MASSES & MAINSTREAM

If We Die

By ETHEL ROSENBERG

You shall know, my sons, shall know
why we leave the song unsung,
the book unread, the work undone
to rest beneath the sod.

Mourn no more, my sons, no more
why the lies and smears were framed,
the tears we shed, the hurt we bore
to all shall be proclaimed.

Earth shall smile, my sons, shall smile
and green above our resting place,
the killing end, the world rejoice
in brotherhood and peace.

Work and build, my sons, and build
a monument to love and joy,
to human worth, to faith we kept
for you, my sons, for you.

Ossining, N. Y.
January 24, 1953

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July, 1953

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THE BATTLE IS NOT OVER!

THE fiendish murder of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg has lacerated the moral sense of mankind and brought heavy shame to our country. With deep grief and burning anger, the entire world stands aghast at the frenzied lynching of two beautiful human beings whose crime was their passion for peace and truth. Every pretended shred of decency was stripped from the war-mad, fascist-bent executioners as they rushed, in defiance of legal process and with contempt for the common opinion of humanity, to snuff out the lives of the devoted young Jewish parents. And the barbarism of the generals and bankers who rule America was all the more grimly illuminated by the nobility of their victims, who to the last moment held their heads high in the knowledge of their innocence and the ultimate triumph of their ideals.

The sadistic haste of Eisenhower, Brownell and Vinson was due chiefly to the fact that more and more people here and abroad were coming to see, in the words of Professor Harold Urey, that the sentence defied all logic and justice. The sharp dissents of Justices Douglas and Black in the final hours further unmasked the conspiracy. The world-wide protest movement, which embraced all political persuasions, reached historic dimensions. The executioners hastened to stop the overwhelming tide of opposition by pulling the switch. But this act of desperately evil men has only stirred new resistance to the death-dealers.

Beyond the terrible injustice to the Rosenbergs, beyond the dishonor to the American people, is the threat of the Eisenhower Administration to fulfil the larger purpose of this frameup. That purpose is to terrify and insensitize the people still further into submitting to a Nazi program.

But the battle of the Rosenbergs is not over. The victims of the fascist conspiracy will, like Sacco and Vanzetti, long haunt their executioners, for they will long inspire other Americans to stand up in defense of democratic ideas and a peaceful world. The real facts in the case must still be brought to the people, most of whom have not yet been awakened to their peril. The purpose of the frameup must still be exposed to many millions. The most glorious chapter of the Rosenberg story remains to be written by an American people rousing itself against the horrible fate intended by the atomaniacs.

HUGO GELLERT

etters from the Death House

By JULIUS and ETHEL ROSENBERG

These are excerpts from the vol-
e Death House Letters *by Julius*
l Ethel Rosenberg, issued by the
o Publishing Co. It may be ob-
ned at $1 *a copy from the Na-*
nal Committee to Secure Justice
the Rosenberg Case, 1050 *Sixth*
enue, New York 18, *N. Y. Pro-*
ds from the sale of the book will
used to establish a trust fund for
Rosenberg children.

HEL, *May 9, 1951*

I was terribly shocked to read
t Willie McGee was executed. My
art is sad, my eyes are filled with
rs. It seems to me that the fed-
l courts have adopted the medie-
l practice of the Southern Bour-
ns, legal lynching of Negroes, and
now attempting, as in our case,
apply this to political prisoners.
ey must be answered with reason
d fact.

I am positive growing numbers of
ople will come to understand our
ht and join with us to win so just
cause.

I miss you, Ethel, I love you.

JULIE

EAREST JULIE, *May 27, 1951*

I loved your letter. Can we ever
get the turbulence and struggle,
joy and beauty of the early years of our relationship when you courted me. Together we hunted down the answers to all the seemingly insoluble riddles which a complex and callous society presented. Those answers have withstood the test of time and change, and still stand for all those who are not afraid to look and see and examine as we did in that far away time. It is because we didn't hesitate to blazon forth those answers that we sit within the walls of Sing Sing.

And yet for the sake of these answers, for the sake of American democracy, justice and brotherhood, for the sake of peace and bread and roses, and children's laughter, we shall continue to sit here in dignity and in pride—in the deep abiding knowledge of our innocence before God and man, until the truth becomes a clarion call to all decent humanity.

There was once a wise man, whose name I forget, who marvelled at the "indestructibility of human character." Beloved, we shall prove him right; perhaps then other human beings will believe in their indestructibility too, and rally to our defense and their own. Your own,

ETHEL

MY DEAREST, *Sept. 9, 1951*

The children's visit was just per-

fect. They were in excellent spirits from the time I entered the room, and enjoyed it so much they were disappointed when it was over. Michael said he wants more. Because of the good effect you had on them the atmosphere was like a warm family get-together.

The boys were hiding under the desk and Robby's childlike giggles gave them away. They rushed to me and we embraced. "Oh, goody!" said Michael, as I gave him a pencil and pad, and he began to draw. I showed them my collection of insects and put a couple of bananas and two Hershey bars on the table. The big fellow said, "Daddy, please don't stuff us." Robby, however, proceeded to down both Hershey and a banana and romped around screeching and acting mischievous. I held him close, kissed and carried him around so I could talk to Michael.

Most of the hour was spent in discussion. It started with the death sentence, which Michael said he had read about. I told him we were not concerned about that; we were innocent, we had many avenues of appeal, and that it was not his job to be concerned about it, but to grow up and be well.

He asked me how you died and I told him. He asked if there is an electric chair here and I said, "Yes." He kept on asking about the appeals, and what if finally we might lose, and death faced us? I kept on reassuring him but I could see he was terribly upset over it.

He asked many questions what he had read about the ac of the FBI and the jury. I expla as well as I could, and M helped, and told him on the back home he'd go into more tail.

The boy said, "Daddy, maybe study to be a lawyer and help in your case," and I said, "We w wait that long as we want to be you while you're growing up." wants so to help us, to do so thing and to be assured that all be well with us.

Oh, darling, he is burdened all these grown-up problems an feels them deeply. I asked him his Grandma Sophie was and said not so good, because he g her trouble. You understand, makes noise and the neighbors c plain and he has guilt feelings

A little incident took place revealed something of Robby's p lem. In his exuberance he spu tray with glasses and one of glasses fell off and broke. Imm ately he scooted around Manny hide, and Mike said, "Look you done." But I pooh-poohed it reassured him.

The baby and Michael are frightened and only our early re to them will heal all the harm d When I see you I'll have lots m to tell you. I miss you terribly. my love,

J

MY DEAREST ONE, *Sept. 9, 1*

This afternoon I basked in

sun—mind and body blessedly at rest, face uplifted to its pleasant warmth. I closed my eyes and floated in happy forgetfulness. It was a forgetfulness I sought desperately, to escape my tormentingly vivid recollections of the children's visit on Friday.

At first, remembering each moment of it brought only delight. But last night Michael's mischievously smiling face became twisted with grief in my mind's eye and Robby's sweetly appealing little face grew sad and bewildered.

Make no mistake about it: this mother's heart is being methodically and mercilessly broken and the pain is simply not to be imagined. All my heart,

ETHEL

SWEETHEART, *Aug. 3, 1952*

Another day, another week and still another month. Time marches on—without us—and we are left to suffer through monotonous, endless loneliness, stripped of all we hold dear but our self-respect. How else could one maintain his strength but to reassert the cardinal principles of his life and call on all his past experience to give him the necessary incentive to stand firm?

Constantly striving to overcome time by reading, writing and blotting out any thoughts of difficulties. But always cognizant of the realities of the situation—

That's us, dear. Perhaps because we have so much to live for and we so love life, we find our separation this hard. Yet the contradiction is that we are able to maintain our stamina precisely because we know all this.

Do you recall our summer vacations with the boys? Can you picture all of us together in the country or at the beach? The fact that people are still filling in for us and doing everything for our boys eases the terrible hurt and anxiety. But I feel cheated. Two years, years especially important for our kids, were taken away from us. My only hope is that it will not take too much more time for us to be with our children again. Enough's enough. Oh, tyrants, you've got more than your pound of flesh and blood from two innocent people and their innocent family.

But we hope by exposing this frame-up to be compensated for our own heartaches. At least, other innocent people will not be so easily hurt as we have been. All my love,

JULIE

DEAR MANNY, *Dec. 27, 1952*

It was cold in the yard this morning. Winter was asserting itself. Gusts of icy wind blew across the yard, stinging my ears and carrying to my nose the pungent, fishy odor of the Hudson River. A soaring seagull was sailing upward in wide circles lifted by the strong wind and gracefully, without effort, covered the expanse of the wide open sky that my eyes could see. Suddenly, with a roar, man's invention, the jet plane, intruded, but the white puffs, bunched like an endless chain into clouds, hid it from my sight.

Then as I took another turn around the yard my eyes glanced at the white streaks of calcium that seemed to make odd shapes as they ran in broken lines from brick to brick along the wall of the death house. I began to think of the chemistry of the building materials. Through my mind flashed a picture of coal and iron ore dug from the bowels of the earth, trucks bringing it into the mills, iron and steel pouring from the furnaces, fabricated parts making their way to Sing Sing, skilled mechanics using all the science of modern industry to make a strong structure known as a death house. Just then, the exercise guard reminded me my fifteen-minute yard period was finished. I breathed once more deeply of the fresh, free air and then I went to my cell.

Day and night, pacing back and forth, lying on my bed and endless thoughts crowding through my mind —So little time left. So much to say and live in a couple of weeks. What should be put down first? To whom? How?

Please. Listen, look, see, hear, feel. Learn the truth and get at the facts. Each for his own defense must defend right and life.

Over and over again I began to write to my sons. I wrote a few lines and tore up the paper. Then I put it off again and sent Ethel a letter and again I couldn't make it. It is futile to tell a mother not to grieve for her children.

We, their parents, see the terrible hurt visited on our boys and know the mark that has been ma on their lives. And when I lo through the screen at my wife in h cell and see the tears streaming do her face and her body straini with all its might to contain t sobs of pain, I try to quiet her, wh inside of me, I'm crying all ov It's the damnable injustice and hor of it all. We must do right by c children and for others like the As ever,

JU

DEAR MANNY, *Jan. 9, 19*

It strikes me that Judge Irving Kaufman's immortality is at last sured; future generations will his decision denying us clemency the epitome of artful double-talk intellectual dishonesty.

Full of the most extraordi inaccuracies and omissions and kind of specious reasoning that l credibility to distortion, it strain hard to be profound—and fails t anything but puerile.

Enamoured of quotations as good judge seems, however would hazard the guess that a s of the following excerpts from Sh *Saint Joan* would not have inc him to use them against the R bergs! As you will recall, Joh Stogumber, the English cha who had been one of the blood-thirsty advocates of Joan's posed burning, comes rushin from this spectacle, overcome remorse and sobbing like on mented:

"You don't know; you h

seen; it is so easy to talk when you don't know. You madden yourself with words: you damn yourself because it feels grand to throw oil on the flaming hell of your own temper. But when it is brought home to you; when you see the thing you have done; when it's blinding your eyes, stifling your nostrils, tearing your heart, then—then, Oh, God, take away this sight from me! Oh, Christ, deliver me from this fire that is consuming me—She cried to Thee in the midst of it: Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! She is in Thy bosom and I am in hell for evermore!"

And there shall you be, Judge Kaufman, for a crime "worse than murder!"

ETHEL

DEAR MANNY, *Jan. 12, 1953*

The stupendous propaganda campaign against us is reaching unprecedented heights. Why, the sheer weight of newsprint staggers the imagination, but it sets one thinking. They are doing a selling job. The authorities are adamant on going through with this madness—or is it because they are having a difficult time convincing the public?

Obviously, the situation is fraught with grave danger. Not only are our two lives in jeopardy, but the safety and security of our fellow countrymen is endangered. If there is no reason or sanity left in Washington then in desperation they may allow the executioner to pull the switch and murder us.

I'll have to stop now. They are collecting my pen for the night. Tell all our friends to keep up the good work. They're doing fine. We can win this fight. As ever,

JULIE

DEAR MANNY, *Feb. 9, 1953*

In recent weeks an ugly development has been gaining ground. It is being casually bruited about that I am to be spared by commutation of the death sentence out of a humanitarian consideration for me as woman and mother, while my husband is to be electrocuted. Further, it is hopefully confided, in such an event my "spy secrets" would not die with me, and the possibility would still exist for my eventual recantation. Lastly, the responsibility for the decision concerning my husband's life would be shifted squarely onto my shoulders and his blood would be on my hands if I willfully refused to make him "come across!"

So now my life is to be bargained off against my husband's! I need only grasp the line chivalrously held out to me and leave him to drown without a backward glance! How diabolical! A cold fury possesses me and I could retch with horror and revulsion, for these saviours are actually proposing to erect a sepulchre in which I shall live without living, and die without dying. By day there will be no hope, and by night, there will be no peace. Over and over again I shall see the beloved face and fancy I hear the beloved voice. Over and over again, I shall sob out the last heart broken, wracking good-

byes and reel under the impact of irrevocable murder!

And what of our children? What manner of mercy is it that would slay their adored father and deliver up their devoted mother to everlasting emptiness? I should far rather embrace my husband in death than live on ingloriously upon such bounty.

I shall not dishonor my marital vows and the felicity and integrity of the relationship we shared to play the role of harlot to political procurers. My husband is innocent, as I am myself, and no power on earth shall divide us in life or in death.

ETHEL

March 19, 1953

SWEETHEART DARLING,

Here it is still two more days before a young man's fancy turns to love. Everything seems to be in time. The season of the years is approaching with the bright sunny days that quicken the pulse, freshen the spirit and a glorious feeling of youthfulness encourages newer accaccomplishments. For in essence, advancement always displays the vigor of youth. The world has come to recognize the true nature of our case and the people, the most effective force on earth, are behind us and are demonstrating a thorough awareness that they know how to fight for peace and freedom. Not only has this miscarriage of justice inspired, but it has exposed our Government by the barbaric sentence of death against two innocent people for their progressive views. The publ is beginning to understand the fu meaning of our case. Therefore, m morale is at a very high point an my profound love is in harmony wit it, but cries out for proper expre sion. There is no doubt that we' received great satisfaction from ou firm maintenance of high moral an ethical standards and from workin for a good cause but still the fle and blood will not be assuaged u til we are together again with o children at home.

