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SOVIET CULTURE TODAY

JOSEPH CLARK

In the Arena

SAMUEL SILLEN

How Realistic Are Italian Films?

ARMANDO BORRELLI

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Our Time

By SAMUEL SILLEN

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IN A speech at Vassar College some months ago, the well-known commentator Elmer Davis said of the Congressional investigating committees: "They are after people who think, and whose thinking does not always agree with theirs, if what they do can be called thinking." The roll-call of people under fire for the crime of thinking continues to lengthen. Last month's list included the following educators, among others:

Dr. Alex B. Novikoff, biochemist, noted for his research in cancer, dismissed from the University of Vermont because he defended his right to think before the Jenner Committee. The scientist was fired despite a five to one vote for his retention by a faculty-trustee committee, and despite an appeal by nineteen Burlington clergymen.

Dr. Barrows Dunham, head of the Philosophy Department at Temple University, dismissed because he defied the Velde Un-American Committee. Dr. Dunham, author of *Man Against Myth* and *Giant in Chains*, overstepped his bounds as a philosopher by indulging in independent thought. "No man," as he said, "was ever dismissed for reason that did him greater honor."

Dr. Joseph Wortis, psychiatrist, who for twenty years served at New York's Bellevue Hospital, was hauled before the Jenner Committee. His crime: a book entitled *Soviet Psychiatry*. Not even of academic interest to the investigators was the fact that this book had been praised enthusiastically for its scholarly contributions in the ultra-conservative *Journal* of the American Medical Association.

Dr. Corliss Lamont, author and lecturer at Columbia University, who also committed the indiscretion of writing a scholarly book in 1944 entitled *Peoples of the U.S.S.R.* The book's purpose was to help understanding and friendship between the American and Soviet peoples, but U.S. military intelligence saw fit for its own purposes to refer to the volume in a war-directed document on Soviet Siberia. Vigilant Joe McCarthy insisted on quizzing Dr. Lamont about his personal affairs, beliefs and writings. And now Dr. Lamont is threatened with a Senatorial contempt citation, which he plans to fight in the courts with a defense of the First Amendment.

These examples can of course be

readily multiplied. But what is specifically new, as we have been insisting in these pages, is not the inquisition, but the mounting resistance to it. The climate of public opinion is changing, especially since the end of the shooting in Korea. More and more people are speaking up against a witch-hunt which they see affecting not Communists alone but all Americans who treasure the most elementary democratic rights.

An important indication is the aroused stand of various student bodies, fed up with the thought-control system from which students in the first instance suffer. Opposition to McCarthyism was registered in August at the sixth annual National Student Congress, meeting at Ohio State University, with delegates from 300 colleges. Early in September the United States Assembly of Youth, convening at the University of Michigan with 300 young men and women participating, attacked the "deadly pressure toward thought-control and conformity." Both of these student gatherings achieved a significant breadth and unity. A similar stand against Congressional witch-hunting was taken at the September convention of Students for Democratic Action, meeting at the University of Pennsylvania. The ferment in these student organizations, which are by no means of the Left, is a strong indication that the present generation of college youth is not as "silent" as it has been made out to be.

And leading educators are speaking up too with ever more vigorous concern. Harold Taylor, president of Sarah Lawrence College, published a significant article on "Freedom for Teachers" in the October 3 *The Nation.* Disturbed by the government's restrictions on intellectual life, Mr. Taylor notes that the Congressional inquiries into beliefs cannot be explained away as merely the acts of a few irresponsible Representatives and Senators. "They are authoritarian acts," he writes, "carried out under the auspices of the United States government."

Mr. Taylor concludes:

> "There is a community responsibility. When the censors come, drive them away; when the dead weight of convention sits on new work and ideas, push it off; when good teachers, writers, and books are accused of causing harm, speak out for the freedom they need. In protecting and cherishing the arts, the artists, and the teachers, the citizen is protecting his country and the welfare of mankind."

It is unfortunate that Mr. Taylor regards "the legal and practical inhibitions placed on the activities of the Communist Party and its present members" as "a separate question." The fact is that it is under cover of "anti-Communist" laws like the New York Feinberg Act or the Smith and McCarran Acts that the enemies of intellectual freedom operate. The question cannot be so easily divided as Mr. Taylor believes. Bitter experience is demonstrating the truth that abandonment of the constitutional rights of Communists

can only lead to a fatal weakening of the rights of all Americans.

New Look Film

THE current film hit, *From Here to Eternity,* based on the novel by James Jones, suggests some of the new problems that Hollywood faces in putting over its basically reactionary message. The producers can no longer rely on glamor pure and simple in portraying U.S. Army life —in this case the pre-Pearl Harbor professional army stationed in Hawaii. The old-style romantic image with its transparent idiocies about the devil-may-care soldier will not do. Too many millions have experienced the real thing, whether directly or through the eyes of their sons and brothers.

Hence this picture makes concessions to aspects of reality, and by so doing wins a large measure of sympathy from its audience. Despite some of the customary patchwork, especially in the second half, the film is well made in several respects. The acting is certainly far above run of the mill; tensions are built up as we watch the brutal treatment of Private Prewitt and his buddy Maggio; hatred is generated for the careerist Captain Holmes who treats his wife as contemptibly as he handles the men in his command. Prewitt is not the stereotyped "misfit" or "crank" GI who "has it coming to him." The audience identifies itself with the victims of sadistic cruelty portrayed on the screen with effective camera-work.

But to what end does the film head with all its skillful concessions to verisimilitude? The producers and their acknowledged Pentagon consultants saw eye to eye on that, and the basic political intent becomes clear by the close of the picture. It is to reassure the people that whatever inequities may exist "here and there" in the Army are due to the perversities of individuals. Justice inevitably prevails, thanks to the alertness of the higher echelons.

For the top brass emerges as the savior in the film. The anger of the audience against the inhumanity it has witnessed is shunted to the Captain, who is busted out with a flourish of indignation by the generals. In the book, significantly, Captain Holmes is *promoted* by his superior officer; but in the Hollywood version it is the high command that nobly defends the men in the ranks and the interests of the audience. As in those slick stories of working-class life, where the worker winds up by thanking his lucky stars that he has a corporation executive to protect him against a straw-boss, we are here called upon to bless the imperialist military caste-system as the guarantee of benevolence. And may we not, then, also be thankful that for the first time in over half a century we have a general for a President?

The brutality depicted is not rooted in any real social relations. It is motivated only in terms of an individual Captain's careerism, which is stormily rejected by the generals

as alien to their system. The Army itself is completely self-encased. And the most sympathetic characters, like Prewitt and Sergeant Warden, are the staunchest advocates of the professional Army system, come hell or high water.

This is by no means Grade-B stuff, nor is it a conventional recruiting poster; but it would be naive and disarming, I believe, to see this picture as realism. It would also be schematic not to recognize the new maneuvers and appearances of reality that have been forced on Hollywood by the living experiences of the audience.

Some critics tend to the view that because films are addressed to mass audiences, the Hollywood producers are sooner or later compelled to give us realistic films. This persistent illusion was especially evident when Hollywood produced its cycle of "Negro-interest" films; the deception was effectively analyzed by V. J. Jerome in his booklet, *The Negro in Hollywood Films.* Other critics approach the screen as if nothing at all has changed. Such an approach does a disservice in two key respects: first, it fails to do justice to the pressures of the audience and the possibilities of wresting further concessions, a point which is of special importance in the struggle against McCarthyite and pro-war films; and secondly, this mechanical approach cuts the critic off from the masses of filmgoers who see with their own eyes that there is a New Look in a film like *From Here to Eternity.* Holl wood, owned and run by Big Bus ness, has of course not altered i central objectives of making profi and purveying the ideas of the ruli class. But it is forced to shift a turn tactically. Would it not fatal to intelligent criticism to lo sight of the strategy by falling f the maneuvers? And would it n be folly to shut one's eyes to t maneuvers and fail to appraise the candidly? Above all, I think, should combat a frivolous acce ance of Hollywood's pet claim th films are merely commercial ent tainment that cannot be estimat as progressive or reactionary for in the big struggles of our day.

Theatre Triumi

THERE is good reason to rejo over the great success sco by *The World of Sholom Aleiche* presented by Howard da Silva Arnold Perl at the Barbizon-Pl Theatre in New York. For this c matic production is not only an tistic triumph, but a highly n worthy victory over the offi blacklisters who are trying to sta out all truth and individuality our culture. A number of part pating artists have been fired fr Hollywood and banned on Broad and TV because they will not orders from McCarthy, Jenner Velde. It is a tribute to their su talent and initiative that they h won the enthusiasm of a wi varied audience, and even the p

dits of ordinarily hostile reviewers in the commercial press.

From the moment when Howard da Silva walks down the aisle, an itinerant book vender intimately commenting on the action to follow, we are treated to an enchanting evening of theatre lit up by lyricism, humor and compassion. For me the high point of the show was Arnold Perl's exciting and sensitive dramatization of Sholom Aleichem's *Gymnasium* (*The High School*), which points up the struggle of the Ghetto Jews against the educational quota system in tsarist Russia, and which inevitably suggests the fight against discrimination and segregation in this country today. In this play, edged with social protest and filled with unquenchable cultural aspiration, Morris Carnovsky again reveals himself as one of the truly great actors of the American stage, and there is another wonderful performance by Sarah Cunningham.

Less successful, I thought, was *Bontche Schweig,* based on the famous story by I. L. Peretz of the worker who submitted to oppression all his life and who on reaching heaven was rewarded for his meekness by being granted the choice of his fondest wish, whereupon he requested that every morning he be given a buttered roll. Though acted admirably, *Bontche Schweig* seems to me to lack that quality of indignation which lies beneath the surface of the Peretz story and conveys rather that pity-the-poor image of the downtrodden but unresisting and even unresenting worker which is the other dimension of the tale.

In the first play of the evening, *Tale of Chelm,* there is gaiety and folk imagination, and some delightful saucy acting by Will Lee, but here the fabulous "foolishness" of Chelm is played to the hilt while the profound social stirrings of the story, forcefully brought out in the Soviet film version, *Laughter Through Tears,* are missed. The film was based directly on Sholom Aleichem's rendition of this folk tale.

I came away from the whole evening grateful for its radiant beauty and wit and eloquence. Rich offerings of classic Yiddish literature had been memorably conveyed in English, heightened by the musical contribution of Serge Hovey and Robert DeCormier. Surely the audiences, deeply moved by all these riches, must ask themselves a question: "And is it of these great artists, the Da Silvas and Carnovskys, that we are to be robbed by McCarthy?" The success of the production is an earnest that people won't be so easily robbed. Indeed, people can be moved to fight for *their* right to see the artists *they* choose on Broadway and on the screen.

No, Thanks!

EQUALLY hopeful, in a negative sense, was the Broadway fate of Myron Fagan's McCarthyite play, *A Red Rainbow.* This junkpile was quickly shoved off the stage by the

virtually unanimous verdict of reviewers and audiences that it was abysmally tasteless, inept, scurrilous. The author is an associate of Gerald L. K. Smith, who previously published his anti-Semitic *Red Treason Over Hollywood.* The play, a diatribe against FDR and his fellow-Communists, asserts that Harry Hopkins "gave the atom-bomb to Russia."

A program note by the author claimed that this dismal drama was "written at the suggestion of high Washington officials in 1946." We can well believe it. This is just the style of drama that high Washington officials are writing with their trumped-up Smith Act and McCarran Act persecutions. It is the Mickey Spillane version of reality, all geared up to the clinch-line: "Kill! Kill! Kill!"

As Brooks Atkinson wrote in the New York *Times*: "To judge by his solemn program note, Mr. Fagan believes that he is helping to save America. This leaves me with an unworthy thought: Who is going to save America from Mr. Fagan?"

But the rout of this monstrosity, while chalking up a victory for sanity, should deceive nobody into thinking that "high Washington officials" and their flunkey playwrights will easily give up the ghost. Already a movement is under way, reflected in letters appearing in the press, to expose the reviewers of the New York *Daily News* and Hearst's *Journal-American,* let alone the *Times,* as secret fellow-travelers, or at least nincompoops who underest mate the "Communist Menace." Fo the McCarthys are not content wit sweeping intelligent authors off th boards; they want to fill the vacuu with Myron Fagan. That's the log of the cultural spoils system.

Friedrich Wo

THE news of Friedrich Wol death in Berlin last month the age of 65 saddened anti-fascis everywhere. This masterful pla wright, who once proudly call himself "Public Enemy No. 1 of t Nazi theatre," will above all be r membered for trenchant dramas li *Professor Mamlock* which help shock the world into action agai Hitlerism. But it is not only as playwright that we honor him. the great struggles of our time peace and freedom Wolf who heartedly devoted his brilliant t ents as Communist leader, novel surgeon, screenwriter, and, more cently, diplomat.

I last saw Friedrich Wolf th years ago in the handsome emba of the German Democratic Rep lic in Warsaw. This slender, you ful-looking man with the gay e and the ready quip talked about swift forward movement of hist that had swept away the fasc thousand-year Reich. Now he an Ambassador of the country fr which he had only yesterday b exiled. In the dark years some G man writers had succumbed to pe mism and panic, even to suic Wolf had never lost his belief

the strength of the working people and the certainty of their emancipation. And what more dramatic proof could one seek than in this embassy lined with the books and paintings and music albums that Hitler had banned for all time?

Wolf's achievement as an artist was based on his identification with the masses. Son of a Jewish merchant, he was an Army medical officer during World War I. He opposed continuation of the war in its later stages and was interned for "insanity." Upon his release he led a soldiers' revolt in Dresden. During the revolutionary upsurge that followed the war he was again arrested, this time for protesting the murder of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. The workers stormed the jail and rescued him.

For a time Friedrich Wolf, like Chekhov, combined playwriting with medical practice among the peasants and weavers. He joined the German Communist Party in 1928. In those pre-Hitler days he won wide recognition as a social dramatist.

Many of us vividly recall the exiled Friedrich Wolf's visit to New York in 1935, when he brought fraternal greetings from the German anti-fascist writers to the first American Writers' Congress. He concluded his impassioned speech by promising that when a new, free Germany would displace barbarism, "the time for which we are working—we shall invite you to *our* German Writers' Congress." The tragedy today is that artists like Paul Robeson and Howard Fast cannot accept the invitation to visit the free writers of the German Democratic Republic because it is the Americans who are in effect house-prisoners of their government.

When Wolf was here, his *Sailors of Cattaro* was being produced by the Theatre Union at the old Civic Repertory Theatre. Wolf was invited, he reminded me, by Columbia University to lecture on the theatre and cinema of the Soviet Union in those good old days when hospitality to anti-fascists was not considered un-American. *Sailors of Cattaro,* dealing with the 1918 revolt of the Austrian sailors under the Communist banner, was acclaimed here. Brooks Atkinson considered it "a serious and engrossing piece of work, written out of keen respect for social justice and the valor of human nature." Joseph Wood Krutch wrote: "If our friends of the Theatre Union are right, if the drama of the future is the drama of social protest, then may all the protesters write with the persuasive force of Herr Wolf."

Similarly persuasive was Wolf's next play, *Floridsdorf,* based on the heroic armed struggle of the Vienna workers in February, 1934. Most successful, however, was *Professor Mamlock,* which the Federal Theatre played in 1937. It presented an unforgettable image of a Jewish doctor, head surgeon of a famous clinic, persecuted by the Nazis. Many Americans have also seen the magnificent motion picture version of the play. This was produced in the Soviet Union, where Friedrich Wolf

found a friendly refuge after his release in 1940 from the French prison camp at Le Vernet.

Following his return to Germany at the end of World War II, Wolf entered another productive period of his writing career. He wrote the filmscript for *Council of the Gods,* a picture which has won many prizes in Europe. Wolf showed me stills from the picture, an indictment of the machinations of U.S. imperialism to revive the Nazi generals and bankers in Germany. The fight against fascism, as he so well knew, was not over for him. And one of his main concerns was that American writers, whose work he followed closely, should awake, in time, to the peril of fascism that faced them. The worthiest tribute we can pay him is to study the lessons of anti-fascist struggle in his courageous life and powerful art.

Export and Import

HERE are two headlines from the New York *Times* of last month:

"SKILLED EXPORTING OF U.S. IDEAS URGED"—September 29.

"U.S. CULTURAL BARS FOUND TO BE ON RISE"—September 17.

Let us take a peek behind the headlines. The first was over a story reporting a talk by Arthur Hays Sulzberger, president and publisher of the *Times,* before the Economic Club of Detroit. Mr. Sulzberger, harping on a familiar string, explained that "Where we have failed" is in not communicating ideas "along with our dollars and our armament." Solution: export.

