Mainstream

SOCIALIST DEMOCRACY: OUR PATH

Edward Kardelj

Ruth Steinberg THE FIRST HURRAH

Thomas McGrath POLITICAL SONG FOR THE YEAR'S END

Jack Beeching LONDON LETTER

W. E. B. Du Bois SUEZ

Reviews of Colin Wilson by Wilkes Sterne, Gilbert Seldes by Ring Lardner, Jr., Alejo Carpentier by Helen Davis.

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Metaphor

BOTH Indian draft elephants and manual laborers engaged in heavy work are said to become progressively less fit for work from the age of 50.

Proceeding from this concept, a prominent age investigator in Britain has studied the working capacity of elephants. He explained that they "have less regard for conventional ideas about old age and the proper age for retirement" although they usually live shorter lives than men.

This view was put forward by Dr. F. Le Gros Clark of the Nuffield Research Center at a symposium on aging organized by the British Institute of Biology.

Quoting from the records of forest officers in Burma, he said that the extreme useful life of an otherwise healthy elephant engaged in hauling logs did not exceed 60 or 65.

Thereafter, it was noticed that the cheeks of the elephant became sunken, its teeth wore out and it began to lose the power of its leg muscles.

Between 65 and 70, it was added, the elephants "often showed signs of giddiness, slightly staggering if they kept long hours." According to the forest officers, the pensioned tuskers had to be given the relatively easy task of pushing logs into the river with their head, trunk and tusks or turned out to forage by themselves in the forests.

But even the task of gathering 600 pounds of green fodder daily soon became too arduous, it was found, and the animals began to lose weight. Death "sometimes occurred suddenly from long continued and unobserved diseases of the heart," it was added.

Dr. Clark said that at least 20 per cent of the manual laborers investigated in Britain were compelled to moderate or change their form of work during their mid-sixties if they were to have "any prospect of remaining in settled employment."

The ailments of old age increased from the mid-fifties onward, in the opinion of Dr. Clark. He considered that, by the time the laborers were due for a state pension (usually at 65), at least 10 per cent could be reckoned to be "more or less beyond further work."

Another investigator, Dr. Alastair Heron of the British Medical Research Council, said that, with declining powers, "men first maintained their performance by increased effort, then attempted to hold the grade by changing their methods of work, but finally experienced a real fall in achievement."—*The New York Times.*

SOCIALIST DEMOCRACY IN YUGOSLAVI

EDWARD KARDELJ

IN Western Europe the following idea has grown up about Yugoslav and her political position:

1) In both ideology and political form, this opinion holds, Yugoslavia until 1948 adhered to the Stalinist Soviet system.
2) It was only in reaction to Soviet pressure in 1948 and subsequently that Yugoslavia was driven to combat bureaucratism and defend democracy. This opinion claims that in no other way could Yugoslavia create for herself an ideological and political base from which to resist this pressure.
3) Having been forced to embark upon this course she now has no alternative but to move, sooner or later, towards the classic bourgeois forms of political democracy which prevail in Western Europe.

What is most noteworthy about this interpretation is that it inve the entire sequence of events.

The fact is that the clash with the Soviet Union was not the *ca* but the *effect* of dissimilarity in tendencies of the internal developme of the systems of Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union. It was precisely t dissimilarity in internal tendencies which led to a corresponding d similarity in their foreign policies and which affected the relations betwe the two countries. Any other interpretation is contrary to the facts. It true, the relations which developed between the two countries, after 19 had the effect of strengthening the internal tendencies characteristic of new Yugoslavia.

As a result, the development internal to the new Yugoslavia cause corresponding dissimilarity in the foreign policies of the two countr

*This account of the achievements of the Marxists of Yugoslavia was sented as a speech by the Vice-President of Yugoslavia before a group of Soci leaders in Oslo, Norway, September 1954, and was recently published here edited by the Yugoslav Information Center. We present it to our readers as a m contribution to contemporary Marxist thought in general, and as casting a sea ing light on the most recent problems and events in the countries of eas Europe.—The Editors.

The foreign and the domestic aspects of these developments are two sides of the same coin. Therefore, any interpretation of the specific development internal to Yugoslavia as the result solely of the foreign political conflict is far from the truth. It makes it impossible to comprehend what has happened in Yugoslavia since 1948.

ALTERNATE PATHS TO SOCIALISM

THE basic question of how to proceed in the building of socialism confronted the socialists of Yugoslavia the moment the revolution proved victorious. The question resolved itself, in essence, into the form of management to be applied to the means of production which, whether by evolution or revolution, have become nationalized or socialized. The question of incentive for working men consciously to further the development of the socialized means of production was therefore posed at once. A collateral problem was thus raised of what political system should be erected during the transition from capitalism to socialism, in order to secure the most favorable conditions for the development of conscious activity by the workers.

As regards the theory and the principle involved in these questions, a clear answer had long ago been given by Karl Marx. This did not suffice, however, to solve the practical problem of determining the actual political form requisite if the inherent principle was to be realized in fact. Karl Marx himself, it seems, was adverse to attempting even to solve in advance the problems which future generations must encounter. He could not and did not present us with their definitive solutions. It is evident that at the start, he regarded the machinery of state as a principal instrument through which the proletariat would discharge the socialist role imposed upon it by history. Marx envisaged the proletariat replacing the old machinery of state by a new machinery of state in this very process. Later, however, in his *Eighteenth Brumaire,* and after the fall of the Paris Commune, sensing the threat to socialism posed by bureaucratism, his attitude towards any centralized machinery of state independent of the people grew more reserved. He reached the belief that it should be replaced by the "proletariat organized as the state." He pronounced the Paris Commune, or the national community of such self-governing communes, to be the "political form at last discovered under which to work out the economical emancipation of labor."

THE ORIGINS OF BUREAUCRATISM

RUSSIA, at the time of the revolution, was an appallingly backward country. It was this fact which, despite Lenin's attempt to direct

developments in the opposite direction, enabled the Stalinist principle t grow dominant. Expressed in its simplest terms, this principle insist that the organizational form indispensable to vitalizing a nation's progres to socialism is the centralized machinery of state. By claiming that th apparatus of state and the will and consciousness of the working clas are identities, Stalin reduced the warnings uttered by Marx and Leni about the dangers of bureaucratism to a mere admonition about re tape, dawdling, and the dehumanizing of the administrative apparatu Stalin thus obscured the nature of bureacratism as a social-economi phenomenon.

Yugoslav socialism rejects this concept. It denies that the independen and elementary actions of the economic forces in social life can b arrogated by a centralized state machinery having absolute control ove all the economic and productive resources of a people.

In Stalinist theory, the state is claimed to be the national consciousnes incarnate, omnipotent. Consequently, Stalinism claims the state can de termine and direct the movement of economic forces in even the mo minute detail. The expression of consciousness in the regulation of huma relations, Stalinism insisted, was reserved almost exclusively to stat economic planning and centralized administrative management of th economy. All other factors within the economy must be subordinated t this centralized system. The instruments of this system are mainly th following:

1) Directives issued from the supreme organs of the state machinery to the lowest organs.
2) These lowest organs transmit orders to each individual.
3) Strict control of inferiors by superiors.
4) Assignment of tasks.
5) Punishment for failure in their performance.

This system is not aimed at the realization of the fundamental socialis principle: The emancipation of labor, the release of creative energies man employing the social instruments of production, the material an moral welfare of the individual.

This basic human activity and the relationships which arise from should be fostered and canalized by superior social instruments.

In opposition to this, the centralized Stalinist system turns each i dividual and each workers' collective into mere tools through which carry out mysterious technocratic plans of a nature and purpose u revealed to the masses.

Self-evidently, the Stalinist system depends entirely upon the fun tioning of the state apparatus. Recognizing this, Stalin introduced

specific system of economic incentives for members of the managerial cadre. The greater the success the apparatus could achieve, the higher the pay received by the members of the administrative machinery. The purpose of this system of incentives was not to maximize the creative potentialities of the workers but, above all else, to stimulate the members of the apparatus to exercise control over the workers. As a result, the administrative state machinery grew to assume a very special *economic position* within the system of social relations.

CONTROLS VERSUS THE WELFARE OF THE INDIVIDUAL

UNLESS they are an expression of the common interests of men working together in freedom, direction and control are not themselves a creative force. Given socialization of the means of production, only the conscious will of the individual arising from his personal, material and moral interests can become such a creative force. The greater the consciousness of the worker that his interests are inseparable from those of the community and the greater the degree to which, through the organs of self-government, he participates as an equal in solving problems relating to his material and moral welfare and to that of the community, the more powerfully does the will of the individual find expression. What determines the quality of an individual's creative labor, physical or mental, is the quality and intensity of his will to create. This cannot be raised nor further intensified by control, inspection and external pressure. This is even truer after the means of production have been socialized than it was before.

The tasks of the Socialist society are:

1) To free the creative will of its individual members.
2) To secure its continuous social education and professional training.
3) To found it upon the individual and collective, the economic and the moral interests—and to encourage their realization.

Consequently, the control and guidance by the superior social organs can prove positive and creative forces only if they are designed to secure favorable conditions for the realizations of these three objectives.

Therefore, centralization of power in the hands of the state, based upon the nationalization of industry can play a progressive role and earn the support of the masses only under special circumstances and for but a brief period. This period cannot extend beyond the abolition of the old relationship of exploitation. Nor is any progressive role left for it to play once there have been created the elementary material and political

conditions upon which to build the new socialist relationships.

The moment such a system of state becomes self-centered, as soo as a process of stagnation sets in, economic and political contradiction inevitably arise between the administrative machinery and the man. Th individual begins to resist, consciously or unconsciously. He grows un willing to produce more than the bare minimum demanded of him Thus the working man is turned more and more into a helpless instru ment of the machinery of state which, due to its monopolistic positio in the management of economy, becomes increasingly bureaucratized The effects of this kind of system are felt in both the economic an political fields. In economy they are manifested in slowing of growth o the pace in productivity of labor. The absence of incentives at the bas of the economy militates against the development of the forces of produc tion. The unavoidable consequence, as in any other system of monopoly is towards stagnation, towards the corresponding organization of contro and pressures, based on political despotism and universal suspicion.