I've been thinking, darling, it almost three years since we've liv with our children. How we treasur every moment with them and ho wonderful it was to share each a every accomplishment of theirs. new painting, a nice block buildi a particularly meaningful action our boys, signs of growth, indicati of abilities for music, art and general problems of joy, worry a pain that go with the beauty of fa ily life. And so Robbie will be and Mike is ten and they and we h been denied our birthrights. If write with conviction and are str it's because the truth is indeli made part of us by the deep ma of pain. When I see the spark understanding in Michael's deep b eyes and the warm smile of fee in Robbie's face, then I know reason we can stand this great fering. Inside of me I guess I'm softie, for when I think of our and you I get such tender feel and, although I don't show it, heart is crying.

You know I've been reading a great deal lately, books on nature, the physical laws, economic problems, political and scientific works, and because I know man can work with nature and better the world I realize how important it is to work to make this a reality. This is the only way to truly love my children. Dearest, when I sit across from you separated by the power of tyranny, my eyes, my voice and my demeanor convey to you my wholehearted devotion and admiration for you and assure you that I will forever be true. So for the coming day, a breath of spring, the perspective that will make all year the seasons of youth for the full bloom of life, I love you and I'm confident. Your young man,

JULIE

The Rosenbergs

Ethel and Michael, Robert and Julius

By W. E. B. DUBOIS

It was the end of a long, dark day; a day of sorrow and suffering. I w very, very weary. As the night fell and the silence of death rose about m I sat down and lay my face in my hands and closed my eyes. I heard my ow voice speaking:

Crucify us, Vengeance of God
As we crucify two more Jews,
Hammer home the nails, thick through our skulls,
Crush down the thorns,
Rain red the bloody sweat
Thick and heavy, warm and wet.

We are the murderers hurling mud
We the witchhunters, drinking blood
To us shriek five thousand blacks
Lynched without trial
And hundred thousands mobbed
The millions dead in useless war.
But this, this awful deed we do today
This senseless, blasphemy of birth
Fills full the cup!
Hail Hell and glory to Damnation!
O blood-stained nation,
Stretch forth your hand! Grasp it, Judge
Wrap it in your blood-red gown;
And Lawyer in your sheet of shame;
Proud pardoners of petty thieves
Cautious rabbis of just Jehovah,
And silent priests of the piteous Christ;
Crawl wedded liars, hide from sight,
In the dirt of all the night,
And hold high vigil at the dawn!
For yonder, two pale and tight-lipped children

Stagger across the world, bearing their dead
There lifts a light upon the Sea
With grim color, crooked form and broken lines;
With thunderous throb and roll of drums
Alleluia, Amen!

Now out beyond the plain
Streams the thick sunshine, sheet on sheet
Of billowing light!
Above the world loom vast sombre hills
Limned in lurid lightnings;
While from beneath the hideous sickened earth,
The Sea rains up flood on flood to cleanse the heavens.
Twixt Sun and Sea,
Rises the Great Black Throne.
Sternly the pale children march on
Bearing high on their hands, Father and Mother
The drums roll until the Land quivers with pain
And slowly yawns:
The children prone bow down
They bow and kneel and lie;
They lay within the earth's deep breast
The beautiful young mother and her mate.
Straight up from endless depths
Rise then the Bearers of the Pall
Sacco and Vanzetti, old John Brown and Willie McGee.
They raise the crucified aloft.
The purple curtains of Death unwind.
Hell howls, Earth screams and Heaven weeps.

High from above its tears
Drops down a staircase from the Sun
Around it with upstretched hands,
Surge of triumph and dirge of shame,
Gather the mighty Dead:
Buddha, Mahmoud and Isaiah
Jesus, Lincoln and Toussaint
Savonarola and Joan of Arc;
And all the other millions,
In throng on throng unending, weeping, singing,
With music rising heaven-high,

And bugles crying to the sky
With trumpets, harps and dulcimers;
With inward upward swell of utter song.
Then through their ranks, resplendent robes of silken velvet,
Broidered with flame, float down;
About the curling gown
Drop great purple clouds, burgeon and enthral,
Swirl out and grandly close, until alone
Two golden feet appear,
As of a king descending to his throne.
In the great silence and embracing gloom,
We the murderers
Groan and moan:

"Hope of the Hopeless
Hear us pray!
America the Beautiful,
This day! This day!
Who was enthroned in sunlit air?
Who has been crowned on yonder stair?
Red Resurrection,
Or Black Despair?"

Continental Congress of Culture

The Message Of Santiago

By BETTY SANDERS

IN THE last days of April and the first days of May—the Autumn season below the Tropic of Capricorn—Pablo Neruda rose to open the first Continental Congress of Culture in Santiago, Chile. There were more than two hundred of us—from Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Chile, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Paraguay, Peru, Uruguay, the United States, and Venezuela. The great poet of all the Americas was welcoming us to his "long narrow country in the time of the yellow leaves and the last grapes."

That Sunday morning the Municipal Theatre was packed with nearly 5,000 persons, mostly workers. Long lines had waited for hours outside the hall. Over the city's streets and squares floated large banners announcing our congress and expressing the people's support of our efforts. Cheers greeted each of the speakers.

The venomous propaganda directed against the congress had no precedent. As if by pre-arrangement the pro-imperialist press and radio launched simultaneous attacks in the various capitals of Latin America. Heavy pressure was brought to bear on individual sponsors to withdraw, but with meager results. Efforts to persuade the Chilean government to ban the congress also failed. However, thanks to the intervention of U.S. Ambassador Claude Bowers, the government held up the visas of the fraternal delegation from the Soviet Union, which was to have been headed by Ilya Ehrenburg. Fortunately the world where culture is flourishing as nowhere else was not completely unrepresented. The distinguished poet, Jaroslav Iwaskiewicz, attended as a fraternal delegate from Poland and there were three representatives of New China, headed by a leading economist, Li I-Mang.

This was a congress of culture in the broadest sense. The delegates, representing a wide variety of viewpoints, included writers, artists, musicians, dancers, actors, film workers, teachers, students, lawyers, judges, doctors, journalists, sociologists, economists, engineers, social workers, architects. The congress was initiated through a call signed by Gabriela Mistral, Chile's Nobel prize-winning poet; Baldomero Sanin Ca-

no, leading Colombian humanist philosopher; and Joaquín García Monje, distinguished Costa Rican writer and editor. Sponsors from various countries who endorsed the call constituted a veritable who's who of Latin American intellectuals of diverse ideological tendencies.

At the congress itself there were Communists and other left-wingers, Socialists (one of them, Dr. Salvador Allende, is vice-president of the Chilean Senate), liberals and conservatives. One of the prominent figures, who repeatedly crossed verbal swords with the left-wingers, was the leading conservative writer Benjamin Subercaseaux of Chile, a favorite of the upper classes. In one of his speeches Subercaseaux attacked the socialist countries as enemies of culture—a point of view not shared by the majority of the delegates irrespective of their ideological affinities. But in the same speech he rejected the reactionary charge that the congress was "Communist-controlled."

THE purpose of the congress was indicated by its three-point agenda, which may be briefly summarized as: the adoption of measures for preserving the various national cultures; the stimulation of inter-cultural relations among the countries of the Continent and outside the Continent; defense of freedom of creation and opinion and of the specific interests of the representatives of culture.

Out of the congress emerged a number of important resolutions. One was a proclamation to the intellectuals of all the Americas urging them to act to preserve their respective national cultures; this the resolution linked to the attainment of genuine national independence and the preservation of peace. Of major significance was a resolution inviting the intellectuals of the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain, China, and France to meet in a Latin American republic to exchange ideas in order to further international understanding and an eventual agreement among the governments of the five great powers to assure peace.

A third resolution dealt with the impediments to free cultural interchange and called on all cultural workers to join in efforts to remove them. In a fourth resolution the congress urged all the governments of the western hemisphere to remove censorship provisions and "all obstacles to the free practice of culture"; it also appealed to all cultural and professional organizations to aid in solving the problem of the lack of facilities for study, for publishing books, exhibiting paintings, etc., and also to help guarantee the cultural worker a dignified livelihood in his chosen field. A fifth resolution proposed the holding of a national congress of culture in each country.

In addition, special resolutions and reports were submitted by the professional commissions: novelists and short story writers; plastic artists; teachers; scientific workers, tea

nicians and professionals. Despite the many divergences of opinion on political and social questions, all the resolutions were adopted unanimously except for three abstentions.

Every delegation, including that of the United States, denounced the invasion of the pseudo-culture of imperialism and its attempt to demolish the national cultures. On my flight to Santiago I observed the effects of U.S. monopoly's propaganda exports. For instance, at the Lima airport I counted sixty-five U.S. publications to ten of Latin American origin. There were *Life* and *Reader's Digest* in Spanish and English editions and a sordid selection of pin-up magazines. There were also three "comic" books for children entitled *Terror, Horror* and *Spies.*

Speaker after speaker referred to this flood of cultural sewage pouring into the Latin American countries not only through books and magazines but also through films, music, etc. The Chilean film worker, Naum Kramarenco, charged that the Eight-Headed Dragon, as he called the big Hollywood companies—and he linked them with Morgan, Rockefeller, du Pont, Giannini, etc.—was preventing the development of a native movie industry in Chile and other Latin American countries. Another film worker, Jose Ortiz Monteiro of Brazil, pointed out that the Hollywood companies each year extract from Brazil the equivalent of one-third the value of the country's coffee crop, which is its chief product.

BUT the congress was by no means anti-United States. The warmth shown me as a representative of the progressive cultural movement of the United States was not for an individual, but for our people and the democratic cultural forces of our country. The workers, students and intellectuals of Chile whom I met clearly distinguish between *el imperialismo yanqui*—Yankee imperialism—and those of us who use our pens, our canvases, our voices and our teachings to express the interests and aspirations of our working people. The congress itself drew the same distinction. Said the noted Chilean writer, Fernando Santiván, winner of the national prize in literature, in his main report on the first point on the agenda:

"Can we confuse the poetry of Walt Whitman and of other great American spirits with the influence which *Reader's Digest* exerts through so many commercial media? . . . We cannot identify as culture of the North American people that type of commercial publicity, that hybrid, frivolous and sensational material, pseudo-artistic and pseudo-literary, which invades us through the majority of films, comic publications, posters, etc."

And Haiti's celebrated poet, the youthful René Depestre, after likewise assailing the *Reader's Digest* and the "comics" corruptions, added:

"We can learn much from the country which from Benjamin Franklin to Walt Whitman, from Melville to Gershwin, from Edison to Du Bois, from Lincoln

to Robeson, has lit for the Americas and for the world fires that bring the warmth of life into the cold nights of our hopes. And this light flowing from many of the sons of the United States is for us Latin American intellectuals a spiritual fatherland which we love and should defend as our own treasure."

In my own talk to the congress I spoke of these two U.S.A.'s. I spoke of the common enemy, the imperialist *conquistadores* of Wall Street, of their doctrine of Anglo-Saxon supremacy and white chauvinism, and of the war-inspired McCarthyite drive against culture. But I also told of the fight-back that is developing and of the independent expression of people's culture in theatre, literature, music, art. I expressed the fervent desire of progressive cultural workers in the United States for interchange of cultural materials with their brothers and sisters below the Rio Grande.

In the discussion of national cultures the main approach was that culture must express and serve the masses of the people. And many delegates emphasized that the popular arts, which have sprung from the peoples of Spanish, Indian and African descent, provide inexhaustible riches which must be utilized in the development of the national cultures. There were also a few who opposed the idea of a distinctive national culture with its roots in the folk heritage. Subercaseaux, for example, spoke up for cosmopolitanism and even defended the activities of the Hollywood film companies. This was, however, decidedly a minority view.

I recall a conversation I had with one of the delegates, a young Cuban ballet director. His latest ballet was presented on television, and a poll taken among sugar workers, textile workers, white collar workers, etc. showed overwhelming approval of the ballet. How was he able to achieve this — he who had been trained in the formalist school of ballet? He explained.

"First I told myself that all the ideas I'd had about art were invalid. I couldn't go to the field workers and tell them I like the kind of ballet that was only the art of the court. If I had, they would have told me to go to hell. Then I looked to them for the roots of their folk dance. This wasn't of course just my own idea. I started working on it after reading a pamphlet on literature and art by Mao Tse-tung a couple of years ago. And then I started to learn the people's idea of beauty. Who had said it was vulgar? Why had they said it? When I answered that I knew I had found beauty and not vulgarity."

THE tragedy of the Latin American peoples, who seek to develop their national cultures in poverty, anguish and oppression, was most sharply expressed in the talk by the Costa Rican writer, Joaquín Gutiérrez. He related the experience of Costa Rica's great novelist, Carlos Luis Fallas, author of *Mamita Yunai* which describes the tragedy of the peons of the banana plantations. The United Fruit Company bought every copy they could find and destroyed it. But a small number of copies were saved, hidden under the work

shirts; they were read by those few who were literate to groups of workers who gathered in secret at night. The book was treasured because they saw themselves in it. When Fallas later visited the banana plantations some of the workers said to him: "Put me into your next book!"

Costa Rica is the smallest of the American republics, with a population of less than a million—one-quarter that of the capital city of Argentina. Gutiérrez told the congress that his country has no publishing house, has never produced a film, has no permanent theatrical group and practically no playwrights because of the painful perspective of no production.

"That we have been able," he said, "to add five or ten names to the literature of Central America, that we have produced three or four painters, two sculptors, two or three scientists is clear testimony to the inexhaustible reserves of creative energy which the people possess, no matter how small they are, enabling them to rise above the greatest difficulties in order to impart to the universal that which is national."

And it is in Costa Rica too that Joaquín García Monje, one of the initiators of the Continental Congress of Culture, has despite all adversities edited and published for thirty-three years the oldest literary magazine in Latin America.

Brazil's great novelist, Jorge Amado, spoke after Gutiérrez and cited a poignant contrast. He referred to the fact that the congress had received a message of greetings from Dimitri Shuterigi, Albanian poet and novelist, whom Amado had met on a visit to Tirana. Albania, he said, has approximately the same population as Costa Rica and is only half the size. Before the war it was even worse off economically and culturally than Costa Rica. It suffered the weight of five centuries of oppression, nearly the entire population was illiterate, the Albanian language was prohibited, and punishment for its use was greater than for robbery or murder. As in Costa Rica there was no publishing house and the largest edition of any book printed in Albania before the war was 500 copies.

