MASSES & MAINSTREAM

GENEVA AND THE INTELLECTUALS

AN EDITORIAL

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Geneva and the Intellectuals

AN EDITORIAL

Bertrand Russell, who issued a joint statement with Albert Einstein for the banning of atomic war, said he was particularly pleased that two Communists, Professor Joliot-Curie and Professor Infeld, had joined him in signing the statement. In greeting a similar statement later issued by 18 *Nobel prize winners, Russell said he regretted that no Communists were on the list. He said "The inclusion of the names of Joliot-Curie and Infeld gave me great satisfaction and I wish that there had been names of similar political complexion among the* 18." (*Statement to the press, July* 18).

"Anti-Communism, in particular, is the effort of certain groups to view their countrymen who are Communists and progressives as if they were separated from them by a cordon of fire. This anticipatory image of war runs the risk of provoking war itself. One may describe this result of the Cold War, internally and externally, as terror." (Jean-Paul Sartre, leading French novelist and playwright, speech at Helsinki peace conference, June 22).

THE TITANIC struggle took a leap forward.

At Geneva, the most basic necessity of the human race—that it survive—finally confronted that other Force, that is, the Man-destroyers who proclaim the inevitability of a world massacre under a rain of atomic and H-bomb frightfulness. The people insisted that the Big Four sit down together to confront this Enemy.

This publication has been urging upon our fellow-Americans, especially those who work in the arts, sciences, and universities, that the time had arrived for a New Look at the real condition of the United States in the era of the H-bomb. In our February issue, we stated that the intellectual cliches of the Cold War and of the "anti-Communist crusade"—the myths

of "aggression" and "infiltration," the hoaxes about "secrets" stolen by "spies"—had become obsolete.

We need not detail the swift advance of this truth. But this truth had advanced to such an enormous degree that it became impossible for the leaders in Washington or London to ignore it. The repeated proposals for a world detente, for an end to the Cold War, for a world which should outlaw and destroy the atomic bombs, had become a gigantic force.

Dr. Robert Oppenheimer had perceived the truth in his famous article in which the two leading powers of the capitalist and socialist world had become, in his words, "two scorpions in a bottle," achieving a mutuality of destructive power which made an atomic war unthinkable. For this idea, Oppenheimer was dragged to the bar of judgment. Had he had something of the moral grandeur of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, who would rather die than lie, Oppenheimer would have confronted his accusers in the name of America's soul no lesss than of her safety. He would have cried out: "My country must know the truth! Even if you destroy me, my country must know that the path of atomic build-up, of H-bomb 'defense' is a ghastly lie. The bomb does not defend, but only prepares us all for annihilation. My country must know that there never was any atomic superiority by us over the Soviet Union, that with the new weapons the present course is national suicide, that America can only live if the atomic bombs are killed!" But, if Oppenheimer failed, the American people did not fail.

A year after Oppenheimer, who grappled with the truth but, divided and corrupted by the Cold War terrorism, failed to meet the moral crisis of the nation, the President of the United States responds to the mass wisdom which proclaims that the atomic war spells disaster for the nation. General MacArthur in January had delivered the sober military judgment that the United States has no possibility of victory in an atomic war. In a gesture calculated to meet the Soviet proposal for outlawing atomic war, Eisenhower says he is ready to exchange military blueprints with the USSR!

What was virtual "treason" for the intellectual Oppenheimer had become the official judgment a year later.

What American Communists had gone to jail for as "conspiracy"—advocacy of co-existence—has become the inexorable thought which animates the minds of the majority of humanity, and which the American people proved had become their own idea as well.

This new reality could no longer be ignored by this country and its political leadership.

America has entered the new stage which leads to the outlawing in treaty of the atomic war which the present situation—with its farewell to the myth of "atomic superiority"—has outlawed in fact.

BUT those who heat up the cold war instead of ending it do not let go so easily.

They will not surrender so easily the repressive era in which the idea of peace with the Socialist states had been legislated into a decree making its supporters "agents of a foreign power."

For nearly a decade in American life the professional witch-hunters have been reaching out with ever-bolder brutality for the complete control of the nation's mind. There is now a huge vested interest in the propaganda manufacture of Cold War and "inevitable war with Communism" hysterics. There is a large and growing FBI police apparatus hiring ambitious lawyers fresh out of the schools eager to advance on the bodies of new victims of new Smith Act trials, new "loyalty" persecutions, new "spy" fakeries. There is the informer industry under the respectable protection of that cynical Wall Street lawyer, the Administration's Attorney General Herbert Brownell. There is the whole apparatus of so-called scholarship dedicated to the manufacture of Soviet "studies" whose intention is to Goebbelize the United States for its "liberating mission" in the Ukraine between, let us say, 1956 and 1966. There is a literary apparatus consisting of busted down novelists a la John Dos Passos and James Farrell making new careers out of knifing "starry-eyed liberals" who are not ready to see their children mangled by the atomic fall-out (area 7,000 square miles, warns Dr. Ralph Lapp, atomic expert) in the cause of James Burnham and Dr. Sidney Hook.

For a glimpse of this vested interest in the "inevitable war" savageries, listen to this:

"The film tycoons realize that if by some miracle the United States and Russia usher in a period of sweetness and accord, millions of dollars worth of finished pictures and scenarios—in which the Communists are the villains—may not only be 'dated' but contrary to national policy. A preponderance of present-day flicker villains are Reds, so a 'Love thy neighbor in the Cominform' era would mean expensive headaches and great financial loss to producers, exhibitors, networks and stars who worked in

anti-Communist pictures on a percentage deal." (*Dorothy Kilgallen, New York Journal-American.*)

Better New York, Chicago and Hollywood in flames than risk that "percentage deal."

So runs the Cold War blackmail. For the rise of blackmail as an industry has been one of the most conspicuous social consequences of the James Burnham-Sidney Hook-Max Eastman era in American thought. For if these Communist-hunters are right, is it not patriotic as well as profitable to establish Committees-to-destroy-writers-teachers-actors-and-dancers who are "red-tainted"?

Is it not a fact that the American Legion bureaucracy seeks to justify its huge payroll by virtue of the fact it has just saved the United States from the subversive menace of a Paul Draper dance recital at the University of Pennsylvania or a William Gropper art show in Katonah, New York?

And the highly profitable operations of a blacklist outfit in America's theatre, radio and TV like Aware, Inc.—what will become of them if America and the Soviet Union live in peaceful coexistence, engage in mutually beneficial commerce, while New York and Moscow exchange drama troupes, violinists, and scientists instead of mutual massacre?

THE TOTALITARIANS of the Cold War have scented the danger to their racket.

Senator James Eastland of Mississippi—advocate of Constitutional defiance in the matter of equality for Negro children in schools, and frenzied admirer of Adolph Hitler as defender of "Christian civilization"—has usurped the powers of the U. S. Senate to launch an "anti-Communist" threat against the American newspapers. His obedient little performer, Winston Burdett, has suddenly recalled how he "spied" on the Finnish population in 1940 to get their "feelings" which he would relay to the Soviet Union! Out of this burlesque Eric Ambler comes the closer-to-home club against a New York *Times* reporter who dared to file a Korea war dispatch hinting that not all was honey in that futile and criminal slaughter. Beware, you American reporters and newspaper men, how you write your news and editorials on foreign policy! Senator Eastland has his Senate committee with which to smash your heads and ruin your career as cowardly publishers still cringe under the McCarthyite lash!

The Un-American Committee is also looking up. It is putting its circus on the road; in Newark, New Jersey, it got some teachers fired

and started the standard panic in which political mediocrities come out of their obscurity and make hay. Yet, the net result was not too happy, for the people began to show their anger and the circus left town to go to Los Angeles, always considered a fruitful field for some new political assassinations and headlines based on the wreckage of another human being's career. But here too it was, as the newspapermen said, "a lousy show." The Americans are becoming Americans again. They are telling the little Caesars and Mussolinis to keep their snouts out of America's Constitution and its First and Fifth Amendments.

Congressman Walter to the rescue! New York has been warned to expect an invasion by the Un-American Committee looking for "communism" in America's theatre and TV! But why look for "communism" in the New York theatre when it so obviously has taken over the White House where the Voice of the Kremlin is heard praising peace, and where its chief occupant consorts conspiratorially with Bulganin, Krushchev and Zhukov? There is the "Communist line" of Senator George who urges top level negotiations with People's China. Why neglect him?

The racketeers are alarmed that America's theatre and TV might dare to pollute the nation with plays which hail peace and brotherhood, which leave behind the murderous lunacies of "spy" forgeries, and which dare to let the American nation resume its democratic march in the spirit of Jefferson, Whitman and Twain.

Can the blackmailers, perjurers, authors of hate-Russia books, writers of ex-Communist juicy memoirs, and professional lecturers to women's clubs on "ten secrets of the Kremlin" be passive as President Eisenhower returns from Geneva asserting the will to peace in the Soviet Union and the United States?

THEY ARE returning to the fray. They are asserting their vested interest in tension, fear, persecutions and death. They are out to overturn, if they can, the enormous Geneva step toward the peaceful coexistence of capitalist and Socialist states in the era of the H-bomb.

Jolted by their defeat in the Lattimore case, in the passport cases, in the Corliss Lamont case, and sadistically eager to cover up the rottenness of official perjury unmasked by Harvey Matusow, they are reaching for their old club, the "menace of Communism." They hope with this club to enforce again, as they did during the height of the McCarthy pogroms and the Rosenberg frame-up, their dictation of America's mind. They want

to bring back their list of "acceptable" pro-war dogmas as the orthodoxy of "loyalty," to disagree with which spells social ostracism, loss of job, or even trial for treason and "espionage."

They have shown their vengeful hatred of the liberal weekly, *The Nation,* by indicting its assistant to the editor, Martin Solow, in an absurd charge of "conspiracy to obstruct justice" in the Matusow incident; they have got the courageous lawyer, Harry Sacher cited for contempt in a new attempt to keep him out of his profession; they have "interviewed"—that is, hounded—printers who set the book in which Harvey Matusow revealed the lie factory of the Department of Justice; they have handed down charges against Joseph Starobin, recently foreign editor of the *Daily Worker,* as they are hoping with new Smith Act trials to whip up the Cold War atmosphere they dread to see leave the United States.

But we say they are clashing with realities stronger than they. They are clashing with America's national interest in avoiding atomic extinction, with America's awakened national conscience, with her devotion to her democratic heritage. In its superbly contemptuous counter-statement to these witch-hunters, *The Nation* spoke for many more Americans than its own readership when it flatly told them that it would not alter a single one of its political ideas to curry favor with them.

THIS IS an intellectual battle profoundly affecting every writer, novelist, poet, critic, painter, musician, dramatist, and scholar in the United States. For if the Cold War totalitarians can win, then they will have stifled every possibility of national intellectual advance. It is impossible for a nation to create a genuine literature when it lives under the club of the dictated dogma of an "inevitable atomic war with Communism." Such a nation can only become a prey to decadents, apostles of despair, racism and pornography.

For the Un-American Congressman Walter who seeks to dominate America's theatre is an avowed racist, author of the contemptible Walter-McCarran Act barring "inferior" peoples; while another notorious "red hunter" has typically widened his operations to include the weekly publication of the vilest pornographic nastiness in the country. It is this type which challenges American intellectuals to take orders from them, or face the dagger of the "charge of Communism."

IN OUR conclusion, we return to the beginning, to the two statements by Bertrand Russell and Jean-Paul Sartre, with which we opened this

editorial statement. Four years ago, Russell virtually urged an atomic assault on the Soviet Union; and Sartre was the author of a Koestler-like play, *Dirty Hands,* in which the justification for an "anti-Communist" world war was implicit.

But now Russell and Sartre, symbolic of the best thinking in Britain and France among the most advanced intellectuals, strike at the very heart of the "red scare." They discard it as the strangling noose, the political dagger, which reaches for their own throats and for the throat of the national community for which they speak.

The intellectuals of West Europe have learned in large part that "anti-Communism" is merely the trap by which the enemies of the human mind and of human development get their foot into the door. "Why no Communists?" asks Bertrand Russell of America's leading atomic scientists who feared to join him and Einstein in a joint statement with Communists against atomic death. His question searches out the canker which still eats away at the moral fibre and political understanding of our nation. For while an Eisenhower can "associate" with the leading Communists of the Soviet Union, the nation's writers, teachers, artists and scientists cannot "associate" with any other American whose ideas cannot pass the test of Joe McCarthy or the New Deal-hating political police of the FBI.

Surely, the time is here for American intellectuals to speak about the great national reality of the H-bomb era in the accents of Bertrand Russell or Jean-Paul Sartre.

THE DOGMAS and bigotries of the "anti-Communist crusade" cannot live side by side with democratic liberty or creative intellectual advance. Differences with Communism must be philosophical, political, not military or in the form of an indictment, loss of job, or the 25 year prison term (which Steve Nelson faces as 27 states have joined to get a Supreme Court ruling upholding their sedition laws).

We must exchange ideas and goods with Moscow, not atomic death. The door which the Administration has opened, despite all the Admiral Radfords, and despite the President's own earlier "unleashing-of-Chiang Kai-shek" illusions, must be kept open and flung wide. Our nation cannot live with less than that. The country must learn what Russell and Sartre have expressed, that a nation literally trades away its own freedom and safety when it trades away, as "sacrificial victims" to the witch-hunters, the freedoms of the Communists.

