes that it might be possible to change lead into gold. But the church frowned on the advancement of science; the men who dared to trespass beyond the monastic boundaries of knowledge were accused of serving the devil, and the charge became identified with the power that might be achieved by the creator of gold. Thus the myth developed around real persons: the pathfinder in the methodology of science, Roger Bacon, became the Friar Bacon who "dived into hell, and sought the darkest pallaces of fiendes."

The essential content of the myth lay in its ambivalent treatment of gold as an object of desire and a destructive plague. But the ethical dilemma was extended to include the field of science. Wealth can be

multiplied by human skill and invention. But the process is demoniac; it is shadowed by the greed of private accumulation. The wisdom that might benefit mankind is subverted by the avarice of the alchemist. The Midas touch becomes the symbol of the divided conscience. The transformation of the legend, from alchemy to the whole arena of human endeavor, is completed in the Faust story.

In order to grasp the far-reaching intellectual significance of the Faustian drama, we must place it in its historical setting—the sweep of the Reformation, the advancement of learning, the impact of the discovery and colonization of the Americas. The gold and silver of the New World disrupted the European economy, changed monetary values, debased living standards, stimulated social conflict.

As there was a real Midas and a real Friar Bacon, so there was a real Faust. He was an obscure scholar caught in the social upheavals of the German peasant war. Melanchthon, one of Luther's principal lieutenants, wrote that Faust studied magic at the University of Cracow, one of the great liberal academies of the time. Then, according to Melanchthon, he "roamed about, and talked of secret things," becoming "a disgraceful beast and sewer of many devils." The description suggests that Faust held dangerously radical opinions. Melanchthon speaks of him with the anger that was usually reserved for Anabaptists and other preachers of equality who continued their underground activities after the defeat of the peasant rebellion in 1525.

The first statement that Faust possessed supernatural powers secured through a pact with the devil was made by a Protestant pastor, Johann Gast, in a book of sermons published in 1543. The significant date, which, according to Gast, marked the end of Faust's career, was 1525: thus, at exactly the moment when the peasant movement was broken and reaction triumphed, Faust was carried to eternal torment by the devil. The story did not become popular until half a century later, when various versions were published in Germany and translated into other languages.

THE alchemy of the Elizabethan imagination added poetic fervor and dramatic scope. Marlowe's Faust is an intellectual Tamerlaine, gratifying his antic imagination, playing practical jokes on the pope, calling Helen of Troy to be his paramour. The metamorphosis of the real Faust, the wanderer lost in the anonymity of the Underground,

into the mighty sorcerer of the Elizabethan play, has a poetic completeness that seems to sever all contact between reality and myth. Yet the connection is there; it is veiled because it involves social issues that cannot be exposed. The real Faust was called a "sewer of many devils" because he served, however humbly, the cause of reason and science, preaching the forbidden creed that men should share equally in the fruits of their knowledge. An alchemy as potent as any magic formula makes him the symbol of selfishness, of the misuse of power for inconsequential and extravagant ends.

The trick is played with monotonous regularity upon persons who advocate social justice. We see it in the mass propaganda currently directed against Communists, whose moral passion is described as "contempt for morality." But the trick was peculiarly effective in the case of Faust. It worked, because the shabby scholar became identified with the evils of primitive accumulation. In Marlowe's play, he wants only personal gratification; he dedicates his will to what Thorstein Veblen calls "pecuniary emulation" or "conspicuous waste." He utilizes his pact with Mephistopheles in a way that fits Veblen's description of the typical member of the leisure class, who "consumes freely and of the best, in food, drink, narcotics, shelter, services, ornaments, apparel, weapons and accoutrements, amusements, amulets, and idols or divinities." Marlowe depicts Faust as "glutted with conceit" of spirits that will bring him riches from every land:

> *I'll have them fly to India for gold,*
> *Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,*
> *And search all corners of the new-found world*
> *For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.*

The moral lesson that Marlowe draws from the story is the warning "only to wonder at unlawful things." The play was probably written in the year after the defeat of the Armada: England was about to secure a goodly share of the riches of "the new-found world," but it was not wise to probe too deeply into the magic of primitive accumulation.

