MASSES & MAINSTREAM

Psychosomatic Medicine:
HOW SCIENTIFIC IS IT?

By ALBERT STARR

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omics, TV, and Your Child By ALBERT E. KAHN

rice of the 'Free Press' By GEORGE MARION

Subpoena from McCarthy

By HERBERT APTHEKER

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tories YOSHIO ABE, WARREN MILLER

oems ALVAH BESSIE, OLGA CABRAL, NAZIM HIKMET
WALTER LOWENFELS

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Subpoena No. 245

By HERBERT APTHEKER

'Y SUBPOENA from McCarthy was numbered 245. I don't w what numbers the Velde Com-ee or the Jenner Committee has hed. But while the distinguished lisher, Angus Cameron, and the ld-famous physicist, Dr. Philip rrison, were being grilled in Bos- and Cedric Belfrage, editor of *National Guardian*, the play-ght Arnaud d'Usseau, the teacher vid Flacks, the actor Lionel Stand-the song writer Jay Gorney, the ector Mortimer Offner, the pro-er Lee Sabinson, were being led in New York, there was GREETING calling me to Wash-ton.

Greeting, indeed! Some long-dead yer's mordant humor. For the eeting went on to say, in very bold e, YOU ARE HEREBY COM-ANDED to appear, and to add that uld I ignore the greeting and the nmand, there were terrible "pains l penalties in such cases made and vided." There is no point in us-; one word when two will do.

As we enter we find McCarthy's circus to be a large one. The star himself is in the center of the stage, his supporting cast surrounds him, and there is his menagerie, nearly housebroken puppies, hyenas and assorted crawling things. The lights glare upon the witness, cameras grind, a dozen microphones reach out for every sound.

Millen Brand confesses that he writes novels. Yes, *The Heroes* and *The Outward Room* are from his pen. No, he did not know that these books were in U.S. Government libraries overseas. So confronted—the weapons of the crime, its locale—what can the pen-wielder do but fall back on the Fifth Amendment? (Who put that Fifth Amendment right in the middle of the Bill of Rights? And who wrote the Bill of Rights? Is any of *his* stuff in those libraries?)

Who is the next writer? The over-eager puppy, answering to the name Roy, calls for William Gropper. What's he done? Roy announces that a map made by this person is in many libraries abroad. A map-maker, eh? Drawing maps—very, very interest-

ing. Well, it turns out he's some sort of an artist, and he says: "A people without art is like a house without windows, living in darkness." There is The Senator, in the life, asking William Gropper what Red in the State Department got him to draw that map!

There is Philip Foner. Another book writer. The one Roy especially yelped about to his master was called *Jews in American History*. And there was something about the labor movement. A devotee of the Fifth Amendment, no doubt? No doubt—it appears Philip Foner has heard of the Bill of Rights. And of those who would destroy it. Strangely, he chooses Jefferson and spurns McCarthy. Clearly, un-American.

The puppy announces my books are in forty libraries overseas, and they are books about the Negro people. The Senators don't like my books, and they don't like my attitude, and they don't like my calling their informers "dastardly sub-human creatures." They are fascinated by my estimate of informers and we discuss the species for ten, fifteen minutes. Senator Symington says committee does not want names; minutes later Senator McCarthy w the names of everyone I've me seen or spoken to and the name anyone who ever said good-mor to me, or nodded, friend to fr McCarthy never had a friend never will and does not know w the word means. He's against fri ship.

McCarthy times things caref His show lasts two hours, and the fifteen minutes he saves for him He sums things up for the televi audience. Feeling a maximum of respect and thoroughly contemptu I left without watching the finale

A MAN called me. We chatte the hall. He was a slight, plea looking fellow, rather young. A yer from the mid-West, a Republi and he felt McCarthy was a crusa like Borah and Norris had b But he wasn't sure now, at all. was a lawyer and so was McCa and what McCarthy was doing to Fifth Amendment was not right McCarthy must know that. And Carthy did want names from me, what I'd said about informers true. He said:

"I sat next to a guard watch the show and the guard kept mutte all the time: 'They ought to shoot all God-damn Reds right now instead asking 'em questions.' He was mutte like that all the time and finally I to him: 'Look, you know, they do h *some* rights.' He turns to me and s right off, 'Why, who the hell are y

)et your'e a God-damned Red your-
.'

'Imagine that! Here I am a Republican
yer from a mid-West town that doesn't
'e more than 2,000 people, and I've
'er seen a Communist—unless you
lly are one—and I say you have some
hts and he says I'm a Communist!
at thing really spreads, you know it?"

He took my name and address, and
d he would write because he
nted to know what I thought and why, and what McCarthy was after and why. He said this Fifth Amendment is important, and McCarthy certainly was not fair and square about that.

He said he would write to me: would it cause trouble? he wondered. Well, damn, he could write to me, he supposed, if he wanted to, and he said he would.

I think he will.

I Will Not Cooperate!'

By ANGUS CAMERON

The following statement was made y Angus Cameron before a hearing f the Senate Internal Security Sub-mmittee (Jenner Committee) in oston, May 7. Mr. Cameron was ubpoenaed shortly after the an-ouncement of his participation in a ew publishing firm, Cameron & ahn.

I DEPLORE the atmosphere of hysteria which makes it possible or this committee to summon citi-ens to testify on matters which the Congress has no right to legislate and herefore no right to investigate, namely, the rights of free speech and ree press. On the other hand, I wel-ome the chance to make a statement bout the committee and its works.

I am a book publisher. I have been a publisher and editor for 76 years; for half of that time as editor-in-chief of the Boston publishing house, Little, Brown & Co. I have been active as well in educational and political fields.

For many years I have considered that the various inquisitional committees of the Congress were illegally investigating into the political beliefs, affiliations, and associations of American citizens, not in order to search out subversion, but actually in order to intimidate and terrify the people, to silence democratic criticism not only of these committees themselves, but of the policies and action of the administration, harmful to the interest of the people, which these witch hunts cloak.

As a book publisher I consider

that I have a special function to oppose these activities since they attack the right of the people to say and print what they believe without fear of smear and persecution. I believe that the freedom to explore through books the real world around us—its natural and social laws, its motions and its changes—is a freedom which cannot be limited in the slightest degree without opening the dike of liberty to thought control, book burnings, and their concomitants: ignorance, obscurantism, prejudice and intellectual flummery. I repeat, I believe this committee's purpose is not to seek out subversion, but to breed prejudice and ignorance and stifle truth and knowledge so that the undemocratic forces behind these committees may operate without fear that informed critical opinion will be brought to bear against their dangerous policies.

The same Senate which nurtures and harbors this committee passed the Tidelands Oil bill which provides for the mass theft of public property by private interests. It prepares to reduce further the living standards of the people by crazy expenditures for an unpopular war; it prepares for further attacks through the Rhodes-Goldwater bill (S. 1254) on the rights of labor, and it seeks through the people's treasure and their sons to maintain an outworn colonial system on other peoples throughout the world.

I WELCOME the chance to add my voice to the rising tide of opposition to this committee and th thinking in the administration whi makes it possible. I am glad to e press my confidence that the peop of this country will soon discov the true purposes of the witch hu and sweep it away in a flood of i dignation as they have swept aw similar practices in the past.

I want to make it clear that I d not intend to cooperate with th committee. I do not intend to assi it to flout the First Amendment the Constitution. I do not inten to allow it to force me, in violatio of the Fifth Amendment, to be witness against myself and my neig bors.

I am proud of the books which had a part in publishing, of th organizations which I joined or su ported, and of the educational ve tures in which I participated. I d not concede the right of any bureau crat, within this committee, or of th Attorney General by private fiat t blacklist these organizations, or t dictate to anyone what he shou say, think, or print. I do not inted t assist this committee in its effor to smear myself or others in th connection. I intend to continue m activities for books, causes and o ganizations in which I believe, re gardless of disapproval of this com mittee. My own knowledge based o study, my own observations of th real world around me, and my ow conscience based on convictions wi continue to determine my action whatever this committee may thin or do to the contrary.

American Voices

By WALTER LOWENFELS

pring raided our street, broke through the thin glass of
daybreak, found
ouses asleep. Certain birds call out their love of trees,
neighbor's cyclamen bush
edder than it was yesterday. The tree of heaven in our backyard
tretches out a new branch of buds. All these objects, Spring
seized and said
poet would spell it out.

Spring investigated us this morning and said: "Get started,
get moving, get on your way!"
Spring held open hearings on the Potomac, and broadcast from
the tree tops:
'Peace is being born." Spring investigated the White House,
Washington, D.C., and cited it for contempt.

Louisville Courier-Journal
Louisville, Kentucky

The days of the high-ups lording it over the people are numbered. The world is awakening from its slumber. The dark ages are past. Men are tasting freedom, some for the first time in history. The light is breaking for the man in the street and the man in the mine and the common, salt-of-the-earth men. And some sweet day they will hang the criminals who send our boys to be murdered, and work for peace instead of everlasting war—for peace and not for dollars.

Jesse L. Ralph

Winter left us with the thundering of the casualty lists in our
ears as the forty-five Negroes executed in Virginia for 'Rape' since 1908
became fifty-two

while the 809 white men found guilty all stayed alive.
Spring brought us a choral of Korea and a new love for peace.

The Virginian
Norfolk, Virginia

Right in our own country we find in so many places that a m
is discriminated against because of his race or his religious beli
Surely, if we want to teach the world democracy, I know of no fi
place to begin than at home.

Jessie Gottli

May dug us a garden in Laurel, Mississippi, and another body
burned alive.
His last letter: "They are going to take my life to
keep the Negro down in the South. . . .
keep on fighting—Willie McGee."
His last words: "I have everything fixed up all right.
I am ready to go."

From the cherry blossoms on the Potomac, Spring quizzed us:
White America:
Do you have everything fixed up? Are you ready to go?

Pittsburgh Courier
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Why should Negroes die for second-class citizenship? No Neg
who has done any thinking would desire to go overseas and kill peo
who, like himself, have been exploited for centuries. Even if it we
possible for a Negro to receive a medal of honor for his part in t
slaughter, old man Jim Crow would be waiting to slap him in t
face at the instant he set feet in the land of the free and the hon
of the brave.

Our biggest fight is within this country. We have more enem
here than we have in Europe or Korea. . . . We should re-emphasi
that our definite goal is unequivocable equality.

Roy Wrig

Spring investigated our street, found pavement breaking into
daylight,

Tree of Heaven in our alley yawning and stretching,
one of us poking for treasure in our trash heaps.
morning is beautiful, Spring said,
ie dogs don't bark at you
the police don't hanker after you,
you sleep the lingering hours into sunlight,
bed supported by the muscles of sixteen million Negroes. . . .

The News Leader
Richmond, Virginia

. . . America's approach to the colonial races is to treat them as if they were not human. . . . Now we are reaping what we have sown. Many in America feel they are better than Asians, better than the darker races, better than the Jews. . . .

Mrs. I. F. Epps

ing swore out a warrant for breach of the peace, declaring:
s sleeping street is what one sees and smells
a jellied gasoline bomb the street has seen
in the newspaper dispatch: "Inhabitants asphyxiated
the exact posture they held when struck,
woman reading her Sears-Roebuck catalog in a little hamlet
north of Anyang
torn page crayoned on mail order number 3,811,294 for a
bewitching bed-jacket, coral."

The Constitution
Atlanta, Georgia

. . . When I first heard the term Operation Killer used on the radio with its implication that we are now involved in a struggle to kill Chinese, not for our preservation or that of our way of life, but because they are Chinese, then something inside me turned over with revulsion.

Norman Lamotta
Hopeville, Ga.

oked at my hands to see if the blood showed.
this stainless street, dear Spring, I testify
palms appear bloodless, strange."

"Among the frozen bodies in the streets of Anyang," Spring whispe
"and in Martinsville, your hands feel at home."

The Times
Watertown, New York

This is written to people of good will who consider the Russi
as people, the Chinese soldiers as people, who regret not only
loss of our own boys, but the sad plight of the Koreans, the slaugh
of the Chinese, who are sick of hearing where we should fight, w
we should fight, and are wondering if brute force and bully tac
are the best we can do.

Mrs. Wanda Schla
Evans Mills, N.

Coral Korea! red coral throat
pouring out a choral of peace
to be won.

Your morning was like this, too, neighbor,
your naked sleep clothed with the most precious grammar
to spell out how your flesh shines like a song that sings
in your own words, in your own Letters to the Editor.

Courier Journal
Louisville, Kentucky

I saw two brothers come home from Korea. The whole family
at the train station to meet them. There were tears, but not te
of joy; because for the older of the two, war is forever over.

As the flag-draped coffin was taken from the train, what could
younger boy, who has escorted his brother 8,000 miles from Korea,
to his parents? What could the President who sent that boy over th
say, if he had been standing there? . . .

H. D. L., Hazard, Kentu

Between your own letters to the editor, neighbor, Spring spoke
its own plain song:

The Star
Kansas City, Missouri

. . . Do we ever see the name of duPont, Rockefeller, Vanderbilt in a casualty list?

Mrs. Beatrice Konsor

Daily News
Washington, D.C.

He had absolutely no hatred. He thought our leaders were wrong, that war was wrong, that his being there was wrong. . . . No, I can't think that it's a religious war, not a Communist war. Our priest says that they fight because they are in the hands of atheists, but I say, then whom are we in the hands of? Certainly not Christians. . . .

Mrs. Charles B. Gass
[on learning that her son
was missing in action in Korea]

oldier, brother—son:
Whose Bunker Hill is this mountain top you clutch so quietly?
Who owns this blade of grass you stain with your dying sweat?
How do you spell the name of the village whose house-tops you
kissed with your trigger?

The Post
Denver, Colorado

Here is a story of a lonely soldier boy of sixteen with a dream of brother love and peace some day not so far away from this world of today. . . . P.S. Pray for us here in Korea. We need it.

PFC Ed Gallegos

What recording sings, as these letters do, just as they were
vritten, an epic of the long journey you made from Indianapolis and
Frisco to land on someone else's island, and kill many
trangers, until you were overpowered by their love, and died
lutching this strange hill?

Commercial Advertiser
Memphis, Tennessee

. . . Most of the big shots don't know what these boys are getting murdered about except for them to make another dollar.

Mrs. R. F. France

O brother in Korea, Spring sang in the early sleeping morning in
our street.
Whose sweetheart will plant flowers in your helmet?
What mothers rock their babies to sleep with lullabies of your
coming and going in the dark winters of Pusan?

The Globe-Democrat
St. Louis, Missouri
. . . How long are we going to sit still and take it?
Mrs. Ben Snedek

Which man's father hails you as liberator?
Who will tell the young warriors sleeping on the hillsides of
Gettysburg
that you loved their hallowed cries of victory over our Civil War
slave-owners?

The Enterprise Times
Brockton, Massachusetts
. . . I would like to make a request of your newspaper. I am i
Korea this Christmas Day. Stop. Get me out of here.
PFC Raymond C. Grenc

Brother, soldier, son—all around you are voices of Spring
everyone can hear singing

The Post Herald
Birmingham, Alabama
. . . Parents, let's do something to help our boys because they ar
dying without any cause at all. Now is the time to do something an
try to save a few of them, for I am the mother of one of those boy
and my heart goes out to every mother who has a boy in Korea.
Mrs. Nellie Wooc

Coral Korea! red coral throat
pouring out a choral of peace
to be won

Union Voice, District 65
Distributive, Processing and Office Workers of America
New York, New York

I think it is time labor made its voice heard. Let's recognize China in the UN. Get out of Korea and Formosa and sit down at a table like mature nations to settle the conflicts of this world. Let the rank and file make themselves heard for peace in our union and through our union.