An Irish-American Childhood

By ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

In the following excerpts from the forthcoming autobiography by Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, I Speak My Own Piece, *to be published soon by* Masses & Mainstream, *the reader will find part of one of the great American stories of contemporary life. With keen observation, sharp comment, humor and wisdom, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn restores not only the absorbing facts of her personal life, but because of who and what she is, some of the most important aspects of recent American history. For more than five decades, ever since the pre-World War decade when the IWW poet, Joe Hill, hailed her as "the Rebel Girl," she has been at the very heart of the peoples' battles and hopes. That she is passing her 65th birthday in a Federal prison, a victim of the notorious Smith Act which cynically brands Socialist thought as "conspiracy," is a disgrace and a challenge to our country. The American woman who could write these keenly human pages deserves to be honored along with her colleagues, as among the nation's foremost leaders. We urge our readers and friends to help in the campaign bring about her freedom.*

MY MOTHER, Annie Gurley, landed in Boston in 1877, at the age of seventeen. She was very beautiful, with blue-black hair, deep blue eyes, a soft white skin and regular features, with a clear and cameo-like profile. She came from Galway on the west coast of Ireland, where it is reported the people have "Spanish blood," from the shipwrecked sailors of the defeated Spanish Armada, who settled there in the 16th century. To this is attributed our black hair. The first of the Gurleys, her aunt Bina and later her uncles James and Mike, had come to Concord, New Hampshire, before the Civil War, in the migrations which took a million men and women, from 1847 to 1861, away from Irish famine and political persecution.

My mother was the oldest girl of thirteen children, but she was brought up away from home by her Gurley grandparents and spoke only Gaelic in her childhood. She had a faint trace of it in her speech.

Her childhood in Loughrea was a happy one. The Gurleys in Galway, where they say, "God bless us!" were much more prosperous than the Flynns in Mayo, where they say, "God help us!" She lived on a farm, where there were all sorts of domestic animals. She was taught at home by her uncles, because they boycotted the National (British) schools. Her grandmother, kind to all others, would give nothing to a "uniform." She refused food, milk, or even water to British soldiers, who had to go seven miles further to town for supplies.

When the Irish labor leader, James Larkin, once criticized American women for smoking, my mother said smilingly: "Well, Jim, I used to light my grandmother's pipe with a live coal from the hearth!" When another Irish friend turned up his nose at the "garlic-eating Italians," she told him that her grandmother used to pull up garlic in her garden like radishes and eat it raw. She had a theory that the Irish were "the lost tribes of Israel" and told us how her grandfather killed animals for food in the same manner as the Jewish people, and that Saturday began the Sabbath and all work closed on his farm. Mama did not deny the faults or glorify the virtues of the Irish, as our father did. We were amused at this and often said: "Papa is more Irish than Mama and he never saw Ireland!"

The Gurleys were Presbyterians, but not very devout. My mother knew all about fairies and leprechauns and "the little people" who are supposed to inhabit Ireland. She was not brought up religious and did not go to church, however. When we asked about this, she would put us off whimsically by saying: "After all, the Irish are pagan at heart!" She had a few pleasant years here with her relatives in Concord, until her father died in Ireland and her mother hastily sold the good land he had owned and cultivated and brought her brood of nine children to America. They were all in their 'teens. She left seven here and returned to Ireland with the two youngest, whom she placed in an expensive convent school.

My mother was forced to become the head of a new household, to support and bring up her brothers and sisters. To do this she worked as a tailoress on men's custom-made coats, for thirteen years. She did exquisite hand sewing, especially on pockets and buttonholes. She helped all her brothers to learn trades—Jim and Martin became plumbers, John a leather worker, and Mike a metal worker. All were members of the Knights of

Labor—then a secret society. Chalked signs on the sidewalks notified them of its meetings. Two of her sisters were dressmakers. Because of these family responsibilities my mother did not marry until she was thirty years old—an "old maid" in those days.

My mother was always interested in public affairs. She early became an advocate of equal rights for women. She heard many lecturers in Concord —Susan B. Anthony, Frances Willard, Frederick Douglass, Dr. Mary Walker, a pioneer medical woman, and Charles Stuart Parnell, the great Irish orator. She shocked her in-laws and neighbors by having women doctors in the '90's, when her four children were born. This was a radical step over sixty-four years ago, not long after Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell had opened up the practice of medicine to women. I was named after our doctor in Concord—Dr. Elizabeth Kent. I remember her when she vaccinated me to go to kindergarten—a handsome woman dressed in a tailored suit, the first I had seen. In Manchester, Mama also had a "foreign doctor"—an elderly French-Canadian woman who drove up in her own horse-drawn "buggy."

My mother admired women of intelligence who did "worthwhile things" in the world. She rebelled against the endless monotony of women's household tasks and remained at work in the tailoring establishment after her marriage as long as she could get caretakers for her children. This too was unusual in the '90's. She was an excellent cook, she liked to bake pies, make preserves, raise plants, but she hated what she called drudgery—washing, ironing, cleaning, dishwashing. She was happiest when she was sewing. She made over her green silk wedding dress into dresses for us to go to school. During her lifetime she made dresses for her three daughters. In 1913 a Paterson newspaper accused me of wearing an expensive imported linen dress to a strikers' meeting. Mama had made it for me at a cost of $3.00. The last beautiful dress she made for me was in 1937 when I spoke at my first Communist meeting at Madison Square Garden. It was of black velvet and she sewed it all by hand because at her advanced age of 77 she could not run the machine.

Mama was no model housekeeper. But she was interesting and different and we loved her dearly. She read widely—newspapers, magazines and books. After we came to New York City in 1900, she went to night school to improve her penmanship and spelling and to hear lectures on Shakespeare. All during our childhood she read aloud to us—from Irish history, poetry, fairy stories. I recall one of her favorite books was on Greek mythology, *Gods and Heroes*. She had a large set of paper-covered volumes called

Classics and the Beautiful. We have a precious collection of books which were always *"Mama's Books."* They include a five-volume set of Irish literature, volumes of Burns, Moore, Byron, Whittier, Sheridan, Swift, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Hemans, Meredith, Longfellow, Synge, Yeats, Lady Gregory, Stephens and Shaw.

When she was nearly eighty, she read from William Z. Foster: "My father, James Foster, was born in County Carlow, Ireland, of peasant stock. He was a Fenian and an ardent fighter for Irish independence." She commented aloud to us: "My great grandfather, John Gurley, also came from County Carlow, so did George Bernard Shaw's grandfather, James Gurley. They were brothers, Shaw's mother's name was Elizabeth Gurley. The Larkins also came from there!" She went on reading, leaving us quite overwhelmed with this information. Finally I said: "Mama, why didn't you tell us this before?" She calmly replied: "The occasion never arose."

THE Irish who came to this country around the middle of the last century were far from happy. They sought but had not found freedom from religion and political persecution or a chance to earn a decent livelihood for their families. My father was very bitter about the hard conditions which prevailed here in his youth among the Irish. They were principally employed at manual labor—building railroads, canals, roads, and in mines and quarries. They lived in shanty towns, even in New York City. One such —consisting of 20,000 inhabitants—was located in what is now Central Park. They were excluded from the better residential areas. In my father's youth there were many signs on empty houses and on factories seeking help: "No Irish Need Apply." They were ridiculed by the Protestant Yankees for their "Papist" religion, for their large families, their fighting and drinking —called dirty, ignorant, superstitious, lazy, and what not, as each immigrant group in turn has been similarly maligned.

Nor were the Irish united. Bloody battles occurred in my father's youth between Catholic Irish and Orangemen who were Protestant Irish. A narrow canal was pointed out to me in Lowell, Massachusetts, by an old man who said: "That stream was once red with blood after a battle between Orangemen and Catholics."

However, the Irish had one advantage which other immigrants did not share—they did not have to learn to speak English. They more easily became citizens. My father commented bitterly: "They soon become foremen, straw bosses, policemen and politicians, and forget the Irish traditions of struggle

for freedom!" While this was true of many, it was an exaggeration. The majority of the Irish Americans remained workers—on the waterfront, in mining, transport, maritime, in the building trades, and in other basic industries. They played a heroic part in early American labor history—in the Knights of Labor, the Western Federation of Miners, and the American Federation of Labor. William Sylvis, Peter Maguire, Terence V. Powderly, Kate Mullaney, Leonora O'Reilly, T. B. Barry, John Collins, Martin A. Foran, J. P. McDonald, John Sincey—are a few of the Irish names appearing in early labor history. In fact, in the beginnings of organizing labor they defied their church to be union members. Finally yielding to the inevitable, the Catholic Church gave its blessing to trade unionism in 1891.

Terence V. Powderly, in his autobiography, *The Path I Trod,* has an interesting chapter, "Ecclesiastic Opposition," in which he tells of this struggles to defend the Knights of Labor, of which he was the head, against the attacks of priests, bishops and archbishops. Cardinal Gibbons, in his recommendations to the Pope not to condemn the Knights of Labor, saw the danger to the church in the growing cleavage between it and the mass of Catholic workers, who were joining unions.

My father, who was then a laborer in the quarries, met my mother in the mid '80's. There were tight social lines drawn between the "lace curtain" Irish of my mother's family and the "shanty Irish" of my father's family. The difficulties he had in courting my mother are indicated by the fact that neither Gurleys nor Flynns came to their wedding. My father was determined to leave the quarry. All but one of his male relations had died as a result of working there. My father carried the mark of the quarry to his grave in a blind eye. When he was a young boy, working in a quarry in Maine, carrying tools, the sight was destroyed by a flying chip of granite.

He lived to be over eighty, "thanks to Mama," we always said, who encouraged him in his ambitions. He had a keen mathematical mind and through self-study and tutoring, he passed the entry examinations at Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire. He attended the Thayer School of Engineering and made excellent progress. One of his classmates, later a professor at Ann Arbor, Michigan, told me of how he remembered Tom Flynn poring over his book in the failing light of evening, finally taking it to the window to catch the last rays of the sun.

He was suspended from college for a short interval, because he refused to give information as to who attended a secret meeting of Catholic students, who were organizing to protest the denial by the authorities of their right

to attend Catholic services. The New York *World* of that day had an article commending his stand, the student body supported him, and he was reinstated. I thought proudly of this family precedent in December, 1952, over sixty-five years later, when I entered the Women's House of Detention in New York City, to serve a 30 days' sentence for contempt of court, for refusal to "name names." His brother Pat died of consumption shortly before my father was to graduate. Pat was the breadwinner for his mother and three sisters, who demanded that Tom now go to work. His money gave out, trying to divide with them, and he was compelled to leave college. He was sufficiently grounded, however, that he worked from then on as a civil engineer.

When he married, his family was highly indignant, but Mama remained at work, partially solving the economic problem for a few years. My father got work in 1895 in Manchester, New Hampshire, as a civil engineer for the Manchester Street Railroad Company, which was laying a track for a new mode of transportation, since torn up to make way for buses. "Frogs" and switches were his specialty then. This was eighteen miles south of Concord, and we moved there.

Here he took his first flyer into politics. He ran independently for City Engineer. He had joined the "Ancient Order of Hibernians" (A.O.H.) and marched in the St. Patrick's Day parade. He sported white gloves and a green sash over his shoulder, with golden harps and green shamrocks on it. We children were terribly impressed. We organized parades and pranced around in that sash till we wore it out. Undoubtedly he got the Irish vote but it was not enough to elect him. He was convinced that he lost because he was Irish and looked around for a job to leave New England. He took a poorly paid map-making job in Cleveland, Ohio. It was an uncertain, seasonal type of work. Collecting his pay in full depended upon how many orders the canvassers received for the finished atlases. Sometimes the operating companies failed or were fly-by-night concerns and in the end nothing was forthcoming. Somebody was always "owing Papa money."

Yet he worked hard, was out tramping around in all kinds of weather, with his small hand-drafting board, plotting in with red and blue pencils the streets, houses, etc. He worked at this for years, making maps of Cleveland, Boston, Baltimore, Newark, Trenton, Kentucky, Nova Scotia and many other places. At first we moved around as his jobs changed, from Concord to Manchester, to Cleveland, to Adams, Massachusetts, and finally to New York City. Our greatest fear was "Papa losing his job!" We enjoyed our

peaceful life with Mama when she gave us all her attention. We knew that there would be no money when he was at home all day, and that he became increasingly irritable and explosive. We were selfishly happy when Papa got a new job and went off to another town.

OUR trip way "out west," to Cleveland, Ohio, was high adventure for three small New England children. I was then seven years old. It was a wearisome trek in a dirty day coach for my mother with a nursing baby. We landed at an old wooden station down by the lake shore. It was still there the last time I visited Cleveland. Our stay in Cleveland was brief, about eight months but vivid impressions remained—of the beautiful blue expanse of water—Lake Erie; of the muddy Cuyahoga River, coiled like a brown snake in the heart of the industrial section, of the great ore docks, and of mansions set back from Euclid Avenue, with beautiful wide lawns. My father was a great walker and often took me with him. He pointed out the home of Mark Hanna, "who owned President McKinley," he said. Papa had voted for Williams Jennings Bryan in 1898.

We lived in a shaky little one-story house on Payne Avenue, with an outdoor toilet, which shocked us very much. It was reported to be the old Payne homestead and had barred windows in the cellar, which was entered through a trap door in the kitchen floor. We were told the family took refuge there a century ago, and shot through the windows at attacking Indians. True or not, it made living there exciting. There were cable cars then in Cleveland and apparently some shift in gears was made at midnight. Anyhow, the little frame house shook and rocked at that time every night, and we loved to pretend the Indians had returned or maybe it was the ghosts of the old Payne family. My father worked at home, using the front room for his big drafting boards, pantographs, blue prints, etc. It was our first direct contact with his work and with him, in fact. He earned $25 a week, but bread cost 3c a loaf and steak was 10c a pound.

What I particularly remember about our sojourn in Cleveland, was the Spanish American War, which broke out in 1898. My father was vocal and vitriolic in his opposition to it. He said the blowing up of the American battleship *Maine* in Havana Harbor, Cuba, was an inside job to cause hostilities and that Hearst had a hand in it. He had only scorn for Admiral Dewey and his dramatic entrance into Manila, and for Teddy Roosevelt and his Rough Riders. "Shot a Filipino in the back!" he said of Teddy. My father joined the Anti-Imperialist League of that day, founded by

Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, to oppose the United States taking over Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines. We were all ears to hear the animated, heated discussions Papa had with other mapmen who came to our house.

There was considerable sympathy for Aguinaldo, the leader of the Filipino people, who wanted to be free from Spain but were not willing to become an American colony instead. He had distinguished himself in 1896 in leading a Filipino revolt against Spain and had driven the Spanish rulers off the islands. In June he became provisional president of the islands. Later he carried on a guerilla warfare against the Americans when they did not leave as the Filipino people expected they would, after the war ended. He was captured and capitulated by taking an oath of allegiance to the U.S.A. That ended Aguinaldo—as a hero.