But the headline two weeks earlier was over a story that indicated somewhat more soberly, that the real crisis lies in the import business. The story, by the *Times'* education editor, Benjamin Fine, reported the Minneapolis conference of the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO —surely not a "Communist-dominated" organization. At this conference the increasing trend toward "isolationism in science" was scored. And note was taken of the intellectual barriers that have been erected in this country.

A group of educators reported on a study they had made of American bibliographies in science. These bibliographies, reflecting an ignorance of foreign literature, tend to mention only domestic research reports. The educators declared: "We, as scientists, recognize the need for facilitation of freedom of goods and services in the development of resources in the interest of world tranquillity. We feel that the example of the United States Government has not been, and is not now, encouraging in this respect."

It seems that Mr. Sulzberger and the Eisenhower administration are only interested in the export side of the business, whether it's ideas or materials. Or, in the lingo of the trade, dumping. The trouble is that what we are dealing with abroad are people, not receptacles. Perhaps the time has come, as the scientists suggested at Minneapolis, to look at the

other fellow's goods. He might, conceivably, have an idea or two that we could use.

The fact is that we can't even send ideas out of this country without an export license signed by Joe McCarthy, as the experience with the overseas Information Libraries revealed. At the Minneapolis conference a Japanese professor at the International Christian University, Tokyo, illustrated America's "cultural isolationism" by pointing out that it took two years to get clearance to translate several American books on education into Japanese. The Japanese professor complains unjustly. He should be told that the two years testify to the patient and scholarly scrupulousness with which our FBI probes the minds of authors for export. Is it not our holy mission to save the world for democracy?

Anderson's High Moment

IN THE recently published *Letters of Sherwood Anderson,* edited by Howard Mumford Jones (Little, Brown, $6), there are some pertinent references to an earlier chapter in the history of the American peace movement. Anderson, who had for years held himself aloof from politics, joined a number of American workers and intellectuals in attending the World Congress Against War held in Amsterdam during the summer of 1932. A stirring call to this historic Congress was sent to all countries by Romain Rolland and Henri Barbusse.

As one reads the letters from 1930 on, one sees how deeply shaken Anderson was by the depression. "An artist," he wrote, "cannot help being affected by the mood of his time." He came to feel that the writers were missing "the biggest thing in America," the life of the working class, and he decided that the oft-told tale of middle-class love was no longer his story. Noting that the big commercial magazines were glossy brothels, he commented that "It is perhaps only when we try to bend the arts to serve our damn middle-class purposes that we become unclean."

We find him writing to Clarence Darrow in 1930, urging the lawyer to join him in aiding the striking millworkers down in Danville, Virginia, where Anderson was nearly slugged by scabs. In 1931 he writes Theodore Dreiser, supporting him in his fight against the frame-up "criminal syndicalism" indictment in Kentucky following Dreiser's investigation of working conditions in the Harlan County coal fields. "My central interest in coming to New York," wrote Anderson, "was not Communism, but the right of yourself and your associates to speak, and for the Communists to be heard too." And on August 10, 1932, a couple of weeks before the Amsterdam Congress, Anderson came to Washington with a group of writers to protest the shooting down of the Bonus Army by MacArthur and his troops.

With this background Anderson came to the world gathering against war and fascism, which he reported

enthusiastically to his friend Ferdinand Schevill, Professor of History at the University of Chicago. Anderson noted that the capitalist governments were dead set against the Congress, and that Maxim Gorky, who had come from the Soviet Union, was stopped at Berlin and not let in. But the Congress was a "gorgeous" success, with around thirty nations represented, including hundreds of labor leaders. "Of course," wrote Anderson in words that strike a familiar chord, "it was a shame that the capitalistic press all over the world remained absolutely silent about the meeting, but that was to be expected."

Anderson returned from Europe with a fellow-delegate, the late Joseph Brodsky, the New York labor lawyer who represented the International Workers Order at the Congress. Their boat was held up by a storm at sea. In a message sent to the American Committee for the World Congress Against War, Sherwood Anderson wrote that the Congress "struck me, as a delegate and observer, as being perhaps the first peace conference ever held that got down to essentials. There were no silk-hatted statesmen staying in expensive hotels, long tables with solemn-looking, frock-coated men having their pictures taken for the newspapers and saying big words and making promises they themselves knew they couldn't fulfill." And he went on to say:

"It is, as we all know, the workers and the sons of workers who kill and get killed in the time of war. Generals very seldom get killed, and congressmen never. Businessmen do not get killed. They are much more likely to get rich in a time of war.

"I remember how, before the World War, I was always reading articles telling me that now, because of the cost of modern war, war could not be carried on by any modern state for more than a few months. There would not be money enough. It was impossible.

"And then the great call came, and millions of workmen were killed, killed for no economic or social gain to the world—a few new rich men, that was all. And after ten years the American workmen veterans of this war—over whom there had been so much sentimental weeping, putting of wreaths on graves of unknown soldiers, etc.—these same men were whipped out of Washington like driven sheep."

At Amsterdam, Anderson, who had once scorned the workers, regarding the artist as their superiors, found that the speeches that really amounted to much came from a sailor in the Italian Navy, a round-shouldered French peasant, an American Negro ex-soldier, a German workman—"these standing up before thousands of their fellow workers and soldiers and saying simple, strong words saying them to one another, beginning to know one another," and at last beginning to overcome "the eternal conspiracy always to separate, to prevent the growth of understanding among the workers, to build up not only national, but sectional hatreds."

Anderson had his share of confusion and vacillation; he was to have some backsliding later on; but the experience abroad brought a high moment of insight into the lives and problems of his own people.

How Realistic Are ITALIAN FILMS?

By ARMANDO BORRELLI

A number of post-war Italian films have won wide acclaim in our country for their artistry, their searching treatment of aspects of Italian reality, and their generally progressive trend. These qualities have been all the more appreciated because they contrast so sharply with the standard Hollywood product. In Italy, however, the most responsible film workers and critics, in a self-critical spirit, are seeking even higher levels of achievement.

We believe that the following article, which attempts to point the way for the Italian film, presents ideas that help illuminate cultural problems in our own country. The article appeared in Rinascita, *the distinguished Marxist political-cultural monthly edited by Palmiro Togliatti.*

I DO not know who applied the word "neo-realism" to our first Italian postwar films. But I do know that this term caught on immediately; and it is still the expression generally used to describe the complex and important development of the postwar Italian cinema. This is not merely a question of labels or semantics. Attempting to get at the heart of the matter, in this article I shall attempt an overall appraisal of our best films and see to what extent we may speak of realism.

To what extent does our Italian cinema express reality in a purely external way or in a fundamental way, by revealing its basic interconnections? Here a quotation from the Hungarian critic George Lukacs is in order. In his *Essays on Realism,* Lukacs writes:

"Realism means recognition of the fact that artistic creation is not based on some abstract average, as naturalism believes, or on an individual principle which solves itself and disappears in the void —a vehement expression of that which is unique and occurs but once. The essence and basic criterion of the literary concept of realism is *the type*—or that specific synthesis which, both in the matter of characters and situations, organically fuses the general and the individual. The type becomes type not because of its 'averageness,' nor solely because of its individual character, however deepened that may be; it becomes the type because in it join and merge all the decisive moments—the humanly and socially essential moments—of a historic period. It presents moments at their peak point of development, in the full realization of their immanent possibilities, in an extreme portrayal of extremes, crystallizing either the high points or outermost limits of the total man and the total period."

I have quoted this lengthy passage in full because it clarifies the way in which realism, in its portrayal and mirroring of life, does not stop at external, individual or so-called "average" aspects, but delves into the basic interconnections of life and reality. In other words, it seeks out the *why* as well as the *how* of events. Hence realistic works of art strive for the type—that is, the most representative person or situation—with the greatest possible number of representative elements of reality. True realism represents the complete man, complete reality, and is never limited to a few contingent or accidental aspects of reality. Characters in realistic works never seem "real" in the existentialist sense of the term, because they are always different from any one individual who really exists, just because of their greater representativeness and completeness; they convey the elements of a whole group, of a whole class.

Thus realism depicts what is *characteristic in reality.*

In naturalism, on the other hand, we find "average" characters and situations which almost always manage to represent only themselves. These characters would like to be the most typical representatives of a specific reality and yet often turn out to be unique, exceptional, unrepresentative, untypical. The same is true of situations, which also turn out to be exceptional, accidental, contingent, nonessential. This occurs because the artist stops at the external aspects of life, its documentary aspects. He is unwilling or unable to analyze the dialectical processes of reality, to probe the deepest motives which social and human connections reveal; hence he limits himself to the surface phenomena of daily life. Realism succeeds in being universal; naturalism is merely contingent and intensive. At best it can be "average," that is, portray characters and situations that are somewhat familiar at a specific moment.

Moreover, realism reveals the movement of reality, precisely because it grasps the situations and connections which impel reality forward. In other words, it grasps the motive forces of reality, and that is why it succeeds also in expressing the meaning of that movement, independently of the artist's ideological views. In naturalism reality is static; movement is purely illusory or at least not effectively portrayed. It is a mistake to think that realism must represent reality in a so-called objective manner, without expressing reality in motion, because such a representation would be falsely objective. It would not reveal the basic aspect of human and social reality: its movement, the inner dialectics of the old and the new.

DISCUSSING our postwar Italian cinema, Giuseppe De Santis pointed out in *Filmcritica* (No. 4) "Beyond any purely esthetic considerations, the concrete significance of that development was that the movie camera sought to register the sh

in motive forces in Italian life: this was a shift from the unilateral view of the bourgeois world to a concentration on another, vaster world—the world of the insulted and injured."

This is therefore the question we must ask ourselves: has the postwar Italian cinema, in its best productions, really succeeded in expressing —in a complete, typical, and *realistic* manner—the world of the insulted and injured? Has it succeeded in making clear the nature of the shift in motive forces in Italian life? Has it really succeeded in characterizing these forces as motive forces? Generalizing, therefore, we must ask ourselves if our cinema has succeeded in completely portraying Italian postwar life. To what extent is it a *realist* cinema; to what extent merely a *naturalist* cinema?

These, in short, are the general questions we must answer. Here let me quote from an article by Pio Baldelli, which appeared in the magazine *Lo Spettatore Italiano* (No. 7, 1952). Baldelli writes:

"Only in a few instances did our film production in the first postwar period delve powerfully—that is, with creative imagination—into reality. For the most part it remained sketchy and shadowy, preferring descriptive naturalism and entertainment: too many films were like scattered, partly withered leaves." Further on, he asserts: "In general our works have shown and continue to show obvious shortcomings in confronting reality and truth; they lack that highest degree of discipline which is demanded of the creative imagination. We are still in the first stages: but it would be a most serious error to desert the road of reality. . . ."

This quotation summarizes in general what I shall attempt to document in particular below. But before entering into a detailed analysis, I should like to stress the fundamental shortcoming of our realist films with regard to Italian reality. These films express, and often quite effectively, the negative aspects of Italian reality. They show misery, poverty, human loneliness in the face of a hostile, badly organized world; they also show though only in the background, traditional ills of Italian society. But they do not show the positive aspects—which are not based, as some would like to think, on the achievements of the regime, but on the struggle waged by social groups and classes for a better life. I feel, therefore, that the reality expressed in our cinema is a truncated reality. We do not see the new being born from the old or the old which is dying away.

There is a great passion for denunciation, a profound desire to attack, to engage in polemics. Nor is this expressed in a mediocre way. It is not stultified by formalism. It represents a sincere outpouring of emotions which have long stuck in our throat, without any waste of time on formalist affectations. These qualities have been expressed most effectively, most movingly, and in a

fundamental way. Yet the question persists: is that the only Italian reality? Or is there not an ideological weakness in our artists which prevents them from seeing the other aspect of reality and sensing its possibilities of development? May we not say that the ideological convictions of the individual artists have been a hindrance, not a help?

Of course, there are exceptions: the great artists, in portraying reality, are able to rise above their own personal opinions. But on the whole our cinema does not capture the inner dialectic; it does not express the movement of postwar Italian reality. One of the exceptions in this overall pattern of inadequacy is the film *The Earth Trembles* (*La Terra Trema*). Here, although the positive aspect I have been discussing is not portrayed, the main character becomes progressively aware of the real situation and realizes that individual struggle will not improve his own lot. There is need for collective struggle, for unity.

But even in our best films we find denunciations and problems, and then comes the solution, which is almost always an incongruous, ephemeral, mistaken solution with regard to the very way in which the problem has been posed. See, for example *In the Name of the Law* (*In Nome della Legge*), *Road to Hope* (*Il Cammino della Speranza*), *Miracle in Milan,* etc. Or else the solution is one of bitter, heart-breaking disillusionment, which flows from the way the problem has been posed—as in *Umberto D,* and *Bicycle Thief.* Never, or almost never, are we shown the real road to be taken—arising from reality itself—in order to overcome the difficult situations depicted in these films. So in general we find either bitterness, escape, or a temporary and partial solution, in sharp contrast to the indictment that was meant to be conveyed.

ONE may claim—and to a great extent it is true—that the relation of political forces did not permit us to make films which would have portrayed the positive aspect in the sense used above. The censors, we are told, would have banned any film which attempted to show, for example, the peasants' occupation of the land or a workers' strike victory. That is true. But remember that it is true above all in the last few years, whereas in the preceding years there were greater possibilities for following the road indicated in the film *The Earth Trembles.*

Thus the best postwar Italian films have portrayed above all the negative aspects of Italian life. They have been prompted by moral as well as esthetic motives and have tended to denounce our social evils in an effort to get rid of them. They are examples of partial realism—or at least attempts at it. But in this respect too, has our cinema always succeeded in being realist, even in this limited sense? Or has it not had a fondness for the particular, the special—in short, the accidental?

The high point of realism reached

by our postwar cinema—and, by the same token, its finest artistic achievement—is Luchino Visconti's *The Earth Trembles.* Here we have an incident typical of an entire social situation, which is that of a social class in postwar Sicily. It is not a unique or an "average" incident—it is definitely a typical incident, even in many of its details. We are not in the presence of a documentary, as the verists interpret that term, nor of a simple news item dramatized on the screen; because the work strives to be, in its characters and incidents, as complete a reconstruction as possible of a key situation of our times. It shows us the path taken by a poor exploited Sicilian in his growing awareness that individual revolt is not enough; for even though a person can rise up singly in rebellion, class relations still remain fixed. The film is almost completely realist because it has sought to portray the situation of a social class, not that of any one individual. I must, however, point out one detail that arouses some misgivings.

We are told in the film that 'Ntoni Valastro and his family are not able to achieve their thoroughly individualist ambitions of rising in the world because a storm wrecks everything they were able to build by their own efforts. It seems to me that the plot would have been even more representative if Visconti had made the Valastro family lose their struggle, not because of the storm, but at the hands of the merchants, because the latter are the stronger in a society based on private ownership of the means of production. And if the plot had been changed in that way, it would unquestionably have presented a more typical situation.

We must, however, add that, if the storm is an accidental phenomenon, it is an accident which reveals and even crystallizes, so to speak, the typical aspects of the reality portrayed. For this one storm, in which the Valastro family barely manage to save their skins, is enough to shatter whatever they had been able to build. They are reduced to the wretched life of poverty they suffered before their rise in the world. Here the accident of the storm does not harm the integrity of the story, even though the latter could have been a more typical one.

The motion picture *Bellissima* realistically renders one aspect of Italian society: the creative function of illusions about the movies in a society based on privilege. Realism enters the world of the cinema. Moreover, *Bellissima* accomplishes something unprecedented in the Italian cinema: it creates a real character rich in nuances and psychological insights. But I feel that Maddalena's passion is somewhat exaggerated and abnormal, insufficiently explained, almost eccentric, even though it is partially justified by the situation in which she lives and her desire to rise above drabness and poverty through her little daughter. What we see, therefore, is a rather

exceptional incident. I must say, though, that Visconti has tried harder than any of the other directors to get at the heart of our postwar Italian reality and to analyze its structural elements.

DE SICA'S *Bicycle Thief* portrays the typical situation of an unemployed worker and his family in postwar Italy. This situation is quite effectively developed in the opening scenes of the film. The central figure is a typical worker struggling against hardships and straining to earn enough to support his family. After the loss of his bicycle, however, the story concentrates solely on the accidental fact of that loss. The worker does nothing but search for his stolen bicycle and we are shown everything that occurs in the course of his futile hunt. There is a preference for the sketchy and off-center aspects of life, a fondness for curious coincidences that occur in daily life. This trait is one aspect of the scriptwriter Zavattini's personality. Even if the claim is made that here the accidental helps at least to underline life's bitterness, I must at the same time point out that throughout most of the picture the connections with the typical elements of reality are lost—in contrast to what happens in *The Earth Trembles.*

Furthermore, the special nature of the circumstances in *Bicycle Thief* is shown by the fact that the victim is a worker solely preoccupied with his individual fate, albeit with a vaguely romantic social conscience. There is nothing in the film to indicate to us that Ricci realizes ever for a moment, by a spontaneous outburst of some kind, the nature of the general situation in which he finds himself. That is why I feel compelled to say that *Bicycle Thief*—except for certain moments—is not a film of realism. It is content with the bare facts, which it narrates with great insight and profound effect but it does not rise above them in order to draw conclusions.