Francis Inkeles

w the milkman drives his chariot down our street;
trumpeting bottles alert our doorsteps for another day.
e sun pours out on the neighbor's cyclamen bush
illion degrees of exploding, atomic heat, and filters
ough 2,000 million human volts one more
rning of life, liberty, and the pursuit of peace.

The Star
Muncie, Indiana

. . . It's about time we mothers had a march on the White House.

Mrs. L. H., Hartford City, Ind.

ow peaks of the Urals! People of the Himalayas!
ross the coral isthmus Korea, across the human isthmus—
m my own street, and from the Andean frontier—
oss the German basin, and the Great Divide:
Do you hear us?

The Times-Herald
Manitowoc, Wisconsin

. . . The people of America want peace. Let them have it.

Arthur Trippler

e pounding of our hearts and feet, the knocks of our hands
on your doors
ing you Good Morning, neighbors! H'ya partners! Shake!
ok for us this morning, with the first Western light,
inging you peace, to be won.

How Scientific Is It?

PSYCHOSOMATIC MEDICINE

By ALBERT STARR

"ARE you sick? Are you tired? Are you depressed? Are your troubles psychosomatic?"

This piercing inquiry, blared out at the readers of the *New York Times Book Review* last November 9 in a large advertisement for a new book, shows how the word "psychosomatic," practically unknown twenty years ago, has by now become a household term. During this period psychosomatic medicine has established a prominent place for itself in American medicine. Fifteen years ago there were a mere handful of doctors in this country in this field. Now there are large and well-endowed institutes for psychosomatic medicine in leading hospitals throughout the country. There is a national medical society devoted to it with its own professional journal, and beyond this the journals of the various medical specialties contain frequent articles on the psychosomatic aspects of surgery, gynecology, dermatology, etc. Doctors who approach their cases from a "psychosomatic viewpoint" believe that this gives them a more progressive and enlightened vi point in the practice of medicine

What is psychosomatic medici What accounts for its phenome expansion? How progressive is How much does it offer the peopl terms of the treatment and prevent of disease, and what prospect doe offer for the future along these lin Is it really opening up a new, fav able road for medical science, as adherents claim, or is it headed u blind alley? An examination of th and related questions is a matter great importance, and this article attempt to make a beginning at task.

Psychosomatic medicine bases it on the concept that disease is due the "interaction" of psycholog (psycho) and physical (somat factors. As stated by one of its neers and leading practitioners, Franz Alexander,

"Every disease is psychosomatic bec both psychological and somatic fac have a part in its cause and influence course. This assumption is valid even such specific infectious diseases as tu

is. . . . We use the expression 'psy-
matic' exclusively as a methodologi-
oncept; it is a type of approach in
cine: a simultaneous study and treat-
of psychological and somatic factors
eir mutual interrelationship." (*Stud-
Psychosomatic Medicine,* Alexander
French, New York, 1948, p. V.)

s indicated in the above quota-
, this is a general approach to dis-
. In practice, the psychosomati-
have concentrated mainly on cer-
illnesses, such as high blood
sure, ulcer, and various allergies,
which the course of the disease
n seems to be directly influenced
psychological disturbances like
iety and tension. At the same
e, they also claim that psycho-
cal factors are very important,
n if less obvious, in many other
ases.

This concept that the psychological
vs an important role in many ill-
ses previously considered to be en-
ly physical has found a receptive
ience, both professional and lay.
s is primarily because it seemed
fill a gap in medical theory and
ctice in this country, a gap which
ılted from the dominant course of
elopment of nineteenth century
dical science.

UMMARIZED briefly, this devel-
opment was along mechanical
terialist lines, that is: the body was
ıceived to be an automatic self-
ulating and self-perpetuating ma-
ne. The heart was a pump, the
neys were filtering systems, the
er was a storage organ, the central nervous system was a telephone switchboard, food was fuel to power the body machine, and so on. Bodily health was a state in which this machine functioned smoothly in a static, unchanging fashion. Disease consisted of the intrusion of an alien element, such as a germ or tumor, which interfered with this smooth automatic function. Elimination of disease meant the removal of these alien elements, so that the machine could resume its perfect functioning. This mechanical materialist concept was consistent with the general approach of bourgeois nineteenth century science, with its concept of the universe as a whole as the same kind of automatic, self-regulating machine.

Like all such concepts this approach of medical science to the body as a machine was one-sided and therefore superficial and limited. Two fundamental limitations gradually became more and more evident. First, the profound and decisive effects of the conditions of life of the individual, of his external environment, on the functioning of his body had been ignored. Second, psychological disturbances and mental illness could not be fitted into place as part of the body machine, and therefore had to be studied and treated in an isolated, compartmentalized fashion, separate and distinct from the body. These limitations were evident not only to doctors, but also to people in general, who could sense that the unfavorable conditions of their lives had something to do with their illnesses and the unsatisfactory state of their health.

There was also a general awareness that a disturbance in an individual's subjective mental state was not infrequently associated with changes in bodily functioning. This awareness has found its way into many popular expressions. For example: describing disgust as "turning one's stomach," or anger as causing one to almost "burst a blood vessel"; or speaking of a person as "gasping with fright," or being so nervous "he could hear his heart pound."

Psychosomatic medicine arose and developed in the context of this situation, with the claim that it filled the gap left by the limitations of "mechanistic" medicine. The psychosomaticists assert that they approach the sick person as a "total individual," and take into consideration his mind as well as his body, and the stresses and strains of his life situation as well as his biological disturbances. Hence it is no surprise that psychosomatic medicine has achieved its present great influence and popularity.

THE question, however, is whether psychosomatic medicine really does fill the gap. What answers does it give? What is the theoretical foundation on which its structure is based? How scientific is it?

First and foremost, psychosomatic medicine attempts to deal with the problem of the relationship between the mind and the body in illness by taking a psychological approach to disease. A *unity* of the mind and body is not achieved, but instead a *domination* of the physical by the mental. One typical quotation will illustrate this approach. "Within recent years it has been generally recognized that a very fair proportion of bodily disturbances is due to the moods, the emotions of the individual, to the ideas he builds up about himself regarding his body. . . . The combination of mental distress and its influences upon the organs of the body is what psychosomatic medicine deals with." (Leland Hinsie, *The Person in the Body.*)

This is a subjective, idealist position, that is, the mental is *primary.* Thus, the gap left by mechanical materialist medicine is not filled at all. Instead an idealist plug is thrown in.

Inasmuch as American psychology is dominated by Freudianism in its various forms, it is no surprise to find that the domination of the psychological in psychosomatic medicine expresses itself concretely in the form of Freudianism. Thus, the leading figures in the development of this field have been, almost without exception, Freudian psychoanalysts. The various psychosomatic institutes, and the American Psychosomatic Society and its official journal are similarly under the leadership of psychoanalysts.

The various books in the field take an openly Freudian position. As an example, the standard textbook, *Psychosomatic Medicine,* by Weiss and English, states in the preface: "No work on psychosomatic medicine could have been attempted without

the biologically oriented psychology of Freud." Alexander, in his latest book, asserts that "The current psychosomatic approach in medicine can be considered as a logical outcome of the basic orientation of Freud." (*Dynamic Psychiatry,* edited by Franz Alexander, p. 370.) Leland Hinsie, professor of psychiatry at Columbia University, asserts in his book, *The Person in the Body,* that "In the practice of medicine there is a large number of patients, not including those with a severe mental disorder, who present physical complaints based unwittingly upon the Oedipus situation." (The Oedipus complex is one of the basic Freudian formulations.)

These quotations could be extended indefinitely. In other words, physical disorders are regarded as the effect of the disturbances caused in the body by the "repression" of hypothetical inborn instincts. Eminent doctors write learned articles to "prove" that various diseases are caused by specific frustrations of these instincts: unsatisfied dependency needs and craving for love becomes the cause of ulcer of the stomach; the repression of the urge to cry becomes the cause of asthma; the repression of hostile impulses becomes the cause of high blood pressure and rheumatoid arthritis; a continuous urge for self-sufficiency becomes the cause of disturbed functioning of the thyroid gland (hyperthyroidism). In every case these psychological "causes" are rooted in the frustration of the hypothetical Freudian instincts. Thus, idealist and mystical Freudian theory reaches out to claim physical disease for its reactionary ideological empire, as it has claimed psychology, social science and the arts.

UNFORTUNATELY, many progressive doctors and others who oppose Freudianism as unscientific and reactionary, have embraced the psychosomatic approach as an alternative to Freudianism. This deception is possible because the psychosomaticists in the main speak in terms of stress and anxiety rather than the classical Freudian concepts such as libido, stages of sexual development, etc. However, the stresses and anxieties referred to in psychosomatic medicine always find their way back to those Freudian concepts.

This Freudian approach to disease serves the interests of the ruling class, just as Freudianism does in other areas, by obscuring the decisive role of social factors, of the conditions of life of the individual in the causation and development of disease. If a patient with an ulcer or high blood pressure is worried by poverty or fear of war, this is at most regarded as of secondary significance. What really is important are his repressed instincts.

Thus, the August 30, 1952 issue of the *Journal* of the American Medical Association reports an elaborate study on 739 patients with psychosomatic disorders by a group of doctors at the New York Hospital, headed by several prominent psychosomatic experts. They were concerned with the evaluation of the important

factors of stress in these patients' lives in relation to their illnesses. These factors had to do mainly with early childhood experiences, parental influences, and so-called inter-personal relationships. Such factors as class position, poverty, discrimination, and type of occupation were ignored. Poor housing was included only if the patient *stated that it bothered him;* otherwise it was considered irrelevant. To quote: "Living in a substandard tenement in a poor neighborhood, if not indicated by the patient as being a source of conflict or disturbance, was not considered a housing problem." Objective reality as such, in other words, has no importance, but only the patient's subjective responses.

Another recent article from another division of the same medical center dealing with problems of rehabilitation in tuberculosis states blandly: "The essential problem of all rehabilitation has to do with mental attitude. . . . Evidence points to the fact that there is an intimate relationship between the patient's emotional life and what happens to his disease. This is true throughout his course of therapy from diagnosis to occupational return." Magically, the all-important problem of finding a job that the recovered tuberculosis patient faces, let alone the right job, vanishes. It is all a problem of "mental attitude," or "emotional life."

Thus, psychosomatic medicine makes an appearance of dealing with the influence on health of the conditions of the individual's life. But in reality it attempts to eliminate this decisive consideration by subordinating it to psychological forces arising out of hypothetical instinctual drives.

ANOTHER example of how the psychosomaticists serve the interests of the ruling class is their concept of "accident-proneness." This is an idea to warm the heart of any factory owner because it places the blame for accidents on the "unconscious psychological drives" of the worker and neatly removes the onus from the conditions under which he works. Flanders Dunbar of Columbia University, one of the respected pioneers of psychosomatic medicine, formulates the concept as follows:

> "The studies of a good many authorities in recent years have established the conclusion that only about 10 to 20 percent of all these injuries, fatal or otherwise [Dunbar here includes all accidents: auto, home, industrial, etc.] are caused by really accidental accidents. The rest are linked to the personality of the victim. . . . In the pattern of the accident-prone there is usually an extreme resentment of authority, often unconscious, whether that authority is represented by parents, guardians, relatives, spouse, church or employer. An unusually large proportion had neurotic traits in childhood. . . . Later these tendencies disappeared, apparently replaced by the accident habit." (*Mind and Body: Psychosomatic Medicine,* p. 98-101.)

The popularity of psychosomatic medicine is primarily due to the claim that it treats "the total individual" and thus brings therapeutic results in various diseases which are far superior to those produced by

other methods of treatment. The impression is cultivated that psychosomatic treatment is something special and different. However, when the books and articles on the subject are examined, we find that psychosomatic treatment consists primarily of various modifications of Freudian psychoanalysis. Sometimes this is carried to fantastic extremes. For example, a psychosomatic section of one of the leading hospitals in the country recently tried out a new "treatment" based on the concept that ulcer patients suffer from frustrated dependency drives, which started with feeding frustration in infancy. To relieve this "feeding frustration," the resident physicians literally spoon-fed these patients their meals as if they were infants! Needless to say, the infantile here is not in the patient, but in the theory.

Where psychosomatic doctors do deal with the real life stresses of the sick person, they do so in subjective, idealist terms. Specifically, the whole orientation is toward minimizing or "eliminating" the stress, toward isolating the individual from real life. If the patient has enough money he is advised to manipulate his environment to eliminate stress. For other patients the concept of "adjustment" becomes the goal of treatment. Since this involves adjustment to a social system that is corrupt and in decay it cannot lead to health.

As might be expected, the results of psychosomatic treatment, as reported by even its staunch advocates, are unimpressive. For example, a recent article by a prominent psychiatrist admits that "the therapeutic efficiency of the psychosomatic approach sometimes rests more on the belief that it will help, rather than on the actual demonstration of facts that it did help. Generalizations appear concerning the efficiency of the psychosomatic treatment in disorders like ulcerative colitis, asthma, migraine, etc., which are in contrast to the actual facts." (P. Hoch, *Psychoanalytic Review,* v. 39, p. 213, 1952.)

THE psychosomatic approach is based on a theoretical position that minimizes objective reality. It concerns itself with internal stresses that it views as being determined subjectively, by ideas, attitudes and feelings. According to the psychosomaticists, these stresses are caused by conflict situations that have their roots in hypothetical, inborn instincts and impulses that are responsible for an individual's behavior. This ignores the objective basis of mental functioning and the basic materialist principle that mind reflects objective reality. The only psychology that can have a truly scientific foundation is one that is based on the concept of reflection; that is, the reflection of objective reality in all subjective phenomena—the unity of the subjective and the objective.

Such a scientific psychology would approach the study of subjective mental phenomena first and foremost on an objective basis—the nature of the external, objective reality which the mind reflects, and the physiology of

the higher nervous system, which is the material substratum of psychic phenomena. Inasmuch as the higher nervous system influences the functioning of all parts of the body, this would link the mind with the body on an objective materialist basis, whereas the theory and practice of psychosomatic medicine achieves this link in a subjective, idealist way.

The foundations of such a psychology already exist in the monumental scientific work of the great Russian physiologist, I. P. Pavlov. This work uncovered the fundamental physiological laws of the nature of higher nervous activity, specifically, the functioning of the highest part of the brain, the cerebral cortex. Pavlov discovered that the cortex functions through the formation of conditioned reflexes. These are reflexes which are developed during the life of the individual as a result of all his life experiences, from the simplest to the most complex. These reflexes are temporary linkages established in the cortex which enable the organism to respond to every stimulus acting on it from its environment. As a result,

"The organism is an integral whole because it is a system that functions as a single whole, a system, moreover, which is constantly and continuously interacting with its external environment in a process of a mobile, fluent, ceaselessly fluctuating and unstable equilibrium between the organism and the surrounding world." (Ivanov-Smolensky, *Scientific Session on Teachings of Pavlov,* p. 78. Moscow, 1950.)

