AUGUST
1950

asses & MAINSTREAM

his Issue:

TTSBURGH
PERIMENT
by
LIP BONOSKY

TOLSTOY
ND ART
by
LES HUMBOLDT

VISIT TO
POLAND
by
MUEL SILLEN

VID ALMAN
AOS LOUDEMIS
ORE RELLA
E YGLESIAS

he Truth About Korea, *by* ***HERBERT APTHEKER***

NOW MORE THAN EVER

Vote for Peace!

THE WORLD COMMITTEE IN DEFENSE OF PEACE, meeting in Stockholm, March, 1950, issued the following appeal:

> *We demand the outlawing of the atomic weapons as instruments of aggression and mass murder of peoples.*
>
> *We demand strict international control to enforce this measure.*
>
> *We believe that any government which first uses atomic weapons against any other country whatsoever will be committing a crime against humanity and should be dealt with as a war criminal.*

We urge our readers to join in this great people's crusade against war. Write to us at the magazine for petitions to be presented to the United Nations. Get your friends and neighbors to sign and to gather signatures themselves.

If enough people fight together for peace, they will never again fight each other in war.

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VOLUME 3, NUMBER 8

masses & MAINSTREAM

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MASSES & MAINSTREAM *is published monthly by Masses & Mainstream, Inc., 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y. Subscription rate $4.00 a year; foreign and Canada: $4.50 a year. Single copies 35 cents; outside the U.S.A., 50 cents. All payments from foreign countries must be made either by U.S. money order or by checks payable in U.S. currency. Re-entered as second class matter February 25, 1948, at the Post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.* MASSES & MAINSTREAM *is distributed nationally by New Century Publishers, 832 Broadway, N. Y. C.*

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JOSE YGLESIAS, movie critic of the *Daily Worker,* published a number of short stories in *New Masses.*

THE three drawings by Franz Masereel, anti-fascist Flemish artist whose sixtieth anniversary was celebrated last year, are taken from a group of twenty-five published under the name of *Danse Macabre.* We are reproducing them by courtesy of Pantheon Books, Inc.

COVER: Korean worker. Photo by Herbert Lanks, *Black Star.*

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All manuscripts should be addressed to The Editors of MASSES & MAINSTREAM, *832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y., and be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope for return. Payment is made on publication.*

THE TRUTH ABOUT

Korea

by HERBERT APTHEKER

"TODAY *when the call for independence is given in the street, voices without number answer in response. In ten days and less the whole nation vibrates with its echo, and even the women and children vie with each other with no fear of death in their hearts. . . . Though you cut down and kill those who rise up everywhere, you may change the face of things, but the heart of it, never. Every man has written in his soul the word* Independence, *and those who in the quiet of their rooms shout for it are beyond the possibility of numbering. Will you arrest and kill them all?"*

Such were the words of two aged Korean patriots, Kim Yun-sik and Yi Yong-chik. They were written March 27, 1919, in the midst of a great people's uprising and were addressed to His Excellency, General Hasegawa, Japanese Governor-General of Korea.

How did His Excellency reply to the question: "Will you arrest and kill them all?" The answer is available: In 1919, says the precise record of the Imperial Police, 36,026 Korean men and women were killed and arrested, including the "bandits" who had presumed to ask the question.

And what had provoked this banditry? General Hasegawa listed the causes: 1) "German influence"; 2) "Bolshevik influence"; 3) "President Wilson's doctrine of self-determination for small nations, the full meaning of which the Koreans were apparently unable to grasp."

How trying "backward peoples" are! As the Washington correspondent of the *New Republic* (July 10, 1950), puts it: "It is hard for us to face up to the difficulty a capitalistic democracy faces in trying to proselytize a primitive people." Yes, especially a people barred, on chauvinist grounds, from American citizenship, and authoritatively

defined in Webster's *New International Dictionary* in this manner: "Korean: A member of the native race of Korea . . . of an adeptly imitative rather than profound intelligence."

A people with a recorded history for four thousand years, a united nation for twelve centuries, astronomical observatories built thirteen hundred years ago, moving metal type for printing used fifty years before Gutenberg, iron-clad ships three hundred years before the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac,* their soil nourished by the blood of millions of martyrs to liberty—and arrogant rabbits mock them as "primitive."

WHEN American occupation troops, under Lieutenant-General John R. Hodge, landed in southern Korea, September 7-8, 1945, the nation was already in the hands of People's Committees. In fact, a national convention with 600 elected delegates meeting in Seoul under the chairmanship of the liberal resistance leader Lyuh Woon-heung had proclaimed on September 6, a People's Republic and adopted a seven-point program. That program called for land to those who till it, the confiscation of the property of the Japanese and their collaborators, civil liberties, the equality of women, progressive labor legislation, an end of child labor and the wiping out of illiteracy.

General Hodge immediately announced that in the American zone (set by military agreement south of the thirty-eighth parallel) the People's Committees had no power, the national convention no authority and its proposals no force. He found, within forty-eight hours, that "the Koreans were the same sort of cats as the Japanese," restored Japanese officials, including the police, to their positions—"to prevent chaos," he said—and announced that "the Japanese are my most reliable source of information."*

For forty years the Japanese militarists had held Korea in bondage. The Korean language could not be studied in school, Korean history was not taught, all names were Japanized, Koreans were forced to worship at Shinto shrines, they were the last hired and the first fired, the last waited on and the most overcharged. Police arrested without warrants, there was no writ of habeas corpus, thought-control was universal, tens of thousands of patriots were tortured and killed, opium smoking was legalized, prostitution was institutionalized, girl children

* A good account of these events is given by Richard E. Lauterbach in *The Virginia Quarterly Review,* Summer, 1947.

brought sixty yen on the open market, illiteracy was rampant, the twelve-hour day was universal, three per cent of the families owned sixty-five per cent of the land, the Mitsubishis "earned" thirteen per cent net profits in Japan and thirty-three per cent in Korea.* After forty years of this unutterable torment—with the Japanese forbidding the word "devil" to appear in religious books, for as the censor said, "devil means Japan"—the American liberator returns the Japanese to office "to prevent chaos" and approves when Japanese police fire on Korean delegations!

For over two months this condition was maintained and then, after deafening protests, the Japanese were removed from civil posts and replaced by wealthy Korean collaborators and American personnel. One obtains an insight into conditions under this regime when he reads that Colonel William Maglin, American chief of the Police Division, remarked to an American reporter, in 1946: "Many people question the wisdom of keeping men trained by the Japanese. But many men are born policemen. We felt that if they did a good job for the Japanese, they would do a good job for us. It would be unfair to drive men trained by the Japanese out of the force." The same writer (Mark Gayn, *Japan Diary*) tells of being met in Seoul, in 1946, by an American officer: "The lieutenant spoke of the Koreans with contempt. He said they were dirty and treacherous. We were watching a flight of fighter planes cavorting over villages to the west. The planes dived in a mock attack, reformed in the sky, and then dived on a new target. 'Psychological warfare,' the lieutenant said. 'That's the only way to show these gooks** we won't stand for any monkey business.'"

In 1946 the cost of living index in the American zone stood at 1,400 times higher than in 1937, reported Professor George M. McCune in *Pacific Affairs* (March, 1947), and Dixie Tighe, of the New York *Post,* found Seoul jails jammed. And, she wrote on November 20, 1946: "The sorriest sight was children cooped up in one cell sitting on the floor shoulder to shoulder." No wonder that when in 1946 the American Military Government itself polled the residents of Seoul, forty-nine per cent stated they preferred the Japanese to the Americans!

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* The best single book, in English, on this subject is Andrew J. Grajdanzev, *Modern Korea* (Institute of Pacific Relations, 1944).

** This chauvinist epithet seems to be an American invention.

IN NORTH KOREA the Red Army did not find the People's Committees to be producers of "chaos." True, American correspondents earnestly viewing the scene from Tokyo and Seoul bars reported for months chaotic conditions, atrocities and merciless dismantling of Korean factories. It is certain that very few of the millions fed this poison ever saw the line appearing in the *Virginia Quarterly Review* (Summer, 1947): "Most of the wildest stories about the Russian zone atrocities have, when checked, proven untrue." And the two sentences that the American official, Edwin M. Pauley, uttered after visiting the area in 1946 were similarly well hidden: "There was little evidence of factory stripping. In fact, there was considerable evidence of efforts by the Russians to revive industry."

In North Korea the state apparatus was cleansed immediately of the Imperial Japanese and collaborationist parasites, and the People's Committees assumed power. In February, 1946, an Interim People's Government was formed, with the renowned Communist resistance leader, Kim Il-sung as President. Three of the other leading governmental figures represented the New People's Party and the Democratic Party while of the ten members in the cabinet, three were Communists.

This government then proceeded to enact the "chaotic" seven-point program formulated by the Korean People's National Convention in September, 1945. In March, 1946, the basic land law was passed declaring:* "The mission of land reform lies in the abolition of Japanese land ownership, land ownership by Korean landlords [in excess of twelve and a half acres], and of land tenancy and of bestowing the right to exploit land to those who cultivate." Cattle and farm implements were also distributed to the peasants, and all debts due landlords were cancelled. As the result of this law almost two and a half million acres of land were distributed to over 680,000 peasant households.

Next, all banks, industries and means of communication owned by Japanese or traitors (in 1942, seventy-four per cent of all capital in Korea came from Japan) were confiscated by the People's government. In June, 1946, child labor was abolished; the eight hour day was decreed (seven hours for miners), two weeks paid vacation was ordered, pay for women was equalized and paid maternity leave (total-

* The full text of this law is in *Amerasia*, February, 1947.

ing sixty-seven days) provided. At the same time, the power of unions was enhanced and a broad, compulsory social insurance act passed.*

Finally, in July, 1946, women were granted full and equal rights in every respect so that in the universal, secret voting held in November, 1946, for members of the People's Committees, 453 women were elected. Culturally, the result was what may be expected when the energies of the masses are emancipated. Wrote John N. Washburn, interpreter of Russian with the U.S. Army in Korea, in *Pacific Affairs,* June, 1947: "During the Soviet occupation a cultural renaissance has been taking place in Northern Korea. A program of universal, free primary education was prepared in the fall of 1946. Many schools, both for children and for adults, have been opened. Theatres were built and several theatrical troupes organized."

No wonder the late Professor George M. McCune of the University of California reported (N.Y. *Times,* October 27, 1947) that "Koreans in the Northern half were participating actively in their own government," and that Roger Baldwin, certainly no pro-Soviet witness, declared (*The Nation,* August 2, 1947) that "the Soviet occupation seems to have won considerable popular support."

IT IS upon these newly-built schools and theatres, upon these newly-emancipated men, women and children that Truman's bombs are falling while MacArthur and Dulles desecrate the word freedom. The rule they seek to bolster befits them.

The Syngman Rhee regime has devoted itself, since 1946, to bolstering, for its American masters, the feudal-colonial social order of the Japanese epoch. The clique is made up of sadistic thieves who retained office for four years only because of the armed support of the United States government. The evidence for these assertions is irrefutable. Judge for yourself.

First, a glance at some of the personalities holding, as John Foster Dulles glowingly puts it, "the front-lines of freedom's forces."

There is Syngman Rhee himself—the "President." Of this gentleman, Dr. Bertsog, political adviser to General Hodge, remarked: "He is two centuries before fascism—a pure Bourbon," while James O'Connor Sargent, staff historical officer for the same General, found that

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* The text of this enactment is in *Amerasia,* May, 1947.

"politically he stands somewhere between Chiang Kai-shek and the late Benito Mussolini." Rhee's top financial backer is Pak Heung-sik, described by *The Nation,* August 13, 1949, as having been, under the Japanese, "the leading economic collaborator." His Minister for Education is German-trained Dr. Ahn Ho-sang, "generally regarded by Americans here," reported the New York *Times,* January 25, 1950, from Seoul, "as using techniques modeled after those of Nazi Germany." In elaborating on these techniques, *The Nation,* August 13, 1949, reported that the distinguished educator "purged the school system of more than 2,000 teachers who were either inclined to the left or 'who did not make their political beliefs clear.'"

Rhee's Minister of Foreign Affairs is Chang Taik-sang. Chang had been chief of the Metropolitan Police of Seoul. What brought his promotion into the Cabinet?

Chang is one of those men Colonel Maglin had in mind when he referred to "born policemen." He, and his most trusted officers, "were trained in many Japanese torture devices and secretive 'thought-control' procedures," wrote James O'Connor Sargent in an *Overseas News Agency Release* on November 3, 1947. He used this training to "wantonly persecute Communists and their fellow-travelers, Socialists, Laborites, teachers, students and refugees." As a result when, in February, 1947, General Hodge called a Korean-American conference on the country's problems, continued Mr. Sargent, "American army officials and conservative and radical Korean politicians agreed that the police system maintained by the American command was responsible for many Korean grievances, and was the root of the anti-American feeling being generated among Koreans of the political Right and Left. The conferees, by unanimous vote, found Chang guilty of brutality, graft and political corruption, and recommended his immediate removal."

Not yet, however, had Chang earned his promotion, and therefore he was not removed.

For the rest of the story we turn to the American Military Government. The National Economic Board of the A.M.G. prepared, from time to time, lengthy studies under the general title, *South Korean Interim Government Activities.* Turning to issue No. 34, July-August, 1948, one reads, on page 213:

"Torture by members of the Metropolitan Police Force in January

[1948] resulted in the death of the suspect. The National Police Detective Bureau began an investigation of the case, partly because of the constant feud between that Bureau and the Metropolitan Police. . . . This is not the first time that policemen in South Korea have tortured a man to death in an attempt to gain a confession. Such strong-arm methods, partly a hold-over from police methods during the Japanese occupation, are unfortunately all too frequent. . . . The man had been beaten in an attempt to gain a confession from him. When this failed, he was given the water treatment—water was poured continuously down the victim's throat. After three hours of this, the man died."

News of this event appeared in the press in July, 1948. An "investigation" ensued; no one was arrested. In August, Chang was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the head of the National Police Detective Bureau, Chough Pyung-ok, became Rhee's Ambassador-at-Large!

Rhee's Minister of Home Affairs is a man whose sensitivity seems to exceed that of Mr. Chang. We say this for the New York *Times* reported on February 1, 1950, that he had told the South Korean free press that: "The torturing of Communists by police is not to be criticized." This Peglerian statesman issued these instructions because, said the same issue of the *Times*: "Many Americans are horrified by the deaths by torture and wholesale executions of Communists. . . . A few weeks earlier the National Assembly had raised a hue and cry [in March, 1950, thirteen members of the Assembly were jailed!] over the number of prominent people who were dying under police and army torture. . . . Torture seems to be an accepted practice. . . . Escaped and recaptured prisoners allegedly were shot on the doorsteps of various citizens and left there apparently as an object lesson."

The leaders typify the entire regime. Annoying personalities, like the liberal leader Lyuh Woon-hyeung (president of the 1945 National Convention) and the conservative Kim Koo (who favored national unity) are assassinated. A memorial service held for Lyuh in Seoul is dealt with according to the A.M.G. itself as follows: "Police broke up the meeting, arresting seventy-two [Laboring People's] party members and confiscating a number of documents." The jails are overflowing, with the Home Ministry reporting 36,000 political prisoners —"16,000 more than the capacity of the jails" (New York *Times*, September 6, 1949). And among them are men like Moon Eun-chong

(the *Times,* October 21, 1946, in reporting the arrest of this nationally-known democrat said he had been one of the very few remaining leftist leaders "not either in jail or in hiding"), and Lee Seoung Back, secretary of the Railway Workers Union sentenced in the midst of a strike to eight and a half years in prison because he had delivered an "unauthorized speech."

Lee Seoung Back is but one of scores of imprisoned trade-union leaders, and the bona-fide labor organization, Chun Pyung, was driven underground late in 1946. Once again we may quote the official A.M.G. account issued in the summer of 1948:

> "In April, 1946, the Tai Han No Chung was formed under the sponsorship of the extreme rightist group as a political countermeasure to the Chun Pyung. It remained generally unimportant until the general strike in September, 1946, when its activities in the back-to-work movement which ended the strike gave it favorable public support. . . . Police still assume the power of decision over whether or not union meetings can be held, their conduct and duration. Essentially rightist in political complexion, the police are reported in many instances to be favorable to Tai Han, favoring them to the exclusion of other groups and looking the other way, if not actually aiding them to gain their ends through strong-arm methods."

This is something of the background behind the remark of Allen Raymond in the New York *Herald Tribune,* May 5, 1948: "South Korea is obviously in the hands of Rightist groups bent on rule as arbitrary as that of Generalissimo Francisco Franco's Spain," and of Walter Sullivan in the New York *Times,* March 6, 1950: "Large sections of South Korea are darkened today by a cloud of terror that is probably unparalleled in the world."

Let there be no mistake about this: the Rhee regime is an American creation. South Korea, says Marguerite Higgins, in the New York *Herald Tribune,* June 26, 1950, "was in effect created by the United States . . . the governmental machinery was set in motion during the United States Army's postwar occupation, which ended last summer. The South Korean Army was trained by a 500-man American military mission . . . [her] economy has been under close American supervision. . . ."

Yes, for every tortured Korean patriot, for every violated Korean woman, for every famished Korean child the American ruling class, the American government is guilty.

IN 1905 the United States, Great Britain and Japan secretly agreed to recognize specific areas of Asia as exclusive zones for respective exploitation. The Koreans were turned over to Japan and when their government appealed to President Theodore Roosevelt to come to its aid, as provided for in a treaty signed in 1883, the President dismissed the plea with the remark that "Koreans could not strike one blow in their own defense."

In revolt after revolt and in continual guerrilla warfare against the Japanese, the Koreans were to prove President Roosevelt wrong. It is clear now that he was not the last American President to be mistaken about the capabilities and the militancy of the Korean people.

As soon as the reactionary and imperialist nature of the American occupation in South Koreau and of its creature, the Rhee clique became clear, demonstrations, strikes, uprisings and guerrilla warfare appeared once again. These appeared, be it observed, in South Korea only—not in North Korea. Uprisings come from oppression. In North Korea the people ruled—therefore no revolts; in South Korea a new foreign master and new Korean traitors held power—therefore constant rebellion.

All Asia, all the colonial world, is in revolt. "No longer," says Mao Tse-tung, "shall China be an insulted nation," and every "insulted nation" from Korea to Nigeria vigorously assents. And for a generation the very fact of the existence of the liberated Eurasian land mass, the U.S.S.R., has sent its freedom-inspiring red beams into the hearts and hovels of the world's submerged masses.

All this, and the releasing of the Japanese yoke plus the fact that in North Korea freedom had come—the farmer possessed the land, the woman possessed herself—made the life of the Rhee regime one continual war against its people. *The central aim in the people's struggle, the thread binding all together—except the treasonous Rhee clique —was the burning desire for national unity.*

In the fall of 1946, the spring of 1947 and early in the winter of 1948 gigantic strikes of scores of thousands of workers rocked South Korea and only mass murder and imprisonment terminated them. In April, 1948, after extraordinary police terror, the whole population

on the island of Chyei-jyu, off the South coast, rose in rebellion. Reported the U.N. Commission in Korea to the fourth session of the U.N. General Assembly: "With the aim of suppression, the Government sent large forces of troops to this island, but the disorders did not die down until the beginning of 1949. Military operations had not ended even on May 19 [1949]. Villages were reduced to ashes. . . ."

One of the regiments ordered to assist in this slaughter mutinied, in October, 1948, and rebellion immediately flared up. After days of fighting the uprising was crushed, though many of the rebels joined guerrillas in the mountains.

An American photographer witnessed the government's "mopping-up" operation, and described the "questioning" of prisoners. Here is what he saw, as reported in *Life,* November 15, 1948:

> "We watched from the sidelines of a huge playground with the women and children of Suchon while all of their men and boys were screened for loyalty. Four young men stripped to their shorts were on their knees begging. One had his hands up in a symbol of prayer. Suddenly these suppliant hands were crushed into his mouth and nose as a rifle butt smashed out his teeth.
>
> "Behind them stood two men with clubs. They beat the kneeling group over heads and backs until the beaters, grinning, had to pause for breath. A policeman wearing black glasses and a Japanese helmet danced madly before the victims. Uttering staccato barks, he alternately spun his carbine butt forward and smashed a kneeling man in the face, then twirled the gun muzzle downward and feigned shooting. Finally, without missing a stroke, he charged like a goat, helmet lowered, and smashed the steel hat into the begging victim's head."