As far as *Miracle in Milan* is concerned, I feel that the basic mistake in this film, from which all the others flow, is a false generalization and typification. It does not really deal with the poor as such but with a very specific category of poor people—and, I must add, an extremely limited category.

In *Umberto D,* there is a poignant portrayal of a pensioner who cannot live on the old-age pension the government grants him. It is the tragedy of loneliness of a type of old person who does not have enough money to live out his life in dignity. Umberto would like to commit suicide yet does not. The film builds up all the elements pointing toward a suicide; yet that is not the climax of the picture. Moreover, here too the central figure has no social understanding of his problem.

In this connection, the film is curiously distorted in a way that makes the action atypical. At the beginning, Umberto seems to understand the social origin of his woes and engages in social activity; but then

grows ashamed and keeps more and more to himself. So here it is the tragedy of a man who progressively isolates and secludes himself: in other words, a reversal of the course of history. This does not make for a realist film; it becomes instead an isolated, exceptional news item. *Umberto D,* does, however, contain a bitter and forceful indictment of contemporary conditions.

NOW a few words about Roberto Rossellini. In my opinion, his two outstanding films have been *Open City* and *Paisan.* In the first-named he gives an extremely effective documentary picture of the anti-fascist and anti-German struggle in Rome; but he does not succeed in explaining to us the reasons for that struggle, why the people took part in it. *Paisan* gives the bare essentials of the partisan struggle in the North; but here too we find the documentary, the best kind of documentary, as also in the excellent Naples episode. In fact, the latter gives us something else besides: the swift characterization of the Negro and his relations with the people of Naples. On the other hand, the Rome episode strikes me as rather pretentious.

I could continue at great length, analyzing a whole list of films, but shall limit myself to just a few more. *Story of a Love* (*Cronaca di un Amore*) could have been interesting, with its description of a milieu which Italian realism has rarely handled; and in parts it is rather interesting. But most of the picture gives us only external aspects of that milieu. The result is that the factory-owner in the film is almost justified in his morality, and we end by being on his side.

Rome Eleven O'clock, continuing along this same road of verism, seems to me nevertheless to have achieved the best kind of verism. Subtly it develops moods and situations in its search for an explanation of the tragedy on the collapsing staircase—that is, why so many young women, answering an advertisement for a single job, had crowded on the staircase. But the general situation is only sensed in the background, because the narrative structure of the film did not permit any deeper study of the theme.

Look out for Bandits! (*Achtung! Banditi*) tries to convey the inner history of the partisan war by sticking as closely as possible to historical truth. Moreover, it explains in social terms the anti-German and anti-fascist struggle. But the defects in this film—weak characterization of many of the figures and insufficient motivation for several situations — prevent it from being a great historical picture.

Zavattini, speaking about a projected film *Pity for Catherine* (*Pieta per Caterina*), which was to be based on an incident in which a woman abandons her infant in a public park, recently declared: "This picture will be the first in a series of films based exclusively on news items . . . reconstructed with the strictest fidelity and interpreted only by those who

have participated in the events." This statement sheds light, I think, on many recent Italian films. Here I feel I must stress the great and positive influence Zavattini's personality has exercised on the postwar Italian cinema: his insistence on naked facts, his deep solidarity with the common people, and his concern for the simplest details in everyday life. Thanks to Zavattini's work — together with some other factors—the Italian cinema has turned the movie camera toward real life, the stuff that makes history; it has lost its former pompousness and has acquired deep sincerity and honesty as well as a genuinely artistic style.

But all this must not make us forget that faithfulness to naked facts is not enough to achieve realism. At best it is enough to produce verism. Unless it goes beyond news items, beyond the documentary, unless it delves into the deepest roots of that reality which gives rise to news items, it will not achieve realism. To attain that, reality must be reconstructed in the cinema, in the same way in which it is reconstructed in all great realist works of literature — without fear of the grand manner. I believe that if we stop at Zavattini's limits and refuse to go beyond him, we risk preventing the Italian cinema from achieving great realism, as has been done in those Soviet films which are universally acknowledged to be of a superior stamp.

I believe that the Italian cinema must get away from naked facts; or better expressed, that it must go beyond them. It must make use of facts only as a springboard from which to plunge ever deeper into reality so as to grasp the origins of those facts. In so doing, it must not be afraid to establish closer connections with other fields, such as the plastic arts and literature; it must not be afraid of certain types of literary elaboration in theme, treatment, etc., if these things are needed for the imaginative reconstruction of total reality and the total man.

In our present political and social situation, we must discuss the possibility of digging deeper into our Italian reality; we must also discuss the fight being waged against our cinema, the efforts to make it again a cinema of escapism. It may be objectively impossible to go forward along the road indicated by *The Earth Trembles*. But perhaps we can do so by following the example of the cooperative films group which produced *Look out for Bandits!*, or by turning to the trade unions.

I should like to stress one thing above all: if our best cinema up to now has taken the road it has taken that has not always been as a result of objective impossibility. Even when it might have been a realist cinema in the best sense of the term, it has been so only in part. I think that the fault lies in the ideological shortcomings of our best directors. Although animated by the best of intentions, they have not probed deeply enough into our reality.

Where Culture Belongs TO THE PEOPLE

By JOSEPH CLARK

OF ALL the Moscow plots that have been menacing western civilization the past 36 years the strangest one was uncovered in Washington early last year. The directors of psychological warfare had gotten wind of plans in the Soviet Union to celebrate the 500th anniversary of Leonardo da Vinci's birth. It was disclosed further that Victor Hugo's 150th birthday anniversary and the 100th year since Nikolai Gogol's death were also being marked.

The aim of this three-way plot, as exposed by Harry Schwartz in the New York *Times* and in a special editorial in that paper, was to enroll da Vinci, Hugo and Gogol in the Bolshevik Party. Hastily a counter-offensive was prepared in Washington. Harry Truman issued an appeal to the nation to mark the occasion of da Vinci's birth. If there was any response to the President's appeal, it was never reported in the *Times* or anywhere else.

I was in Moscow when the plot unfolded. It was a fine opportunity for assessing the cultural revolution that has accompanied the political and economic transformations under Soviet power. The only way the *Times* could get away with its nonsense about the Russians trying to make Bolsheviks out of da Vinci, Hugo and Gogol was by concealing from its readers what actually went on in the Soviet Union in celebration of those anniversaries. Public participation in these celebrations was tremendous. Nor was this unusual or unexpected because such things go on all the time in the USSR.

In the Soviet Union they're always commemorating cultural figures, both Russian and from the rest of the world. If it's not Shakespeare, it's Walt Whitman, Dickens or Balzac, Maupassant or Mark Twain, not to speak of Pushkin, Tolstoy and other giants of Russian literature. In their anxiety to prevent the Russians from kidnapping da Vinci, Hugo and Gogol the *Times* and our psychological warriors forgot to look at their calendars to see that it was soon to be sixty years since our own Walt Whitman died. So, as is customary, the anniversary of the good gray poet was mentioned neither in the *Times* nor in a Presidential proclamation. But in Moscow the Union of Soviet

Writers held a special meeting to honor our great poet of democracy. And if you picked up the popular, illustrated magazine *Ogonyok* at that time you found a reprint of Whitman's article on the eighteenth Presidential election and an appreciation of the poet's life and work. It was an interesting commentary too that on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Mark Twain's death public commemorations were held in the Soviet Union, but the date passed unmarked in the land of Huckleberry Finn.

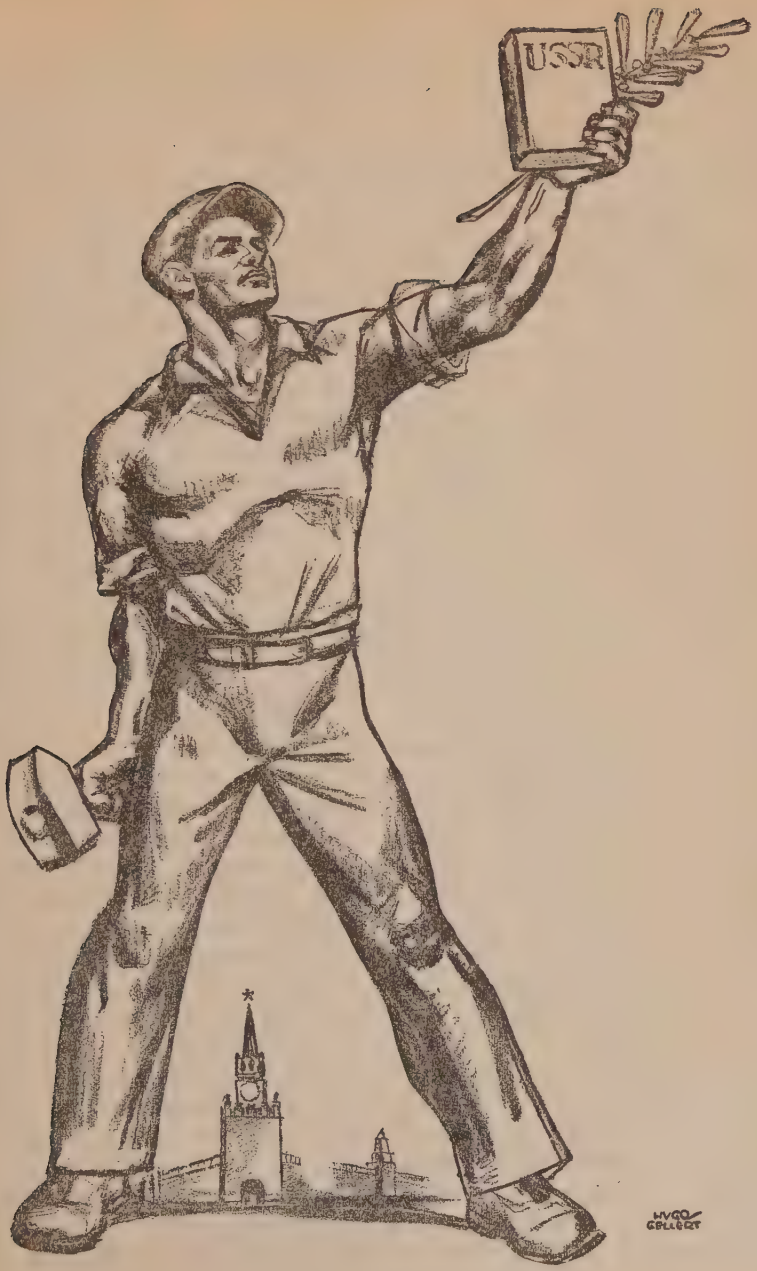
Just how were the da Vinci, Gogol and Hugo anniversaries observed in the Soviet Union? New editions of Gogol and Hugo were published. Libraries and schools displayed special exhibitions of their works as well as da Vinci reproductions. The country was blanketed with cheap, paperbacked editions of Hugo and Gogol as well as deluxe editions.

Theatres from Kamchatka to Riga put on anniversary productions of Gogol's plays and film versions of his works. Hugo's dramas and dramatizations of *Les Misérables,* and the ballet "Esmeralda, based on his *Hunchback of Notre Dame,* were on stage the country over. The da Vinci plot included issuance of mass editions of his Mona Lisa, his self-portrait and other prints suitable for framing. On the radio and television there were special programs featuring Gogol and Hugo plays and lectures on their lives and work, as well as readings of Hugo's poetry. All this required preparation and planning, but it wasn't too difficult becau the plays of Hugo and Gogol are a ways in the repertory of Sovi theaters.

The climax of each celebration Moscow was a concert beginni with speeches of appreciation a continuing with musical and dr matic presentations. Victor Hug grandson came from Paris to Mo cow to address the 150th anniversa concert in the stately Hall of Co umns. He said it was most fitting th the Soviet celebrations emphasiz the spirit of peace on earth and sistance to tyranny as the essence Victor Hugo's life. The final Vinci concert was held in the gr hall of the Conservatory of Mus Huge slides with reproductions the artist's paintings were project to accompany the opening lecture

As a witness of these celebratio I knew how characteristic they w of the Soviet scene. The arts ha entered into the everyday lives the ordinary people. You need n ther wealth nor the preoccupat of an esthete to go to concerts, museums or the theatre. Everybo goes. Imagine, if you can, Hug Gavroche as universally known children as Captain Video is h or Mark Twain's Huckleberry F as popular as Superman, and Gog Khlestyakov known as well as B Rogers.

THE relationship between masses and the arts in the So Union is dramatically revealed the realm of amateur art. For



The Thirty-Sixth Birthday

ample, during the month of October, 1951, Moscow was invaded by hundreds of men and women from all over Russia and the other Soviet Republics. They were participants in the "All-Union review of amateur artistic activities of industrial and office workers." A half dozen of Moscow's theatres and concert halls were taken over by these working people for the staging of plays and concerts, full-length ballet and opera.

A final concert of the review was held on October 31 at the Bolshoi Theatre. I still have the program with its brilliant scarlet and gold cover, which recalls the splendor of the performances put on by these full-time workers, part-time artists. Opening the concert was a combined chorus of Moscow trade union choral groups. These included the Stalin auto plant, the central telegraph employes, subway workers, the Mikoyan meat packing plant, printers and pressmen of the *Pravda* plant, railway depot workers, the Vladimir Ilyich rubber works, as well as choruses of office workers of the Ministry of Agriculture and the State Bank. These were joined by students of Moscow University and other colleges whose students belong to trade unions.

After the massed choruses there was individual and group dancing, singing, recitations. Folk music alternated with classical, folk dances with ballet. A lathe operator of the Red Proletarian machine plant recited Kirsanov's poem *Reading Lenin.* A folk instrument orchestra of Magnitogorsk steel workers playe Glinka's overture to his opera *Ru lan and Ludmila.* A dance grou from the same steel mill performe a folk dance native to the Ur region. A railroad worker fro Archangel sang Nosov's popul song *From Afar.* Pilots and airli workers from the Chkalov Palace Culture in Moscow did a scene fro Tchaikovsky's ballet *Swan Lak* Uzbek railroaders, Georgian stre car and bus drivers and Tajik st dents performed national dances a songs. A combined chorus of Alr Ata school teachers and Karagan coal miners sang Tulebayev's *Ho day in Honor of Miners—Heroes Labor.* There were many more son dances, dramatic presentations fro the Ukraine, Moldavia and other publics till far past midnight wh a massed chorus performed t finale.

How is all this amateur tale trained and rehearsed? The place the factory. More specifically, factory palace of culture or worke club. I visited the Stalingrad trac plant's palace of culture on an dinary weekday. In the huge, beau ful building whose verandas look over the Volga there were doz of cultural activities going on multaneously. In one room a rehear by a dramatic group. In another folk instrument orchestra. In a th a jazz band. In still another a sy phonic orchestra. There were circ for painting and sculpture and s arate circles for children's activit And a full-time staff of thirty c

tural workers in this palace of culture direct and coach the various circles.

On several visits to the Stalin auto plant's palace of culture in Moscow I found similar activities going on. One evening I saw an exhibition of paintings, drawings and sculpture done by the workers of the plant. Two thousand auto workers contributed art work to this exhibition. A good deal of this amateur art was very creditable; all of it reflected enthusiasm and painstaking effort.

At a trade union club of Zaporozhye building trades workers I witnessed a rehearsal of the popular Ukrainian opera *A Zaporozhye Cossack Beyond the Danube.* A stocky young man, who had been singing in a fine tenor voice, was introduced to me as a carpenter, "just one year from the farm." In Zaporozhye too I got an idea of some of the financing of these cultural activities. The chief engineer of the big Zaporozhye Steel Works showed me the disposition of the plant's "director's fund." This is a portion of profit over and above what the industry plan calls for. There was one appropriation of 80,000 rubles for amateur art, dramatic and music circles.

THE trade union organization sponsors the network of clubs and palaces of culture. These cultural activities are assisted by the former Committee on Art of the Council of Ministers, now incorporated in the Ministry of Culture. Every convention of Soviet trade unions will include a report and discussion of cultural matters. At one such conference of the All-Union Council of Trade Unions in 1951 Nina Popova made the report. At that time she noted that the trade unions sponsor over 8,000 workers' clubs and palaces of culture, 9,000 libraries and 80,000 "red corners" or rooms devoted to reading and cultural activities. She said that in the previous two years alone 4,000 libraries had been added and the number of readers increased by 2,000,000.