My father was greatly wrought up over the cruelties inflicted against the people of these far-away islands of the Pacific. He compared them to similar brutalities inflicted on the Irish people. I remember our horror at stories of the "water cure." My father used to march up and down the floor after we came to New York City reciting a poem written by the famous Western poet, Joaquin Miller. It was about a General Jacob H. Smith, entitled "That Assassin of Samar." Some words of it, were:

"And Europe mocks us in our shame;
from Maine to far Manila Bay the
nation bleeds and bows its head!"

As a result of widespread indignation this brutal general was finally court-martialed in 1902, for his infamous "Burn and kill!" order against the revolting Aguinaldo forces. I well remember my father's contemptuous angry word "Hypocrite" when President McKinley pompously and piously announced that he had walked the floor of the White House night after night wondering what to do with the Philippines and finally decided: "there was nothing left for us to do but to take them and uplift, and Christianize and civilize and educate them, as our fellow-man for whom Christ died." So the Spreckels family sugar interests and the Dollar Line moved in, as Pop said they would, and the Spanish feudal agrarian system continued, under the rule of American big businessmen, residing ten thousand miles away.

My father saw the whole picture clearly, way back in 1898. When one understood British imperialism it was an open window to all imperialism. The U.S.A. embarked on the ruinous path of imperialism in the Philippines. As children we came to hate unjust wars, which took the land and rights away from other peoples.

HELSINKI: CITY OF HOPE

By MARTHA MILLET

On a recent trip to Europe, Martha Millet had an opportunity to witness the proceedings of the World Assembly for Peace, held in Helsinki, Finland, June 23-29. *The will to peace expressed by* 2,000 *delegates from* 65 *countries reflected the hopes and wishes of millions toward the recent conference of the Big Four at Geneva. An American poet, Miss Millet is the author of* Dangerous Jack *and* Thine Alabaster Cities.—*Editors.*

IT WAS raining when the plane landed at Helsinki. Hurrying into the terminal, we were struck by this phenomenon: to the left, the booth with officials inspecting currency declarations; to the right, a blue-draped stand bearing the words: "World Assembly for Peace" in five languages.

Cars were waiting for delegates, observers and visitors. Two thousand would arrive within the next few days, men and women from 69 nations of the world.

Arrangements committees, working in shifts around the clock, welcomed the "men of good will," "the people of Peace"—"Peace"—that word which would be heard over and over in the coming week.

* * *

THESE are the spacious rooms within the Olympic Stadium. A dining room has been set up. Hot tea, pastry, cold cuts are prepared and served at all hours. Here, from this site of the Olympic Games of 1952, is to burgeon the unexampled assembly of peoples bent on securing a future of peace.

The hill with its outcroppings of rock, just beyond the Stadium, is a favorite spot where delegations photograph one another. Below lies one of the thousands of Finland's lakes. Above, a vastness of sky, blue, with island-like drifts of cloud. All is serene. This is what we want the world to be like.

* * *

WHY were they here, these people, in still greater numbers

than at the Vienna gathering or at Stockholm? What, after ten years, in a presumably, or relatively peaceful world, brought them here with fervor and indignation, men and women, outstanding figures in the professions, in statecraft, in labor? What made the voices of Bertrand Russell (soon with eight other outstanding scientists to issue a warning to the world of extinction by radioactive fallout—*or* control and disarmament), Mr. Edouard Herriot (honorary president of the French delegation), Sartre, Josué de Castro, Brazilian M.P. and U.N. official, rise firmly, side by side with the representatives of the peoples? And who were the latter?

To take France, as an example, those chosen as delegates at hundreds of public rallies. These might be tenants' block meetings, or factory meetings; the 600-strong National Assembly for Peace held in Mexico at the end of March; postcard campaigns, canvassing, conferences in every country, which enlisted the hopes of people from top to bottom of society, a thorough-going grand defiance of those with extreme power and new end-it-all bombs, exposing the isolation and lunacy of the few who would war despite and against the many.

The great new fact which created this kind of Assembly, like a junction of history from which the offensive will burst, was the birth of the hydrogen bomb, and the predicted devising of deadlier cobalt and U-bombs. The death, slow or swift, of the human race, confronting mankind with the ultimate, inescapable moment of decision.

This dumb power, wakened to chain-murder whose horror the mind can but grasp imperfectly, was in the hands of a few who stockpiled, and manufactured, and stockpiled—a bulwark, they declared, against war; a deterrent to global war. Against them—and this—world realization that it is not "just another war," not "just another weapon," but that *this is it*: Man against extinction.

Was it for this, the unnumbered years of human evolution, learning tool, fire, society, becoming greater man; creating of love and hunger, works, cities, vistas worthy of his being? Was it for this woman brought forth her young, pouring life into the shapes of the future, making the inexorable continuity?

Was it for this they starved, knew devotions, left their blood on the thousand tortured bosoms of earth that held bounty of them, for them?

Was it for this the child stirred in the womb of Hiroshima?

"No!" the peoples cry out.

See them here . . .

* * *

THE Assembly begins. In the nearby immense Exhibition Hall of Helsinki, the long rows of benches

fill. Not without greetings and cheers, handshakes and hearty exchanges, as those from far-separated places come face to face.

With incredible speed and enthusiasm, the many Finnish friends of peace, assisted by early arrivals, have hammered, wired, painted, draped, in preparation for this event. Benches, tables, electrical apparatus, facilities for the gentlemen of the press (150 of whom sit in the overhanging gallery), radio rooms, cubicles for translators, headquarters for typists, mimeographers, and for those who will issue the daily printed bulletin of the Assembly — a cafe, post office, cable station, medical room, and more, have been wrought by these hands.

A great blue curtain covers the front of the hall. In letters of gold: Assemblie Mondiale de la Paix. About the walls, the same legend in many languages.

We plug in. The president of the World Peace Council, Frédéric Joliot-Curie, is about to deliver the opening address. French, English, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, German. These are the major languages of this gathering which revises the Tower of Babel and gives us a common tongue.

* * *

IN FOUR tiers sit the members of the Presiding Committee. Each delegation has chosen its representatives to this body. At each place, over the blue-clothed tables, a beautiful bouquet of fresh-cut flowers appears each morning.

Flowers! We will be surrounded with them: on the podium, about the hall, bestowed on us in bunches and sprays by Finnish girls wearing their national dress.

The city seems to sparkle flowers.

It is cold as yet. Spring is slow to come. But each corner of a street has its canopied stall with astounding varieties of flowers. Each moment passersby pause, choose, buy and carry with them the flowers.

* * *

IT IS hard to grasp everything at once. Suddenly we see that along both sides of the broad main avenue on tall staffs, are the flags of the nations. Those of the east and those of the west. Equal and friendly together. This is Mannerheim Street, down which the throngs pass.

And the trams. From the roofs of many project, like pennants, the doves of Picasso and Peace.

The dove, like the word "Peace" is everywhere.

From the high white ceiling of the many-windowed hall, are suspended hundreds of doves, feathers spread in motion. Amid the big globular lamps they stir, as though aloft in a crown of suns.

WHO are these people, met here for the purpose of Peace, who must find out together how to win it?

Some we distinguish quickly, as they enter, or speak, or participate in the work of one or another commission:

Joliot-Curie, of course. Outstanding French physicist, long a fighter for Peace One of the earliest to warn, to take his stand.

Ilya Ehrenburg, giving in French, with a Russian tang, one of the most applauded addresses of the Assembly.

Jean-Paul Sartre, novelist, who as he did at Vienna, defies the shibboleth of "never the twain shall meet," and would help draw all the world together for the only solution acceptable to man: Peace, which is life. Taking her seat, too, Simone de Beauvoir, whose *The Second Sex* had such an impact for good on the ever-present "woman question."

Nazim Hikmet, man without a passport, but with the hearts of people for his country, rising tall and rugged, with direct, moving words. It is hard to conceive of this man, who spent thirteen years in a Turkish prison, as anything but eternally young, like the lofty pine which rises before the eyes of the Assembly, brought from the forests of Suomi, with its dark-green branches erect. Hikmet holds high a head of light-brown wavy hair, his blue eyes look out, perceptive, friendly, unsentimental. His ruddy complexion, and reddish moustache, make one feel one has seen this man on all the streets of the world. He brings to the Assembly his presence, his poems, his love.

Nicolas Guillen, Cuban poet, squat, yet with grace, silver-haired, sweet-featured, ready for repartee, gleaming with calm and joy.

Wanda Wasilewska and Anna Seghers. Years of trial and hardship, the strong emotions which have made their powerful novels, have laid marks of strain upon them.

Joris Ivens, compact, energetic, broad-shouldered, his tanned face with its uneven white teeth smiling easily. His film of the trade unions of many countries, *Song of the Rivers* (alternately titled *The Six Rivers*) has recently been completed. Ivens is one of several who will receive a prize of Peace from the World Council at ceremonies one night soon.

* * *

THE delegations themselves. With mingled feelings of naturalness and amazement one "watches the world go by." The Japanese, with their fervor and proofs of peace labors: several million signatures to ban A-bomb and H-bomb (they have made a complete film record of this 2-year campaign, and present it to the Cultural Commission); their panels, works of art, depicting the horrors of Hiroshima (15,000 have

seen them in Denmark and England); the color photos of their beautiful land with inscriptions asking why this land must be defiled by U. S. troops, military maneuvers, the threat of remilitarization.

Men and women from the Arab lands: Jordan, Syria, others. Natives of Africa in ferment. White men from South Africa. Israeli, Scor, Malayan, Viet Namese. Men from the Cameroons, from India, and Australia. Faces of New China. Albania. Latin America. Pole, Russian, Canadian.

In sari, tunic, oriental trousers, robe, turban, or western garb, they are here, all assembled. It is late for the world. Men must act.

* * *

HERE a leader of Italian Democrats speaks for peace on Catholic premises, and does not fear the inevitability of working with others whose world view is diametrically opposed to his. Here Latin Americans, Europeans, Asians, Africans, speak, and to them the words "Communist" and "Russia" are no more out-of-bounds than "western democracy. In their mentality Peace is no more illegal than a walk in the street. There are viewpoints men hold. It is natural. Ours differ? Well, what of that? We all want to prevent H-bomb horror, war. We all want Peace. Therefore we find some means of working in amity toward this one paramount goal.

Yes, the clergyman from Canad is rankled by thoughts of the "iro curtain." But he has come, and li tens with interest to Polish and othe invitations to visit these countri which he suspects. And Lord Be trand Russell's speech, with prop sals for disarmament, is heard fro the same rostrum as the Soviet pla for disarmament detailed in th speech of the writer, Korneichu Both are used as bases for discussio in the appropriate commission.

The Mexican general, the Frenc senator, the East German and th West German, the former coloni and the worker from the land th was formerly master, meet here lik light in a prism, in which all ra remain distinct, yet are united.

The Buddhist monk, with shav head, gold spectacles, and a su flower-yellow robe, explains how has brought many Asians to jo with the goals of the World Pea Council, on the basis of Buddh teaching. The 2005th anniversary Buddha will soon be celebrated, states, and the forces of peace mu not let the opportunity go by. T reactionaries (his word), he war will try to bend the occasion to th ends.

All is not sweetness and lig Syrian and other Arab represen tives do not refrain at some po in their remarks from denounci

what they consider the actions of Israel whcih sent hundreds of thousands of Arab people crowding into Jordan, refugees in tents, hungry, their children growing wild. Some of the British are impatient with the long hours spent in hammering out procedure before a commission digs into its business, and say so often, and go about speeding things up. They want practical things done, fast.

It is not simple, this matter of time. Not wishing to impose any preconceived patterns or procedures or proposals upon the Assembly, the World Peace Council gives the Assembly itself the task of deciding how and what at each point. And everyone takes the floor. They have come here to express themselves, and they do, whether they are official delegates or visitors. In the day before the Assembly must conclude its business, there are over 70 speakers. No one wishes to withdraw. Very well. The Assembly remains in session. From 9 in the morning until 6 the next day. And on 9 on Wednesday, June 29th, the final session is on.

The pacifists have their own large groups from different countries and "caucus," and speak in the main Assembly, and work on the commissions.

No one dominates anyone. They have come here freely with the will to win Peace, and they will work with everyone else who has the same powerful urge.

What a far cry from the few and acrimonious "reports" in the American press about "Red 'Peace' Parley"!

The British press, too, plays it down.

But typical of others must be the Helsinki papers that give front-page and inside-page lengthy coverage, even printing some of the speeches in full, running photos.

Somehow these facts of life are no longer strange, a few days after arrival. Nor the way the Frenchwoman from a suburb of Paris explains how they went about collecting peace signatures, canvassing in teams, "one non-Communist, one Communist" to a team. Nor the handbook put out by the Sport and Excursion Office of Helsinki, address: Mannerheimintie 17 F, which states, among other items, in its 22 pages, the composition of the Helsinki City Council:

"Social Democratic Party 18, National Coalition Party (Conservatives) 15, People's Democratic Union (Communists) 15, Swedish People's Party 13, Finnish People's Party (Liberals) 10. 37 of the members form the so-called bourgeois or non-socialist element of the Council, while the remaining 34 are of the political left."

This is what it is not to fear the

facts of life, and what the alleged news reports conceal at all costs.

This is co-existence learned in daily life.

And, while no one gives up his particular standpoint, political moral, or religious, they agree it would be criminal, insane to stand on ceremony, separate, but "pure" while the H-bomb threatens mankind.

* * *

MAN is on the threshold of great events, where his voice must be heard.

Just now the United Nations has marked the 10th anniversary of its Charter. This Charter, the intended character of the U.N., must be restored intact. This means seating China certainly.

It is the eve of the top-level Four-Power Conference at Geneva. Popular will has brought those most recalcitrant to take this first, long-needed step toward peaceful settlement of sharp international issues.

What is done in Helsinki now, what is done everywhere soon, will influence these talks.