The riches imported from America had whetted the appetite of the capitalists, who were looking for quicker and surer methods of making money. They still believed that it might be made, literally, by a chemi-

cal formula. The Fugger *Newsletters* tell of the alchemist, Marco Antonio Bragadini, who convinced the cautious merchants of Venice that he could manufacture gold. The Fugger correspondent wrote on December 16, 1589: "The alchemist is said to be at work now in making five thousand sequins per month at the request of our rulers. Thereafter he will make fifteen or sixteen millions more." Bragadini enjoyed a meteoric success; he lived with Faustian largesse, holding daily banquets for five hundred people. But his time was short; his private contract with the devil ran out in 1590, and he was hanged on a gilded gallows, in a garment of imitation gold spangles.

THE philosophic implications of the contract with the devil, the degradation of the human personality in utilizing rational knowledge for irrational and anti-social ends, were explored by Goethe, and re-examined as a twentieth century dilemma by Thomas Mann. In Mann's novel, *Dr. Faustus,* the musician Adrian Leverkühn sells his soul and body in return for twenty-four years of creative activity; the period coincides with the rise and disintegration of Nazi power in Germany; the artist can win his freedom only by the sacrifice of his humanity; the climax of Leverkühn's tragedy, as his time grows short and syphilis eats his brain, coincides with the tragedy of the German spirit, seeking "freedom" by a blood-pact that leads to destruction.

A long historical process separates Marlowe's greedy extrovert from Mann's doomed musician. But the movement of ideas and forces over the centuries forms a discernible pattern. The devil in Mann's parable has a sense of history. He explains that he is "German to the core, yet even so in an older, better way, to wit cosmopolitan from my heart." The contract with the artist is countersigned by the long agony of the German people, including children's crusades, famine and the Peasant's League—and the arrival of the busy germs of syphilis, "the loving guests from the West Indies into the German lands."

The devil exclaims that "it is such a snug, familiar world wherein we are together." The seeds of the disaster were sown when the real Faustus wandered the German roads. Unconscious of the future, the eager scholar talked of "secret things"—rational thought and the dignity of man—while ships circled the globe, and the compass and the gun gave European adventurers mastery of the seven seas. The real man may have marched with the peasants under the banner of the

Union Shoe. But the myth converted him to capitalism, gave him a contract written in blood, made him the symbol of the tortured intellectual, the modern Prometheus selling the holy fire for a few feverish untrammelled years.

Thus it is possible to trace the historical evolution of the money myth from the primitive tales of golden cities, found in a hundred different forms in early societies, to the broodings of a twentieth century Faust selling his soul for a brief glimpse of the lost Atlantis. Thy myth, like all other modes of art or thought, has been a reflection of embittered class conflict. It has expressed the dynamic content of the struggle, its historic forward drive. The myth has often served as an instrument of class domination. But in its most profound and creative forms, it has embodied the recognition that wealth is achieved through inhuman exploitation, corrupting man's essential humanity, depriving the people of the fruits of their toil.

The far towers of Atlantis may serve as a priestly deception, a dream that dulls the sense of present struggle. But Atlantis may also symbolize the classless future, the fulfillment of social potentialities, the free city of man.

books in review

Warsaw Epic

THE WALL, by John Hersey. *Knopf.* $4.00.

WITH this book John Hersey emerges as an important American novelist. His perceptiveness in selecting the Warsaw ghetto as his theme is itself a tribute to Hersey's genuine seriousness as a writer. The novel, large in scope, varied in detail, shows a maturing of his craft. The approach is deeply human.

At the same time *The Wall* has serious shortcomings flowing from the limited middle-class outlook of its author. Because of its important theme, and because it will probably be the most widely read and discussed novel of the year, the work demands careful evaluation.

Hersey set himself the imposing task of drawing a comprehensive picture of life in the Jewish part of Warsaw from the beginning of the Nazi occupation in November, 1939, to the end of the ghetto uprising in May, 1943. For this epic canvas Hersey uses a diary technique which presents no reading difficulty after the first few pages. Hersey purports to be the "editor" of a day-by-day account of events and conversations set down by a fictional character, Noach Levinson, archivist of the ghetto. Levinson's record follows the development of a group of people from their early bewildered comprehension of Nazi intentions until they are stripped of all illusions and join the underground fighters' organization.