These trade union-sponsored cultural activities and libraries cover small towns and out-of-the-way places as well as the main centers. I remember a visit to the small town of Pravdinsk on the Volga. Its population is about 20,000 and their life centers around the club of the local paper and cellulose mill. I found the usual network of amateur circles with professional guidance.

In browsing through the club lirary something else struck me. There on the shelves was a collection of Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past.* The withdrawals and returns noted on the card in the back indicated the volumes were in frequent circulation. Proust in Pravdinsk is some indication of the diffusion of world culture in the USSR.

Besides the mass participation in amateur art activities the masses of people have direct connection with the arts in the professional fields. The theatre is a good example.

Instead of starting with Moscow's famed Art Theatre (the Makhat)

I'll begin with Solnechnogorsk. This is a small town of five or six thousand population. There's a fair sized metal working plant in the town with the inevitable workers' club. I once spent a vacation near Solnechnogorsk and got to know it intimately. During most of the time I was there the workers' club presented regular, legitimate theatre. The posters on the town bulletin boards announced programs being put on by the visiting Stalingrad Dramatic Theatre, which was on summer tour. One evening they played *Anna Karenina,* a dramatization of the great Tolstoy novel. Next day they performed Korneichuk's *Makar Dubrava.* The Soviet Ukrainian playwright's drama is set in a Donbas mining area after the war. And the following day the group presented Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Productions by the Stalingrad Dramatic Theatre in Solnechnogorsk were of the same high quality as those I had seen in the city of Stalingrad itself.

I've also been to theatres in Leningrad, Kiev, Gorky, Tbilisi, Yalta. In all these places, as in Moscow, Stalingrad and Solnechnogorsk, the audiences were a cross-section of the town's inhabitants. When I visited the auto city of Gorky I found a lively discussion going on about a current play, Aleshev's *Director.* The setting of the play was the Gorky auto plant itself. Auto workers were expressing varying opinions about the faithfulness with which the dramatist had captured the war-time experiences of the huge plant. Some of the people who saw *Director* in Gorky were critical of the play because they felt its development was not along the lines required for good drama—through conflict. The progress of the theme, they felt, was too smooth, effortless.

It was in the latter part of 1951 that I heard these views expressed by workers of the Gorky plant. Early in 1952 a similar discussion, not based on this play, but on Soviet drama generally, went on in Soviet literary circles and among a wide public. Commenting in a leading editorial in April, 1952 the newspaper *Pravda* wrote:

> "The main reason for the . . . weakness of many plays lies in the fact that the playwrights are not basing their work upon deep, vital conflicts, but are bypassing them. Judging by the plays of this character, everything here is ideal; there are no conflicts at all. Some playwrights consider that they are all but forbidden to criticize the bad and negative in our life . . . Such an approach is wrong."

Pravda went on to criticize the view that Soviet dramatists, writing about the Soviet scene, can only depict a struggle "between the good and what's better." Such a concept is pernicious, Pravda felt, because it gives the impression that backward features, or people who reflect the old system or the influences of the capitalist world are not so bad.

THERE are plays on Soviet themes which do contain vital dramatic conflict. These include Leonid Leo

nov's comedy *Ordinary Person,* Pavlenko's *Happiness* (based on the novel), Simonov's *Alien Shadow,* Surov's *Dawn Over Moscow,* Korneichuk's *Kalinovaya Rosha.* A number of Soviet plays on historical and biographical themes have also been very successful. One of these, Popov's *The Family,* depicts the youth of Lenin. Its central figure is Lenin's mother and the play was beautifully staged and performed at the Moscow Theatre of the Komsomol.

Shakespeare's popularity on the Soviet stage shows that great art must have mass appeal. Ordinary workers, farmers, students always crowd Shakespeare performances. I remember the wonderful suspense built up in Moscow's Mossoviet Theatres's performance of *Othello.* A woman seated behind me was following the action most intently. I could hear her occasional whispered comment on the developments of the play. She expressed her contempt for Iago when the villain was scheming on stage. Then in the scene where Othello is soliloquizing before slaying Desdemona the lady behind me became quite agitated. "No, no," she whispered with strong if suppressed feelings, "don't do it, she's innocent, she's innocent."

The magic and art of the Soviet stage are greatest in productions of Gorky, Gogol and Ostrovsky. It would be a feat to find a person in the Soviet Union over fourteen who doesn't know Gogol's two classical satires, *Dead Souls* and *Inspector General.* There are gales of laughter at each performance even though young and old in the audience know the story.

Gorky's *Lower Depths* is in some ways a difficult play for the younger generation of Soviet citizens to grasp. It takes an effort of imagination for the young people to conjure up that world of over half a century ago depicted in the grim sets and characters of the play. But the Makhat production is like a great Goya canvas. And the audience vibrates to the poetic dialogue. You watch their faces as Satin delivers his soliloquy about the grandeur of man. Many lips move soundlessly as they follow the words of Gorky's tribute to humanity.

Ostrovsky's comedies and tragedies, his satire and mordant criticism of the weakness and foibles of Russia's 19th century ruling and middle classes enjoy a vogue in every city and town where plays are produced.

Three plays about the American scene were immensely popular with Soviet audiences during the time I was there. One, *John, Soldier of Peace,* by the Soviet dramatist Krotkov is based on the art and struggles of Paul Robeson. The other two are works of Howard Fast, his play *Thirty Pieces of Silver* and a dramatization of his novel *Freedom Road.*

I saw two performances of Fast's *Thirty Pieces of Silver* in Moscow, one at the Soviet Army Theatre and the other at the Moscow Theatre of Drama. At both theatres the audience rose to cheer Jane Graham's

defiance of the FBI witch-hunt and her statement that the real America is decent and democratic. *Freedom Road* was also produced simultaneously in two Moscow theatres, the Maly and the Theatre of Drama. In both there is a faithful representation of the post-Civil War scene. It was apparent that the producers had studied carefully the history of the time and used period prints for the settings.

A VISIT to the Tretyakov galleries in Moscow or the Hermitage in Leningrad will show to what extent painting and sculpture are mass art forms. People come in large numbers. Even on an ordinary weekday they crowd the corridors and exhibition rooms. The interest children and teen-agers show in art exhibitions is extraordinary. Walking along a Moscow street not long after I arrived in 1950 I noticed a school boy, about twelve years old, books under arm, stop in front of a poster. He beckoned to a companion of similar age and they began an animated conversation about the announcement that an exhibition of 3,000 years of Chinese art had opened in the Tretyakov galleries. Children come to the museums not only on classroom tours with their teachers, but in small groups, with friends, alone and with parents.

Early each year at the Tretyakov Gallery there is an exhibit of Soviet painting and sculpture done in the previous year. After the Moscow showing the exhibition tours the entire country. You won't see an abstract or non-objective work a these exhibits. There wouldn't b any audience for them. Artists in th Soviet Union cannot conceive of a approach to art which ignore people, holds aloof from life an humanity.

From all this one shouldn't con clude that the Soviet public is sati fied with the painting of the last fe years. There's considerable feelin among the public and in artist circles that this art is due for ge eral discussion and criticism. Muc of the work shown at the 195 1952 and 1953 exhibitions was to photographic and lacking in in agination to be called socialist rea ism. However, in some of the larg canvases of historical and Sovi scenes there is great promise of blossoming of painting commensu rate with the demands of a gre audience.

WHEN you tell a Russian th for five or six months a ye there is no opera in the city of Ne York, and that only one or two oth cities have even a semblance of ter porary opera, he'll think you're e aggerating. There are at least combined opera-ballet companies the Soviet Union. Incidentally, t opera houses are always ballet hous too. One of the finest of the new the tres is in central Siberia in the ci of Novosimbirsk. Practically all t Union republics in the Baltic cou tries, central Asia and the Caucas as well as the Ukraine and Byel

russia, have permanent opera-ballet theatres.

In Moscow there are three opera-ballet houses, in Leningrad two, which perform every night of the week, plus a noon performance on Sunday, for ten full months a year. Still the nonsense persists here that in Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre you'll find only ministers, generals and their wives. But if you come to the box office on Sverdlov Square and see the crowds queuing for tickets you'll be surprised to discover how many of these "ministers, generals and their wives" range from sixteen to nineteen years of age. Youngsters crowd the balconies and react to their favorite opera singers or ballerinas much as bobby soxers do here to their favorite crooners. There are workers from Moscow plants at every performance in the Bolshoi. Blocks of tickets are assigned regularly to unions at plants like the Kaganovich Ball Bearing Works, Trekhgornia Textile, Stalin Auto Plant, Red October Steel Mills, Caliber Instrument Works, etc.

The repertory of Soviet ballet-opera theatres includes classical works of various countries as well as modern Soviet creations. While the Bolshoi, in its striving for perfection, does not produce too many of the newer operas and ballets, there are creditable performances of new works in the repertory of all the houses. Khrenikov's opera, *In the Storm,* is distinguished both for its exciting civil war theme and fine music. A comic opera by the Georgian composer Dolidze, *Keto and Kote,* is also deservedly popular, as is Kabalevsky's opera, *The Taras Family,* the ballet *Shores of Happiness* by Spadavik, and others.

Young musicians are constantly coming forward in the Moscow opera and ballet theatres, new singers and dancers come from the school of the Bolshoi and others throughout the country. The young conductor Gazis Dugashev achieved great success with his debut in the new performance of the Delibes ballet *Fadetta.* Dugashev is in his early thirties and is a Uigur by nationality. The Uigur people were doomed to extinction in old Russia and saved by the Soviet regime. A shoemaker's son, Dugashev attended the children's musical school in Alma Ata. From there he went on to the Alma Ata conservatory and became a professional violinist on graduation.

At the very outset of his career World War II broke out. Dugashev volunteered for the army. In battle a bullet smashed his hand. Demobilized from the army, Dugashev found he would not be able to play the violin again. The Alma Ata Opera and Ballet Theatre offered him a post as assistant conductor. In 1943 he conducted his first opera. After the war he came to Moscow to study at the conservatory. At the Berlin youth festival he directed the Moscow conservatory's student orchestra. Later he entered the regular competition for conductor's posts at Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre and achieved success. After returning to

Alma Ata for a farewell performance he took up the baton in Moscow.

It was discontent among the vast Soviet audiences with some of the works of the great contemporary Soviet composers which provoked a nationwide discussion about six years ago. Critics, musicians, the Communist Party and the masses of music lovers participated in this discussion, as is usual in such cultural controversies. Some works of Shostakovich, Khatchaturian, Prokofiev, Muradeli were criticized.

Significantly, during the three years I was in Moscow it was precisely these composers that were the most prolific and popular. Khatchaturian, Muradeli and Shostakovich, as well as Prokofiev before he died, made it clear that without the active interest expressed in their music during the big discussion of six years ago, their achievements in music would have been much more difficult or impossible to attain.

At the thirty-fifth Soviet anniversary celebration in the Bolshoi Theatre a featured work was Shostakovich's highly acclaimed new cantata *The Sun Shines Over Our Motherland.* Shostakovich's *Ten Poems,* another choral work performed earlier, also evoked critical and popular approval. The last number of *Ten Poems* is based on a Walt Whitman poem. When *Time* magazine received a press agency report of the performance of *Ten Poems* it referred to Whitman as "an anarchic old yawper." Too bad he was beyond reach of McCarthy's committee.

When Prokofiev died earlier this year he was deeply mourned by the Soviet musical world. Though ailing for some time, Prokofiev had been doing an enormous amount of creative work. His seventh symphony and his recent ballet *Stone Flower* were very well received.

One afternoon shortly after Prokofiev's death I bought a record of his *Winter Campfire* suite at the central department store. The cost was only two rubles—classical records are deliberately priced low. When I got back home I saw that my international airmail edition of the *New York Times* had arrived and carried an editorial on Prokofiev. It shed crocodile tears about Prokofiev's alleged difficulties in the Soviet Union. But the editorial was offered to American music lovers in lieu of a recording of *Winter Campfire* or say a performance of *Romeo and Juliet,* neither of which is available here.

Khatchaturian's orchestral work and his new ballet music *Spartacus* have also received the plaudits of public and critics. In this case too one regrets when seeing the marvelous performance of the *Gayana* ballet at the Leningrad Opera and Ballet Theatre that American audiences have to be satisfied with an excerpt from the Saber Dance rather than with the performance of the entire spirited ballet.

MOVIES remain the most popular of all the arts. In this field too the Soviet public has been crit-

ical of achievements of the last few years. First, there have been altogether too few films produced and second, not many have attained the heights of the best pre-war productions.

Apropos of the quantitative shortcoming, movie houses have been showing many pre-war American films, including a series of Tarzan pictures. I remember asking the famous cameraman Tissa, who worked with Eisenstein and Pudovkin on some of their finest films, "Who is responsible for showing the Tarzan films?" He answered, "I'm responsible." I asked what he meant. "We've just been turning out an insufficient number of films," he said.

In *Literaturnaya Gazeta* Konstantin Simonov and the late Pudovkin wrote an article sharply criticizing the Cinema Ministry for its failure to train and promote new young film workers. The ministry replied in the columns of the newspaper stating that a film is expensive, a newcomer cannot be allowed to experiment with it. Simonov and Pudovkin in another article rejected this as specious reasoning and showed in how many different ways young scenario writers, cameramen, directors, etc. could be allowed greater initiative in the production of films. Now the Cinema Ministry is part of the more inclusive Ministry of Culture and gives promise of accomplishing much more than before.

At the same time there have been a number of excellent films turned out in Soviet studios during the past few years. Some that come to mind are: *Victory of the Chinese People* and *Liberation of China,* both documentaries; *Admiral Ushakov,* a recent historical film; *Mussorgsky, Composer Glinka* and *Grand Concert.* What's absent from this list are films on contemporary Soviet themes. There have been good ones like *Donbas Miners* and *Return of Vasili Bortnikov.* But the problem is one that has plagued the theater and to some extent the novel—portrayal of vital dramatic conflicts. Even though antagonistic classes have been eliminated in the Soviet Union, there is still conflict and material for good drama. Soviet artists are grappling with what is obviously a difficult creative task.

In the field of literature we find a vogue of paper-backed books in the Soviet Union such as we have here. That's where the similarity ends. The pornography and sadism on display from one end of our country to the other contrast starkly with the reading matter at ubiquitous kiosks and bookstores in the Soviet Union. People everywhere read the world classics, Russian classics and modern Soviet literature. On the escalator going down to or coming up from the Moscow subway you'll almost always see some people reading books. I've peeked over many shoulders to see the titles. I remember seeing Chekhov and Gorky, Maupassant and Dreiser, Kazakevich and Gladkov.

I was introduced to this feature of Soviet life my first day in the

USSR. My train had crossed the border and I was on my way to Moscow. At one station two young girls came into the car. They looked about eighteen or nineteen and turned out to be ticket takers at the previous railroad station. Both had books with them. Besides some kidding that went on between them and fellow (young men) passengers, the girls read their books, one a Turgenev novel, the other a volume of Pushkin poems.

A deluxe twelve-volume edition of all of Theodore Dreiser's works appeared during the time I was in the Soviet Union. Just a day or two after each volume was published — the edition was 75,000—it was sold out. The same happened to Balzac, Mark Twain, Dickens, Fielding and Jack London editions while I was there. Paper-backed Soviet novels, magazine size, are issued in editions of half a million or more. The magazine *Ogonyok* regularly publishes short story and poetry collections in editions of many hundreds of thousands.

Posters appear frequently on walls in Moscow, Leningrad and other cities announcing literary evenings or literary concerts at theatres or workers' clubs. There was one entitled "The Other America." It included readings from works by Langston Hughes, Albert Maltz, Alexander Saxton, Erskine Caldwell and Howard Fast, and skits based on their stories. I remember another one on the short stories of Chekhov, Sholom Aleichem and O. Henry.

Writers frequently visit trade union centers, read new work and participate in literary discussions with their worker-readers. The radio carries daily literary programs, including readings of classical and modern poetry.

Though post-war Soviet fiction has not attained the eminence of Sholokhov's *Quiet Don,* Fedin, Pavlenko, Simonov, Ehrenburg, Fadayev, Galina Nikolayeva, Vera Panova, Kazakevich, Grossman and others have written a number of fine novels. Sholokhov himself is still working on a novel of the war. Excerpts that have appeared in the literary magazines indicate that this splendid writer is living up to the expectations of his enormous public.