All the while, in the playground, women and children watched. "Wholesome" was the way John Foster Dulles described this "government" at the last July Fourth celebration in Washington.

THE existence of the Rhee clique depended upon the suppression of the South Korean people, the pursuance of a policy of aggression against the Korean People's Democratic Republic and the prevention of Korean unity. Only this would merit support from American imperialism and without the master's support the creature would vanish.


U.S.
IMPERIALISM
KOREA

None of this was hidden. The evidence of the suppressive nature of the regime has been presented. Its aggressive policy was also asserted with naked brutality. When and by whom?

The Seoul correspondent, Allen Raymond, of the New York *Herald Tribune* (August 5, 1949) declared: *"The one outstanding thing about the South Korean army, now it has been purged several times of Communist infiltrations, is its outspoken desire to take the offensive against North Korea. It wants to cross the border."* The United Press reported from Tokyo, October 31, 1949: "Sihn Sung Mo, South Korean defense minister, said today that *his army is ready and waiting to invade Communist North Korea but has been restrained by American officials . . . 'If we had our own way we would, I'm sure, have started up already,' he told a press conference. 'But we had to wait until they (American government leaders) are ready. They keep telling us, No no, wait. You are not ready.'"*

Finally, from Seoul on March 1, 1950, came this item (New York *Times,* March 2, 1950): "President Syngman Rhee today told the Korean people that despite advice given by 'friends from across the seas' not to attack the 'foreign puppets' in North Korea the cries of 'our brothers in distress' in the north could not be ignored. *'To this call we shall respond,' he said."*

On the other hand, as Walter Sullivan reports from Hong Kong on June 26, 1950, "The theme song of the official North Korean radio during the past year has been the quest for 'peaceful unification of the Fatherland,'" that "the warlike talk" has come from the Rhee group and that "on a number of occasions Dr. Rhee has indicated that his army would have taken the offensive if Washington had given its consent."

A necessary precondition for the achievement of a free Korea is the forging of a united Korea. Therefore the Rhee group as the enemies of freedom have been the enemies of unity and thus, in fact, traitors. Here are the facts on the quest for Korean unification.

At Cairo in 1943, the United States, Great Britain and China "mindful of the enslavement of the people of Korea" declared themselves "determined that in due course Korea shall become free and independent." In the summer of 1945 the Soviet Union joined in the Cairo Declaration.

In September, 1945, the United States and the Soviet Union occu

pied their respective zones of liberated Korea. In Moscow, December, 1945, at the Soviet Union's suggestion, Great Britain, China, the United States and the Soviet Union agreed on the following arrangement: A Joint Commission of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. was to assist, in consultation "with Korean democratic parties and social organizations," in the formation of a provisional Korean government. The Joint Commission and this provisional government were then to work out the details of a trusteeship for Korea which was to terminate, in not over five years, in the creation of a free, united and sovereign nation.

All organizations and parties in Korea hailed this arrangement with the exception of the extreme right, headed by Rhee. By February, 1946, Rhee was bold enough to assert publicly that "no one in General Hodge's office or in the Military Government is in favor of an Allied trusteeship" (New York *Times,* February 15, 1946). Official American denials could not hide the truth: American-Rhee determination to prevent the implementing of the Moscow Agreement. By December, 1946, as Professor McCune wrote in *Pacific Affairs,* March, 1947:

"Rhee arrived in the United States . . . to propose that South Korea be given independent governmental status and be admitted into the United Nations. His mission," McCune continued, "was opposed by moderate Koreans, and was violently denounced by the leftist groups." The professor remarked naively that the Rhee mission was "contrary to American expressed aims" and he therefore found it "surprising" that Rhee "was given air priority for his trip, was granted a long conference with General MacArthur and in other ways favorably treated."

Denials on the one hand and priorities on the other! The fact is that Rhee was American-picked and American-backed and the further fact is that the United States scuttled the Moscow Agreement and did within two years exactly what Rhee had sought.

In 1947 when it was clear the Rhee clique would never implement the Moscow agreement, the Soviet Union recommended that all occupation troops be withdrawn from Korea and that its people freely choose their own government. Again all Koreans, except the Rhee traitors, hailed the proposal, but the United States turned it down and instead proposed the establishment of a United Nations Investigating Commission in Korea, to be followed by an election held with foreign troops present. This proposal the U.S.S.R. rejected.

Nevertheless, at American initiative the U.N. Investigating Commission was appointed and went to South Korea. This Commission itself *unanimously opposed the establishment of a national government in South Korea because, it said, that would "harden and perpetuate the existing division of Korea."* A bare majority did recommend an election for "consultative purposes," but said that before even such an election was held reforms were needed. "The police," said the Commission, "may arrest or detain a person three or five months, and it may be not only one person but a thousand people. They may even arrest ten thousand to fifty thousand people. . . . Any individual Korean is at the mercy of the police."

This report was made to the U.N. Interim Committee (the so-called "Little Assembly"—not even provided for in the U.N. charter). At American insistence this committee voted not only to hold elections in May, 1948, despite the conditions complained of, but to hold elections not for consultative purposes, as recommended, but for the purposes of erecting a Korean "government" as unanimously opposed by the Investigating Committee itself!

The Korean people were outraged. Even leading conservatives like Kim Koo and Kimm Kin-sic denounced the move with the latter resigning as chairman of the South Korean Interim Legislative Assembly, half of whose members were designated by General Hodge!

Meanwhile the provisional assembly in North Korea had called for the holding of a National Unity Conference to be held at Pyongyang beginning April 22, 1948. This conference was attended not only by Northern representatives but also present, despite terror, were 240 delegates (including Kim Koo and Kimm Kin-sic) from fifty-seven South Korean organizations.

On May 1, 1948, this Unity Conference issued its proposals for a united, progressive Korea, general elections to be held in August, 1948, the adoption of a national constitution and the withdrawal of all occupation troops. This, reported Maxwell S. Stewart in *The Nation*, May 22, 1948, "not only won general approval in North Korea but substantial support from right, moderate, and left groups in the South."

On May 8, 1948, the U.N. election was held in South Korea. The presence of a terrorist governing body had been pointed out by the U.N.'s own committee and the additional conclusive evidence of this

has been presented earlier in this article. Despite this fact the mass of South Koreans boycotted the elections and only thirty per cent of the electorate voted.

That summer, on the other hand, the elections called for by the National Unity Conference saw over ninety-five per cent of the electorate vote in the North and over seventy-five per cent vote in the South, despite, in the latter area, wholesale terror, arrests and murders. Thus was established the Korean People's Democratic Republic *and its Assembly contained as many Southern representatives as Northern.* Its President was Kim Il-sung; its Vice President, Heong Ki Doo, a Methodist minister; its Secretary, Kang Lang Ook, a Presbyterian minister. Included among its leading personalities were men like Oh Ki-sup, Minister of Labor, who had spent almost fourteen years in prison during the Japanese occupation and Kang Chin-kuan, president of the Farmers' Union, a veteran of nineteen years in continual confinement.

It was at the request of this Assembly that the Soviet Union began the removal of its troops from Korea in the fall of 1948, completing this action on Christmas Day. The United States occupation troops were not withdrawn until June, 1949, and even then 500 military advisers remained in direct supervision of Rhee's army.

During the ensuing year, as we have seen the New York *Times* admit, the Korean People's Democratic Government has sought for peaceful unification. And despite the Rhee terror pressure for this was persistently and openly applied in the South.

Thus, the Associated Press reported from Seoul on March 14, 1950, the arrest of thirteen members of the South Korean Assembly for supporting unity moves and demanding the withdrawal of all foreign military units. Despite this outrage, the majority of that Assembly favored, the same month, the curbing of Rhee's power through a constitutional amendment making the cabinet responsible to it and not to him, but the necessary two-thirds vote (especially with thirteen members in prison) could not be obtained.

That the Rhee traitors had lost all support appeared in May when belated elections to the Assembly were held. With most of the Left underground, bona-fide democratic labor and mass organizations outlawed and the brutal police and other armed mercenaries supervising the election Rhee still was defeated! Out of 210 seats, Rhee's clique

captured forty-eight, the voters, reported the New York *Times,* June 1 1950, supporting "those whom the police had persecuted, regardless of their political principles." Rhee nevertheless remained "President."

The Pyongyang government now pressed forward again with unity proposals. On June 9 it offered, as reported in the New York *Herald Tribune,* July 3, 1950, a five-point program for unity including direct negotiations between the Assemblies at Pyongyang and Seoul to begin June 15, national elections and the convocation of a united national assembly not later than August, 1950. The Rhee clique rejected this proposal and issued "a warning that any South Korean who responded to the invitation would be considered a traitor"! (Robert S. Allen in New York *Post,* July 3, 1950.)

Nevertheless delegates from Pyongyang appeared with the proposals in writing, on June 11, at the designated rendezvous. They were met by a representative of the U.N. Commission to whom they gave the document. Upon parting, "suddenly, without warning, the South Koreans opened heavy fire" (New York *Post,* July 3, 1950) and arrested the Pyongyang delegation. This was reported by the U.N. representative to Lake Success, *but it was not made public in the United States until June 30, when American intervention in Korea was in full swing.*

What did the Pyongyang government do? On June 19 President Kim Il-sung announced that North Korea had *"made a proposal for attaining peaceful unification for the Fatherland through the uniting of the Supreme People's Assembly of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea and the South Korean National Assembly into a single all-Korean legislative body."*

Remember Rhee's clique was not in a majority even in its "own" Assembly. It was desperate. What did it do? In the New York *Herald Tribune* of June 26, 1950, Homer Bigart wrote: "It may now be revealed that two weeks ago Korean Ambassador John Myun Chang warned high officials of the State Department that his country was on the verge of collapse. . . . He pleaded for some guaranty of armed intervention by the United States in the event of war. . . . As a result of this plea, John Foster Dulles . . . visited South Korea a week ago."

At the same moment General Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Defense Secretary Johnson were in Tokyo conferring with General MacArthur. Then "a detail of American bombers, including

the newest and largest types, was ordered to the Far East immediately. . . . Bradley and Johnson returned [to Washington on June 24] convinced that a new activist policy was essential. . . . Such a decision had been taken by a unanimous vote of the Joint Chiefs of Staff as long ago as last January" (Marquis Childs, New York *Post,* June 28, 1950).

On June 25, 1950, general fighting commenced in Korea.

WHO committed the aggression? "The evidence of aggression," says *The Nation* of July 8, 1950, is "unanswerable." And it finds the Pyongyang government "unanswerably" guilty. From the New York *Compass* through the Hearst press, from *The Nation* through *The Saturday Evening Post* this is the verdict.

What is the "evidence"? The Rhee clique and the Pyongyang government accuse each other. However, the U.N. Commission on Korea has rendered its decision and that supports Rhee.

But what did the U.N. Commission on Korea say? That Commission, with headquarters in South Korea, wired: *"Government of Republic of Korea states* that about 04:00 hrs, 25 June attacks were launched in strength by northern Korean forces. . . . Pyongyang radio allegation at 13:35 hrs of south Korean invasion across Parallel during night *declared entirely false by President and Foreign Minister."*

We find then that the U.N. Commission simply repeats and relays the assertions of the fascist Rhee and his erstwhile police butcher, turned Foreign Minister, and this *is* what *The Nation* finds "unanswerable"! Moreover, bear in mind that the U.N. Commission itself is pro-Rhee, and pro-Truman, with its personnel comprising representatives from France, Turkey, Salvador, India, the Philippines, Australia—and Chiang Kai-shek, including such savory characters as Yu-Wan Lin, formerly Chiang Kai-shek's consul general in Seoul!

The *New Republic* of July 3 has two more "arguments." It is absurd to believe that Rhee would attack a power "whose solid ranks extend all the way to Finland and West Germany." Why then should Pyongyang attack a power whose solid ranks extend all the way to Japan and East Germany? But the *New Republic's* clincher comes in its discovery that "the early fighting was almost all on South Korean soil." Correct. And *all* the early fighting in the American Civil War occurred on Confederate soil—but still it was not Lincoln who attacked Fort Sumter!

The fact is that the Rhee clique was a conglomeration of traitors i the pay of the American bourgeoisie. The further fact is that th clique, despite terror and torture, had lost all semblance of real pow by June, 1950, and that it, with the promise and reality of America support and having nothing to lose, launched an armed counte revolutionary and pro-imperialist assault upon *all* the Korean people o June 25, 1950. The entire people rose up and destroyed the power c that clique and its 100,000 Japanese and American trained mercenarie within five days. That is why "with great disappointment the Amer cans watched the virtual rout of this army, an army they thought on of the best in Asia" (United Press, July 7, 1950)—a "Korean" arm whose officer corps, including its Commander-in-Chief, fought for th Japanese occupiers but five years ago! (Imagine a Nigerian army o liberation commanded by Churchill!)

And that is why Truman first sent planes and ships and then askee the U.N. if that was all right; that is why Truman drafted a note o Sunday, June 25, to the Soviet Union ostensibly seeking its help to en the fighting, but delayed sending it until Tuesday, June 27; that is wh Truman first ordered full military sanctions against Korea and ther got the U.N. Security Council—minus the U.S.S.R. and the Chinese Republic!—to approve such action.

Yes, the evidence of an American frame-up in Korea is clear. Actually from the Foley Square frame-up to the Korean frame-up is a straight line. There is no reason why an administration which employs stool-pigeons to undermine civil liberties should hesitate to use Rhees to undermine peace.

WHAT does the United States hope to gain by this venture? First of all—Korea, and no nonsense about a Thirty-Eighth Parallel, either. As Rhee put it "The people of both North and South Korea are looking forward to an early liberation from Communist slavery," and the *New Republic* chimes in: "It will not be enough merely to push the North Koreans back to the 38th Parallel." In 1940 Korea mined more iron ore than Manchuria and she's rich in gold, aluminum, chemicals, graphite, lead, zinc, nickel and tungsten. In the good old days investments yielded thirty-three per cent annually and 83,000 landlords owned two-thirds of the rich earth. Moreover, Korea was

used eight times, in the past, as the base for major assaults upon China and Russia. Such a base would be handy again.

Secondly, Korea has served as Truman's pretext for direct American armed intervention in Formosa (*i.e.,* in China), the Philippines and Indo-China.

In accomplishing this bare-faced assault upon the integrity and sovereignty of peoples Truman did not even attempt to obtain the approval of the decimated and terrified Security Council.

Thirdly, Korea has served as the pretext for further repression of all progressive movements in Japan, for increasing its armed force ("police") to 200,000 men, for speeding the move to accomplish the open and full-scale rearming of the revived Japanese cartelists and for the demand by the United States, reports the New York *Times,* July 10, 1950, "not only to maintain military bases in Japan, but to move troops freely around the Japanese islands."

Fourthly, Korea has served as the pretext for naked American intervention against the liberation efforts of all Asian peoples. Why block those efforts? The London *Economist* of June 19, 1948, tells us:

> "Southeast Asia is today a region of primary importance in world economy as a supplier of foodstuffs and raw materials. . . . Above all, it is in part, and potentially to a much greater extent than now, a dollar earning area. . . . The conditions of developing still further this capacity to earn dollars and meet the world demand for food and raw materials is that stability and order should be maintained in the face of nationalist demands."

The stakes at home are also of great consequence to the American ruling class. First—easy, quick and fabulous profits. Says *Newsweek* on July 10, 1950: "A localized war, possibly followed by other 'incidents,' would ensure heavy defense spending for a long time. That in turn would put a more or less permanent prop under the present high level of industrial activity. . . . Depression jitters should virtually disappear." Says the financial editor of the New York *Post* on June 27-28, 1950, as a selling wave hits Wall Street: "This was the selling of frightened people—not professionals, not big financiers. . . . The big boys weren't dumping on the plunge. . . . As I checked with top-notch financiers during the peak of the selling, I found them taking

almost rueful pleasure in the debacle." And even this editor's stomac is turned by the response in the commodity market: ". . . there something revolting about this week's commodity boom—so plain keyed to disaster . . . speculators are having a field day. . . . There something ghoulish about the handclapping . . . as the price advanc pour fortunes in dollars and gold into the treasuries of the producir nations . . . there it is, a boom impelled by headlines of war. . .

Second—increased repression at home. Fifteen years ago whe Pegler—that creature whose human form is an insult to all mankind- rejoiced at a California lynching, everywhere voices of protest aros Now he demands we "shoot or otherwise put to death" all Communis Whom he has in mind is clear when he expresses regret that C.I.O organizers were not shot and when he declares on June 29, 1950, th the late "Governor Frank Murphy, the coward who later went to th Supreme Court, should have been tried and put to death." There is n cry of protest; on the contrary others join the lynchers. This is b symptomatic of increased attacks all along the line, as indicated Truman's breaking of the railroad switchmen's strike on the avow pretext of the "Korean war," and the indecent scuttling of F.E.P.C basic to the Negro people's liberation movement. Above all—atta the crusade for peace by tremendous propaganda and by the physic intimidation and arrest of many collecting signatures for the outla ing of atomic weapons.

THE program cannot succeed. The Seventh Fleet may patrol t seas around Formosa but what ships will patrol the veins of t people of Formosa? MacArthur will search in vain for Russians Korea, but the thirty million Koreans have made and will continue make their presence felt.

"Even with the prospect of American aid," reports the Associat Press on June 22, 1950, "there is no end in sight to the costly war French Indo-China." And the French have had an army of 120,0 (30,000 of them Nazi "volunteers") fighting the twenty-five milli Indo-Chinese for almost five years. How many years and how ma American lives does Truman intend to dedicate to the subjugation 30,000,000 Koreans?

The Koreans and Indo-Chinese and people of Formosa togeth number "only" some 60,000,000. What of the remaining 600,000,0

millions now in various stages of their national liberation movements? Before coming to the Orient," wrote Stewart Alsop in the New York *Herald Tribune* on June 22, 1949, "this reporter suspected that the new postwar Asiatic nationalism was largely a surface phenomenon. . . It is nothing of the sort. It is a deep and universal force." Somewhat later Christopher Rand reported in the same paper (January 26, 1950): "Communism has rarely spread into Asiatic countries through outside force—a point diligently obscured by interested propagandists, but one that must be grasped. . . ."

This is why, as Walter Lippmann laments (July 4, 1950) the only great power which does not have troops fighting in Asia is the Soviet Union, but Communism advances, while the British, French, Dutch and Americans have hundreds of thousands of troops there and yet "have all but been ousted from eastern Asia." This is why, as Harold R. Isaacs states in the New York *Post,* July 5, 1950, the United States can win in Korea only if it engages in an all-out war *"that will inflict such damage on the country and its people as to efface, perhaps, the political fruits of any military victory."* The true vista of fascism!

For this Truman calls upon American working people, American parents, American youth to die. Is this what the American Negro people will support? The *Herald Tribune* of June 28, 1950, finds a spirit in the United States "verging on enthusiasm," for the Truman-MacArthur frame-up. "Verging," indeed!

There is doubt, confusion, cynicism, fear; there is no enthusiasm. And as the casualties mount, as the truth presses home, fear will turn to hate and confusion to conviction and the American people will repudiate the ruling class' course of fascism and war.

WHAT is the duty of a patriotic American today? A person who loves this land and its people, a person who seeks dignity and equality and justice must join the ranks of Thoreau and Emerson, Lowell and Whittier, Lincoln and Douglass, Twain and Howells, Randolph Bourne and Eugene Debs. Each denounced robber wars in his day and each is honored for it today.