Amado then drew the picture of the Albania of today, the country which in a few short years has leaped from the Middle Ages into the epoch of the building of socialism. Schools, libraries dot the land, publishing firms have sprung up, and some books reach editions of forty or fifty thousand.

And only a few months ago there was published the first novel in the Albanian language, written by the man who sent the greetings to the congress, Dimitri Shuterigi. It appeared in an edition of 20,000. Amado said he doesn't read Albanian and doesn't know whether the novel is a good one, but "good or bad, its place in literature is guaranteed forever." And he added:

"If there exists today an Albanian novel, it is due to the fact that there

exists an Albanian People's Republic. And what is more: if there is today an Albanian novel, it is due to the fact that there exists a strong and gentle country that is the friend of culture, that builds a new humanism, a proletarian humanism, based on respect for all nations and peoples, based on a human being free of economic oppression, based on the ideas of peace and human fraternity. I speak of the Soviet Union."

THE most vital impression that I carry with me from the congress was the living demonstration of the people's love for their culture. From the start the congress had the aspect of a fiesta—a great festival of the arts. Only half of the opening session was devoted to speeches and greetings. The rest of the message of this gathering was presented by the Chilean workers' chorus and several actors who read from the poetry of the Americas, with Pablo Neruda directing the program. We heard the poetry of Whitman, Neruda, Guillén and many others.

And throughout the week of the congress the work sessions were only part of the activities. The Municipal Theatre was jammed five times during that week for the presentation of cultural programs. Imagine a city with about one-eighth the population of New York filling Carnegie Hall ten times during one week of a congress of culture!

Aside from the opening session, one evening was devoted to a talk by Diego Rivera illustrated with color slides of his great peace mural which the Mexican government had suppressed. Another evening was devoted to a recital by the magnifice Chilean folksinger Margot Loyol songs by the Brazilian singers Sylv Moscovitz de Vasco and Tulio Lemus; readings by that great vibra poet of the Cuban people, Nicol Guillén, who reads incomparabl and folksongs of the United Stat by myself. Still another evening w given over to Neruda, who read a discussed new poems of his ow The closing session brought ba the Chilean workers' chorus a three of us who had sung at t previous concert.

Elsewhere in the city too the was a surge of cultural activity. popular dance, which attracted least 4,000 people, was replete wi folk song, folk dance, wine a poetry. And there were dinners wi poetry and song. For more th two weeks the congress held an hibit of graphic arts from seve Latin American countries. In c nection with the congress the M seum of Popular Arts of Santia held an exhibit of the folk arts Latin America and displayed anot exhibit brought by the Chinese f ternal delegates from People's Chi

Throughout the city many of workers' settlements (called mu room patches — among the wo slum areas in the world) held me ings where local musicians, poets a actors performed. Neighborh artists exhibited their paintings, a a Chinese film on folk music a dance was shown.

During those days I sang a do or more times in private hon

union halls, at dinners, in theatres, and in friends' kitchens. There was deep interest in and love of our music—particularly the music of the Negro people, with whom the Latin American peoples feel a powerful bond. They know many of our folk songs through the recordings of Paul Robeson, but they learned some new ones: they sang with me the chorus of "Which Side Are You On," and called for "Joe Hill" at every opportunity. There were also repeated requests for Edith Segal's song on the Rosenbergs, "My Loved One."

The Rosenberg case seemed to be on everyone's lips. People expressed such deep concern and wanted every bit of information. What more could they do to help? they asked. The case has stirred the Latin American countries, as it has the rest of the world, and there have been many protests.

PERHAPS the essence of the first Continental Congress of Culture was best epitomized in the concluding words of Amado:

"What is important is that the national culture of each of our countries emerge from this congress strengthened, thereby strengthening the culture of our continent and human culture. What is important is that people of such diverse views have exchanged ideas not only politely but with mutual respect and the desire that their differences should not be an obstacle to their jointly serving the cause of culture, which is the cause of progress among peoples, the cause of peace among men."

I strongly believe that the congress achieved this aim. For us in the United States a prime objective must be ending our condition of abysmal ignorance of Latin America and replacing it with the knowledge that is indispensable for understanding and cooperation. A student from Santiago told me about a "pen-pal" correspondence he had had with a young woman from a California university. She had written: "Do you wear loin cloths and feathers? Do you live in tepees?" He replied: "Yes, we wear loin cloths and feathers. We live in tepees and communicate by radar."

This is of course an extreme example, but even most of our progressives are in the dark about the life and thought of Latin America. Except for a handful of "big names," the cultural treasures below the Rio Grande, which can enrich our lives and strengthen the bonds of common struggle, are unknown to us. How much we have missed by not knowing their giants of today and yesterday! We must make up for lost time and create an ever flowing interchange of art and ideas. The cultural leaders of Latin America, through the Continental Congress, have pledged their efforts to this end. It is up to the advanced cultural workers of the United States to make their own pledge and grasp the hand—that hand of toil, sorrow and strength—held out to us across the Rio Grande.

Poetry and Obscurity

By PABLO NERUDA

We present the text of the speech of the great Chilean poet, Pablo Neruda, delivered at the recent Continental Congress of Culture in Santiago, Chile. It has been translated from the Spanish. The footnotes are by the editors.

"STRANGE as it may seem, the topmost proof of a race is its own born poetry. The presence of that, or the absence, each tells its story. As the flowering rose or lily, as the ripen'd fruit to a tree, the apple or the peach, no matter how fine the trunk, or copious or rich the branches and foliage, here waits *sine qua non* at last. The stamp of entire and finish'd greatness to any nation . . . must be sternly withheld till it has put what it stands for in the blossom of original, first-class poems. No imitations will do."

With these words of Walt Whitman I should like to begin my talk with you about poetry. The words ring true. Miners and engineers, peasants and fishermen, guerrilla fighters and partisans are working on our continent, plumbing its depths; but the face of our continent will be one we poets give it.

We are digging, discovering, carving the great statue of Ame We want to wash away the stain blood and martyrdom which in e age have bespattered it. We wan face to rise resplendent above great oceans—full of light and We want to give its eyes an un gettable expression and meaning; want to put the noblest words i mouth.

Now let me talk about my experiences. Some of you know my last book—the *Canto Gene* —was written, for the most during difficult days of persecu I was not in prison, but it was to write while I was cut off practically all human contacts. T days, which I am not especially of recalling, were sombre days the Chilean people. I found working on my poetry meant

* This book of more than 600 page long panoramic poem about all the Am Sections of it, published as individual have appeared in English translation in issues of *Masses & Mainstream*. The included in the volume of Neruda's *Let the Rail Splitter Awake and Other* published by *M & M* in 1951.

ging in a dark tunnel toward our aspirations; it meant moving toward the light.

That is how I wrote my long book. I had great difficulties within myself. These last few years the biggest problem in poetry—in my own poetry as well—has been that of obscurity and clarity. I think that we are writing for a continent in which all things are in the process of growth; and, above all, in which we are eager to reach out and do everything. Our peoples are just learning professions, trades, arts and crafts. Or at least recapturing them. Our old stonecutters, sculptors, and potters were virtually wiped out by the Spanish Conquest. Our cities have to be built. We need homes and schools, hospitals and trains. We want all those things. We are nations made up of simple people, who are just learning how to build and to read. We are writing for these people.

I remember how, in one of the European countries, some lines of mine gave the translators a great deal of trouble. It was a fragment from *Let the Rail Splitter Awake,* the passage that reads:

"But I love even the roots
in my small cold country,
if I had to die a thousand times over
it is there I would die,
if I had to be born a thousand times over
it is there I would be born
near the tall wild pines
the tempestuous south wind
the newly purchased bells."

The translators could not understand the phrase "the newly purchased bells." I was referring to the newly settled towns in Southern Chile, with their new church-belfries and new bells. My translators asked the Spaniards to solve the riddle. But the Spaniards too were at a loss. The reason is obvious: in Spain, Italy, Poland, the church-bells were purchased centuries ago.

We are writing for simple people, who only now are purchasing bells. We are writing for people who are so humble that very, very often they do not know how to read. Yet poetry existed on earth before writing and before printing. Hence we know that poetry is like bread and must be shared by all, by scholars and peasants alike, by our whole vast, fabulous, extraordinary family of peoples.

I CONFESS that writing simply has been my most difficult task. During those days of persecution, when I hid in so many houses of generous human beings, with no books within reach, unable to consult with anyone, I found that I was alone with myself. Let me make myself clear: I don't think that I have ever invented anything. Some time ago a young critic in Uruguay—I regret that he is not here with us now—told me that my poetry bore striking resemblances to that of a Venezuelan poet. Perhaps you may laugh when you hear the name of that poet; I know I laughed

heartily. His name is Andrés Bello.*

Yes, Andrés Bello, whose great name adorns this hall together with that of Sarmiento.** It was Bello who began to write my *Canto General* before me. And there are many other writers who have felt it their primary duty to express the geography and citizenship of our America.

To unite our continent, discover it, translate it, recapture it—that was my aim. To speak simply was the first of my duties as a poet. The older national thinkers, austere like Bello, a teacher who was never an opportunist or a coward; or like Rubén Darío,*** with his matchless rush of language, pointed out to us this path of simplicity, this task of continental construction which now brings us together.

For I should like to stress this point: to us poets the words "America" and "clarity" must be one and the same word.

It was a great effort for me to forsake obscurity for clarity, because obscurity of language has come to be the privilege of a literary caste among us; and class prejudices have condemned popular expression and the simplicity of folk-poetry as plebeian. Today we have among us a tropical descendant of Martín Fierro,**** a great plebeian, a poet of the people, crystal-clear yet full of wisdom. His name is Nicolás Guillén. He can teach us much. The fact is that throughout America, together with traits of rootlessness, homelessness, and unreality, there is ever-present in our American poetry an expression of caste, a yearning to be su perior, which makes us obscure. Thi fact is the result of the distanc between the feudal lords with the splendor and the dark lives of thos bound to the soil—carried over int the field of poetry. It is the reflec tion and transfer of elegant manne to the domain of the mind, so tha the latter may somehow preserve i lordly airs.

It is therefore on the basis clarity that we can understand on another and make ourselves unde stood by our peoples. Obscurity language in poetry is a leftover our ancient feudalism.

During those days of persecutio I fought against obscurity within m self and in my book as it took shap but I do not think I have succeede I have made up my mind to be mo simple, each day, in my new poem I have also sought to embrace th vastness of our America, witho omitting the dazzling exploits of heroes or glossing over the crim that have drenched us in blood. had serious doubts as to whether should name the puny scoundre who for a brief moment have stain our history together with those wh have brought our lands into beir

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* Andrés Bello (1781-1865), Venezue poet, educator and political leader. In 18 he moved to Chile, where he founded the U versity of Chile, of which he became rect

** Domingo Faustino Sarmiento (18 1888), leading Argentine writer, educator statesman. He was president of Argentina fr 1868 to 1874.

*** Rubén Darío (1867-1916), Nicarag writer, one of the foremost poets of La America.

**** Martín Fierro is the hero of a mous Argentine folk poem of the same na written in 1872 by José Hernández.

I decided that I should; and that is what I did. But I realize that my book does not contain the full roll-call of heroes or villains.

So I found myself working in the field of the poetic chronicle or memoir, a field which at first seemed barren and uninviting. Yet I soon found that this poetic chronicle encompassed everyone. There is no anti-poetic material if it is a question of our realities. The most obscure deeds of our peoples must be brought to light—and we are the ones to accomplish that task. Our plants and flowers must for the first time be enumerated and sung. Our volcanoes and rivers have been left to the dry-as-dust pages of the textbooks. Let their rush and fertility be given to the world by our poets. We are the chroniclers of a retarded birth. Retarded by feudalism, by backwardness, by hunger. But it is not only a question of preserving our culture; it means devoting all our strength to it, feeding it, and making it blossom.

WE HAVE spoken here of the cinema and the dance, of the songs and customs of our American lands. I should like at this point to say a few words about the cinema even though it means departing from my central theme. The Hollywood films are, in general, a terrible drug not only for our customs but also for our morals. I believe that social and political morality is in deep crisis in every sphere of the capitalist world; but only the United States movie industry reveals this crisis on so vast a scale and with such a powerful technical apparatus. There is no doubt that great artists such as Chaplin—today barred from re-entering the United States—have contributed with their genius to the meteoric rise of the film industry in the U.S.A. But today Hollywood deals almost exclusively in pornography and violence in order to lure the masses and brutally warp the minds of our movie-going public. The same is true of magazines, dishonest children's books, and detective stories from the United States. This whole onslaught of blood, depravity, and horror let loose against our peoples cannot leave us indifferent.

And in the wake of this commercial assault, examples and expressions of our own native cultures are being destroyed. We have the extraordinary case of one of the most noted writers of our continent who now works for a big publishing firm, where he edits a collection—not of classics or masterworks—but of detective and horror stories translated from the English.

But despite these basic considerations, we cannot be opposed to foreign cultures. On the contrary, we must assimilate the world's knowledge; we need to know everything that has been created. But we reject the deliberate poisoning of the minds of our people as practiced by foreign big-business organizations.

Recently I have spent much time reading Walt Whitman. In 1871 the great North American poet wrote:

"I should demand a program of culture, drawn out, not for a single class alone, or for the parlors or lecture-rooms, but with an eye to practical life, the West, the working-men, the facts of farms and jack-planes and engineers. . . . I should demand of this program or theory a scope generous enough to include the widest human area. . . ."

This, the living thought of a great poet, points the way to the intellectual health of our continent.

BUT returning to my own work: since my *Canto General* and my travels throughout the world, I have written a book. It still has no title, but it contains the things I have cherished most in the old and new Europe. I call Socialist Europe the new Europe. I should like this book to be my contribution to peace. In it I have tried to write about the finest things in Western and Eastern Europe—heroes and peoples, landscapes and products, farms, bridges, cities, wines. I should like this poem to help bring about unity in our threatened world of today.

For we poets have duties toward our national heritage; and we must find ways to communicate with all human beings. Moreover, we have the supreme duty of contributing to the peace of the world. Lack of culture is war. Peace is culture.