The optimism, freshness and humanism of Soviet post-war novels are related to the goals of Soviet society. This is a literature that seeks to give artistic expression to the transformation of the human spirit which is part of the process of the gradual, peaceful transformation of a socialist society into communism.

Grief and Dedication

By SHIRLE CHAPPER

Thousands marched in slow processional,
grieving like rain but taut as resistance.
Their tears are tribute. The banner is brief:
The people are indestructible.

Gently, gently earth
hold them in your winding sheet,
the noble and the guiltless ones.

Once you felt the vigorous Spring
as we feel it now,
shaking the ashen earth,
shouting "Hi, green babies, wake up!"
You let the sky swim in your eyes
as we do now,
tumbling clouds in your happy waters,
playing with birds and new songs.
It is the suckling time of roots
when the breasts of life are huge and full.
Fresh winds call, "Out—away!"
clean the streets and ruddy fields,
and tousle the hair of children.
All who live must love the Spring:
it is change but earth's eternity.

Ethel and Julius Rosenberg,
the Spring is your memorial.

We give you March and the stirring seed,
April and lilac sprays,
We give you May and the quickened leaf
and we give you June, for you once gave yours.
The Spring which resurrects and yields,
forever, youth and hope in life's own livery
is your memorial.

What agony to forsake the sun and sky,
dear friends, to say goodbye to lips and touch,
and to the small but urgent cameos of sense;
goodbye to "Michael's deep blue eyes" and to
"the warm smile of feeling in Robbie's face."
What pain to wrest away from wide dimensions
to the narrow and the clutching grave.
Dear friends, what agony to say goodbye.

The night of your crucifixion
we longed for earthquake, nature's wrath,
to avenge the death of heroes,
and it was hot and the hot night bled.
Gently, gently earth
blanket them with grass.
Caress—do not disdain them.

We know who murdered you.
Hear the names of the executioners,
those who offered more death to appease
the rage of the people longing for peace,
stunned by the maimed or the slain son
on Christmas Hill and Lookout Ridge.

The mother cries when life is corpse
which once grew splendidly inside her womb
and weaned itself on the milk of her heart.
She demands the names of the executioners
and the reasons for the too-soon cross.

The monied ones, the slaves to power
dressed you, Ethel and Julius,
in effigy of guilt and blood
but slew themselves that furnace night.
They are killers. Theirs, the blood.

Our anger burns, a hot volcano,
intense as sun on sand or
lightning stripping cloud and wind,
our anger burns and burns.
We promise this:

It shall not cool to ash
until your public vindication.

And you will live
like truth and the beautiful,
like Spring and the ever-returning need
for peace and unobstructed growth.

Life is robbed in different ways
by many robbers.
The Death House cells were stark
with bars of light marching in time
over the edge of metallic nights.
Yet in this cold and passive void
life was victor.
"O beautiful for spacious skies!"
you sang in warm and firm duet.
"O beautiful for patriot dream!"
you sang in clarion call
which echoed in caves of Europe,
against the Asian peaks, and
in the hearts of decent men and women.

"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. . . ."

Gently, gently earth
protect their timeless sleep.
Embrace—do not oppress them.

Thousands marched in slow processional,
grieving like rain but taut as resistance.
Their tears are tribute. The banner is brief:
The people are indestructible.

COPERNICUS TODAY

By HOWARD SELSAM

FOUR hundred and ten years ago, in 1543, Nicholas Copernicus died. In that same year his epoch-making work, *On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies,* came off the press. In observing the death of Copernicus we celebrate the man who, more than any other, symbolizes the beginning of what we call "modern science." The World Peace Council has fittingly recommended that this anniversary be honored in all countries.

This year has also been officially proclaimed "Copernicus Year" in Poland, the land of his birth and life's work. The 400th anniversary of the great astronomer's death saw the Nazis ruling over Poland. They were not interested in celebrating any scientist's birth, death, or work, let alone a Polish scientist. Still less would they celebrate one whose thought meant the very destruction of the fanatical dogmatism and authoritarianism of the feudal world which fascism so much admired.

The Polish People's Republic is paying homage to Copernicus in many ways. The Polish Academy of Sciences held a special Copernicus session which was attended by scientists from almost all parts of the world. The Polish Association of Friends of Astronomy held a national conference in Cracow, whose university Copernicus entered in the academic year 1491-92, just when Columbus was sailing to America. The premiere of a "Copernicus Symphony" was performed. At Torun, Copernicus' birthplace, ceremonies were held by students and faculty of Copernicus University. An enlarged Copernicus Museum has been opened at Frombork (formerly Frauenberg) where, as a canon of the Cathedral, the scientist worked out his theories. Construction has been started on a new Copernicus planetarium in Upper Silesia and a Copernicus Astronomical Observatory in Warsaw. (The great astronomer did not have the benefit of even the simplest kind of telescope for his observations of the heavenly bodies.)

Copernicus was a representative figure of the Renaissance, a product of the times so eloquently described by Frederick Engels in *Dialectics of Nature*:

"It was the greatest progressive revolution that mankind has so far experienced, a time which called for giants and produced giants—giants in power of thought, passion, and character, in universality and learning. The men who founded the mod-

ern rule of the bourgeoisie had anything but bourgeois limitations. . . . There was hardly any man of importance then living who had not traveled extensively, who did not command four or five languages, who did not shine in a number of fields."

Copernicus learned Latin and Greek, while speaking Polish, German, Italian and possibly other modern languages. He studied mathematics and astronomy, but took his doctorate in church law in Italy. He published a volume of translations of Greek poetry, was known primarily

Nicholas Copernicus *A Self-Portrait*

as a physician, functioned as a canon of the Cathedral of Frauenberg, administered large Church estates for the Cathedral, acted as political emissary for the state of Ermland in negotiations with surrounding hostile states. Besides many other activities, he wrote a treatise on money, aimed at securing a monetary union of a number of states in the interests of a stable currency. He noted in this study the tendency of bad money to drive good money out of circulation, a principle known to us as "Gresham's Law" after a later discoverer.

BUT Copernicus is not celebrated today because of any or all of these accomplishments. Over a period of thirty years he observed the stars and planets. He read everything available on the subject, and treasured a manuscript he kept carefully locked away, getting it out from time to time, revising and improving it, discussing its contents with a few trusted friends. Learned men heard of this work and it was discussed in widening circles. Copernicus seems to have wavered between wanting his theory to be known in friendly circles and fearing it might fall into unfriendly hands.

The last years of his life were passed in isolation and loneliness. A devout Catholic, he had reason to fear the Protestant and Catholic Churches alike, for during those thirty years he had been developing a new theory of the heavens. It was a theory that broke the bonds of feudal ideology, with its heavenly an earthly hierarchy built on the Bibl and the Greek metaphysics of Pla and Aristotle.

Engels characterized Copernicu achievement as follows:

"The revolutionary act by which natu science declared its independence and, it were, repeated Luther's burning of t Papal Bull was the publication of the i mortal work by which Copernicus, thou timidly and, so to speak, only from deathbed, threw down the gauntlet ecclesiastical authority in the affairs nature. The emancipation of natu science from theology dates from t act, although the fighting out of the p ticular antagonistic claims has dragg out up to our day and in many minds far from completion. Thence forwa however, the development of the scien proceeded with giant strides. . . ."

But what precisely had this Poli doctor of church law done? It is deed hard for us today, with c children playing with "space" gu and "space" ships, to imagine t smug universe of the Middle Ag The story has often been told, b it may be told again in its pecul mixture of what our senses direc perceive, what we may mathemat cally deduce, and what theology p scribes.

First, it is clear that *as our sen perceive it,* the sun moves around stationary earth, rising in the E and setting in the West; the mo moves in its own special path, tu ing around the earth each day, losing in relation to the sun so t it is apparently not moving as as the sun. The several planets

Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn were all that were then known—move each in its own path and at its own speed, if one observes them closely enough (the word planet comes from a Greek word meaning "wanderer"). The other heavenly bodies, the so-called "fixed" stars, rotate in an unswerving manner and constitute the outermost limits or the outside sphere of the heavens.

The Greek astronomers had worked out the paths or orbits of all the heavenly bodies the naked eye could perceive. By the time of Ptolemy (Alexandria, second century, A.D.) they had drawn up tables of the positions of the sun, moon, planets and stars derived from observations and with the help of elaborate geometrical forms. These tables had a practical effectiveness and enabled them to predict the future positions of these bodies with fair accuracy. To be sure, several of the Greek astronomers had suggested something like the daily rotation of the earth, instead of the daily turning of the heavens about us, and Copernicus referred to them in his Dedicatory Epistle to Pope Paul III as having before him taken the liberty of imagining other movements than those traditionally accepted.

But these ideas of the most advanced and independent of the Greek astronomers were not taken up. There was no group or social force sufficiently concerned with either the possible practical benefits of these theories, or with a truly scientific explanation of the nature of the cosmos to make such a radical change in traditional views worth serious consideration. The earth-centered universe had the blessing of Aristotle and of the Christianity to come. It fitted Aristotle's general conception of a world made by an intelligent nature in order that intellectuals might know it. This gave justification for a society based on the division of manual and intellectual labor, for wasn't the justification of slavery found precisely in the need for some to be freed from all manual labor in order that they might devote themselves to politics and philosophy?

THIS earth-centered universe was eminently suited to Christianity, built as it was on a peculiar synthesis of Judaism and Greek metaphysics. Had not God made the world for man, and made man that he might worship Him? God's own Son died on this earth that man might escape the penalty of his own transgressions. The drama of man's salvation was the innermost meaning of the universe. Appropriate it was, therefore, that the earth be motionless and occupy the very center. The scheme was indeed anthropocentric, but man had not yet come of age and not having found his real home in the real universe, he must make the whole heavens turn around him for his benefit according to God's plan.

Thus we see three reasons for the old astronomy—both for its origin and its persistence through the centuries. To the senses that's the way the world looks and acts. Secondly,

skillful mathematicians could take these sense observations and by complicated calculations of circles within circles, wheels within wheels, describe the sense appearances and predict future positions of the heavenly bodies. Third, this theory conformed to the general state of mankind's development, to its prevailing world outlook—metaphysical and theological—and its limited technological and scientific practice. At the same time the theory was perfectly suited for the maintenance of economic and political relationships in slave and later feudal society. The heavenly hierarchy of God and his angels mirrored the earthly ones, both secular and ecclesiastical.

This view, further, was reinforced by twin methodological errors—those of empiricism and rationalism. The first is the error of thinking that things are just as they appear to be—something which things seldom, if ever, are. Copernicus' contemporary, the physician and chemist Paracelsus, spoke of the Greek scientists as "lazy men who presume to chatter about natural science from eyesight alone; . . . not recognizing hidden things by mental experiment." It was Karl Marx who expressed the issue most forcibly when he said: "If the appearance, nature and reality of things were the same, all science would be superfluous." Deep-seated in Copernicus' thought, as in so many of his contemporaries from Christopher Columbus to Leonardo da Vinci, was the recognition that to understand nature much more was needed than the unaided senses: through reason alone could we penetrate behind the surface appearance.

Rationalism, the very opposite of narrow empiricism, was yet its perfect complement. As long as an abstract separation is made between the seen and the unseen there is an inevitable divorce of sense appearance and Reality with a capital "R". Reason is then free, in Francis Bacon's expression, to make science "as one will." Thus it was that seemingly opposite and contradictory approaches could support and reinforce each other in the perpetuation of superstition. If the physical realm of sense appearance is just what it appears to be, then reason is left perfectly free to do whatever it wishes in the way of metaphysical embroidery.

Copernicus' special life task, on which he worked for more than thirty years, was to break down the artificial barrier, to seek creatively to penetrate behind the apparent motions to what *really* happened, to the *real motions* of the heavenly bodies *including the earth.* This took precedessors and teachers, of whom we know something, to set the problem before the maturing student. It took new technological developments and needs, most notably transoceanic navigation which brought before navigators and astronomers alike the errors of existing planetary and stellar charts and the need for much more data required for determining a ship's position in the vast Atlantic. And it took enormous patience, industry, imagination and courage for

Copernicus to allow himself "to try whether, by assuming the Earth to have a certain motion, demonstrations, more valid than those of others, could be found for the revolution of the heavenly spheres."

THE Copernican astronomy was an inseparable part of the whole scientific, social, economic and cultural revolution of the rising bourgeois world. Europe was in ferment. The indissoluble Catholic Church, with its Pope ruling as God's Vicar on earth, was split in two during his lifetime, loosening up the whole feudal system. Whatever Copernicus' private views on the Protestant Reformation—though he lived and died a devout Catholic, he seems to have had a penchant for making Protestant friends—he could not for long have entertained any illusions that it meant the end of resistance to his ideas. Martin Luther could burn a Papal Bull pronouncing his excommunication, but he could also denounce "the new astronomer who wants to prove that the Earth goes round, and not the heavens, the Sun and the moon." Luther said:

"But that is the way nowadays; whoever wants to be clever must needs produce something of his own, which is bound to be the best since he has produced it! The fool will turn the whole science of Astronomy upside down. But as Holy Writ declares, it was the Sun and not the Earth which Joshua commanded to stand still."

Yet the Reformation was a powerful liberating force, as the Catholic hierarchy protests to this day. It was an age of peasant revolts and wars for national autonomy waged under theological slogans. Every aspect of life felt the ferment created by the incredibly rapid growth of trade and manufacturing, of the rise of national consciousness and the creation of national states, the fabulous growth of cities and the development of a free labor market. Copernicus himself was connected with several of the eighty or so towns of Northern Europe banded together in the Hanseatic League for the protection and development of their manufactures and trade.

It was the age of Thomas Münzer, who preached communism to the German peasants in arms against the feudal princes; of Thomas More, who not only realistically described the horror and misery created by the English sheep enclosures, but depicted a society based on the abolition of private property. It was the age of Machiavelli, who hated the Papacy and sought a unified Italy; of Rabelais, who satirized feudal knights, monks, and professors. And in the very year Copernicus died Vesalius brought out a new study of human anatomy, based not on the books of the ancients but on his own skillful dissections.

When Copernicus lived the universities were still the only centers of learning. But as the struggle between the old feudal order and the rising bourgeois world sharpened, the universities as bulwarks of the old order showed themselves indiffer-

ent to science. New institutions or academies were founded, all the way from Italy to England, for the advancement of knowledge. "In this way the pursuit of knowledge was gradually secularized, passing from the medieval cloisters into the modern world, though the Church did not relinquish its strangle-hold without a struggle."*

But what precisely did Copernicus do?

In his early college years at Cracow he collected books on astronomy and mathematics. Some years later in Italy, at the University of Bologna, where he studied canon law, he was associated with the professor of astronomy. They made observations together and discussed plans for reforming the Ptolemaic system. In 1497 at Bologna Copernicus recorded data that appear in his published work of 1543. Later, at Rome, he recorded an eclipse of the moon on November 6, 1500. He was interested in the reform of the calendar, which was becoming increasingly outmoded, even for the Catholic Church, which was finding it difficult to schedule its religious holidays with proper respect for the supposed dates of the birth and death of Christ.

Slowly the vast project took shape in Copernicus' mind. By 1512 he wrote a short account of his new system, called, modestly in Latin, the "Little Commentary." He gave hand-written copies to a few trusted friends, but it was not printed till long after his death. This presented the outlines of his mature astronomical revolution, but the need for more observations, checking and calculating, in short, more evidence and more rational demonstration, combined with his varied church and political activities and a not incomprehensible fear of the powers that be, kept him from publishing his work for thirty-one years.

THE heart of his thought is this: It is much more reasonable to suppose, and the organization of the observed data proves it, that instead of the heavens turning daily about the earth, the earth itself rotates on its axis once every 24 hours. Secondly, everything fitted together much better on the assumption that the earth moved around the sun each year, together with the other planets, though in different periods for each, rather than that the earth stood still and the other planets pursued complicated wheel-within-wheel motions around the earth.

Thus, at one stroke, the age-old man-centered universe is shattered. Whatever the theological embellishments, we are creatures on a rapidly rotating globe, pursuing a course at a fantastic speed, along with a number of other similar globes, about a star, which is but one of a vast number of stars at incredibly great distances from us.

As in most such revolutions in science, all is not done at once. Co-

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* A. Wolf, *History of Science, Technology, and Philosophy in the* 16th *and* 17th *Centuries,* pp. 8f.

pernicus destroys the Ptolemaic earth-centered system, but leaves the basic framework of Aristotle's cosmos intact. We are still in the center—or rather, our sun is—the number of stars is limited and beyond them is absolute nothingness, which still leaves a "place" for God. The world is still finite, but the spell is broken. It was left to a bolder and more imaginative man, if less of a scientist, Giordano Bruno, to carry this revolution out to its logical conclusion, with infinite suns or stars in infinite space, with no center, no up or down, and with the likelihood of innumerable planets like ours, even with life on them, revolving about innumerable suns.