Over a hundred years ago four state legislatures—Rhode Island, Vermont, Massachusetts and Maryland—officially condemned the Mexican War, and Massachusetts called upon its citizens to arrest it "in every just way." In fact, rising popular wrath induced the House

of Representatives of the United States, after eighteen months of wa but prior to the signing of a peace treaty, to formally resolve, i January, 1948, that the war had been "unnecessarily and unconstitu tionally begun by the President of the United States." This was carrie by four votes and voting with the majority was Abraham Lincol

We cannot wait eighteen months. Already hints are put out tha the atom bomb—the American ruling class' portable concentratio camp—is to be used in Korea.

The Korean people—the Chinese people—all people have the righ to choose their own form of government.

Stop the bloodletting in Korea! Withdraw all foreign military force from Asia!

The crusade in this country in support of the Stockholm appeal t outlaw atomic weapons should be broadened and its tempo enhance The United States government must agree to the outlawing of atomi weapons.

A Congress pledged to peace and civil liberties must be elected thi November.

For these aims we must strive in order to live.

Pittsburgh Experiment

by PHILLIP BONOSKY

I GAZE down over the dark midnight hill to Pittsburgh's South Side, now lit up by a huge Bessemer converter that throws up a Biblical pillar of smoke-and-fire high over the city, high over the Monongahela. There is a heavy scent of sweet clover which covers the hill that runs down to the mill and the river. The huge vast slum of South Side Pittsburgh lies mercifully covered by darkness: only the sudden light of the mill startles it in all its naked ugliness, revealing the slum houses drunkenly leaning against each other, the long dark barn of the mill that stretches for a mile along the river and moans and cries all night long.

My sister Toni had often stood at the gates of that mill to hand out Progressive Party leaflets to the workers going in and out. I had seen her standing there myself on a rainy afternoon. To the workers her long yellow hair, her efficient way of catching everybody with a leaflet, her quick laughing answers to their workingmen jokes were familiar things, for she covered those gates regularly during the Progressive Party campaign. "What've you got today, Toni?" they'd ask, and she'd answer with a laugh: "Vote for the Progressive Party!"

Then she hurried up a winding goat trail to the Arlington Heights Housing Project in time to meet her seven-year-old Kurt coming home from school and to relieve the baby-sitter who sat smacking chewing-gum over a movie fan magazine while tiny Sharon, aged three, napped.

That evening she was gone again to knock on sooty doors for voting pledges from the South Side workers. From there she'd rush to attend the Progressive Party club meeting where she served as treasurer. Once in a while she'd meet, in her Progressive Party work, a man with gray snake's eyes, who spoke with a German accent, but made himself very

helpful. Hands were few and help was welcome. How was she to kno that he was an F.B.I. spy who was trying to lay a trap for her and mar others? Or how could she know—and why should she even worry abo it?—that a stocky man with a pathetic whining voice who worke diligently among Slavs and Progressive Party groups was also a stoc pigeon who slunk every night back to the William Penn Hotel (whi keeping another address and living there under another name) an with a big jar of pills beside him, jotted down names and address and spun weird tales about them? Toni had never met a spy or a stoc pigeon before in her life. Such things were strictly abnormal psycholo to her.

For she was, after all, only a young mother, separated from her hu band, living with her two children on relief. She had to fight grim every moment of the month to make ends meet on a $95 allotment: send Kurt to school clean and respectably dressed, to keep Sharon healt and well. But she also saw no reason why, because of that, she had vote Republican or Democratic. She had not the slightest hint that o day she would be sitting in a Pittsburgh court defending herself, h children and millions of other Americans already on relief or about be in their American right to believe what they wish and to vote they choose.

She thought at first that she alone was the object of attack, and th she realized that she was only part of a vaster plot, a scheme whi was to become known as the "Pittsburgh Incident."

It ran like this. The huge Westinghouse plant in East Pittsburgh w split down the middle by the Association of Catholic Trade Unionis the James Carey ("We'll fight with the fascists")-I.U.E. group. T papers had been thundering against the United Electrical Work forces, the priests had mounted their pulpits with excommunications their lips: the vote would be touch-and-go in the plant. There w already more than 400,000 on the relief rolls in the state, and the list growing. Demands were rising in the press to cut the cost of relief, preparations were in the making to knock off two dollars a head. T cold war nationally was in danger of thawing out into ditch water fr disinterest. The workers were stirring. Speedup had increased to point where in the huge Homestead plant over 2,000 workers were p manently displaced while production ratios zoomed even higher. W cat strikes sprang up everywhere. Mutterings arose among the s

orkers against the sell-out policies of Phil Murray and his stooges in e C.I.O. Discontent spread in the charged air.

It was this moment that the Mellon, Jones Laughlin and Frick inter- ts chose for their "experiment." The "experiment" was to be a cold- ooded attempt to provoke a Red scare, to panic the people, to crush ie Left-led unions and whip up the cold war. If successful, it was to be ctended to other cities in the country.

It opened with a bang in Washington when a certain Matt Cvetic ppeared, identified himself as having been a member of the Commu- ist Party of Western Pennsylvania, and then—while the country vaited for him to drop the other shoe—gave out a list of names. wiftly the three chain newspapers of Pittsburgh, the Scripps-Howard *Press,* the Hearst *Sun-Telegraph,* the Block *Post-Gazette* now took up ne cue in the well-oiled plot. The names were published in heavy lack print. Then the newspapers called up the employers and demanded hat those named by Cvetic be fired. Reporters were sent all over the rea pounding on doors, questioning neighbors, looking up records, abricating tales. Steve Nelson, organizer for the Communist Party in Western Pennsylvania, had long before been "identified" as an atom- omb "spy": and the papers once again took up the hue and cry. Day after day the same hysterical note was struck—day after day.

AND then on April 2, in a headline above the headline—"just like they declare war," Toni said—appeared this streamer in the *Sun-Tele*: BLONDE ON RELIEF LISTED AS "QUEEN" OF REDS HERE. The story, in brutal newspaper argot, revealed that Cvetic had named Toni as a Communist, that she lived in a U.S. housing project and had two children. Then the paper noted that she had allegedly signed an affi- davit in order to be elegible for public assistance that read that she would not ". . . at any time while receiving public assistance, advocate and actively participate, by an overt act or acts, in a movement proposing a change in the form of the government of the United States by means not provided for in the Constitution of the United States."

Hardly had the newspapers published this than her phone began to ring. At one A.M. that morning, a woman's voice shrieked, "Toni's a rat!" Then a man's, "I'm going to come down and blow the house up with a bomb!" There was no sleep for her that night. Little Sharon meanwhile lay sick with chicken pox. Next day a newspaper reporter

from the *Press* arrived at the door and demanded entrance. Already bes by a relief investigator, whom the neighbors called Ilse Koch, who w trying to brow-beat her into "admitting" she was a Communist, To shut the door against the photographer. Outraged, cursing, he pounde with both fists on the door, threatening her; and Toni stood shaking the room, while little Sharon ran weeping away crying, "I don't like m Mommie! She cries too much!"

Kurt stumbled home from school. The kids had yelled at him, "Yo mother's a Queen! Your mother's a Communist! Your mother's a Ru sian lookout; she's an atom-bomb spy!" His teacher had greeted hi that morning with, "I saw your mother's picture in the papers, Kurt —and then, for the first time in his school career, gave him three U (unsatisfactories) at the end of the month.

Toni felt as though she were alone in the whole wide world whi a mad pack waited for her outside. When the telephone rang s jumped. She jumped when she heard a knock on the door. When s turned the radio on, she heard the announcer refer to her as the "R Queen of Pittsburgh."

"It took all my courage," she said, "to open the door and take t garbage out. I thought my neighbors would spit at me. I just want to close all the doors and windows and hide."

She looked at me with eyes still holding a trace of that first fear a said, "At the same time I couldn't really understand it all. What c they want with *me?* Who was I to deserve all this attention?"

"In the beginning," Toni said to me, as I sat in her kitchen stari over the midnight hill to the flaming Bessemer, "I was terrified. B as time went on I lost my fear. I got mad instead. I think they expect me to turn over and die from fear—to accept their terror meekly. Th knew I was too poor to have an attorney. They certainly didn't offer any. They made all the announcements to the press—that's where had to get my information. Kurt heard it first on the radio and moan 'Oo, Mommie, that's you!' That's what infuriated me. They said th would throw *me* off relief, but not the kids, because they were 'in cent victims.' But if children are such innocent victims why do th print their names, ages and address so that any psychopath knows wh to come—knowing that he is protected in advance because the ne papers have put me outside the protection of the law? I'm terrified wh my kid is late coming home from school."

A neighbor came in to see Toni. "Toni," she said, "the F.B.I.'s been to my place and asked about you." And then it turned out that the F.B.I. had been trying to organize slander against Toni. "What kind of mother is she?" they wanted to know. "Better than I am!" the neighbor answered indignantly.

The press outreaches itself. Neighbors, who, in the first days, had looked the other way when Toni appeared, now began to express their horror at the treatment she was receiving. The bus driver, who had lost his tongue, found it again.

With great courage, Toni forced herself to resume her daily routine. When they refused to cash her checks where they always cashed them before, she took that in her stride; she accepted the haughty attitude of the girl who received her rent with a smile; she only winced when her little boy asked, "Is your picture going to be in the papers today, Mommie?"

She was supposed to collapse with fear and let the mighty state roll over her. Instead, she decided to appeal the state's decision—not only for herself, but for the 400,000 others in the state as well as the millions in the country. This *had* to be fought no matter what the lynchers tried to do: for freedom of speech and assembly were in peril.

"I don't care any more what the papers print about me," she said. "Everybody that knows me knows they are liars. They can't do anything worse. But I'm not going to be scared out of fighting. That's the one thing they don't expect a woman with two children to do—fight back."

WE TRAVELED home to neighboring Duquesne that Sunday to see our father who had just recovered from an illness. As we came into Duquesne, where we had both been born, and gazed on those formidable smokestacks and high blast furnace walls where I had once worked, the mill where my father had spent over forty years of his life, only to be retired some three or four years short of a full pension on half-pension of $30 a month, we felt again that sense of horror and hatred with which we had grown up watching the mill consume living human beings like straw. New furnaces had lately been erected and some 800 workers had been permanently displaced. My youngest brother had been laid off from Westinghouse and had scoured the country as far as Cleveland for a job, and couldn't find any. The Duquesne mill simply laughed at new applicants. That was the same

mill from which an older brother of mine who had "illegally" joine the underground "Communist" C.I.O. when it was first organizin was blacklisted back in the early thirties. The town paper, openl financed by U.S. Steel (the only "free press" I knew) had screamed the that there were plenty of hemp and telephone poles in Duquesne fo C.I.O. organizers. The only mayor I knew until I was in my twentie Mayor Crawford, a banker and landlord on a feudal scale, had declare in 1919 when William Z. Foster tried to speak to the steelworke in Duquesne, "I wouldn't give Jesus Christ himself a permit to spea for the A. F. of L. in Duquesne!"

We passed the library, Andrew Carnegie's mocking gift to our fathe who could neither read nor speak English and worked twelve hou a day in his mill, where, nevertheless, I first found a copy of Ka Marx's *Capital,* hallowed in dust, hidden on a back shelf. It was this library that we had to go during Hoover's depression with a wag to pick up our weekly box of groceries which the mill doled out to faithful serfs (since it had to keep them alive). We dragged the boxes humiliatingly home through town. Then we found worms the flour. That was the year my father made all of $50. When wo picked up again, each one of these boxes was paid for—the hi-jack price taken right out of the pay envelopes until every single dry be was paid for. At this library, too, the mill used to hand out box of hardtack candy to us working-class kids each Christmas. We lined for miles to get those boxes. God bless U.S. Steel, our town's Sa Claus!

We passed, too, the high school in which I struggled desolately w Ovid and refused to go to the blackboard because I didn't want expose the patch in my pants! Wonderful memories!

My father, sitting on the chair near the window, his face harrov with pain, greeted us in the lovely Lithuanian tongue which the p sure of American life almost destroyed in his children. Then, in c erence to this sad fact, he repeated his greeting in English. He lo back upon his life and tells us, "always too little to eat, too little wear, too little rest. . . ." He prepares us for his death quietly. strength of a mountain is in him, even now; it has taken that kin strength to survive the steel mill hell at a time when safety meas were a Communist plot, and when every worker expected sooner later to lose a hand or a leg. It had taken such courage to keep

anity in the days of the depression when his whole life's work was threatened with destruction. It took courage too to survive the humiliations poured on his head by bosses and foremen—witticisms about "greenhorns" and "hunkies." My mother, frightened at the press reports (which she cannot read) scolds my sister. One shouldn't affront the rulers, she tells her. And then she sings us a song about the Japanese-Russian war of 1905, her voice wailing and sorrowing and her yellow eyes again watching the conscripts driven off the land to their deaths.

Sorrow and oppression! That's what it's been. The mill whistle roars like an angry dog and our blood jumps and responds, "Three o'clock shift!" I hear, too, the ghostly sounds of horses as the state police and the Coal-and-Iron police drag union men by a rope behind them through the town. I remember Fanny Sellins who died across the river with a sheriff's bullet in her head!

MONDAY, Toni is in a courtroom facing justice for the first time in her life. Those two spies are there—one chomps on his gums, and the other, Cvetic, is warming old lies in his brain. He has been on speaking tours up and down the valley. James Carey has trotted him out on a platform to speak to the Westinghouse workers. They had watched this marriage of F.B.I.-spy and A.C.T.U.-labor leader with disgust.

The Assistant-Prosecuting Attorney opens the case with a declaration that he will prove that Toni is a Communist and that Communists believe in the violent overthrow of the government. For proof he will bring out Dietze, the German spy, and Cvetic, who will "interpret" Communist teachings.

Dietze swivels arrogantly on the witness chair, declares that he had been working for the F.B.I. and answers questions like this: "Yes and no—and no and yes." When pushed, "I do not wish to answer that question!" he snaps, then turns confidently to the judge. The internal security of the U.S. will be jeopardized, he says, if he is forced to prove how he got his information. His naked F.B.I. word, he says insolently, is sufficient. It has the force of law.

Cvetic, on the other hand, is plaintive, nervous, whining. He lies cautiously but wholesale, and volunteers passages from the *Communist Manifesto* and the *History of the C.P.S.U.* to prove that the Com-

munists believe in the violent overthrow of the government. A
though he is an "expert," it's news to him that the *Communist Man*
festo first appeared in 1848 in London. But this flusters nobod
He resists revealing why he regularly visits a psychiatrist; he says i
only for heart nervousness, although he admits his heart is "organ
cally" sound. "Why," he cries explosively, "my doctor said I w
one of the sanest men he ever met!" The courtroom rocks wi
laughter. While he admits that he pushed his sister-in-law, a
that she fell down and broke her wrist, he says there was no conne
tion between the two incidents. The judge won't permit the cou
selor's questions which would have led to the real reason why Cvet
attacked his sister-in-law that night and then did not contest t
suit that followed.

He, too, wraps himself in the F.B.I. toga. The foundations of t
republic would collapse if he were to reveal who paid his hotel b
how many aliases he used and for what purposes, how he made l
living now that he was no longer working for the F.B.I., how he fitt
in with the "Pittsburgh Incident," how it happened that he sudden
appeared before the Un-American Committee, and now at this he
ing was testifying against a woman he hardly even knew!

The Assistant Prosecuting Attorney, winding like a windmill, dr
the judge's attention to "what the Communists were doing in Kore
and averred that if Toni were permitted to stay on relief, Ko
no doubt would fall!

Toni's neighbors come down to the courtroom to watch the frar
up with their own eyes. The *Press* publishes Toni's picture again o
the caption: "Bites the Hand That Feeds Her." Toni rides cal
back and forth by streetcar, sitting next to people who stare at
picture and never dream that they are beside the "Red Queen"
person! The Civil Rights Congress and the Progressive Party str
back. The indefatigable and able lawyer, Mr. Schlesinger, a li
man, spears Cvetic and Dietze with quick, paralyzing questions wh
they only elude by turning helplessly and yearningly to the judge v
comes to their rescue.

The men are stripped; the lies are laid bare. The press covers
The judge rocks back and forth, "over-ruling." President Tru
sing-songs about war and peace in Washington, and American b
die on a Korean battlefield.

Outside the courtroom Pittsburgh booms. The mills are working at 101 per cent of capacity, but no one is happy, no one feels secure. War talk fills the troubled air. People read the newspapers with foreboding. The white-and-blue "honor rolls" that stand in the squares of all these communities near Pittsburgh are filed with lists of "unpronounceable" names: Poles, Slovaks, Russians, Italians, Czechs, Rumanians . . . liberally gold-starred.

My sister sits silently on the streetcar coming home. Her blue troubled eyes look unseeing out of the window as we pass strip after strip of dirty, rotting houses where the workers of Pittsburgh live. She shudders and sighs. "This trial has been an education to me," she says. "As I sit hour after hour in the courtroom listening to Dietze and Cvetic lie and lie, and look at the judge, at the prosecuting attorney, I suddenly realize that all these people are terribly afraid. Not of me, of course—of *us*. To think," she says, staring out at the South Side mill, its somber walls stretching out of sight, "to think that the government of the United States would stoop so low as to depend on stoolpigeons and spies to fight one mother and two children! How many people know about this?"

We get off the streetcar and board the bus which toils its way up the winding hill home. "Hello, Toni," a neighbor greets her. "Hello," she replies.

And then we are at the door, and Kurt and Sharon are in her arms.