In a week or two the Congress of Mothers convenes at Lausanne, initiated by the Women's International Democratic Federation.

And in early August, at least 20,000 youth will pour into Warsaw for their World Festival, sponsored by the World Federation of Democratic Youth.

For a year and a half, the youn people of Poland have been con structing houses, dormitories, a vas new coliseum, in anticipation of th event. Two thousand youth will se out from Great Britain alone. Acros Canada, 150 youth will gather fo the journey. Among visitors from th United States will be "Y" peopl to whose earlier international con vention visitors of WFDY had a cepted invitations.

It is only a few weeks since, Bandung, the Asian and African n tions took into their own hands th disposal of their future.

Not long from this date, Japan peace forces would hold ceremoni in the 10th year since the droppin of the first atom bomb on Hir shima.

(The point is made by more tha one that fear of public reaction ke the A-bomb from being used Korea.)

West and East Germany all lo toward a unified Germany, a d militarized Germany, for its ow good, and for the peace of t world.

* * *

AT WARSAW, historic agre ments for collective secur have been signed by eastern Eu pean nations. The peculiarity these pacts, unlike NATO, is th they provide banding together in direction *away from military blo*

They are open to the nations of Europe, and not only of Europe (the United States, also, is free to join, as Ehrenburg points out) who accept conditions which cement friendly relations and peace enforcement. The furthest thing from gang formation, which bear within them aggravations, deadliness, the whetstones of armed conflict.

* * *

THE forces of life and death are operative through people. How can we find the means we must have to throttle precision-made death, which reaches, with its hydra-fingered hands, at the throat of every human?

That is why it has become inevitable for men of all religions and political beliefs to be here under this white roof. Why the Buddhist monk, the French writer Vercors, adherents of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, Japan's former Prime Minister, Katayama, greet one another and the world in the name of Peace. The world is here. One must exclaim, with Galileo: "But it does move!"

Yes, the South Africans, coming from where walls of bayonets have been erected between black African, and white, colored African and Indian, have found ways to join between the bloodthirsty spears. News of the success of the first joint conference of representatives of these separate congresses in the Union of South Africa has not yet come. They do not yet know that police provocation, searches, fingering, name-taking, have failed to halt that coming-together; and they prepare to go back with unassailable strength to work for coherence, friendship, unity, mutual advance to freedom.

Those from Colombia and Portugal—and others, no doubt—return in the knowledge that they will be imprisoned for a time. But they have given new sinews to this fight which overshadows everything, in whose arms, moreover, all else is contained.

The figure of Peace no longer holds out imploring arms. It rises up. It cries out. It demands.

* * *

ON THE streets of Helsinki men are removing the posters of the great Sibelius festival which has just been concluded. Posters announcing a national dance festival, other concerts, go up. Jaffa oranges and bottled orange drink (imported from Israel), Eskimo bars, ice cream on a stick, oranges and apples (each weighed carefully on a scale), small frankfurters embedded in baked dough, are sold at innumerable stalls.

On the hoardings, the posters of the World Peace Assembly, blue and white, the dove springing from a hand.

Strong-limbed sculptures. The fecund female figure in the marketplace. Trains pulling in at the rail-

road station from Leningrad. Families going holidaying. Others coming back. The all-night watch around bonfires on St. John's Eve. The epic poems of Alexis Kivi recited, grandly.

The melange of movie posters, in Finnish: Gary Cooper in *The Fountainhead, Waterfront, Princess of the Nile,* wild Westerns, and the full-length Soviet ballet *Romeo and Juliet* in color.

Side by side in bookshop windows: Finnish books of art, history, poetry and travel, with the latest American "best sellers," and a host of the familiar paper-bound books in both languages.

In one spacious shop window, a display of foreign books includes two volumes of the selected works of Anna Seghers, three books of poems by Neruda, several of Hikmet and Bertold Brecht, Howard Fast's *Peekskill, U.S.A.,* and *Patrick Henry und der Fregattenkiel.*

The incongruities revealed here coming to life as men and women, speaking of national sovereignty on the floor of the Assembly, and in the Cultural Commission, set national culture against cosmopolitanism—which means to them, imported "culture" which debases their own cultural atmosphere and assaults the integrity of their traditions.

These attacks on cosmopolitanism do not mean narrow nationalism. On the contrary. International friendship and desire for exchange can only be engaged in fully by peoples who have the wholeness of independence and a freely-developing indigenous culture.

* * *

AMONG the proposals emerging in the Cultural Commission, of the part of writers and artists, musicians, film and theatre people:

Exchange exhibits of cultural material, and exchange visits of people in this field; pressing for governments to accept, instead of passport and visa, an international identity card for the purpose of such travel; a functioning body within the World Peace Council to implement and further cultural ties.

Other subsections of this Commission, which meet separately, then join for summations, are composed of physicians, scientists, technicians.

An American pictures briefly the nature of war propaganda, and the cult of violence during the 10 years of the cold war. U.S. "export culture." Domestically, its effect on the children and youth. The emerging resistance among the intellectuals, as well as the general population. An appeal for creative artists in those countries with whom American intellectuals have at present most kinship, to help promote bonds of friendship, bridges to peace.

* * *

EVERYONE mentions and asks about Paul Robeson, about

Howard Fast. It is a little hard to understand why they cannot leave their own country, why to travel for Peace is a "crime." On the other hand, they do not believe the American people will put up with such a state of affairs for long.

* * *

IT IS the night of the concert. Prizes for work in the service of Peace will be awarded.

Nazim Hikmet, for the World Peace Council, presents to a representative of Hungary, a posthumous prize for Bela Bartok. Joris Ivens and the Italian film director Cesare Zavattini are honored; as is Josue de Castro, Brazilian author of *The Geography of Hunger.* Speeches on both sides, in French, then read in Finnish by an actress of the host country.

A Brazilian pianist plays Bartok and Villa-Lobos, rendering strange harmonies and discords with fire and color. A young Polish pianist plays eight compositions of Chopin. Under her hands, delicate, accurate, powerful, the soul of a long-oppressed passionate people seems to burst past the walls. One thinks how the gift of this pale blonde young lady has come to fruition in a new generation, in a new age, in a new Poland, out of the suffering, proud, fighting hearts of its Chopins.

* * *

HOW natural it all seems! One might be sitting in New York, not 6,000 miles away, enjoying the presence and vitality of the Dutch film maker, the Turkish poet, others. And, perhaps, how naturally this will all take place, in New York, one day.

* * *

OUTSIDE our restaurant, drums and bugles. The parade has begun to Hesperus Park. There, under the daylit sky of northern night, thousands stand, come to greet and meet their foreign friends of Peace. People dense as forest, against the yet-taller pines of the park; both against this sky which seems symbolic.

Speakers, among them Fadayev, translated into Finnish. Bouquets and the kisses of friendship. Beautiful-bodied Finnish girls in rhythmic gymnastic and folk dances. Choruses sending their songs of homeland and Peace into the fiber of the thousands, into the wide world.

Calm and replete, we stroll back to the heart of the city. No one wants to go to sleep. Encountering French, Belgian, Chinese, we have a final sup of tea, muse, and talk.

* * *

A RECEPTION for women. Hundreds, without frontiers, hold converse. With gestures, bits of words resurrected from somewhere, we smile and speak. "Rauha! Rauha!" the Finnish women exclaim. "Peace!" is our word. Yes. The circuit becomes complete.

Cold War and Anti-Communism

By JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

VIENNA has borne its fruits: at the Helsinki Congress all sections, all opinions, all parties are represented. It is an excellent thing that certain speeches have underlined our differences. They have made it easier to see the diversity of the Assembly and the complete freedom of the speakers.

On the other hand, if we wish to avoid any lack of cohesion in our efforts it seems to me that some of us, rather than putting over their own policies or emphasizing what separates us, should use this platform to try and show what unites us. Because our unity does exist. . . .

WE ALL heard with joy the message which Bertrand Russell so kindly sent to the Congress, and we have all been appreciative of the valuable suggestions it makes. If, however, I allow myself to criticize him it is because Bertrand Russell came to a stop somewhere between London and Helsinki and that his message enables us to realize how much more meaningful is the simple fact of being here, in Finland, than the letter of a great philosopher.

It seems to me indeed that Bertrand Russell takes into consideration only the elite of specialists known as scientists and that other political elite, members of governments. When he urges the scientists to raise a cry of alarm, one can only approve, but what is troubling is that he seems to consider public opinion as passive; and in the scepticism which he shows as regards the obligations which Governments may assume, he seems to take these states for those "cold monsters" of which Valery, and recently Louis Vallon, spoke, which are entirely separated from the peoples who elect, criticize and control their administration.

On the contrary, all the groups who have sent delegates to Helsinki have stressed one essential aspect of

the peace which we are trying to create: it is a peace desired *by the peoples.* Not in the first instance by elites, but foremost by the masses. Of course, there are delegates amongst us from peace loving peoples who are in agreement with their governments and others who oppose the official policy of their country. But that only serves to underline the popular character of the movement which has brought us here.

The disastrous effects of the Hydrogen bomb had at least one happy result: they have united men. The wars of 1914 and 1939 had already shown that the localization of a conflict was today impossible. The Hydrogen bomb has shown that it would be impossible to localize the effects of weapons used in the course of a future conflict: we know today that radio-active particles thrown up to a high altitude by the explosion of a thermonuclear weapon can resettle anywhere and that from now on nobody is safe.

The H-bomb possesses a sort of *negative* universality; there is *nobody* whom even its distant effects cannot reach.

This negative universality has provided the direct stimulus to a movement of positive universality: the permanent, universal danger has given a concrete and precise sense to this otherwise vague term: the human species. The human species is no longer a biological term, but a historical, social and political expression: it is made up of the hundreds of millions of men who are still separated by very different interests and beliefs, are *first and foremost united* by the same danger of death and by the common desire to avoid disaster at all costs. . . .

Indeed, it must be understood that the cold war is not a matter of a mere exchange of insults, in the manner of Homer's heroes, nor even a matter of *tension.* It is a definite structure of international relations which has had its echoes within the internal structure of nations.

The progressive deterioration of relations between America and the USSR, together with the impoverishment of Europe after the second world war, has stimulated the integration of nations into each of the two blocs, the Marshall Plan and its consequences, the Atlantic Pact and the Paris Agreements have gradually caused countries like France, Italy and many others to abandon part of their sovereignty. In every important circumstance, the particular interests of each country have yielded to the interests of the bloc, that is to the interests of war: the conflict between France and Vietnam which, at the beginning at least, could have been settled easily by negotiation, almost unleashed a worldwide conflict as it became an international question.

Economic aid, which in France has

chiefly favored the bourgeoisie, rearmament which chiefly impoverished the less favored classes, have helped to create a curious system in certain western countries, a mixture of dictatorship and impotence which we French have experienced for nearly seven years. At the same time, the internal divisions of the western nations reflect the divisions of the world and foreign influence just as the fear of a future war turns opponents into enemies in every country.

Anti-communism, in particular, is the efforts of certain groups to view their countrymen who are communists and progressives as if they were separated from them by a cordon of fire. This anticipatory image of war runs the risk of provoking war itself. I believe one may describe the result of the cold war, both internally and externally, as terror. Terror is, at the same time, an attitude, a collective sentiment and an action of defense and offense.

Underlying the accusations that each bloc levels at the other, there is first and foremost the existence of terror.

I KNOW the desire for peace of the U.S.S.R. and the Peoples' Democracies; if they had been reproached for austerity, severity even, in their political regimes, it is above all because of the cold war. These countries threatened with encirclement cannot secure their defense without a tightening up both internally and externally. In the same way if I do not forget that certain capitalist interests are at the bottom of present tension and that certain American groups are interested in maintaining it, neither do I forget that the American people and even its rulers have demonstrated for more than a century and a half a real love of peace and a profound horror of war.

It is neither the American people, nor its institutions which must be held responsible for McCarthyism, it is the cold war and the terror which it engenders. For the cold war is a complete entity, a political and social regime. . . .

BUT, many speakers have emphasized, the peaceful conversion of industries of war and, above all, of atomic industries runs the risk of provoking a crisis. It is not our task to evaluate this risk and to work out means for anticipating it. But the American experts are quite aware of it and we must be grateful to President Eisenhower for having proposed to convert the productive capacities at present absorbed by armaments for the benefit of under-developed countries.

Thus, beyond the great division of social systems, a new economic fact must appear: peace and peaceful coexistence are bound up with economic stability and the latter in the

period of reconversion is bound up with a sort of gift economy. But aid to under-developed countries cannot be fruitful and remain peaceful unless we give up enslaving the country we wish to aid. This renunciation does not depend upon the good will of this or that party: if the aid is unilateral, it runs the risk itself of leading to slavery.

The independence of nations who are to profit from this aid cannot be guaranteed unless they are aided by both the two great atomic powers at the same time. This observation clearly shows the sense of the word "co-existence": we should have gained nothing if the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. remained inert, having no relations with each other, in a sort of indifference which could at any time turn into hostility. To the extent to which each of these two great powers is in duty bound to aid economically backward countries *with the help of one another,* co-existence means co-operation. . . .

The task of our countries then, is rather than remaining neutral in war to prevent war by recovering their sovereignty. Enslaved by aid which she was not able to refuse, France can believe today that it is in her interests to support American policy; she could be dragged into war *indirectly* and just for this artificial interest which unilateral aid secured for her. But if we believe that our countries of Europe should recover their true sovereignty, I put the question what substantial and direct interest could drag them into a war against the U.S.S.R. or against the United States in which they would have everything to lose and nothing to gain.

It is in this framework that the problem of re-unification of Germany should be formulated: instead of the monstrous and feeble Germany of Bonn where false interests have been engendered by its very mutilation and which can make it bellicose we must substitute the only kind of Germany which can be peaceful, that is a reunited Germany. What we want, what we all want here, what we call peace, is then positive construction, the inauguration of new bonds between the nations. . . .