There are many technical details of Copernicus' work we cannot go into here. Copernicus' observations were crude and exceedingly limited. His break with the old was confined to the absolute minimum. It was unthinkable to him, for example, that the earth and other planets could pursue any orbits but perfect circles. His proofs were far from complete. Many of his ideas were undoubtedly bound up with a mixture of Christianity and ancient Pythagoreanism; the latter teaching the role of mathematics, in mystical fashion, in uncovering the secrets of nature; the former that God would do nothing in vain and would create the most orderly possible universe along the most economical lines.

Like his successors, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Galileo and Newton, Copernicus is seeking to reveal the ways of God to man. But as has been said of Kepler, "He set out to seek the ways of God and found the course of the planets." Though limited by the knowledge of his time, Copernicus' approach is vastly superior to that of many scientists in the era of imperialism. Like Eddington, for example, they set out to study the electron or cosmic rays and end up finding the ways of God. It all depends on the direction in which one is going, and there is a profound difference between the period of the rise of modern science in the early bourgeois world and that of the decay of capitalism today.

Nothing better illustrates this difference than Copernicus' own conception of what he had discovered as opposed to his weak-kneed contemporaries and our modern positivists and pragmatists.

FORTUNATELY, the record is clear. The dying Copernicus needed the help of others to get his work published. He was not able freely to choose his "friends." The trusted one who was to get the manuscript printed, a young Protestant mathematics professor, Rheticus, got a new university position and turned the document over to a young clergyman, Andrew Osiander, to have it printed in Nuremberg. The ailing Copernicus, finally taking the bold step of publication, spent much time composing a preface, in the form of a Dedication to the reigning Pontiff, Pope Paul III. This was an astute effort to ward off any possible trouble.

He wrote that as Aristotle's theory was vague and Ptolemy's violated accepted laws of physics, there could be no objection to a third theory. And he outlined his own and showed its superiority, using the phrase: "those motions which I attribute to the Earth."

But when the book came from the printer, a new preface had been inserted before that of Copernicus—one he had not seen, and which he never did see, as the book was brought to him on the day he died, paralyzed and bereft of his senses. It was written by Osiander and was unsigned. Designed to soften the blow, it presented the Copernican astronomy, not as representing the true motions of the planets, but as being only an artificial device *useful* for the calculation of planetary tables, and without prejudice to scriptural or physical truth. It even said, indeed, that the book was not authoritative and should not be accepted as the truth. Copernicus had rejected Osiander's suggestion that he write such a preface. Some of his friends recognized the fraud and were quite angry, but it was first publicly exposed by Kepler more than half a century later (1609).

Historically, this deceit has the most far-reaching implications. Bruno, forsaking any such subterfuge, stood his ground, and in silence let the flames of the Inquisition burn him to death in 1600. Galileo played with it, but not too cautiously and to no avail, for he was forced to recant and sentenced to imprisonment for the rest of his life. But the idea triumphed that science consisted precisely in the effort to represent, reflect, however approximately, objective reality, the real nature of things.

One of the most tragic ironies of intellectual history is the triumph, in the imperialist world of our day, of the Osiander theory of science. Not Copernicus, Kepler, Bruno and Galileo, but Copernicus' rabbit-hearted editor prevails. In positivism and pragmatism we find the method of Osiander raised to the level of a philosophy of science—one which has as its sole end the denial that science can give us real knowledge of a real world—hence the world is made safe once again for theology and any kind of mysticism. Societies are not pretty in their decay, and just as the brutality of a dying imperialism reproduces the brutality and witch-hunts of dying feudalism, so does its intellectual corruption and contempt for truth repeat that of its dying predecessor.

One contemporary, Professor Philipp Frank of Harvard, praised Ernst Mach as providing "the means for defending the edifice of physics against attacks from outside." This means that Mach, by denying the *reality* of atoms, electrons, etc., avoids any conflict with the Church or any other enemies of science. These are only convenient concepts for organizing our sense perceptions. The circle is complete. For the philosophers of imperialism, not Copernicus but Osiander is the hero. The same Professor Frank, indeed, laments

that poor Galileo, not having been bitten by the bug of modern positivism and relativism, failed to recognize that all the Inquisition actually wanted of him "was only that he confess that the doctrine of the motion of the earth was correct merely as a mathematical fiction, but was false as a 'philosophical' doctrine." And he continues:

"We can also find in the standpoint of the Inquisition something corresponding to the modern relativistic conception. According to the latter, we cannot say that 'in reality' the earth moves and the sun stands still, but only that the description of phenomena turns out to be simpler in a coordinate system in which this is the case."

The timidity of Copernicus that led him to delay publishing his work for so long is readily understandable. The same is true of Galileo, who also delayed his published support of the Copernican system for half his lifetime and even then sought, half-heartedly, to present it in a non-committal way by means of a dialogue. But there is a world of difference between legitimate fear of dire consequences that the authorities can visit upon one and raising timidity to the level of *principle* by creating a philosophy that denies objective truth altogether. This is the treason of the philosophers of imperialism.

COPERNICUS destroyed the man-centered universe. But through his work he raised man to a higher level by proving his power to penetrate behind the appearances and thus to know the real nature of the heavenly motions. The next such far-reaching revolution in mankind's outlook on the world of nature and himself came 300 years later with the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. Again a storm broke over the pioneer's head and the reactionaries raged at Darwin's destruction of the comfortable belief in the separate creation of all the species of living things and particularly of God's special creation of man "in His own image." But times had changed. The bourgeoisie really needed Darwin's theories for theoretical and practical reasons. The result was that it took a bare fifty years to secure general acceptance of biological evolution while it had taken a full 150 years for universal acceptance of Copernicus' celestial revolutions.

Simultaneously with Darwin, however, came the third great revolution in modern thought, this time in the realm of social science. The discovery by Marx of the materialist conception of history and of surplus value constituted not only a scientific revolution of the first magnitude, but the first to challenge directly not only the existing social order but all forms of society based upon the exploitation of man by man.

It is a long step from Copernican astronomy to Marxist social science, and yet, viewed logically and historically the connections are clear. As Copernicus uncovered the laws of

motion of the heavenly bodies, Darwin those of organic life, so did Marx, with the life-long help of Engels, uncover the laws of motion of society and social formations.

But Marxism is not solely a revolution in the science of society. The Marxist world view and scientific method, together with the socialist organization of society, make possible great revolutionary changes along the entire range of man's understanding of the world he lives in. These changes are rooted in all the knowledge of the past, including the Copernican and Darwinian revolutions, but at the same time mark a great leap forward, qualitatively different from all others, through the development and use of a consistent materialist outlook and the dialectical method.

Each of these revolutionary developments in human knowledge required gigantic energy, sustained power of observation and reasoning, and extraordinary boldness of imagination. Each represented an enormous stride forward in mankind's knowledge of the world and towards man's mastery of the conditions of his life. But whereas the first two challenged only a portion of the prevailing ideological superstructure of society, the Marxian revolution challenged the foundations of the existing society. Expressed in another way, the first put man's earth in its proper position in the heavens; the second put man's life in its proper relation to all life on the earth; the third put man in the position of being able to control his social life so that he could consciously make his history in a way that will serve his needs.

Historically, these three great scientific revolutions must be seen in their inevitability and their interrelation. It is to the eternal glory of Copernicus that he broke the bond that tied man to an anthropocentric universe, thus initiating a whole vast chain of developments through which mankind was able not only to find its true place in the world, but to set itself the task of transforming nature and society for its own purposes. And just as the terror and torture of the Inquisition could not prevent the triumph of Copernicanism, so all the instrumentalities of power possessed by the imperialists cannot prevent the masses of mankind from accepting Marxism and moving forward to a social order of their own making.

RiGhT FaCe

Infiltration

"'We've always been able to hire human beings, but lately we've been getting workers,' says an official of a large Houston department store."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Up-to-Date

"I sculptured Peace *in the form of a projectile to express the idea that if peace is to be preserved today it must be an enforced peace. . . . Modern warfare, which involves the bombing of children, has no counterpart in a peace interpreted by the conventional motif of olive branches and doves."*—Beniamino Bufano in the brochure of the San Francisco Seventh Art Festival.

Success Formula

"Certainly lawyers have a duty to represent defendants regardless of the charge. If a lawyer demeans himself properly, he need not worry about reprisals."—*Federal Judge Irving Kaufman at preliminary earing of Robert G. Thompson, as quoted in the New York* Times.

Perfect Bliss

"One consultant's tests . . . would indicate that the successful salesman is better adjusted at home than most; has a high divorce rate; enjoys better health; develops more ulcers."—Why Do People Buy? *by the editors of* Fortune.

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

AMERICAN DOCUMENT

THE PEACE
That Passeth Understanding

A Fantasy by JOHN REED

(This month the new *M&M* feature, "American Document," presents an abridged version of a satiric fantasy by John Reed which was published in the March 1919 issue of *The Liberator,* precursor of *New Masses* and *Masses & Mainstream.* The fantasy deals with the peace conference after World War I and exposes its anti-Soviet character. On this thirty-sixth anniversary of the great Socialist Revolution, which John Reed witnessed and described in his famous *Ten Days That Shook the World,* the publication of this fantasy is especially pertinent.)

Scene: The Salon de l'Horloge in the Palais d'Orsay, Paris—meeting place of the Peace Conference. At back a heavily-ornate mantel of white marble, surmounted by a clock, above which rises the marble statue of a woman holding a torch; by some called "Victory," by others "Liberty," "Enlightenment," "Prohibition," etc. The Clock is fifty years slow.

The dialogue is carried on by each Delegate in his native tongue—but this presents no difficulties, as all understand one another perfectly.

During the action of the play incidental music may be provided, consisting of patriotic airs played softly.

Discovered: Seated at the Peace Table, President Wilson, Premiers Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Orlando, and Baron Makino, the Japanese Delegate. As the curtain rises there is general laughter, in which Orlando does not join.

WILSON: I had no idea the lower classes were so extensive. . . . That explains my speech at Turin. I said, "The industrial workers will dictate the peace terms. . . ." (*Renewed mirth. Orlando looks sour.*)

ORLANDO (*gloomily*): *Corpo di Bacco!* Yes. You put me in a hell of a fix. I was forced to suppress that speech. We almost had a revolution! You must remember that the Italian workingmen are not educated—we have no Samuel Gompers.

LLOYD GEORGE (*to Orlando*): Oh I say, old cock! Don't take yourself so seriously. They're *always* talking Revolution—in England, too—but so long as we can keep them *voting*. . . .

CLEMENCEAU (*to Wilson, with Gallic charm*): *Saperlotte!* What a man! And that League of Nations

—*quelle idee!* At first I thought you some sort of Henri Ford. . . . Who but you could have explained that Balance of Power and the League of Nations are identical?

WILSON: Yes, yes. . . . May I not insist that it is the phrase we must strive to attain? The advertising business is very highly developed at home. . . .

MAKINO: *Banzai!* All the same Open Door in China.

WILSON (*modestly*): A trifling achievement. Why, in America, my second campaign was won by the phrase, "He kept us out of war." (*General hilarity.*)

ORLANDO (*pounding the table*): *Per dio!* That's what we need in Italy! Couldn't you make another trip explaining that Italian treaty the Bolsheviki published?

LLOYD GEORGE (*briskly*): Well, gentlemen, I am reluctant to interrupt this pleasant diversion, but I suggest that we get to work on what our American colleague calls "the solemn and responsible task of establishing the peace of Europe and the world." (*Laughter*). I don't want to be late for the Folies Bergéres; going to the theater is another method of government which we have learned from Mr. Wilson. (*He bows to the President*).

CLEMENCEAU (*taking his place at the head of the table*): The Peace Conference will now come to order. Let the room be searched.

(*The Delegates look under the table, behind curtains, tapestries, pictures, and the statue above the Clock. Orlando emerges first from beneath the table, holding the Serbian Delegate by the ear.*)

ORLANDO (*severely*): What are you doing here? Don't you realize that this is the Peace Conference?

SERBIAN DELEGATE: But we fought in the war.

ORLANDO: That was *war!* This is *peace!* (*The Serbian Delegate is ejected.*) (*Clemenceau drags from behind the Clock the Belgian Delegate*).

CLEMENCEAU (*shaking him*): Eavesdropping again, eh? How many times must you be told that this is a private affair?

BELGIAN DELEGATE: But the War was *about us,* wasn't it?

CLEMENCEAU: War? War? Don't you know that the War is over? (*The Belgian Delegate is ejected.*)

(*Concealed in the folds of tapestry Makino discovers the Czechoslovak Delegate.*)

MAKINO (*indignantly*): Once more and you'll be derecognized!

CZECHOSLOVAK DELEGATE: But the Fourteen Points—

MAKINO: They have not yet been interpreted. Run along now back to Siberia and shoot Bolsheviki until you're sent for! (*The Czechoslovak Delegate is ejected.*)

(*Lloyd George appears, grasping the Rumanian Delegate by the collar.*)

RUMANIAN DELEGATE: But you promised us Transylvania!

LLOYD GEORGE (*testily*): In the Wilsonian sense! In the Wilsonian sense! (*The Rumanian Delegate*

is ejected).

(*During this time Wilson is in the fireplace, thrusting up the chimney with a poker. Three persons come rattling down, covered with soot. As they are seized by the Delegates and brought forward, they can be identified as the Armenian Delegate, the Yugoslav Delegate, and the Polish Delegate.*)

ARMENIAN DELEGATE: We thought the independence of Armenia—

WILSON (*firmly*): May I suggest that the Conference take note of the ingratitude of this person? At this very moment we are raising a Relief Fund in the United States!

ORLANDO (*to the Yugoslav*): What do you mean, butting in here?

YUGOSLAV DELEGATE: But thousands of our people fought in the Italian Army.

ORLANDO: Well, what more do you want?

CLEMENCEAU (*to the Pole*): You be careful, young man, or we'll take away your pianist and give you a flute-player!

(*The Armenian, Yugoslav and Polish Delegates are ejected*).

MAKINO (*to Wilson*): I think somebody's calling you.

(*Wilson crosses over and opens the window. A shrill clamor of Spanish voices from the Delegates of the Central American Republics can be heard.*)

WILSON (*loftily*): We are here to see, in short, that the very foundations of this war are swept away. . . . Those foundations were the aggression of great powers upon t small. . . .

DELEGATES OF COLOMBI PANAMA, SAN SALVADOR, M CARAGUA, GUATEMALA, SA TO DOMINGO, etc.: How abo the taking of the Panama Can Why do the United States Mari control elections in Nicaragua? W does the American Government d regard the decisions of the Hi Court which the American Gove ment set up? Why did the Uni States abolish the Santo Dominic Republic and set up an Americ military dictatorship? Nicaragu canal-route — Brown Brothers United Fruit Company—etc., etc.

WILSON: Nothing less than t emancipation of the world . . . w accomplish peace. (*With a no gesture he sweeps the Latin Ame can Delegates off the sill and clo the window.*)

CLEMENCEAU (*wiping the p spiration from his brow*): The Pe Conference is now safe for Dem racy!

WILSON: Select classes of men longer direct the affairs of the wo but the fortunes of the world now in the hands of the plain p ple! (*Laughter.*)

MAKINO: It is worth coming the way from Japan just to h him!

CLEMENCEAU: Now, gen men, before we get down to dism bering Germany, fixing the amo of the indemnity and stamping Bolshevism, I should like to ask Wilson to interpret some of

Fourteen Points. . . . Of course we know it's all right, but there is anxiety in certain quarters. . . . Rothschild telephoned me this morning.

WILSON: Gentlemen, we cannot return to the old ways. I have made definite statements—that is, definite for me. For instance, I have said, "No nation shall be robbed . . . because the irresponsible rulers of a single country have themselves done deep and abominable wrong."

(*All stare at him in astonishment.*)

ORLANDO: But how do you propose to do it then?

WILSON (*softly, with a gentle smile*): The League of Nations. . . . The League of Nations will take over the German colonies.

LLOYD GEORGE: Preposterous! I refuse to accept—

MAKINO: The Japanese Government will not withdraw—

WILSON: One moment, one moment, gentlemen! The League of Nations turns over the colonies to agents —I have coined a word, "mandatories." *You* are the mandatories—

LLOYD GEORGE: Responsible to the League of Nations? Never!

WILSON: Only in a sense. It is a Wilsonism. The League of Nations lays down certain rules for the administration of these colonies. Every five hundred years the mandatories report to the League. *We* are the mandatories—and we are the *League of Nations!*

(*The Delegates embrace one another.*)

MAKINO (*to Lloyd George*): And the Pacific?