• •

My sister's case, which is destined for the U.S. Supreme Court, needs fighting funds badly. Please send funds to Civil Rights Defense, c/o H. Schlesinger, 1410 *Park Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Old Lady McCloskey and the Self

by ETTORE RELLA

I

FURNISHED rooms, three stories,
and a many-storied story of blood in each room—
this is where I return—
like the other tenants and yet not like them at all—
at the end of each day
this is where we return to refresh ourselves—

I see them now—
some of those who live in front, already home,
guardedly behind the glass where the setting sun
makes a folding and unfolding fire,
one moment flashing the faces away, and the next
shifting them back, cold and clear—

and I know they are saying,

"here comes old lady McCloskey—
red flame of the roominghouse—
(how old is she? sixty? or more—even more?
my god, will I be sixty?—)
poor old soul, at HER age,
still working for a living—
keeping her spirits up with the illusion
that she can set this wrong world right—
this wrong wrong world that shall never be right—
she's got the right to be mad—so have I—
but I know better than to beat out my brains

like a pathetic angel of wrath
forever holding forth with the Communist word—
as if there could be one right word for so much wrong—
I'd do wrong myself if I had the chance—:
I'd make somebody sweat for me—
nobody's different from anybody else
on THAT score—"

still at their windows, now, but turning away—and I see
that their heads
are crowned with flaming spikes of glass—
and now they have turned completely—and now, through
revolving doors of fire,
they are gone—

II

seeing only that it's only me
and not in the least (at least not yet) seeing what I see,
they go, headlong, each to his private darkness—
preferring to see that it's only me
here on the stoop in the burning dust of the evening,
and none of them willing (at least not yet) to see what I see—

clear and real in my mind
as if I held a bird in my hands,
tenderly, firmly—
these words from Japan
to the demonstration for peace
in the open air of the west—
benign and angry words
amplified by the microphone
till they stood in the evening air
loud as the advertising on the cartel blimp
cruising over the western park—
that island of dusty trees
in the New York ocean of stone and traffic
where the tarpaulined trucks
weave their secret way to the ammunition dumps—

bird from Japan
strangely iridescent in the translation
from east to west—
five million eastern signatures
to the western demonstration
and to hell with MacArthur—
these are the wings
that lifted the green leaves
into the occupied air of Japan and out over the
cold-blooded sea—

vast blue passage with the roaring floor
and the deep, deep cellar—the deep, quiet cellar
big enough for B-29's,
ships and castles and whales,
and the loll and the lurch of the nameless dead—

bird with five million, oriental names
settling with the evening
down upon the police-encircled demonstration in the west
shaking the crystalline death of the sea
from these iridescent feathers—from these green leaves—

III

Ascending the stairs, tonight, once more
I know I shall hear, behind each door, the chips of noise
flaked from the core of life
by the tenant in possession, flinging himself against
the window, the chair, the clothes-closet, the bureau, the bed-
the five stations for his private cross,
with the water-closet and the bath in the hall
shared with the public for six and seven—
and I shall speculate once more how many ways
these rounds can be made in the darkness
through seven stations in all their possible arrangements—
and I shall get lost for a moment—just for a moment—
trying to compute the terror

of the never-changing change of seven stations
no matter how you arrange them—

life—poor life—
ragged client of time,
hat in hand, waiting for first aid
in the empty office with the seven, whispering corners—

that's how hypnotized this tenant is—
he himself paying the rent
for his own doctor—
and then just standing there, hoping, and not even hoping,
when anyone, in his senses, knows
that time, in the rôle of the doctor, will never turn up
at the stricken heart in those seven corners
unless he be dragged by the collar—

and I have dragged him, time after time, at my own
expense—
making sure that he washed his hands
before he exposed the sick tissue, and making sure
that he went all the way, once he got started—
thinking each time
that now was the time the tenant could take it
when the probe got to the quick—
to the signature in the very pavement of his mind,
washed each day by his own blood but never erased,
"recognize necessity—be free—"

IV

Tonight, once more, they are saying, each one to himself,

"Mrs. McCloskey,—home again with her illusion—
or has she lost it? has she at last, like the rest of
us, come home from work
to hang at the bars of time and watch the trucks go by?
of course not—Mrs. McCloskey will die

pretending that she has the key
to a better life—winding herself up
until she thinks these corners (nailed forever to space)
are blurred in a circular motion,
giving out music like a top while they spin her
(that's what SHE thinks—)
off these nails, down from this cross,
balanced as a dancer turning at the heart of a
circular spectrum,
leaping lightly the awful and bottomless gaps
from minute to minute, hour to hour, day to day—
when surely she knows, and if she doesn't it's time she
SHOULD,
that what's true for me is true for her:
each morning, the self-inflicted confinement
(what argument can there be?) to the
strait-jacket of the job—
each evening, the self-selected release
in a self-service cafe
where the planetary smiles of other selves
revolve remotely—
each night, the self-imposed return
to the private cage, which the self,
unlike the more unusual animals in the zoo,
locks from the inside against the world—"

that's what they say, each one to himself,
that I am a sucker for a made-up song
because I am old and alone and therefore afraid t
sit still—
afraid to face what every tenant in the entire
world, they say, must face:
the moonlit ruin in the rented room
where the curtain at the window waves farewell
and the mirror opens on the endless maze
of the seven stations—

V

What would they think if they could see
that lonely old lady McCloskey
is being visited tonight
by five million Japanese?

sweet, iridescent, captive bird,
with a kiss, now, I release you
at the bottom of the stair with its reach of old rug
rising darkly past all the locked chambers
in the heart of the world—

I release you—
up from the drowned anguish at the bottom of the stair—
moonlight dripping from the ascent
of your snugly foliate form—

and when the tenant unlocks his door, peers down the hall,
makes a mad dash for the privacy
of the sixth and seventh stations,
will he know you are here?

the thrill of your wings in the dead air—
the thrust of your little pink feet
compelling the hand-worn rail of the banister
back to the spring of a living tree—?

or will his senses be fixed
on the wheel of the night, creaking at the top of
the stairwell?

and if he knows you are here, will he try to find you?
and if he finds you, will he prefer
a negative attitude? or will he
believe in you—and by believing
bring you forward
imperiously in all four
positive dimensions?

alert in his room, alone and fearful, his ear cocked
trying to figure out what's what in the hallway—,
he peeks out his door when I have passed—
is it only
lonely old lady McCloskey, home from work? is that
all it is? the lonely old lady? how could it be
anything else? and yet, isn't it also
a bird up and down and about the stairwell? my god, more
than that,
isn't it also millions of Japanese?—the lonely old lady,
that's all it is—that's all it CAN be— and yet, my god,
isn't it also
the wings of a bird in the corners of the night,
and isn't it also
millions of Japanese tiptoeing up the stairs with the
lonely old lady
to her room on the top floor?

I say, come see for yourself—
come see if it's only
me up here on the top floor
where the rot of the weather leaks through the
cracks in the skylight
and tall spiders walk on the air—
I say, come see for yourself if it's only
myself
or me with a most engaging, uncaged bird
and five million Japanese—
that's how many it is tonight—
and tomorrow night, TEN million—
that's what I said: TEN million—
according to all the auspices of these
auspicious indications,
TEN million—

REPORT FROM POLAND

by SAMUEL SILLEN

I HAVE just returned from a visit to nearby Oswiecim, which the Nazis called Auschwitz and where they exterminated four million human beings, the majority of them Jews. This is a good place to begin these brief notes on my first six days in the New Poland. For one thread runs through all my impressions. It is the theme of miraculous change and growth since Poland was liberated by the Red Army five years ago. It is the theme of Warsaw's wonderful reconstruction, of the advance to socialism under the people's democracy headed by a former worker, President Boleslaw Bierut. In a personal sense I may sum up the contrast between the old and the new in this way: my earliest memories are of the stories my father told about the militaristic, labor-crushing, anti-Semitic Poland which he had to flee as a boy, and my freshest impressions are of the free land to which I have come as a guest of the Union of Polish Writers. I have here crossed the frontiers of a new world.

It is only this which can enable one to endure the spectacle of Oswiecim. It is now a State Museum, this enormous marshland of death covering forty square kilometers. The Nazis, in their last desperate days, blew up the gas chambers and furnaces in order to hide their crimes, but the evidence is there—the chutes along which the bodies were slid into the pit, the gallows and the knout, the thousands of empty gas tins, the stacks of human hair and the elegant fabric which the Germans made from the hair, the flogging tables and the execution yards. And they will remain there behind the double line of once electrified barbed wire for all men to see what fascism means. Oswiecim was almost incredible to me before, and even when one sees it, full belief does not come easily. How can any civilized human being do anything but devote his life to fighting fascism!

My guide had been in the prison two and a half years: he was one of the few hundred who escaped of all the four million. We walked along the single-line train track which brought the victims from all parts of Europe: 110,000 from France, 400,000 from Hungary. At the end of the track is a ramp, the last stop, which led to the undressing chambers that opened directly on the gas chambers. No time lost, no space wasted. The German fascists were proud of their technical prowess. I was reminded of an anecdote which the Soviet writer Alexei Surkov had told me in Warsaw: a German soldier boasted of his technical superiority. To impress a Soviet peasant he flicked his cigarette lighter; the peasant blew at the flame and it went out. Then the peasant made a flame with his old-fashioned flint and the more the German blew the higher rose the flame.

I don't want here to attempt a detailed picture of Oswiecim, not because it is too harrowing—we must *not* turn our eyes away—but because it is, in the end, impossible. But the important thing is that in the new Poland, as one of my friends said, it already seems to have existed a long, long time ago. It is indeed a museum. I was with a writer of the German Democratic Republic, Kuba, and he talked about how eighty percent of the officials in Western Germany are Nazis, the same S.S. men who tended these furnaces. I had asked Kuba if the German people had really come to grips with the reality of Oswiecim. He said no, and then suggested a question as to whether the American people had, in view of the fact that the Nazi officials in Western Germany had been placed there by the United States. Capitalism is not benevolently judged in the gas corridors and human stables of Oswiecim.

Nor in the Warsaw Ghetto. I went there on my second day in Poland. What is there to say? It is nothing but field and rubble. You walk around and half your mind simply cannot believe that here were houses and people. There is only the fine bronze monument by Nathan Rappoport with its heroic figures of old and young Jews fighting with rocks and hand grenades, their backs to the wall, the flames above their determined heads. The inscription at the base is in Polish, Yiddish and Hebrew. It reads: "The Jewish People—to their heroes and martyrs." As I was reading the inscription, a group of about thirty boys, around fifteen years old, approached the monument. They were high school boys who were visiting with their teacher. They had come

from a small town a long way from Warsaw; I spoke with them through my interpreter. They were the children of workers and they were studying at a technical institution. None were Jews, but all said they had wanted to pay tribute to the heroes of the Ghetto whom they identified with Poland's national resistance. They wanted to know about America—did we still tolerate anti-Semitism? Was the revolutionary youth movement strong? What had been the response to the Stockholm appeal? I answered the questions as best I could, and then the boys asked that we all have our picture taken together. The young people were eager and curious and confident. Everywhere during this past week I have seen the accent on youth. It is this new generation, the generation of the builders of socialism, which is the real tribute to the heroes of the Warsaw Ghetto.

BUT of course it was not only the Ghetto that was smashed. Wherever you turn in Warsaw you see piles of rough red brick, neat piles gathered from the incredible ruins. And you also see the new buildings that have been made from such brick piles. It is a fabulous city. There are whole new avenues of model housing developments, and on some streets you get the impression that an entirely new city is being built in an entirely new place. For instance I visited a newly completed housing project for workers' families. In the center of the project is a nursery school which is beautifully equipped. In each of the four classrooms the children seemed so happy and busy that one could not help falling in love with all of them. Impossible to be here and not realize what loving care and thought had gone into the creation of this school by the government. And the children's pictures on the walls were significant. Some were of the new bridge that has been constructed a few streets away, pictures of the workers making the bridge, pictures of their bright new homes. In the children's drawings were reflected the two great themes of Warsaw life: they were of people and of construction.

One illustration of life in Warsaw today. I was to be interviewed for a broadcast over Polskie Radio. At first we attempted the interview in a room of the House of Literature, where sessions of the Polish Writers Congress were being held. But the building had just been completed this week, the furnishings were not all in, nor the rugs. The result was that the transcribing mechanism picked up echoes

and the engineer was unhappy about that. So we went downstairs and tried to make the transcribed broadcast in a car next to the engineer's sound truck. But that, as it turned out, was not so easy either. For in addition to the sound of picks chipping away at stone—a characteristic Warsaw sound—there was the putt-putt of a tractor motor on the corner. The radio engineer politely asked that the motor be stopped for a while, and the tractor man politely pointed out that he too had work to do on an excavation. He did, however, speed up his work and we finally made the broadcast from the car. It was played back to us immediately afterward and everything sounded fine. That is Warsaw as I have seen it for five days. New problems creating new solutions, and new solutions creating new problems and always the work going ahead, so that the city takes shape almost under your eyes.

THE Congress of the Union of Polish Writers opened in the magnificent Hall of the Council of State. Seated around me were the foreign delegates, a number of whom I had met before, some of them years ago. Here was Jorge Amado, the great writer of Brazil, who is in exile. Bodo Uhse of the German Democratic Republic, who spent most of his years of exile in Mexico, is now editor of the *Aufbau,* the excellent cultural and political monthly. Vladimir Pozner and Tristan Tzara were here from France, Jan Drda from Czechoslovakia and other writers from Hungary and Rumania. A prominent part in the Congress was played by Alexei Surkov, leading Soviet writer and editor of the publication *Ogonyek.*

The Congress was addressed by Prime Minister Joseph Cyrankiewicz. The president of the Writers Union, Leon Kruczkowski, in his opening address expressed regret that Howard Fast could not be present and said that the Congress had sent fraternal greetings to this great American writer as well as to Nazim Hikmet, also a prisoner.

The name of Howard Fast is highly honored in Poland, and not only at the Congress but wherever I went in Warsaw there was admiration for Fast, whose works are widely read here, and concern about his persecution. While Howard Fast is hounded by the authorities in our country, he is genuinely loved as a writer and public figure by millions throughout the world. In Paris last year, in Warsaw this year, I have been deeply stirred by the warm feeling not only of writers but of the masses toward Fast.

This is not to say that other progressive American writers, such as Lawson, Trumbo, Maltz, are not very highly esteemed, or that there is a lack of deep concern about the fate of other political prisoners such as Eugene Dennis and Dr. Edward Barsky. On the contrary, the Congress linked the fate of Howard Fast with the general persecution of progressive ideas in America. I was privileged to address a session of the Congress on the opening day and to bring a message of greetings from Howard Fast.

At the end of the Congress, the Union of Polish Writers sent a message to Fast as well as a protest to President Truman. In addition all the foreign delegates together with a number of Polish writers signed the following petition:

"We, the undersigned writers assembled at the Congress of the Union of Polish Writers in Warsaw, June 24-27, strongly protest the persecution and imprisonment of progressive writers and other partisans of peace in the United States. The jailing of Howard Fast, John Howard Lawson, Dr. Edward Barsky, Eugene Dennis and many others, has shocked the opinion of the world. Remembering the bitter lessons of fascism, we appeal to the American people to urge that the government in Washington immediately release all victims of the Committee on un-American Activities." There is widespread concern here about the Hollywood Ten, the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee and the attempt to outlaw the Communist Party of the U.S.

IT WAS possible for me to follow the Congress sessions through an interpreter, and I found the discussions highly rewarding. This was by no means a Congress consisting only of speeches and reports. It was marked by heated debate, criticism and self-criticism. It marked not so much a new turn for Polish writers as a revaluation of what had been achieved to effect the decisions of previous gatherings. The Writers Congress at Stettin in January, 1948, pledged writers to an active role in the life and problems of the country. While many writers have fulfilled this pledge, attempting to deal with the real life of the workers and seeking to break with bourgeois traditions and habits, some writers, especially among the Catholics, have held back. Many of the new, young poets have broken with surrealism and other bourgeois patterns and moved to socialist realism. On the other hand, some writers who were an *avant-garde* of progressive poetry in the war and immediate postwar period have slipped into formalism and obscuran-

tism. Poetry has reached a higher level than prose in this period and it tends to be the principal point of reference in discussion.

The question of both theme and treatment was extensively discussed. A number of writers have been concerned with novels detailing the history of bourgeois families: their main interest is in the psychology of the disintegrating bourgeois. These have not written about the workers who are rebuilding Warsaw, for example. While their political convictions may be socialist, they are not dealing with the concrete reality of their time: they are not, therefore, reflecting or helping the advance to socialism. Worse yet, a group of young writers who did begin to treat of life today, who began to find "the right tongue for the time," found they could not make much headway. For a group of older Party writers in key posts followed a policy of holding them down on the theory: let them develop first, don't push them forward, they're too young to be mature writers. The main aim of the Congress was to seek out and expose those ideological and organizational tendencies which were holding back the dynamic, realistic, working-class and socialist conscious literature. No words were minced in the debates. It is clear that the struggle against the bourgeois heritage of most writers—their aloofness from the working masses, their deification of form, their above-the-battle tendencies in their creative work —is a continuing one. It is equally clear that the Marxist-Leninist position in culture is the leading force among the most dynamic, growing and effective writers here. The Congress appeared to register big gains and, more important, to set more firmly than previously a Marxist cultural line.

Some of the main themes of the Congress reminded me of the fine article by Jerzy Andrzejewski which we published in the June issue of *M&M*. I met Andrzejewski at the Congress as well as another Polish author, Zofia Nalkowska, whose story, "The Cemetery," we published some time ago.

I was struck by the high importance attached to the Congress by the government and the press. All the newspapers—there are nine dailies in Warsaw—had extensive coverage of the writers' meeting, and it was the leading front page news for several days. Several of the sessions took place in the meeting hall of the Council of State. A highlight of the week was the reception given by President Bierut to the foreign delegates at the equivalent of our White House. Public interest

in literature was expressed by the enthusiastic gathering at the National Theatre that came to hear a reading of poems by various delegates. The significant place occupied by books and authors in the public mind cannot be exaggerated.

In this connection, I was very happy to see Friedrich Wolf, author of *Professor Mamlock* and *Sailors of Cattaro*. Last year I wrote about meeting him in Prague. I met him this year as the Ambassador of the German Democratic Republic to Poland. I should mention too that Franz Weiskopf, whom I also last saw in Prague, is the Czechoslovakian Ambassador to China. It is thrilling to find these and other writers who were exiles for so many years now occupying leading posts in their respective countries.

I HAVE so far visited the theatre twice, both times in Warsaw. The contrast in productions was revealing. One evening I saw a brilliantly gay musical drama, *The Cracowers and the Mountaineers*, written by Boguslavsky at the end of the eighteenth century. The next evening I saw a contemporary political play, *The Germans*, by Leon Kruzkowski. The range is revealing. Both theatres were crowded, and the audience that came to see and hear the light comedy, with its folk dances and elaborate costuming, was as enthusiastic as the one that came to see a play that directly touched on their own lives. *The Germans* is a profoundly moving portrait of a German professor who during the war opposed the Nazis in his mind but took no action against them. An epilogue shows him faced with a similar problem in Western Germany, where he is threatened with expulsion if he takes part in the peace movement. What is so striking is the attitude of the Polish playwright and audience to the German question. There is, of course, the most intense hatred for the Nazis, but at the same time a warm, welcoming feeling toward German anti-fascists. When Bodo Uhse spoke at the Congress he was very heartily applauded. There appears to be the deepest satisfaction here with the treaty recently concluded between the German Democratic Republic and Poland.

Everywhere one sees Picasso's dove and the word PAX. I was told that over eighteen million people have signed the Stockholm Peace Appeal. The peace theme, struck home again and again at the Congress, is on banners over buildings. Who more than the people of Warsaw could long for peace? They want to build, build, build.

AT THE International Book and Literature Club I was told that they had just increased their order of *M&M* from 100 to 150. I was delighted to find how many of the Polish writers and writers from other countries read the magazine regularly. And not only the writers but virtually everyone I met who knew English. They speak well of it. They express great appreciation of a magazine that brings them progressive American writers and activities. It is for them, they say, the voice of the other America, and they do know that there are two Americas.

I WAS happy to hear some encouraging news about Nazim Hikmet from the French poet Tristan Tzara, who is chairman of the international committee for the liberation of the Turkish poet. He tells me that there is a good chance Hikmet may benefit by an amnesty law passed by the new Turkish government, though the reactionary press in Turkey is waging a campaign against applying the law to Communists. Tzara showed me a four page newspaper named "Nazim Hikmet" that is appearing in Istanbul. It has reported all actions taken in various countries, including our own, where *Masses & Mainstream* organized a picket line before the Turkish consulate in New York. All that is progressive in Turkey has gathered around the name of Hikmet. His hunger strike, I learned, lasted thirteen days. He was persuaded by his friends and lawyers to give it up in view of the new government's amnesty promise. Hikmet was a central issue in the election campaign. His release, however, is by no means assured, and we in America must renew our demands for his liberation.

This international solidarity of progressive writers is obviously of urgent importance today in our struggle for peace and freedom. I have been deeply impressed here by the concern and interest in our writers and our working class leaders shown by our friends abroad. Their desire for closer cultural relations, for more frequent interchange of books and ideas, is genuine. We in America must for our part strengthen our fraternal bonds with the anti-fascists of all countries

right face

STATESMAN IN THE HOUSE

"I do not know what kind of a world we live in, and I do not think that anybody else that lives in any other democracy on the face of the earth knows, either."—*Speaker Rayburn confesses to fellow Representatives.*

SCHOLAR IN THE HOUSE

"Stalin has just issued a book in which he says that he intends, and it is the intent of the Communist revolutionists, to destroy democracies, to destroy capitalism, to uproot the church, and to subject human decency and liberty throughout the world to the rule of a few men who have as their greatest desire the degradation of everything that Americans hold dear."—Representative Hays of Ohio keeps Congress informed.

IF NOT . . .?

I presume that the loss of faith and the fear of God may, even in our day, be considered serious themes. If my presumption is correct, this is a serious poem.—*J. V. Cunningham analyzes poetry in the* Arizona Quarterly.

CHEAP VACATION

Collectors of wild animals usually gather around a table at the Trocadero Hotel or the Oriental. Comfortable in leather chairs and sipping iced tea or lime squash, they can spend a pleasant afternoon "bringing 'em back alive." . . . If a white man goes up country to hunt wild game and one of his native entourage gets killed, it would cost him plenty. There are casualties . . . However, since Thailanders usually handle all the trapping themselves, the cost of a boy killed rarely runs more than $25 (U.S.).—An A.P. dispatch from Bangkok.

WE INVITE READERS' CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT. ORIGINAL CLIPPINGS ARE REQUESTED WITH EACH ITEM.

Teasing

A Story by JOSE YGLESIAS

EL Chiquito had his barbershop on the corner of Thirteenth Street and Columbus Drive in Ybor City.