SOCIALISM IN BACKWARD COUNTRIES

IN WESTERN Europe, socialism has pursued quite a different course Its orientation is towards strengthening and gradually through evolu tion consolidating the political and economic positions of the workin class and socialism operating through the existing mechanism of classica bourgeois democracy. It is, of course, often a matter for debate whethe this or that specific policy expressed through this medium represents som actual step towards socialism. In general, however, there is not the slight est doubt that evolution towards socialism through the classical Europea bourgeois system of political democracy is, for a number of countries not only practicable but is being realized in fact.

Two facts, however, command our attention.

First, these countries are precisely the ones in which capitalism firs appeared on the scene of history. They achieved a special economic posi tion and a corresponding degree of economic power. Consequently, it wa possible for them to attain a higher standard of living than prevailed i more backward areas. This had the effect of blunting the internal socia antagonisms. It is for these reasons that the possibility of attainin socialism through an evolutionary process operating in the framework o the classical system of bourgeois political democracy is, in the mai confined to these highly developed countries. The democratic tradition of such nations tend to modify their social antagonisms while, at th same time, gradually strengthen the socialist elements within them.

In the more backward countries, however, which almost invariably are lacking in profound democratic traditions, and at the same time suffer much sharper internal antagonisms, it is less easily possible for developments to proceed in a similar way. In some cases it is altogether impossible. Moreover, in view of the extreme concentration of international capital which characterizes our epoch and the ever widening gap between developed and undeveloped countries, not one of the undeveloped countries can expect its evolution to be along classical capitalist lines. Therefore, in order that the socialist movements of undeveloped countries may solve the question of how to emancipate their working classes, they must first solve the question of how to free their countries from economic backwardness and political dependency. In their case, the accomplishment of this latter task is prerequisite to the building of socialism.

For the moment, however, let us disregard the question of the level of development or under-development of a given country. The fact still remains that certain countries whose political systems are incapable of compromise or granting concessions to the labor movement find themselves as a result in a state of political and economic deadlock. Their internal antagonisms are sharpened extremely. This fact alone is sufficient to exclude a peaceful democratic solution of the internal antagonisms. Revolutionary conflicts are the outcomes of such situations. In effect, the old Yugoslavia was in exactly this condition.

To claim, in view of these circumstances, that the revolutionary road of the labor movement cannot serve as the starting point for the development of socialism or to insist that classical bourgeois democratic forms are the sole practicable political framework within which to build socialism, is tantamount to creating a dogma no less injurious than that opposite dogma which seeks to impose the pattern of the October Revolution on all countries.

THE historical inevitability of socialist revolutions is manifested by the fact that socialist revolutions have already occurred in several countries. This is fact. It cannot be wished away. Similarly, gradual evolution towards socialism through the forms of classical democracy has become a historical fact in a number of countries. To deny either of these facts is plainly ludicrous. To dogmatize about one or the other is, today, an obstacle to the realization of a categorical imperative of present day international socialism. This categorical imperative is the need to seek a way towards the internal unity of the international socialist movement. By this I do not mean unity in the sense of the ideological and practical

uniformity of the type of the Cominform, but in the sense of constructiv democratic cooperation capable of coordinating the individual intern tional socialist trends toward a general progress to socialism. Unity this description, accompanied by constructive critical exchange of e periences, can substantially contribute to making the socialist moveme a vital factor in world affairs, flexible enough to adapt itself to existi and changing conditions, and capable of mobilizing and accelerating factors tending towards the social progress of mankind.

The socialist thinking of our time should be concentrated upon th problem above all others.

International socialism has passed beyond the stage of mere ideologic preparation. As a historical concept, the socialist idea is already victoriou Millions of men in many countries have embarked upon the actu practice of socialist construction, sometimes unaware that they are ente ing upon new social relations or that they are even establishing su relations. It is of paramount importance therefore that, in the domai of scientific socialist analysis and of international cooperation betwe the socialist movements, socialist thought free itself of hampering dogm

Only in this way can it maximize its effectiveness, relying upon t concrete conditions in each particular country and in agreement wi these conditions, to numerous elemental material processes towards soci ist development.

Ours is an age of transition. The political structure of the world changing correspondingly. It is therefore wrong of us to go on inventi economic or political patterns to which all countries must conform. Cr ical as we may be towards the state-capitalist form, or towards t bureaucratic-administrative socialist systems, we nevertheless percei that, for many backward countries in a given phase of development, ev these systems may constitute a stride forward. It is possible that the s alternative might be to mark time, to suffocate in internal antagonis or to tolerate the nation's continued sinking into the morass of bac wardness and dependency. Obviously, all these processes will proceed l painfully were the world to discover a form of economic assistance speeding up the development of the undeveloped countries. Howev it seems that this idea will not be realized in the immediate present.

IN VIEW of all these facts, it grows clear that any attempt to imp upon peoples or upon mankind any specific or single form of mo ment as the only possible one must necessarily have a reactionary res Hence, I believe, efforts towards establishing a mutually tolerant co istence and cooperation between countries with different systems are

momentous importance not only for the preservation of peace but also for securing the most favorable conditions for the further progress of mankind. It is only in such an environment that the most progressive socialist tendencies will be able to express themselves with full freedom.

However, the division of the world as we know it into developed and underdeveloped countries is by no means the whole issue. For, whilst it is true that the system of classical bourgeois democracy could serve as an effective instrument during a phase, whether brief or protracted, in the elevation towards socialism, it is also true that the socialist results that came through its instrumentality must, at some point, begin reciprocally to exercise a modifying effect upon the whole old democratic mechanism. Otherwise, this political form, once suited to the continued progress of socialism, must become a brake upon it.

ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL DEMOCRACY

IT IS my considered judgement that, sooner or later, every democratic system which is tending toward socialism must find itself characterized by two dominant factors. The first of these is that the changed relations of production will create a corresponding demand for democratic forms of management of the economy, and this whether the socialization of the means of production has come about by evolutionary or revolutionary means. The second is that emancipation of the working class must connote enlarging and broadening the scope of the role of the individual within the general mechanism of social management.

The production and distribution of wealth represent the essential content of social life. Consequently, introduction of new democratic forms into the management and direction of the economy will impart to the democratic political mechanism a direction and form corresponding to its socialist economic basis. Economic democracy is an age-long concept. In the main, however, it has been regarded in the past either as a complement to or as parallel with classical political democracy. In my opinion, such a concept is untenable. It should be borne in mind that classical bourgeois political democracy is a specific form of economic democracy. Bourgeois democracy is rooted in the economic relationships arising from the private ownership of capital. It corresponds to the structure of such capitalist private ownership and to the economic needs of a society evolving upon this basis. *Therefore, the demand voiced in our time for economic democracy is, in reality, a demand for new democratic political forms designed to assist a freer development, a society whose point of departure is the socialization of the means of production.*

Our experience in the struggle for socialism enables us to assert

beyond possibility of contradiction that "economic democracy" is the definitive form of the new political system emerging from the socialization of the means of production. At the same time, it is the only solution offered us for the growing difficulties of those democratic systems which, suffering increasing stagnation because of their outmoded forms, are incapable of adapting themselves to the new social reality.

As regards enlarging the role of the individual in social management, it seems to me unquestioned that this will determine the role and the power of the machinery of state. In this process, it will extend the influence and the sphere of activity of the organs of social self-government now regarded as of lowest rank, as closest to the masses. Also, the role of the autonomous and vertically united systems of self-governing bodies and organizations will grow in importance.

Self-evidently, this development cannot be without effect upon the existing system of political parties and their representative bodies; even the most democratic of parties indeed exercises restraint over the initiative of individuals. It causes political stagnation and unavoidably minimizes opportunities for direct creative action by the individual over questions of both personal and common interests. It cannot be denied that, in a system not merely characterized by but actually based upon social antagonisms, the system of political parties has liberated society from the pressure of blind forces and has introduced greater stability into social relationships. It has accomplished this indispensable task by, in a certain sense, blunting the keenness of the essential antagonisms and, at times, by diverting them.

Playing this role, the system of political parties has even proved indispensable. If, however, we assume the existence of the prevailing socialist economic relationships which have already developed in fact—not going so far into the future as to suppose the existence of a classless society—then we are already confronted with the fact of the minimization of open social antagonisms which will be reduced to such an extent that the old systems or political parties become unnecessary and, in fact, a hindrance to the full utilization of the energies of society.

With the development of socialist relationships, therefore, we must assume that the mechanism of classical bourgeois democracy as we know it will gradually transform itself into a system of more direct democracy based upon the self-government of men in all the spheres of social life. In other words, we must assume that the development of socialist relationships will ultimately cause classical bourgeois democracy to transform itself into a system under which men will not be motivated by adherence to this or that party but by the attitudes they adopt, independently and

as conscious social workers, to the concrete social problems confronting them. This is no less true of the socialist social systems whose starting point is revolution and whose return to classical bourgeois forms of democracy would signify repudiation of their revolution and surrender of their society into anti-democratic hands.

Even within such a system of direct democracy, it is true, community of concepts will still cause individuals to group themselves together for a common end. Such groupings, however, need not necessarily assume the character of rigid party formations. Furthermore, the essential difference between the mechanism of the *indirect* bourgeois democracy and the *direct* system of socialist democracy lies in the fact that bourgeois democracy, even in its classic form, asserts the centralized authority of the state while socialist democracy, based upon growing social self-management, represents the withering away of the state as the political instrument of a class. Whether the starting point is the classical mechanism of bourgeois democracy or the state mechanism produced by the socialist revolution, I believe that the growth of democracy leads inevitably to this end.

SOCIALIST DEMOCRACY

IN THE light of these facts, we reject the assumption that the growth of socialist democracy in Yugoslavia must inevitably lead to the mechanical re-establishment of the classical forms of bourgeois democracy. What we have accomplished so far is but the first step in our development. It is, nevertheless, a step towards the emergence of democratic forms organically reflecting the development of our economy upon a socialist basis.

Our approach to this question is thus a matter of principle. Even were this not so, it would nevertheless be imposed upon us by practical political considerations. The working class of Yugoslavia is already managing the socialized means of production and comprises a good third of the population. Over sixty percent of our population, however, consists of small owner-producers. Moreover, socialism in our country is being built under conditions of unusually difficult international relations. This combination of circumstances means, in fact, that mechanically reverting to bourgeois democratic forms would be tantamount to our yielding up the revolution and all it has attained. It would be as though we announced ourselves ready to relinquish both our socialism and our national independence.