LLOYD GEORGE: We English are a sporting race, Baron. Have you a set of dice?

(*Immediately all produce dice*).

LLOYD GEORGE: Thank you, I prefer my own.

MAKINO: I am used to mine, too.

(*The telephone rings. Clemenceau answers.*)

CLEMENCEAU (*to Wilson*): Gompers on the wire. He brings you greetings from King George, and wants to know what the Peace Conference has done about Labor.

(*Wilson goes to the telephone.*)

WILSON: Good afternon, Samuel. I am as keenly aware, I believe, as anybody can be that the social structure rests upon the great working-classes of the world, and that those working-classes in several countries of the world, have, by their consciousness of community of interest, by their consciousness of community of spirit, done perhaps more than any other influence to establish a world opinion which is not of a nation, which is not of a continent, but is the opinion, one might say, of mankind. Cordially and sincerely yours, Woodrow Wilson. Please give that to the press. Good-bye. (*He hangs up.*)

LLOYD GEORGE (*looking at his watch*): Can't we hurry along, old dears? I've a dinner engagement with half a dozen kings.

CLEMENCEAU: Point Six is, you will admit, the most important of all. The one about Russia—

(*Chorus of groans, snarls and epi-*

thets in four languages.)

CLEMENCEAU (*reading*): *"The evacuation of all Russian territory."* Does that mean by the Germans?

WILSON: That is hardly the meaning of the phrase. It stands to reason that if the Germans withdraw, the Russians might invade Russia. . . .

LLOYD GEORGE: It means that Russia must be evacuated by everyone except foreigners and the Russian nobility.

CLEMENCEAU (*continuing*):"—*and such a settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will secure the best and freest cooperation of the other nations of the world in obtaining for her an unhampered and unembarrassed opportunity for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy."* Surely you don't mean—

WILSON: Certainly not.

CLEMENCEAU (*continuing*):"—*and assure her of a sincere welcome into the clutches*—I beg pardon, my mistake—*into the society of free nations under institutions of her own choosing."* Excuse me, but isn't there a little too much "independent determination" and "institutions of her own choosing" in the document?

WILSON: On the contrary. If you will note the present state of the public mind, I think you will realize that it is especially necessary at this time to repeat this formula as much as possible.

CLEMENCEAU (*continuing*):"—*and, more than a welcome, assistance also of every kind that she herself may need and may herself desir* Do I understand by that—?

MAKINO: The Omsk Gover ment is already manufacturing vo ka. So far as we can discover, Ru sia's only other need seems to be Tsar—and we're arranging that speedily as we can.

CLEMENCEAU: I see. I thoug perhaps—

WILSON: Oh, no. May I not co ment on the amateurish quality European diplomacy? At home think nothing of putting fifteen hu dred people in jail for their op ions, and calling it free speech. .

CLEMENCEAU (*reading*): *"T treatment accorded Russia by sister nations in the months to co will be the acid test of their goo will, of their comprehension of needs as distinguished from th own interests, and of their intellig and unselfish sympathy."* That sort thing won't go down in France. have billions in Russian bonds—

WILSON: May I call attention the inexpensiveness of adjectives?

MAKINO: But there are a nu ber of embarrassing nouns. W *shall* we do about Russia?

LLOYD GEORGE: There is flock of Grand Dukes out in the H Suppose we ask them in.

WILSON: It is inadvisable. (of them might be infected with B shevism—no one seems to be mune. Who knows that even w (*all shudder*). If we learned the f about Russia they might influe our judgment. . . .

CLEMENCEAU: Let us pret

that Russia is divided among warring factions, and invite all of them to send representatives to a Conference at the headwaters of the Amazon—

WILSON (*nodding*): You are improving. "To confer with the representatives of the associated powers in the freest and frankest way."

ORLANDO: The Bolsheviki talk well. . . .

CLEMENCEAU: Let them talk. There's nobody to hear them at the headwaters of the Amazon!

WILSON: This is one case when diplomacy can "proceed frankly and in the public view."

ORLANDO: But what about the other factions?

CLEMENCEAU (*triumphantly*): Why, *we* are the other factions!

(*The Clock strikes five.*)

LLOYD GEORGE (*with a start*): Dear me! Six points already. At this rate we'll have nothing to do three days from now—nothing but go home.

MAKINO (*dreamily*): I *like* Paris, too.

LLOYD GEORGE: Just a word about Point Seven—Belgium, you know. That clause, "*without any attempt to limit the sovereignty she enjoys.*" Isn't that a bit strong? Of course we can't permit—

WILSON: That is another matter for the League of Nations. That is what the League of Nations is for.

CLEMENCEAU: And Point Eight —Alsace-Lorraine. I hope you haven't any foolish ideas about "self-determination" in Alsace-Lorraine?

WILSON: Yes—for all except pro-Germans.

CLEMENCEAU: But the language of the paragraph is open to misinterpretation. It might create a precedent. You know, we intend to annex the Saar Valley, where there aren't any Frenchmen. . . .

WILSON: Gentlemen, you seem to have overlooked the essential point —Point Fifteen, if I may be permitted the pun. I have covered it with such luxuriant verbiage that up to this moment no one in the world has discovered it. May I not call attention to the fact that *nowhere in this program have I declared against the principle of annexation?*

(*Frantic enthusiasm.*)

ORLANDO: And Point Nine— *A readjustment of the frontiers of Italy should be effected along clearly recognized lines of nationality?*

WILSON: You notice that I have not stated *which* nationality. . . .

LLOYD GEORGE: I must be going. What's left?

CLEMENCEAU: Only Austria-Hungary, the Balkans, Turkey and Poland.

ORLANDO: Give them half an hour tomorrow.

MAKINO: May I suggest that our American colleague write the statement to the press?

LLOYD GEORGE (*to Makino*): And while he's doing it, what do you say to a friendly settlement of the German possessions?

MAKINO: Charmed.

(*Both take out their dice and*

while Wilson writes on a piece of paper, they throw.)

LLOYD GEORGE: Pair o' nines! Baby's got to have new socks! What's this for? The Caroline Islands?

MAKINO: The Carolines! Come seven! Roll 'em down!

LLOYD GEORGE: Yours, by Jingo! What'll it be now? Kiau-Chao?

MAKINO: The Marshalls.

(*They play.*)

WILSON: It's completed. Shall I read it? (*They assent.*)

WILSON (*reading*): "President Wilson won another moral victory in the Peace Conference today. In spite of ominous predictions, his earnestness and eloquence, supported by the unselfish motives of the United States government in entering the war, completely won over the representatives of the other powers. At present complete harmony reigns among the Delegates."

(*At this moment the door opens and an attendant enters.*)

ATTENDANT: Telegram for Premier Orlando. Very urgent!

ORLANDO (*opens and reads slowly*): "Revolution in Italy completely victorious. Rome in the hands of the Sovietti." (*All are thunderstruck.*)

(*Enter attendant.*)

ATTENDANT: Cablegram for President Wilson. Very urgent!

WILSON (*takes it and reads slowly*): "You are impeached for invading Russia without a declaration of war."

(*While they are staring at each other, enters another attendant.*)

ATTENDANT: Telegram Premier Lloyd George. Very urg

LLOYD GEORGE (*reads*): " via Pankhurst made Premier. not hurry home."

(*Enters a fourth attendant.*)

ATTENDANT: Cablegram Baron Makino! Very urgent!

MAKINO (*reads*): "Infuri people, unable to get rice, have e the Mikado."

CLEMENCEAU (*suddenl* Hark! (*All listen. In the dist can be heard a confused and thun ous roar, which grows nearer, resolves itself into a mighty ch singing the "Carmagnole," the ple of Paris marching on the P d'Orsay.*)

ORLANDO: Does anyone k when the next train leaves?

MAKINO: For where? (*Gen silence.*)

LLOYD GEORGE: I feel a kering to live under a stable Gov ment.

WILSON: May I not suggest there is only one stable Governm now—at Moscow?

ORLANDO: Is there a back out of this place?

MAKINO: But we'll have t to work!

WILSON (*cheerfully*): Let us be prematurely disheartened. W are words in all languages—and sians are doubtless human—a still retain my powers of speech.

(*Exeunt in single file through window. The clock strikes six.*)

Slow Curtain

Across the Desk . . .

WORLD-WIDE interest in progressive American writing is vividly reflected in the publications from various countries that come to our desk. This deep and growing interest refutes the charge that peace-minded people abroad are engaged in a "hate-America" campaign.

Of course, there is in all lands the keenest resentment against McCarthyism and the warlike policies of the Big Business administration in Washington. Equally there is stiff resistance to the large-scale dumping of reactionary culture.

But everywhere there is the greatest eagerness to publicize and make available in translation the literature that expresses the democratic traditions and sentiments of the American people.

We are pleased to report that *Masses & Mainstream,* as well as the books it publishes, plays a prominent role in this respect. Here are some recent examples of *M&M* stories, poems, articles, drawings and books that have appeared abroad:

Abner W. Berry's article on "The Future of Negro Music" was published in the September, 1953 issue of *Musik and Gesellschaft* (*Music and Society*), Berlin monthly, and the September-October issue of *La Pensée,* Paris.

Lloyd Brown's novel *Iron City* has just gone into a second edition in China. It has also been published in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, the Soviet Union, and most recently in Japan.

V. J. Jerome's novel *A Lantern for Jeremy* has just been published in China. It will be issued this year in Italy, Holland, and Czechoslovakia.

Warren Miller's short story, "The Baptism," won an award of honor in the literary competition sponsored by the World Youth Festival in Bucharest.

Milton Howard's article on "Hemingway and Heroism" was reprinted in the Autumn, 1953, issue of *Chanticleer,* a new literary review published in London. Howard's "Moral Callenge of the Rosenbergs" was run in *El Siglo,* Santiago, Chile, newspaper.

Les Lettres Francaises, leading French cultural weekly edited by Louis Aragon, devoted a major part of its September 10, 1953, issue to *M&M* material, reprinting Herbert Aptheker's article on "Bookburning Today and Yesterday" and featuring Samuel Sillen's article on "The Living Emerson." In a front page editorial, *Les Lettres Francaises* pays tribute to *M&M* "which leads, with a courage that we are bound to salute, the struggle for the defense of culture and basic liberties against the attacks of McCarthy and Eisenhower."

Drawings from Charles White's portfolio, also published by *M&M,* have

appeared in *Crossroads* (New Delhi), *Land og Folk* (Copenhagen), *Auf* (Berlin), and many other publications.

Steve Nelson's *The Volunteers* is currently being translated for early p lication in Poland and the German Democratic Republic.

Michael Gold's article "Thoughts on American Writers" was reprinte *Literaturnaya Gazeta,* organ of the Soviet Writers Union, Moscow.

Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois' *In Battle for Peace* has been enthusiastically viewed in a score of countries. Sections have appeared in *Democratie N velle,* Paris, and other publications.

A volume of writings by American authors who have served prison te for their democratic beliefs has just been issued in Prague. For the most it consists of works that appeared in *M&M* by Howard Fast, Albert M Ring Lardner Jr., John Howard Lawson, Alvah Bessie, and Carl Marzani.

Joseph North's "No Children Are Strangers," an excerpt from a fo coming book, has been published in China.

Sidney Finkelstein's article on "Abstract Art Today" was run in *Fun mentos,* cultural monthly of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Our readers are cordially invited to a reception in honor Phillip Bonosky on the occasion of the publication of his new no BURNING VALLEY. The reception will take place at the Jeffer School of Social Sciences, 575 Avenue of the Americas, New Y City, on Thursday, November 12, from 4 to 6:30 P.M.

The Editor

books in review

People's Songs

LIFT EVERY VOICE: The Second People's Songbook. Edited by Irwin Silber. *People's Artists.* $1.25.

HERE are seventy-six songs reflecting the life and struggles of common people the world over. Prefaced by Paul Robeson, they range from old favorites like "Hold the Fort" and "Study War No More" to little-known treasures like "Partigiani in Montagna" (progressive choruses please note!); from the simple, traditional "Hush, Little Baby" to Shostakovich's magnificent "Song for Peace." Together they form a collection which no liberal or progressive who likes to sing will want to be without.

The editors have (wisely, I think) not attempted to put out a "representative" folksong collection. Despite their claim that the book includes "love songs, lullabies and play songs," the selections are, with few exceptions, songs of struggle. And rightly—there are, after all, plenty of "general" folksong books. Here are the songs the commercial publishers won't touch: "Banks of Marble," "Die Gedanken Sind Frei" and a score of others you've been wanting to learn for years—plus many more you'll want to learn once you've heard them.

Compared with its predecessor, *The People's Songbook, Lift Every Voice* is, I think, a better book. The selection is more pointed; the musical arrangements are simpler and more direct (though a few more choral arrangements would have been desirable). Jim Lee's illustrations help to brighten up the pages (though his guitar on page 2 is unlike any I have seen); production-wise, the book bears surprisingly few traces of the severe limitations of time and money under which it was prepared.

In any anthology, the question of duplication is always a knotty one. How far, that is, should "standard" (and previously anthologized) works be dispensed with in favor of "new" material? With the exception of a few "must" numbers like "Solidarity," there is in fact little carry over from *The People's Songbook* to the present volume. I could, however, have done without a second edition of "Joe Hill" and "Which Side Are You On" (both of them, in any case, pretty well-known), replacing them with "Song of My Hands" or "Harry Simms." I would indeed have expected both to be "musts."

A word with regard to "Bread and Roses." The lyrics, by James Oppenheim, arose out of the 1912 Lawrence textile strike. As poetry "Bread and Roses" would certainly have a place in an anthology of labor verse. I feel, however, that the musical setting is so weak as to make the song's inclusion in this collection a questionable decision.

None of the selections, however, have been made thoughtlessly; there are substantial, if not decisive, arguments for all of them.

Only in dealing with Latin America have the editors done poorly. Puerto Rico, to be sure, is well-represented with "Basta Ya" and "La Borinquena" (one could wish that space had been available for "Problema Social" with its pointed commentary on the troubles of Puerto Rican immigrants). Mexico, with its great revolutionary traditions, is represented only by the neutral "Don Simon" (why not the stirring "Adelita" or "El Capotin"?). As for the rest of the Americas—nothing.

The question of translation can be counted on to raise an argument wherever two or three folklorists are gathered together. The *original* words are of course an obvious "must," plus, in my opinion, either a literal English version, or a *good* verse translation (a bad one is worse than none).

Lift Every Voice does not appear to have consistently folowed this plan, or any other. There are a few good "singing" translations (notably Arthur Kevess in "Die Gedanken Sind Frei" and others, and Irwin Silber and Betty Sanders in "Song f Peace"), more mediocre or po ones, plus literal translations bo complete and incomplete. "T Lighthouse" has English words b no Chinese, while "El Quinto Reg miento" (mistitled "Venga Jaleo has Spanish but not a word of En lish. Some of these difficulties a undoubtedly due to production pro lems, but the others? Here is a re job for progressive poets!

But these omissions and inadeq cies are, all things (and particula space) considered, of little impo tance. Most of them can be rem died quite easily by the publicati of a third people's songbook. Buyi circulating and singing the press collection is the surest way to bri about such a desirable event.

ROBERT CLAIBORNE

Philippine Epic

BORN OF THE PEOPLE, by Luis Tar With a foreword by Paul Robeson. *ternational Publishers.* Paper $1. cloth, $3.

ONLY incidentally is this biography of a great man a a great leader of his people. Its t also comprises the struggle born the people of the Philippines t has never died in more than 4 years of foreign invasion, occupati and repression.

But Taruc's history of the conte porary struggle, of which he been a part nearly all his life, dif widely from accounts that mi have been written by Bonifacio, by Aguinaldo, who sold his peop

victory over Spain for American dollars. Every page of Taruc's book breathes sober confidence that Marxist science, the science of human freedom, has opened the way to liberation of the Philippines in our time.

All events since Taruc set down "June 1949" at the end of this history of struggle somewhere in a *nipa* hut on Luzon's mountains, confirm this confidence. On Oct. 1, 1949, the People's Republic of China was proclaimed. More than four years after that June, a truce halted hostilities in Korea on almost the same line where Syngman Rhee launched war on his own people, marking the most decisive military defeat in the history of American imperialism. The war to resubdue Vietnam would be a complete people's victory today, were it not for U.S. pressure on the French to continue it. In Africa, Iran, Egypt, Latin America the struggle mounts.