IT WAS the Afro-Asian Conference which posed the five principles defining peaceful co-existence. This fact is extremely important and Mr. Kuo Mo Jo was right to emphasize: "In the past, countries of Asia and Africa under colonial domination were unable to meet to discuss their own problems; now they are able to hold such a Conference without the colonial powers." That means, does it not, that the colonial era is coming to its end. All of us who are here, whatever our opinion on the concrete problems of the colonies, are agreed that this aware-

ness of the African and Asian nations is a factor for peace.

The danger of war will persist if, against the evidence and against history, the colonialist nations resist this awareness by force, but the solidarity which the members of the Bandung Conference have demonstrated, in spite of differences of view and interest, is happily such as to make them think again. . . .

As to the general direction, the orientation of this change, I think it can be defined in a word. When I arrived at Helsinki, a journalist put this question to me: "What would you do if you had to choose between peace and liberty?" I replied that the question had no meaning today for a member of the Peace Congress. Certainly there have been—and there will again be—occasions when one will have to choose between slavery and war. But we know that the preparation of war today, this war which we want to avert, implies integration with one of the two blocs and limitation of national sovereignty.

We know that an atomic war, even if it did not destroy the human race, would destroy so many lives and so much wealth that there would be nothing but misery for the survivors. And misery makes terrible demands: how to emerge from it without years, maybe a century, of dictatorship.

The Peoples Democracies and the Soviet Union would lose the fruits of the admirable efforts of which they are justly proud; the bourgeois democracies would lose that political liberty of which they so often boast. Since peace, on the contrary, demands the return of every nation to independence, mutual respect and coexistence in the West as in the East, *our* Peace can only have one meaning: it is possible for all nations and all men to muster their own destiny; in a word, it is freedom.

There, it seems to me, is the common meaning of our undertaking: we want to construct peace by freedom and give freedom back to the peoples through peace.

The Negro Citizen Before the Bar

By BEULAH RICHARDSON

I stand before the bar of justice,
in the 'star chamber,' lily white,
I, the Negro citizen must wage battle
and weigh the price they would exact of me

My peers, with mink enshrouded dignity
file into their places.
And fittingly,
erase the smile of boredom from their faces
to assume the countenance of civic objectivity.

The Negro clerk, with servile step of one
who can no longer run in this race for life
places my case into the hands of the bailiff
who bids me rise.
The gavel sounds . . .
I stand before my judge.

Your honors,
were I a fool, I would within my tenement tinder box,
restricted place,
cautiously feed my thoughts on the rapid progress of my race.
And even as I flee before the flames that yearly devour
my childrens' lives,
join the refrain of gradually,
and inquire most casually for whom the bell tolls.
But I am not a fool.
Nor will I be both your victim and the tool
of my native land's destruction.
So I choose to speak.

In the name of all we hope for in the human dream of freedom
does it seem meet a nation question the loyalty
of that citizen whom it denies even the right to be
secure in his person . . .
safe beneath the eagle's wing?
Is that not the law, is that not the dream?
Do you expect I should abandon that dream
before I've tasted of its fullness?
Think you I have arrived at such a state of wretchedness
that you could now order me to finger human liberty?

"Come, come," you say,
"are you, have you ever been?"
"Come," you say, "name names,
tell us where, with whom and when?
You had better tell us true
everything you say will be used against you.
Come, incriminate yourself.
By God in heaven swear!"

In answer I say here, here,
I am he who in the halls of congress you have called
God damned black son-of-a-bitch!
Wherefore do you bid me swear in the name of a Deity
by whom I am already damned?
Or, are there two,
One who damns me and One who loves you?
And if there is but one can it be
that after all he is a respecter of persons?
accomplice in your fight against my human rights?

Contempt, you say?
I speak not contemptuously.
What human utterance could express this court's contempt
of me?
Though you slay me that is the smallest price
as I now count the cost you have placed on life.
From behind the blood-stained shield of justice
you bid me yield up that which makes me human!

But, despite your acts, loopholes, hidden clause
your supreme opinion,
men are not dogs, to heel, point, roll over and lie down.
No kin is he to the blood-hound tracking human prey.
His but to do, say according to his conscience.
His not to do or die at the order of a master.
His always to reason why and avoid the disaster,
the awful calamity of being neither man nor beast
but beneath all things!
This is your price.
You would tear from my throat the unearthly cry,
"I'm a rat and a spy and I want to die."

Oh NO!
Your jails imprison honest citizens
who found that price too dear to pay.
Charge them as you will.
With infamous tongue declare that they with force and violence
seek to overthrow the American way.
To that I must say this:
I've stumbled, trudged along that way
and too often have come upon the mangled and dismembered
corpse of some black citizen
done to death in the true tradition.
I've wandered past open doors where labels like iron bars
make vast luxurious prisons
and the smiling inmates take their pale pleasure
from the galling cup of custom.
I've boarded a train where the ticket purchased humiliation.
Full well, too well
I know the crimes of this nation against the souls of man,
your American way,
so like Rome's Appian road of yesteryear.
Along its treacherous curves and turns
have met traveling there
the many and varied victims of your doctrine of despair.

But then, I wandered upon another path
and came upon sacred ground,
searching, yea, rising and falling
I somehow found that bright, broad highway
paved with brotherhood, friendship and love.
Won with struggle and courage bold
bought with brave patriots' blood.
I will march here with these,
the soldier citizens,
hewers of democracy.
the peace loving people of this nation
fighting ever to make it free!
and speak with these the speech of hope,
that even the fearful will dare to whisper,
the suffering heave sighs of relief,
the army of the toiling millions
knot their fists and stamp their feet
with a thundering, "AMEN"!

I, the Negro citizen will be numbered among these
the many,
shouting the alarum,
Come, they murder human liberty
come stake your claim for freedom
never surrender humanity!
The amassed and gathering millions
will banish from the earth your living hell
and together striving onward, upward
we will forge a liberty bell
THAT WILL NOT CRACK!
To that, I pledge undying loyalty!

The Good Journey of Rockwell Kent

By SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

AT THE time this is being written, several of my reviewer-colleagues have already spoken their piece in the commercial press about Rockwell Kent's autobiography, *It's Me, O Lord* (Dodd, Mead & Co., $10.00). Their attitude has been a disgruntled one, paying grudging respect to his stature as an artist, but finding his life story not altogether to their liking. For reviewers are selected today from those who have foresworn any opinions on life or politics different from those of the boss. Some have even willingly taken up the role of informer, ferreting out in a book any ideas that might be called "subversive." And so, what treatment can we expect of a Rockwell Kent, who writes as follows: "When glancing over our Government's official list of organizations, meetings, banquets, petitions, letters, etc., etc., subversive to Fascism here and abroad, I find that since 1935 I'm credited with part in only eighty-five, I am ashamed."

To the critics, there is only one answer. Kent is a simple soul, who has been "taken in," or "used." But Kent has already answered this. Writing of the time when the Artists Union, of which he was a leading figure, became affiliated with the C.I.O., he says: "At last an artist could be heard in labor's councils! I was beginning to be of use. 'You're being used,' the side-line critics like to say of us. Good! Good to be worn by use and not be left to rust in idleness. Good to be used."

The concept that a great artist can be manipulated like a simpleton is one possible to be peddled only in a cultural atmosphere like that of the commercial press today. Its dominating esthetic theory is that art, whether literary, pictorial or musical, is a kind of game, or "invention," with no ties to the real currents and conflicts of ideas in social life. The artist must have gifted eyes, ears and fingers, but no mind of his own. This theory, in the name of "freeing" the artist from responsibility to the problems and suffering of his fellow human beings, actually enables the artist to be "used" by every exploiter,

fascist, war-monger and corruptor of human lives, to his own eventual destruction.

It is a role that Rockwell Kent has scorned all his life. And this book is a most valuable one, telling us the kind of man who has created the host of paintings and drawings which as museum exhibits, and even more as graphic work and book illustrations, have become among the best known and best loved in the United States. There seems on the surface to be a disparity between the real life and the art. For the art, with its wonderful portrayals of nature, seems to be predominantly serene and peaceful, while the life is one of storm and conflict. But in a deeper sense, the life and art fit each other like hand and glove.

WHAT sort of artist is Rockwell Kent? The book gives us a lead to discuss this as well, for its 617 large and full pages are chock-full of pictures, including 175 of his finest drawings, about twenty reproductions of paintings including eight in color, and about 100 newly drawn pictorial chapter heads and tail-pieces. It is a beautiful book to look at as well as to read. Kent's strength as an artist comes from the fact that he uses invariably and so well the three most powerful and central materials of pictorial art: nature, the human body, and light. It is realism, as he proudly terms it.

And yet it is a somewhat limited realism. Nature is presented as broad vistas of mountains, seas and valleys, little touched by human hands, always sharp in contour and seen in terms of striking contrasts of brightness and shadow. The human figures are a set of types rather than a broad sweep of humanity, generally lanky, strong-bodied men and women, with a feeling of living close to the earth, their bodies as expressive as their faces.

Without comparing Rockwell Kent as an artist to Michelangelo, one thinks, in seeing his figures, of Michelangelo's David, or the prophets and nudes in the Sistine Chapel. There is the same feeling of people not drawn from the life of the cities but counterposed to them, symbols of how strong and uncorrupted human life can be. The limitation of Kent's art is that life has more half-tints, more mixtures of light and shadow, more complexity of feeling and psychology, than he prefers to show. Not everything is as crystal clear as he sees it.

He is a realist because his art springs from real life, and from a real love of people and joy in life. Yet he has also a strong dash of the romantic. He paints no dream-like visions, no escape from reality. But his art, through its selection, portrays not so much life as, unfortunately, it is actually lived today, as life as it should be lived. Drunk with the

beauty of open spaces, his painting is a kind of propaganda for this way of living and seeing.

He writes often as beautifully as he paints. This sentence, for example, could be a typical Kent painting, "Some days the north wind blew and it was bitter cold; so that from the warmer water of the bay the vapor rose like steam, and the wind lifted it in clouds that hid the mountains' foothills, leaving the dazzling peaks as though suspended in the clear blue sky." He adds, "And every day and almost all the day I painted, painted in frantic haste to catch a portion of the passing glory; painted in worship of the infinite beauty. Express *myself?* What sacrilege! Who talks when God is speaking!"

THE people whom he most likes to be among are those living in close physical contact with nature. He seems almost to hate and despise cities. "My heart, to sum it up, leapt up at outdoor life. In city streets it was more circumspect; it didn't leap; and to one whose art, by the very nature of his temperament, was to be, and had to be, born of enthusiasm, that was enough. It is therefore to be understood that despite the security on the threshold of which I appeared to have arrived—there in my New York studio and work pouring in—I continued dominated by the one concern: how get away?"

It is not that he in any way scorns or rejects the cultural fruits of civilization. He objects to the one-sidedness that has appeared with these fruits, and the resulting deformity of body and mind.

And so the people he draws are a kind of propaganda for the rounded life, which must include the outdoors, and some work with the hands. And there is a precious moral quality he finds in people who, having to wrest their livelihood from nature, live with a comradeship and concern for one another different from the cut-throat life of capitalism and the city market-place. Talking of the people of Greenland, he says, "Let us establish here in America a civilization that is not a funny story to the ears of primitives."

This is the opposite pole from the phony primitivistic pose of the *avant-garde* artist who paints what purport to be the "eternal truths of myth and magic," or the "primitive unconscious," for the awed edification of patrons in comfortable penthouses. Kent adds, "Such a civilization, such a paradise, to win it, and to keep it, is a thing worth fighting for."

He is a peace-loving man. There is a telling passage dealing with his life at the Tierra del Fuego, at the southern tip of South America. He had been warned that the people there were cannibals, and he had better go about armed. Then he met

the people. "But what about that gun of mine? Believe me, I had been ashamed. Like the fox that gnawed the entrails of the accursed Spartan, it has gnawed mine. It was the last time that, with men around, I toted it."

The storm and struggle of his life story come from the fact that, always social-minded, never overly concerned with himself, he at the same time refused to permit circumstances to shape him or life to push him around. Born in 1882, of a family that was not well off but had branches in the millionaire brackets, he became a socialist when he entered his twenties, and cast his first vote for Eugene V. Debs. He studied architecture at Columbia University, but broke off to devote himself to painting. His innate social feelings and hatred of inhumanity were strengthened by the classics he read in his youth, such as Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Victor Hugo, and Tolstoy whose "What is Art?" helped shape his own theory of art. "See as human being . . . and as a human being, not an artist, paint."

Associated in the early years of the twentieth century with the realist group of John Sloan, Robert Henri, and the others of "The Eight," his paintings were well received by discerning critics from the start, but, like John Sloan's never sold very well. His income was largely made at first from architectural drawing, and then from commercial art, such as advertisements, book jackets, and book illustrations, as well as from the books he wrote describing his life in many far-off places.

His commercial work made no compromises with commercialism. It included in many cases his finest drawings, uncontaminated by any selling messages. In his book illustrations, as in the famous edition of *Moby Dick,* he created a profound marriage of literary and graphic art unequalled in our time.

Married and bringing up a large healthy family, he at the same time felt the constant need to pull up roots, to see and live amidst nature in its wildest and most unspoiled aspects. Nor could he ever do this as a tourist. He had to strike new roots, build his own home, live and eat as the people about him did, and there were times when he made a living as a carpenter or well-digger. His book is full of people he has known, but comparatively few of them were celebrities.

Much of his book tells of his life in places such as Monhegan Island off the coast of Maine, Newfoundland, Greenland, the Straits of Magellan, Alaska. While there were many times when his life was in danger, he skips over such episodes lightly, the main adventures being in his words, those "of the spirit, the constant rediscovery of the wonders of nature and people.

IN WRITING of the year 1926, there is an interesting passage of self-appraisal: "But what, we may well ask, has social change to do with the evaluation of the art of one who in the past twenty years has lived so much apart from the affairs of men, and who, even when living in the very midst of things, New York, and in so momentous a period as the Twenties, would seem to hold himself aloof from all of it?" He does not answer this directly, but instead moves to a description of the art of the Soviet Union. "Its current realism, however academic much of it appears to be, is an equally inevitable expression of a socialist culture. Meant to be understood, it is a people's art and aims to deepen mankind's love and understanding of its fellow beings and our world."