Conditions in the ghetto are described in great detail and for the most part Hersey has attached his diverse fictional characters to actual events. The technique is executed with the highest skill and the integrity of mood and character of the supposed narrator is sustained throughout.

Hersey's selection of this technique was not a random one. For, as Hersey undoubtedly knew, there *was* an actual Warsaw ghetto archivist, Dr. Emanuel Ringelblum, who collected diaries, memoirs and every scrap of documentation that would preserve the facts about this ghastly chapter of history. Ringelblum, like Levinson, buried these records in the ghetto in many metal boxes, which were dug up after the liberation.

But there are several differences between the actual and the fictional archivist that cannot be explained by novelistic license. While Levinson is represented as the *official* archivist of the *Judenrat,* the Jewish body set up by the Nazis to administer ghetto affairs, Ringelblum and his colleagues worked as an *underground* group. In Ringelblum's last letter, smuggled out of Poland before he was killed by the Nazis in 1944, he wrote the Yiddish Scientific Institute (Yivo) in New York that "we are gathering memoirs and documents pertinent to the martyrology, struggle and present living conditions of the remnants of Polish Jewry." Hersey's conception of the archivist of his book is different. Levinson "kept calling himself," writes Hersey, "in a rather scornful and half-humorous way, Archivist, or Historian, but he was interested really in separate Jews, in people. . . . The whole [record] has a unity which rests upon Levinson's feeling that events were less important than people's reactions to them."

The shortcomings of the book flow from this conception. By his subjective emphasis on the *reactions* of people, it is evident that Hersey imperfectly grasps the interpenetration of men and events and of the individual and the group. The result is that certain grave defects appear in Hersey's picture of ghetto life.

One major theme pervades the whole book: the need for unity of all ghetto groups—a question that has the greatest urgency in the present struggle against the renewed threat of fascism and war and their anti-Semitic accompaniments. On this point Hersey stands firm. Throughout the book Hersey-Levinson condemns the failure of the Jews to unite. "Why can we not unite? We all wear the same armband," exclaims Levinson. He talks about the "repetitive, obsessive rhythm: we must unite, we cannot, we must, we cannot, we must, we cannot. . . ." When unity is finally achieved, Levinson realizes that what is involved is "the struggle of Humanity against Anti-Humanity." This is the issue wherever fascism drives for power, and this is also the issue that all of us in America, Jew and non-Jew, are confronting today. Insofar as Hersey helps in this book to urge upon us the central importance of unity, he is contributing to the struggle of mankind today against dangers that are continuous with the Nazi threat in the Warsaw ghetto.

But to achieve unity one must understand the basis of it, and here Hersey reveals, it seems to me, the basic weakness of the novel, which springs from his bourgeois, subjective attitude. Hersey does not adequately depict the fight for unity in the ghetto as it really went on. For the work-

ing-class groups, especially the Communist Polish Workers' Party (P.P.R.), trained in the political and social struggles of the revolutionary movement, helped to supply the driving force and the strategy for the unity movement. This does not emerge from the novel. Levinson is a middle-class intellectual. His purview and associations are correspondingly limited. As a result, both the mental processes and the incredible suffering of the working class in the ghetto receive very little attention.

This was especially significant to the real-life archivist, Dr. Ringelblum, who tells us much of the class differences among the Jews in the ghetto and even planned (and perhaps executed) a monograph on "The Class Aspect of the Community." Most of the leading characters in the novel are middle-class people who lived in the wealthy section of the ghetto and were plentifully supplied with cash. The contrast between the mode of life of the rich and the poor in the ghetto hardly appears in the novel.

Nearly all the main characters of the book begin as bewildered middle-class Jews and end as underground fighters with the Hashomer Hatzair (left-wing Zionist) groups. Among the secondary characters are a few leaders of the Jewish Socialist Bund, which refused until almost the last moment (in October, 1942) to join

the united Jewish fighting front. Not a single Communist is treated more than perfunctorily. The final left-wing—but not Communist—affiliation of the characters, however, is not presented with any explanation of the political and social viewpoint of these groups. In fact, the main characters join Hashomer Hatzair not from political conviction, to judge from the book, but rather because of personal associations. Nor does the ideology of any group receive any considerable attention from Hersey.