There are, within sections of the socialist movement some critics of

our concepts who assert, in short: "We do not deny that your revolutio was justified and necessary. It did away with an anti-democratic and reac tionary system. Nevertheless, now that the revolution is victorious, yo ought to establish the system of classical European democracy."

What this approach to our problem disregards is the fact that n such thing as democracy existed in the old Yugoslavia. This was nc because of *deliberate refusal* of the Yugoslav bourgeoisie to create it bu because of its *sheer inability* to do so. Democracy was precluded in th old Yugoslavia by the extraordinary acuteness of her internal antagonism The anti-democratism of the Yugoslav bourgeoisie was a specific expres sion of the political and economic relationships existing in the country

PRE-WAR YUGOSLAVIA

PRE-WAR Yugoslavia was one of the most backward countries i Europe. No more than 10% of the population was engaged in mar ufactures, mining, or construction. About 75% of the population lived i villages, cultivating the land with little assistance from modern imple ments or technology.

It is estimated that the hydro-electric potential of Yugoslavia is n less than 66,000 million kilowatt hours, ranking second to Norway in a Europe. In 1938, however, so backward was Yugoslavia that her pe capita output of electricity totalled only 70 kilowatt hours. By contras the European average in that year amounted to approximately 350 kilo watt hours, while that of more highly developed countries in Wester Europe range from 350 to 830 kilowatt hours per capita and even, as i the case of Norway, to as much, I believe, as 3,300 kilowatt hours.

Per capita steel production of the countries of Western Europe range petroleum, automobiles, transformers, tractors, newsprint, etc., had to b more than 15 kilograms.

The output of electrical equipment was less than 2% of the Europea average. The machinery and metal working industries of pre-war Austr produced 11 times as much as did Yugoslavia, that of Italy 12.5 time Belgium 19 times, France 33 times, and Sweden 50 times as much as th Yugoslav industries. The whole of pre-war Yugoslavia's requirements c petroleum, automobiles, transformers, tractors, newsprint, etc., had to b satisfied by imports from abroad.

In addition to this economic backwardness, it should be remembere that Yugoslavia is a multi-national country, with great contrasts in ec nomic development between her different regions. The social-econom and political structure of pre-war Yugoslavia therefore made it impossibl

under the leadership of her dominant classes, to progress any further economically. In fact, she was growing increasingly dependent upon imports. Her backwardness by contrast with more highly developed countries created internal problems of ever-increasing gravity. The inescapable consequence was a constant intensifying of her rate of exploitation. It hardly need be pointed out that this could lead to no result other than the increasing decay of her internal system, the sharpening of social contradictions, and the acceleration of reactionary and anti-democratic trends within her political system. A revolutionary movement oriented towards socialism was the only movement capable of liberating Yugoslavia from her backwardness. It is out of this fact that the revolution was born. It also gave victory to the revolution. Propulsion towards socialism not only dissolved the internal social contradictions, but was the only possible avenue of escape from her all-pervading backwardness.

Each of these economic and political characteristics of our country exercised its separate effect—and continues to do so to some extent—upon the development of our society both before and after the revolution. True it is that the revolution changed the character of state power and freed the economic and political forces of social progress. This did not bring about an automatic change in the economic relationships of the country and, consequently, has not yet liquidated the antagonisms arising from them.

It is obvious, therefore, that even if we were to approve in principle the establishment of the classical bourgeois democratic system, such as even the bourgeoisie was precluded from establishing because of the acuteness of the internal social antagonisms, no such effort could possibly succeed. It would plunge us into civil war or, possibly, deliver us up to the reactionary despotism of the classes we have ousted from power. It is even more probable that it would lead directly to the establishment of a state-capitalist bureaucratism.

REVOLUTION AND DIRECT DEMOCRACY

FOR ALL these reasons, the revolution alone could serve as the starting point of our progress towards new democratic forms. Furthermore, unless it did lead us towards direct democracy as a form of withering away of political monopoly, it would renounce its own content.

Once the revolution has become accomplished fact, no alternative point of departure exists from which to proceed. After the revolution, it is politically impossible to revert to some pre-revolutionary form without the revolution ceasing to be a socialist revolution.

The revolution must serve as the starting point of the change i economic relationships. It is in the process of changing these relationshi upon the basis of socialization of the means of production that bot the scope and the pace of development of the new democratic form corresponding to the new economic basis can be determined. Our struggl towards socialism could therefore not be oriented towards converting th revolutionary, wrongly termed by some the "single party" system, into multi-party class system of the bourgeois type, but towards developing system of direct democracy which, in time, will eliminate all need fo political monopolies whether "single party" or "multi-party" in form.

Our desire, however, is not the rash pursuit of abstract theories. No do we wish to impose political forms on society against its will. Instead the starting point of all socialist policy under the conditions which preva in Yugoslavia is the consolidation of the socialist economic basis of ou society. Ipso facto, this involves the consolidation of socialist politica power, the strengthening of the working class numerically and economi cally and in its direct influence upon the development of the forces o production. The objective of our socialist democratic policies, in brief, i to strengthen the ability of the working class to govern the economy an the society at large. In addition to this, we are engaged—as we must en gage—in systematic work towards the development of a socialist con sciousness and socialist democratic traditions. Without this, it is impos sible to conceive of a sound functioning of the institutions of direc democracy. It is, of course, the actual practice of socialism which school such consciousness, although it would be no act of wisdom to leave suc schooling to the mere influence of blind forces.

THE SOCIALIST BASIS OF OUR SOCIETY

AFTER the revolution, our decision to undertake the different task o industrializing our country, even disregarding its international pos tion, flowed naturally from this reasoning. Some among our wester critics are in the habit of suggesting that industrialization is some so of dogmatic fixation of ours. We, however, realized from the start tha the socialist forces of Yugoslavia would be able to hold on to thei victory over counter-revolution and bureaucratism only if they grew strong enough economically to assume actual leadership over the entir economic development of the country and to introduce ever freer socia relations.

We could not accomplish this if we were to remain a socialist eco nomic island stranded in a sea of undeveloped petty producer element

in the cities and villages. We could accomplish this only if the socialist forces grew powerful enough to eradicate the obsolete social relationships, primarily through economic action without resort to state compulsion. *We had, then, to proceed to the task of changing the material ratio of social forces in favor of socialism.* The alternative which faced us was to re-enforce the relative economic weakness of the forces of socialism by the strength of a rigid state apparatus. Incontrovertibly, this would have encouraged the growth of bureaucratism.

We are able to report that by proceeding as we did we have achieved significant results towards creating a material basis for socialism in our country. These are already exercising a decisive influence upon our whole future political development.

Statistics regarding the measurable progress of the socialized areas of our economy are illuminating.

We started with the handicap of widespread devastation from the war. The Reparations Commission of the Federal People's Republic of Yugoslavia estimates that war damage to buildings and plants had amounted to 36.5% of their total national value. The effort required to repair this damage was overwhelming. By the cooperation of each and everyone of our people, however, this rehabilitation was substantially completed in the first post-war years. The basis was thus laid for the further development of the national economy. International conditions, however, were not such as to facilitate this development.

As is generally known, circumstances have been such that Yugoslavia has been compelled to spend a larger proportion of its national income on defense than any other country in the world. Our defense requirements have consumed the following percentages of our national income: 1949, 10.2%; 1950, 12.3%; 1951, 14.5%; 1952, 21.5%; 1953, 17.2%. Our expenditures for defense in 1954 consumed about the same proportion of our national income as in 1953.

Despite this drain upon our resources as well as our other difficulties, we have managed to more than double our 1939 volume of production in our steel plants and rolling mills. We have almost trebled both our output of electrical energy and our machine construction. Many items not produced in pre-war Yugoslavia are now being turned out in our plants and mills. This has had most beneficial effects upon our foreign trade.

Let me give you some examples. In 1939, the total national consumption of coke in Yugoslavia approximated a quarter of a million tons. The whole of this was imported from abroad. By contrast, in 1953 our coke consumption exceeded half a million tons, of which about 55% was domestic production. Upon completion of the key projects upon which

we are presently engaged, our coke requirements, according to current estimates, will reach a figure of about 1,100,000 tons per year. Despite this enormous augmentation of our coke requirements, we shall ultimately be in a position to meet at least 61% of these increased needs from our own resources. In 1939, 53% of our requirements of rolled and drawn steel products were met through imports. In 1953, our economy required almost twice that quantity and yet no more than 22% needed to be imported.

As regards agriculture, 60% more farm machinery and equipment was made available in 1953 than in 1939. Moreover, whereas 50% of the farm implements put in service in 1939 in Yugoslavia had to be bought abroad, deliveries from our own manufacturers in 1953 amounted to about 92%.

Averaged over the years 1935-39, almost 60% of Yugoslavia's exports had consisted of non-manufactured items. Finished products amounted to less than 5% of our total exports. Some indication of the extent of our progress is given by that fact that in 1953 raw materials constituted only 41% of our total exports while finished products had risen to 17%. This figure rose still further in 1954. It is estimated that in the first half of that year finished products amounted to about 19% of our total exports.

As a result of our efforts, post-war Yugoslavia has drawn appreciably closer to the state of development of the economically advanced countries of the world.

Our efforts towards this end have demanded corresponding changes in political forms. Our economic backwardness left us vulnerable to both the residual forces of our capitalist past and to the danger of a growth of bureaucratism in opposition to these forces. Although the revolution had deprived them of power, the capitalist elements still possessed strength and were capable, under certain circumstances, of weakening the political stability of socialism to an appreciable extent. Our struggle against this latent opposition, coupled with our extraordinary efforts toward the acceleration of our economic progress, at first required a strong internal discipline and a considerable degree of political centralism and administrative management of the economy. Since this necessarily called for the creation of a powerful state apparatus, it also posed the danger of the growth of bureaucratism.

We thus had to counter both this tendency towards bureaucratism and the latent pressure of the capitalist forces which it was intended to combat. The revolution itself had created the means of suppressing the capitalist element. The struggle against bureaucratism, however, could

not occur until the revolution had taken place. It was first necessary, in fact, that we in principle clarify certain issues. Foremost among these, we had to decide the role to be played by the state and the state apparatus in social life, a social life evolving on the basis of the socialization of the means of production.