The conditioned reflex is the physiological, material substratum of consciousness, the mechanism by which the mind reflects external reality. Soviet scientists, who have carried on the work of Pavlov, have also demonstrated that conditioned reflexes can be formed with stimuli from the internal organs of the body. In other words, the cerebral cortex links the total functioning of the organism with both its external and internal environment in this process of mobile, ceaselessly fluctuating equilibrium. Thus, the external environment (in other words, the individual's conditions of life) can influence all parts of the body through the functioning of the cerebral cortex. At the same time mental activity (our thoughts, feelings and attitudes, etc.) is also the reflection of external reality and the expression of this same higher nervous activity of the cortex.

The cortex is in constant interaction with its environment which it is continuously reflecting in the form of both physiological functioning and of mental activity. Disturbances in the conditions of life of the individual will reflect themselves through the higher nervous activity of the cortex in disturbances in both the physiological functioning of the body and mental functioning. In the words of Bykov, one of Pavlov's leading disciples,

"At two conferences on cortico-visceral pathology held in recent years concrete examples were presented convincingly demonstrating what a powerful role the cerebral cortex plays in the origin and development of pathological processes. Reports along these lines were presented on clinical investigations of peptic ulcer and

hypertension, and on the pathogenesis of neuroses, and in connection with this, methods were indicated of therapeutically influencing the cortex, and through it the whole course of diseases. . . . This new departure in our medical science signifies a transition from a simplified and limited conception of disease to a new view of the nature of the human organism, which regards it as a living individual entity, whose development and activity are determined by the specific conditions of its social environment. . . ." (K. M. Bykov, *Scientific Session on Teachings of Pavlov,* p. 69-70.)

THE discoveries of Pavlov regarding the functioning of the cerebral cortex and the further development of his work by Soviet physiologists and psychiatrists provide the basis for the solution of the problem of the relationship of mind and body in a dialectical materialist direction. Mental and physical phenomena are linked in an integral unity through the functioning of the cerebral cortex, an integral unity which furthermore actively reflects the conditions of life of the individual. The social environment, through its action on the cerebral cortex, is the dominant force in the development and activity of both the mind and the body of the individual. The activity of the mind is the basis for the development of initiative through which the individual can then act on the world to change it and thereupon change himself, both mentally and physically.

The subjective state does influence the functioning of the individual through the development of his initiative, but this subjective state is itself determined by objective factors —the conditions of life and the functioning of the cortex of the brain.

This means that modifications in the conditions of life of the individual will influence both his physical and mental health. Socialist society in the Soviet Union with its profound qualitative change in the social environment has already produced a marked decrease in various mental disturbances. There are indications that similar decreases in the diseases labeled "psychosomatic" in this country are also occurring in the U.S.S.R. This change in the social environment has also resulted in a progressive development of the initiative of Soviet man, a true development of individual initiative.

Pavlovian science thus offers an optimistic perspective for the health of mankind under socialism. It also offers scientists a powerful weapon for the study and control of disease in terms of the study of the functioning of the cerebral cortex and the development of methods for the modification of this functioning. For the working class in capitalist countries Pavlovian science shows that exploitation and misery affect the functioning of the body and produce serious deleterious effects on the individual's health. The fight to improve the health of the people is thus a political struggle, not only in terms of providing adequate medical facilities, but even more fundamentally in terms of improving the conditions of the people's life.

What a contrast is the prospect of-

fered us by the psychosomatic physicians with their idealistic "psychological" approach! These doctors tell us in effect that certain serious diseases are inevitable in civilization because they are the result of the demands of society that the individual repress his "basic instinctual drives." The more civilization, the more disease! They do not advance any scientific materialist theory that can illuminate the physiological processes by which the mind and body are linked together through the dialectical unity of the subjective and the objective. No treatment is advanced except for physi-Freudian psychotherapy. It is no wonder that Soviet scientists speak of "the baseless, unsound, almost medieval Anglo-American bourgeois conception of human physiology and pathology." (Bykov, *op. cit.*, p. 70.)

On the other hand, Pavlovian science offers psychologists, physiologists and physicians in our own and other capitalist countries a firm scientific basis for research and practical work. It opens the road to the scientific exploration of the many complicated problems of mental and physical functioning which floundering bourgeois science is unable to solve.

The Pool of London. *Paul Hogarth*

Mamita

By WARREN MILLER

MAMITA is dead who had seemed to us beyond age; lived so long we had ceased to think of the possibility of her dying. Through the malnourished childhood in the colony of Puerto Rico; the brief years of youth when she danced with the young men, the tremulous moments when arms linked for the *paseo;* marriage, the many children dead and living, baptism and burial, endless struggle and occasional joy—through it all she had fought death, for herself and then for her family. And only after the years had bent her and marked her face like good paper folded too many times, the children grown and able to take care of her, only then was she able to rest, full of memories and ailments.

In summers she sat on her wooden chair on the sloping sidewalk, the noise of the children at play revolving around her. She lived on 104th Street and at the end of her block the New York Central trains carried their freight of sleek commuters; and in the tunnels under the tracks the children shouted to hear the echo of their voices bounce around the walls of the arched vault.

She sat always in the sun. It was never hot enough for her, she said, for our harsh winters had put so much cold in her bones that all the years of sun left to her would never thaw them. But she bought flavored ice when the man with the cart came by, letting it melt slowly, deliciously, on her tongue. For this, she would say, holding up the wooden spoon, teeth are not required. What a baby can eat, I can eat. And she would voice her strong laugh, laughing at the infirmities of age. And we thought: nothing will stop her, not Mamita.

Summer evenings, on our way to the Workers' Club, we always stopped to see her. Cerrera and Luis were her old friends, remembered her in the days of her beauty, the evening promenade in the village square, the dances, the songs that were full of words like *heart, life, soul, love.*

"Like a flash those years went by," Cerrera said to us as we approached her. He had been remembering how it was said that when all the others sat down to rest their legs, Carmen still circled the floor.

Carmen. It was the first time I had ever heard her name, had known her always only as Mamita. Giving her a name gave to her the possibility of youth, the idea that once she too was young.

"In the wink of an eye," Cerrera said, remembering those years and how quickly, for the oppressed, youth and beauty die.

IN THE last years her eyes were too weak to read the Spanish-language paper and every evening we told her the day's news. Usually Luis would give an account of the events while Cerrera made asides, brief analyses and comments, until Luis' patience was exhausted. Then he would bow with sardonic humility and say, "Go right ahead, *you* tell the news, *Señor Kahl-ten-born.*"

"Surely I am permitted a word?" Cerrera said, in a hurt voice, and Mamita laughed at them both.

She told us how that day Keller, who used to be the cop on the beat two years ago, returned to the neighborhood.

"I wonder what he did to deserve such a demotion?" Luis asked Cerrera.

"What did we ever do to deserve Keller?" Cerrera asked in return.

"Keller is fatter than ever," Mamita said, and showed us with her hands his duck-waddle walk.

Keller called her "Mommy" because obviously, "Mamita" was a foreign word and therefore unpronounceable. When he saw Mamita he said with heavy humor, "Well, Mommy, so you're still around. What're you waiting for?"

Mamita told him she couldn't let herself die until she saw socialism here in this land.

"He looked like I had kicked him in the stomach," she told us. "His face got red, redder even than it was, and he yelled at me: 'Call yourself a Catholic!' "

Cerrera gave his hooting laugh, enjoying the scene.

Mamita was the oldest living member of the Spanish-speaking branch of the International Workers Order and often spoke of the old days when she was the first to arrive for meetings. She reminded us that it was she who carried the banner of the lodge in all the May Day parades. "The boys and girls," she said, "Oh the youth when they played the drums and bugles—" and we thought of the small lodge room and how when the youth played the bugles it echoed in your bones and shivered the glass in the pictures on the walls.

"Ay, they were the good days," Luis sighed.

"There will be better," Mamita said, smiling at us.

When Mamita smiled, her whole face smiled. Watching her, and without willing it, you find a smile on your face, too. The four of us stood there in the late sunlight smiling at each other, as if we shared a delightful secret.

Like many of the old women, Mamita was a wonderful actress. Her mobile face could assume any emotion. When the social workers from the relief office came to the neighborhood, they tried to stay on the other side of the street, unwilling to face Mamita's look of extravagant pity. When Mamita saw them her eyes rolled up with the agonized look of an El Greco saint; she clucked her sympathy and shook her head at the pity of it all.

The relief people had the uneasy feeling that she was making fun

of them. When they went to the neighbors to ask questions, they never went to Mamita—not after that first time when Mamita answered all questions by commiserating, "Ay, poor man; an unwitting tool." Mamita always left them in a state of confusion; they had to run for solace to the candystore man on the corner —he gave them a great deal of misinformation, but always respectfully.

WHEN we left Mamita and were walking again up Lexington to the Workers' Club, Luis remarked that Mamita was truly indestructible. "She will last longer than the tenements we live in," he said.

Cerrera shrugged. "Why are you so sentimental, Luis?" We looked at him questioningly, for it was well known that Cerrera was a very sentimental man. "No, no," he said, ignoring our faces, "let us be realistic. For one of our people Mamita has already lived longer than she should. According to statistics, she should have died six years ago. People see our men and women with wrinkled faces and bent backs and blind eyes, and they say, 'Ah, look at the ancients; see how long those Puerto Ricans live.' They do not know that we grow old before our time, that when we are fifty we look like eighty, destroyed by the malnourishment of our childhood. At a time when a few dollars worth of vitamin pills would have saved us."

We walked silently down the steep hill on Lexington and when we got to the bottom Cerrera finished: "At the end of a day's work, when my legs wobble with fatigue, I think of these things—a few dollars worth of vitamin pills." He turned to us. "Who would have missed those few dollars, *compañeros?*"

We climbed the dark steps to our club house on the second floor, over the movie house where they were playing a film called *Luna de Amor.* I got three glasses of beer from the bar and joined Luis and Cerrera where they sat at our favorite table, near the window, under the picture of José Martí. We sipped our beer in silence until I noticed Luis' smile.

"What? What are you smiling about?"

"I am thinking of the time that Reverend Diaz came to see Mamita."

Cerrera hooted. "Tell him about that, Luis. It's a very good story."

"Reverend Diaz, the one who spoke at the tenants' meeting?" I asked.

Luis nodded. "That one. But this was twenty years ago and he was a different man then—very young and without real knowledge of life. In those days he spoke only of the city of heaven, never of this city here on earth. But times have changed him."

"It was when he saw a rat walk into his kitchen and stare at him, Diaz, as if *he* were the intruder. That was the night reality impinged on him."

"Listen," Luis said to me, "this is what happened. After Mamita's children were born, when her husband got sick and died of the tuberculosis, she joined the evangelical church—Reverend Diaz' church. Before that, you know, she took the babies to the

old church to be baptized—things like that—but she was never one of those who kept herself thin running to church. But she liked the evangelicals—"

"At least they sing there," Cerrera said.

"—and went regularly every Sunday. Then, apparently, someone told Diaz about Mamita's politics. And he came to see her, to convince her that she was wrong and how she must renounce politics, especially her particular politics. Mamita says he talked for a full hour and when he was finished she said, 'Reverend, all I have left now in my life is Jesus and my party, and no one is going to take either of them from me.' "

WHILE we talked and sipped the beer the movie below us was moving toward its foreseen and crudely happy ending. When the incidental music pulsed with spurious passion the boards vibrated under our feet.

Luis recalled that summer we spent every Sunday circling the lake at Central Park, stopping the strollers to ask for their signatures on the Stockholm Pledge. That summer, wherever we went, there we saw someone with the petition in one hand and a pen in the other, looking like the illustration of a savant in some old book. But of us all it was Mamita who collected the most signatures, and without moving from her chair.

"We are a people who respect age," Cerrera said, explaining it. "Mamita is the oldest woman in the neighborhood. The other women, in times of trouble, come to her for advice—or simply to talk. They know that whatever their trouble, Mamita will have knowledge of it by virtue of her years."

And sitting on her wooden chair on the sidewalk that tilted like the deck of a ship, the women came to her, and when their conversations ended Mamita spoke to them. And they signed, with those dark, sharply wrinkled hands, the fingers polished smooth by work. And in the evening, the husbands and the children, on their way home from work, stopped by Mamita's chair and put down their names — Constancia, Gloria, Julio, José—and took the petitions to their shops for others to sign—Montaldo, García, Gonzalez, Escalera. From all over the city the petitions came back to her, and when we stopped to see her she laughed joyfully to us as we turned the corner of her street and pointed to the hundreds of them she held in her lap.

Luis drained his glass. With Cerrera present he was always tense when he told a story, always expecting to be interrupted by that important voice. *Señor Kahl-ten-born.*

It was Cerrera's turn to go for the beer and when he returned, setting the glasses on the table with a small thud of finality for each, he said, "Mamita is just about the last of her generation of radicals who have come from the island." Without resuming his seat, one arm on the back of Luis' chair, and with the elegance of speech and gesture

that is always his, he went on.

"The case of Mamita is an object lesson for all who wish to see it: this one woman, self-taught, barely literate, can read a paper and sign her name—who came from our island thirty years ago bringing her poverty with her like an extra trunk—this woman had children and grandchildren and knew whole blocks and generations of neighbors—her influence has touched a thousand people. People who may have passed their whole lives in political unconsciousness were awakened by Mamita and the chance that put them down in the same cold-flat with her. Hundreds — think of it, *hundreds* — were touched by her and moved to take their rightful place in the human struggle."

Now she was dead. Cerrera brought us the news. He came that night to Lucía's where he knew he would find us, and carried his tragic face into the room, wearing it consciously as a new suit. But his face was merest formality; his emotion was real, and the sense of loss he felt. "Mamita is dead," he told us, and we raised our eyes to his face. "The funeral is Saturday," he added, by way of assuring us that we had heard aright.

"We must go, of course," Luis said.

"And send flowers," said Lucía.

All of us spoke quickly, throwing ourselves into the superficial discussion of funeral arrangements and how much shall we take from the treasury for flowers; emotionally, no one was ready to speak of Mamita herself. We were trying to forget the overwhelming fact of her death in the trivia of flowers and funeral. At one point there was a heated argument on what to write on the card that would go with the flowers. We agreed readily enough on the kind of flower to send—red roses. But everyone had a slightly different idea for the message.

Finally it was Lucía who took from each of us a word and put together a message we all accepted: 'Greetings from your comrades, who will not forget you because you were loyal.'

Pinto said that he would go to the florist on Madison Avenue and order the roses. Luis took from his pocket the brown envelope that was our treasury and counted out five one-dollar bills; that envelope was so worn and wrinkled from long use that it did not look or feel like paper anymore, but had altogether changed its qualities, was now something only a little less than leather.

Cerrera told me to write our message on a card so that Pinto could send it with the roses. I wrote it carefully, not wanting to make any mistakes in a language not my own. I wrote: *Recuerdos de tus compañeros que no te olvidarán porque fuistes leal.*

Cerrera looked over my shoulder. "Good," he said, "very good." And he said to the others, "How well our friend has learned the language with us."

I told them that was not all, that from them I had learned more than just another language.