But a picture of the ghetto, to be complete, must necessarily deal with the ideological and party conflicts with which the ghetto was riven. Levinson several times records that these conflicts were intense, though he never tells how or why. "Jew against Jew against Jew . . . the Nazis' opponents here: a bundle of twigs instead of one oaken staff; an army to be defeated piecemeal, platoon by platoon." Why? The book does not tell us. Thus not only is the picture of the ghetto left incomplete, but in novelistic terms prevents the characters from being fully motivated.

This inadequacy is also reflected in the book's indecisive conception of the *Judenrat.* This Nazi-appointed group of Jewish governors of the ghetto, whatever their illusions, were simply Nazi collaborators and bitter enemies of the underground. Although Levinson records that from time to time the *Judenrat* was recognized as collaborationist and was finally discredited among the ghetto survivors and shorn of authority among them in 1943, the exact nature of the collaborationism of the *Judenrat* does not emerge clearly. This is hardly surprising when we find that as late as January 23, 1943, Levinson can still ask himself, "Is the end of the *Judenrat's* authority a good thing?"

Another severe limitation is Hersey's perfunctory treatment of the ghetto's Communists. Hersey shows clearly that the Polish Socialist Party refused to help the ghetto resistance movement, although individual socialists did help. Yet the Communists, as a party, throughout not only cooperated with the ghetto resistance but were a driving force toward Jewish unity. Individual Polish Communists played a heroic part in the ghetto underground. Nor does Hersey-Levinson mention the fact that units of the Communist People's Guards, which included non-Jewish Communists, actually participated in the military action of the uprising, although they failed to break through to the ghetto. So central was the role of the Communists in the leadership and planning of the resistance that the absence of any leading Communist character in the book results in a distorted picture of the ghetto.

A moving first-hand account of

the participation of a Communist girl in the Warsaw ghetto resistance movement from the first days of the occupation through the uprising itself can be found in the memoirs of Dorka Goldkorn in *Jewish Life,* April, 1950. Readers of Hersey's book will be fascinated by the comparison with Miss Goldkorn's recital of events.

Also leading to distortion is Hersey's failure to correlate events and feelings in the ghetto with the progress of the war outside. The ghetto dwellers followed the war with the most intense interest, since their own fate was tied to the war. Yet there are only about a dozen references to events outside. The entry of the United States into the war evokes the observation that a few people rejoiced over it. The attack of the Nazis on the Soviet Union is briefly referred to in passing. There are a few short references to Stalingrad, one of them that the ghetto resistance "seems to surpass Stalingrad, of which we have heard tremendous things." The characters show almost no feeling toward the Red Army, which in fact aroused the greatest warmth and hope among the Warsaw Jews. Hersey's isolation of the ghetto from the war results in a lopsided picture.

Other aspects of the book need careful examination—for example, the bourgeois nationalist outlook of Hersey-Levinson and the mystical conception of "Jewishness."

But we have already indicated that this impressive book suggests many hard questions.

The novel is unquestionably an achievement of a high order by an author of good will. It would be a disservice, however, both to the memory of the ghetto heroes and to the continuing crisis of which the ghetto battle was one episode, if *The Wall* were not approached in a critical spirit.

LOUIS HARAP

Separate Paths

STRANGER AND ALONE, by J. Saunders Redding. *Harcourt, Brace.* $3.00.
BEETLECREEK, by William Demby. *Rinehart.* $2.50.

HERE, in their first novels, two Negro writers take as their central theme alienation. In each work the main characters separate themselves from their fellows. To J. Saunders Redding it is betrayal; to William Demby, "the most natural and permanent thing in the world."

Stranger and Alone tells how Shelton Howden, starting as a poor Southern Negro, climbed to the top of the bottom level reserved for his people. It will come as a surprise to many that this, too, is a type of American success story; for, as Mr. Redding shows with real insight, the system of Negro oppression could not be maintained without the collaboration of "leaders" like Shelton Howden.