He leaned down, a hand on one knee, the clippers in the other, and looked up through the open doorway at the clock on the factory tower. "Maximo," he called through the doorway on his right, pivoting on his supported leg, to the man sitting in front of the cafe directly across from the cigar factory. "What number came out?"

"I have a parlay . . ." he explained to a man sitting rigidly in the barber's chair, a starched white tablecloth pinned around his neck. El Chiquito caught the curious glimmer in his customer's eyes and followed them to where I stood across the street in front of the fruit market. He clicked the clippers. "Hello, hello," he laughed.

I stepped over the small boy sitting in the doorway and stretched out my hand. El Chiquito was still smiling, chuckling and moving his shoulders to make up for his lack of words. He took my hand. "I remembered you just this week. I was telling Rubio—you know El Rubio?"

Pushing his legs forward, Maximo, who sat at the cafe across the street, brought his chair down on the sidewalk and yelled. His voice came across in waves of sunlight, booming against Chiquito's question. The customer looked at me with a half smile. A man in the other barber's chair put down his paper. The little boy stopped rubbing a marble between his palms and looked up. "No," I said.

"Oh . . . we were talking about Senator Pepper and the election and many things pertaining—" El Chiquito looked at me closely for a moment, trying, I thought, to recall when I had last been in Florida and in his barbershop.

The customer smiled at me. "Chiquito," he said, "Maximo said no."

El Chiquito turned to the doorway. "No?" he called. Maximo shook his head and sat back on his chair, leaning it against the side of the cafe again. El Chiquito clicked his scissors. "Don't forget to tell me. I feel lucky today."

The man having his hair cut still smiled at me when El Chiquito returned to him. "Do you know each other?"

"No," I said.

"This young man is a student up north," El Chiquito said to the man who was now thoroughly pleased. "And this one of my regular customers."

I walked up to the regular customer. "Rafael Milian is my name. It is a pleasure to meet you."

"Antonio Soler is my name," he said, pushing aside the tablecloth and extending a brown hand with white hairs at the knuckles. "It is a pleasure to meet you."

The man reading in the other chair was not introduced. He wore a bus driver's uniform. To make himself at ease, he called to the boy in the doorway. "Muchacho, you are going to wear out that marble."

The boy popped the marble into his mouth. The bus driver laughed. El Chiquito shook his head. He passed a long thin comb into the powdered edges of Antonio Soler's hair and began to clip delicately, pulling the hair carefully away from the head with his comb.

"Your son?" I asked. I sat in a chair with my back to the cafe across the street. In front of me gleamed the other doorway edged in sunlight. The boy, a miniature of El Chiquito, sat darkly in the foreground. He took the marble out of his mouth, rubbed it on his pants and held it up to the air. He appeared to be placing it on the bunches of bananas hanging in the fruit market across the street. As my father frequently said, always with a squeeze of the hand with which he led me through the streets of Ybor City, it was very much like a painting.

El Chiquito smiled apologetically. Antonio Soler, his chin pressed down on his neck, laughed with difficulty. "Whose could it be?" he said. "Veritably he is El Chiquitico."

"YOU don't remember El Rubio?" El Chiquito hadn't, it seemed, placed me to his satisfaction yet.

"Yes," I said.

"A fine fellow, a fine fellow." El Chiquito looked out into the sunlight as he said it. Antonio Soler nodded with an intimate smile.

"I'm sorry. I'm wrong. No, I don't know him." It seemed best t me to make this clear, although I didn't know why.

"He is very intelligent," Antonio Soler said, urging me to remembl

"Listen, old man," the bus driver said. "Why should he remembl every jailbird in Tampa?"

"That's all you know . . ." Antonio Soler turned in his chair.

The boy looked into the barbershop. "Papa, papa."

His father first glanced at Maximo across the street. "Not yet, n yet."

"No, papa. El Rubio."

El Chiquito looked closely at Antonio Soler's head and turned i little to the right. "He spent one year in Raiford for leading the hun marches before you were born."

The boy blinked and looked at Antonio Soler.

"That's all right," he said. "That way some children got soup school . . . and others played ball."

"What's wrong with baseball now?" the bus driver asked.

"Nothing," said El Chiquito. "This young man's cousins played b The twins."

"The twins!" the bus driver spoke directly to me. "I played w them for the Tampa Smokers. What happened to Felix?"

"He married an American girl up north."

"Then he never made the big leagues . . ."

"And this one became a bus driver," Antonio Soler said to "Every day his ass gets bigger."

"Don't you listen to them, sir," said the bus driver, using the po term but a familiar tone. "They run quickly enough to Plant F when the Havana Cubans come to play the Tampa Smokers."

Antonio laughed loudly and winked at me. "That is another mat It is a question of patriotism. There are enough fools there to ch the yanquis."

"Ah, ah," the other said with exaggerated disgust and got up fr the barber's chair, throwing his newspaper aside.

"You will have to decide whom to acknowledge," said Antc Soler. "Your Cuban mother or your Spanish father. Yanqui or .

El Chiquito put his scissors down and laid a hand on Antc Soler's shoulder. "Or what," he laughed silently. "Types like us government wants."

The bus driver shook his head vigorously, unsure of whom he si

ith. He walked to the front doorway and looked down Columbus rive. "They are big talkers," he decided, "but next time you come Tampa you will find them right here."

"Our minds move," said Antonio Soler.

"Ta-ta-ta-ta-tah," the bus driver replied. He bent down and scratched ie boy's head. Without looking up, the boy lifted a leg off the side- alk and kicked him.

"Goddamn, they even sick their young on you like dogs."

Antonio Soler laughed. "*Ole,* do it again." El Chiquito pulled his cissors away from Antonio's head. "Eh, heh, no, no."

His son put his foot back on the sidewalk and threw the marble at he curb. It bounced crazily and didn't roll away. The boy picked it ip and looked at it closely.

"There, you've chipped it," said El Chiquito.

"I don't care," his son said.

"I don't care, I don't mind, anywhere you go you'll find—me too, ha, ha!" The bus driver sang with a mixed Southern and Spanish accent, slapping his side as if the old popular song were a rhumba.

"Remember that?" he said to me.

I SMILED. El Chiquito unpinned the sheet from Antonio Soler and shook it. Antonio Soler pulled himself slowly out of his chair. "You are too young to be remembering, remembering." Then he looked at me with a slow, deferential smile. "Now is the time to live."

"What do you think, old man," the bus driver said, striding heavily back to his chair. "I go to the Cuban Club dances every Saturday night. Ask anyone who is the best man in the conga line."

They were face to face for a moment and Antonio Soler raised his arms involuntarily, then shook his shoulders. "Was it any different with you when you were young?" El Chiquito said to him and motioned to me with a smile to get in the barber's chair.

"What's the matter with you two?" The bus driver looked quickly from one to the other. "What did I say wrong?" He looked at me. "I am too old to be a student."

"Eh, you would make some student." Antonio Soler leaned against one doorway and patted his heavily powdered neck.

Then the bus driver caught on and winked at me. "Oh, it's the same old business. Tell them you like your conga too. They want every one to be changing the world." He waved an arm at Antonio Soler. "Listen,

I read the papers. Most girls who go to college are no longer virgi when they marry. Somebody must be getting it. Probably him."

I laughed. El Chiquito pulled the comb and scissors away from r hair and laughed too. Seeing him laugh, his son doubled up on t doorstep.

Only Antonio Soler was indignant. "What little education you hav

"What's the matter with you? He's laughing."

"He has education. He knows how to act. But you—you are or polite with the Americans. Yes sir, please, yes sir, please. Step right i

"Oh, listen, listen," the bus driver yelled. "Don't be a fool, don't a fool." He picked up the newspaper. He put it down. "Listen, y know I was glad that the miners won their strike. No one in r family ever broke a strike."

"Nor mine," said Antonio Soler.

"Nor mine," said El Chiquito.

"Nor mine," I said.

"Nor crossed a picket line," said the bus driver.

"All right," said Antonio Soler. "Let us not start another choru

"I think they are teasing you," I told the bus driver.

"All this because I said maybe it was not so good the Russians ha an atom bomb." He jumped from his chair. "Godamn, missed my b Another fifteen minutes."

"Papa," El Chiquito's son called and pointed to the cafe.

"Sh-h-h," said El Chiquito to the bus driver and went to the doorw "What?"

"Patience," Maximo called. "The revolution will yet come."

El Chiquito smiled wanly. "Any news?"

"It's late today."

"What are you waiting for?" Antonio Soler asked. "Everybody waiting . . ."

"The number."

"Oh, oh. What is so important today?"

El Chiquito shrugged his shoulders.

"The marble is chipped," said his son. "It's a bad sign."

El Chiquito went back to his delicate cutting of my hair. Anto Soler looked at him a moment. "El Chiquito doesn't use the machi Comb and scissors, comb and scissors." He shot a look at the driver. "You will still be waiting after the revolution goes by. students are the ones to do it. The youth."

The bus driver yawned and ended with a low whistle. "He's fighting Machado again with his Cuban students," he told me with very little energy.

"Isn't that true?" said Antonio Soler to me. "Up north where you are—in the universities—isn't it the students who are most ready?"

He waited for me. "They have the books . . ."

El Chiquito stopped his scissors. They all waited, even the boy. Antonio Soler winked an eye involuntarily.

"Well." I cleared my throat, unable to bring my head up, looking at the pieces of hair on my sheeted lap. "I don't know."

THEY were silent. My eyes followed a crack in the floor boards to the edge of sunlight at the door. The little noises of the street became big like buzzing flies.

Then the bus driver spoke. "Why should anyone? Look at what they let them do to Senator Pepper."

No one answered him. It took an almost violent effort to lift my head and look around. In the silence our connections with each other had been severed. We were no longer a group. El Chiquito started clipping again. His was the only activity. I tried to think of something. Should I ask him about his wife? I didn't know her. The thoughts slipped away.

"Machado used to say I'll be the one to get wet but I'll splash some around when I do," the bus driver announced with authority. "The thing to do is to soak in some of those drops of water. The smart ones are those who stand close to the water when the big fish jump in for a swim."

"He is repeating what that man said yesterday," El Chiquito's son said. "What did he mean, papa?"

"Nothing good."

Their words did not interrupt the silence that had grown up between us. For me the silence was full of my own thoughts. They hurried after each other. What was wrong? I searched for it—the word, the gesture that created the silence. I was young again, listening to adults, trying, as then, to fill those gaps in my knowledge that kept from me the whole of the conversation. Antonio Soler's face was before me. I had been looking at him for a while now. A hand fell away from his mouth. His face was full of the gentlest sympathy.

He turned when a door slammed across the street. "What?" he said.

El Chiquito, razor in hand, went to the doorway and called louder. "What?"

"Three twenty three," Maximo answered.

"Three twenty three," the bus driver echoed, his face glowing. "Today is the twenty third. This is Thirteenth Street. How was it I did not think of that?"

"Crazy." said Antonio Soler.

"You didn't think of it either."

El Chiquito came back to me, poised his razor and then turned away. He took a small bundle of towels from a drawer behind me and held them out to his son.

"Here, you might as well take them home now."

"No pineapple, papa?"

"No pineapple."

The boy didn't touch the towels. He started to speak, saw me and stopped. "Here," repeated his father. "Maybe next time."

"You have a lot of ideas, haven't you?" said the bus driver. "Here," he grabbed the boy's arm. "Why didn't you tell me instead of kicking me?" He gave the boy a dollar bill. "There's my bus. Hey, wait," he shouted.

The boy looked at his father. El Chiquito nodded. His son squeezed the bill in his hand and laughed. The bus driver grabbed him as he ran for the fruit market. "Watch out for that car."

"Pepe," El Chiquito called after the bus driver. "The next hair cut is is free."

The bus driver turned in the middle of the street and smiled. "Go to hell. And you, student," he added. "I'll see you Saturday night at the Cuban Club."

EL CHIQUITO came back to finish combing my hair. The bus went by with a lot of noise down the narrow street. "How could he have missed the bus the other time?" I asked.

"He was waiting for the number too," El Chiquito chuckled. "There goes Maximo to tell the doorman at the factory. Soon all the cigar-makers will know." He sighed. "What do you think, Antonio? We are going to bring many bad customs to socialism."

"We can learn to play chess. It is an intellectual game," said Antonio Soler. He smiled at me. "You still think the students . . ."

I got up from the chair. "He is a fine fellow, the bus driver?"

El Chiquito looked at his friend. They smiled at each other. "Pepe is fine."

"So long as he gets angry there is a chance," said Antonio Soler. "He is here every day. We keep him like a kettle on the stove."

"Well," I said. "It has been a pleasure to meet you."

"Come again," said El Chiquito, "before you go back. You should meet El Rubio. He is very intelligent."

We shook hands again, all three of us wreathed in smiles. Antonio Soler followed me to the door, giving me another chance. "It was not me who said that about the kettle," he said, leaning against the doorway. "It was El Rubio. The world is one big kettle, he said, sitting on the poor." He cocked his head to one side, waiting for agreement.

El Chiquito joined him at the door. "El Rubio also said that Senator Pepper went down to dishonorable defeat. He had no faith in people. He tried to appeal to the worst this time. The other can do that much better."

"Listen." I said, sounding like the bus driver, "listen, do not think about the students. Books do not mean a thing. It's you, people like you—you will do it."

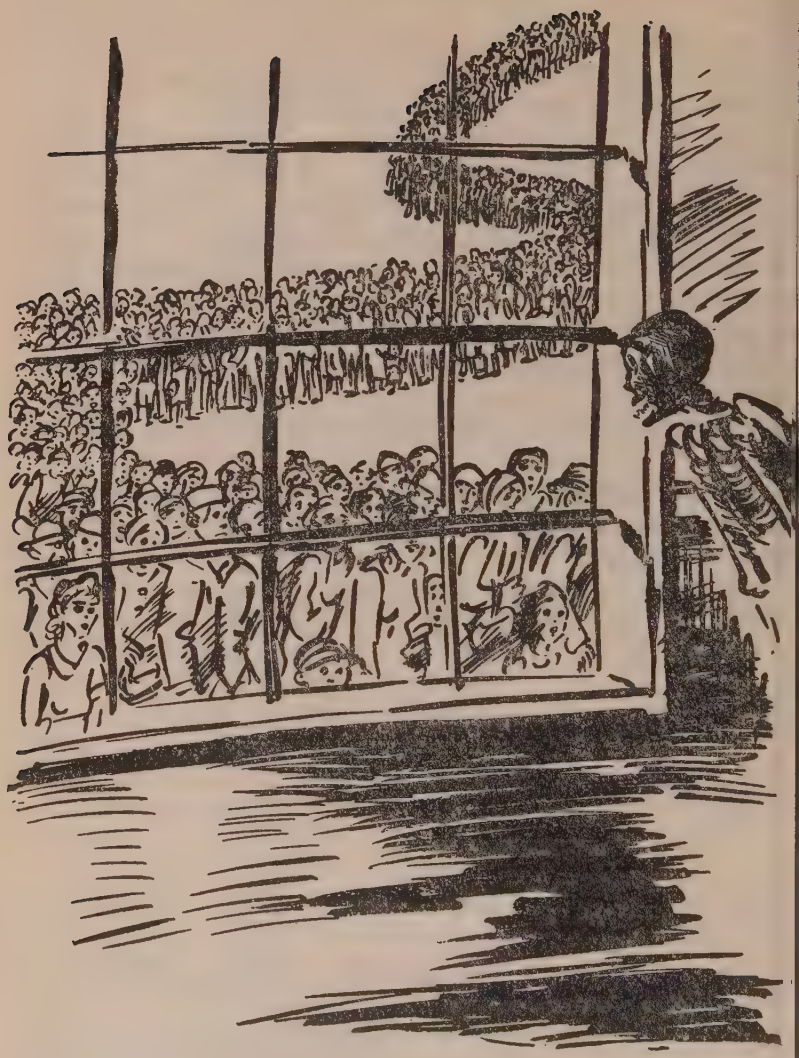
They nodded and I walked away happily embarrassed.

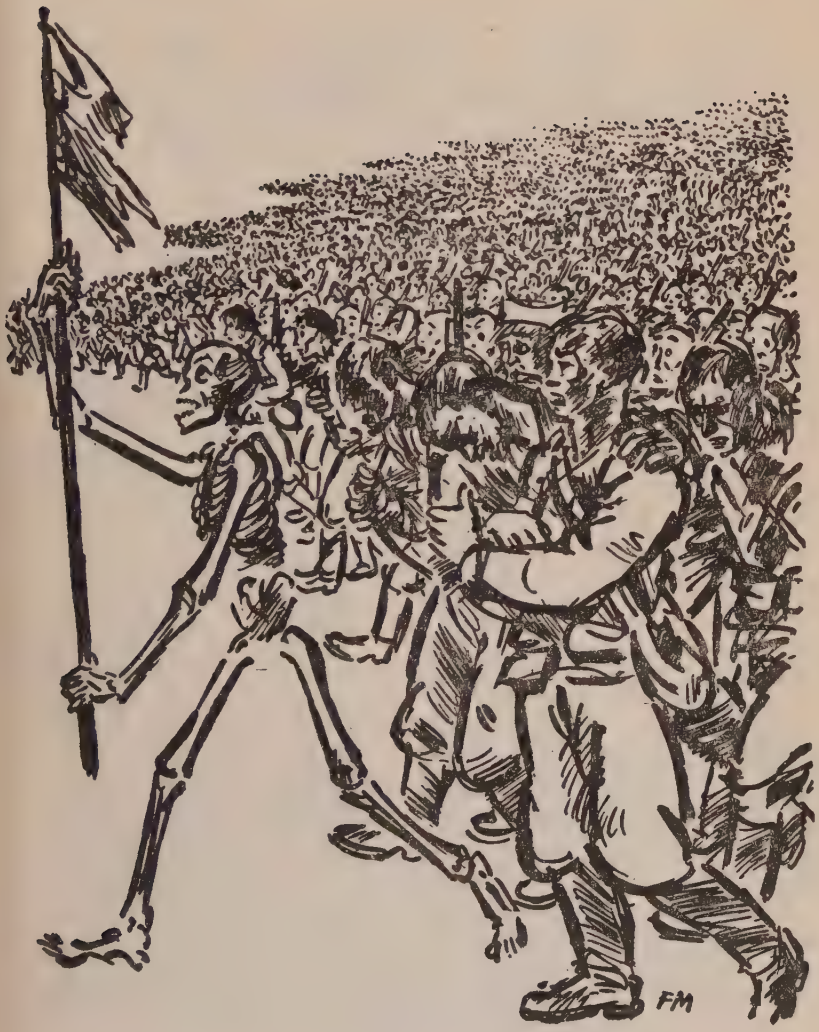
They called after me. "And you."

POLICE ACTION

Three woodcuts by

FRANZ MASEREEL

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MAKRONISOS:

Truman's Monument

by DAVID ALMAN

SHORTLY after the Truman Doctrine was tolled out in 1947, a visiting British banker revealed to his Greek colleagues that, "the economic situation would be considerably improved by Mr. Stalin's death."

Mr. Stalin not being at hand, his banker colleagues turned to the Greek people. The exact number they then killed, imprisoned and exiled is not known since so few of them were depositors. But most estimates place the figure in the hundreds of thousands.

At that time, too, a real sporting American became Mr. Truman's right hand man in Greece. His name was Dwight Griswold, and his hobby was hunting with Royalist friends. Whether they caught so much as a meadow mouse is not known, but in May, 1948, Mr. Griswold gleefully announced that he and his friends had bagged and killed almost a thousand Greek citizens that one month alone.

During this open season on the Greek people Mr. Griswold was joined in the sport by Clinton Golden, an emissary of the Royalist wing of the C.I.O. He came to Greece to right a wrong perpetrated by the Greek labor movement in 1946. The wrong consisted of having removed from Greek labor leadership certain individuals who had gone a'hunting with the Nazis. With the help of the Athens Chief of Police—who had also served under the Nazis—he restored these amiable people to their old positions. He also added a few who had been removed from leadership years back for fraud and other business-like practices frowned upon by the Greek labor movement.