PRICE OF THE 'FREE PRESS'

For Millionaires Only

By GEORGE MARION

EDDIE Cantor says there are many things more important than money—but they all cost a lot of money. Eleanor Roosevelt and the many others I have heard talk in a high moral tone on the subject of freedom of the press do not seem to know this. I have spent many nauseating hours at publishers' conventions and in sessions of a United Nations subcommittee concerned with freedom of information, listening to syrupy speeches that kept the issues floating at a pie-in-the-sky altitude where it would have been sacrilegious to raise the question of "How much does it cost?"

Mrs. Roosevelt's attitude was expressed directly and simply when I asked her how I could be considered to have freedom of the press if publishers wouldn't publish my writings.

"Ha!" she exploded; it wasn't a laugh but a snort of indignation. "Ha! They don't have to publish it!"

As I have commented elsewhere, of course they don't have to and of course they don't. But her remark reveals a great deal about her taken-for-granted concept of freedom of the press. To her it obviously means nothing but freedom to print, i.e., absence of any legal bar to printing. Her easy assumption that freedom to print is the same as freedom of the press, is no personal whim; it is one of the basic premises of *all* the apologists for the "free press."

Mr. Brooks Atkinson has displayed an attitude on this question that is very like Mrs. Roosevelt's. His thinking on the matter is expressed in a curious dispatch he filed from Moscow just before he left that post and returned to his old job at the New York *Times* drama desk:

> "The Soviet Union goes on coldly repeating Marxian myths about America —that we have no freedom of the press, that our democracy is formal but not real. Only the other day the Moscow *Bolshevik* was saying: 'In the conditions of bourgeois democracy the workers do not have the minimum material requirements for actual use of the rights that are proclaimed. They do not have at their disposal printing presses and paper. Newspapers, clubs, theatres—all are the property of private individuals or groups.'"

George Marion is a former working newspaper-man whose books, *Bases and Empire*, *The Communist Trial*, and *All Quiet in the Kremlin*, have achieved wide circulation. This article is a section from his new book, *Stop the Press!*, issued by Fairplay Publishers, 165 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

There was nothing in Mr. Atkinson's dispatch to explain why he called this a "Marxian myth." Does he know any worker, or group of workers, who *do* own a daily newspaper of general circulation? Surely he doesn't doubt that in the United States "printing presses and paper" are, indeed, "the property of private individuals and groups." Apparently he thought it vulgar to talk about "material requirements," the physical properties required for exercise of freedom of the press, in a word—money. Well, the tablets Moses received on Mt. Sinai are said to have been inscribed by the finger of God. But Mr. Atkinson's paycheck is signed only by a minor employee of Arthur Hays Sulzberger, High Priest of the Free Press, publisher of the New York *Times.*

I say it costs money to buy what it takes to publish a newspaper. Mr. Atkinson calls that a "Marxian myth." Very well, then. Let us make a first-hand study of Marxian mythology. We will start at Times Square, New York City, in the massive mythological buildings occupied by the New York *Times.*

PERHAPS we should really begin our tour some two thousand miles northwest of New York, in a Canadian spruce forest that is forever marching toward treeless Times Square. Here the government of the Province of Ontario assigned five thousand square miles—an area greater than the State of Connecticut—to the Spruce Falls Power & Paper Company, Ltd., alias the New York *Times.* In the heart of that wilderness, a town of four thousand inhabitants sprang up. It exists for the sole purpose of turning the wilderness into huge rolls of newsprint, each weighing some three-quarters of a ton, to feed the presses of the *Times.*

Every night, 250 of these great spools—190 tons of paper—roll through the presses soaking up three tons of printer's ink on the way. To assure the appearance of the paper for a year, the fiefs in the forest must send roughly 175,000 rolls of newsprint—making up a train of more than 2,500 freight cars!

The *Times'* vassal-city works a miracle: it turns forests into mountains. Stack up the more than one million copies of the *Times* printed any Sunday—1500 tons of newsprint that have absorbed more than eighteen tons of ink—and the paper column will rise 70,000 feet higher than Mt. Everest, the world's tallest peak!

Figures on newsprint give no more than an intimation of the physical magnitude of the publishing operation. Yet this is enough to suggest the appalling prospect facing any workingman or group of workingmen who try to compete with the established press for the ear of the American public. Consider the cost. Canadian mills raised their New York newsprint price to $126 a ton on June 15, 1952. At current prices, therefore, the newsprint for one day's

paper would cost very little short of $200,000.

Like the *Times,* the newspaper chains and other large consumers have their own forests and control the output of numerous mills. The worker, or group of workers, who might contemplate large-scale publishing, would therefore have to begin by sending out exploration parties to locate untapped pulpwood reserves on the scale of the wilderness empire ruled by the *Times.* And if he found what he wanted, he might discover the Canadian and United States governments unwilling to give him privileges comparable to those granted to the New York *Times.*

The real newspaper is a manufacturing plant. Not long ago a Minneapolis paper took a full page in the *Times* to display a picture of the new, imposing, many-storied building in which it is now installed. In this bid to advertisers, the newspaper matter-of-factly described itself as an "up-to-date newspaper factory." And that concept—that reality—governs the gathering of news as much as the printing of the paper. The city room of *The Front Page* is pure hokum; the editorial department in a newspaper is simply the beginning of the production-line.

The newsrooms of the New York *Times,* and of that other fantastically rich paper, the tabloid *Daily News* a few blocks east on 42nd Street, are impressive to the layman and perhaps even more so to the visiting newspaperman. Picture-getting is as good a starting-point for us as story-getting. On a single picture-story, a heavyweight championship fight in Madison Square Garden, here is what the *News* expends: a picture editor and eleven photographers come to the Garden days before the fight to plot their work. On the night of the fight they have three copyboys to feed them flash-bulbs and carry their exposed film outside to three motorcyclists who rush the exposures back to the *News* laboratories so that new and later shots may appear in each edition or "remake." When the 82nd Airborne Division came home, the *News* sent twenty photographers to "smother" the story. The paper used twenty-three pictures, but it had 450 "shots" to choose from.

ASIDE from the national picture coverage the *News* obtains from major picture agencies, with some of which it has exclusive contracts, it keeps a staff of forty photographers of its own! Naturally, a battery of picture editors, art editors, retouchers, and an imposing mechanical apparatus for transferring the pictures to newsprint, back up this primary supply.

The paper doesn't keep up this costly show out of vanity; with less than this machinery it could not count on beating back its competitors, maintaining its place as the daily newspaper with the largest circulation in the United States. It spends millions to catch the people's eye, but having done so it has the pec

ple's ear as well. Anyone who wants to get a word in edgewise—the objective of our fight for freedom of the press—must be in a position to pay proportionately.

The tabloid's chosen instrument is the picture; the tool of the *Times* is—words. Millions of words pour into its newsroom. Here a battery of teletypewriters is bringing in the news—reports not only of Associated Press and United Press but a total of nineteen news-agency reports! Other dispatches are pouring in by cable from world capitals—there are over one hundred persons in the *Times'* own foreign service. Another ocean of words floods the telegraph desk from domestic sources, from *Times* bureaus in a number of major cities as well as from staff correspondents in 400 American cities. There are twenty full-time reporters working in Washington alone.

The city desk has 150 reporters assembling still more words. A dozen specialized departments have their own staffs. And the Sunday *Times* has its own completely separate organization with nine men, for instance, on the Review of the Week section alone. An army of deskmen —editors to absorb the contents of the dispatches, to choose and discard; rewritemen to combine stories and put them in proper form; the men at the copydesk who sub-edit for style and write the headlines; make-up men to plan the layout of the pages—shape and process the millions of words until they are reduced to the two hundred thousand used by the paper on an average day.

If you want an audience for your message, you must be able to compete with the established press and you cannot do that without a comparable supply of words and pictures, the essential minimum of raw materials. Then you must have the necessary organization—the paid staff —to process this raw material, turn it into a finished product comparable to the commodity the consumer can buy from the *News* or *Times.* You —or our hypothetical worker or group of workers—who wish to publish a paper, have thus far examined nothing but the first process—the preparation of the raw material.

Mr. Arthur Hays Sulzberger was not bragging: he was just talking business with his fellow-publishers when he mentioned the figures we are looking for. It takes 3,750 people to put out the *Times,* he said in a speech reported in *Editor and Publisher* for April 5, 1947. And he therefore has to meet a weekly payroll "in excess of $275,000." He was hardly going overboard, accordingly, when he "conceded that there was real cause for concern over the allegation of growing monopoly," and "acknowledged that the press had become Big Business."

SOMEONE may say: "You don't have to publish on the scale of the *Times.*" That's true—but it misses the point. The true moral is that you can have just as much of a paper—hence just as much of

a competitive position, hence just as much freedom of the press—as you pay for! And you can't have *any* unless you can buy quite a lot; you can't set your own minimum.

And we've been talking only about money to *run* a paper. But how much does a newspaper cost in the first place? Whether we buy an established paper or found a new one, what do we need in the way of buildings and machinery? If it takes a sizeable fortune to play one hand, what does it take to get into the casino?

Henry Morgan was supposed to be joking when he said any man with ambition, integrity—and $10,000,000—could start a daily newspaper. Or even without the integrity, the radio satirist added. The late Oswald Garrison Villard was in dead earnest when he said no one would think of starting a paper with less than ten or fifteen millions in the bank. I do not want to press for the highest possible figure: the fact remains: you cannot have a paper that represents what we are talking about, a bid for freedom of the press, for less than eight figures. And this, mind you, will not permit you to work in the big city; it is the scale of, let us say, Hackensack, New Jersey. The measure is, indeed, supplied by the most successful publisher in that community. Speaking in the gangsterish argot peculiar to Free Enterprise in their own backrooms, he said:

"Anybody who wants to run me out of town must have ten million dollars—and then it will take him ten years."

This then is the real content of our formal freedom of the press. The paper the Constitution is printed on has to be reinforced by the paper money is printed on, before your *right* to freedom of the press can become actual freedom of the press. The Constitution says you are the equal of *Times* publisher Sulzberger or *News* publisher Patterson, but it doesn't specify whereas.

The law authorizes every citizen alike to publish a newspaper; it simply abstains from discussing the sordid subject of "material requirements." The law says if you like poker, you have as much right as Patterson or Sulzberger to sit in the game; it doesn't say they have to cut the game down to your size. It is no business of the law if, in the evolution of press poker, the ante has been raised to twenty-five million dollars. It is no concern of the law where you get presses, paper, money to meet your payroll.

And thus it happens that between the right and the high cost of exercising it, a gulf opens and swallows most of us up. Mr. Atkinson may say we lack "basic understanding" if we thus distinguish between real and formal freedom of the press, but there remains a vast difference between a steak dinner and the menu right to eat. No worker or group of workers sits in the publishers' game. By a not-so-curious coincidence, all the players are multi-millionaires. All

the freedom of the press is theirs. The real freedom.

Most newspapermen, the men who really "put out the paper," do not deceive themselves: they know that they simply carry out orders. But the hired-hand whose name appears in print loves to think that he writes as he pleases. Blinded by his own by-line, he forgets the years he spent learning the trade, learning to dish up "what the paper wants," i.e., what his owner wants. Mr. Atkinson is happier believing he is king in his own little corner, that he and he alone decides what goes into print in the drama department. It makes him feel part of the game. If he admitted that when the publishers play their cards they don't consult the drama critic, he would have to recognize the humiliating role he plays: he is just there to run out and buy a bottle of beer for the players.

THE chain-builder and chain-publisher, Edward W. Scripps, never permitted himself the illusions his lackeys liked to guard:

"The writers who are employes of newspaper owners have, necessarily, points of view that differ from those of their employers. The owner of the newspaper, the employer, requires his employes to write those things which the employer either believes or wants his readers to believe. As he is human, he will not allow his newspaper to be used to controvert his own opinions. Nor will he pay to the writer wages to produce matter which he does not want to appear in his paper.

". . . By a careful selection of my staff, I have been able always to have around me a set of men who agreed with me on many, many important matters connected with our calling. But it is impossible for any two men to agree on every subject. . . . I have required my subordinates, the writers of given articles, to express my opinion, which in many a case was contrary to his own."

A newspaper is a peculiar commodity. The process of manufacture involves techniques and decisions in no way different from the problems of management in any other manufacturing business. But it also involves something not to be found in the toy business or the steel business. In the process of manufacturing a newspaper, you put ideas down on newsprint, ideas that will enter the minds of men and influence them to thoughts and emotions that will ultimately affect the course of world affairs. Who is to decide *what* ideas shall be printed?

Surely that is the very crux of freedom of the press.

The owners not merely defend their property and their managerial privileges. They assert their exclusive right to decide what *ideas* may be published and circulated. "I own the press, therefore I alone shall determine what you read." The starry-eyed heroes of *The Front Page* may still protest that they write as they please. The publisher has the last sardonic laugh: he prints what *he* pleases!

Two Poems on Spain

For My Dead Brother

The moon was full that night in Aragón . . .
we sat in the black velvet shadow
of the hazel (called *avellano* there);
the men lay sleeping, sprawled on the packed earth
in their blankets (like the dead). . . .

With dawn we'd move in double files
down to the Ebro, cross in boats,
and many lying there relaxed
would lie relaxed across the river
(but without their blankets).

He said: "You started something, baby—"
(I was thirty-four; he ten years less;
he was my captain; I his adjutant)
"—you started something, baby," Aaron said,
"when you came to Spain."

Across the yellow river
there was a night loud with machine guns
and the harmless popcorn crackle
of hand grenades bursting pink and green,
and he was gone and somehow Sam found me in the dark,
bringing Aaron's pistol, wet with blood.
He said:

> "The last thing Aaron said
> was, 'Did we take the hill?'
> I told him, 'Sure.'"

Aaron, we did not take the hill.
We lost in Spain. Aaron,
I know, finally, what you meant that night
under the black shadow of the *avellano,*
sitting here in prison twelve years later.
We did not take the hill, *mi commandante,*
but o! the plains that we have taken
and the mountains, rivers, cities,
deserts, flowing valleys, seas!
You may sleep . . . sleep, my brother, sleep.

ALVAH BESSIE

To Spain

Jarama, Teruel, Guadalajara—
who does not remember?
Their sounds tap on the mind's window
till memory wakes and the air is hollow with knocking—
the urgent hands of a hunted brother outside in the dark. . . .
Badajoz, Manzanar, Santander—
who does not remember?
Who has forgotten holy Guernica?

Sun, and the blood of the brigades soaked your battlefields.
They came, the brigade brothers
and left their young bones on your ancient soil.
The brigades died, and the land died with them—
but you went down fighting.

My forefathers too were Iberian,
a people gentle and proud,
like your people dark-browed, dark-souled
speaking the same tongue.
In my bones I know your sun-scarred hills
wrinkled brown and dry like the face of an old woman;
there grows the scraggy olive, covered with a fine gray dust.

In my veins I know your untamed rivers
born amid steep and lifeless crags,
dancing a wild *jota* down to sunbaked plains
and sudden green groves of citron and of lemon.
And in my mind I know your vast uplands,
bleak and harsh as the fate of your people,
where never the song of a bird is heard—
it is too lonely there, too windswept, too naked of trees.
Old is your land, old
with the wine-grapes of Carthage and the silver olives of
th traders from Tyre.
Often have I pondered the classic names of your cities:
Toledo, Zaragoza, Valladolid;
Granada, Córdoba, Castille.
O cities of Lorca, your nightingales are silent now, your
bells are stopped with dust!
O cities of El Greco, you stand on a harsh and lonely plain,
bathed in the green light of storm!