At this stage our duty toward culture impels us to save it not only from vicious distortion but from total destruction. That is why our gathering is a work of peace. I know that we have at this congress many eminent and respected personalities, many representatives of fratern peoples; but we also have here a audience which is a source of pe sonal inspiration to me. I shou have liked to see here among u with his shock of gray hair and h wisdom, that great writer and o friend, Ilya Ehrenburg; I should al have liked to see his comrades, t Soviet scientists and film worke who, for reasons known to all of yo could not come.

I feel that without them there something profoundly missing fro our gathering. I know and admi the Soviet people and their leade for their extraordinary deeds—i erasable from human history. B what I admire most about th country is its dedication to cultu That is perhaps the most signi cant and the most impressive fe ture of Soviet life—with a co plete flowering of the individu never before achieved in histo

I hope that the invitation we tended this time to our Russi friends may be accepted again the nearest future. I should like see—within the next few weeks months—intellectuals from the viet Union meet with intellectu from the United States in so country of the Americas, it matt not which one. The world is a iously breathing the air of a fut peace in Korea and an end to frightful "cold war" which acted like a freezing blight on spirits. It is the duty of the gr writers of the United States to cuss cultural values with those

the Soviet Union.

On December 20, 1881, Walt Whitman wrote:

"You Russians and we Americans! Our countries so distant, so unlike at first glance—such a difference in social and political conditions . . . and yet in certain features, and vastest ones, so resembling each other. . . . The unform'd and nebulous state of many things, not yet permanently settled, but agreed on all hands to be the preparation of an infinitely greater future . . . are certainly features you Russians and we Americans possess in common. . . ."

May these words of good will and far-reaching scope come to pass in our own lands and thanks to our common efforts.

I KNOW there are many intellectuals, affected by the intense propaganda against our Congress or sincerely convinced of the harmful effects of our ideal, who are not here to discuss with us or to listen to us. I regret it. It is no doubt our loss; but a much greater loss for them. Possibly they would also like to express their hostility in meetings which should be of interest to us.

I believe that in every human being and group of human beings the past and future confront and wrestle with each other. I sincerely believe that those hostile groups, in one way or another, are linked with a past of hatred, disunity, malice, and ignorance. This past will keep on struggling for existence.

I believe in the splendor that is coming. I believe in man and in men. I know very well that in every corner of our America there are persecutions and acts of violence. I know that the prisons will tell of terrible things when they are opened and when the history of our martyred peoples is honestly written.

But I know that all this will pass.

I know that our beloved friend, Paul Robeson, one of the greatest artists in the world, has been forcibly prevented from attending this congress. I am certain that Paul Robeson will be with us at our next meeting—in Havana, Lima, Bogotá, maybe even New York.

I have faith in the coming time. It is being built before our eyes; before our eyes the brotherhood of the future is being fashioned. Brotherhood, child of peace, cluster of the great human vineyard.

I know that in Spain, Turkey, and Greece for years now writers, artists, and teachers have been kept in jail. For many years the great Greek poet John Ritzos has been writing behind barbed wire on the island of Makronisos. I believe that all this will pass.

A few years ago I had to steal over the Chilean frontier secretly, on horseback; I had to cross the frozen Andes, while here persecution increased, falsehood and crime were official weapons against the people. Everywhere I met great friendship and comradeship. And now I can address you, delegates of the continent, from the very heart of Santiago, Chile, which has welcomed us.

This is no miracle; it is time marching forward. This faith in all men gives us greater confidence and greater hope in ourselves. This certainty of man's destiny is what brings us together. Henceforth the voice of the poets, the universal song of my brothers, will fuse with the brightness that will shine over the earth. For the coming time will bring, among its many gifts, the sharing of three common treasures to which all men aspire: bread, justice, and poetry.

What the Congress in Chile Decided

We present three of the resolutions adopted at the Continental Congress of Culture held April 26 to May 2 in Santiago, Chile. The resolution on the preservation of culture reads in part:

"IN PURSUANCE of the mandate of our congress we address ourselves with deep sincerity to all the intellectuals of the Americas and to our great family of peoples:

"1. We consider it an urgent duty that representatives of culture dedicate themselves with perseverance and love to the study and illumination of the elements that constitute the national culture of each of our countries; that they safeguard by their action this magnificent patrimony and stimulate its development.

"2. In view of the overwhelming evidence presented by the delegates we consider it indispensable for carrying out these aims that our nations attain authentic independence, that they become in truth masters of their own destinies and be freed from their heavy material afflictions.

"3. During the course of our deliberations we have heard the insistent voice of all our countries, manifesting the common conviction that neither the arts, sciences, literature, education nor the press will be able fully to express their ideas and sentiments without an atmosphere of freedom and guarantees and respect for the rights of men and for culture.

"4. During the course of the congress it also became evident that the current frictions among our nations create an atmosphere harmful to cultural development and this is aggravated on a world scale by the menace of a new war. We intellectuals of the Americas want peace in our continent and in the entire world. Only in this way will our national cultures be able to develop to the full."

The full text of the resolution proposing a conference of the intellectuals of the five great powers follows:

"THE intellectuals of the Americas, assembled at the Continental Congress of Culture, wishing to make a practical contribution to the cause of peace and friendship among intellectuals and peoples;

"Convinced that understanding among the nations of the world is indispensable for the flowering of the arts and sciences, and viewing with concern the danger that looms over the lives of all men and over all cultural values;

"Interpreting the oldest and most generous traditions of the Americas and conscious of the responsibility that weighs upon us;

"Invite the representatives of culture of the United States of America, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, the Chinese People's Republic and France to meet in one of the republics of Latin America and freely and fraternally discuss their agreements and differences.

"We call on all the intellectuals of our vast Continent to work to bring about this meeting, in the belief that it will be a decisive step towards an agreement among the governments of the five great powers that will assure peaceful co-existence in the world and the universal flourishing of culture."

The resolution on cultural interchange reads in part:

"1. Cultural interchange is indispensable to further the growth of national cultures. Only through increasingly direct contact among all these cultures is it possible to stimulate their growth and development, enrich the common heritage and widen the possibilities of each of our peoples. Through this exchange of knowledge mutual friendship and respect are also strengthened, sentiments of fraternity are increased and heightened, and the preservation of peace, the fundamental basis of human existence, is reinforced. Cultural interchange among all nations is thus an urgent necessity for the progress of the continent.

"2. Obstacles and difficulties have arisen in recent years which impede free and open cultural interchange, whether among our own intellectuals and neighboring cultures, or among our cultures and cultural representatives and those of other parts of the world. These difficulties and obstacles have developed as a result of the international tension that today threatens a new world war. Therefore it is necessary to strive for the elimination of these impediments to the free flow of ideas and cultural forms of all types, opening the way to intensive continental and international exchange.

"3. It is inadmissible that for political or ideological reasons artifical barriers should arise between countries, creating unbridgeable distances be-

tween them through laws or the application of regulatory measures designed for other ends. We refer to economic controls, discrimination in the issuance of passports, governmental pressures, and obstacles to the free circulation of books and works of art.

"4. We call on all the intellectuals of the Americas, on all cultural workers, writers, artists, scientists, teachers, as well as on all persons interested in the social and historic progress of our peoples, to put their faith in the principles enunciated above, adding to ours their own readiness to act in order to disseminate and defend these principles, because we consider them of vital importance for the culture of our era."

The novelists' and short story writers' commission of the congress also adopted a resolution which included among its proposals the holding of a continental writers' congress in La Paz, Bolivia. It has been called for September.

THE ART OF HUGO GELLERT

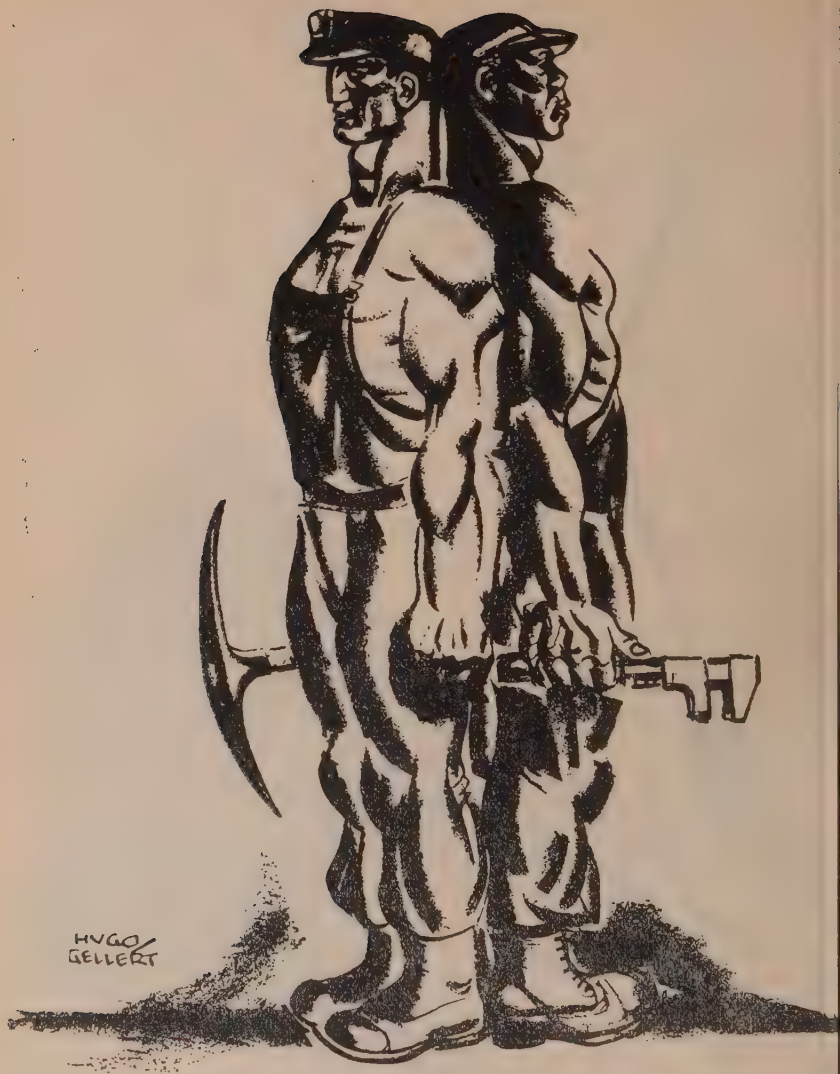
FORTY years ago the drawings of Hugo Gellert began to appear in the progressive press. Soon he was widely known as one of that valiant group that included John Reed, Robert Minor, Art Young, Boardman Robinson Maurice Becker, Michael Gold and William Gropper—a group of brilliant writers and artists who made imperishable contributions to an American people's culture in the pages of the *Masses* and *Liberator.*

During these forty years hundreds of powerful drawings by Gellert have appeared in *New Masses, Masses & Mainstream, Daily Worker,* and other progressive publications throughout the world. His work has also been published in the New York *Times,* New York *Herald Tribune,* New York *World,* the *New Yorker* and other magazines. He is the author of three notable books of lithographs: *Capital,* illustrating Karl Marx's monumental work, *Comrade Gulliver,* and *Aesop Said So;* and a book of silk screen drawings, *Century of the Common Man.*

To celebrate this anniversary a group of Hugo Gellert's friends and co-workers recently gathered at an intimate dinner in a New York restaurant at the invitation of *M&M.* In tribute to this superb artist and staunch fighter for the cause of peace, progress and socialism we present, on the following pages, out of the rich treasure house of his art, five drawings of an earlier period that have important meaning for today.

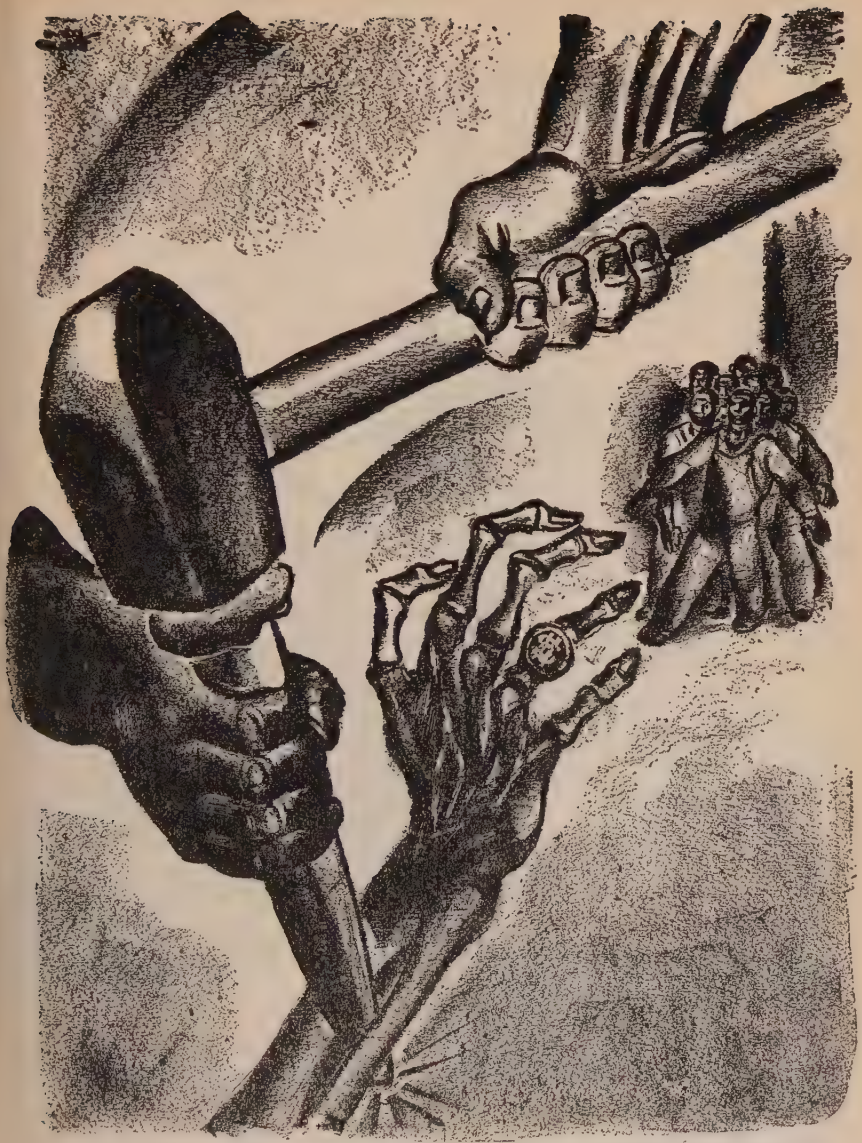
New Masses, January, 1928

At Geneva: The Soviet peace dove receives a warm reception from the Great Powers.