Meanwhile the Democratic Army of Free Greece, whose officers and soldiers suspiciously resembled the Greek Resistance Army that drove out the Nazis, went ahead with its program of sowing fields and liberating towns. A Royalist General observed in a press interview that the

Free Greek Army controlled only the mountainous areas. Mountains cover over two-thirds of Greece. But with the coming of Truman, Griswold, Golden and guns, and with assistance from a retinue of U.S. Generals, Colonels and Corporals (the best known being Corporal Tito), a military stalemate ensued.

Thus Greece was saved from a fate worse than death. "Communism" was contained. Prices remained three times as high as in the U.S. Wages remained at approximately fifty dollars a month. Greek factories were shut down to make way for U.S. products. Unemployment grew, except in the iron-bar and coffin trade.

The Truman Doctrine was almost everything its creator had dreamed.

The "containment of Communism" in Greece required very tangible containers. After the prisons of Athens, Piraeus and other towns were filled to overflowing, new ones were added. Thus was born the concentration camp of Makronisos.

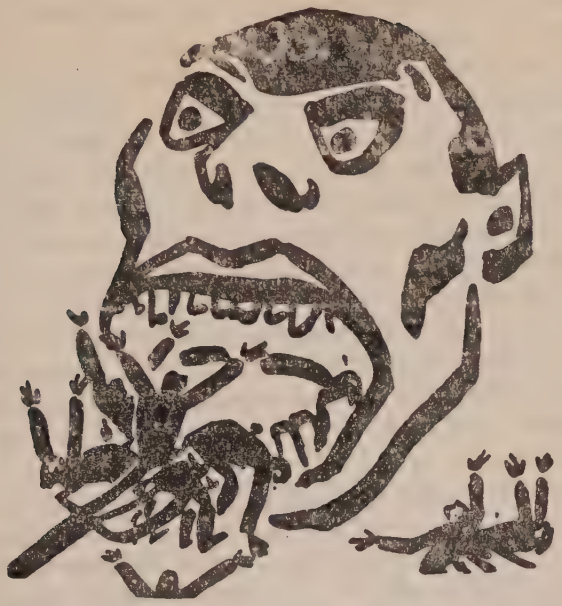
It is a little island, some few hundred square miles, and it has never been called to the attention of the tourist trade. It is unbearably hot in summer, unbearably cold in winter. A scraggly, stunted vegetation, which some botanists self-consciously label as "trees," lifts its dreary limbs inches from the stony earth. So impossibly desolate is this heap of stone that the Nazis rejected it as a possible site for their own "containment of Communism" in Greece.

The Royalist government, coincident with the arrival of Griswold, Coca-Cola and Cash, ran a length of barbed wire around this lifeless mound, and placed within it some 35,000 men, women and children.

These persons were brought to Makronisos for a variety of reasons. Some were guilty of being intellectuals, like the agronomist Theofilis Fatzeas, the old lawyer Zenon Lefakis, the writer Demetrios Fotiadis, the engineering professor Kiskyras Demetrius, the poet Menelaos Loudemis—and so on and so forth. According to one government-licensed weekly in Athens there are seventy-eight lawyers, eighteen agronomists, twenty-five doctors, 145 teachers, and 400 additional intellectuals being held in just one compound at Makronisos.

Others are guilty of being trade unionists or of having been elected to union office by the membership.

Still others are guilty of being women who were too much concerned with the future of the children of Greece. Among the 1,400 women imprisoned there are at least forty-four who stand in the forefront of



Franz Masereel

Greek intellectual life. Their professions include medicine, writing, the theatre, education and science.

Others are there for "crimes" committed against the Nazi occupation troops. Many are simply persons whose loyalty is "suspect."

Thousands are former Resistance heroes, thousands are captured soldiers of the Democratic Army of Free Greece and thousands are officers and soldiers of the Royalist Army, suspected of a lack of enthusiasm for killing, rape and plunder.

Great numbers of prisoners at Makronisos have not yet been charged with any crime. Others have been awaiting trial for several years. Others have simply not been informed as to whether they have been charged with a crime, whether they are awaiting trial, or whether they have already been tried and are serving their sentences.

As the discerning reader will have already guessed, the directors of Makronisos are men who, like Secretary Al Capone, turned from a life of crime to fighting "Communism." This is "National Unity" in Royalist Greece.

IT IS as easy to leave Makronisos as it is to be sent there. One simp has to sign a statement repenting one's life and to inform the poli of others who should likewise be persuaded to repent.

To make the stay at Makronisos as short as possible the prisone go through an unbroken sequence of daily "interviews." In the ear hours of the morning those who are alive and still able to walk ar reason are given their daily piece of bread. They are then brought one of the official buildings where they wait their turn to be "co-orc nated." Meanwhile they sit in silence, listening to the screams of tho being interviewed.

A description of these sessions is given in a letter written by prisoner, Manolis Proimakis, a former member of Parliament. Thou most letters smuggled out of Makronisos are unsigned, Proimakis insis on his signature and begins each paragraph with the words "I Accuse

"They start by submitting each citizen to the most intense psych logical pressure to make him sign the declaration. Threatenin promises, accompany that phase . . . while the victim listens to t crying and weeping and the wild roars piercing the quietness of t night . . . the crying and roaring of all those who preceded him this room and refused to give satisfaction to the masters.

"The victim . . . is alone in the hands of the armed masters. . . While waiting his turn he sees other people transported on stretche others being dragged down by two or three men, others, with wh he had lived during long months and discussed various problems, a for whose mental balance he could take an oath, going mad a expressing themselves in shrill cries or senseless laughter. Tra delirium had followed the torture and absolute darkness fallen o their minds. . . . All these pictures pass before the eyes of the qu tioned person while the pressure increases. . . . It lasts hours. . . .

"At the same time, a few well-directed blows on the face, parti larly under the eyes, on the neck, some kicks, supplement the press in the confession room."

Men and women often leave these sessions with cracked eyeba broken noses, fractured spines and limbs, crushed fingers, toothl eyeless, stone deaf, mute or crazed. The incidence of insanity, suici death from starvation, tuberculosis and other diseases is very high.

But the incidence of repentance and treachery is very low. Ot

letters smuggled out of Makronisos tell of men and women singing defiantly at these sessions, proudly affirming their allegiance to democratic ideals, or remaining as silent as stones through the severest tortures. Others choose to mock their captors. One prisoner had an eye gouged out during an interview in the presence of other prisoners. He aroused and declared, "In this miracle-working Lake of Siloam, I have recovered my sight. I was blind and I have seen the light."

These letters have one quality in common: they remark with wonder and tenderness at the courage and heroism of the others.

And though they appeal for help, it is not material help in the form of food they ask for, but for freedom.

Maksonisos, the monument to Truman, was the greatest single issue in the spring elections in Royalist Greece. In spite of the "selected" election lists which barred democratic candidates and voters, those who promised to close Makronisos were swept into office. The "new" government—whose loyalty had been pledged in advance to Cash and Harry—set about immediately to explain why Makronisos could not be closed. Nevertheless, the pressure for its closing continued to grow, and the government is hard put to find new excuses. "Limited amnesties" and similar devices have been tried out. The Premier and Vice-Premier are currently performing a version of the Alphonse-Gaston routine. Parliamentary committees have resorted to the old stand-by: investigations. To the consternation of the Athens prosecutor, some of his own key witnesses in trials of Makronisos prisoners have joined the defendants in denouncing the concentration camp and exposing its horrors. Even government-supported newspapers have been forced to open their pages to exposés of Makronisos.

Thus, for all the cowardice and desperate waltzing of "their" government, the Greek people stand on the threshold of a significant victory. Makronisos can be closed, its prisoners freed.

The government, however, is awaiting word from its American paymaster. The prisoners of Makronisos know this very well. In all their letters they single out the American people for a special appeal. They ask us to see to it that President Truman does not condemn them to death as he has already done with so many others.

Letter to the Sick Poet

by MENELAOS LOUDEMIS

Menelaos Loudemis, well-known Greek poet and prose-writer, born in Turkey, now interned in the concentration camp Makronisos, wrote this poem to the imprisoned Turkish poet, Nazim Hikmet, as a reply to his poem "Angina Pectoris" which reached Loudemis at the concentration camp. Hikmet's poem appeared in M.&M., *March,* 1950.

NAZIM HIKMET, comrade, co-habiter of hell:
yesterday I heard you groaning for Greece.
It was night, the hour was bitter,
and your groan leaned on our chests.

It was the hour when we bound our wounds,
and we lifted the bandage that we might hear you
groaning from the little dungeon of Istanbul
into all the dungeons of the world.

Now, Nazim, I can tell you,
now that they narrowed the world for me,
now that I have tasted the rust of the chains.
Now, Nazim, I can tell you:
on the right bracelet of my handcuff
I feel your hand, Nazim, my brother, in the same prison death.

Unexpected, last night, your letter reached us here,
like a bird that had flown from its cage,
like a hand that had reached out of the waves.
Trembling we read it, syllable by syllable,

beneath the saber of the half-moon.
And we took the oath:
to embroider on your garment the seal of Makronisos
and to acclaim you honorary martyr and fellow-inmate.

Here our prison is roofless, all open,
a place of precipices belted by a pitchy gloom,
and on it move skeletons, erect.

How did your poem manage to find us?
Here nothing else has anchored, never—
only the executioners and the north winds.
How did your poem manage to find the way?

What has happened in my land, comrade,
never happened before anywhere else on earth.
Nor can it be spoken, nor recorded.
Only this I say to you, Nazim: the infants,
the infants who never in a hundred years wept
for anyone else but for themselves,
the infants in their cradles are wailing a dirge
for the untold sufferings of their parents.
Only this I say to you, Nazim, and I would like to cry it out,
but my candle droops its head on the candlestick
and weeps for itself.

Now good-night, Nazim, and tomorrow at dawn,
at dawn here, there, everywhere, when we strip off our chains,
I will come to find you.
I will take the liner and come to Istanbul to meet you.
And you will see me on deck waving my kerchief,
and you will come up to welcome me.
Then we will embrace as brothers,
and we will saunter on the earth where I was born.

And if you have a mother, if you have a mother, comrade,
I will bend to kiss the hand
of her who gave life to the brother I needed.

And if you have a brother,
I will ask him to lend me your name.
And if you have a son,
I will place in the palm of his hand
the hand of my little girl.

And if you have no one,
if you have no one, comrade, no one,
then I will show you little Turkish boys sweating at the pier
with a kindred sweat,
mothers who walk up-hill in grief,
little boys stiff with the cold outside store windows.
I will show you thousands of our mothers, brothers and children

And together we will take the oath of Sleepless Wrath:
never to laugh if we do not laugh together,
never to sing
if the world's tears do not end.

And now, forgive me, comrade. The sentry comes closer,
and my candle has died on the stone. Lift life on high!

I greet you with the call of Makronisos.

Your brother,

Menelaos Loudemis

(*Translated from the Greek by Rae Dalv*

Tolstoy and Art

by CHARLES HUMBOLDT

TOLSTOY baffled Gorky to the point of exasperation. "In Leo Nikolaevich there is much which at times roused in me a feeling ery like hatred, and this hatred fell upon my soul with crushing veight." A moment later, making no effort to qualify the contradic- ion, Gorky adds, "Yes, he *is* great." And then, again without noting he strangeness of the transition, he goes on to speak of there being odged in Tolstoy "the deepest and most evil nihilism which has sprung rom the soil of an infinite and unrelieved despair." Yet when a tele- gram came to him announcing Tolstoy's death, he wrote, "It struck me o the heart: I cried with pain and anger, and now, half crazy, I imagine him as I know and saw him; I am tormented by a desire o speak with him."

Such feelings could not be untangled. They had to be released in cries of grief that resolved nothing. For the grief itself was not simple; it was composed half of love and half of a hankering to resume an unfinished quarrel. There tugged at Gorky the desire to tear out of Tolstoy what seemed an almost hideous perversity. It tormented him that this giant's perceptions of social injustice should be so clouded over with ignorance of ways to end it, that in the face of human misery his magnificent protests should wind up with miserable pro- posals of non-resistance to evil, that this great heart, feared and trailed as an unbridled socialist by police spies, should waste his time with schemes of peaceable kingdoms and a scrubbed and improved religion. Somehow, Gorky knew, Tolstoy was part of a revolution which he never understood, and it irked him beyond patience that he could not set his old friend on the one road wide enough for his genius.

Though the divisions in Tolstoy's mind were reinforced by his com- plex personality, they were in no sense mere idiosyncrasies. Nor were they, as Plekhanov and other Russian critics felt, the confused thoughts

of an aristocrat who decried the evils of the traditional order but w indifferent to any social changes which would end them. There wer of course, in Tolstoy's seizures of self-reproach, elements of the *gra seigneur* abasing himself for sins he has enjoyed to the full. But he c nounced the Czarist state and church, attacked the private ownership land and fought against capitalism as the invader of the countrysi and destroyer of the peasantry.

It is Lenin who gives us the key to Tolstoy's psychology and soc outlook:

> "By birth and education Tolstoy belonged to the highest lanc nobility in Russia—but he broke with all the customary views this milieu and, in his later work, attacked with passionate critici all modern state, church, social and economic systems which rest the enslavement of the masses, on their poverty, on the ruin of peasants and petty husbandmen generally, on violence and hypocr which permeate all modern life from top to bottom."

Summarizing Tolstoy's relation to the peasantry as the source both his strength and his weakness, Lenin makes a judgment which superb for its literary perception as well as historical accuracy:

> "The reason Tolstoy's criticism is charged with such feeling, p sion, conviction, freshness, sincerity, fearlessness, in the atter 'to get at the roots,' find the real reasons for the state of the mas is that his criticism really expresses the crisis in the views of m lions of peasants who had only been emancipated from serfdom find that this new freedom means only new horrors of ruin, sta vation, a homeless life among city 'sharps,' etc. Tolstoy reflects t mood so accurately that he brings into his doctrine their own naïv their estrangement from politics, their mysticism, desire to esc from the world, 'non-resistance to evil,' impotent anathemas capitalism and the 'power of money.' The protest of millions of p ants and their despair—that is what is fused into Tolstoy's doctri

Tolstoy's identification with a class which did not comprehend reasons for its suffering made him a bound prophet, a guide wh eyes were seared. But these eyes could almost sense what they faile see. That is why, as Lenin wrote, "The period of preparation for revolution in one of the countries oppressed by feudalism was sh

thanks to the light thrown upon it by Tolstoy's genius, as a step forward in the artistic evolution of mankind as a whole." If his solutions were wrong and sometimes even absurd, the questions he raised were so penetrating that they struck into the future, demanding answers of us today.

"WHAT IS ART?", completed in 1897, is the culmination of fifteen years' thinking and occasional essays on literature and aesthetics. In it the man who had written *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina* and who was still to write *Resurrection* tried to give art a meaning and purpose consistent with his total view of life. He could not accept the paradox that art should speak in its supposedly universal tongue to a negligible number of people carefully nurtured in cultural hothouses. If it was such a precious utterance of man's spirit then it must serve men and not be powerless to give them even a consciousness of unity with other men. But to prove that art must fulfill this aim Tolstoy had first to be sure that it could. Or to put it another way, the difference between good and bad art, which for Tolstoy was a moral distinction, could arise only when a given work satisfied his definition of art in the first place.

Far from denying the importance of form, Tolstoy accepted it as a matter of course. He was fond of quoting the artist Bryulov's remark that "art begins where the *wee bit* begins," and insisted that it depended for its effects on the most precise use of the equivalents of feelings: just this tone, that gradation of color, these words and no others. But he would have regarded the current obsession with questions of form in bourgeois art circles as a sign of creative impotence, like the boasting of an anxious philanderer. If the artist has nothing to say and the critic nothing in which to believe, arbitrary shapes take the place of experience for the former, while the latter examines only the process of expression, drained of the feelings which the representation of real life might stir in him. The dogmatic character of modern art manifestoes, half hymn and half anathema, reflects the fact that the bourgeois artist has found no use for his work, no hope that it will move others to anything but passive contemplation and discussion. It has become a thing-in-itself, whose qualities must have absolute value even if no one's life is changed by them for better or worse.

Such formalism is the opposite of respect for form as the recreation

of experience and feeling, since it minimizes the use to which experi ence and feeling can be put. Further, it is the expression of faith in a miracle: agreement without communication; the spectator appreciates the work of art without knowing or caring what it refers to. The work is an object which either does or does not move him; but if it does it is not because an experience is shared by both artist and spectator. Instead, a rare identification has taken place with the work of art as a fixed aspect of Beauty having no necessary relation to external reality or even everyday appearance. The poem, the painting or the sonata begins and ends with itself. Artist and spectator, while not quite dispensable, are almost irrelevant since esthetic values do not lodge in them but in the finished masterpiece. Actually, this pseudo- and super-objectivity covers an almost pathological self-absorption. The artist has lost contact with the world and invents empty excuses for his inability to observe it seriously.

This trend has been accelerated by the rapid deterioration of the artist's position in capitalist society and by the widening gap between him and millions of working people whose lives might feed his imagination. Bourgeois scholarship has also played its part by its aggressive idealism, its stressing of semantic implications against social realities and its encouragement of the use of material from past and primitive cultures irrespective of its present-day pertinence.

What makes Tolstoy's criticism so valuable is that in attacking the decadence of his time he anticipated its crystallization in ours. And he opposed to it a fundamental conception of the nature and function of art much more important than the particular verdicts— for example, his preferring *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to *King Lear*—which have earned him so much shallow ridicule.

TOLSTOY'S view of art, far from being a curiosity in the history of esthetic theory, is in the tradition of the great Russian revolutionary-democratic critics. The work of Belinsky, Chernishevsky and Dobrolyubov, neglected by bourgeois publishers both here and in Europe, is only now becoming available in the translations of the Foreign Languages Publishing House in Moscow; its significance has yet to be absorbed and assessed by us. It is evident, even on first reading, that their criticism is in many respects more advanced than Tolstoy's and displays much greater awareness of the dialectics of history. However

is less urgent for us to analyze their degrees of difference with him han to assert that supreme quality of responsibility to society which he hared with them. And above all, with Gorky, who once advised a oung writer: "You ask how to write. Write as if you were a witness t the eternal trial of right against wrong."

Art, for Tolstoy, is neither the sign of some mysterious idea of Beauty or God, nor a pleasurable illusion which compensates the enoyer for the disappointment of never being able to grasp reality. "In order to define art correctly it is necessary first of all to cease to consider it as a means to pleasure, and to consider it as one of the conditions of human life. Viewing it in this way we cannot fail to observe hat art is one of the means of intercourse between man and man." To be sure, Tolstoy's starting point is that of common sense materialism, the simple and direct view of the average man to whom it would never occur to doubt his own objective existence, or that of others in the world around him. We need not examine here the limits of this immediate perception in the face of larger philosophical problems, except to observe that Tolstoy discarded it for idealistic versions of the history and future of art. He could not, for example, understand the manner in which art was governed by the same material necessity which determines all other natural and social relations. But as a great realist he could not fail to experience with full intensity the operation of that necessity in his own artistic life.

This realism enabled him to tear the veil separating art from life and the artist from his audience. If art is the means by which one man infects others with his feelings then it must stem from a fund of shared experience, and this helps them to test its truth. But does not the artist have to meet more rigorous conditions than his audience? He does so only in so far as greater, though not utterly different, demands are made upon his creative resources as compared with theirs. According to Tolstoy these are: first, that the feeling to be transmitted be individual; second, that it be clearly conveyed; third, that the artist feel strongly the emotion he communicates. The last of these qualities Tolstoy calls sincerity and he believes that all three may be summed up in it.

The work of art is a process which continues in the spectator, expanding his sensibility and capacities, making him the man for whom it was set in motion. We have not understood art until we see,

behind the rigid appearance which is this or that specific work, th flexible and growing interchange between man and man based upo their common experience. In his own way Tolstoy decried the fetis ism of commodities which converted novels, poems, pictures, son into objects for the mind to weigh like bags of coffee. He felt t labor that created them join with the million restless memories a desires that went into their comprehension, and he knew that wh we call beauty comes from that union and not from a heavenly wa house or the solitary taster.