A fundamental tenet of Stalinism was that the chief motive force of socialist development must be progressive strengthening of the state and expansion of its social role. In practical terms, this premise can hold true only under two conditions: First, where the labor movement, through the mechanism of classical bourgeois democracy, is gradually securing primacy in the social structure; second, where the labor movement, in the direct act of revolution, is employing the state mechanism in the forcible destruction of the old social relationships.

If, however, this Stalinist premise should become a general principle not to secure the *political and economic conditions* for the free development of socialist relationships but, instead, to build these very *socialist relationships,* it cannot then but lead to assumption of absolute power by the state apparatus. The logical result is for the state to cease to be a weapon of the socialist forces and to become their master, to become a force above society and to serve as the base for the growth of bureaucratism.

THE WITHERING AWAY OF THE STATE

OUR OWN attitude is in distinct opposition to this Stalinist principle. We assert that the revolution should not only substitute one state apparatus for another but that, simultaneously, it should also inaugurate the process of the withering away of the state as the instrument of authority generally. In the very nature of things, this cannot be a mere mechanical process of changing the juridical conditions. It can arise only as an organic result of the development of new material forces and new social relationships. Socialism as a social relationship will have become so strong and unshakable that class differences no longer manifest themselves, when a return to capitalist relationships has become as impossible and unthinkable as the revival of feudalism is conceded to be.

In short, the withering away of the state can occur only when socialism no longer needs the state as a prop to lean upon. Accordingly, the stronger the growth in the material power of socialist relationships and the more irreplaceable they become in the conduct of social life, the more unnecessary the state becomes in economic and political life or, to state it more correctly, the more it becomes transformed into a social mechan-

ism no longer based on coercion but on common social interest and vo untary submission to a social discipline corresponding to the commo interest.

What all this amounts to is that a centralized state apparatus "in th name of the working class" cannot be the chief prime mover in buildin socialist relationships nor act infallibly as a personified socialist cor sciousness. These socialist relationships can come into being only unde the conditions of *social ownership of the means of production* and, eve then, only as a result of both the conscious and the elemental, economi social, and other activities and practices of men working, creating, re soning, and building for the future under these very conditions. Me whom that activity is bringing into *new relationships* and upon who is exerted the influence of these economic and social interests themselv become naturally oriented towards acting in a socialist manner with the framework of these relationships. Moreover, it is solely from th actual practice of socialism that the theoretical concepts of socialism ca evolve further. In this context, of course, conscious socialist activity an inseparable part of socialist development. "Society," as Karl Ma stated in the preface to the first German edition of the Volume of Capit ". . . can neither clear by bold leaps, nor remove by legal enactments, t obstacles offered by the successive phases of its normal development. B it can shorten and lessen the birth pangs."

THE PRINCIPLE OF SELF-GOVERNMENT

IN OUR view, this objective process must be matched by a correspon ing organization of the mechanism of democracy evolving on t basis of the social ownership of the means of production. We believe th direct democracy alone provides a mechanism through which to secu the maximum possibilities of democratic self-government by worki men and that this must operate through corresponding basic organs management of production as well as of other fields of social life. It this very function which is being borne by our workers' councils, c cooperatives, communes, the vertically united self-governing econon organizations and the autonomous social organs of the institutions education, science, culture, health and other social services.

Simultaneously, the evolution and progressive expansion of th forms and their corresponding social activities are the form under wh there is gradually being established the new democratic mechanism wh is evolving organically out of the new social-economic basis and whi in the final analysis, represents neither more nor less than a form of

withering away of the state as an instrument of authority and coercion. In other words, once the means of production have become socialized, there must be built up an organized democratic machinery of social management such as will enable the working masses to come to the fore within it, not through the top levels of some political party, but directly in their daily life.

Through the instrumentality of the organs of social self-government and through their direct participation in their operation, citizens will also be able to make the direct decisions as to who shall represent them at higher levels. In no other way can we prevent the growth of bureaucracy or give full expression to the socialist creative initiative of the individual.

In such a social structure, it is not in the state administration in the narrower sense of the term but in the self-governing social institutions to which the working masses send their direct representatives that there is concentrated the task of consciously directing the socialist progress of the nation. The state administration must be a specialized apparatus subordinated to such self-governing social organs.

It is among the masses themselves, not merely within a state apparatus, that the conscious fighters for socialism must strive to influence in the socialist directions the decisions reached in the appropriate democratic organs. It is through the masses, in other words, that we must try to ensure that the decisions of the self-governing organs of society shall conform to the needs of socialism's defense against anti-socialist tendencies and to the needs of the continued expansion of socialism. These are the principles which lie at the base of socialist activity in Yugoslavia.

Following upon the victory of the revolution, the first and decisive practical step in that direction was a shift in the center of gravity of the work of the Communist party and its cadres. The task then set up for Communists and all conscious fighters for socialism was to work towards the building of socialism through raising the socialist consciousness of the masses and not merely through the influence resulting from their position in the state or administrative apparatus. Allied to this was the gradual decentralization of the economic and political system. Such decentralization, it was recognized, would render possible the maximum self-government of working men expressed through the appropriate self-governing organs of socialized industry and through the communes. In this way, the working masses would exercise their right of full control over the state apparatus. We have gone very far in these directions and have achieved very real results.

(To be concluded in our January issue)

THE FIRST HURRAH

RUTH STEINBERG

YOU MIGHT ask: What is the life of a boy? If it is true that the whole universe is illuminated by just the sight of a boy, you may imagine what this story can mean.

I knew Simon well, then. I was already a woman when we met, and he—he was just a new human being. He was eight and I was twenty and we were both in love with the same man.

We had met through Simon's uncle, Bruno, a powerful man. Bruno was gifted and proud and sure. Often, as we sat on the beach, that lovely holiday, I saw him ponder a thing to its very end, saw him walk through the toughest roaring surf and laugh at it. I saw him do things that were foolhardy, too. He ran across a rocky road in his bare feet, then showed me that his feet were uncut.

It must have been that day—of the uncut feet—that I fell in love with Bruno. Or it may only be that I thought that was the day. But now when I think back, I can hardly remember a time when the image of such a man was not very dear to me.

While I was on a holiday in this town, Bruno and Simon were living their lives there. I had all summer to spend with them, and before it was spent, the town, the people in it, the streets, the fishermen and the beaches had become all of life to me. . . . So it is when you're in love. And it makes my heart weep to think that only once in a lifetime can you have such a love affair.

When Simon saw that I was in love with his uncle, he loved me, too. On the beach, he ran and fell at my feet, covered me with sand and brought me presents from the ocean. On the golden afternoons when I sat, toward four o'clock, waiting for the moment when Bruno would meet me there, I watched the boy play in the water. He was not a vacant

tioning boy and his uncle was the captain of a fishing boat, so his play differed from that of the boys on a holiday. He knew more than they did about the water itself and paid no attention to the equipment they brought to the beach. Their skin-diving equipment—he ignored it.

One day as I sat watching the boy and his summer-time friends, Simon suddenly whirled to face me. I turned and saw Bruno standing just behind me, looking out into the horizon without even shading his eyes.

Simon came running and stopped just in front of me, looking at his uncle, his chest heaving, a little pulse playing in his neck. I thought about this boy without a father, yearning so much for Bruno, and had no control over my emotions. The water and sun and sand, the boy and the man looking at each other, the whole beautiful world into which I had been plunged, made the summer memorable for the way tears and laughter ran together, as though my whole person were trying to live at once.

"Let's get Simon some of that skin-diving stuff!" I said. I wanted Simon to be more like the other boys, I guess, but mostly I wanted him to stay down there and see that mysterious world underneath the surface of the water.

Bruno laughed and put his hand on Simon's shoulder as the boy stood looking at him, smiling back. "Simon doesn't need all that junk," he said. "Don't you know Simon's a fish boy? He can stay down there longer than anybody, without those false lungs."

I have never seen such a face on a boy as the face of Simon at that moment. He loked at Bruno with joy pouring out of his eyes and such a grin.

"Can't you Simon?" Bruno coaxed.

"Bet!" the boy answered.

"I know," I said. "Sure."

"I mean it," Bruno said. "It'd spoil his feel for the water."

It's possible I didn't pay too much attention to what Bruno said. I just looked at him, lost for a minute, having no argument with this man.

"I'll show you-ou-ou!" I heard Simon call out as though from another world. When we turned away from each other, Bruno and I, we saw him running to the water's edge.

Bruno was excited. "He's gonna do it, too!" he said confidently.

"Do what?"

"He's gonna beat that boy with the snorkle."

"No!" I protested. "Don't make him do that!"

"Well," he said, settling down beside me on the sand, "I can't stop him now. He wants to show me."

"It's impossible!"

Simon was near the incoming waves talking with a boy who had underwater goggles and a snorkle. The surf came in loud and smashed against the two small boys and I watched as Simon talked and explained to the boy what it was he wanted.

The children stood there with their feet in the moving wet sand, with the tide rolling out, sucking at them, pulling them. I saw the frailty of Simon as his trunks clung to his thighs, and saw his knees bending. The other boy adjusted his goggles and the snorkle and slowly the two contestants walked into the water.

Simon did the counting, as the water pushed and pulled them. "One, two, three!" I could almost hear Simon over the roar of the waves. Then, I couldn't see them any more.

I began to count. How long could a boy stay under. "Seven, eight." I started to get up, and before I knew it, I was moving toward the water.

The boy with the snorkle was under, but I could see the back of his head. I couldn't see Simon at all. I panicked. "Bruno! Where is he?" Bruno came toward me slowly.

"Get him!" I said. We both began to run.

As a large wave rose and fell I caught a glimpse of Simon and I was near him in three strokes. I grabbed him, pulling him up. He came up gasping, gasping, panicked—and as I held him I brought him out to where I could stand. Bruno came up and the boy opened his eyes. He looked at Bruno and began to struggle. He pulled his hand out of the water and socked me in the mouth.

He began to kick, to make little sounds of hate at me. Bruno grabbed him and I ran onto the beach, falling on the sand, sick.

After that, I was without Simon. I tried to see him. It was no use. No longer would Bruno and I walk hand in hand up a road with the boy running before us. And the boy's absence was against me.

"Look," I said to Bruno, "what did I do wrong?"

"He wanted to show you something," Bruno said gently. "You didn't let him. He felt like a fool."