The implication is that perhaps his art, in its own way, with its humanistic and realist quality, its development of the senses, its portrayals of the beauty of life and the potentialities of the human being, belongs within the realm of socialist thought. There can be no doubt of this, although it is also true that equally necessary is the kind of art produced by his fellow socialist, John Sloan, with its affectionate portrayals of the cities, and the poor in the slums, and its militant labor cartoons for *The Masses*. Both, each in its own way, are an answer to the hallow theory that a nightmarish art is a true reflection of a nightmarish society.

ROCKWELL KENT went on to take up the struggle, in 1927, to free Sacco and Vanzetti. In 1936, he helped launch the Artists Congress, against Fascism at home and abroad, and also the Writers Congress. He joined and became an official of the International Workers Order, seeing in it, "a sample of what democracy could be, a test tube of the culture that, we hoped, might spread and permeate America."

From this time on, as he writes, "Nor is it, to me, at all strange—however contradictory it may be of my congenital non-joining inclinations—that, having along with countless thousands of others set my shoulder to Democracy's wheel to get it out of the ditch and onto the road again, I proceeded to endorse or join every least movement, of those that came to my attention, that was directed to that purpose."

During the Second World War he fought vainly to convince the Administration of how valuable the resources of art could be if mobilized. Since the end of the war he has been in the thick of the fight against the cold war hysteria, and for peace.

The book, diffuse as much of it is, written with no attempt to produce a piece of concentrated literary art, is an American classic. Years

from now, it will be read with joy, as a living piece of Americans cultural history in the first half of the twentieth century, and as an introduction to a memorable artist and human being. With the many illustrations, it makes a wonderful combination: a portrayal of a staunch courageous fighter for peace, and a portrayal of what life could be like in a world at peace.

War Weary, by Sadie Van Veen

West Coast Impressions

By HERBERT APTHEKER

ON THE conclusion of a hectic ten-day speaking tour through a dozen cities and towns in California, and in Seattle—sponsored by the *Daily People's World*—I would like to share with the readers of *M & M* some of my major impressions.

The trip confirmed what has been apparent all about us for the past six or eight months: the tide is turning against reaction; increasing numbers of people are fed up with the witch-hunt and the Red hysteria; there is a universal turning away in horror from war-mongerng and H-bomb experimenting.

I heard one Negro youngster say to another: "Don't Bandung me." When I asked him about that word, he said, "Don't you know what Bandung means?—That means: Stop pushing me around!" And he wasn't more than ten years old. Millions of our compatriots, Negro and white, feel that they have been pushed around, sold a bill of goods, made to look like chumps, and they are fed up. There is a new boldness in the air; doors are opening; windows, too, and plenty of fresh air is blowing through the corridors of American homes.

One store-keeper in a little California town north of San Francisco was asked to sign a petition against war and against the use of atomic weapons. He read the petition, signed it, asked if he might have some forms, and in three days brought in FOUR HUNDRED signatures from friends and neighbors! Another man went into a general store in a city of about 75,000 and asked the owner to sign. He did. Would the owner mind if the clerks were canvassed? No, he said, go ahead. Every worker in that store signed for peace.

Folks arranged for me to be interviewed over the radio in Berkeley. I was, and the point of the interview (I went into it cold) was: "What makes you a Communist and what is it you believe?" All asked in perfect honesty, in sincere curiosity. The questions that followed reflected the level of the misinformation handed out by the commercial press, but they were *questions,* and

my *opinions* were solicited. Wasn't I really a conspirator? Hadn't all Communists been locked up or weren't they all in hiding? How many were in jail? What kind of people were those in jail? What did I think of free enterprise? And so on—the interview lasted an hour.

At the conclusion, the interviewer wanted to know if I would be interested in doing a monthly 15-minute commentary for the station. Seeing my incredulity (I also, of course, am way behind the times) he assured me he was serious, and he was, and it is arranged and I hope I am not too bad as a radio "commentator"! He said he disagreed with my views, but he found them interesting and thought I was honest and felt that the 40,000 people who regularly tune in to that radio station would be interested in hearing those views, especially since they do not get much of an airing.

THE day before my arrival in Seattle, friends in that city called the History Department of the University of Washington, told the people there that I was coming and would the Department like me to speak to some of their students. In an hour it was arranged, and when I arrived I learned that the next morning I would be instructing a class in history at the University, and that a Professor there had indicated his pleasure in this arrangement. So I was at the university at 7:45 in the morning (the class started at 8, reflecting an extraordinary thirst for learning) and the professor introduced me to his class and said I was an advocate of Marxism-Leninism, and an historian, and that he thought it would be useful for his students (about 60 people were in the room) to get a presentation of some historical area by an advocate of this system of thought.

For forty minutes I tried to do justice to the significance of American Negro history, and then for twenty minutes there were questions. Of the eight people who questioned me in the time remaining, only one was of the loutish, baiting type (of course, his question was totally irrelevant) and the professor apologized to me for this character's behavior. Otherwise, the questions varied from the frankly friendly to the guardedly hostile, but the point is that people were asking for my views—that is, for the views of a Communist and they were weighing these views as those of a person who had studied a particular subject and therefore might really have some information—even if he was a Communist!

This University had recently fired two distinguished professors—Joseph Butterworth and Herbert J. Phillips—because they were Marxists; the reason I was invited to take over a regular class at the university,

for one hour, was because I *was* a Marxist. And this university had just recently banned Professor Oppenheimer. In light of these facts, it is clear, I think, that the invitation to me was, in part, at least, a demonstration of protest against thought-control.

I should add that I spent a delightful two hours later with five members of the history department, discussing matters of common interest in the field of American history, and met nothing but respect and cordiality, especially apparent when, as often happened, our opinions clashed. Nothing but a civilized conversation among half a dozen people, and yet heartening news, I think.

I WOULD, of course, not exaggerate. The tide is turning, but it has not altered so much as to warrant complacency; yet the change certainly makes defeatism out of place. In any case, faced by the dangers of complacency and of defeatism, we find one cure, just as both result in the same evil. That is, the complacent and the defeatist both end up in a shell and remote from and contemptuous of the masses of American people. Therefore, busting out of the shell and ridding ourselves of remoteness and getting among those masses is the surest cure for both ailments.

The forward march is forming; and some folks who have doubted the possibility of ever going forward again in this country are going to wake up after the whole parade has passed them by. The thing to do is to join up and get out there in front if possible, to help find the way—but in any case, to join up and add a little momentum to the march that *is going on.* Efforts at deflection and at obstruction are not wanting and will be increased. The outcome depends upon each and everyone of us.

The need is boldness, and again boldness. My warmest thanks to the friends on the West Coast for sharing with me their vigor and freshness, their verve and confidence.

The Music of Georges Enesco

By ANDREI TUDOR

The recent death in Paris of Georges Enesco (1881-1955), *the world-famous Rumanian violinist, composer, and teacher, saddened many American admirers of his genius. The Rumanian People's Republic held Enesco in the highest esteem, honoring him as a great Ruman patriot and artist. By a government decree, the name of Enesco has been given to the State Philharmonic Orchestra, to the village of Leveni where he was born, and to one of the main streets of Bucharest. We present the following tribute to this great musician who so ardently wanted the art of music to help lift the barriers between peoples so that art could flourish in a world of peace. —Editors.*

Bucharest

"OUR epoch is that of the wandering star—sure sign of decadence. When more interest is shown in the interpreter than in the author, when the way of performing a trill or an arpeggio arouses more interest than the genius necessary to compose a sonata or an opera, the end must be near."

These words of Georges Enesco's recently published *Memoirs* express the attitude of the real artist. In this modesty lies the consciousness that his genius belonged to the people, to humanity. And this characterizes the artist Enesco, whose fame as interpreter—which he certainly had not desired — often overshadowed his work as a composer, worthy of an equal fame.

For Georges Enesco was first and foremost a composer; and, as such, the artist-interpreter Enesco always modestly kept in the background of other great artists' works which he animated by his bow or by his baton.

From his earliest works, in which the maestro was forming his musical language, he drew his inspiration from the music of the folk. The road of his musical creation, begun in 1897 with the *Rumanian Poem* and ended in 1955 with the *Rumanian Fantasia,* is marked by such compositions as the *Rumanian Rhapsodies,* the suite *Childhood Reminiscences,*

the suite for orchestra, the *Third Sonata* for violin and piano, *Oedipus,* the *First Symphony,* the suite for piano. And in all these works an echo of folk music, whether directly or allusively, can be heard.

The total number of his works, produced over half a century, is rather small: scarcely thirty works; but each of them is a genuine jewel, preserved in the treasury of our national culture and belonging to the universal art. Of course, his concerts robbed him of precious time which could have been devoted to creation. But the small number of Enesco's compositions is due especially to his high artistic consciousness, to his professional probity which made him improve a work unceasingly until he considered it worthy for public presentation.

Some of his works have not yet been published: a quartet for strings which was successfully performed 35 years ago could still be found in his desk ten years ago; not yet satisfied with it, he intended to look over the score again. Those who have seen Enesco's manuscripts will certainly remember the pages scratched with the penknife, covered by blots of gouache, manuscripts which the maestro was untiringly chiselling.

Respect for the work of art meant for Enesco respect for the masses to whom he addressed his art message. He showed the same respect for the work of art he was rendering. We all know what Enesco did to make known abroad the creative genius of our people, but less was spoken of what he did in his own country. Enesco's long tours in our country greatly contributed to spreading music among the people, a thing never thought of by the ruling circles. Solicited by the great musical centers of the world, Enesco preferred to go on tours, travelling through the country, violin under arm, dozing in trains between concerts.

Performing Corelli's *Folia,* the *Kreutzer Sonata,* an aria by Bach or Handel's *Largo, Zigeunerweisen* by Sarasate, or Kreisler"s *Liebesleid,* Enesco knew how to open in the limited horizon of many of us, confined in sordid villages and hamlets, the gate of happiness leading to the enchanting landscapes of music.

HIS wonderful renderings were due not only to an exceptional artistic sensibility, but also to a thorough, long and creative process of understanding the author's intentions. He wrote to his pupil Yehudi Menuhim: "Try to go deeply into the author's ideas and feelings and convey them to the audience, leaving your person apart and placing your knowledge and talent in the service of a single aim: that of justly expressing the author's ideal."

One who did not hear a Bach work, an adagio by Beethoven or Brahms, the *Poem* of Chausson or the *Sonata*

by Franck, played by Enesco, cannot realize the disturbing depth of soul revealed by the maestro. That is why, in a dedication to Jacques de Lacretelle for the first edition of *Swann's Way,* Marcel Proust stated that the *Sonata* by Vinteuil, a character in the novel, had for its model the Franck *Sonata* "above all played by Enesco."

The pianist Enesco, less well known, for he performed very rarely before a concert audience, was as brilliant as the violinist. Like any composer, like any conductor, he had an orchestral execution, but in the complexity of sonorous expression his musicality reached a power unusual even in a professional pianist.

Rare occasions were offered us by those "Wednesdays" when Enesco played chamber music in his modest apartment in Bucharest, It was a genuine free university, a school of music, where the maestro together with several of his musician friends rendered both classical works and pieces by younger composers, sometimes unknown, whom the artistic curiosity of Enesco discovered in the shadow of the past or discerned under the brilliancy, often deceptive, of the present.

CHAMBER music was, moreover, a necessity for Enesco. It constituted a fundamental element of his musical nature. Few are those artists who practice this genre of music, cultivated by Georges Enesco from his earliest age. "Some 40 years ago," he said once, "we used to meet in Paris, at a friend, Reichenberg, to play chamber music. We were five who loved music: Ysaye, first violin, Thibaud, second violin, Kreisler, viola, Casals, cello, and I, piano. We played only for the joy of playing. Several friends were listening but we played only for our own pleasure. It was there that Kreisler, who had come to the forefront as a soloist, had the revelation of the profound sense of chamber music. He was as happy as a child and as enthusiastic as an adolescent when he thanked us with tears in his eyes for having offered him this joy which we all shared. Ysaye was a giant. It was in music that the titanic force of his nature revealed itself. When he was performing a concerto by Bach, his style was perhaps not too rigorous, but the execution of a touching profoundness and of an immense force." And concluding his narration, Enesco hummed then, with a voice of an astonishing precision, the beginning of the concerto, such as Ysaye had rendered it 40 years ago.

In the years following Rumania's liberation, chamber music constituted a bridge of friendship with the Soviet artists who visited our country at the time.

In January, 1945, when David Oistrakh visited Rumania, his first desire was to see Enesco. After his

first visit, during which a lasting friendship was immediately struck up between the two artists, David Oistrakh, moved by the personality of the maestro, said: "He is a god!" And the score, that had just appeared, of the "concerto for violin" by Khachaturyan which Oistrakh had presented to him was—ten days later—learned by heart by Enesco, who rendered it for the first time in Bucharest.

Since then, all the Soviet artists who visited our country asked to see maestro Enesco, the same as—one century ago—people went to Weimar to meet Liszt or to Bayreuth to see Wagner. The great composer was visited by all those who played with him: the pianist Oborin and Briuchkov, the violinist Kozalupova, the cellist Daniel Safran and the "Vuillaume" quartet of Kiev. Besides public concerts, they played also with Enesco in an intimate circle.

Such profound artistic links, established between Enesco and the Soviet artists, greatly contributed to the consolidation of the relations between our countries and opened a wide road to our new culture.

Violinist, conductor and pianist—Georges Enesco conveyed to us, by all his concerts, the message of so many creators, striving to understand it and deepen it with that love of life and truth in which one recognizes the genuine artist.

His road that "started on the Moldavian fields and ended in the heart of Paris"—as he said in his memoirs—took away from us the hope to see him again among us as he himself had also wished.

But, although we have lost now our great Enesco, we will always find in the inspirited melody of his works, in his interpretations immortalized on records—his great, comforting message of art addressed to millions of listeners who love life and fight for it and for the culture of mankind.

TV: Electronic Bard

By V. H. F.