People of Lorca—
I remember how you were learning to read.
Between battles, with your bayonets,
you scrawled the letters of the alphabet in the dust.
As the war progressed, the day came when you could write your name entire,
and proudly you signed the post-card to the Ministry of Education:
Today for the first time in centuries, I Sancho Panza, soldier of the Republic,
was able to write my name.
Thank you, dear Republic,
for not keeping me ignorant.
But now it has all been taken from you,
they want you ignorant as animals,
your work-twisted hands must know neither pen nor bayonet.

And they want you poor,
poor with the poverty of centuries.
A heavy cross of gold, laid on your backs, crushes you to your knees.
For the tearing cramps of hunger you are given incense to eat.
The droning of parish priests drowns out the vast groaning
from cell and dungeon-keep.
The *Caudillo* struts in his leather boots—
his paramours long since lie

under the Reichstag, in a criminal's grave in Italy;
yet, with mincing steps, he tramples on your dreams.
And still, while the parish priests drone orisons,
while leather jackboots click on cobbled streets,
an eye speaks to an eye;
a heart turns over its treasure in the deep and lonely night:

They say—
El Caudillo knows—
there are men in the hills who have never surrendered!
They live there as the eagles do,
they bide their time as Boabdil. . . .

Dear land
your children are scattered far:
from Perpignan
where welcoming arms of barbed wire awaited them,
to far-flung continents.
But deep underground are the shoots of the dream,
in the high pinnacles of your hearts you have never surrendered,
and eagles soar there still in lonely flight.

Ours is an age of exiles,
of lands bereft and hunted men.
Yet, from the high Pyrenees, as from the mountains of Macedonia,
the unconquered shall return.
The children of Perpignan shall have their land again.
Ibarruri—you shall embrace your beloved miners.
And from far continents, from lands of friendship and from hostile lands,
from all the island abattoirs
that dot the fair Aegean,
from all the barbed-wire hells—
salud, my brothers! We shall meet again!
We shall all come home!

OLGA CABRAL

COMICS, TV and Your Child

By ALBERT E. KAHN

"THE comic book industry," reported a New York State Legislature study in 1952, "has, since the termination of World War II, achieved the greatest volume of circulation of any type of book or magazine that this country has ever known."

During 1952, more than 100,000,000 copies of comic books were sold *each month* in the United States—a total of well over a billion copies for the year. Surveys indicate that 98 per cent of all American children are regular comic-book readers and that the average child reads between twenty and twenty-five comics a month.

In the words of Dr. Fredric Wertham, chief of the Mental Hygiene Clinic at Queens General Hospital: "Comic books are the greatest book publishing success in history and the greatest mass influence on children."

And the influence of comic books has fitted the needs of the Cold War, since they have been accustoming millions upon millions of young Americans to concepts of violence, savagery and sudden death.

The name "comic book" is misleading. Scarcely of a humorous nature, the overwhelming majority of comic books are macabre compendiums of mayhem and murder, perverted sex and sadism, weird and ghastly adventures, crime, brutality and bloodcurdling horror. Crudely drawn in garish colors, cheaply printed in magazine form on pulp paper and sold for ten cents a piece, these publications pour an unending torrent of filth and bestiality into the minds of American children.* They de-

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This is a section of Mr. Kahn's new book, *The Game of Death,* which analyzes the impact of the cold war on the youth of this country. Author of *High Treason, The Great Conspiracy,* and other works, Mr. Kahn is a member of the new publishing firm of Cameron & Kahn, which is issuing the new book.

* Of children recently queried across the country by the *Ladies Home Journal,* only 50 per cent could identify the governors of their states, 93 per cent were able to identify the President. But the cartoon character, Dick Tracy, was correctly identified by 97 per cent. It is, of course, by no means only children who comprise the comic-book audience in the United States. There are estimated to be some fifty million adult readers of such literature.

pict human beings as fiendish degenerates, glamorize the lynch-justive heroics of muscle-bound "supermen," exalt the use of force and violence, and make of agonized death a casual, every-day affair.

The dispensers of justice in the comic-book jungle of crime and violence are usually supersleuths, supercops, supercowboys or supermen of some other variety, who—while defying the laws of both nature and man—take the law into their own hands and mete out "hooded justice," as Sterling North of the Chicago *Daily News* has termed it. Bearing such names as Black Knight, Captain America, Captain Midnight, Captain Marvel, Kid Eternity, Manhunter, Marvel Man, Superman, Professor Supermind, Rocket Man and Wonderman, these magically powerful heroes personify the central theme of the comic books that might makes right and that the most-muscled individual is the noblest. Appropriately enough, the various supermen are generally garbed in stormtrooper-like uniforms, complete with special mystic insignia.

A logical concomitant of this emphasis on The Leader principle and glorification of force is the derisive contempt manifested in the comic books for any aspect of culture and learning. Stock comic book characters are intellectuals portrayed as long-haired crackpots and scientists as white-gowned madmen plotting to destroy the world.

"If there is only one violent picture per page—and there are usually more," stated Gershon Legman in 1949 in an incisive essay on comic books, entitled *Not For Children,* "this represents a minimum supply, to every child old enough to look at pictures, of three hundred scenes of beating, shooting, strangling, torture and blood per month, or ten a day if he reads each comic book only once."

A 1951 analysis of ninety-two comic books reported the following content: 216 major crimes; 86 sadistic acts; 309 minor crimes; 287 incidents of anti-social behavior; 186 instances of vulgar behavior; 522 physical assaults; and the techniques of 14 murders in detail.

A typical tale, appearing in the June-July 1952 issue of *Crime Suspense Stories,* portrayed a professor at a medical school murdering his wife, mutilating her body to prevent identification and then hanging the body among the corpses kept at the school laboratory for purposes of dissection by his anatomy students. The drawing, which vividly depicted the professor strangling his wife, bore this caption:

"How long we struggled I don't know —but an ominous silence seemed to clear my senses! Her body was completely limp—and her eyes bulged from their sockets from the pressure of my fingers that were knotted around her neck! . . . A few quick slashes with a kitchen knife entirely obliterated her features! Then, after pulling her teeth and removing her jewelry and clothing, my wife was completely unrecognizable."

A STEADILY growing number of comic books deal exclusively

with the subject of war. Featuring stories of frenzied sanguinary battles, devastating air raids, murderous hand-to-hand combat and barbarous atrocities, with most of the action laid in Korea, the war comics' overflow with pictures of grim-faced or grinning American soldiers smashing in the heads of bestial-looking Chinese and North Korean soldiers with rifle butts, blowing them to pieces with hand grenades, and slaughtering them with machine guns, trench knives and flame throwers.

A typical cover drawing, appearing on the August 1952 issue of *War Front,* depicted an American GI plunging his bayonet into the stomach of a North Korean soldier with the comment: "It was either him or me! I lunged forward and felt his belly collapse before the cold steel!" The same issue of *War Front* contained a prefatory note which read as follows:

> *"Know The Truth!* See the facts of war come alive at a mile-a-minute clip! . . . Thrills explode on every page as the fury of war comes forth. . . .
>
> *"History of Battle!* The story of glory and gore with all its moments of terror and tension. . . .
>
> *"Fox-Hole Guts!* Death shrieks in every shell! . . .
>
> "Truth! Action! History, Guts! Thrills! Suspense! The drama unfolds in *War Front."*

"Never before in the history of the world," notes Gershon Legman, "has a literature like this, specifically for children, ever existed."

Not all of the comic books deal with crime, sex, corruption, war. A handful feature stories taken from the Bible and other literary classics; and the narratives of some comics are built around animals. Almost invariably, however, the animal comics are replete with instances of sadism and violence. Similarly, many of the classic comics stress grim and brutal episodes.

There are also some comic books of a progressive nature, which stress the importance of combating discrimination and feature other such democratic concepts. The number of these comic books, however, is infinitesimal in comparison with the quantity of the regular ones.

An example of the constructive educational use of the comic book technique is a children's pamphlet entitled *Chug-Chug,* which was published by the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers Union. The story, told in pictures accompanied by written text, depicts in terminology adapted to children's understanding the benefits brought through trade unionism to individual families as well as to the community at large. It is symptomatic of the temper of the times that early in 1953 Representative Edmond J. Donlan of the Massachusetts State Legislature denounced the pamphlet *Chug-Chug* as "pro-Communist" and urged that the union which published it be investigated for spreading "class-hatred propaganda."

Growing numbers of Americans

are voicing grave concern over the pernicious influence of the comic books on children. In some communities, citizens have organized boycotts against newsdealers handling comics that feature crime, war and horror stories. In several towns, the newsdealers themselves have imposed voluntary bans on "comic books glorifying crime." Due to public pressure, bills calling for the censorship of comics have been introduced in a score of state legislatures.

At Congressional hearings held in Washington in the winter of 1952 by a Special House Committee, churchmen, educators, child specialists and public health officials forcefully condemned comic books for "poisoning the minds of children," serving as "manuals for the guidance of potential dope addicts," and "providing blueprints to youths in starting criminal activity." Among the witnesses was the mother of a seventeen-year-old youth who was then on trial in Michigan on the charge of having stabbed to death a gasoline station attendant during a hold-up. Urging that crime comics be outlawed, this mother testified regarding her son:

"He was always a good boy. He never got into trouble. But he started reading these things. . . He bought all he could find. . . . He would just lie on the bed and read his comic books or just stare at the ceiling. . . . They had such a hold on him that he had nightmares. . . . He started talking like the hoodlums in the stories. . . . They led him to drinking and then to taking dope. . . . He was a wonderful boy until he got hold of those books. . . ."

CERTAIN individuals, however, not only emphatically deny the comics are harmful to children but even find highly positive values in them. Various child psychologists and psychiatrists, the judgment of some of whom is possibly influenced by their being employed as paid advisers to comic-book publishers, contend that comics provide children with an excellent medium for "working out their natural aggressions" and "finding release for innate hostilities" in a "fantasy world."

Reflecting this viewpoint, Josette Frank, the educational associate in charge of children's books and radio on the staff of the Child Study Association of America, writes in the pamphlet, *Comics, Radio, Movies—and Children*:

"The fact that a large number of comic books deal in crime, or at least in violence of one kind or another, reflects the desire of a large number of people, including children, to read about crime and violence. This is nothing new. The greatest literature of all time abounds in violent deeds. These, in their own time, reflected the deep inner needs of people. They still do."

The comic-book publishers themselves—whose business is now grossing in the tens of millions of dollars a year—are, naturally enough, among the most eloquent exponents of the virtues of their product.

According to them, comics not only

play a major patriotic role in helping maintain Cold War morale on the home front but also have a vital service to perform in acquainting foreign countries with "the American way of life." One such publisher, Leverett Gleason by name, urged in the fall of 1951 that the U.S. State Department "shower Russian children with comic books to indoctrinate them through special adventure stories."

It cannot be said, however, that the citizens of other countries are very sympathetically inclined to the idea of their children being deluged with American comic books. At a recent conference held in Italy under the auspices of UNESCO and attended by delegates from twenty-four countries, there was agreement that "blood and sex" comics were turning youth and adolescents into delinquents and potential criminals, and that an international apparatus should be established to urge governments to ban publications likely to "exercise a harmful influence on the upbringing and development of children."

In Sweden, an Act has been passed which bans "the circulation among children of printed matter, the contents of which may have a brutalizing effect or may otherwise involve serious danger in the moral upbringing of young persons." In England, teacher and parent groups have demanded that action be taken by the Government to prevent the sale of American comic books as "pernicious," "degrading," and "encouraging racial prejudice and glorification of violence, brutal and criminal behavior."

"Are not these precisely the theme by which Hitler brought up a whol generation of German youth, with re sults that are well known to all o us?" asked a brief regarding comi books which was presented to th Board of Education in Toronto, Can ada. In many parts of Canada, th sale of comic books dealing wit crime, violence and sex is forbidde by law.

In this connection, it is interestin to note what the distinguished Brit ish novelist, James Aldridge, had t say following a recent visit to the So viet Union about current literatur for youth in that land. "I was espe cially interested in children's book and looked through hundreds," re ported Aldridge. "Not one had a hin of violence in it; not one had an other emphasis but human dignity patriotism, education, and kindlines toward others."

IN A speech in the Canadian Hous of Commons in 1949, E. D. Fu ton quoted James V. Bennett, dire tor of the Federal Bureau of Prison in the United States, as saying: "W have in one of our institutions a bo who carried out a kidnapping pl following the precise pattern he ha read about in a crime comic calle *Crime Does Not Pay*. Not only d the boy confess that he got the id from the crime comic but the fac surrounding the execution of th crime bore out his statement."

Fulton went on to cite "the tri

of two boys, aged eleven and thirteen, for murdering James Watson of Dawson Creek, in Canada, in the fall of 1948. During the trial positive evidence was produced to show the boys' minds were saturated with what they read in crime comics. . . . One boy admitted to the judge that he read as many as fifty crime comics a week, while the other admitted having read thirty."

Fulton added: "In Montreal a boy aged twelve beat his mother to death with a bat while she was sleeping and at the trial said he had seen that sort of thing in the comics. . . . In Los Angeles a fourteen-year-old boy poisoned a fifty-year-old woman. He said he got the idea from a comic book, as well as the recipe for the poison. In the same city a thirteen-year-old boy was found hanged in a garage with a crime comic illustrating that sort of thing at his feet."

It would of course be a gross oversimplification to ascribe the growth of juvenile delinquency and violent crimes by young Americans solely to the influence of comic books. Rather, their impact on American children has to be evaluated as part of the entire pattern of similar influences in TV, radio and motion pictures, and has to be considered within the over-all Cold War atmosphere of crime, corruption, cynicism, brutality and resort to force.

Dr. Wertham adds: "If you want a generation of half storm troopers and half cannon fodder, with a dash of illiteracy, comic books are good, in fact they are perfect."

ENORMOUS as is the current circulation of comic books in the United States, the extent of their influence upon the minds of young Americans is rivaled by that of another and even more newly developed mass medium: television. By the end of 1952, there were television sets in the homes of more than 21,000,000 American families.

Some concept of TV's effect on the rearing of American children may be derived from this sardonic comment of Dr. Dallas Smythe, director of studies for the National Association of Educational Broadcasters: "While the typical theme of Holywood pictures has been 'Boy Meets Girl,' the typical theme of TV is 'Boy Meets Body'—a violently dead body usually."

Both in January 1951 and January 1952, Dr. Smythe conducted a study of one week's television programs in New York City, with monitors watching and carefully classifying all of the programs on every one of the city's television stations. Of the total time allotted to programs specifically for children, it was found that about 8 per cent came within the category of "Information and Instruction," while 60 per cent came within the category of "Drama." Regarding the latter, Dr. Smythe reported: "The largest single type of drama program in New York was crime drama."

The results of a similar survey on the West Coast were made public in a startling article in the June 1951

issue of *TV Magazine,* a trade monthly published in Hollywood. The article, which was written by the magazine's editor, Frank Orme, summarized the findings of one week's monitoring of TV programs for children in the city of Los Angeles.