From the beginning we see that Howden has all the marks of a Horatio Alger hero — except his color. He comes from a rural orphanage to enroll in a small Southern college for Negroes; he works hard, he studies hard. He has neither time nor desire to join in the life of his fellow students.

The first challenge to his grim ambition comes when he is confronted with the classic doctrines of Negro inferiority as taught by the white instructors. "I came here thinking that if I could get an education—I wasn't thinking about race. I wanted to be somebody. I wanted to be somebody myself, for myself. . . ." But in this very cry of dismay was the formula for his success.

After graduation he works for a time as a railroad waiter and is as contemptuous of his fellow workers for their concern about the Negro question as for their lack of education. And later, when he becomes an instructor at another Negro college, Howden is equally annoyed by the preoccupation of the other Negro teachers with the "race" issue. "When his colleagues talked about race, it was like being surrounded by squawking parrots pretending to be screaming eagles. And Howden told himself besides that it was as futile as it was passionate."

Here at Arcadia State, Howden

becomes the protégé of its Negro president, P. T. Wimbush, a past-master in the theory and practice of Uncle Tom treachery. Wimbush, by far the most compelling character in the novel, grooms the younger man to take his place when he steps down. Fully conscious of his special role in Jim Crow society, Wimbush tells his understudy:

"White folks don't have to give a damn. But we do. We have to give more than a damn about them because no matter whether you love or hate 'em, the country's theirs by a kind of right of eminent domain, and, in a way, people like you and me are theirs too. . . .

"I keep my perspective, Shel. When I deal with white folks, I know damn well all history and all patterns of thought, all logic and precedent are against me, and I know there's not a single, solitary, goddam thing I can do about it. And that's what the white folks you deal with have got to know you know. That's the thing in you you've got to make them sure of."

Howden learns fast, and at the novel's end he has become state supervisor of Negro schools. In the last scene we see him entering the office of the white political boss—to report (they don't say "squeal" in the higher brackets) on the growing movement among his people for equal rights.

The Howdens and the Wimbushes have been with us for a long time but while they continue as servitors of the Bourbons, the movement of history—including the advancing struggles of the Negro people—has to a certain extent outdated their particular brand of treachery. More valuable today to the white ruling class—and this is outside the scope of Mr. Redding's story—are the new-style Uncle Toms who mask their betrayals behind militant-sounding slogans. For the most part these neo-Tomists are to be found not in the South, but in the North; they serve not only the Bourbons but the masters of the Bourbons—Wall Street.

Nevertheless, it is heartening at this time when the renegade and stoolpigeon are exalted as national heroes to have a writer point out the plain and simple truth about the nature of social treachery.

THERE is a tiny little group of literary sophisticates who will give a tiny little cheer for William Demby's *Beetlecreek* before

it trickles away to nowhere. Had Shelton Howden been a writer instead of a school-man, clever instead of dull, he might very well have written a novel such as this.

Mr. Demby has only contempt for his people and he loves no others. His own alienation is but thinly covered up by the fashionable thesis that every man is fated forever to stand apart from his fellow men.

Johnny Johnson, a lonely Negro boy, comes as a stranger to Beetlecreek, West Virginia, an isolated and dying town, to stay with his Uncle David who lives in spirit separated from his people and there meets Bill Trapp, a hermit-like white man who exists as an alien speck surrounded by an intolerant Negro community.

Johnny tries to become a part of the boy-gang; he is repelled by their vulgarity and cruelty. The hermit tries to break out of his shell; he is rebuffed by the people and they burn down his house. Uncle David never really tries, but in the end he runs away from his wife whom he doesn't love for a brief out-of-town fling with a woman who doesn't love him.

All this—and more—is presented by Mr. Demby with an air of helpless compassion. He tells how Uncle David got that way:

"Up there in Pittsburgh it was being a kid first and it didn't make any difference that he was a Negro. But when he went to that Negro college, he began to feel it, and along with it, the feeling of being suffocated and unable to move. This had nothing to do with his not having opportunities or 'civil rights,' but it was a strange feeling, very difficult to explain to himself, which had to do with feeling Death, feeling frozen, suffocated, unable to breathe, knowing there was little to be done about it."