His conception of art as a means of communication, joining m together through their feelings, led Tolstoy to assert that it had be and must continue to be an instrument of progress. "Art renders acc sible to men of the latest generations all the feelings experienced their predecessors and also those felt by their best and foremost co temporaries." In changing their ideas of what is beautiful men refl changes in their experience, that is, in society, out of whose transf mation new ways of feeling emerge. Art cannot evolve simply in ter of its techniques; it must answer some urgent need to communica whether it be the need of the members of a tribe, a class or an ent society. Once it falls back exclusively upon its techniques we kn that the avenues of contact have been blocked, that the divisions society have driven the artist to seek a shelter which seems safe o because it is so tiny and accommodates so few people.

The role of art is not, however, purely reflective. While it vo feelings already in existence, it also brings new feelings into play. the evolution of feeling proceeds by means of art." To which ther the corollary that "the feelings transmitted by the art of our time only cannot coincide with the feelings transmitted by former but must run counter to them." To what extent this is true, and reasons for it, are not to be found in Tolstoy, since his explana ignores the material development of society as the central factor in cultural evolution. His approach, forsaking common sense material becomes purely conceptual. He was convinced that Christian art resented an understanding of the meaning of life radically diffe from all previous religious perceptions, one which would alter whole internal organization of life. The human content of this vi according to him, was the union of all men without exception, an supreme virtue was universal brotherly love.

The positive part of Tolstoy's esthetics, which he held in common with the revolutionary-democratic critics and with Gorky, was the realization that all the elements of a work of art have to be fused in the artist's mind during the moment of conception. Its ethical content is not imposed upon him by any categorical imperative, but represents his desire to offer his whole experience, not merely its sensuous content, to other human beings. In turn, he awakens in them a richer apprehension of their own existence, evoking his and their common joy, suffering and expectations of fulfillment, stirring them to action.

One must be careful, though, not to attribute to Tolstoy the implications which we may draw, but he did not, from his theory of communication. While he understood that art reflected the conditions of life of each class in society, he did not see that it must also point out the realities and the direction of each class' struggle, whether for survival or for power. His generalization, that art is a form of communication, has to be qualified by the principle that bourgeois art is a form of communication for the bourgeoisie and its retainers, while revolutionary art is a form of communication for the working class and its allies. The statement, that the truth of a communicated feeling can be tested against the background of experience shared by the artist and the spectator, has likewise to be qualified by the caution that artist and spectator may also share illusions regarding that experience. When those illusions are characteristic of an entire class, say the bourgeoisie, they may pass the more easily for reality, unless they are measured by the experience of a class which has shed such illusions, namely the proletariat. Moreover, the feelings released in art cannot be directed toward abstract goals such as universal love; they must stand for concrete lives, interests and desires. In a society divided into classes universal love expresses none of these. It is an empty, unrealizable ideal which denies the most obvious fact: the class struggle with all the complex emotions aroused by it. Worse yet, such love inevitably turns into its opposite, cowardly surrender and mawkish apology for exploitation and oppression. "And the greatest work of art is . . . the representation of a human soul so transformed by love that a man who is tormented and murdered yet pities and loves his persecutors."

Here the pre-revolutionary peasant psychology which Lenin describes manifests itself in a desperate exaltation of the mission of art, full of concealed protest, combined with hopeless self-abnegation. Art must

put an end to violence—by capitulating to it. One's own past work must be renounced, along with nine-tenths of the world's literature and art, because it does not meet this evangelical requirement.

THE heroism hides a vast timidity. Tolstoy was unwilling to admit the revolutionary consequences implicit in many of his ideas. He wanted the union of mankind somehow to precede the abolition of the social system which prevents the attainment of that union. Art was to play the part of a painless dentist to humanity; the rotten tooth would stop throbbing without having to be pulled. To accomplish this, he proposed to banish huge areas of emotion from what he called "good art"; hatred of oppressors and militant solidarity with those very "slaves of capital" for whom he wished to write. But how could he refuse to describe what they felt on their backs and in their hearts? In trying to conceal these aspects of social reality from the masses of the people, for their own good, as he believed, Tolstoy by his theory would have uprooted art from its soil of truth. And so does every artist today who, for whatever reason, allows such feelings to die in him.

Tolstoy's retreat is especially tantalizing because his polemic against decadence in bourgeois art, which anticipates Marxist, particularly Soviet, writings on the subject, is amazingly fresh and pertinent today. The fifty years' relative disregard of his critique is not surprising (nor, for that matter, is the blind rejection of the Soviet analysis in bourgeois cultural circles). Such criticism is too fundamental, too wounding for the artist to face squarely, wrapped as he is in the preconceptions and prejudices of his milieu. It is easier for him to accept the most contemptuous judgment of his abilities than to have called into question the very nature of his experience, his aims and his understanding of the simplest facts of life.

Tolstoy first accuses bourgeois art of being deficient in content. Primarily an art of the upper classes, it is concerned with the feelings of people who are strangers to the labor and daily existence of most of humanity. Its subject matter is impoverished because the experience of the upper classes is so limited compared with that of the overwhelming majority of mankind, and because their emotional capacities are shrunken as a consequence. It may astonish the devotees of contemporary bourgeois art to learn that their range of feelings is "far poorer, more limited, and more insignificant than the range of feelings natural

to working people." They are so used to thinking that there is nothing more impressive than the things that happen to them and other members of their caste, than their sentiments and even their dreams. Well, hardening of the arteries is also interesting, but it does not become the goal of medicine to encourage it. Yet bourgeois art, in practice and by guilty silence, induces a similar hardening: lack of sensitivity to genuine suffering, indifference to injustice and paralyzing introversion.

According to Tolstoy, the art of his time and class could convey just three feelings and their offshoots: those of pride, sexual desire and weariness of life. Today only weariness of life is left in its original purity. Pride has turned into self-contempt (reflected upon one's relatives, friends and mankind in general); while sexual desire has given way to the intricate passions aroused by efforts to circumvent its absence (in oneself or others). Wagner and Baudelaire are replaced by Dali and T. S. Eliot; Celia Coplestone of *The Cocktail Party* takes over from Siegfried. Such art cannot even suggest the possibility of the brotherhood of man. Nor can its practitioners comprehend "the simple feelings of common life accessible to everyone," since these come from the normal relations of working people and direct delight in the world of the senses.

As a realist, Tolstoy took it for granted that form follows content. He cited the French Symbolist poets in support of his thesis that once art is produced for a class incapable of expressing the highest conceptions of its time, its deterioration is inevitable. Besides, the sickness is organic, affecting its power of speech as well as its ideas. Obscurity, unintelligibility, overly subtle allusiveness, the absence of eloquence, much as they are defended as deliberate devices to meet modern exigencies, merely register the fact that bourgeois art in its decadence has no part in the material and cultural advance of mankind. It can afford to, no, it must become a cynical, amusing puzzle for fewer and fewer people, since the role of the class on which it depends for sustenance and applause is almost played out on the world stage. Its surrender of subject matter, like any abrogation of responsibility which releases certain inhibitions, may produce a temporary flareup of formal novelties. But the growth of technical resources is not always and necessarily a healthy sign. It may, as in decadence, be at the expense of true esthetic standards.

The decadent no longer aims to represent man's total experience. He severs eye and ear from heart and mind and all these from human history. Art becomes easier for him and harder for the spectator. The latter looks for meanings which are not there, or which do not concern him, or which are so petty that he cannot believe there is nothing more behind them to compensate him for his trouble. Here the art game begins, the great hunt for hidden significance, in which critics are employed as professional beaters to send the artists scurrying to deeper thickets. Art must be evaluated "not by everybody, and above all not by plain men, but by erudite, that is, by perverted and at the same time self-confident individuals." Now things are really stood on their heads. The critic becomes more important than the creator and dictates what the latter must produce, namely such works as will enhance the critic's scholarly prestige. The artist, to hide his shame, tries to resurrect the old slogan with which he defied bourgeois utilitarianism. Only he is so cut off from the stream of history and the great issues borne upon it that his motto now reads *"Life for art's sake."* And his isolation has so shrivelled up his sense of humor that he cannot see the absurdity.

Typical of this dilettante's progress is the exaggerated concern with ambiguity or the multiple meanings to be extracted from any given work of art. At first the artist and his audience seem brought closer together through the unexpected interpretations they may learn to have in common. A single line blossoms into a chapter of possibilities. A word reverberates in the corridors of the mind, accumulating associations as it goes. Every abstraction becomes a Proteus of profundities. But one soon suspects that now the work of art exists chiefly so that a critic's game can be played with it. The more complex and even incomprehensible it is, the more valuable. More rabbits can be pulled out of its folds. All spontaneity is lost, to be replaced by a collector's interest in the bric-a-brac of sensations and symbols. There is a corresponding tendency to reduce major forms to lesser dimensions, for example, to atomize poetic drama into a conglomeration of lyrics, thus destroying both its unity and the possibility of judging its action.

The critic's interpretations depend chiefly on his private background and peculiarities, and on which corners of the wardrobe of anthropology and psychoanalysis he has ransacked. Unrelated to an understanding of the productive relations and of the consequent class and cultural

cleavages in society which affect human interchanges, these expositions acquire a momentum of their own and become increasingly diverse and grotesque. Finally artist and audience stare hostilely at each other across a void which was once a poem or painting of sorts. The art work, whether of itself or through the vanity of the critic, has managed to drive men farther apart. In this it is no different from other by-products of capitalist social relations.

However, the artist cannot affect a simplicity which negates his cultural inheritance. For him to do so would be to deny the very sensibility which makes him an artist. His mind is least of all a blank page upon which just any message can be written. Tolstoy's insistence that the country peasant of unperverted taste set the standard of art is another example of how his right instincts could be deflected by obsolete social views. It is a great thing to demand that art be popular, that it truthfully depict the lives of the majority of mankind in an unambiguous, swiftly recognizable manner. Furthermore, that this depiction involve their most serious judgments and decisions, so that the feelings projected are both intense and universal. Tolstoy cites, for instance, the Iliad and Odyssey, the stories of Isaac, Jacob and Joseph, the Hebrew Prophets, the Gospel parables and the Vedic hymns among others. But it is ruinous to expect the artist just to resume the thread of these accounts of other times and places, and to force upon him a naiveté of outlook which no longer corresponds to modern social conditions and requirements and is therefore a travesty of the older art.

THE "natural qualities" toward which Tolstoy wanted all art to be oriented are derived from Rousseau's "natural man" and are equally fictitious. Art is a social product; so too is the mind of its audience. The complexities of either are not perverse attempts to keep men from understanding one another. They are results of historical development and the division of society into classes.

Tolstoy knew this in part and yet his theory rejected Shakespeare and Goethe and almost all representation of the subjective side of human action. But the social developments and conflicts which brought this comprehension into play cannot be banished by fiats of religion or reason, while the peasant remains a peasant and the worker a wage slave. The latter will not be grateful for a solicitude which deprives

them of their inheritance. They have heard enough compliments on their ignorance from their oppressors. The question for them is hardly whether or not to read Shakespeare, but how to overthrow their oppressors and to create a society like that of the Soviet Union, in which their reading, playing and re-evaluating Shakespeare calls for no special comment, a society in which human labor is not tied to human degradation.

The anti-intellectual elements in Tolstoy's thinking, contradicting his rationalism and his belief in human perfectibility, have been attributed to many sources, among them his reading of Eastern religious philosophy, his admiration for Schopenhauer and his acceptance of Kant's theory of the unknowability of things-in-themselves. There was in addition his peculiar notion that art declined because the ruling class lost its religious perception during the Renaissance. (Perhaps not so peculiar since this plaint is part of the stock-in-trade of Catholic polemics.) There seems to me a more basic reason. It is again Tolstoy's identification with the lot and outlook of the pre-revolutionary peasantry, whose passive renunciation was an inverted form of protest and a promise of revolt. Engels gives a beautiful explanation of an earlier, somewhat different, phenomenon of this type in *The Peasant War in Germany*. Analyzing the meaning of the asceticism which was a component of all medieval uprisings and of proletarian movements at their inception, he says, "In order to develop revolutionary energy, in order to become conscious of their own hostile position toward all other elements of society, in order to concentrate as a class, the lower strata of society must begin with stripping themselves of everything that could reconcile them to the existing system of society."

At the same time Engels points out that this asceticism loses its revolutionary character under developed capitalism when the increase of commodities renders it superfluous and when the proletariat has taken over the leading revolutionary role. Tolstoy's position then becomes a reactionary brake on the intellectual and political advance not only of the peasantry but of all revolutionary forces. The self-imposed deprivation which had once gathered the most exploited classes into a tight fist of resistance would now only dissipate their energies and divert them with crazes of abstention and attacks on conscience.

Yet the matter of simplicity is not disposed of so easily, and while

making allowance for the foregoing reservations, we shall have to reconsider it. Our knowledge of the social roots of Tolstoy's thinking, with all its opposing trends, shows us that he was far more than a pleader for cultural backwardness. What, for example, is his quarrel with bourgeois science? That the uneducated man cannot understand it? Or rather that, on the one hand, it is "chiefly occupied in proving that the existing order is the very one which ought to endure; that it has come into existence by the operations of immutable laws not amenable to human will, and that all efforts to change it are therefore harmful and wrong." While on the other, it is "exclusively occupied with things that have no direct relation to the purpose of human life: with what is curious, and with things of which practical application advantageous to people of the upper classes can be made." From this comes the theory of science for science's sake. Similarly, the core of Tolstoy's criticism of the bourgeois artist is that the latter, despite the illusions he has about his independence, exists to entertain his patrons and to support their way of life, that is, their system of exploitation. And all the intricacies of decadent art, which make it so "difficult," that is, so hard to relate to normal experience, are either signs of the bourgeois consciousness justifying itself or amusements to turn men from the social issues and tasks before them.

WHAT way out? Tolstoy hoped for a time when the distinction would disappear between what he called art for the upper classes and art for the lower classes. "Nor will the artists producing the art be as now merely a few people selected from a small section of the nation, but they will consist of all those members of the whole people who prove capable of, and have an inclination toward, artistic activity." He thought, wrongly as we know, that this end could be attained if men accepted his primitive Christianity as a way of life, and without the abolition of class rule which is the ultimate source of discord in the arts. And yet the revolutionary significance of his criticism breaks through the religious crust and the aversion to politics. Does not his aim remind us of Marx' prediction that "in a communist society, there are no painters, but at most men who, among other things, also paint"?

But we cannot quietly await this advent. While the leaders of the bourgeoisie threaten humanity with destruction unless their system

of oppression is guaranteed perpetual life, the professionals serving them invent unsurpassed techniques to corrupt and make a hash of people's minds. It is no longer enough for them to lie about political and social facts; they want to create people incapable of feeling or reasoning, so confused that they will acquiesce in their own utter debasement. That is the objective role of their art, whether in the mass media or in the "purer" works which they also sponsor, though more subtly, with flattery as much as with money.

Shall the artist now shirk his age-old responsibility to mankind? If he does, history will pass him by or fling him off. If art is to establish its continuity with the future as well as with the past, it must fight for that future in support of the working class which is charged with the liberation of all mankind from the horrors of class oppression, race hatred and war. However, the artist cannot walk in silence by the side of the working class. He must learn from it, share its life as much as he can, and speak its language.

Artist in uniform, cry the philistines. They cannot imagine that a man might wear his beliefs because they fit him. And, unfortunately, many talented craftsmen, even progressives and Communists, fall for their demagogic freedom, withdrawing art from the class struggle to which they believe themselves fully committed. Significant form has tamed them. For them the tradition of art is like a procession of circus elephants holding one another's tails. Even their boasted breaks with what has just gone before them usually amount to no more than efforts to capture the essence of a more distant past. (As though the past was not once a present whose artists had to cope with it on its own terms, without the help of museums and textbooks.)

We do not ask the artist to reject tradition, but to re-evaluate it both critically and positively. Should he, instead, elevate tradition above the needs of living people, his own comrades? Does it gratify the artist to be applauded by an audience of enemies, while his friends ask, "Is he on our side?" No matter how much he may twist and turn, he must meet this honestly; otherwise he will take his place among the other split and therefore disintegrating personalities of capitalist society.

The artist's allegiance is primary; esthetic questions are determined by it. Once he has joined the cause of the working class, it is impossible for him to go on writing, painting, composing in the same old way. If he does, his experience has not changed or it has not affected him

mind. In either case he has stagnated as an artist. One cannot emphasize this enough, for it concerns artist and critic alike. To demand that the former change his style only and not his way of life is to ask too little and too much. For the development of the true artist is organic, involving every cranny of his senses and reason. His esthetic values will change faster the more he understands the needs, interests and struggles of the masses of the working people, the more he gains perspective on the idle and predatory parasites whose outlook he has rejected. To hasten that understanding and to show its relation to artistic aims and standards is the critic's main duty today.

If, however, the critic is too impatient, expecting the artist to remake himself in the shake of a lamb's tail, he will inhibit him and force him to produce insincere works which do not register his experience or knowledge. The self-righteous critic may overestimate his own integration with the class struggle if he supposes that the mastery of its problems comes easier to the intellectual than to others. The artist must not be given the impression that the quickening of his comprehension is merely a tactical measure, the correct expedient for a political emergency. It is not a matter of setting posters against genre painting, agit prop poetry against love lyrics. We want so to deepen the character of all art forms, so invest them with new content, that though they do not deal with any topical problem, they are imbued with the consciousness of the working class for whom they are created. But this can be accomplished only if the artist is patient with his experience and avoids applying abstract formulations to it, if he absorbs, lives *through,* not above it.

WHEN the artist's identification with the working class is firmer he will more readily require of himself the directness which the Marxist critic urges upon him. He will have learned to speak simply because the feelings and aspirations of the masses have become his and he is affected by them in the same manner as they are. Therefore our simplicity, while it resembles Tolstoy's in some respects, differs from it in the most important. It cannot be used to patch up the antagonism between exploiter and exploited or to salvage their common humanity as the ultimate truth of social relations. To be simple is to be unequivocal in one's partisanship, to hate oppression *and* the oppressor, to love freedom and all the oppressed who strive to achieve it.

The artist will also see the formal aspect of simplicity in a differe light. He will shun the callous, go-your-own-sweet-way snobbery whi assumes that the cultural gap between him and his potential audien can never be bridged, and the well-meaning snobbery which preten there is no gap at all. In adjusting himself to the needs and capac of his audience he will most often find that he is renouncing affec tions which are not intrinsic to his theme or purpose: elaborate syste of symbols which contradict or are merely superimposed upon l realistic content, or abstract forms which, though interesting in the selves, do not strengthen the representation of his subject. At first may be hard for him to forsake his old loves; after a while they w seem as outmoded as crinolines.

But this transition will be successful only if the artist is support by an organized political effort to raise the general level of und standing of art, and the artist is made to feel that the working cl needs and wants him as an ally. He should be given creative assig ments and, wherever possible, paid for his work. He should be enco aged to use whatever medium his talent permits, cartoon or fresco, f song or symphony, skit or tragic drama. The question is, not on wh level he must operate, but on how many levels he can. At the sa time, common sense should teach him not to use one form wh another is needed more urgently. Incongruous weapons lose batt

Of course there are still some honest people who believe that has no business with battles. They may find comfort in Tolstoy's ar ment that art should reconcile the human lion and lamb. But let th remember that he also said, "Art is not a pleasure, a solace, or amusement. It is a great matter." That is how Communists regard and why they insist that it be an arm in the fight for peace, for brotherhood of man which Tolstoy foretold, though he could accept the only means to attain it. In that fight, art must be the im and the voice of courage, drawing it from the lives of the people their heroes and restoring it to them, as the heart takes in the bo blood to send it streaming through again.

What Is Our Crime?

by RING LARDNER, JR.