"Look, he could have died under there!"

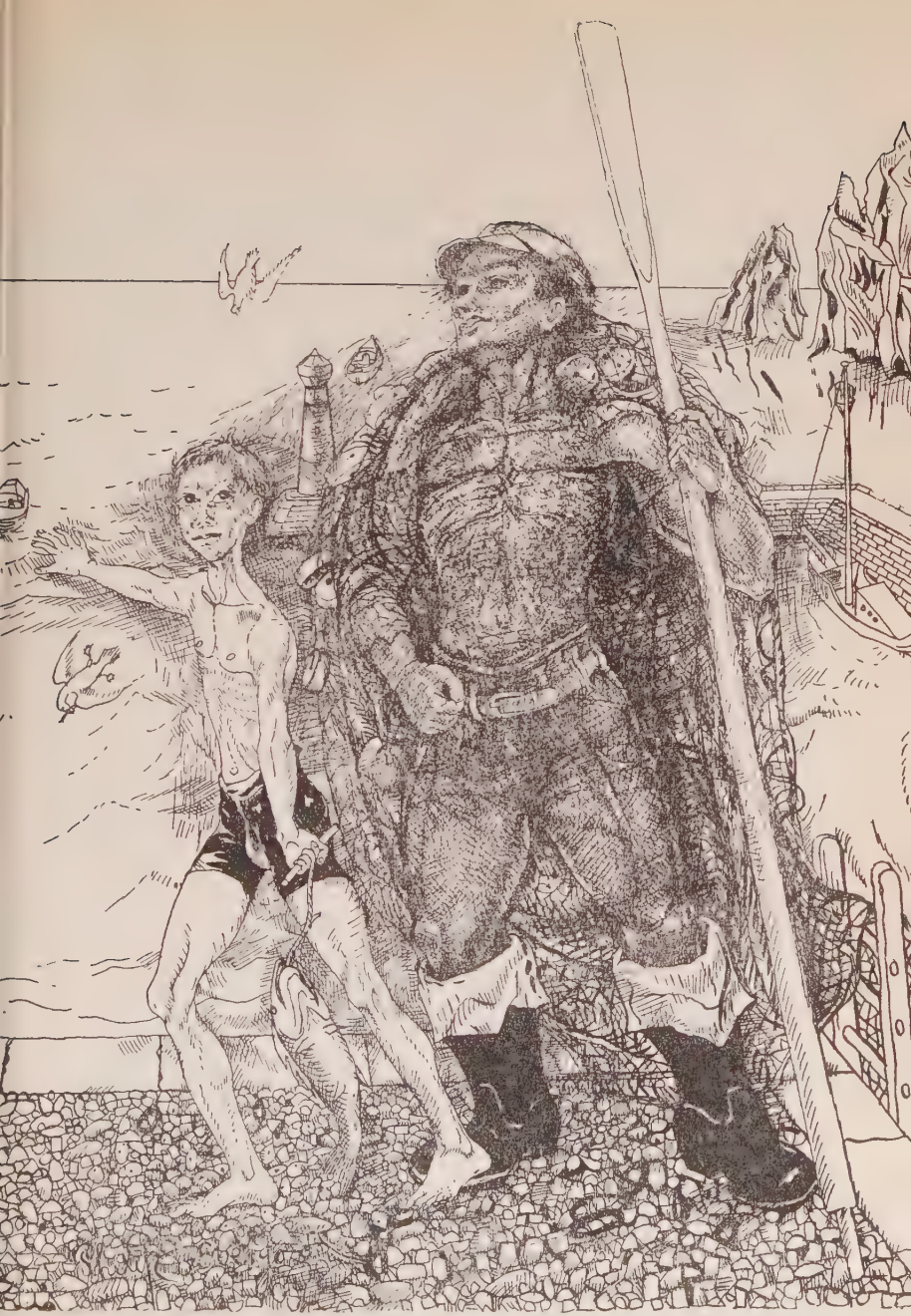
Bruno just laughed.

"What's so funny?"

"It's like a poem," he said. "You're a schoolteacher so you think in folk tales."

"A poem?"

"Well, you know what I mean—the story in your head is a boy wants to perform a beautiful and dangerous act to show his uncle that his faith in him is not misplaced. He tries so hard, he dies. There's a great



"Bruno and Simon were living their lives there." *Philip Evergood*

funeral and nobody ever forgets him. In the next century teenagers sing the song of Simple Simon," Bruno said.

I looked to see whether he was joking. He wasn't.

"Just answer one thing," I said, frustrated at his mocking tone. "Do you think he could have hurt himself when he dived? Is dying, anyway so impossible?"

"Yes," Bruno answered stubbornly, "dying is impossible for Simon."

"All right," I said. "Let's forget all about it. Some day Simon'll grow up and he'll understand about you and about him and about me."

"Admit you're wrong," he said tenderly. I wanted to touch him, but it was impossible. He and I were in two different worlds.

"I think I saved his life," I said looking down at the stones in the road. I was stubborn as a rock. "The poem you say is inside my head, is a myth in your head. It is beautiful but would end up ugly with Simon blue and drowned and a corpse. That part is not beautiful."

Bruno laughed. "Under some conditions it is not ugly to die, but ugly to live. Maybe Simon is a poet or a saint and understands all that."

"I doubt it," I said bitterly. "It's just that he loves you so much. More than any human being deserves to be loved."

"If you are really loved, you are loved that way."

"No. There is freedom in love, too."

He stopped still and looked enviously at the birds that were flying just over our heads. "I want you to love me that way. If you don't, how can I be sure that it is love at all?"

I wondered how he *could* know, how I could teach him, if he did not already know.

"Do you love that way?" I asked.

"I think of nothing but you," he said. "My whole life is for you."

"Caw—caw—caw—caw," the wild birds said overhead and flew away from us as we turned to each other.

I spent the afternoons alone, now, till four-thirty, when Bruno was free and came looking for me. Simon was never with me any more. Once the boy with the snorkle asked for him, and I had no answer.

A week before my holiday was to end I began to say good-bye to everything. The summer was over. It was getting cold. The bathers were gone from the beach. The boy with the snorkle was gone. It rained and it was quiet and I missed Simon more than ever.

It was no use going to his house. He was never there. I talked to his mother. She clutched at her breast when I told her about Simon's staying under water. But she could not help me.

"He listens to Bruno," she said. "Bruno brought him up. Everybody calls him Bruno's boy."

I saw Simon one day, walking down the road as I came out of my house. I called to him. He half turned his head, then continued walking as though he had not really heard.

The birds were moving south. It was time to pack my things and leave. Bruno spent more time with me. Our embraces became sad. Each kiss was a farewell. I shed tears as though I were never to see him again. At four we sat on the beach. At five, high tide had already washed away the impressions our bodies had made on the sand. One day Bruno stuck a flag into the sand where we sat. The next morning, when I went to find it I saw that the banner had been torn off and only the stick remained.

Two days before I was scheduled to leave it rained and I was in my room. My landlady came up with a cup of hot soup and we chatted a while. After she left I felt homesick for her. I looked out of the window, saw the lightning cross the bay. There was a knock at my door.

"Yes," I said and pulled the door open.

Simon was there.

Too loudly, I said, "Hi!" Then my voice trailed away, reserved. He was so familiar in his levis and T-shirt and his blond hair growing all over his head and partly covering the tops of his ears. It had rained on him and he must have been running. I saw again that wonderful pulse in his neck.

"Here's a towel," I said.

He wiped his face carelessly. "Uncle Bruno's caught a bird," he said. Those were his first words.

I sat down on the bed and looked over at him. "I'm leaving in a couple of days," I told him.

He put one foot forward and put his weight on it. "It's big and black," he said. He placed his hand gracefully on the iron bedstead and looked into my mouth. "Will you ever come back?" he asked.

"What kind of a bird is it?"

"It has no name. It was flying south, you see? It fell down because it was hurt and Uncle Bruno just caught it."

"Is it beautiful?" I asked.

For a moment he didn't answer. Finally he said, "It's very big. Not like a canary. Black—sort of."

I had nothing to say. And the boy went on, "You know, Bruno's making it better. He's curing it, whatever's wrong. But it's hard to get him." He made an eloquent gesture, imitating the flight of a bird upward.

I should have gotten to my packing. In two days I'd be going south, too.

"Well, you just ought to see him," said Simon. "He wants to get out, see?"

"Sure he wants to get out," I said, and in my head I could see this big black bird struggling to get free. "That's a wild bird. He can't stay in a cage."

"You don't understand," said Simon, looking at the floor. "Bruno's doing him a favor! See what I mean?" He looked at me then, and there was a wild look about him that told me a story all about the bird, himself and his uncle.

"I can't stand the way he tries to get out," he told me. He folded his arms over the bedstead and put his forehead on it.

I leaned back into my pillow. "Bruno ought to let it go," I said.

He repeated for my benefit, the facts, slowly, weakly. "It's sick. It can't fly all the way down there. All its friends left without him. Bruno's making it better. You'll see." A child tries so hard to make adults understand. He raised his head and started flailing with his arms. "It just beats against that old cage, *trying* to get out. Just trying! And he never stops." He shook his head. "I can't stand the way he tries to get out," he repeated.

I got up and walked to the window. The rain came down against the pane.

"It's just remarkable," he said, "how he tries to get out!"

The boy was telling me something. He had come to me for something. He had come, forgetting loyalty, had come to get a bird free. I got the point.

I put on my raincoat and my boots while the boy stood there looking at me. I began to hurry and before I knew it we were down in the road walking together, my arm around his shoulders and a piece of my coat covering him completely. Small boy, I thought, I love you.

Bruno was eating when I entered his kitchen. He was eating a piece of pie and had his big hand around the coffee cup. I saw that slow smile open up his face.

"You heard!" he said.

"About what?" I asked. I smiled, too.

"You heard about the bird and you came here to get him out!" He pointed his fork at my breast.

The rain came down hard on the roof. Bruno's sister walked out of the room to leave us alone and I sat down. I had nothing to say. Bruno had said it all.

"Where do you keep him?" I asked.

"Out in the garage."

I played with a crumb on the tablecloth, tense, with nothing to say. This was the end—end of summer. The carefree quality was gone. It was raining and I was coming to grips with reality. My clothes were damp and clung to my body. The very many things I admired so much in this kitchen were sombre, darkling at me.