"Close to 1,000 crimes," reported Orme, "were televised by the seven Los Angeles stations on children's shows during the first week of May 1951." These were some of the findings of the survey:

"Sponsors and station managers used the lurid details of murder, mayhem, and torture to compete for the attention of the more than 800,000 children under twelve who are regular viewers of TV in this area.

". . . the paragon of American manhood was impressed upon these children as a heavy-muscled, trigger-happy simpleton who settles all the problems of life with hard knuckles and six-gun bullets.

". . . 70 per cent of all programming televised specially for children was based on crime. 82 per cent of the major acts of violence viewed by the monitors took place on programs designed for child viewing."

Throughout the country, such grisly fare is the rule rather than the exception on TV programs for children. Hour after hour, day in and day out, in millions of American homes, countless children are sitting with their eyes hypnotically glued to TV screens across which moves an unending procession of vividly enacted scenes of savage violence, bloodshed, brutality and crime. Through the ingenious artistry of television, mayhem and murder have become commonplace components of American family life.

HOW grave is the harm being done to the more than 20,000,000 children who now regularly watch television shows in the United States was suggested by an article in the July 11, 1951, issue of *Variety* magazine. The article, which dealt with TV crime programs, quoted from prominent educators who compared these programs with the type of culture which evolved in Germany during the Nazi regime. Recalling that the German people had been "gradually conditioned to the acceptance of brutality by its constant introduction into literature, movies and theatre," the educators pointed out that "as each and every suspense story on TV becomes more bloodthirsty, as murders increase in number and border on the maniacal, the viewer gradually accepts these aberrations," and that "an adolescent . . . whose daily television fare is eye-gouging, depraved murders . . . will not be so easily shocked by or likely to protest the brutalities of war."

To some persons, on the other hand, this circumstance seems quite advantageous. In the words of Owen Callin, radio and television editor of the *Los Angeles Herald-Express*:

"It must be remembered that almost every program with crime and violence has 'good' winning out. Life in itself isn't a bed of roses. It might be well to acquaint our youngsters at an early age with things they might have to face when they grow up. Why keep them sheltered until they

ge when the knowledge of some crime or iolence may shock their emotions to a far reater degree if they hadn't been indoc- rinated slowly through their very young ears? And after all . . . if they're going o be sent to Korea eventually, isn't it only air to them that they at least have some nowledge of what they'll face?"

When it comes to familiarizing outh with deeds of crime and vio- ence so they may "have some knowl- dge of what they'll face" on possible uture battlefronts, television has ra- lio at an admitted disadvantage. The isual enactment of robberies, tor- urings, assaults and murders is far nore vivid and precise, naturally, han the reproduction of such phe- nomena merely through the spoken word and sound effects.

Sharply conscious of this handicap, he directors of radio dramas have diligently striven to overcome it through the wholesale use of blood- curdling screams, sudden shots, mad laughter, thunderous explosions, and tortured gasps and groans. Some ra- dio shows have adopted such sound effects as fiendish chuckles and bursts of machine-gun fire as their opening and closing trademarks. An ever- growing number of radio dramas re- semble sound recordings of an armed riot in a lunatic asylum.

In keeping with current fashions, radio dramas concentrate not only on run-of-the-mill crimes and killings, but also on the daredevil exploits of FBI operatives, U.S. military intelli- gence agents, government informers, and labor spies. The airwaves teem with such programs as "Counter Spy," "Danger Assignment," "This Is Your FBI," and "American Agent," in which the heroes zealously track down and exterminate "Communist fifth columnists" in the United States or conduct audacious espionage and sa- botage operations "behind the Iron Curtain." The venerable protagonist of detective fiction, Mr. Moto, now engages in such international adven- tures as combatting opium smug- gling by "the Chinese Red Navy"; and Jack Armstrong, the "all-Ameri- can boy" of former years, has become a member of the S.B.I.—Scientific Bureau of Investigation.

In the considered judgment of ra- dio and television companies they are fulfilling an important social duty in presenting programs dealing with crime and violence. As the recently published code of the National As- sociation of Radio and Television Broadcasters states in a section en- titled "Responsibility Toward Chil- dren":

> "The education of children involves giv- ing them a sense of the world at large. Crime, violence and sex are a part of the world they will be called upon to meet, and a certain amount of proper presenta- tion of such is helpful in orienting the child to his social surroundings."

It is an ugly commentary upon the atmosphere of the Cold War that vio- lence and crime should have come to be thus regarded as an integral part of the social surroundings of American children.

Hollywood's Latest Inventio

N-D

By ALAN MAX

"CINERAMA? A thing of the past. CinemaScope? Old stuff. Cine-polar-kaleido-infra-red-orama? People are already tiring of it."

"Then what do you have in mind?" I asked.

"In mind?" said the producer. "It has nothing to do with the mind. It's a reality. We open in seven theaters on Broadway simultaneously in the Fall."

"What do you call your three-dimensional film?" I asked.

"Three-dimensional? This is something beyond three-dimensional."

I gasped. "You mean you've achieved four-dimensional?"

He smiled—but without a trace of condescension.

"Beyond even four-dimensional," he said slowly. "This is THE greatest thing to come out of Hollywood."

I hardly dared utter my next question.

"Five-dimensional?" I whispered.

"You're getting colder all the time," he replied. Then he leaned over and looked me straight in the eye.

"This will be the No-dimensio film," he said. "N-D, as it will known in the trade."

My head swam.

"I don't comprehend," I said he lessly.

"Perhaps the best way to expl it is to tell how I got the idea," said simply. "My starting point Chaplin's *Limelight.*"

He must have noticed that I sh dered at the name and hastened reassure me. "I realized true f progress must start with *Limeli* and proceed in the opposite direct as fast and as far as possible."

"Yes, yes," I murmured with lief. "That's obvious."

He looked pained. "Obvio There's nothing obvious about To move AWAY from *Limeli* one first had to grasp the esse of *Limelight.* Otherwise how co one travel away from it?"

"And you grasped the essen

"Not without a tremendous eff I saw the picture fourteen time dressed as an usher, so that no would misunderstand. Even ther

s no closer to the secret. I read ndreds of articles on *Limelight.* ll no results—until one day I saw ese words in a translation from a ropean review: 'Chaplin's Calvaro a full-dimensional character.' That ve me my clue. The opposite of ll-dimensional, of course, is No-mensional—no character, no story, anything — nothing but sheer FE!"

"And you believe you have hieved it?"

He nodded—a simple nod such as imagine Newton must have nodded a similar question.

TAKE the grape-fruit sequence," he said and his voice rose with citement. "The grape-fruit fills the reen from one end of the theater the other. An arm appears with spoon; the mashing sound of the oon, as it grapples with the fruit, unders into the ears of the audi-nce—a sound never before recorded. hen a stream of grape-fruit juice, room temperature, squirts directly to the eyes of everyone in a $2.20 seat. Or take the desert scene—a sandstorm—sight, sound, color—and a bucket of real sand right in the face of the entire audience, including the balcony."

"No people at all?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. But fully developed No-dimensionally. For example, a bosom reaching from 43rd to 44th Streets."

"Good-by to Chaplin," I said happily. "But tell me, how do you achieve such remarkable effects?"

"That I cannot reveal," he said. "No-dimensional requires special equipment—a device known as the McCarthy-Scope."

"But I forgot to tell you the best part of all," he added. "The vacant lot sequence—piles upon piles of refuse—and real, rich odors pouring into the nostrils of the audience."

"Hold on!" I cried, unable to restrain my excitement. "I saw a picture only last week that just fitted that description. Could it have been—"

He put his finger to his lips and nodded.

"A sneak preview," he said.

Son's Way

By YOSHIO ABE

ITS resistance broken by several tugs of the locomotive, a freight car moved reluctantly out from the sidetrack, dragging its wheels, screaming in the night. A switchman saluted in the old Imperial Army fashion to the American guards as the freight cleared the semaphore. His saluting silhouette appeared and disappeared in the darkness with the waving of his lantern. "Damned smart Jap. We sure can use that kind over there instead of our boys," one of the guards said, smirking. "Sucker," another said, spitting.

After being shunted back and forth, the freight was clamped and chained to the train standing on the mainline. Two short whistles wailed, chasing each other and taking a long time to catch the tail of night. A shoot of steam, a chug-chug, and a slow rumbling pushed into a hesitant rhythm on the rail.

"Hear that, Mom?" Yukio said without turning to his mother who sat in the next room bending over her needlework. "I'm thinking. . . ."

"Yes, Yukio, I am thinking that dreadful night has come alive again by the sound of the wheel on the rail in the night."

"I am thinking, but go ahead, Mom."

"That night when Father was tak away to Manchuria where I had f lowed him to see what kind of tr and grass and flowers grew where blood had flowed. That night boarded the train and we didn't kn anything about his destination u his first letter from there."

"Mom, I wish you would. . . ."

"I didn't know then that the whi in the night would. . . ."

"Stop."

"We live by that sound."

"No, Mom. How many times I have to tell you that we, remem we can stop that and make it int merry singing sound. I was thinking of a girl who stopped t in France."

"Who could that be? Maybe on your kind?"

"My kind, and your kind, M The people."

"No, Yukio. I was lonely, lonely until I found something you that I can look forward to. So.

"So!"

"Please be very careful. I d want that to happen again. The so in the night on the rail that takes loved ones away."

"You're making yourself sad your poetry, Mom. You can turn into an anger, if you realize our

onal indignity, unable to do or say nything against the power that oc-upies us."

"No. Yukio, that's what I know I on't want you to say openly."

"Silence has never brought us what ve wanted. If we should keep quiet ow. . . . A French girl, probably six-een or seventeen, stopped that sad rain of yours, carrying arms to sup-ress the colonial people fighting for heir independence. I'm thinking vhat the course of history would or ould have been if there were a hun-lred girls like this in Japan to stop hat eerie sound in the night on the ail that carries death to our neigh-ors. There was once a promise from our own railroad workers that no rms or troops would be carried on heir train to smother the fight for ndependence. We covered our eyes ike the monkey and refused to see r tell ourselves who our enemy is. That's why Professor Yamato is elec-tioneering—to approach the people, o tell them what is at stake for the Japanese people now . . . war or peace."

"I wish you would not talk like that. If I were in a lecture room and . . ."

"I'm sorry, Mom. I just couldn't help repeating what I believe deep down here."

The whistle in the night died away. Yukio stood up from his desk and walked over to his mother. He said, "Mother, our peace is held by the hair," and touched the stray hair on his mother's graying head, "like this." He pulled her hair.

"Ouch," she said, and laughed.

"Look at this picture," Yukio said, showing her a photo clipped from a magazine. "This little girl in France stopped a freight train destined to Viet Nam." He stroked her hair as if he were testing the resistance. "Mother," he said, "this hair can hold the future for us."

"You're flattering me, Yukio-san. How can a woman's hair. . . ."

"It isn't the woman's hair, but mother's hair that can stop the train and ship and motor-car and every-thing that carries the killers."

He laughed and went back to his desk.

THERE was a long silence after he sat at his desk. The mahogany desk, the only luxury in the room, saw his morning study over his books and his nightly writing over his thesis. Another year and he would be out of college, out in the world to do whatever he wanted.

"You have someone in your mind that you'll marry after graduation?"

"No, Mom. Not just yet. Comfort for you comes first. Let's forget about it and go to bed."

All was quiet in the neighborhood and you could hear a swishing of slip-pers as if someone were walking out-side. They knew, later on in the early morning, there would be a slight disturbance, a squeal of rubber tires, a motor engine running, a drunken voice and a placating whis-per, an American and a Japanese can-can girl.

"I hope I'm not keeping you as

Mama's baby and shooing away a girl you like to go out with."

"No, Mom. I just don't have time."

"But I know how it is because I was bred in an atmosphere your generation was denied on account of the war. When I was still a school girl a poetess expressed it in this way about a Christian who devoted his life to convert heathens; she said, "Aren't you lonely, my dear preacher, without knowing the soft touch of a young breast?" The war has taught me something I did not myself know, Yukio-san. But tell me, am I getting on?"

"Yes, Mom. You are. But to tell you the truth, you are only a liberal. A Communist must . . ."

"Shuuush," the woman said and looked around furtively as if she were acting. "The wall has four ears."

"Americans have five ears," Yukio said bitterly, "with Japanese ears helping them."

"But the American who came up to me was an innocent one, and you made a fast friend with him, didn't you? A shy one who wanted to feel the warmth of family life, even though we couldn't provide. . . ."

As she spoke, a sudden chill engulfed her. The chill that had been accumulating for fifteen years of her widowed life. How could she provide the warmth of family life for a stranger who wore the conqueror's uniform and smile when she could not give a proper life to her own son and herself?

"I should say he was sincere too, to make friends with us," Yukio said and started to chuckle. His mothe was drawn in. She laughed as if sh were tickled.

She remembered how the boy fro America had come up to her in fro of a book shop in Kanda. She wa afraid at first that he might have d tected what book she had bough that he was one of those who pri into the Japanese mind like the Ja anese thought police before the wa He spoke halting, sometimes lud crous, Japanese, smiling all the whil He followed her home, quite nat rally picking up the bundle she w carrying, a happy smile on him, happiness of being accepted, unawa of how she was embarrassed sittin next to a young American soldi on the streetcar.

"O-kah-san!" Yukio cried, as th entered the door. And the soldi was visibly moved. He almost dropp the bundle. He hugged her with o arm and said, with shaking voi "O-kah-san. Mother. That's the sou I wanted to hear all along and wanted to say out loud myself all while."

Yukio was standing in front them. The young soldier noticed i mediately that he was not looki at him but at his uniform. Yu said, "Have you come here to hum ate us?"

Before the young soldier co answer, Yukio said drily, "You kn that nothing stands between us your uniform."

"My uniform! But we are h trying to help you stand on your c feet," he said hurriedly.

"Bind our feet, and crawl. Do you ılize what you are doing to our ighbor? You'll do the same to us ıen we really want to stand on our /n feet." Yukio, knowing that the ldier would not completely under- ınd him, talked rather to his other.

"Yukio, he means well of us. You ustn't make an enemy of him. He's ot responsible, but he's only a young an just like you, trying to under- and the world. I forbid you to talk ke that to him. Won't you come p and have tea with us?"

"Thank you. Yes, I must explain) him. Perhaps he could understand nglish? I could explain better. . . ."

She nodded vigorously. The young ldier was familiar with the custom s well as the language of the land. Ie sat on the step and began to take ff his shoes. Yukio's eyes softened ehind his glasses as he watched the ıoestring being untied and the foot eleased. His smile disappeared when e remembered a passage in *Hear the Voice of the Ocean,* a collection of ar memoirs written to their families y student-soldiers who perished in outh Sea islands and jungles. A stu- ent wrote: "The happiest time in ıe army life, when you take off the oots and relax for hours, is no more. sleep in my boots, and I may die in ıy boots. For what? I question, but ı deep secrecy, guarding the jungle ight." He died before giving an an- wer to his own question.

When the American soldier put n his shoes and tied the strings gain, he said, "I didn't know what I was doing to myself or to you. I'm a good Christian but what can I do? I may be shipped to . . ." He checked himself, bent low and kissed Yukio's mother on her cheek. Yukio looked away as he saw a glint of tears in the soldier's eye.

He never came back.

THEY did not talk about him until tonight.

"Go to bed, Mother. I'm going to read some more," Yukio said.