New Masses, November, 1932

"Labor cannot emancipate itself in the white skin where in the black is branded."—Karl Marx, *Capital.*



New Masses, June, 1932

The Fight of the Scottsboro Boys for Life and Freedom Is Your Fight!

Comrade Gulliver (1935)

Behind the News.

Capital (1934)

New World.

The Story of Ben Careathers

By PHILLIP BONOSKY

WHEN Ben Careathers boarded a bus to take him to Ambridge, a town near Aliquippa, one morning in '36, he was not traveling blind nor really alone: the way led like a living chain from comrade to comrade. For in the Negro section of Ambridge, called Plan 11, there was a man waiting for him: it was at his door that Ben knocked and entered that evening.

They waited inside until darkness arrived. The area was saturated with spies and deputies, company stool-pigeons: eyes and ears bought and paid for. Darkness was the other, third comrade they were waiting for: and when it arrived, they went with it the long way round into Aliquippa —city under siege. Again, hand led him to hand, workingman's hand: a door opened, and a comrade pressed him in.

The day before he had met in the SWOC office in Pittsburgh with Philip Murray and Clint Golden, in charge of organizing steel in Pittsburgh. Murray had looked keenly at him and asked him one direct question: "Will your politics interfere with organizing the workers?"

Those hands that had reached out through the darkness to take him were his politics. The blunt, smog-stained hills surrounding Pittsburgh and looking down on the booming mills whose fire consumed the sky—this too was in his politics. The men rushing from those dark mills, as though from prison, coughing up bitter smoke—these were his politics most of all!

What he had learned in struggle had brought him to Communism and if his life meant anything at all it meant, it *had* to mean one thing above all this moment, as he sat in the kitchen of a Negro comrade's house, pondering his next step: those steel-workers sleeping now in beds of fear and distrust were waiting for him. They could not know that he was there, in this kitchen, listening to the tin clock; still they were waiting.

Dawn was gray. Smog hovered over the town like a dark lid. He could taste it, that bituminous sweet taste, with bitter steel mixed; he could feel that jagged, stained air go down into his lungs. He coughed to clear his throat, feeling his lungs good and solid.

He made his way to a corner

saloon, which swept him in with its malty breath of beer. Negro workers were lined up along the damp bar: few were drinking. Money was scarce in this year of the depression.

He took up the traditional stance at the bar, one foot raised on the brass rail, the spittoon within easy range, and ordered a bottle of Iron City beer. He poured himself a foaming glass, drank, examining the men over the yellow rim.

They were steel workers, and their talk was steel talk—his talk. Those faces were the faces of his memories, of his everyday struggle, his own face, in fact, reflected like an endless mirror down the bar.

The man he picked out to open up a conversation with was a youngish worker whose face had given him what he wanted. "Have a drink?" he said, nodding to the bottle. The other turned to look at him; their eyes met steadily for a moment, and he made a half-salute and poured himself a glass.

Ben watched it go down, and then asked casually: "How are things here?"

"Tough."

Ben chewed on this. "Suppose a guy wanted to get a job here?" he said. "How'd he go about getting one?"

"Get a job?" The other shook his head. "They ain't hiring. But if they *were* hiring, *you* couldn't get nothing but open hearth or blast furnace. . . ."

Ben understood what he meant by *you*, so he nodded slowly.

"But, look here, come over and talk to my friends," the other said. "They'll give you the real low-down." And he took Ben down to the other end of the bar. Then, before he could do anything about it, the one thing happened that he had been in a sweat about: somebody recognized him!

"Why, Ben Careathers!" the voice boomed out in the deputy-crawling town. "What are you doing down here? I'll be damned!"

"You sure you know me?" Ben asked.

"Know you! Why, weren't you fighting for those Scottsboro boys? I heard you speak for them!"

For once he wished he hadn't been so public! He took a look at every face in the crowd. His friend was reintroducing him to the others. "This man's a real fighter, man!"

He shook hands all around, and when the silence developed and he felt their eyes on him, he took a breath and said: "Well, friends, I'll give the story to you straight. I'm here from the Steel Workers Organizing Committee of the CIO. I'm trying to set up a union in this town."

His friend broke into laughter. "Man," he cried, "why didn't you say so at first?"

Ben smiled. But his friend continued studying him, puzzling something out, his face in a frown. Finally he said: "I just want to ask you one thing." Ben invited him to ask. "Tell me straight now: is the Communist

BENJAMIN CAREATHERS

Party conducting this drive?"

"No," Ben said slowly, "not exactly. It's interested in organizing steelworkers in the CIO though."

"But the Communist Party says it's Okay?"

"Oh, yes," Ben replied.

"Then I'll join!" he cried, slapping down his flat hand on the bar. "Otherwise, I wouldn't have confidence in it. If the Party says so, I know it's going to be all right. The Amalgamated is Jim Crow: but now I swear the CIO isn't going to have any 'for whites only.'"

Scottsboro had led to Aliquippa: struggle was a phoenix constantly renewing itself, endlessly reborn.

Like good news he was taken from house to house, and he talked to groups of four and five, behind closed windows, drawn blinds, locked doors: whites came, too; and slowly Aliquippa, surrounded by terror, itself became surrounded by workers....

TWO weeks after the first discussion in the SWOC office, Ben walked into Clint Golden's office and poured out a pile of application cards on his desk.

Golden looked startled.

"Where'd you get these?" he cried.

"You and Murray sent me to Aliquippa, didn't you? That's where I got them."

"And the initiation fees?"

Ben made another green pile.

"Wait a minute," Golden cried. "I got to get Phil to see this!"

In a moment he was back with Murray, pointing to the piles on his desk. "Ben," he directed, "just tell Phil how you did it!"

He tried to tell Phil Murray "how he did it," but Murray never fully understood.

The fact that he was a Communist was key. Murray tacitly conceded this by appointing men like Gus Hall, Ben Careathers and other Communists on his organizing staff. Murray had asked Ben whether being a Communist would interfere with his organizing the workers. Ben could have told him that being a Communist interfered with nothing whatsoever except capitalism, starvation, disunity, the open shop in the steel industry.

It had started far earlier than two weeks ago, or even months ago when John L. Lewis was thrown out of the A. F. of L. and launched the CIO, and the Party had mobilized its membership as an army of "volunteer organizers," of which Ben had been one, bringing hundreds of workers into the CIO. It had started in a log cabin outside of Chattanooga, Tennessee, when a Negro youth of fourteen had run away from starvation on a sharecropper's patch and struck out on his own. It had started perhaps when Ed Johnson was lynched for "rape," and his body twirled from a rope tied to the Tennessee River bridge, while thousands stood on the bank and gaped.

Part of the beginning lay in his struggle to obtain for himself the elementary tools of learning: literacy. At eighteen he couldn't read or

write. Somehow the sovereign state of Tennessee had overlooked the Careathers' share-cropping patch, and left it unsullied by learning. It was not provided in the scheme of things for Negro children to become scientists, writers, musicians, artists.

He followed Bill Holt, a fifteen-year-old Negro high school student, who worked in the same shop with him, around the shop copying down the numbers he marked on furniture. Numbers weren't so hard, and he could get away with it: but one day he received a letter from his sweetheart, Lela, and he stood there helplessly staring down at the mysterious words. Finally he picked out a word at random and asked Bill Holt to tell him what it was, pretending it was too "big" for him. The whole letter was too "big" for him, actually, and he turned it over at last to Holt who read it to him, and then tactfully suggested that Ben take lessons from him so that he could learn to read "better." So he studied his ABC's!

But once he had learned to read, he began to read the print off the paper. He read now with a hunger that only the starved know. He read on his way to work; on the streetcar coming back home; he read as he ate, and read as he ran. He resented the time wasted in sleep, and propped himself up to the light at night, with the book swaying in his hand, until he collapsed out of sheer exhaustion. He read Carter Woodson, and W. E. B. Du Bois, Benjamin Brawley, Kelly Miller. He joined Toussaint L'Ouverture in his struggle for Haitian freedom against Napoleon, as P. G. Steward described it in his book. . . .

All the time he was seeking for the answer to the question which life posed in such gigantic terms, with which every Negro in one way or another grappled all his life long. For a Negro there could be no peace, no sunny acceptance of things-as-they-are no matter how stubbornly one shut one's eyes.

This was no overnight revelation.

He had been working as an upholsterer for Mister Balfour (*Mister* Balfour: but Mister Balfour's boy called *his* father, Spencer) 66 hours a week for $7.50.

Balfour's assistant, Jim, said to him one day: "Ben, take these chairs to the corner of Fourteenth and Elm."

"Put the number down," Ben said.

"Just take them over to Fourteenth and Elm," the man repeated.

Ben picked the heavy chairs up and lugged them to Fourteenth and Elm, thinking there must be only one building there: but there were three, and a vacant lot. He brought the chairs back.

"Jim," he said, "I can't find the place. Where is it *exactly?*"

Jim called over another man.

"Covey," he said, "tell Ben here where I want these chairs delivered."

"Fourteenth and Elm," Covey replied.

"On the corner?" Ben asked. "On Fourteenth or on Elm?"

"Ben," Jim said, "this man told

you, and I told you. You can hear, can't you? I say it's on Fourteenth and Elm, and what *I* say I mean!"

That was it: all the advice about being cautious in a white man's world flew out of his head; he grabbed a chair. "I say to hell with you! And what I say *I* mean!"

They turned green now with panic, and yelled for the boss, who came running. When he heard the story, he turned on Jim and the other and said: "Look, now, don't bother Ben—he's a good worker, but he's cracked. Let him alone!"

This "benevolence" cost him $7 or $8 a week compared to what the white workers got; Mr. Balfour knew a gold mine when he saw one. But this "tolerance" was priced too high, and Ben Careathers went on strike—a strike of one—and returned to work when he was promised another dollar a week. When, by degrees, he finally achieved the dizzy height of $9 a week, he had reached the limit: no more sky.

All this was behind the story of "how he did it"; but there was more.

HE CAME North just before World War I, looking for higher wages.

He was in Pittsburgh during the war years, working as a janitor, as a "helper" in the Pittsburgh Railways Company, trying to save enough money to set up an upholsterer's shop of his own. The war to "save the world for democracy" failed to stir his pulses. But it did open up jobs, including jobs for Negroes. It also raised the whole question of the meaning of war itself. One day, as Ben hurried home from work, he was accosted by a Negro man selling pamphlets. He took one of the pamphlets thrust into his hands, cast a casual glance at it, and said "This is socialistic, isn't it?"

"Yes," the Negro man replied, "it's socialistic. Do you know about socialism?"

"No," Ben answered, "and I don't want to know."

The other man looked at him for a moment. "You know," he said, "anybody who knows all about it, and doesn't want it—well, I can understand that. But if you don't know, and don't *want* to know—then you're a fool!"

Ben walked on, but the man's voice had stung him! He turned abruptly back and said: "Give me one of those!"—determined to read it and show up who the real fool was! It was so easy to cry, "Down with this! Down with that!"—he had done that himself, cursing the evils of the world, and not one Jericho had fallen! But *how,* in what sensible realistic way could the common people hope to win their freedom? He had never found the answer, and didn't expect to find it now.

But he opened the pages and read: and continued to read, and read on through to the end, whispering finally, almost in spite of himself: "Jesus Christmas! This sounds like what I want!"

The address of the Socialist Party was published on the back, and he

found his way there quickly, and spent the evening listening to the speeches, talking, discussing, reading more literature, including Bellamy's *Looking Backward*.

Then one day he joined.

They were all brothers—Negro and white; there was no discrimination here, the only place in which he had ever found this to be so! He was happy, jubilant, so happy and jubilant that he invited all his friends to the dance the Socialist Party was holding in Moose Temple. His dreams were really coming alive now: the smothering lid of oppression was lifting a bit!

The proceedings had hardly begun when two of the SP leaders took him aside (how many times had he been so taken aside?) and, with deep embarrassment, they explained to him: "Ben, we're having trouble. We in the Socialist Party believe in full equality, of course; but the hall owner has been objecting to Negroes here and threatens to close the hall."

They didn't have to say any more. He went out of there, burning with anger; he felt that a hope, a profound dream, lay dead. "It went to my heart," he said, recalling that early incident. He was through. From now on, he would devote himself to his shop (which he had succeeded in establishing) and to that alone. Except that he could continue to find in books what life did not have. That door need never close!

THREE years slipped by: and one day, Bill Scarville, the same comrade who had sold him his first socialist pamphlet, turned up at his door with a copy of a newspaper and tales of a new workingman's party. The paper was called *Voice of Labor* and was put out by the Communist Party (the first time Ben had heard the name); and it transpired that Bill, too, had left the Socialist Party and helped found the Communist Party.

So what about the Communist Party? Grand words—but deeds? True, it was born in struggle against the policies of the Socialist Party which was all to the good; but words like birds, flew away when you tried to catch them.

They talked and debated and argued: Ben was tougher now, harder to convince. When the *Worker* came out as a weekly, he subscribed to it: no harm in that; but he kept his mind unreconciled. His brother, who had also come North, had joined the new Party, and also spent hours arguing with Ben. Ben put up every argument he could think of, except the deepest one of all: the wound that the SP had dealt him had never healed. Socialism equaled—or did it—brotherhood: but it was they, those who had called him "comrade" who had also asked him to "understand" chauvinism.

But one day, in 1928, he was persuaded to go down to the Lyceum to listen to a "real porch-climber" speak. The man's name—William Z. Foster—was quite familiar to Pittsburghers: he had led the famous 1919 steel strike. Ben listened, and the

language of the man was instinct with struggle, with echoes of mines and mills, of railroads and factories: this man knew work and men who worked!

When he was asked, then, to sign a card that brought him into the Communist Party, he did not refuse. . . .

But for the next two years he did little, attended few meetings. His family was growing; he was busy at the work he knew so well. The revolutionary tides of the world tugged him only weakly. The country was riding a boom, and nothing seemed more common than money.

In 1929 the smiling face of "prosperity" split wide open, and the sickness that had been growing like a cancer showed itself to the world....