"Come on," he said. Without coat or covering he led me out to the garage. A small work light was on in a far corner. Dreading the sight of it, I looked for the bird.

First I heard it. I did not know I was listening to it because I did not believe a bird could make so much noise. The beating and the pounding could not have been one bird! I did not believe it, so it did not horrify me.

Then I saw him. His feathers were as though glued to his body. He moved back and forth, walked, hopped. Then banged his head against the large cage and spread his wings. Then crawled. Then banged against the cage with his body, with his head, with his beak. Then screamed, his voice tearing apart the cage and the garage.

I recoiled. For the fear which I felt at this superb anger and this vast potential power was something I could not handle in myself.

"Look at him!" Bruno said in admiration. "Just look at that bird, willya?"

The bird screamed again. Our coming had made him afraid, but made him hope, too.

"Let him out!" I said.

Bruno turned to me, a stranger, offended, surprised and perplexed and a stranger.

Simon came into the garage and stood in a corner looking at us.

Again I looked at the bird. "He's all bloody, Bruno. There's blood all over the whole garage. He'll never stop till you let him out. Let him out," I pleaded. The blood on the bird was not only glueing his feathers to him, it was running down his breast in large coagulating gobs. He would die. But he fought.

I went outside and let the rain come down on me. Bessie, the cat, was crouching there, mean, thinking dire cat thoughts, planning.

Bruno followed me. "You know why I caught the bird," he said reasonably.

"I don't care why. Just let him out."

"He'll be tame in two days. Don't worry."

"He will kill himself first."

Bruno turned away from me, took a small shovel and dug into the mud. He pulled up a fat worm and walked back into the garage.

The screams of the bird came out to me, and Simon came out and stood in the rain, too.

Bruno came back. He was smiling, his finger in his mouth. "He bi me," he laughed.

I turned and ran toward the garage. "Don't go near that cage!" he warned.

Unable to look away from the bird now, I watched him. I saw and heard his breathing as though he were my dying friend, and I saw through those blood-soaked feathers the brave heart beating. His eye were bright, that bird's, as he beat beat beat against the cage, the whol body being banged to pieces and the cage sticky with blood. How much longer could this go on? Would the cage outlast the bird?

Bruno watched curiously, planning. "If it calmed down, I could feed it. I could patch it up."

"Just let him out," I said.

"It isn't raining anymore," I heard Simon say, his voice bell-like wondering.

Suddenly the bird was quiet and we stood still. The noise of the rain had stopped and it brought the sounds of free birds to our ears flying birds, raucously shouting, for the rain was over. And the caged bird heard it, too. He called to the high heavens. He flung himself a the bars of his cage.

The sun was behind the clouds. Bruno was disgusted. He went t the garage door and looked out. "Just look at Bessie!" He called. "He' never get past Bessie, even if I did let him out."

The cat's eyes shone and saw us not at all. Bessie heard those wil calls and they raised her spine. She crouched ready to kill, concentrated

I turned to the bird. A wing had caught outside the cage and th bird wanted to follow the wing. And now he was dying in earnest. H thought he was free, because the wing was free. The bird let the win have its freedom, he let it make as if soaring, and he was choking him self to death against the bar of the cage.

I heard Simon running. He still couldn't say anything to Brun The bird was trying hard now, flying and dying at the same time—a fe of freedom coming.

We heard the boy screaming, "Let him out, Uncle Bruno!"

He ran out of the garage, wild with grief. "Let him go!" he demanded "Let him go-O-o-."

He grabbed the screeching, violent Bessie into his bare arms and l

her mutilate his beautiful face. "Bessie won't get him! Let him go!"

Bruno picked up the cage and walked into the backyard with it. He reached in and extricated the bird and it dropped like a stone to the ground.

The cat fought with Simon. "Go!" the boy called to the bird.

But the bird did not know it was free. It began to tremble in the mud of the backyard. Then everything began to work at once. It rose. "Go, *Bird!*" the boy called, holding the struggling murderous Bessie. "Go!" he wept, the tears falling fast. "Bird, please go!"

Again the bird rose and fell. Then, suddenly, with a tremendous miraculous effort, it raised itself above the ground and flew, flew away.

And though it was far far away now, fast overtaking the horizon where we'd never see it again, Simon called after it, dancing, the tears flying crazily from his face, letting the cat fall. "Go! Go! Fly away!"

I leaned against the wall of the garage, saw the boy laugh and laugh. He walked up to Bruno, quiet. He stretched his arms out wide. "He's gone," he said.

RUTH STEINBERG'S stories have appeared in *Masses and Mainstream,* the first of them being published in 1948.

FOUR POEMS

THOMAS McGRATH

POLITICAL SONG FOR THE YEAR'S END

1.

The darkness of the year begins,
In which we hunt the summer kings.
(Who will kill Cock Robin when
His breast is cheery with his sin?)
And when, transfigured in the skies,
The starry, hunted hero dies,
The redemptive rain of his golden blood
Quickens the barley of the Good.
Sing to the moon, for every change must come.

2.

The democratic senator
's conjunctive to the warrior star,
And Market wavers into trine
As the geared heavens tick and shine.
The Worker snores; the Poet drowses
Through all his literary Houses;
The Goose hangs high, the Wife lays low,
And all the Children are on Snow.
Sing to the moon, for every change is known.

3.

Each role must change. Each change must come.
Turning, we make the great Wheel turn
In a rage of impotence, forth and back
Through the stations of history's zodiac.
Caught in the trap of its daily bread,
A hopeful, stumbling multitude,
We surrender and struggle, save and slay,
Turning the Wheel in the ancient way.
Sing to the moon, for every change must pass.

4.

And now with an indifferent eye
We see our savior hunted by,
Into that furious dark of time
His only death may all redeem.
And when at last that time is grown
When all the great shall be cast down,
We rejoice to praise who now is slain—
For the darkness of the year is come.
Sing to the moon, for every change is known.

FOR ALICE FOR THE TIME BEING

Coming from the kingdom of Iron, at evening,
I jump my job-built rails to meet you on the grass
Of the human republic. Listening, we hear the grieving
And chilly Super Chiefs of progress go past

Into the mineral suburbs. Bold and shy,
Some bird outrages noise with concord of sweet song,
Daft and old fashioned. Aloft, along
The evening a bomber snores through our single sky,

And the whirling world whirls by on oil and iron.
The genius of the tree feathers another tune.
In a marriage of opposites we lie down,
Camped on a frontier between steel and song.

EVENING PRAYERS

Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray the Mighty peace to keep.

That They let neither fire nor bomb
Send me dreaming to kingdom come.

And so that, on rising, I may eat,
I pray the Boss my job to keep.

And that His surplus value will
Take only sweat and leave my soul.

If You please, Sir, give me these.
O bless our ancient liberties.

SONG

When I was terrible and young
The world was ravishing and wild.
And randy as the day was long,
I loved it quietly and cold.

Now I am sober, old and sane
And the wild world is cool and tame;
Time freezes at my finger tips—
But now my love grows hot and quick.

THE DIALECTIC OF LOVE:

1.

Why did we think we could escape
What other lovers cannot hope—
As if the flowers we smiled upon
Would gay the four walls of a room
Forever? The fatal character
Of luck is something all infer

When the censorious pall of night
Darkens the colors of delight.
The sun that worked upon the flesh,
Coupling our bodies like a wish,
Cools with our winter, wears away
In the grey light of a commoner day.
Lucky or not, all lovers come
At last to lie apart alone.

2.

The terror of the commonplace
Allows no courage but in grace—
As when from the cells of those condemned
A piety of laughter sounds.
All are condemned. The hero dies
To prove the rule his life denies:
Dying, disproves the end of man
No more than any coward can.
It is his off-hand ease with death,
A fatal charm, we celebrate;
For some can laugh, though all lie down
To die apart, to die alone.

3.

Love cools, time speeds, life fails: and we must try
The fiction of immortality.
That death, which was so far ago,
Is halfway here to meet me now;
A skeleton once in the dead past,
Now clothed in my future—that proud flesh—
He seems more like me as I change
And grows familiar who was strange.
My mystery known, he hopes, by stealth,
To grow more like me than myself.
My death is fixed, but I change, I run,
(Faster, to keep from falling down)
Into my future, as we run down hill.
The future is death; shift as I will
He petrifies me into form
When I lie down to die alone.

4.

Still, in this light, I range and change
To take the flowers of the times.
A fiction of immortality
Gauds them with my living eye
And colors the four walls of our room.
Where-in-the-world is always home,
This instant Always while I kiss
And bless this mortal, wishful flesh
Gay with its future and its death.
I praise, and shall while I have breath,
This weakling love at which I laugh.
Endlessly born, not strong enough
To be the future, still, at last,
It is the strength of our whole past.
And praise death too, out of my joy,
Whose black makes bright our only Now:
Whose final bondage makes us free
In lonely solidarity.
Now we must love, who are but one
Dying apart, dying alone.

LONDON LETTER

JACK BEECHING

IN ENGLAND this has been the year of the slow turn; slow but sure. Through the Cold War, the men with the power in both Labor and Tory parties have been bipartisan on every topic from wage freeze to NATO to one bloody little colonial war after another. Indeed, our political cartoonists invented a hybrid monster, the Butskell, to signify the identity of views between the Right Honorable R. A. Butler, P.C., M.P., late of the Courtauld synthetic fibre monopoly, and the Right Honorable Hugh Gaitskell, P.C., M.P., late of Winchester, the topclass public school where all the cleverest upper civil servants come from. It was hard to distinguish them most of the time, either by what they said or the accent in which they said it.

But bipartisanship was too cosy to last. Politicians in England know in their hearts they only exercise power on the sufferance of the wage-earners—the oldest and best-organized industrial working class in the world. We are numerically preponderant; and if only we knew it, we could stop the country dead in its tracks tomorrow. This has been the year in which the English working class began to rediscover its real power, after a long while lying doggo.