Nor can Mr. Demby, who writes with facility, explain it to others; and his failure can hardly prove his contention that man cannot communicate with man. *Beetlecreek,* stagnant and smelling of death, is not even a tributary of the mainstream of Negro life and struggle.

LLOYD L. BROWN

"New Criticism"

THE PERMANENCE OF YEATS, Edited by James Hall and Martin Steinmann. *Macmillan.* $5.00.

THE plan is impressive: to provide an anthology of the "best" critical articles on William Butler Yeats. What emerges, however, is less a portrayal of Yeats than of the "New Criticism."

Spawned in the Twenties by Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot, the "New Criticism" today dominates both the American universities and the literary reviews. Its method consists of a formalistic

concentration on the "word," the impact of its sound, every possible connotation brought up by its image. Forbidden in this criticism is any attention to the communicative power of the word, to the poet himself or the real problems and conflicts of his time.

This false opposition of man and work was proclaimed by Eliot, whose name is always prayerfully intoned in the "New Criticism." "Honest criticism and sensitive appreciation are directed not upon the poet but the poetry." And again, "His [a poet's] significance is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists." This tone is set even by the book's title, *The Permanence of Yeats;* not his meaning to living people, but his place among the dead, on a museum shelf, to be studied as one of the great "myth-creators."

The followers of the "New Criticism" differ among themselves, in friendly fashion. Their "quarrels" are based only on the particular unscientific belief that another finds acceptable. One follows Anglo-Catholicism, another the aristocratic "order" of medievalism, a third finds profound historic truths in the dream symbolism of psychoanalysis, a fourth in primitive magic or slave-society mythology. They deny they are fascists, but their ideas closely parallel those which fascism demanded of its writers: praise of irrationality, contempt for democracy and science, idealization of feudalism, the discovery of "permanent truths" in tribal magic practices and mythology.

This is how Allen Tate defends such beliefs: "Yeat's preference for the nobleman, the peasant and the craftsman does not betray, as Mr. MacNeice's somewhat provincial contention holds, the 'budding fascist'; it is a 'version of pastoral' which permits Yeats to see his characters acting above the ordinary dignity of men, in a concrete relation to life undiluted by calculation and abstraction." This "version of pastoral" was called "volks" culture by the Nazis.

T. S. Eliot's essay is full of solemn clichés, such as "it is impossible to disentangle what he did for the Irish theatre from what the Irish theatre did for him." Using Yeats as a club to fight his own anti-social battles, Eliot praises Yeats' plays because they were different from the trend in which "the serious play tended to be an ephemeral tract on some transient social problem." Thus they are "probably more permanent literature than the plays of Ibsen or of Shaw."

It is impossible to understand the poetry of Yeats without understanding the Irish national movement which permeated his thinking. This is not to say that Yeats ever saw this movement clearly or realistically. He shared all its confusions, never advancing from the mythological past to the

political present, influenced by the nationalism of the Gaelic revival rather than by the working-class clarity advanced by Pearse and Connelly. Some essays in this volume mention the Irish background; many ignore it completely. None gives an account of its history and politics.

There is no mention of the famine or the Sinn Fein movement; no account of the Easter Week rebellion of 1916, although it inspired some of Yeats' most powerful lyrics. However, half the essays deal with the varieties of mysticism that occupied Yeats: table tapping, spiritualism, alchemy, Rosicrucianism, theosophy, Buddhism, cabalism, belief in the potency of magic symbols.

At least six of the essays are devoted to a study of Yeats' prose work, "A Vision," which expounds a fantastic system of history as a "great wheel" with twenty-eight phases corresponding to the twenty-eight phases of the moon and twenty-eight types of human personality. Cleanth Brooks passionately advocates the intellectual significance of this system: "For the myth is not scientifically true, and yet though a fiction, though a symbolical representation, intermeshes with reality. It is imaginatively true, and if most people will take this to mean that it is after all trivial, this merely shows in what respect our age holds the imagination."