PADDY CHAYEFSKY, by critical tally and accolade, is television's greatest writer. Where such as Robert Sherwood have failed to score, Mr. Chayefsky has succeeded. Hence, he has become TV's first "greatest" writer. To celebrate this fact a collection of his plays has been published*

From the plays themselves people interested in drama will learn little. They are very ordinary little plays carpentered for 55 minutes of TV running time. None of the six pieces are interesting as literature, having neither theme, depth nor character nor, I'm afraid to say, any real mark of writing skill. Mr. Chayefsky's talent is like an air-conditioning unit in August which has not been plugged in. Without electricity Mr. Chayefsky's produce is close to nothing. Yet, electronified, all of this nothing has brought TV some of its better moments.

Mr. Chayefsky, you see, deals with the common people or perhaps it is better to say he deals with the common middle class people. Televised, his small canvasses have brought millions of Americans a kind of look at themselves across a court yard through a window far enough away to make what was glimpsed by the audience seem to have validity. And what is seen through one's neighbor's window is indeed true if we also allow that we neither can see nor learn much with this kind of illicit peeping.

A playwright or any other artist need not peep. If he's worth his salt at all—and if those who are peeped on are worth their salt—the writer must barge in and drag the audience with him. Chayefsky only peeps and Paddy probably knows this better than any one else if we are to judge by his comments on the plays he has written.

But before we examine what Chayefsky thinks about Chayefsky, it is important to determine why his TV plays and so many others have made excellent video presentations.

In the first place, there is the medium itself with its charged intimacy, its audience relaxed and

* *Television Plays,* by Paddy Chayefsky, Simon & Schuster, $3.75.

wonderfully tolerant. (Nobody had to go anywhere to purchase a ticket, etc.) It is a great audience to play to—even Milton Berle is tolerated for years.

Visually, TV is far more flexible than film. The film camera may approach one scene from one direction at one time. The TV cameras can watch the play from three or more directions simultaneously, with the director selecting the image of greatest import for instant transmission on the home screen. This immediately makes possible a great deal more visual excitement. (Motion picture people are quite aware of this and are already experimenting with recording images on tape rather than on film. Recording images electronically—without film—will permit the use of several cameras which will record a scene from several angles at the same time. This approach will make movie production more economical and probably more interesting from the visual point of view.)

TV's special fluid visual approach can make some very ordinary scenes seem very much alive and until audiences become quite accustomed to this kind of "made" excitement it is natural for viewer to enjoy taking part in it.

There is also the calibre of TV acting. It is extraordinarily high. The players are able to take hold of the least of material and breathe it full of life. (There are times when one watches a wretched script played so skillfully that it all approaches madness.) TV acting is done largely by people who have been trained for theatre. The problem of projecting themselves in a theatre sense does not exist. The actors can pay great attention to the smallest nuances and mannerisms which would be lost on a stage but are extremely effective before the exploring electronic cameras.

These together with other elements have made TV dramas more effective than their scripts would otherwise permit. The Chayefsky scripts have reaped all these benefits.

IN THIS collection we have six Chayefsky TV plays. Four of them (*Marty, The Mother, The Big Deal, The Bachelor Party*) can be discussed as a group since they all pipe an unrelieved grammar-school Freudian tune. This is not so true of the plays themselves as it is true of what Chayefsky has to say about what the plays mean.

But first let Chayefsky say what he believes theatre should be: "The Theatre and all its sister mediums can only be a reflection of their times, and the drama of introspection is the drama that the people want to see."

Plated with id and soldered with ego, this is the key that unlocks life for Paddy.

The Big Deal is a play about a

down at the heel real estate and building promoter who since his heyday has lived off his daughter (who from the sense of the play must have worked at high wages since the age of ten). The schemer, Joe Manx, will not take a job and let his generous daughter get married and be freed of the burden of her shiftless father. He visits all his friends to raise money to start a building project they do not believe in. He is crushed. He asks his daughetr for this money (she inherited it from a rich aunt) and she is only too happy to give it to him. This proves that somebody loves him. He refuses the money. He will take a job. He is saved.

It is difficult to understand daughter, mother or father, and without the pinging Freudian highlights no one would understand why Chayefsky wanted to write *The Big Deal.* Unless, of course, he had to deliver 53 minutes of drama by the deadline agreed on.

The Bachelor Party deals with Charlie who is married to Helen who is three months pregnant. It seems that Charlie is kind of bored with marriage and when a bachelor party is arranged for one of Charlie's fellow workers he decides it's a good opportunity to go out and tear. It doesn't turn out to be much of a tear and Charlie doesn't pick up any women as he thought he might. He realizes that the life of a single man is dull and adolescent. When he finally gets home he has concluded that life with Helen is better than just boozing it up. All in all it's not too introspective, but as Chayefsky says, it played well because Eddie Albert, the actor, did a remarkable job with the part of Charlie. Says Paddy: "In the part of Charlie he was given only the sketchiest of roles. I conceived Charlie as one of those quiet fellows, thoughtful, pensive, introspective. It is much easier to play an articulate character than an introspective one, for in the latter case the actor has to achieve his effects by silent relationships." That's why Gary Cooper makes a lot of money.

Marty is certainly Chayefsky's best known play. It has been seen by millions on TV and many are now seeing it as a movie.

Marty is a simple drama which deals with a thirty-six year old bachelor who sorely wants to marry but due to his physical disadvantages (not very handsome) he has not been able to find a mate.

He is under family and social pressure to get married. He finds refuge among the unmarried "boys" who in their blessed bachelor state decry marriage and defame women. Marty—so rebuked, according to the script—is ready to marry the first woman who says Hello to him. This happens at a dance hall where he meets Clara who is described as "plain" but who apparently is so

ugly that her date pays five dollars o a perfect stranger to take the dog" off his hands. (Neither the TV play nor the movie make Clara hat ugly. If either medium had, Mr. Chayefsky would have to rewrite *Marty* because Chayefsky's Marty has ot the depth to handle a situation f this kind.)

Clara is not a Quasimodo nor is Marty. The point is, we all physically esemble Marty and Clara to a far, ar greater degree than we resemble et us say Venus and Adonis. Yet his physical prop—"Blue suit, grey uit, I'm still a fat little man. A fat ittle ugly man! . . . I'm ugly. I'm ugly! . . . I'm UGLY!" is pivotal o Chayefsky's drama. It is pivotal ecause Chayefsky, although he inends to write dramas which are of ypical people and "mundane," has ot yet got the equipment to handle vhat is truly typical or truly munane.

In the end Marty and Clara find he way ahead. Audiences were very appy that it all turned out so well nd so am I and so, I'm sure, is Chayefsky because there was much nore to *Marty* than met the TV eye.

HERE are some of the thoughts the electronic bard has on the making of *Marty*: "I set out in *Marty* o write a love story . . . In *Marty,* ventured lightly into such values s the *Oedipal* relationship, the reersion to adolescence by many "normal" Americans, and the latent homosexuality of the middle class. I did not make a purposeful study of these values; I only mention them to show that as quiet as a television play may be, it need not yield anything in depth.

"An excellent story could be written about latent homosexuality in the 'normal' American male, and television would be the only medium I know of that could present the problem as it really exists . . . We are for the most part an adolescent people; and adolescence is a semi-homosexual stage . . .

"*Marty,* of course, was not intended as a study of homosexuality or even as a study of the Oedipus complex. It was a comment on the social values of our times, and, as such, its characters were not probed to the bottom. There is a distinct homosexual relationship between Marty and Angie, but to make anything of it would have been out of perspective. It likewise would have been in bad taste to develop Marty's relationship to his mother beyond what was shown . . . *Marty* was not intended as a psychological study and it should not be played that way."

Of course, with all of the interesting material deleted by Mr. Chayefsky it would be difficult to play it as a psychological study but then again it takes an awful lot of good acting to make it stand up at all.

His play *The Mother* Chayef-

sky describes as a counterpart to *Marty* and as a Freudian study of the relationship of daughter to an aged mother. As Chayefsky comments on this situation he points out that he is offering you a quick piece of "neopsychoanalysis." Or as Mr. Chayefsky says in the same essay, serious TV is the place to dramatize the subtle psychoanalytic side of the world which cannot be handled by either film or theatre.

WHICH poses a question not easily answered, since Chayefsky's plays are psychological more in the breach than in the work. It seems that Chayefsky's comments on his plays must impute a deep psychological meaning to the plays because the plays themselves have little insight in them.

Paddy Chayefsky is nothing at all if he is not candid in his essays which accompany each of the plays. Of the play *Holiday Song* he writes: "I meant the show to be a comedy after the fashion of Sholem Aleichem, but it came out a rather ponderous spiritual message." He infers that this is so because the actor Joseph Buloff was not "accurate" in the role.

So there you are. Between actors who make something of nothing (Eddie Albert) and actors who make something else out of nothing (Joseph Buloff) and psychology and psychoanalysis, up rises Paddy Chayefsky, the electronic bard.

He hopes he presents an introspective drama but he does not succeed in this modest albeit misdirected desire. God only knows how badly all writers need psychological insight into the characters they create, but writers need so much more than this to present even the smallest areas of our times in their works. What can you see, where can you go, wearing the thick-lensed spectacles of introspection, tapping along the sidewalks of life with a myopic social outlook?

The Subversive Sonnets of Walter Lowenfels

By MILTON HOWARD

SONNETS OF LOVE AND LIBERTY, by Walter Lowenfels. *Blue Heron Press*, $1.50.

IN A fine and thoughtful essay in the *New Republic* (July 13, 1954), Archibald MacLeish, a poet in whom the humanism of poetry has always sounded, courageously raised anew the "problem" of the modern poet. That "problem" — which is that the poet shall be the creative voice of a people, a nation, in whose accents the group hears its own passions and sees revealed with startled delight the beauties of its own life—has been a growing one for several generations now.

The reasons for the rise of this "problem"—the isolation of the poet, the growing difficulty of communication, the seeming irrelevance of poetry and literature altogether—cannot be probed here, though the creator of the humanist science of socialism, Karl Marx, noted early in his life that "the society of commodity production is hostile to poetry." For in such a society "everything that is sacred is profaned."

YET poetry and literature have never ceased to fling their banners high in defense of man's nobility and his indestructible and indispensable need for beauty. Vital generations produce their poetic utterance. This has been true even in the most difficult conditions, whether it be Pushkin's generation or Gorky's, Beranger's or Hugo's, Whitman's or our poets of the Twenties and Thirties when genuinely vital social passions—vital that is to a group significant in the national life—created their poetic speech which was not a private speech.

In his comments last year on the "poetic situation" in our country, MacLeish said this of the present generation of poets and literary theorizers:

"We believe that the world of poetry is a world within. And in the world within, the crisis of liberty, the agony of a civilization, though they may throw shadows on the roof of the cave, throws shadows only. . . . It is, in other words, our modern conception of the proper place of

poetry which creates the peculiar modern problem of the responsibility of the poet.'" . . .

Facing the contemporary theorists of "the private self," MacLeish asks this question:

"To put it in literary terms, are those critics right who in pursuing their reasons back through the mirrors of Mallarme, discover loyalty to art of poetry in loyalty to the inward self alone? Or was Dante right, and Tu Fu and Shakespeare, to whom loyalty to the art of poetry was loyalty not only to the inward experience of the self within the self but to the outward experience of the self within time?"

And MacLeish, in an indictment which is spoken softly but which loses none of its toughness for that, continues about the dominant poetic cult in our land:

"To feel as a poet is not, in our vocabulary, to feel as a participant, even though the emotion felt is savage indignation in face of the injustice and cruelty which moved Swift to unforgettable utterance. The poet with us, the artist with us, must not be enlisted in any cause—even the cause of human liberty—even the cause of man. Which perhaps is why Yeats ended his epitaph for the great Dean with those passionate and angry words:

Swift has sailed into his rest;
Savage indignation there
Cannot lacerate his breast.
Imitate him if you dare,
World-besotted traveller; he
Served human liberty.

MacLeish adds bitterly that "the duty of the poet as we see it . . . is not to judge or choose, above all not judge and choose in such a way as to affect the world outside." But he will not swallow this. He demands that the "poet feel as a man. And to feel as a man is to accept the consequences of feeling. As Swift accepted them. As Milton accepted them."

WALTER LOWENFELS, American poet, American Communist, and now as the latest news report tells us, American Smith Act victim and "felon," equally refuses to accept the perversion of the "private poet" feeding on his own sickness and glorying in it; he refuses to feel as a poet while spurning the "consequences of feeling." He refuses to bow down to that "modern barrier" between poetry and history, between poetic meaning and social meaning, which MacLeish so acidly depicts.

In his latest book Lowenfels does the Communist movement proud by his act of literary affirmation in defense of his America, in defense of his country's soul. In his thirty-fo

onnets, Lowenfels quite consciously tands before his country and his ellow-poets in the United States and ummons them to a new fusion of the rdors of love and liberty, to a fuion of the passions, that is, of the oet as "the private self" and as the itizen.

And he does this not in the form f a singer who will agree that the private man" must take some time ut from his self-love in order to lay the man as citizen. He demands nd exhorts that the very substance f private experience and private love hall be instinct with the generosity, ne social solidarity, the feeling of rotherhood and responsibility with-ut which neither art nor politics as much value.

I WOULD say that Lowenfels' new book, with this carefully worked ut character as a poetic manifesto, as a kinship with the above-quoted houghts of MacLeish, as well as with ne growing challenge one senses in ne nation against decadent cultism. In this book," Lowenfels says, "poical thinking is the substance that eaves together content and form, ne old and the new, traditional degn with up-to-the-minute news, nd makes the old form appear once ore as link between reader and riter in the year of the hydrogen omb tests."

And he shows that it can be done:

Extract your hydrogen softly from
the sun
while you lie breathless in the
summer grass;
and let your body's flame again
pass
tonight locked on love's oblivion;

Not to stop each cloud—has it
begun?
Is this the rain nobody outlasts?
In your small bliss of days what
do you ask
before the long unending night
to come?

What else to win dear sisters, comrades, brothers,
before you lose your grip on sun
and earth,
and your tomorrow's gone for loving living?