"I wonder what that white soldier is doing tonight, poor thing. I wanted you to understand through him what a mother must go through when separated from her son."

"I understand, Mother. But who or what makes mother and son live and die separate from each other? That's what I want you to understand."

"I know. That's why I took pity on him."

"You sympathized with him because I am here, beside you. If I was taken away, sent to Korea or maybe Manchuria, and you were alone cowering in the air-raid shelter, you wouldn't regard him with your motherly love."

"What a horrible thought. You stop it, Yukio."

"That can very well happen. They are preparing for it. That's why we are resisting. He listened to me while I told him of the Japanese students' attitude toward war and Americans, and I did not hesitate to tell him that I did not wish him to die without knowing that he fought for a cause

to destroy humanity, an act of destroying himself, that a decent part of him died each minute of his ignorant compliance with the wish of Wall Street generals. And that I could not hate him as an individual but as an instrument of something he was unaware of. He did not leave here as a friend of ours. Like an American professor we students refused to have imposed on us. I think he went away perplexed, confused. But that's for the better, for us and for him."

"There yau are again," she said and chuckled. She could not help thinking that as Yukio grew older he began to reveal his father's traits more and more. Her husband used to go into a lengthy discourse which she could not follow. She used to say that he would have to pile things up so high that what he had wanted to say would look imposing sitting on top of them. But there was something more than her husband could have said in the same manner when Yukio began to talk like him. Her husband was complacent. Yukio, with all seriousness, drove mercilessly. She could not attribute that strength merely to his youth. Could it be the poverty they had to go through after her husband died in Manchuria as an Imperial soldier? She thought of the carefree, almost child-like attitude of the American soldier.

She began to spread her bed on the tatami floor.

The cherry was late blossoming this year as it was the year when her husband, who was in the reser had been called back into the ar and sent away, never to return fr the press-glorified venture into continent — to save China, as turned out later, from the Chine April did not bring warm days the foreign soldiers, thousands miles from home, remembered frost-bitten days in North Ko Spring was not here, and it was in many hearts of the homeless in peninsula and of the occupied in islands.

IT WAS cloudy the next day. Oc sionally it rained. Tokiko sta in all day, read a little of what Yu had recommended, and mostly work on the odd jobs she had brought from the nearby toy factory wh had begun to pour out the war t to shoot their way into the chi world again, only this time the m ket was found across the Pacific. T toy factory handed out other bits jobs to the neighborhood hou wives. Tokiko could not bring h self to accept miniature guns tanks and ingenious atom bomb t She brought home wires and tins papers and glues and coloring ma rials to make artificial flowers which the factory owner said his interest lay, while his eye avoi looking at the home work seekers

Yukio hurried toward the entra of Tokyo University. After morning classes he had been co ing legal documents at a law desk all afternoon. He was free come and go at his part time

but when the lawyer saw Yukio leaving his office earlier than usual, he remarked, with his chin pushing the air in front of him, "Your professor hasn't got a chance. The odds are too great against him. The idealist has no sense of reality." Yukio was in no mood to argue.

The clock tower behind the bare chestnut trees pointed to a quarter after four when Yukio reached the gate of the campus. His friends were already there, talking to each other in pairs and groups. They looked no different from other students chatting after the classes, except for their purposeful eyes.

"O.K. Let's go now. We can't wait any longer. Workers will be coming out pretty soon," said a medical student with whom Yukio had a heated argument over democratic centralism and the group expulsion at a meeting last year.

"Did you get in the one I told you about the workers sent to Korea and returned in coffins?" Yukio asked the medical student. He nodded.

Yukio picked up a bunch of placards. The medical student had a portfolio under his arm. Someone carried a large cardboard. A stool and a coil of rope were carried by others, Some students carried only books and continued their conversation while they walked. A girl student ran up to the medical student and talked to him with gusto while looking at Yukio who was walking beside him. The group of sixteen students reached a square in front of Iidabashi station, and proceeded toward a bridge over the Kanda river which reflected the dull grey sky and looked brownish grey from the afternoon rainwater.

"This is the best spot," said Yukio, and he stopped by the bridge. "People will be crossing the bridge and coming out from the station." He untied the placards, looked at the descriptions and handed them out to the students.

The portfolio was opened and the pictures of the atom bomb disaster and the scenes from the Chinese and Soviet films were taken out. They were tacked on the large cardboard which was leaned against the railing of the bridge. The rope was strung from the railing and an unrolled paper-streamer was hung on it. It said, "Vote for candidate Ide, the fighter for peace."

The girl student distributed petitions which said, "Sign the Berlin Appeal." They called for a Five Power Peace treaty.

The medical student stood up on the stool and opened the street corner meeting. Shop owners came out from their stores. Delivery boys stopped their bicycles. Workers from a printing plant across the river stopped on their way home. They milled around, read the placards, looked at the pictures and listened to the speaker. At the edge of the crowd the students collected signatures from the passers-by. Clerks and office workers argued a little with the students.

Apart from the crowd, two policemen watched the proceedings, pre-

tending to be tolerant. They did not quite know how to handle themselves. Were they hired to police Japanese or to alienate Japanese? They found themselves in a difficult position to reconcile their kinship to fellow Japanese with their occupational duty.

YUKIO collected signatures among the crowd, keeping himself near the stool. He wanted to say something which was boiling inside him and wished the second speaker would cut his almost half-hour speech short. While collecting signatures, Yukio noticed that there were two or three pickpocket-like characters in the crowd. They moved away when he approached them. Their disdainful smiles and shifty eyes irritated him like sand in the rice. A girl student came and asked him how many signatures he had collected.

A policeman approached the medical student who stood by the speaker and asked him to step aside. Pointing at the placards leaning against the railing of the bridge, he said, "People standing in front of them are blocking the traffic. Will you move them and the people too?" And he pointed at the speaker. "He should move too."

The speaker was explaining for what purpose the Diet was discussing the military appropriation while the Japanese people were told of and believed in renunciation of war, constitutionally proclaimed to the world. The right of self-defense was used to cover up a deal to sell Japan to the power which would deny the right of self-defense if Japan should become really democratic.

The speaker stepped down from the stool as the medical student tugged his sleeve and spoke to him. Other students moved the placards and the picture cardboard to a warehouse wall standing by the river. The crowd moved with them. It numbered about two hundred.

At the new post Yukio stood up on the stool and opened his speech with, "I lost my father in the war." The crowd was coming closer to the speaker. They murmured. He repeated to gain attention, "I lost my father in Manchuria."

"My widowed mother was unable to support the family," he went on. "She went to Manchuria, worked and sent money home, but it wasn't enough. I worked in a gun factory, conscripted for the war effort when I was sixteen, and I know with my skin and teeth what causes the peculiar noise in the factory when the gun is made. The gun that killed Chinese, our neighbor Orientals, and the gun that killed my father. That same gun is made in this city, now. Don't you dare think that the guns made here are for killing only Koreans and Chinese, our fellow Orientals; they will kill us just as my father was killed."

The placards leaning against the wall said: "Youth, Don't take Arms! Workers, Don't Make Arms! We Will Not be Cannon Fodder."

A poster said, "Gift from War-mongers." It was illustrated and the subtitle said, "Ashes return to driz

zling Yokohama." The explanation read, "Construction workers for Korea were recruited at Yanagibashi Employment Agency in Yokohama, November 10 of last year. They were shipped away with a blessing from the agency head, 'Long live your military career.' On December 5 these workers returned, two hundred and forty-seven of them in ashes." Early evening dusk gathered as the sky threatened again.

"Professor Ide resigned from the Tokyo University faculty to help us victims of war to fight for peace," Yukio continued, "to make no more mistakes by standing aloof while our country is dragged into an alliance with the greatest warmaker who is converting our homeland into bases for its inhuman design to conquer Asia, which the Japanese militarists failed to accomplish." The crowd was a blur in his eyes, as he was excited and inexperienced in speechmaking.

"But, Mister Student, the Communist Party is supporting the Socialist Kanju Kato. Can you explain why Mr. Ide risked his expulsion from the party to announce his gubernatorial candidacy?" A loud voice interrupted Yukio.

"I will come to that, but first let me state his principles and policy, which will make it easier for us to understand the discrepancy on the election issue." As he spoke, Yukio noticed that the insolent voice had come from the pickpocket-like character, and he was making his way out from the crowd.

At that moment an American-made truck stopped by the bridge and unloaded about two dozen blackcoats with clubs and pistols. A captain of the squad came out from the driver's seat, instructed his men to ring the cordon between the river and the warehouse, blocking the lot. The pickpocket-like character approached the captain.

It began to rain.

TOKIKO waited until nine o'clock because Yukio had said he would be late for supper. He said he would be late coming home for the next few weeks until the election was over. Perhaps Yukio was having his supper with his friends somewhere. But she would wait a little longer because she had cooked a special dish of fish Yukio liked.

Then a neighbor dropped in. She said, "Bad rain. My husband is in bed already. Rheumatism. And, you know, Mrs. Sakai, the widow who used to live in the neighborhood, dresses like a boogie-woogie dancer, now. I bettcha she turned into a can-can girl and get lots of money from the occupation Ame-san. And you know Mr. Matsui. He had a greasy job working as a maintenance man in the U.S. Air Force airfield but he quit because he couldn't stand the cold stare from his former friends who wouldn't take that kind of job even though their family starved. And you know. . . ."

Tokiko was working leisurely while the neighbor talked. The neighbor had no sense of importance in her talk. She talked about everything

from her bargain in the market to a killing of a stray dog in the street, adding that someone might be eating the dog meat right this moment. When the neighbor began to tell a jeep-story as an afterthought; Tokiko stopped moving her hand and watched the neighbor's expression. She said that a man riding on a bicycle was forced into the gutter and was splashed with mud by a speeding jeep. Tokiko's lips followed the movement of her neighbor's.

"They said something like, 'Get a move-on, you slow-poke, don't you know there's a war going on in Korea' as they passed by the man who was tangled with his bicycle, and the man was bleeding I know for sure because I saw with my own eyes afterward the mud was spotted with blood. And a Japanese riding with them was just as bad. He laughed. They expect us to fly like chickens when they come in our way."

Tokiko pursed her lips when the neighbor pronounced "they" with her lips curled up. Tokiko said nothing.

"Yukio-san is late coming home. He must be busy with the election, I bettcha. Sorry I interrupted your work. Good night."

"Hope it'll clear up tomorrow. Good night."

Tokiko went back to her work immediately.

"It's cleared up," said the neighbor outside the door, "but no stars are in the sky."

Tokiko heard the neighbor's wooden clogs clatter on the drain-cover, the gliding of slide door on the rail, and the silence. It must have been past ten o'clock because there was no blaring of radios in the neighborhood. They went to bed early in this neighborhood, partly to conserve the electricity but mostly from fatigue, and the radio broadcast would be off the air by ten o'clock anyway. A dry scratching sound of paper flowers against each other seemed unnecessarily loud as Tokiko twirled the wire stem and wound the green colored tape.

The green field of her youth twirled before her eyes. Before Yukio was born, before her ill-fated marriage before her graduation from a girl's school, before the war broke out. How wonderful it was to dream of her future surrounded with the scent and sight of the green field rolling and beckoning. The flower she plucked soon died away, dry and brittle and lifeless as the debris of bombed-out straw hut. And the dead flowers increased like the gray hair on her head, until once again she began to dream of a green field in the future of her son.

SHE worked until eleven, and decided to eat her lone supper. Yukio did not come home that night. Nor did he appear the next day.

A strange student visited Tokiko the next evening. His serious eyebrows, twinkling eyes, high cheek bones, pert nose, thick lips and determined chin — everything youthful about him reminded her of Yuki. She looked at the young man with an intense desire to dig out only one truth she wanted to know. The

ıkio was safe, somewhere. She had eady reached the conclusion that ly one thing would prevent Yukio om coming home, but she wanted disbelieve it.

"I'm sorry to say that I've come ly to confirm what you must al- ady know about Yukio-san. He's nong the sixteen students the paper ported this morning." The student oked at a fearful but intelligent oking woman. Is Mother like this? Vould she act like this if I were rested? he thought.

Tokiko looked at a folded news- aper on Yukio's desk. Yukio would ave opened the paper in the morn- ıg and told her about important vents and then she would read them fter Yukio had left for school. She as afraid to open and read the aper, only to find the answer for her leepless night. She slowly shook her ead and said, "I did not know."

The student looked at her quizzi- ally, for she would not betray her motion; he could only guess. The tudent's eyes were like the willow eaves washed by a sudden storm in Manchuria. She had felt that kind of yes staring at her before. Where was t? It was in Manchuria, and the eyes were those of a Chinese student who ıad studied in Japan and returned o his homeland after Japan had in- vaded his country. He had said after staring at her, "I don't accuse you for you don't know, but I pity you for what you don't know about what your country is doing to my coun- try." His eyes were like the willow leaves standing by the Liao river near Mukden, washed by the grief of his country.

Tokiko looked into the student's eyes again.

"You can't sit idly by and only wring your hands and worry about your son in prison, Mother," the student said, a light coming into his eyes.

"But what can I do? You must do something for Yukio."

"I will do, and we will do, and Mother, you must do."

Suddenly her eyes changed color like a cat's coming out from the dark.

"I! What can an ignorant woman do when educated people like Yukio and his friends get caught who should know better and leave help- less people like me to cry my eyes out. . . ."

"Now, Mother."

"Don't Mother me. You're not my son. I have only Yukio to live by and now he's gone. Give back my Yukio!"

She broke down. "Give back my son." It pierced the student's heart. It reverberated in the room, and raced between the mud wall and the paper slide door, and it slid out the house into the night, only to return. It echoed in her for ten days and nights wherever she was. She lived in that enormous echo which rever- berated in her. It originated in her but as it gathered strength, ringing again and again like the resisting sound of the rail running through the island, it became no more her own but shared by the parents and brothers and sisters and relatives of

the arrested students in a chorus. The jolting and creeping sound in the night had died in her heart. The rail was singing a song of resistance again, as it was by the willowed bank of a river and maized field of a plateau in Manchuria when the occupied Chinese began to fight back.

Asked by the parents' meeting to become the spokesman for the group, because she kept on saying "Give back my son," Tokiko accepted. She would insist on that in the court. It was apparent to the others from the beginning that she would not only accept the position but she would fight it out.

ON THE day General MacArthur, relieved of his duty as the Supreme Commander in Japan and in Korea, flew to America from the Haneda airport, the trial of sixteen Tokyo University students opened in Courtroom 19 of the Tokyo district court. The morning newspapers prominently carried a picture of American soldiers caring for war-orphaned Korean children. An old Japanese woman killed by an Occupation jeep on the road between Yokohama and Yokosuka on the previous night was not mentioned. It did not mention the anniversary of the underground force which opposed the attack on China twenty-two years before and was arrested in a big dawn-raid, later being called the Four-sixteen because it fell on the sixteenth day of April.

The longest ten days for Tokiko had come to an end and she gazed at the tenth day's morning sun wi fluttering heart and an impatie anger she thought she was incapal of possessing. The April air drift into the courtroom and brushed h excited cheek as the side-door w opened and the sixteen defendar came in. She stood up, and all t court stood up. The sixteen studer came in, smiling to the faces on t other side of the handrail and fla ing angry eyes at the black-rob men, raising their manacled hands greeting and in defiance, and when the court stood up the air of the tr was already set.