On March 6, 1930, Ben Careathers took a bundle of leaflets under his arm and went downtown to hand them out to the unemployed workers. This leaflet had been issued by the Communist Party, and called for nationwide demonstrations against hunger and unemployment. Thousands came out on the streets in Pittsburgh that day, and the police came with them. Ben was arrested, taken to jail, and fined $10.

There was no turning back now, no arguments, no waiting-and-seeing. Political struggle was to be his bread from now on. The depression forced him to sell his shop, plunged him into the middle of the unemployed movement. He was soon leading the demonstration of hungry at the Penn Station Courthouse to force recognition of the Unemployed Councils. He was in Chicago at the first convention of the Unemployed Councils to set up a national organization. People were starving on a state "food-basket" grant of 90 cents a week; and they fought bitterly to raise this to $1.50 a week! In cash, not in baskets—and they won.

The way he threw himself into the struggle, passionately but without losing his common sense, his easy-going ways, his courage or resourcefulness, convinced the Party that he was equipped for a responsible post: and he became full-time secretary of the Allegheny Unemployed Councils. Then came the Scottsboro case, and he fought to free the Alabama-framed. He went down into the hills of West Virginia to set up soup kitchens for the striking miners during the '31 strike. He marched to Washington, heading a Pennsylvania contingent on the National Hunger March in 1932. That same year he first met Steve Nelson who was leading, as he was leading, a state hunger march group to Harrisburg.

He fought evictions—lugging the furniture back into the house from the street where the Sheriff had dumped it. He fought for jobs for Negroes. He helped eliminate the coal-and-iron police in Pennsylvania. He went to the Soviet Union for three months and saw with his own eyes that land where the workers ruled: and this sealed forever his conviction, profound as it then was, that he had indeed found the right

road, the inevitable road for his people and for all American workers.

HE WAS down in the books of the Mellons and Rockefellers and Morgans a hundred times. Their police knew his face, his name, his voice. When, in 1940, he ran for lieutenant-governor of the state on the Communist ticket, they pounced on this brazen act and intimidated dozens of workers who had signed petitions to put Careathers on the ballot—and then indicted him, along with 30-odd other Communist leaders of Western Pennsylvania, for "fraud" in gathering petitions. They sent him and the others, among whom was Lloyd L. Brown, to the jail which Brown was to describe in his novel, *Iron City*.

The war interrupted all this. Ben found a new situation when he came out. The mills were booming day and night producing steel for the armies. He threw himself into the struggle to convince the Negro workers that this anti-Axis war was their war, too; and to do this he led the fight for upgrading and hiring Negroes, breaking through Jim-Crow barriers at the huge Dravo Shipyards that built invasion barges for D-Day. And when the war ended, he continued to fight for these objectives, even though this was no longer "popular" . . . in fact, seditious.

Now, the iron fist of U.S. imperialism showed itself openly. To Ben, it was no surprise: that fist had never, even under the best circumstances, been quite absent. Western Pennsylvania is the very heart of industrial America. Here, the vast billonaire interests are anchored.

Ben reflected in himself that deep, almost folk wisdom, of the miners and steel workers of this region, who know what they want . . . let the fine words fall where they may! Western Pennsylvania has been *ruled* with an iron fist always. The workers have learned both how to endure—to keep alive, healthy, cheerful; and how, when the moment comes, to *strike*. Lightweights cannot survive here. Workers will go about their business, in their own way, living in the ways that the oppressed learn to live, moving slowly, or not at all, exasperating the middle class theorists of social change. They will not butt their heads pointlessly against iron walls, nor will they, overwhelmed by oppression, turn over and die. . . .

They are wrong . . . those who meet Ben Careathers, misled by his calm expression, his quick laugh, the radiance of his face. He is profoundly typical of Pittsburgh! Those eyes, which have seen everything, are glowing with hope! There is not a shred of illusion in the man—and not a trace of pessimism. He is modest: but no intellectual from any Harvard, Yale or what-have-you could outwit him or negate his knowledge. He is mild and gentle; but like iron.

MISLEADING, as the prosecutor learned the day Ben took the stand to testify for Steve Nelson dur-

ing Nelson's first trial. The prosecutor knew how to "handle" Negroes: he came up to Ben, and wagged his finger at him.

"Get back—*back!*" Ben snapped.

The prosecutor was so startled he jumped back four feet—and stayed there! In jail, he acts as though he is free and the jailers are in jail. In court, he acts as though he were judging . . . and the judge feels it, and struggles to convince the man that he should play the role assigned to him by the state!

On trial, he forgets that his life is in jeopardy, and demands the right to appear to testify in favor of FEPC! A man under indictment, nevertheless, he shows up in the midst of his enemies and denounces them and demands that a law be passed protecting the Negro people from discrimination in employment. His voice is free, and men who can slap him into jail any moment have to listen to him, and be persuaded. . . . For Ben's voice is the voice of the Negro and white workers of Pittsburgh, and try as they might—malign him as they do—when he speaks, the enemies of the workers know that the oppressed speak through him. How to chain that voice too!

On August 17, 1951, they arrested him, along with Steve Nelson, Bill Albertson, Irving Weissman, James Dolsen, on the charge of conspiring to advocate and teach the violent overthrow of the United States government. Obviously, a man fighting for FEPC was conspiring overthrow!

They knew he was sick. They knew because the court-appointed doctor knew it, and knew he was very sick, but stated that he could continue the trial, nevertheless. Struggle had not left him untouched: tuberculosis, the disease of the oppressed, had taken hold of him. With almost open delight that its victim was also physically helpless, the court ordered Ben to leave the hospital and appear before it—even at the price of his life!

He walked—a 62-year-old man—slowly to the lectern in the courthouse so close to Mellon's great banks, Rockefeller's huge power, Morgan's gigantic mills and mines.

"My name," he said in a low, clear voice, "is Benjamin Lowell Careathers." He began to cough. The court watched him struggle to regain his strength. "I was born in the South. My life has been an open book. . . . My father was born a slave about 100 years ago. My mother died when I was very young. My father was left with nine small children to care for. I was the third of the nine, and it fell to my lot to look after the smaller ones and to work on the farm. In the winter months, after harvest, my father would chop wood and dig ditches for the white landlords. He took the older children to work with him and—"

The judge listened to the stool-pigeons and perjurers malign this man's life, cutting it to fit the pattern of "conspiracy." He was not interested in the halting story

which this sick man was struggling to bring out. "This personal history," he interrupted, "is out of order." And so he dismissed with a wave a whole life's struggle . . . this story . . . the way the rulers dismiss the history as well as the lives of the people they oppress!

WHEN I interviewed Ben Careathers in Pittsburgh, he told me in his soft voice: "I'm convinced that capitalism is responsible for the crimes I've seen in my life. If I don't live to see socialism—I want my children to. We tell a story in my family. My father's father was a slave—but, slave though he was, he never let his master whip his child. . . ."

He coughed cruelly for a moment, and then said: "My party—the Communist Party—is dearer to me than my life. It means what it says. Nothing will cause me to flinch—no matter what happens. For we'll win out in the end."

"We'll win out in the end. . . ." And the tearing cough took possession of him and I sat still as he struggled with lungs that already were bleeding.

"They want to kill you!" I said, turning from those eyes full of courage and a belief so profound that it was his strength I took with me, as though he had so much to give!

But to *you* . . . fight for this man! Yes, they want to lynch him "legally," and only the voice, the aroused voice of humanity can save him.

RiGhT FaCe

Competition

"Last month Winchell reviled me. . . . Oh, he's so jealous because the *Daily Worker* said that I, and not Winchell, was 'the lowest of the breed.'"—*Leonard Lyons in the New York* Post.

Top Secret

"NAIROBI, Kenya—The government of this colony wrestling with the Mau Mau rebellion has rather discreetly and almost surreptitiously begun investigating whether the African worker is underpaid."—Albion Ross in the New York *Times.*

Mean Trick

"The most fiendishly clever, devilishly evil way the Russians are looting Austria and ruining the small Austrian shopkeeper is through their USIA stores. . . . The worker patronizing the USIA stores may be anti-Communist, but he is also poor. He and his wife buy where they can get their necessities cheapest. Austrian officials admit that lower income groups particularly are shopping in the Russian outlets and the shops are flourishing."—*Sylvia F. Porter in the New York* Post.

Robbed!

"Speechmaking in Philadelphia, U.S. Steel Board Chairman Benjamin F. Fairless bemoaned the fact that a big businessman's take-home pay is not what it used to be. 'Many of the top executives in some of our largest corporations,' he said, 'have spent a lifetime in the field of industrial management without ever having been able to accumulate as much as a million dollars. And I know that to be a fact because I happen to be one of them myself."—From *Time.*

We invite readers' contributions to this department. Original clippings are requested.

Resistance Is Our Bond

By V. J. JEROME

WE ARE brought together by the threat that we face in common, and by the resistance which is our bond in common. This is an evening of togetherness.

The offensive of McCarthyism against the entire people is directed with particular sharpness at the cultural forces, because as scientists, educators, editors, writers, and artists they are the transmitters of ideas to the people. And the danger that confronts them is not only the destruction of their security and freedom, but the utter destruction of their professional dignity and human worth, the total degradation of the arts and the sciences.

Yet a mood of militancy is sweeping the land. Never since the assault on civil rights and cultural freedom began in the course of these postwar years has there been such a spirit of protest. In all areas—as reflected here this evening, and beyond—the cultural forces of the land are fighting back.

Heartening is the general trend in the trade-unions, expressed in one form or another by practically every convention, to fight the menace of McCarthyism. Clergymen, scholars, teachers, student groups make their voices heard in militant protest. Subpoenaed writers, artists, editors hit back at the Congressional star chamber committees. Negro organizations, newspapers, and leaders denounce and challenge the fascist onset.

McCarthyism is arousing against itself such a fury of resistance both here and abroad that, with proper organization, the people can deal it a shattering defeat.

The keynote is unity—breadth of resistance—by all who are marked out for victimization—by the Smith Act, the McCarran Act, the McCarthy Committee, the Jenner Committee, the Velde Committee, or the FBI and all the vindictive arms of the Department of Justice. The enemy and his agents seek to sow confusion, to split our forces, to conquer us all by dividing us all. There are, of course, ideological, basic philosophical differences among the

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This is an address at a culture fights back rally held recently in New York under the auspices of the Committee to Defend V. J. Jerome. In the text as here given the author has elaborated some of his thoughts.

cultural forces ranged against McCarthy. But the issue is: what unites us all?—Not what divides us.

This has been expressed tonight in the memorable speech of Royal W. France. This venerable lawyer and professor has taken up the gauntlet hurled by McCarthyism. He states his fundamental differences with Communism; but in these days of assault upon basic democratic rights, he affirms publicly his devotion to those rights. And he declares that he has found, on the basis of his own experience, that the forces of the Left are sincere defenders of the democratic process. Yes, our distinguished guest is a living confirmation of the vitality of the love of freedom in our land, and is a herald of the coming unity of all enemies of fascism who will destroy McCarthyism.

IN THE mounting chorus of dissent and protest against the thought-controllers, I—a target of the Smith Act, a Communist, a Marxist author and editor—wish to stress this question:

Whom are we fighting?

To defeat the enemy, we must first know him.

Let us distinguish between appearance and essence. If we are to judge by appearance alone, there is the danger centered about a rarin'-to-go Republican Senator from Wisconsin to the very existence of anything that breathes of democracy and freedom. But this sudden visitation —this power-drive of an individual and his pro-fascist entourage operating through congressional committees—is not the essence of the matter. McCarthyism is not an individual, disconnected policy. Rather it is the headmost detachment of encroaching fascism. By trumpeting the *Monstrous Lie*—that the U.S. is imperiled by Communism as a menace from within and from without—McCarthy seeks to create a support among the people for fascism, U.S. brand, and thus by demagogy as well as terror to incapacitate resistance.

McCarthyism operates in conjunction with the Eisenhower administration. That administration seeks to deafen the sounds of its imperialist war preparations with crusade-demagogy of "liberation" wars. At home, to safeguard the rear, it swells the Attorney General's subversive list, steps up the McCarran Law tyranny, tightens the G.O.P.-Dixiecrat alliance, and renews the attacks on the Negro people. On top of the Taft-Hartley Law, it projects legislation of the Goldwater-Rhodes Bill type for Nazi-like Gleichschaltung—coordination—of the unions. At the same time, Eisenhower forces—notoriously Dulles—take counsel with McCarthy, aid him, abet him, and strengthen his hand.

Notwithstanding all this, McCarthyism is not identical with the Eisenhower administration. It is the mailed fist with which the ultra-reactionary sections of Big Business seek to turn the Eisenhower administration into a fascist regime.

The counter-offensive of the people has to be organized today against McCarthyism, as the most acute danger to popular liberties and to cultural freedom. In so developing our resistance, we must not lose sight of the main source of that danger. That main source is the camp of reactionary monopolists, bent upon a major war of conquest. They dominate the Republican Party, and also the Democratic Party, whose Truman regime ushered in this program of thought control and political repression.

No witchhunts out of thin air! The witchhunts have a purpose. They are not simply aberrations of individual obscurantists. *War and witchhunts* is the pattern.

It is precisely this understanding that Communists strive to bring to the common front of struggle against repression. That is why they are the object of the most vindictive persecution by the warmakers and their Washington administration.

The fight-back movement against McCarthyism, now gaining momentum, must embrace all who hold the Bill of Rights dear. Objectively, this movement is part of the struggle for peace. It will grow to full effectiveness, however, as it consciously connects the struggle for democracy with the fight for peace.

Every honest cultural worker must ask himself: How can I be true to myself as artist, as scientist, as educator, if I fail to take my stand for peace? Are my books to become apologies for genocidal war? Is my art to serve the designers of destruc tion? Is my music to be insensibl to the cries for peace? Is my scien tific endeavor, with its humanist im pulse, to be debased into pursuit devoted to human annihilation? Th what end art, to what end scienc to what end learning, if their crea tions are to be destroyed, if they ar to aid, even through passivity, in lay ing the world waste? Do not the ver conditions for the thriving of ar letters, and science demand the d fense of peace? If fighting for peac is not the intellectual's social respo sibility, what, indeed, is his claim be a force for culture, for human aims?

How compelling are the wor spoken by the Soviet author Ko stantin Fedin at the second Ge man Writers' Congress in July, 195

"It is the noblest task of the wri to write for peace and on peace. If were deprived of the right to write peace, I should cease to be a writer."