Ever since Disraeli observed that England was Two Nations (Lenin later echoed the sentiment) the problem of government here has been how best to lull the working class to sleep. The Tories after five years or so of stepping cautiously evidently thought that the Welfare State, full employment and the mass media had successfully put the sleeping monster into a coma. This spring they started getting just a little bit reckless. They had to. Britain had proportionately the highest arms bill of any country, except maybe Turkey, and every fit man is conscripted away from productive work for two years, with a sporting chance of active service in a jungle somewhere. Insidiously this war economy has led to

inflation, which in a trading country is only bearable if the working class will stand the racket by accepting a cut in real wages. So the right-wing highbrow weeklies started arguing what a good thing all round half-a-million unemployed would be. Full employment, it was carefully explained, had never been meant to mean *full* employment.

THE decisive fight took place in the car industry—no less volatile and rough a business for the shelter of high tariff walls. You Americans —I mean Ford and General Motors—own half "our" car industry, and "we" own the other half. I mean, Lord Nuffield and his chums do.

If car production lines went over to automation, so the whispers went, they could shake out some workers, create a little pool of permanent unemployed, and if that didn't scare these rock-solid trade unionists who so persistently blocked "sound" deflationary policies, then what would? The British employers took the toughest line; the Americans (as in world wars) shrewdly hung back a bit to see who was going to win.

Tactically the bosses were in a strong position. The car industry is centered in the Midlands—not least in Birmingham, which was Chamberlain's town, and Tory until '45. Wages for semi-skilled workers were notoriously high. Would the skilled unions break their hearts to help lathe operators pulling down twice what a highly skilled craftsman might get elsewhere? As for the unskilled men, they were mostly in the Transport and General Workers' Union—Ernie Bevin's union, which had tried hard and "loyally" to block every big strike since the war. What's more, this time the mass media could easily picture it as a case of ignorant trade unionists obstructing technical progress. Wasn't automation to everyone's advantage? Finally, they timed the sacking just before the holidays, when everyone in England rushes to the seaside, anyway.

They got the shock of their life. Not only the skilled unions, but also the T&GWU, hitherto a massive do-nothing monolith, pulled their workers out officially. Highly respectable trade union officials, City Councillors and Justices of the Peace, came out on the picket lines to link arms with shop stewards who were as likely Communist as not. "They" put the mounted police in, and quickly pulled them out again, just as if someone had remembered that strikers had votes, too, and Birmingham wasn't run by the Chamberlain machine any more.

Latterly thousands of West Indian unemployed have immigrated to the Midlands to find work, and local fascists have been trying, not without some success, to stir up the racial issue. But when—a bit dazed at everything—some of these West Indians mistakenly went to work, men of their own color defied the police to go in and get them out. They came willing,

and God help anyone who said a word against the colored men after that. The solidarity from other unions was as rapid and impressive as Shelley's poem on the subject. The bosses couldn't ship their cars, either by rail or road. And when crated cars piled up on the dockside, the dockers folded their arms and just grinned.

A carefully mounted attack planned to hit the working class where it would hurt most dissolved into a sequence of typically British explanations that no one had wanted to create unemployment, anyway. Unthinkable, utterly unthinkable. And since it was all a big mistake, would the men who had unfortunately become redundant please accept a small sum as a token of their employer's esteem?

SINCE the big car strike, nothing has been quite the same. It highlighted a new name in working class politics here—a man against whom the leading articles in the sober press are already fulminating, as they did against Maclean and Gallacher in 1917, and A. J. Cook in '26, and Tom Mann any time from the '00' to the '30's. He is probably shrewd and sound enough to occupy in the trade union movement the special place of Nye Bevan in the Labour Party, as the man with whom for all his shortcomings the workers identify their hope for better things. (Sometimes, as with Ramsay Macdonald, they pick wrong).

Like Nye Bevan, this new man, Frank Cousins, is an ex-miner, and now leads Ernie Bevin's old union. It's a strange union, penetrating into almost every industry and by British standards, highly undemocratic; yet its huge block vote can often be decisive in the Labor movement. Most officials are appointed, and the General Secretary once elected is there for life. Two men shaped by Bevin in his own image sat in his chair and then departed much sooner than anyone thought likely. The third in succession is Frank Cousins. Not a bully, not an autocrat, anti-Communist but class conscious, intelligent, ambitious, but a man who isn't afraid to declare that he wants more socialism. And he's there—irremovable—for another fifteen years. He's a power—but also a portent. And his emergence just at this time has broken what the militant rank-and-file were beginning to crack anyway—the automatic right-wing domination of the Labor movement. The machine has now to reckon with the membership; and the members are waking up to their opportunities.

SUEZ shows the change. When the crisis broke, Gaitskell got up in the House to make a "statesmanlike" speech assuring his opposite numbers on the Government benches that the Labor movement was behind them. He hedged his risks a little with a small genuflection towards

UNO. But who cared about that? It was the sort of bipartisan speech made again and again during the Cold War. For that matter, we've heard it and paid for it bitterly in August 1914 and September 1939.

Then suddenly it wasn't like those days anymore. "Everyone" was ready to go to war over Suez except the ordinary people. When the House was recalled from recess, the British Peace Committee (founded after the Stockholm peace conference) organized a lobby—but their lobby melted imperceptibly into a lobby set going by an ad hoc committee of Labor back benchers, and turned into a quiet, respectable, genuine popular demonstration big enough to cram Parliament on the Wednesday and pack Trafalgar Square at the weekend. Henceforth British politicians teetering on the brink of war will have an embarrassing number of people waiting to grab their coat tails.

The threat of war also dissolved into a series of typically British explanations. Those warships and aircraft and paratroops weren't setting off to occupy the Suez Canal zone by force. Oh dear me, no. They're just standing by to see fair play. The United Nations? The idea was in the forefront of our minds all the time.

Then came a Labor Party conference which for the first time in years wasn't a dog fight between local delegates on the floor and the boys with the block votes in a back room. It gave us the first honest if patchy reflection for a long time of what the working class really wants. Nye Bevan's election to the leading group after years in the wilderness is just a symptom—or, if you like, a symbol.

If the next government of the country isn't a Labor Government with sharper teeth than the last, I will eat the leading article of *Mainstream* between two slices of bread.

The political change I have called the "slow turn" is sprawling and piecemeal, but it's certainly there. Since Geneva we are all breathing a new atmosphere, whether we know it or not. The "slow turn" has its counterpart in the arts, too.

PEOPLE have begun to notice that there's a new generation crowding into the limelight. They've grown up in the Welfare State, and are the dead opposite of a Republican fantasy of what the Welfare State does to your character. They have more money, too, and because scholarships are now easier to get, more of them (but not many by American standards) have had a college education. (Remember, this is a country where the overwhelming majority of us are pitchforked on to the labor market at fifteen). But capitalism needs more and more technicians, hence brainy boys of lower-class origin have become so numerous

in the universities that now they are setting a tone of their own. It's an irreverent tone, contemptuous of the Establishment, bored with formal politics but surprisingly passionate about questions like peace, capital punishment and the color bar.

The new literary movement here is cut from the same cloth. It has to its credit a bunch of good comic novels, of which Kingsley Amis' *Lucky Jim* is typical, a worthwhile play called *Look Back in Anger* and its own Bible in Colin Wilson's runaway success, *The Outsider.* This strange, rather naive but very "sincere" book sets out to show that all the good chaps in the past, Blake and George Fox and Van Gogh and Socrates and fill in the rest for yourself are essentially like "us"—outsiders, against the Establishment.

Sophisticated political characters with decades of antifascism behind them think this is kid stuff. So no doubt did the Encyclopaedists when they first picked up Rousseau.

One symbol of this new state of affairs is London's rash of espresso cafes. "We" used to meet in pubs; "they" meet in modernistically decorated cafes, where the waitresses are pretty young students earning pocket money, and someone is playing the guitar not too well, and a couple of literary magazines lie on the table, one of them mimeographed just round the corner. Espresso coffee costs more than beer, and tastes—well, for us old folk there's no comparison. But at least in an espresso there are no ancients to bore you with yesterday's politics and how brave they were in the war.

THE YOUNG have been packing not only a play by that *clever* husband of Marilyn's (we love 'em both), but also Brecht, who has been the recent sensation of the London theatre. Someone revived the *Threepenny Opera,* and overnight the espresso cafe crowd found it said what they felt. The theme song became a hit tune (a tune without words after old Auntie BBC opined that the sentiments of Mack the Knife might encourage Teddy Boys to carry shivs—as if they weren't carrying them already). Then the Berliner Ensemble came over and played its repertoire in German to a big, reverent and crowded theater. It was a bit like going to chapel to hear a first rate sermon in the days (now past) when the preacher made your hair stand right on end. Unity Theatre—our workers' theatre which had just made a hit with Sartre's *Nekrassov*—put on Brecht too. Then Brecht died, and in the minds of the young entered a special and significant pantheon where he shared a place only with Dylan Thomas.

We now have a generation which evidently won't be pushed around

and won't be fooled even though it hasn't known the fear of poverty fascism and world war. But they were bored and perhaps scared as conscripts, and they see politics in human terms, particularly in Berthold Brecht's sardonic and poetic human terms. Maybe this is as good as "political experience"—maybe in some ways, dare one whisper, better. Certainly different, and potentially exciting, and no comfort to any reactionary.

I LIVE in an East Anglian village from which some of your—our—Pilgrim Fathers set forth. Anyone who wonders what they were really like can hear an echo of their tone of voice when the men in the village pub talk about Suez. They make the same moral judgement of political questions—a thing is "right" or it's "wrong." If it's wrong, you must be "against it"—and just let anyone try to shift you an inch in any other direction.

There are four American families in our village—airmen's families—but them we never see in the pub, though they're welcome if they don't talk too loud (the same goes for Englishmen). Their big cars sometimes oblige us to step quickly into the hedge; we say goodmorning and they rather sheepishly reply goodmorning. The other day one of their toddlers ran out of a cottage garden into the road. When I picked it up to save it from the traffic, the mother was quite embarrassed and didn't know what to say.

"Them Yanks" are a slight puzzle to us; we always thought Americans were neighborly. And so, of course, they are; but these Americans act as if they were drilled in the art of not being too neighborly. After some behaved to begin with rather too much like occupation troops, the Public Relations boys were moved in on the problem. Yank airfields became self-contained Little Americas, with everything necessary for the American way of life thoughtfully installed, except freedom. Those families that couldnt be accommodated in Air Force married quarters were carefully instructed in the little pantomime I have just described. It's like a caricature of "keeping yourself to yourself" which the Madison Avenue boys after deep motivation research evidently think is typically British. In fact of course the British are neighborly too; you mustn't judge us by our upper class.