This is indeed a sorry concept of the imagination; not an attention to the realities brought up by an ever changing world, but a synthesizing of stale formulas that originated in pre-science.

This respect for "myth" as a battle standard under which science may be driven back to its medieval hold permeates many of the essays. R. P. Blackmur writes, "When we call man a rational animal we mean that reason is his great myth." John Crowe Ransom writes, "There can be no poetry on the order of its famous triumphs until we come again upon a time when an elaborate myth will be accepted universally, so that the poet may work within a religious frame which is conventional, and therefore objective." To Ransom, nonsense believed by many people becomes "objective."

Other essays state the same belief, basic to the "New Criticism": that poets need some myth, and they must invent one for themselves, even if they cannot share it with their audiences. This is contradicted by the entire history of the great art.

The book, then, shows less interest in Yeats and his work than in harnessing the poet to serve the critics' own reactionary doctrines of poetry, criticism and politics. Yeats, for all his confusions, deserves better than to be damned by such praise.

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

theatre

Yiddish Theatre Ensemble

by ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

OFF-BROADWAY has another offering worth cheering about, the Yiddish Theatre Ensemble's production of J. B. Priestley's *They Came To A City.*

For several years now this company, currently under the vital leadership of the noted Yiddish writer Yuri Suhl, has been putting on a selection of plays that reflects a taste both bold and discriminating. And the mixture of subtlety and vigor in the production has made the group unique.

Most of the players of the Ensemble are former members of the Artef, the remarkable group of talented and progressive theatre people who helped to revitalize the almost moribund Yiddish Theatre with new currents from the social theatre, here and abroad. The conditions of the Yiddish theatre today are such that only self-sacrificing devotion makes such superb productions possible. The theatre world owes the members of the Ensemble a debt of gratitude.

Priestley's play is unashamed fantasy, yet it has a reality that most of the literal realistic plays of recent years have not approached. It is the dramatization of a dream that has outlasted empires, a dream which, in every recorded century, the great hearts and minds have toiled to lift a little further into actuality. With his sure sense of theatre and close knowledge of people Priestley has dramatized the dream and its varied fulfillments not through an interplay of ideas but an interplay of emotions.

There is little to-do about plots and subplots. The dramatic movement is in the growth and continuous revelation of character as people react to each other and to the new situations posed by the fulfillments of the dream.

A group of lost people arrive before a city they cannot recognize. The group includes a restless migratory worker, a waitress, a charwoman, a bank clerk, his wife, a business man, a "sir" living on inherited wealth, a rich widow living vicariously on gossip of marriages and divorces in

"good families" and her daughter who dreams of some real life beyond their chattering parlor.

All that is seen on the stage is a door and a wall; but the mind recognizes it at once, as the city of socialism, and fills in the streets and the people of a new community.

Finally the door opens and, one by one, the group ventures in, each with his own private expectations and fears. For the waitress, the charwoman, the migratory worker, the clerk and the widow's daughter the city is the realization of their dreams. But it is a nightmare to the business man, the aristocrat, the widow and the clerk's wife—a woman who has achieved a neurotic adjustment to capitalism by counterposing envious adoration of those "above" with venomous contempt for those "below."

Their various reactions are developed with imaginative breadth and satirical wit. But what is outstanding in the play is the balanced creative vision that enables Priestley to move both inward into the emotional needs of his characters and outward into the conditioning social realities. At every point in this fantasy, one feels in touch with living people in the real world.

N. Buchwald's Yiddish version is fluent and eloquent. It is no depreciation of Paul Mann, who served as guest director, to note that he had the advantage of the sound Artef tradition to work with. Under his sensitive and careful direction that tradition, emphasizing smooth ensemble work and realistic expression, gave excellent results.

ARNOLD MANOFF'S *All You Need Is One Good Break* was scandalously manhandled by the New York critics. With unseemly glee they picked on some obvious flaws to discredit a play that had more than enough counterbalancing virtues. The affair is another example of the insidious infiltration of the tastes and manners of Congressional investigating committees into our cultural life.