THE successful course of the fig against McCarthyism demar unity of the Negro and white c tural forces in defense of Ne rights and of the free developm of the liberation culture of the N gro people. This means a genu struggle against all racist and wh chauvinist manifestations—yes, a in our own midst; for these are aid to McCarthyism. We know h Hitler used virulent anti-Semit to step toward power—as a me to divide the people and bring ru tion upon all. The Negro peo

having lived for centuries under the most cruel oppression, has a glorious tradition of strength and resistance. Further, what the Negro people has to offer as a cultural force in terms of militancy, vitality, and inspiration in the common struggle, no social group in our country today contributes. Where is the drama that cries out against the unjust war in Korea as does Ossie Davis' *A Medal for Willie?* What militant humanism we behold in the art of Charles White! Does not the Negro people itself speak in the prose of noble simplicity charged with pathos and wrath which we find in Esther Jackson's pamphlet, *This Is My Husband* —or in Lloyd L. Brown's vigorous, freedom-striving novel, *Iron City?*

And the Negro artists who inspired us tonight—Beulah Richardson, Julian Mayfield, Laura Duncan, Leon Bibb—their voices are trumpet calls to freedom. What sustaining scholarship, what beauty of vision and literary style belong to that ever-young fighter for peace, democratic initiative, and Negro freedom, Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois! What grandeur and rock-like strength the name Paul Robeson summons up—the man whose life, art, and struggle could inspire the creation of that stirring poem by Miss Richardson that we heard tonight—the man whose name is a symbol of adoration on the lips of children in far-flung lands, the people's artist and freedom-fighter who has brought honor to the true America as laureate of the Stalin Peace Award.

The movement to defeat McCarthyism needs the unhampered activity of such stalwart champions of Negro liberation, of democracy and peace, as Benjamin J. Davis, Pettis Perry, Claudia Jones, Ben Careathers, Henry Winston, and James E. Jackson. The fight to render the Smith Act null and void, the struggle to regain the freedom of these outstanding Negro leaders, must be seen as a living part of the counter-attack against McCarthyism.

HOW shall McCarthyism be fought?

Shall it be fought in a disjoined, fragmentary way—this group by itself and that group by itself, and each turning its back on the other? Shall the pattern of dispersion and isolation laid out by McCarthyism be the basis of the people's resistance?

There is only one truly effective way to wage the struggle against thought control and cultural repression, and that is with the strategy of strength. This means unity, notwithstanding ideological differences, including differences on foreign policy, on the part of all democratic-minded artists and professionals. Further, this means their cooperation with the general people's resistance. We must all be on guard against narrowing the base of struggle. We must be ready to unite on the most elementary democratic issues.

The tragedy is that today this movement is not united. McCarthyism is picking off one group at a time. In each group there are outcries and ex-

pressions of resistance; but these are in the main of a defensive character because they are not united. Such a movement cannot stop McCarthyism in its tracks.

The primary task is to bring about the unity of the forces.

But McCarthyism cannot be met effectively by acceptance of the McCarthy premise. The transformation of this resistance into a counter-offensive is seriously hindered by the fact that too many of those who would like to see the end of McCarthyism accept his main premise of the Monstrous Lie about Communist "conspiracy".

And yet, do not the pressing issues of struggle demand of all thinking Americans, and certainly all self-esteeming men and women of the arts and professions, who operate in the realm of ideological pursuits, that they shake themselves free of their torpor and look at the truth of the question?

What relationship is there between Communism and conspiracy? Only that of opposites, of mutual exclusion. The scientific socialism of Marx and Engels came into being as an announcement that the secret conspiratorial sects of utopian socialists thenceforward had no place on the stage of history; for with the emergence of the modern working class in open, independent struggle, all such sects were anti-historical and in essence reactionary. Communism goes to the working masses, roots its faith in them, and from them draws its strength. It is the power of the monopolies that forcibly seeks to convert the Communist movement into a conspiratorial sect, or at least to have it appear to be such.

This is precisely the fight against the Smith Act, the McCarran Act and the McCarthy offensive—the fight to bring the issues freely before the millions, the fight to preserve the Bill of Rights. Communism works for the broadest coalitions, for the broadest democratic affirmation of the people, for the people's cultural expression. The Marxist-Leninist principles and the position of the Communist Party are open for all to read and examine. In truth, if there were one word to define the Communist movement, that word might well be *anti-conspiracy*.

The theory of opposing McCarthyism by going along with the McCarthy attacks on the Communists can only spell common ruin for all who give utterance to protest. In this connection, therefore, we must see that the interests of our common fight require rejection of such bogus "opposition" to McCarthyism as the divisive and demagogic "heresy, yes —conspiracy, no" slogan with which people like Sidney Hook shriek the Monstrous Lie in chorus with the McCarthy yelpers. These maneuverers want to hold on to their followers on the campuses and in the professions by feigning a fight against thought-control, while actually betraying it. Many honest people have succumbed to this line. But we can appeal to their sense of reality by pointing to the disastrous consequences of such a course.

What sharper instance do we

need than the Wechsler issue? Here we see the editor of the *New York Post,* a virulent baiter of Communists, himself summoned before the McCarthy committee because he dared to criticize the Senatorial Inquisitor. The main lesson of the Wechsler episode certainly confirms the fact that the attempt to split the opposition to McCarthyism into "heresy" and "conspiracy," to speak of achieving cultural freedom for non-Communists while denying it to Communists—even to the point of turning in names to McCarthy—is to crush freedom for all. McCarthyism is a line to stifle all democratic thought. If you're a "heretic," you're a "conspirator." If you're against McCarthy, you're a "conspirator."

The Attlee incident is another case in point. The Laborite ex-Prime Minister's blast against McCarthy was a heartening event. Yet when he proceeded to defend himself against McCarthy's retaliation of "Comrade Attlee," by claiming to have fought Communism long before McCarthy, he thereby bent his knee to the fascist Senator. He left in McCarthy's hand the Damoclean sword of the Monstrous Lie with which to cow everyone—Attlee included—who in any way dares to raise his voice in criticism of McCarthy. Let not the lesson be lost on anyone: the line of defending "all but the Communists" leads in fact surrendering all to the fascists.

THE issue cannot be presented as though cultural workers in a united front with Communist writers and artists are called upon to endorse their views, their Marxist-Leninist doctrines, or even to hold back from criticizing them. Communists have demonstrated and will continue to demonstrate their unreserved endeavor to support any movement that is determined to fight the menace of McCarthyism. It is our earnest conviction, however, and in the interests of the common struggle we voice it, that there can be no defeat of McCarthyism unless the cultural forces honestly face and break through the dividing wall of the Monstrous Lie.

It would furthermore be a mistake to see the issue merely as one of "tolerating" Communists in such united resistance. The strategy of strength, I contend, cannot but be impaired if unity with Communists is to be forever reduced to the Voltairean formula of the duty to defend views that are in essence detestable. Of course, the common front of struggle must be broad, tremendously broad, to embrace all opponents of McCarthyism, representing the most varying and conflicting positions on social questions.

But, as regards the Communist component, it is also *what* is expressed that has a bearing on the issue. Communists have proved during the decades of world struggle against fascism that they have something to offer in the fight for democracy and freedom. How long shall we go along our way with utter disregard for the lessons of history? Shouldn't it by now be clear to everyone that

the failure of the German people to defend the liberties and the lives of the Communists led to the ruination of all? And if this lesson is learned, isn't there the deeper lesson that the German people were thus deprived of that force in the conflict which, by virtue of its theory and program of action, is *indispensable* to the successful promotion of the struggle for freedom and democratic values? Must we in the United States wait until we pass through the tragic experiences of the peoples under Axis occupation before we recognize that the Communists are the true friends of the people?

All history has shown that when the light-bringer, Prometheus, is left to be chained to a rock for vultures to tear at his vitals, the people are chained with him and the vultures tear also at their vitals. How long shall our people let Truth be on the scaffold and Wrong on the throne? The generations to come in our country will read with a sen of pride that we who came befo them lived in the day when Len and Stalin lived, when Mao Tse-tun Dimitrov, and William Z. Fost lived. Let our children and o children's children have the pric too, of looking back to us in o day, when, beset by great tribulatio we drew together and broke throu the phalanx of fascists and war-plo ters, to make the bright future po sible.

We live in a time of great fo ward movement, when the people art and learning especially face high task of history. The artist, t scientist, the writer, to be true himself, must manifest an affirm tive, creative attitude to the wo about him. No one is outside— one can be neutral. No one can a vance except by advancing with t conscious forces of the people, o the debris of the forces of ne tion.

Einstein's Challenge

AN EDITORIAL

DR. ALBERT Einstein has spoken words that millions of others have not yet dared to utter: words that lay bare the nakedness of Emperor McCarthy and his satellites. His letter to William Frauenglass, a New York high school teacher facing dismissal for refusing to answer a Congressional committee's questions on political affiliations, is a great American document. It should give strength to the people as a whole as well as to the intellectuals and cultural workers whom the Congressional storm troopers and their local imitators seek to terrorize into submission.

Einstein's words are a fighting banner:

"Every intellectual who is called before one of the committees ought to refuse to testify, i.e., he must be prepared for jail and economic ruin, in short, for the sacrifice of his personal welfare in the interest of the cultural welfare of his country.

"The refusal to testify must be based on the assertion that it is shameful for a blameless citizen to submit to such inquisition and that this kind of inquisition violates the spirit of the Constitution.

"If enough people are ready to take this grave step they will be successful. If not, then the intellectuals of this country deserve nothing better than the slavery which is intended for them."

In this month that marks the 177th anniversary of our country's independence, Einstein's letter is a new Tom Paine summons to action against the enemy within our gates and within our government. Now, with a truce in sight, we need to combat and destroy that which is so largely the poisonous fruit of the Korean war and the Wall Street-Washington drive toward world war: fascist McCarthyism. A Korean truce will provide new opportunities to widen and consolidate the fight-back movement now under way against this monster.

A notable recent development was the vigorous counter-offensive launched by the San Antonio, Tex., Library Board and a newly organized American Activities Committee, which caused the mayor and City Council to drop the proposal—for the present at least—to brand or burn "Communist-written volumes" in the library. Lest there be any doubt that the definition of "Communist-written" was taken out of the McCarthy-Goebbels dictionary,

witness the list of 600 books prepared by Mrs. Myrtle G. Hance, organize of the San Antonio Minute Women, of which the mayor's wife is a membe The list includes Dr. Albert Einstein's *Theory of Relativity,* Thomas Mann' *Joseph in Egypt* and *The Magic Mountain,* Louis Untermeyer's *Treasury o American and British Poetry,* Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and Melville' *Moby Dick* (the last two because of illustrations by Rockwell Kent).

There are some still fatuous enough to seek safety in a policy of scuttl and run. The directors of the New School in New York have supinely cov ered up part of the mural of one of the greatest of modern artists, the lat José Clemente Orozco, because it depicts Lenin and Stalin. But in San Fran cisco the fight blazes higher to save Anton Refregier's mural in the Rinco Annex Post Office which a bill introduced in Congress would destro Students at Los Angeles State College have rallied in defense of Thoma McGrath, poet and teacher, fired because he refused to cooperate with th Un-American Activities Committee. And in New York protests have wo the release on bail of the courageous editor of the *National Guardia* Cedric Belfrage, arrested for deportation.

The Einstein statement and the rising resistance to the McCarthyi terror moved even the President to condemn book burning and thoug control in his speech at Dartmouth, though he subsequently backtracke Nevertheless, the widespread positive response to Eisenhower's original stat ment points up the growing demand in the country for an end to a thought-control prosecutions and witch-hunts.

From such beginnings let us press forward to the turning of the tid To resist everywhere, to unite everywhere, to act in the great America tradition to save what was won in 1776 and all the years since—this is th highest patriotism and most enlightened self-interest today.

Which Way for Negro Music?

By MEL WILLIAMSON

In our February issue we published an article by Abner Berry, "The Future of Negro Music," which sought "to evaluate critically Negro music" and urged the development of "the struggle against jimcrow in music in a new way." We are happy to present a further discussion of this question by Mel Williamson, national administrative secretary of the Labor Youth League. The editors would welcome additional discussion in articles or letters.

THE article by Abner Berry represents a real beginning for deeper thought and discussion by all progressives on this phase of Negro culture. Much of the discussion and writing on this question has lacked the necessary appreciation of a central fact of today: that the fevered drive for war by aggressive American imperialism is leaving no sphere of life untouched. Unfortunately most of the reaction to Abner Berry's article that I have heard (and working in the youth movement I've encountered some violent reactions) isolates Negro music from this fact. At some point the question has to be posed: what effect is the severe national oppression of the Negro people by an imperialism bent on world domination having upon Negro music? I believe that Abner Berry began to answer this question. I don't think he went far enough and, as a result, left some wrong impressions.

Berry is correct in stating that historically the music of the Negro people played a mighty role in the struggle for freedom. It was at once a source of comfort and pride, inspired by and accompanying untold feats of heroism by Negro men and women. However, I think that Berry is wrong in simply posing the question: where is the music to accompany and inspire the upsurge of the Negro people today? The struggle against slavery created a revolutionary mood among the Negro masses. The unity of the Negro people themselves, fighting together with democratic white forces during that period, has yet to be equaled in our history. This mood and unity were reflected in and further inspired by much of the music and literature of the Negro people. While there is militant ferment and struggle among the Negro people today, it is wrong to compare it with those years. To ask the

popular Negro musician, "Why aren't you writing a militant music instead of this be-bop," misses the point.

In the first place bop is not the dominant form of music of the Negro masses. In discussing cultural developments among the Negro people too often the error is made of ignoring completely the most decisive area of the Negro liberation struggle, the South. Far too little is known about this area and its culture. What is happening in this discussion is that the musical trends of Harlem or South Side Chicago loom as all-important in our minds. Certainly they are important and deserve analysis on their own, but it would be presumptuous and a chauvinist mistake to imply that these new trends are the extent and limit of Negro music. Does not the fact of an oppressed Negro nation in the South generate certain cultural developments peculiar to its own situation?