When Taruc set a coda to his account of the freedom struggle in the Philippines, he magnificently defined the perspective that has now opened before all colonial peoples the world over:

> "Our friends in Manila refer to us as being 'outside.' That is incorrect terminology. For seven of the past eight years I have lived as I am living now, in the forests, in the swamps, wanted and hunted (with a price of 100,000 pesos [$50,000] on my head today, dead or alive), but I have never felt truly 'outside.'
>
> "Rather we are on the inside, close to the heart of the people. We are on the inside of the struggle. Whoever joins in the struggle today, whoever joins the people's movement, has an inside place in the most decisive events of our time. This is a proud and enviable role."

The same warm and noble simplicity that shines through these two paragraphs illuminates all that Taruc has to say about the islands and people that he loves. Nothing he writes is arid, remote or coldly pedantic. Those he knows well and those known to him only in moments of high tension step living from these pages.

For thousands of former GI's who know the Philippines, this history of the operations of the Army of the People Against Japan (*Hukbong Bayan Laban sa Hapon* in Tagalog), the immortal "Huks," will clarify what GI's knew before only by hearsay and vague rumor. The motorized First Cavalry Division, racing south toward Manila after the Lingayen Gulf landing, and the other combat divisions that spread out through Central Luzon in the wake of the "First Cav," found village after village, town after town, cleared of all Japanese by the Huks, and the village streets hung with banners, "Welcome, Yanks!"

But General Douglas MacArthur, that millionaire militarist whose family wealth is based upon the sweat and blood of the *tao,* the Filipino peasant, was fighting another war inside that against Japan. His political police, the CIC or Counter-Intelligence Corps, directed the guerrillas under direct command of the U.S.

Army Forces in the Far East—the so-called USAFFE guerrillas, whose commanders refused all cooperation with the Huks.

"Tulisaffe," the people named these U.S.-sponsored irregulars who looted their villages, despoiled their homes, raped their daughters, welding the Tagalog word for bandit—*tulisan,* to USAFFE. Taruc documents battles in which such *tulisaffe* units allied themselves with the Japanese in concerted attempts to crush Huk detachments.

The meanest treachery and outright murder were other CIC weapons after the battle of Manila was under way. Huk detachments fighting beside U.S. troops were surrounded and disarmed, and began to make their way on foot, unarmed but still organized, back toward Central Luzon. Taruc writes:

"Squadron 77 passed through Malolos. When they reached that town they were suddenly surrounded and seized by the men of Col. Adonais Carlos Maclang, the *tulisaffe,* who had ambushed and murdered our men before the Americans arrived. Thrown into jail, our comrades were accused of raiding and looting in Malolos, accused of the very crimes which had been committed by Maclang. This arrest was permitted by the American MP's, under whose noses it took place.

"On February 7, with the full knowledge of the American CIC, the men of Maclang dragged the 109 Huks of Squadron 77 into the courtyard, forced them to dig their graves, and there shot and clubbed them all to death. . . ."

Later, Taruc reveals, a Huk roster solicited by the U.S. Army, supposedly as the basis for back pay, "was used as a blacklist to persec and murder our comrades."

Japan's surrender brought int sified repression. Reaction sped consolidation, that it might occu all seats of power before the gr of even fictitious Philippine in pendence, which Philippines Co missioner Paul McNutt first tried block with proposals for "re-exa nation."

"In Pampanga," Taruc's home p vince, "the people had a word the MacArthur-McNutt combi tion: 'mac-mac,' meaning in dialect, 'worthless and nonsense.'

Despite the terror, and after campaign that took him through Central Luzon and to the islands Negros and Panay, Taruc was elec in April 1946 to the Congress of Philippines—"a little over months after I was released from imperialist prisons. . . ."

But the armed repression of people continued. Murder was sti daily commonplace. The peop resistance rose. Taruc trave throughout his Pampanga con tuency, advising caution, waiti discipline. But, Taruc writes, creasingly, too, I felt the weight responsibility. These peasants, fellow peasants, had elected me Congress. They had faith in They expected me to lead them of their predicament.

"What could I say to them? S render? Give up your hopes dreams and let the landlords be y masters? Give up your arms and shot like dogs?"

It was after this renewed contact with the people of whom he was born that Taruc wrote his famous letter to President Manuel Roxas, detailing a four-point program for an end to the terror against the people, an end to the bloodletting. To this letter, Roxas made "hysterical reply," then "officially launched what had already been a fact for ten days: all-out war against the peasants."

Huk formations began to assemble in the swamps, the mountains, in friendly *barrios.* But this was a new army with a new purpose, still "the Huks," but now the People's Liberation Army—*Hukbong Mapagpalaya ng Bayan.* Roxas made massive, heavily armed attempts to smash it. Then Roxas died, to be replaced by a new *comprador,* Quirino.

And now Quirino's failure can be measured by Washington shift to support of yet another *comprador,* Ramon Magsaysay, whose claim to U.S. preference rests solely on the utter savagery of the war he has waged upon his own people. But terror directed by Magsaysay will no more uproot the sources of Filipino resistance than did terror waged by MacArthur, Roxas or Quirino.

The words Taruc set down while Magsaysay was only a field commander seeking distinction by wreaking his masters' vengeance upon his own people, will still serve as serene answer to Magsaysay, or to the *comprador* picked by the U.S. to succeed him in turn: ". . . Our history rings with the names of those who fought for a free Philippines, untrammeled by tyranny. Their unfinished struggles will be completed in ours."

In his foreword to *Born of the People,* Paul Robeson epitomizes this magnificent testament to the people of the Philippines in these words:

". . . An intensely moving story, full of the warmth, courage and love which is Taruc."

—And which is the tortured people of the Philippines.

RALPH IZARD

A Soviet Woman

IVAN IVANOVICH, by Antonina Koptayeva. Translated from the Russian by Margaret Wettlin. *Foreign Languages Publishing House,* Moscow. $1.75.

OLGA is the wife of Ivan, a successful neuro-surgeon in the Soviet Union's Far Northeast. She enjoys his undivided love; she has had one child and is planning to have another. They have a comfortable home, a wide circle of friends.

Yet Olga is discontented. Some years before, at the birth of her child, she had abandoned her engineering studies. Her husband was satisfied to see her do so; he "loved her as she was, immersed in a thousand little feminine duties." As a result, Olga has no independent career of her own, no trade, no profession; she sees other women—many of them wives and mothers—contributing to the pulsing life of the community as factory and agricultural workers, engineers, writers, teachers, pilots; but

the circle of her day is bounded by housework and family.

Long ago Frederick Engels pointed out the path to woman's liberation: her freedom will come only when she can "take part in production on a large, social scale, and domestic work no longer claims anything but an insignificant amount of her time." And today the Soviet Union, with its constitutional guarantees of equal rights, has opened up to women new vistas of work and happiness. Through nurseries and kindergartens, through special legislation for the benefit of working women and mothers, it has at last become possible for a woman to enjoy both motherhood and creative activity.

How have Soviet women met the challenge of their new rights and opportunities? There are no fields—barring heavy physical labor — in which they are not involved; in every area they have made notable contributions. Yet here and there outmoded tradition lingers, to stifle the minds of men, and of women also. These two themes—the opportunities and achievements of Soviet women on the one hand, and the stultifying weight of the old conventions on the other—form the substance of Antonina Koptayeva's novel.

Ivan, for all his devotion to the Soviet Union and its way of life, prefers that Olga remain at home. When her own sense of inadequacy and the proddings of her friends cause her to take up journalism as a profession, Ivan's feeling is a mixture of condescension at her effo and irritation at her unavoidab absences. As the story progress Ivan becomes increasingly aware th his attitude is wrong; he admits himself that if Olga were a daught an assistant at work, a friend or quaintance, he would insist on h maintaining her place as a full-ti contributor to socialist society. H Olga is his wife, and Ivan's perso convenience and preferences sw his judgment. Towards the end the story, when Olga has become outstanding writer, Ivan fully rec nizes his error; by that time, it too late to save the marriage.

Here, then, is an absorbing stu of personality in a period of tran tion: a Soviet man of magnifice abilities, rightly loved, respecte and honored, but who, unlike most his Soviet fellow-men, is found be flawed in character when t problem of his wife's contributi puts him to the test.

Olga, too, has weaknesses. It h not been the author's aim—and th she declares in her preface—to p sent as her central character an id or typical Soviet woman. Typi Soviet women there are in the no —competent, unwavering, and sing minded—and so vividly drawn th the reader will not easily forget the But in the character of Olga there depicted that smaller group of wo en who have not yet fully und stood their new role in Socia society.

Olga's unrest arises too little, pecially at first, from her own und

standing; she awaits a push from without, from members of the community, and especially from the engineer Tavrov, who condemns her narrowness and points out to her the path to achievement. It is Tavrov who helps Olga discover her talent as a writer and who rejoices in her success. In Tavrov the novelist has drawn a full-length portrait of a member of a generation that has never known inequality between men and women.

A few of the situations in *Ivan Ivanovich* develop, it appears to me, somewhat too swiftly and mechanically. Tavrov, for example, knows all of the answers to all of Olga's problems within an hour of their first meeting. But this is on the whole a tremendously stimulating novel, and a deeply human one. It reveals the vital concern of Soviet society with people—with the welfare of the individual man and woman and child, with the effort to enable each person to realize his highest potentialities. The author makes us live with the characters and we get a rich understanding of their lives and values.

The book contains, in addition to its main theme, descriptions of the growth of socialism in the Far Northeast, as seen through Ivan's eyes on his rounds as physician and through Olga's eyes as she reports the story of socialist construction. We watch the flowering of the Yakut autonomous republic — a region once so bitterly oppressed—the opening of gold mines, the building of factories, the forward strides of medicine, the swift transition in this frozen country from reindeer sled to airplane. And central to each page is the theme stated in the preface: that the ideal Soviet woman is one who "actively participates in work of social significance, and whose work is in every way equal to that of a man."

ELIZABETH LAWSON

Light on the USSR

SOVIET CIVILIZATION, by Corliss Lamont. Philosophical Library, $5.00.

CORLISS Lamont, for many years a serious student of the Soviet Union and a vigorous advocate of American-Soviet amity, has now made what he himself calls his major effort toward stemming the present misunderstanding between the two countries and thereby making "some contribution to the enduring peace for which our two peoples and the whole world so yearn." Dr. Lamont has written a scholarly work, rich in documentation and treating many aspects of the Soviet Union. Though critical of some aspects of the U.S.S.R., he never distorts this into broad generalizations.

Soviet Civilization presents a brief but rewarding course on the Soviet Union by an informed and intelligent mind. Where necessary, historical background is introduced that gives not only a more vivid understanding of the present, but a clear concept of the tremendous achievements of

that socialist state. In his discussion of the Soviet Constitution, Dr. Lamont at once introduces the reader into a new social system, illustrating through its basic law how it differs from older social systems. After treating many of the articles of the Soviet Constitution, the author concludes "that it does great credit to its framers" and "it presents a grand design of human living of which the Soviet people can well be proud."

To the Soviet nationalities policy Dr. Lamont devotes an entire chapter. This is an area that has long interested him and an earlier volume, *Peoples of the Soviet Union,* was wholly devoted to it. Nine days after the Soviets came into power, Lenin, as Premier, and Stalin, as Commissar of Nationalities, issued "The Declaration of the Rights of Peoples of Russia." Dr. Lamont calls this "an emancipation proclamation for ethnic minorities, unique in the annals of statecraft up to that time." This laid the basis of a policy that has continued to the present. Dr. Lamont's chapter, "Soviet Ethnic Democracy," acquaints the reader with the flowering of a multitude of peoples, culturally, economically and socially, that is one of the most impressive aspects of the Soviet Union.

The economic and cultural growth of the Soviet Union came sharply to the attention of millions throughout the world during the war when the remarkable Soviet record against the Nazis exposed those reactionary writers who had pictured the U.S. S.R. as backward, weak and hel less. Dr. Lamont refers to the Sov war record to show that this is country, skillfully organized and le industrially advanced, and cultura mature. But the reactionaries in r cent years have again come to t fore to belittle, confuse and distc The history of the U.S.S.R.'s Fiv Year Plans and the role of social planning as presented in *Soviet Ci ilization* is a telling refutation of th lying propaganda. For an understan ing of Soviet domestic affairs, th chapter is one of the most valuab in the book. Here we learn not on the targets of each succeeding pla but how the priority is determin for each target, and—most importa —how socialist planning is acco plished in the U.S.S.R. What unfol is a beautiful, logical system of sta administration in which science r places anarchy, and welfare replac the doctrine of dog-eat-dog.

The hucksters of hate, taking a vantage of the people's aversion fascism, attempt to equate the Sov system with fascist dictatorship. D Lamont devotes a section of his wo especially to pointing out the an thetical nature of the two, and nally dismisses such "reasoning" a desperate and preposterous big l "This evil untruth," he writes, disruptive of world peace and u derstanding, does not stand up for moment under the clear light reason."

The most important, and for th reviewer the most exciting, parts

the book are the sections devoted to Soviet foreign policy and American-Soviet relations. Here the Soviet Union's determined and consistent efforts for world peace, from its inception as the first socialist state to the present, are reviewed with painstaking documentation. The ultimate picture is one that must convince the honest reader that international peace and amity is the main pillar of Soviet foreign policy. The recent determined efforts of the Soviet Union to lessen international tensions gives added support, if any were needed, to Dr. Lamont's thesis that the U.S.S.R. represents a mighty force for peace and that American-Soviet understanding is today the key to world security.

At the same time Dr. Lamont makes passing critical references that, it seems to this reviewer, are mostly in general terms and frequently unsubstantiated. He writes, for example, that administration of justice "has been biased and harsh toward those considered enemies of the socialist state." In this he seems to have forgotten his own historical review of the extremities to which "enemies of the socialist state" have gone ever since the inception of the Soviet regime.

Soviet labor camps, says Dr. Lamont, "frequently fail to maintain decent and healthy conditions." Yet D. W. Pritt, former Labor Member of Parliament, eminent British attorney and an expert on prison reform, who visited Soviet labor camps several times and most recently in 1950,

sharply differs with Dr. Lamont on this.

And in discussing Soviet culture, Dr. Lamont expresses the fear that unless "dictatorial controls" disappear, "literature and science of the U.S.S.R. will in the long run find themselves at a dead end, with originality, fresh ideas and that questioning of authority and basic assumption so necessary to progress all stifled in a dreary mediocrity of official doctrine and prescribed taste."

In view of what has actually been happening in the Soviet Union, this seems a contradiction. For it is precisely because "authority and basic assumption" has been questioned that Soviet culture has been able to blaze new brilliant trails. Lysenko questioned the authority of Mendel, and has come up with a science that has enriched harvests and extended cultivated areas throughout the U.S.S.R.; Lepeshinskaya questioned the authority of Virchow, and has brought forth the complete new science of pre-cellular life; Soviet engineers questioned the authority of generations of engineers, and are now on the verge of making deserts bloom, providing ships with access to inland seas, reversing the flow of rivers to give verdant growth to vast unwatered tracts.

Dr. Lamont also propounds the thesis that the North Korean people's republic was guilty of aggression. The evil attempts of Syngman Rhee to blast the truce negotiations and prevent the establishment of a able peace, and his statement he would accept nothing less the forcible unification of K should, once and for all, expose role in the outbreak of the confl

But Dr. Lamont himself states in the overall picture of the So Union the positive far outwe what he considers negative. He cludes his work with these wo "In my opinion the objective ve of coming generations will be the Soviet Russians, during t first thirty-five years, laid the fou tions of a great new civilizatio enduring achievement and promise, ranking in world histo significance with the outstan civilizations of the past."

ANDREW VOYNO

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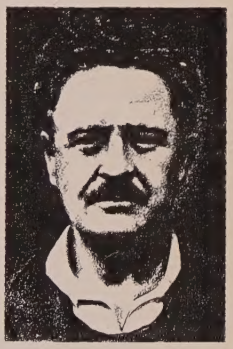

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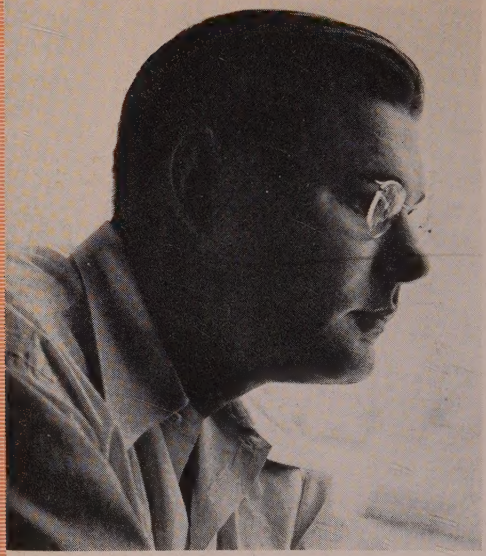

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