Mr. Lardner made the following speech at a meeting in The Town Hall, New York City, on June 19, 1950, held under the auspices of the National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions. Ten days later he was sentenced to serve one year in jail and fined $1,000 for refusing to divulge his political opinions to the House Un-American Committee. Also convicted for the same "offense" were writers Alvah Bessie, Lester Cole, Albert Maltz and Samuel Ornitz, producer Adrian Scott, and directors Herbert Biberman and Edward Dmytryk. Their convictions followed those of John Howard Lawson and Dalton Trumbo who were jailed on June 9.

MOST people who go to jail are being punished for a particular offense which is known to them, and to their judges and to such of the public as are concerned. It's a little different in our kind of case. People find it hard to agree on the exact nature of our crime, and there's an especially wide difference of opinion about it between the defendants and the courts which decide their fate. Officially, we face a year in prison and fines of $1,000 a piece for obstructing the function of a Congressional committee by refusing to furnish it with information necessary to the legislative process. Our own view, on the other hand, is that we are being punished for certain opinions we hold, or are believed to hold—opinions which the government considers dangerous to its purposes, especially when they exist in the minds of writers and directors with a measure of influence on popular attitudes.

I think our version is the correct one, but it's a little tough to sell in some quarters. It's pointed out, rather frequently, that not answering questions about your beliefs is different from expressing them openly, and then getting sat on for whatever they may be. The answer

to this, as we see it, is that the key to the whole matter lies in th element of force behind the questioning to which we were subjected It is one thing to make a voluntary response to an informal quer and quite another to be ordered, under the threat of a jail sentenc to speak on issues which are traditionally and constitutionally yo personal affair. In the latter situation one feels obliged to challen the purpose and power behind the interrogation, and the only w to do that is by declining to co-operate with it.

Test oaths and inquisitions have always marked the most despo governments in the darker periods of history, and I for one resent th current attempt to draw a technical and specious distinction betwe forcing a man to say what his opinions are, and dictating what thc opinions should be. I insist that, no matter how thin the judicial sli ing, when men are compelled to open their minds to governmen authority, men's minds are no longer free.

The real crime for which we face imprisonment is an honorab one, and I would like to be given full credit for having committed For a mere screenwriter to be sent to jail for his beliefs elevates hi from one of the lower levels of literary prestige to a fraternity of ja birds which includes Socrates, St. Paul, Sir Thomas More, Fran Bacon, John Donne, John Bunyan, Defoe, Diderot, Voltaire, Lei Hunt, Thomas Paine, Thoreau, William Lloyd Garrison, Dostoyevsk Lenin, Ernst Toller and Pablo Neruda.

Most of these men lived in more candid times, when governmer and their victims were at least able to agree on the nature of t offense, even though they differed drastically as to what should done about it. It was a less complicated process to punish a man his words in periods when words were subject to the jurisdiction the law than it is when judges have to grope their way around t obstacle of a First Amendment. Galileo was frankly ordered by t Inquisition "neither to hold, defend nor teach in any manner wh ever, either orally or in writing, the said false doctrine." Today, wh the leaders of the Communist Party are brought to trial for the sa sort of crime, it is necessary to dress up the charge in the guise o conspiracy to overthrow the government.

The Athenian indictment against Socrates said of him: "He guilty of inquiring into the things beneath the earth and the thi of the firmament; he makes the worse appear the better reason, a he teaches others so." In the America of Harry Truman, where it

unthinkable to jail men merely for exercising the rights of free expression, the directors of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee are convicted of guarding confidential records from the American allies of Spanish fascism. And Carl Marzani, a man who combines energy and intellect in a way that dazzles, inspires and sometimes alarms me, has been in jail a year and a half now for "defrauding" the government, though no one has yet specified what it was the government was defrauded of.

The ecclesiastical court in its verdict on Joan of Arc pointed out "how serious and dangerous it is curiously to examine things which are beyond one's understanding, and to believe in new things," and described her conduct as "contrary and derogatory to the dignity of angels." Today, in the case of the Hollywood Ten, the crime is called contempt and the dignity offended is that of J. Parnell Thomas.

I am not trying to equate our cause with that of St. Joan, any more than I am trying to join Mr. Thomas with the angels. As a matter of fact, I happen to believe there is a danger in romanticizing the individuals involved in cases of this kind, sometimes at the expense of the issues. The motives and personalities of Dred Scott or Dreyfus, or the sick chicken which undermined the N.R.A., are historical irrelevancies. Their prominence arose only from the fact that general rights are usually tested in specific cases.

THE jailing of John Howard Lawson and Dalton Trumbo and Howard Fast isn't primarily important because they happen to be admirable people, or even because of the potential loss to American literature. But the fact that they are writers is a very significant indication of the times. I don't have any statistical tables on the subject, but I think it is safe to say that more writers have been sent to jail than members of any other normally respectable profession. And the ideas for which they have sacrificed their liberty and frequently their lives have always been closely related to the central issue of a particularly historical crisis.

Lawson and Trumbo said ten days ago that they were victims of the bi-partisan foreign policy, that their imprisonment was part of the cold war. At first glance this sounds like a rather far-fetched conclusion. There wasn't a great deal of war talk in the proceedings of the Un-American Activities in 1947. Nor did the hearings or the contempt citations resulting from them have the apparent blessing

of the administration. As a matter of fact, the judicial atmosphere at that time was such that many people didn't take the prosecution of our case too seriously: a Supreme Court with Murphy, Rutledge, Douglas and Black could be counted on to slap down the demagogues.

Obviously it wasn't the Truman administration that decided a Hollywood investigation would be good publicity for a then Republican-dominated committee, or that picked the ten of us as practice targets. But just as obviously it is a Truman court which refuses to hear our case in 1950, and the President himself who now takes the credit for prosecuting it.

There is a missing link between these two stages—between the original purpose of the investigation and the much broader significance it has now assumed. That link, it seems to me, is the force of the external events of the last three years on this and every important political issue. In 1947 the administration was slowly and sometimes timidly launching the opening sallies of its cold war. The Un-American Activities Committee had a standing something like the privateering captains of Queen Elizabeth's time, whose attacks on Spanish commerce were sometimes greeted with smiles and sometimes with frowns but whose contributions to the royal cause were always gratefully accepted. The queen had the eventual choice of repudiating them or making them an official part of the national effort.

In 1950 the quibbles between Senator McCarthy and his Democratic competitors are so trivial they would seem silly to any more developed mind than that of a commercial newspaper editor. The administration itself has a program that would have seemed prematurely anti-democratic to the Un-American Activities Committee of 1947. If there were no cases like ours already so far advanced, they would have to initiate them now, and thus lose valuable time. One of the great and compelling needs at the moment is to show dissenters and potential critics the hazards of unorthodoxy in a way that will make them consider and re-consider before they openly question the foreign policy of persuasion by bribery. The necessity to make examples of us is the more urgent because it is dictated by desperation. I don't think it would seem nearly so important to get us behind bars if the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan and the renazification of Europe were working. I am not a man of easy optimism but I find that a cheering thought.

books in review

Lesson from Germany

THE DEAD STAY YOUNG, by Anna Seghers. *Little, Brown.* $4.00.

IN GERMANY of 1918 a young Communist was caught by the White Guard, taken out of the car on the way to prison, and shot. The shooting was illegal. No *fuehrer* had yet been installed, and the Social-Democratic government preferred the formal "justice" of a trial before execution. However, it was more convenient to kill the prisoner—an officer needed the car—and he was a Red, was he not? . . . Later the body was discovered but the crime was not investigated.

That episode, which opens Anna Segher's novel about Germany in 1918-45, is the most dramatic to occur for many chapters. In the "peace" that takes place, legal appearances are kept. The forces that will establish a Hitler exist obscurely, under familiar euphemisms; while they press upon the characters in *The Dead Stay Young,* the pressure is indirect and no one accurately defines it. Perhaps this is the most chilling quality of Miss Segher's story: this quiet, almost crawling emergence of a terror with a real shape and name, real power, and fearfully real goals. Reading the first sections of the novel is a curious experience for Americans today. Our headlines—the political arrests and jailings, the swaggers of the H-bombers—make that Germany already seem very much of the past. It is only when the Reichstag trial appears that the past comes sharply into the present and Americans may well ask themselves (as many Germans once must have): "How did it all happen?" That is one of the questions Miss Seghers attempts to answer.

Her characters are most of them quiet people, each representative of his class and his group within that class. The *fuehrer,* described by one of his shrewd supporters as a "hysterical philistine," is far in the background. For a time the industrialist, Von Klemm, is skeptical of him: could *any* Socialism, even National, be trusted? The aristocrat, Tante Amalie, scorns the vulgar little man from Bavaria; her nephew, Wenzlow, is sternly devoted to the army as against the S.A. Even Ernst von Lieven, the

most convincing potential Nazi, starts out simply as an adventurer and opportunist bored by his meager life. And the brothers Nadler, small farmer and shoemaker, both preoccupied with money transactions and their rivalry over the same woman—how could they be intimately touched by national politics?

Few people had heard the shot that killed a Communist prisoner in 1918. His girl, Marie, who later bore his child, never learned what had happened to him; nor did she know about his political activities. Although her son will some day take up the same activity, Marie is too involved in the daily problem of keeping a comfortable home for the man she marries, bringing up his three children as well as her own child, to find out what goes on outside her neighborhood. Her husband, a worker and a Socialist, is helpless between his hatred of the ruling class and his hostility toward Communists.

Yet all was not so quiet as it seemed. Miss Seghers shows us what went on behind appearances: the strikes and street-fighting; the workers' disillusionment with Weimar; the capitalists' disappointment in "Bruening's incense and von Papen's cleverness"; and the fear of the ruling class everywhere that the young Soviet Union will indicate to the workers the way out of disorder and despair. Finally the influential lawyer, Spranger, is able to say openly to a friend:

"I have taught myself not to believe anything any more. Of the three cardinal virtues—faith, charity, and hope—I have dropped the first two, hope alone remains. I hope for a man who is strong enough to master the witches' cauldron that holds what we call our nation in thrall: that dark, viscous mass of human beings overflowing our streets in rain and in sunshine, and which either thins out as the result of some law chemistry has not yet discovered or flows together in dangerous masses. . . . It's quite possible this fellow Hitler may really bring it off. . . . In my modest opinion we ought to give the man a few years and naturally money enough."

Soon every character in the novel is directly drawn, as victim, follower or resister, into the real witches' cauldron. The savage story—how many times have we heard it by now and how often must we learn it again?—of subduing the "dangerous masses" with handcuffs, spies, whips and guns, proceeds inevitably to war, first war with triumph, then war with defeat on the Eastern Front. At the last the army officer Wenzlow, who in 1918 had obeyed the captain's order to kill the Communist, now finds himself giving the same order in regard to the dead man's son, also a Communist who has been caught trying to reveal the Nazi position to the Russians. As Wenzlow looks

the son he thinks for a moment it is the man that he himself shot so many years ago—and he reflects:

"But how young he had stayed! Probably all of them who had been there had been dead a long time. For his part the burden of life weighed unbearably on him. But that fellow, the second from the left, had flung back his head like a young horse. Death seemed not to touch him. . . . The Nazis had promised him heaven on earth, but he had not let himself be fooled. They had crushed him in every mill, his bones had cracked; they had led him to war, from battle to battle. But he had not let himself be killed: he had stayed young."

Others besides the boy Hans, or the father before him, have not let death touch them. There is Emmi, Hans' girl, pregnant with his child—and Hans' mother, Marie, torn from her everyday devotion to home and family to take her place among other German women in the factories who sabotaged the Hitler production as best they could. There are comrades, friends or neighbors of Hans' family. The only ones who will remain dead, Miss Seghers says in effect, are the Wenzlows, the Klemms, the Lievens, the stormtroopers, Hitler himself—no matter what descendents they leave or how many resurrections appear to be effected.

Surely this is the only outlook possible for anti-fascist fighters

then or now—not because it is "correct" or heroic, but because it is based on truth. To the extent that *The Dead Stay Young* convinces us of that truth, it achieves a great purpose. There may be disagreement as to how far the author has succeeded in her intention. One can complain, for example, that the tone of the book may be a little too quiet, especially after the Nazi terror and resistance to it get under way. In action and pace, the novel is bound to be compared unfavorably to Miss Segher's great work, *The Seventh Cross;* while there is action, and plenty of it, in *The Dead Stay Young,* it is too frequently offstage: a strike is reported by one neighbor to another; when stormtroopers break into a Jewish home, the scene ends at the point of their entry; political arrests and killings are noted in conversations. The reason for this fault, I think, lies in Miss Seghers' characters, who are not people who act readily or think deeply. As the story unfolds through them, it is sometimes flattened or blurred by their reactions, which are essentially indecisive, caution and uncomprehending. As a result, the real scope and horror of Hitlerism is not sharply conveyed. Nor do we get a satisfactory picture of the resistance through Hans, Emmi, Marie, and their friends—for again, their activities are only told and their numbers are not clearly indicated.

But let us not ask too much. *The Dead Stay Young* is a detailed and painstaking chronicle of a time in history that still presses upon the present and future. We need all the understanding of it that can be provided. In Miss Seghers' novel there are scenes which fire understanding with the imaginative experience of participation—such as those in the latter part of the book, on the Eastern Front. There is a character we won't forget, the woman Marie, whose warm, sturdy protectiveness of her own family becomes concentrated in a passionate protection of her Communist son and his comrades. And we may remember even better Marie's lover, the man we never know, who was shot down at the story's opening but who haunts the rest of the book—the dead youth who stayed young.

BARBARA GILES

Mint Julep Values

WORLD ENOUGH AND TIME, by Robert Penn Warren. *Random House.* $3.50.

THE fact that writers who, a decade ago, in prose or verse, were considered caviar to the general public are now matching the slicks in middle-class appeal is an interesting phenomenon, like the Broadway run of Eliot's *Cocktail Party* and the appearance of sur-

realism in fashion ads. It is not that the commercial market is getting any more high-minded, but that there never was much difference, except stylistic, between the manufactured "lowbrow" and the arty "highbrow." The basic trinity of themes in both, whether in movies, drama or fiction, is death, sex and chauvinism. The death is always violent. The sex is always barren of love. The chauvinism is aimed at the Negro people, and against all who do not fit the Anglo-Saxon stereotype.

Such is the character of Warren's novel. It is based on an actual murder that took place in Kentucky during the 1810's. The first murder is followed, as in a thriller, by an orgy of bloodshed. It is a romantic love story, in which the two central characters are never sure that they love one another but have plenty of hatred, and are driven like the blind and obsessed. And its white chauvinism is what is to be expected from a member of the Southern Agrarian school of writers, who have become the high priests of prose, poetry and criticism in the universities, run the millionaire-endowed literary reviews, and are the cultural wing of American fascism.

The story is of an orphaned farm boy, Jeremiah Beaumont, who studies law in the office of one of the rising democratic politicians of the period, Colonel Fort. Fort, a married man, has an affair with a young girl, Rachel

Jordan, who gives birth to a dead child. Beaumont falls in love with Rachel even before he meets her. When he asks her to marry him she demands that he kill his benefactor, Colonel Fort. The murder is accidentally prevented before the two are married. A few years later, however, Beaumont does murder Fort. He is put on trial and convicted, but escapes from prison, and is finally killed by a thug for the price put on his head.

The writing is the kind that poets call philosophical and philosophers call poetic, when they wish to disparage each other's calling. It continually asks, What is life? What is love? What is man? What is honor? What is fate? There are, of course, no answers. It is suggested, however, that only the "heart" knows truth, and that the only "truth" is the oblivion of death, and that the only honor is in hating one's fellow men, who are all corrupt at heart. One might call this the modern hypocritical religiousness, which avoids being tied to a church doctrine, but mouths mystical incantations. Such philosophizing permits the N. Y. *Times* reviewer to be both ecstatic and mystical: ". . . a book which is a journey of exploration and an exercise in definition, a vision and revelation." Exploration of what? Definition of what? Vision of what? Revelation of what? One must not ask such questions of *Times* book reviewers.

The "poetic" qualities are attained through a density of style. Each sentence is tightly packed with detail, carefully studied for authenticity: ". . . a room with brown wainscoting and a beamed ceiling, in one corner hanks of yarn hanging from the beams above the spinning wheel, in another corner a bed with a nice canopy of dimity, shelves in an alcove filled with neatly folded linen, a big oak table in the middle of the floor, rush-bottom chairs about, and a couple of long rifles with powder horns and pouches suspended from bucks' antlers above the big stone fireplace." But there is always a coldness and heartlessness in this piling up of details, a lack of feeling for nature and people. It is a studied display.

Another fancy touch is Warren's invention of "memoirs" written by Jeremiah Beaumont, and of letters written by Jeremiah and Rachel. Warren gives these memoirs and letters a proper archaic tone and plants in them little touches of his own philosophy, so that Beaumont can say in his memoirs, "my life was nothing and all I had ever done was nothing and meant nothing, it was no different from any man's life. Except that I had come to the knowledge." And Warren can echo, with an air of profundity, "He had come to the 'knowledge,' he says." It is the kind of literary mountebankery that Eliot, Pound and Tate carry

n as a substitute for poetry, the bility to imitate any antique air r manner. And it gives Warren n opportunity to plant in the nemoirs the proper psychoanalytic iints, so that the reader will rec-)gnize with a thrill that Beau-nount was in love with his nother, Rachel hated her mother, ind both were driven to murder ind suicide by the awe-inspiring forces of the subconscious. War-ren builds up a lurid horror by this fraudulent psychologizing of love and violence. "The moment when he should strike Fort and the moment when he should at last take her into his arms fused into one moment, the two acts became one act, the secret of life, and all that lay between him and the act was ugly and meaningless."

The hatred of the Negro people is apparent throughout the book. It is carried off with a patroniz-ing air. No Negro people are cen-tral characters, but they are al-ways in the background, and never described as working: ". . . and the group of Negroes who sprawled and squatted about a game of thimble-rig, bet pennies, and drank whiskey from a gourd flask stoppered with a cob, pass-ing it from hand to hand with a 'snickering decorum.'" This is descriptive of a time when the entire agricultural production of the South was carried on by the enslaved Negro people, whose years of life and the labor that could be wrested out of them

were carefully calculated against the price paid on the auction block.

The choice of time is quite deliberate. The age of Jackson is beloved by the modern "agrarians," for they can show "democratic" and "people's" politicians as slave-holders. The political setting is described by Warren with the same density of detail as the glimpses of costume and nature. Almost every page is packed with mention of "relief," "anti-relief," "replevin," "justice," "New Court," "Old Court," elections and arguments. But out of all this detail, the reader gets not the slightest idea of what the issues were all about. What emerges is a confused impression that while Warren's sympathy is with the "poor," all the "right" and law is on the side of the conservatives, whom Warren never shows as the robber bankers and real estate sharks that they were. But even this is not enough. One of the main points of the book is to show that all the "friends of the people," all the "democrats," were at heart selfish and conniving scoundrels. They are summed up as possessing only "political chicanery, ambition, the despair of the debtor, the laziness of louts, the cunning of speculators, and, even, a crazy dream of justice." To mix into politics is to be "worldly," and to be "worldly" only corrupts. "That heavy, arro gant breed that would seize th world and run it. That took wha they wanted, for all their fine talk

By escaping from this corrup ing world of politics, into th "truth" of the heart, love an murder, Jeremiah Beaumont b comes a man of integrity. Takin a theme from Dostoyevsky, Wa ren has Jeremiah convicted for murder he committed, but co victed by a pack of lies invente by scoundrels. Thus Warren ca show Jeremiah, the murderer, the only man of honor, surrounde by thieves. Who can ever kno truth? Life is a "charade."

Such messages are addressed modern times, for all the antiq air of the book. War, for examp is justified in the course of a di cussion on dueling. First explai ing that many call dueling a gar of "dunces," Warren says th men still duel. "At five thousa feet in the air we ride a snarli motor into the veil of flak." W is deep down in all men's hear "Or to regard the matter in a di ferent light, we can never lea Hecuba. She is what we must ca in our breast, though we c never know her. She is our fo and our glory and despair."

This is an evil and dishon book, artistically hollow a valueless.

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

BENJAMIN RUSH BULLETIN

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