But win yourselves in this great
world of others—
and love and live in our dear
land's rebirth
with this—the program you yourselves are giving!

In this XXXIV sonnet, the reader can see Lowenfels as he is, as he is working at his craft, as he presents himself to his country. It is the statement of a passionate and eager man, whose Communism makes him feel, as Christianity felt and is now exhorted to feel, a searching sense of joyous communion with other men. This communion is—as he puts

it—a profoundly *political* feeling.

It is indeed the very basis and soul of his Party which his countrymen have been taught to dread as a conspiracy seeking evil, violence, and the debasement of the human and national soul. But Lowenfels, in the courtroom, and in his sonnets, makes the accusation of anti-American "conspiracy" in the mouths of careerists, informers, and perjurers, seem like some nightmarish lie—as in truth it is. What Lowenfels is doing is a Whitmanesque act. He is issuing a poetic warning and summons to his country; he is sending up the powerful song summoning his people, his nation, to save themselves from the Men of the Bombs. That is his "conspiracy" as it is the "conspiracy" of his fellow-Communists, including the 86 of them jailed. But it is a potent conspiracy, this salvation struggle to stay the Men of the Atomic Bomb, for it is merging with the soul and will of the American nation. Lowenfels has found a truly national "subject."

THIS is not to say that there are no difficulties, no pitfalls. There is the danger of too-easy victories in the form of easy general statements which have no poetic voltage, no creatively-discovered image, no subtle transformation of the "given" into a new quality that did not exist there before. Even in the above-quoted verses, one can see some of the problems inherent in this audacious creative act, in this act of seeking a genuine poetic statement of a national feeling, of a universally recognized experience seen and spoken in a new way. There are the borrowings of past speech—"body's flame" . . . "love's oblivion" alongside the genuinely contemporary, American-speech accent which is at once easy, casual and yet alight with poetic glow—"Is this the rain that nobody outlasts?"

Lowenfels' ear very frequently catches this American speech, as Frost has done it for a certain generation of New Englanders, as Langston Hughes has done it for his people. Thus, in the thirty-third sonnet:

> ". . . *Who wins?*
> the lovers, the laughers — here
> where the earth spins."

BUT there is also the tendency to a generalized vocabulary and the use of the "general statement" which is—as far as the poet is concerned—ardently felt and spoken but which for all its "general" meaning is still a private meaning to the national public which does not share the poet's political vision though it deeply shares, unknowingly, his human one. The job here is to find the universal experience, the national actions, the many-millioned fact which the poet can make his own and, in so doing, kindles his country

The job is to proceed that is, from that which is "given" in the national consciousness as of now, but which needs the fire of poetry to make it gleam and flash. When the poet exults to his wife and beloved—*"China uplifts the earth and signals us, Tomorow is already ours to share,"* he is saying what seems to be the most generalized statement possible. In terms, however, of the actual national consciousness he is still saying a private thing; he has not made the leap from the privately seen truth to the creation of it into a national truth; that still remains, in this context, to be done.

IT IS not, of course, that we are averse to generalized statements; great poetry is full of them. Dante's "In Thy will is our peace" is a masterly poetic summation of an entire culture's deepest feeling; yet it is a generalized statement. But it gets its power from the accumulation of myriad poetic details which preceded it. And these are details selected by the poet from a life that is wider than his own, from the national life.

Lowenfels' poetry is in transition, I would say. The elements of a "play with words," in the sense of words too far removed from experience, are still present, warring with a more real, more concrete observation. The lines are often propelled by abstractions not fleshed out with that illuminating poetically-seized fact which reaches the heart. But he is engaged in a battle, in a process, which makes his work deeply creative in a political and poetic sense. He is speaking for us and for his country. The joy which he sings will help save his country. What tribute could be higher?

books in review

MORALS AND SCIENCE

THE ACCIDENT, by Dexter Masters. *Knopf,* $3.95.

WHEN Norbert Wiener, MIT mathematics genius, wrote his open letter to the Army at the end of World War II giving notice that he would no longer allow his knowledge to be used for the manufacture of guided missiles, he sounded the bell of conscience in many a scientific heart and mind. Some heard their own consciences and quietly gave up censored research for the freedom of the scientific method. Others wavered and held on, rationalizing their participation in hydrogen bomb research or germ research study by one "patriotic" means or another available to those who accepted the thesis of the Cold War.

The most notable among the latter, of course, was J. Robert Oppenheimer, the man whose personal tragedy almost became a national catastrophe, the man who was offered the chance to expose the "two scorpions in the bottle" nature of hydrogen bomb competition, but who, instead funked his responsibility as citizen-scientist and became, for his pains, the victim of McCarthyism and the anti-scientific military mind.

When the Oppenheimers failed to expose the hopelessly self-destructive nature of atomic war, the American people, thus abandoned by those who should have been their friends, stood on the edge of a dread abyss. And *there* was created the most vital stuff of drama, the most excruciating materials of contradiction for the dramatist and the novelist.

Three novels on this mighty theme have appeared in the past few months; *The New Men* by C. P. Snow, *Hound of Earth* by Vance Bourjaily, and the novel under consideration in this review, *The Accident,* by Dexter Masters. The first and last of these are by men who were either involved as scientists in the drama or were a part of the scientific community concerned with the problem. Dexter Masters, nephew of Edgar Lee Masters, edited *Radar,* a confidential wartime publication, and worked jointly with the Radiation Laboratory of M.I.T. and with the Army Air Force to which he was attached. As co-editor of *One World or None: A Report to the Public on the Full Meaning of the Atomic Bomb* he continued to work

in the vital field which forms the background for *The Accident.*

Briefly, this novel is the story of what took place among his friends and colleagues during the eight days it took Louis Saxl, an eminent physicist who had figured largely in the production of the atomic bomb, to die of radiation exposure after being burned in a dangerous experiment in one of the Los Alamos laboratories. The central drama on its surface has to do with Louis' dying, but underneath it concerns itself with an examination of why Louis Saxl was there at all and what in his background and past life had led him to the fatal "accident."

One feels that any novel as vividly felt and whose people are as convincingly drawn must be equally reliable in its ideas and theme. And one does, indeed, feel that Mr. Masters' penetrating investigation into what is in the minds and hearts of the fellow-scientists of Louis Saxl does give a true picture of this world.

And there can be no doubt but that Mr. Masters intends to open up the whole ethic of the bomb for discussion for it lies, like a hideous cancer, in the very vitals of all the characters of this novel.

But it is with the dramatic skill of an exciting novelist that Mr. Masters draws together around the bedside of Louis Saxl the people involved in the great problem. Their past relationships with the stricken scientist, their relations with each other, their background and lives slowly reveal the terrible moral issue which weighs so heavily on them all. From the sentry on duty to the colonel in charge, and from the staff doctor to the lofty Nobel Prize winning scientists at Los Alamos, the moral issue of the bomb was always with them.

Mr. Masters, in the early pages of his novel, sets the stage by quoting from the Nobel Prize winner, Szent-Gyorgyi, who had said, "The three conditions of scientific work are the feeling that one ought not to leave his path, the belief that work is not all intellectual but moral as well, and the feeling of human solidarity." Continues the author, "In the spring of 1946 all three of these conditions were lacking at Los Alamos for the scientists who had left their science, who were having trouble with their beliefs in their work, and whose feelings of human solidarity were the source of their trouble."

Louis Saxl spoke for many scientists when he told his new friend, Dr. Charley Pederson, "But the science ended at Chicago in 1942. There's been no science to speak of out here. We manufacture a product out here. What it has to do with man's development, I don't know."

Into this atmosphere of pessimism and guilt and growing awareness comes the "accident" which for each man has a special meaning but for

all raises a common doubt. Did the man who had successfully performed the dangerous experiment a score of times slip or did the "slip" come from some subconscious motivation? Was Louis Saxl the victim of a simple accident or did he, because of his profound doubts about his own work, half will his own death? To the Colonel in command, looking for a public relations gimmick to play down the publicity, it was an act of heroism. Louis Saxl had died because he had shielded the bodies of his fellow workers with his own. Such an explanation disgusted the sardonic David Thiel, whose sharpness of tongue matched his sharp scientist's mind. And the threat to suppress the story for security reasons simply was unthinkable to him.

But to all of Saxl's colleagues the accident was a portent. As Mr. Masters puts it, it again raised the question of staying or going: " . . . Many of those who stayed lived now with agonies of indecision, wishing they had gone, thinking of going, or with a kind of troubled apathy, as though they were animals in a long-fenced pasture from which the fences had just been removed . . . each had been able to justify his war-time dedication in his own way, more or less satisfactorily; but the wartime justifications did not work so well, and for some not at all, without the war."

Through the dramatic eight days of Louis Saxl's lingering, the atomic scientist comes down to earth in Mr. Masters' novel; here we see him as man and, finally, as citizen. And in a very major way the atomic scientist speaks in this novel, how specifically one may judge from the author's note in the beginning of the book. The words are those of a talented first novelist, but through them for the first time we learn about what these god-like creatures thought of their own handiwork and about how that affected their lives.

As Theresa, the woman Louis loved, is driven into Los Alamos, the young soldier-driver of the staff car engages her in "small" talk. "But the point is," he says at one stage in their talk, "what did they get hold of out here? And have they still got hold of it? . . . Who's running this show anyway? I sort of get to wondering once in a while whether anybody knows the middle and end of what's going on as well as the beginning . . ."

More and more Americans are beginning to ask themselves the same questions: Who is running the show? Are the people running it? *The Accident* is a novel to reward any reader who wants his fiction to deal with living, breathing people involved in the central issues of their times. This novel is the work of a serious man who has the talent to dramatize serious questions in human terms. ANGUS CAMERON.

Letter

Editors, *M & M*:

Although it is little more than a year old, "brain - washing" has achieved a high place in the arsenal of pseudo-scientific nonsense that seeks to conceal the truth.

The importance which Washington has been attaching to the notion of brain-washing as a propaganda weapon was shown clearly by the manner in which this line was developed and presented. In October, 1953, the State Department brought forward Dr. Charles W. Mayo as an official delegate to the UN, for the express purpose of presenting the charge of "brain-washing" before the Political and Security Committee of the United Nations.

The position presented by Mayo before the UN can readily be boiled down to its essentials. He claimed that false confessions were obtained from American officers and soldiers by the Chinese and North Korean authorities, through the use of a diabolic process of "brain-washing." Presumably, through the use of unspecified "Pavlovian" techniques, people were reduced to the level of dogs and "conditioned" to make confessions and even to "believe" false ideas. Thoughts and ideas, he claimed, were changed by pairing the desired thoughts with food when the prisoner was made hungry, with water after he was subjected to long periods of thirst, with rest when weary, and with peace and quiet when he was harried. By this kind of pairing of ideas with rewards (in much the way that Pavlov paired the ringing of a bell with food for the dog) the ideas came to be held, expressed, *and even believed* by the prisoners of war.

Psychiatry appeared as the second spearhead in Operation Brain-wash. After Mayo opened the propaganda offensive at the UN, a Dr. Menloo published two articles in which he repeated and extended Mayo's contention that "Pavlovian brain-washing" was a standard practice in both the Soviet Union and China. Menloo's articles appeared almost simultaneously in the *American Journal of Psychiatry,* and in the *New York Times* on May 9, 1954. With such respectable window dressing, "brain-washing" now achieved "scientific" sanction and could appear through constant repetition in the press, and on the air waves, as a new scientific "fact."

What is "brain-washing," and how scientific are the claims of Drs. Mayo and Menloo? As a term, "brain-washing" comes as the literal translation of a Chinese phrase

which means the cleansing of one's mind or the purification of one's thoughts. In People's China this concept refers to the process of ridding oneself of anti-social idea like greed, exploitativeness, male supremacy, etc., through mutual criticism and self-criticism. However, in the hands of unscrupulous sections of American medicine and psychology this simple, human process of improvement by mutual criticism has been converted into a "process of enforced conversion and mental torture." Not content with this distortion, the science-fiction writers parading as distinguished doctors and scientists, have attempted to kill two birds with one stone by making the great Russian physiologist Pavlov responsible for the mysterious "brain-washing" they have invented.

Pavlov had the greatest respect for the human intellect and never equated man with a dog. It is the name of Defense Secretary Wilson, not Pavlov, that is associated with such a conception. Pavlov's theory is a physiological theory which explains the processes by means of which the highest component of the nervous system—the cortex of the brain —works. At all times he was entirely conscious of the fact that new properties had evolved in even the physiology of the human brain which made it different from that of the dog. Man's ability to use language, to have thoughts and ideas, was based, according to Pavlov, on the existence of a special physiological process, which he termed the "second signalling system"— unique to man alone. For this reason, Pavlov in his researches sought not to reduce man to the level of a dog, but on the contrary described the unique qualities of the human brain which make man's special mental functioning possible.

Man, possessing as he does a "second signalling system," can *never* be reduced to the level of a dog and then mechanically conditioned to hold ideas which are contrary to his convictions, understanding, and knowledge. Ideas have no place in the conditioning of lower animals, and appear only in the learning and thinking of human beings. A change in ideas is always the product of a change in understanding which is arrived at through education, thought, and the study of one's experiences, and not as a result of any mechanical process of pairing an idea with a reward. In general, all of the ideas of brain-washing advanced by Drs. Mayo and Menloo are myths manufactured out of the whole cloth unsupported by a shred of factual material. They distort Pavlov and his teachings, and slander the work and person of one of the greatest scientists and humanitarians in human history. It is disgraceful that science should thus be defiled to help the political aims of

hose who would like to prevent the ountry from questioning the speci- ic policies of a given administration r group of politicians seeking to alt the easing of world tensions. It as become commonplace for news- aper writers and even literary critics o say that someone has been "brain- vashed" if he has been convinced y logical arguments and facts; that o begin to reject the myths of anti-Communism, agree with Communists is to be "brain-washed." But such pseudo-scientific attempts to help the thought-controllers, we are sure, will not succeed in hiding the truth. Experience proves that. And the noble scientific achievements of Pavlov in liberating the human mind will find ever greater appreciation in America despite his detractors.

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