The judge and the prosecutor w unable to lift their heads. They bur their eyes in the legal docume and sought moral support from Occupation decree. Their fell Japanese seemed mortal enemies, a they could only hide themselves hind the American cloak.

". . . and the exhibits number c and two clearly show the sixteen h conspired to undermine the Occu tion authority by falsehood and v ful distortion and infringed upon Occupation order number three hu dred and twenty-five. . . ." The pro cutor's voice droned without the us vehemence and learned cynicism.

"Lift your head!" someone fr the spectators' bench shouted. " you Japanese?"

The guards, with folded arms, not stir. They looked at the hea ornamented ceiling and wished t weren't there.

Tokiko understood for the time what her sons and fifteen ot

students' confident smiles meant. She was not afraid any more. The shoulders on her left and right, relatives and lawyers and witnesses, sustained her, and the hundred-odd friendly spectators' eyes supported her from behind. Although a wooden railing separated her from her son and the defendants, she knew the line did not exist there but between the whole court and the accusers in the black robes.

She waited and waited for her turn, to demand her son's release and blast at her enemy who wronged her son, detained him for ten days and nights and might keep him away from her for how long she did not know. She would fight.

But when her turn came and she stood up to speak, all of her forty-five years' misery surged back upon her. She felt her body shrink, her head and arms and legs seemed separated from her, independent of her, and her throat was dry.

"As Yukio's mother," she faltered, "as a delegate of sixteen students' parents I demand, Mr. District Attorney, with deep anger, immediate acquittal and release of these students."

Her voice was almost inaudible, even though the court was so quiet that one could hear the rustle of papers in her hand. But those who could not hear her speak could hear the anguished sob her heart was pounding out. "As mother and son, with only each other to share the hardship during the war, and sometimes to exchange opinions as if between friends . . ." she continued, and her voice rose as she went on.

Working in Manchuria for Yukio's tuition; worrying about his late return from a munition factory which was under air-raid; a simple supper table which was not enough for a growing youth; looking forward to his graduation from college, after which her son expected to provide his mother with the material well being she lacked for so long.

"And now, in my presence, Yukio sits handcuffed."

She began to sob audibly. She could not continue. She put her handkedchief to her nose. "Is Yukio, are these students criminals?" Tokiko cried. She shook her head violently.

"No, never," she shouted, and she threw her handkerchief in the direction of the prosecutor. As she threw, Tokiko dropped the papers which contained her prepared statement into the prisoners' dock. A student hurriedly picked them up and handed the papers to Yukio, who hid them under his shirt.

"Attorney! Give back my Yukio. Acquit him, release him this moment!" She felt her tears sizzle in her eyes and burn her cheek. "For peace, Yukio fought, to preserve peace, Yukio. . . ."

She broke down in tears, but she knew she could not stop here until his release and until there shall be no more wars.

Since I Was Jailed

By NAZIM HIKMET

Since I was jailed
this earth turned ten times around the sun.
If you ask the earth:
"Nothing worth mentioning,
a microscopic time."
If you ask me:
"Ten years of my life."
The year I was jailed
I had a pencil
Writing constantly I used it up in one week.
If you ask the pencil:
"A whole life."
If you ask me:
"What of it, a couple of weeks."
Since I was jailed
Osman who was sentenced for manslaughter
got out of jail for a while
then came back for smuggling
served six months and got out again,
a letter came yesterday, he is married
he is going to have a baby in the spring.
The babies who had just been conceived
the year I was jailed
are ten-year-old children now.
The thin, long-legged fillies of that year
have turned some time ago into comfortable, wide-hipped mares.
But the olive shrubs are still shrubs,
still children.
Since I was jailed
new public squares have been opened in my distant city
and my folks
are living in a strange street
in a house I have never seen.
The year I was jailed
the bread was as white as cotton,
then it was rationed,

here, inside the jail people fought
for a piece of black ration as big as the fist,
ow you can buy it freely again
but it is black and tasteless.
e year I was jailed
the SECOND ONE had just started
e Dachau crematoriums were not yet burning
the atom bomb had not been dropped over Hiroshima.
me flew like the blood of a strangled child
hen that chapter was officially closed.
merican dollars are now talking about the THIRD ONE.
ut since I was jailed
days nonetheless are brighter.
nd "From the edge of darkness
they pressed their heavy hands against the pavements
and stood up" halfway.
nce I was jailed
the earth turned ten times around the sun
and with the same insistence I repeat once more
in the ten years I spent in jail
all I wrote is for them;
r "Those who are as numerous as ants in the earth
fish in the sea, and birds in the air,
Vho are cowardly, brave
ignorant, learned,
and child-like,
hose who destroy
and create,
nly their adventures are in my songs"*
and all the rest
—say my ten years in jail—
is just idle talk.

1948

* The quotations are from Nazim Hikmet's poem, "Epic of the National Independence Struggle," written in prison about eight years earlier.

books in review

Freedom Songs

AMERICAN FOLK SONGS OF PROTEST, by John Greenway. *University of Pennsylvania Press.* $6.75.

THE fact that a special volume on American folk songs of protest must be greeted as a welcome addition to the literature on our folk heritage is a sharp indication of the arbitrary and unsound approach which dominates the field of folklore research. By and large, the historiographers of our country's folklore have tended to ignore and belittle the basic democratic character of American folk music—making it a source of scholarly amusement for collectors, but completely failing to place this music in its historical context. It is only in recent years that a few socially-conscious folklorists, such as Ben Botkin, Alan Lomax, Lawrence Gellert, Pete Seeger, Waldemar Hille, and others have been able to penetrate the curtain of silence and snobbery which has enveloped our militant folk heritage.

Even more noteworthy in the past decade has been the conscious use and adaptation of folk music as a significant weapon of class struggle—a development decried and derided by the self-appointed "guardians" of our folklore, but heartily welcomed by the workers who have made songs like "Roll the Union On," "Solida Forever," "Hallelujah, I'm A-Tra ling," "Union Maid," and count others advance the cause of pe human rights, and working-c unity.

For these reasons, the publicat of *American Folk Songs of Pro* is a valuable addition to our st house of democratic cultural mat als. John Greenway, a member the English department at Rut University, has included the texts over 200 such protest songs number of them with music), gether with factual material on t origin, composers, and the circ stances of their creation. Here political songs of Jeffersonian mocracy, songs of the anti-rent w Underground Railroad hymns spirituals, Negro songs of pro Populist songs, Wobbly parodies satires, Dust Bowl ballads, and u and class-conscious contempo workers' songs. Here also is m needed factual material on two standing women folk writers organizers, the martyred Ella Wiggins and the heroic Aunt M Jackson.

While the author does not s to have done any considerable am of orginal research, relying prim on secondary sources, he has formed a valuable service of ta

s material from various collections l making it accessible to the folk- ist, historian, student, and best all, the singer of folk songs. A nsiderable portion of the song terial in the book comes from People's Songs Library, People's tists' collection of more than 25,- 0 songs of protest and struggle. ny of the most significant and gable songs have already appeared print, but mostly in the pages of *People's Songs Bulletin* and *Sing it!*, the current publication of Peo- e's Artists. Now, many thousands n read and sing songs like "The llad of Barney Graham," "Death Harry Simms," "No Irish Need pply," and "Winnsboro Cotton Mill ues."

Important as this book is, it has ny shortcomings. It would be im- ssible to detail all of the minor ints of opinion and supposed "fact" hich have little or no basis in his- ry. While the author has drawn a considerable extent on the ound-breaking work of progres- es, his conclusions about this terial do not seriously depart from e standards of ivory tower scho- sticism.

His discussion of the significance the Negro spiritual, for instance, ds him to a "fence-sitting" conclu- n between the positions of Ster- g Brown, Alan Lomax, Lawrence llert and many others, who under- nd their importance as protest sic, and the position of the white- premacist ideologists, who dis- edit all of the cultural achievements of the Negro people and even question the authenticity of the spirituals as Negro folk music. The author makes the following statement which is directly contradicted by the *very material he includes in his collection*:

"The real value of the spiritual as a vehicle for emotional relief lay in its mood and tone rather than in its words. . . . Significantly, the dominant tone of the music is sorrow, with overtones of hope; in such a setting, the words mean little."

In substantiation of this ridiculous conclusion, he neglects to include in a collection of American folk songs of protest, the texts of songs like "Go Down Moses," "Joshua Fought The Battle of Jericho," "Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel," "Steal Away To Jesus," and hundreds of others, being satisfied to discuss those whose symbolism is somewhat more subtle. The fact is that our country has produced no more significant body of protest music, or folk music of any kind, than the spirituals of the Negro people.

This lack of concern with the dignity and militant history of the Negro people leads him to include in the texts of a number of songs, as well as in quotations from some individuals, the vile language of white chauvinism in the form of anti-Negro epithets. Many folklorists would object to this criticism, saying that "this is the language the people use themselves." But in his foreword the author states: "Except for the exclusion of certain offensive words, edit-

ing in this work has been limited to the correction of obvious misspellings, etc. . . ." Obviously, Mr. Greenway does not consider racist terminology "offensive."

In the section of the book dealing with songs of the Wobblies, (International Workers of the World, or IWW), the author devotes almost ten pages to an effort to "debunk" the great labor martyr, Joe Hill. Here again, much of the factual material itself goes to disprove his own assertion that despite "the little that is known of him [Joe Hill], nothing is more certain than the unworthiness of the honor lavished upon his memory." It would take unwarranted space here to document the refutation. It is sufficient to point out that Greenway's conclusions are based on "court records and other documents pertaining to Hill's trial," "contemporary newspapers" and the unsubstantiated account of a since "reformed and respectable" co-worker. By the same sort of evidence, bourgeois historians have "proved" many times over the "unworthiness" of John Brown, Eugene Debs, Frederick Douglass, and many other champions of freedom. The author, from the vantage point of his library desk, has only scorn for most of Joe Hill's songs with the exception of "Casey Jones" and "The Preacher and the Slave." He dismisses "The Tramp," "Mr. Block," and "Scissor Bill" by calling them "in a literary sense . . . contemptible." Of course, if Mr. Greenway himself were "protesting" rather than "collecting," his evaluation of this material might assume much different character.

Some of the omissions in *American Folk Songs of Protest* are important to note. Besides the elimination of the most significant protest songs among the Negro spirituals, many others which belong in such a collection are not even mentioned. Songs like "Jefferson and Liberty" with its urgent contemporary meaning as an attack on the Alien and Sedition Acts or "Talking Union," one of the best loved American union songs, or "Hallelujah I'm A-Travelling," one of the most important recent expressions from the South of the struggle against Jim Crow, are nowhere to be found in this collection. Equally important would have been to show the significance of many of the "accepted" American folk songs which are likewise a part of our heritage of protest music—a song, for instance, like "The Blue Tail Fly" with its implicit anti-slavery meaning.

Thus, despite his real devotion to a portion of our folk heritage which is not generally accepted by folklorists, Mr. Greenway himself also suffers from the formalistic scholasticism and class prejudice which has dominated this field for years. As is usually the case, the material itself—the songs, the music, the original documents—is of far greater value than the editing and organization of the material. Nevertheless this book is a step toward a more profound understanding of our country's folk heritage.

IRWIN SILBER

For the Rosenbergs

GIVE US YOUR HAND! Poems and Songs for Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, by Edith Segal. *People's Artists.* $.25.

IN THEIR response to the morning's headline or the rally scheduled for the evening, left-wing poets have created in recent years a new kind of occasional verse. It is wholly different from the *vers d'occasion* of other periods, poems that celebrated a masked ball at court or the return of a warrior and his plunder. These new poems lack "elegance," nor are they written for the select company of Friends of the Poet. Poems occasioned by the immediate event are simple, serious and, above all, practical: to be used in the struggle that inspired them.

Readers of Edith Segal's book will understand that this does not mean the poems are lacking in beauty; rather it is that the poems are without pretension: the poet has had neither the time nor the inclination to rummage though the old trunk of "poetic language." The beauty here is in the austerity; there is no posturing. Readers of Miss Segal's poems will also understand that there is a world of difference between a hurriedly written poem and one written with a sense of urgency.

Such a poem is *Valentine Vigil,* which was written the night before the clemency vigil at the White House gates on Valentine's Day. It was mimeographed in Washington after the clemency train arrived and distributed to the men and women on the line. It bears no marks of haste; it has form, and its tone is one of serenity. There is not that sense of the poem coming forth at what is often (and with what little knowledge!) called *white heat*—a phrase that evokes a frantic and caricatured mental image of The Poet at Work. There is no posturing in the poetry, and none in the poet.

The sense of urgency, of little time and much to be done, is the compelling theme of many of the poems. The judge wishes for their "hurried death" and "Armed with our dream/ We hurry forth to dare." "Sleep is a luxury long lost" and "even napping is a thief."

> "After dignity—time
> being most treasured
> measured by the hurrying
> steps of death—"

Edith Segal's book of poetry is no small achievement. Out of a monstrous injustice she has created poems that are gentle, compassionate, and moving. It is from such poets that the best poems will come; for these writers do not merely celebrate, but participate in, events.

WARREN MILLER

CORRECTION

Through a regrettable error, Les Pine's play, *Monday's Heroes,* was incorrectly referred to as *Monday's Children* in our review last month. The play is continuing at a new address, 201 West 13th Street, New York.

Across the Desk . . .

Four thousand workers and intellectuals packed the Municipal Theatr in Santiago, Chile, to open the Continental Congress of Culture, whic met from April 26 to May 2. Some two hundred delegates attended. Amon them were Pablo Neruda of Chile, Diego Rivera of Mexico, Nicolás Guille of Cuba, Jorge Amado of Brazil and René Depestre of Haiti. The Sta Department's passport ban limited the United States delegation to one perso Betty Sanders, folk singer and chairman of People's Artists. In our ne issue we shall publish a report on the congress.

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A recent issue of *Les Lettres Françaises* of Paris features on its fro page an article by the editor, Louis Aragon, "Montaigne and Shakespea at Foley Square." It is inspired by V. J. Jerome's poem, "Caliban Speaks which appeared in the February issue of *M&M*. Aragon's article discuss *The Tempest* and its debt to Montaigne's *Essays*. Describing as "an u usual poem" Jerome's stirring evocation of Caliban as the symbol of a oppressed peoples, Aragon states: "It pleases me to think that thus, throug Shakespeare our Montaigne brings reinforcement, the support of h authority, to the accused Jerome before the Atlantic tribunal."

The same issue of *Les Lettres Françaises* contains a French translation "Caliban Speaks."

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The fifty-first anniversary of the death of Bret Harte May 5 was observe in the Soviet Union with the organization of library exhibitions and speci lectures on his life and work.

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Aufbau Verlag, Berlin, has published two volumes of short stories Anna Seghers, author of *The Seventh Cross* and other distinguished nove Included are "The Saboteurs," which appeared in the Summer, 1947, iss of *Mainstream,* and "The Delegate's Daughter," which was published in t July 1952 issue of *M&M*.

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A Czech translation of Lloyd L. Brown's *Iron City* has just been publish in Prague in an edition of 10,000. The book is currently being translat into Japanese. . . . Another *M&M* book, Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois' *In Bat for Peace* is the subject of an extended article in the magazine *So Literature,* March, 1953.