On a recent trip into the South certain things stood out for me without any deep probing, One has to hunt for a be-bop record on the juke boxes of the Negro communities of the South. Bop does not have any great number of followers on the campuses of Miles College in Birmingham, Atlanta University in Georgia and other similar areas of Negro youth. The sounds of Parker and Gillespie are alien to the ears of the workers of North Carolina or the fieldhands of Mississippi. In the main two types of music are listened to in the South. First, the jazz and blues of Billie Holliday, Dinah Washington, Duke Ellington, Louis Jordan, and others, and second, the music based on religious themes by a whole number of small, unknown groups.

The latter, continuing the deepest traditions of Negro music, has perhaps the widest influence. It is in this field that one finds the greatest amount of creativity and improvisation. One of the most popular forms of cultural activity are "battles of song" or "songfests" where vocal trios and quartets compete in singing songs of a better day and a new life, based on Biblical symbols and characters. These forms are present in some of the churches of the northern centers of Negro concentration but by no means enjoy the same mass following. It is this music that, in my opinion, is going to form the basis for the creation of a militant cultural weapon in the Negro people's struggle for freedom. The decisive battles for Negro liberation are going to take place in the fields and factories of Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi. The answer as to who will write a music for these struggles will not come from attempting to blast a Dizzy Gillespie out of the inner circles of be-bop.

IT IS an historic fact that the music of the oppressed Negro people has exerted the greatest influence on American musical development. At the same time American imperialism which seeks to destroy and degrade the national cultures of all peoples has always sought to subvert and distort Negro music, robbing it of much

of its content. What stands out is the degree to which the Negro masses still look to the positive music created by them, with its religious themes, as a source of pride, expressing their belief in a new day coming. And this has its strong reflections in centers like Harlem. (It is no accident that a New York disc jockey had to apologize on his program for the playing of a jazz melody on "Swing Low Sweet Chariot.") The problem of taking these basic forms a step further in the direction of a militant cultural arm in the Negro people's struggle is a question of national consciousness. If it is seen in this light, I don't believe that one can say, as Berry does, that there is a big gap between the upsurge of the Negro people and Negro music.

Negro musicians, including the bop artists, do have a responsibility that they must meet. However, any implication that the onus for the situation should be placed on them fails to consider the special plight of Negro musicians. No one can deny that Theolonius Monk, Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie are gifted technicians. To dissuade them and other Negro artists from regarding their talent as both a source of livelihood and a means of serving their people, the United States government has presented the lesson of Paul Robeson, who is barred from every concert hall in the land.

Or if this lesson is not enough, Negro artists are offered the opposite example of a Josh White making public confessions that his cultural efforts are now totally devoid of militancy and struggle. They are told that their "place" is playing jazz and creating jazz legends. Even here the walls of jimcrow are firm, despite some cracks. The most popular bop artists barely make a living from their work. The struggle for a job is a number one problem. It is here that white cultural forces, in particular, must begin to see their role in a new way, as Abner Berry indicates. In a way that avoids the type of thinking that implies that jazz and now be-bop is Negro music and therefore the Negro musician's "place."

I agree with Berry when he states that "the Negro people cannot be served by a music which strains for formlessness, is based on improvisations arrived at subjectively and spontaneously." If this is the essence of bop, then how can progressives, especially those whose outlook is that of socialist realism, not take a critical view of it? Such an approach, however, views these musicians apart from the effect of imperialist ideology, when, in fact, bop and its manifestations are a reflection of this ideology. On the other hand, those who refuse to take any critical approach to the "new music" are undoubtedly swayed by the mass following bop has among Negro youth in the big northern urban centers. But since when does the existence of a mass following for a particular trend substitute for a serious analysis of that trend—its weaknesses as well as its positive aspects?

At the same time, there are those who insist that bop is an area of thorough musical corruption and that the musicians are all dope addicts interested only in weird sounds. This too is wrong and perpetuates a white chauvinist view of the Negro community. Many of the artists do consider themselves serious musicians and they try to play a music not beyond the reach of their audiences. It is interesting to note that with the innovation of bop, a new dance was born, also called "the be-bop."

A POINT of confusion that Abner Berry omits from his article is whether there can be a music for pleasure, for dancing. There can be, of course, as evidenced in the musical forms of people all over the world. But this does not mean that such music can be stripped of all content. The danger here is the imbedded bourgeois philosophy that music, and all culture, is and ought to be separate from politics and the struggles of the people, that the artist should create only for "pleasure." The net result of this philosophy is that the bourgeoisie has the pleasure of profiting from the numbing effect of such creations upon the artist. In my opinion, it is precisely this reactionary trap that many of the bop artists and their music have entered, with their emphasis on sound for the sake of sound.

There are, however, bop artists striving to retain and develop further the basic jazz idioms and rhythmic patterns that have so influenced American music. This is indicated in the emergence of an attempt to overcome the running antagonism between the traditional jazz and bop men, as witness the new recording "Hot vs. Cool," with Dizzy Gillespie, Buddy DeFranco, Jimmy McPartland, and Edmond Hall, the last two being New Orleans stylists.

The criticism made here of bop does carry with it the danger of sectarianism unless it is tempered with an approach to practical mass struggle and that which is decisive at a given moment. The general cultural level of the entire country should be taken into consideration. Those who would parade the streets of Harlem in an anti-bop campaign would bring clarity to no one, including themselves. The more vociferous critics of bop and bop artists would do well, too, to review their attitude toward formalism and empty content in literature, painting, and music generally. Unfortunately there are some whose struggle for a people's art begins and ends with a tirade against bop. It is not so much that the youth of Harlem, through bop, have become proponents of imperialist ideology. The decisive thing is that there are stirrings in Harlem that indicate a readiness to wage united struggle for full democracy.

There is need for much more understanding as to what constitutes Negro culture. Negro music, as it begins to consciously fight against jim-crow, will take on a variety of forms. The main area of Negro op-

pression, the South, will be the main force in determining the content of this music, as it always has been. This force will have its reflections in the North, and not the other way around. At the same time Harlem and Chicago's South Side will also exert influence on the course of Negro music even though it will not be the dominant one. It should likewise be said that Harlem itself, where bop was born, is a community like no other in America. Much of the music and culture in Harlem is often the result of an intermingling of a variety of cultural backgrounds, Negro, West Indian and Puerto Rican. These last two groups are themselves tremendous forces in Harlem, a fact we sometimes gloss over.

The path toward a militant people's culture is not an easy one. We are faced with a maniacal ruling class that intends to volunteer no concession to the people's aspirations for a world of peace and abundance. The onslaught on all culture by this ruling class must be seen for what it is. In the face of such an assault the struggle of the working class to retain and develop its cultural heritage will be even more difficult if advanced and progressive cultural workers vacillate in giving leadership to this struggle. No progressive American artist, writer, or musician can fail to see his or her responsibility in the central task of the unity of the masses to defeat the warmakers. With this unity in struggle the rich cultural tradition of America will emerge anew. American music, Negro music, with the liberating force and leadership of the working class, will flower brightly, inspiring the people to a new life of freedom and peace.

books in review

'Cold War' Philosopher

THE WORLD AND THE WEST, by Arnold J. Toynbee, *Oxford University Press*. $2.00.

PROFESSOR Toynbee, author of numerous articles and books on political and historical subjects, including the 10-volume *A Study of History,* is widely reputed in the capitalist world to be "one of the greatest living historians," indeed, a "philosopher of history." He calls this 99-page collection of radio talks which he gave in 1952 over the British Broadcasting Company network a "short and simple presentation" of "a subject which is dealt with on a . . . much larger scale in the forthcoming Volume VIII" of his *Study*. It follows, therefore, that the contents of this work are no hasty improvisation of yesterday's experience to illumine today's news. They form an essential part of Toynbee's world outlook, and reflect his method and approach to history.

The world-view set forth by Toynbee in these radio lectures is that for four and one-half centuries "the West" has been the aggressor against "the World," but that now the shoe is on the other foot, and "the World" is aggressor against "the West." Of the four "encounters" between "Western civilization" and "contemporary non-Western societies" which Toynbee selects for examination—"encounters" with "Russia's," Islam's, India's and the Far East's societies—first place is assigned to the "Russo-Western conflict." Toynbee writes:

> "In the encounter between Russia and the West the spiritual initiative, though not the technological lead, has now passed, at any rate for the moment, from the Western to the Russian side. We Westerners cannot afford to resign ourselves to this . . . the present encounter between the world and the West is now moving off the technological plane on to the spiritual plane."

Toynbee sees "Russia" offering the "new and potent combination of a Western technology with a Western religious heresy" (Communism) to the other peoples of the world as "a rival way of life to ours." How to defeat this "Russian" threat—this is the problem. It is the problem of how to prevent India and the Middle East and the Far East from casting their vote for "Russia" in the competition between "Russia" and "the West."

So, reaching back into the vastness of his erudition, the learned Professor draws forth the experience

of Greece and Rome, and comes to the conclusion that the Graeco-Roman civilization fell to the barbarians because "these earlier conquerors of the world, like us their present Western counterparts, had long ago discarded their ancestral religion." According to Toynbee, "after the Greeks and Romans had conquered the world by force of arms, the world took its conquerors captive by converting them to new religions which addressed their message to all human souls without discriminating between rulers and subjects or between Greeks, Orientals, and Barbarians." Such is the fate that may await "the West," Toynbee warns, leaving the "solution" to be inferred by the reader. But clearly, the inference which is almost obligatory is that "the West" must not succumb to such "new religions" preaching equality of peoples and the brotherhood of man, promising a classless society free of discrimination between "rulers and subjects."

This short glance at Professor Toynbee's major ideas will suggest the difficulties which confront a reviewer of this work. There is hardly an idea which does not pose a challenge. And only a specialist in history can deal with the vast number of statements which Toynbee, skipping about from continent to continent, from "civilization" to "civilization," blandly asserts as fact and arranges within a "system."

But it requires no specialized historical knowledge to detect the Professor's studied avoidance of class concepts. Even the lay reader, with only a casual acquaintance with the history of Europe, knows that "Russia" cannot be placed in a non-European, "non-Western" category. And in the Professor's addiction to the use of "Russia," when he is quite obviously speaking of the Soviet Union, is the plain evidence that his "classless" interpretations stem not from ignorance, but from design. Here, in this single slip-of-the-pen is the indictment of his pretensions to objectivity and scientific method.

The fact is that there is nothing of science in the Toynbee method. What he laboriously postulates as a "law" of social development turns out on examination to be the most superficial of observations: when peoples meet they exchange cultures. With all his tedious, roundabout talk of the glories of "the West," the "Western way of life," and "Westernizing ways," this highly touted pedant is merely trying to establish an up-to-date apology for the system of capitalist exploitation and imperialist conquest. His central theme, that "the West" is now the target of aggression by "the World," is merely another way of saying that capitalism is fighting for its life.

But Toynbee here falsifies history. For anyone can see who looks at what is happening in Korea, Malaya, Indo-China, Africa, and numerous other countries that it is not "the World" which is the aggressor against "the West," but the other way around. The fact is that the shoe is still on the same foot: imperialism

is everywhere attacking the peoples and not on the "spiritual plane" either. Nor can we believe that Professor Toynbee, with all his obscurantist thinking, has deluded himself into the belief that napalm, atomic bombs and shells, dive bombers and germ weapons are on a "spiritual plane."

There is about this little work, however, a certain timeliness which further belies the objectivity of this poseur. Toynbee delivered his radio talks at a moment when the world peace movement had made the people's demand for peaceful co-existence a popular slogan in every country. The Professor spoke at the moment when the ideas of Lenin and Stalin, that differences in social systems between countries are not decisive obstacles to peaceful co-existence and co-operation, were obtaining ever greater currency and authority.

It was precisely at this time that Professor Toynbee delivered his lectures, which assert the inevitability of conflict between "the West" and "Russia," and which, moreover, specifically single out the "spiritual plane" as the coming main arena of conflict. Could the unhappy conjuncture of these two circumstances have been purely fortuitous? Or may not the Toynbee strictures have been conceived and delivered as an ideological weapon in the "cold war?" In these days when so little, if anything, is the result of pure unadulterated coincidence, it seems that the latter assumption is the more likely. On

examination, this "philosopher of history" turns out to be a cheap "cold war" propagandist, adding his mite of falsehood to the Big Lie.

JOHN PITTMAN

Jumbled Jest

YOU SHALL KNOW THEM, by Vercors. *Little, Brown & Co.* $3.50.

IT IS HARD to believe that this novel was written by an author who has been known until now for his fine novels and stories of the French Resistance. In those works, Vercors explored the subject of man's behavior in situations of intense struggle and crisis, involving profound aspects of the individual's relation to his fellowmen. In *You Shall Know Them,* the author considers another problem: what *is* man? While this sounds grander and more profound than his previous themes—like an inclusion and enlargement of them all—it yields far less. The question, as Vercors poses it, is one for anthropology and was very nearly summed up once in the title of a facetious book by Will Cuppy, *How To Tell Your Friends From the Apes.*

However, the anthropologists of *You Shall Know Them* can't define man either. No one can. And that is the point, the great jest, the heart of the "satirical treatment" mentioned on the jacket: man does not know *what* he is! Everybody disputes and speculates endlessly during the course of a murder trial brought on by the killing of a baby "tropi,"

member of a newly discovered group of creatures that may be apes and may be human. Finally the question is turned over to a committee of the "Royal College of Moral and Spiritual Sciences" (British) which works out a definition that can be submitted to the United Nations. Man, says the Committee, is distinguished from Beast by "his spirit of religion;" the most important sign of such a spirit is "faith in God" and, after that, "science, art, the various religious creeds and philosophies, and ritual cannibalism."

It can at least be said for the author that his definition is no more unscientific than the anthropology and philosophy he has drawn upon to fashion it. Besides mysticism and confusion there is a dash of racism, including a reflection about Negroes, on the part of the heroine, that is too abominable to repeat.

Near the very end of the book, the *"Welsh Worker"* is allowed to state that Marx and Engels defined man in terms of the transformations he has imposed upon society and that the Committee's definition contains dangerous errors. The hero "chuckles" at that: just another of those disagreements that the Committee is getting from all sides—and a good thing too, since the more disagreement the more "ultimate" the truth involved. And if there were agreement, there would be no satire, no gigantic joke on man. A serious intrusion of science would sour the jest.

Along with the content, the quality of Vercors' writing has su fered. Trite characterizations, a c courtship, melodrama, and hea ironies combine to hold the book the level of a skillful detective nov It is a Book-of-the-Month Cl selection.

BARBARA GILES