All You Need Is One Good Break lays bare the tragic delusion that the American success story has come to mean in the lives of many who cannot accept the too contradictory reality. There was a time when such a piece of social criticism would have been regarded as a proper exercise of democratic thinking. At this point in our history it appears to have become *lèse majesté*. Though not yet under an official censorship it is subjected, on the part of the critics, to a variant of the sort of "self-censorship" that has made the films and radio an intellectual desert.

The flaws in *All You Need Is One Good Break* are obvious enough. Originally a one-acter, it played to such enthusiastic audiences that it was expanded to full

length and brought to Broadway. It would have been wiser, I think, to have taken the risks of a shorter play, for in expanding it the texture has been thinned out and some of the additions are repetitious. Secondly the play contains what is a dubious device in any case—an out-of-the-action commentary. This commentary was given to the main character whose rather overdeveloped role is already too one-mooded. Thus these out - of - the - action soliloquies, though well written, help to fix a kind of monotone in the play.

Thirdly, most of the scenes are confrontations of the main character with one or several other characters, in which he vents his delusion and meets with ridicule and frustration. As far as dramatic movement is concerned these scenes, after the one or two that make their necessary point, leave the character development exactly where it was; the play fails to get on. Much more effective are the family scenes where characterization is accomplished through dynamic relationships with other members of the family.

Despite these flaws *All You Need Is One Good Break* makes its point with vigor and sympathetic understanding. The victim is not exploited as a goof, which might have made him tolerable to the critics. He is integrated into the social context. Such a valid symbol of the social imbalance of capitalist society is a challenge the critics preferred to evade through sneers. The dialogue is pungent and true, rising at times to electric sharpness and at other times to somber eloquence. I can unhesitatingly recommend the play.

HENRY JAMES' *The Turn of the Screw* ranks high among the classics of the literature of the supernatural. It contains subtleties that William Archibald who dramatized it as *The Innocents* was perhaps clever enough to leave untouched. He merely exploited its potentialities for the macabre to produce an old-fashioned chiller. He had the additional cleverness to retain enough of James' lines to give it a literary mask. I found it silly and a bore.

SHAW'S witty *The Devil's Disciple* is one of the lightest but also one of the most entertaining of his comedies. It deals with one of his favorite butts, the British Empire, whose stupidity as well as moral ugliness he touches on in a number of plays. Here he dwells on some examples of both which cost Britain her American colonies. At the City Center it proved such a hit that it was moved to a regular Broadway house. Cozier dimensions and better acoustics there have made possible a less clamorous performance. Dennis King, as General Burgoyne, stands out in a generally distinguished performance.

IN *The Member of the Wedding* Ethel Waters was wonderful as the middle-aged housekeeper; and with the performance of Julie Harris as the adolescent girl, Frankie Adams, and of little Brandon de Wilde as her small boy playmate, they produced perhaps the best evening's acting of the season. Carson McCullers' dramatization of her novel is a keenly sensitive portrayal of an American adolescence. The trivial ambitions, hopes, pains and looming disappointments of life in a small town in the South are strikingly reflected in the adolescent fantasies of the girl. One could wish that in the sub-plot, a young Negro's revolt, Miss McCullers had chosen a more positive character. Yet there is pointed social comment in her presentation of a reality that perverts such rich energies, talents and hopes as this young Negro offers to American society, into narcotic escapes and suicidal desperation.

AFTER *The Madwoman of Chaillot* the new Giraudoux fantasy, *The Enchanted,* seemed confused and thin. Its setting is a French provincial town whose officials and monied people make science their servant and their justification. Against their "science" all that Isabel, the impulsive and life-loving heroine of the play, can see to turn to is the spirits. But the spirits prove futile as revolutionaries and the girl resigns herself to destiny as an official's wife. Such inferiorities to *The Madwoman* as the play may have —after all we must see it through an American adaptation—are exaggerated by G. S. Kaufman's unimaginative direction which underlined everything that could be played for a gag and lost much of the fantasy and wit. Most of the adult acting, except that of Lieueen McGrath as Isabel, was coldish. But the natural acting of the little girls of Isabel's open-air class survived the direction and gave the play a unique charm. *The Enchanted* was another case of playwriting too skillful to be altogether floored by inept production.