It's a strange phenomenon—your military occupation of our country—as if you were pretending not to be here, and we were pretending not to notice, anyway. Let me recall how it happened. The Yanks came on a "sixty day training flight" at the time of the Berlin Air Lift. How many years ago was that? Then it was explained we were an unsinkable aircraft

carrier from which the atom bomb could be delivered even after the Red Army had overrun Europe. But the Red Army didn't; who seriously thought it would anyway? Now—it seems a long while after—the only time we are officially reminded the Yanks are here is when they do something gallant and socially useful, like saving people from a wrecked train, or fighting floods. At such times the PR boys get the stories and pix round very smartly to the papers. They lag a bit I imagine with the drunk and rape stories, or is that just my dirty mind?

Americans are certaintly masters of techniques. If Public Relations (or the art of making lies ring true) run your elections and military occupations too, where will it stop? Won't it be rather a shock to all our systems some day, when we stumble by sheer bad management against just a tiny bit of inescapable, unvarnished truth?

Though it's quite certainly against some law I've never heard of—sedition or disaffection or something—I'm going to pluck up the courage to ask one of those American boys down the lane, in a quite kindly way, if he wouldn't rather be back home. I'm sure he'll say yes; they all look desperately homesick. Of course if he'd like to come back some day on a visit, as a civilian, on a neighborly basis, bringing his wife and kids, then we'd all be delighted to make him welcome. Can't you do something about it, over there?

SUEZ

W. E. B. DU BOIS

Young Egypt rose and seized her ditch
And said: "What's mine is mine!"
Old Europe sneered and cried: "The bitch
Must learn again to whine!"

The British lion up and roared
But used his nether end
Which raised a stink and made men shrink
As world peace seemed to rend.

Dull Dulles rushed about the world,
His pockets full of gold.
Ike sadly left his game of golf
And talked as he was told:

"Lord God! Send Peace and Plenty down
"And keep on drafting men.
"Send billions east and so at least
"No income tax shall end."

Adlai essays with polished phrase
To say the same thing less
And prove without a shade of doubt
Both parties made this mess!

The campaign's done and Ike has won,
We spent ten millions for the fun.
Meantime it would be well to note
How many million did not vote.

Young Israel raised a mighty cry:
"Shall Pharaoh ride anew?"
But Nasser grimly pointed West:
"They mixed this witches' brew!"

Big Three are shouting long and loud;
United Nations boil;
Big Business raves: "Drop on these waves
A million tons of oil!"

With whites withdrawn, the traffic runs
As it has run before.
But white folk fumed and pointed out
Red pilots from the shore.

Old Britain would be Great again
With War on Earth, bad will to men!
And France would civilize the dead
And make the black Sahara red.

Greed splits the West and hatreds swell
To rebuild race and color pride,
Where Moses and Mohammed died
And Jesus Christ is crucified.

Israel as the West betrays
Its murdered, mocked, and damned,
Becomes the shock troop of two knaves
Who steal the Negro's land.

Beware, white world, that great black hand
Which Nasser's power waves
Grasps hard the concentrated hate
Of myriad million slaves.

The Soviets in blood and tears
Have made their socialism strong.
The West quite frantic in its fears
Has tried to stamp it to the ground.

This cannot be, it's but the sight
Of private capital's sad plight.
Fear makes America feel free
To buy revolt in Hungary.

For eastward trumpets sing the song,
The rising sun calls loud and long.
All Africa lifts high its head,
And sees all Asia burning Red!

COMMUNICATION

FELIX GUTIERREZ

MAY I be permitted to make a rather extended comment on Charle Humboldt's stimulating article, "The Salt of Freedom," which appeared in your October issue?

To begin with disagreements, I must say that the two paragraph dealing with the relation of the writer to the working class immediately contained for me the first snags in the piece. They are the first tha relate the subject of the article specifically to literature and introduce the kind of ambiguity that is common in such discussions. This ambiguity arises I think from opposing a class (which is historically conditioned) to a creative individual (who to a great extent chooses his special situation). The working class' mission is given; the writer, a highly conscious evaluator of his own experience, must find his own. It cannot but follow that the "source of tensions" Mr. Humboldt says exists between them should lie in the writer. Unfortunately this characterization is consequently besides the point, and is perhaps the reason that it has hardened into an unfruitful cliche. A barefaced accounting of how a writer come to writing and how he continues to write in a society such as our would be more helpful, if less neat.

MR. HUMBOLDT leads us into an ossified description of the middle class ideology by saying that the "average intellectual" shares them and later on says it "holds true for most progressive writers as well." It is difficult to believe from experience that only the middle class suffers such "subjective conflicts" as "family quarrels, incompatibilities, pangs of conscience, unexpected and frightful disillusionments." To the contrary it has almost been the special forte of working class writers to show how these experiences are lived very movingly by workers due to the economic structure of our society. Although Humboldt's corollary state

ment that the middle class' material conditions are veiled to its members seems true to me, it is an interesting fact that many middle class writers, and certainly the best of them, have specialized in tearing down the veils. I suspect that Mr. Humboldt's working class is actually a class-conscious political group and that for that reason his examples betray him when he calls it "the working class."

For example, the artists he lists just prior to these paragraphs are all working class in the sense of political alliance only, and, curiously enough, their actual works frequently belie what Mr. Humboldt says is true only of middle class experience (and "average intellectual" and "progressive writers"). Some, like Dreiser, have written works which fit the characterization which Mr. Humboldt has palmed off on the writer from Mr. Humboldt's middle class. Another, like Aragon, is an example of a son of the middle class (not Mr. Humboldt's) removing the veils from his class' ideology in actual works (*The Turn of the Century; Aurelien*). I do not know whether it is I or Mr. Humboldt who creates this muddle, but I think the matter is more complex than stated by him.

The paragraph that dealt with these matters is followed by one which follows logically. Since the working class, as per Mr. Humboldt, does not suffer from the self-consciousness of the middle class, its writers, unlike the writers identified as "middle class," do not choose themes which deal with moral issues—to scab or not to scab—which are alien to the working class. In Bonosky's *Burning Valley* and Lawrence's *The Seed,* Mr. Humboldt implies, such moral choices are taken for granted since they are either secondary or only reflections of a greater struggle.

It is unfortunate for this view that novels are read by individuals and not by history. While this situation remains, the experiences of personal crises will continue to be vital to the reader since it is frequently only through them that he can enter into the novel at all. One might easily say that this attitude toward moral choices in a skillful writer like Bonosky, and a pedestrian one like Lawrence is what makes them, for the reader, so unenlightening and uninteresting so much of the time. I don't expect that novels should work themselves up to resolutions and climaxes like "One man alone ain't got a f———— chance"; still, despite the fact that a novel must limit what it chooses to do, personal choices must not too often be taken for granted.

IT IS conceivable, and I know this to be true of people who would not scab, that workers want and need to know why they themselves or others make these choices. I lived my childhood and adolescence in a town whose workers' class consciousness was unusual for America. Yet

everytime they went on strike, they did have to contemplate this choic
although on the surface one might say it was taken for granted. The
did have to deal with it if only to learn why a dozen or so broke it, and
more importantly (since Mr. Humboldt is incisive about practicality), i
order to know how long the strike could be fought.

Mr. Humboldt has asked us not to "use" the two paragraphs i
question "dogmatically," and this abjuration cannot but increase one'
admiration for him. It is a sign of how carefully he checks his ideas wit
experience. Yet I have tried to use them and I find them inoperative
My uneasiness comes, I think, from an undefined shifting in passage
of his article from art to history, artist to class, Marxist ethics to workin
class actuality. I don't know that workers act out of awareness of histor
or that writers write because of it, or that readers must find it in a nove
to turn the page with interest and identification.

IN ANOTHER section of his article, Mr. Humboldt cites statistics o
the progress of socialism which elevate one to a vantage point fro
which Timon's demands of Socialism seem minor. His argument remind
me of an incident which a friend tells me happened late this summer a
a camp devoted to progressive ideas. On visiting day the children pe
formed a pageant in which each represented a nation. China, in its litt
speech, explained what Socialism had done for her; Vietnam, how
liberated itself; India, how it is growing since freed of England's imperi
rule. When India had finished its piece, an old woman whose dedicate
life in the progressive movement was easy to discern, turned to her frien
with tears in her eyes: "And they say we have done nothing in th
last ten years!"

Mr. Humboldt assures Timon that he does not cite statistics to brus
aside the need for housecleaning on which they both agree. Neither,
have to add, must our American conditions be drowned in the total worl
picture. It is a method of postponement which is really evasion, and i
another passage Mr. Humboldt makes clear his stand on that. I remem
ber, to return to Timon's demands of socialism, that passage in Marx
Value, Price and Profit which deals with what is the proper standar
of living. In England then, as with us today, this standard of livin
was high compared to workers elsewhere. Marx explains that the stan
ard of living is something of an everlasting frontier and conditioned
each nation by the struggles waged by its workers. In a way Timon
demand for an intellectual spirit which Marxism inspired and "Stalinism
expunged is something which socialism *must* have for *us* along wi
eradicating poverty, racism and economic inequality.

Much in Mr. Humboldt's article makes one want to corner him and ask for further comment. I wish he had enlarged on the paragraphs which he wittily devotes to the inference that we have entered on an "Augustan Age." Since he disclaims that we do have one by saying that everyone complains of the ineffectuality of our literature, I wonder if it follows that he believes that "good times" produce "good literature." I don't think he does.

ONE OF the faults I find in Mr. Humboldt's article is not really his as much as it is the Communist movement's. It is that of not stating when he has changed an opinion which he once held. The literary critic was, in effect, allowed such little individuality that it may have led Mr. Humboldt to feel that it is perhaps "subjective," "bourgeois," "egotistical" to explicitly allow us to learn from the history of his changing views. In his recent article on Fadayev, to take an instance more important to me than those in the present article, he apparently does not find Plato's moral approach to literature as healthy as he once did. Since this was at the heart of an unusual article he published on Tolstoy, I think he owes it to us to retrace his steps or, if it isn't the occasion to do it, to indicate that it represents a change in his view. Mr. Humboldt must take himself as seriously as his readers do.

To lump two more "borrowed faults" quickly into one paragraph, I wish Mr. Humboldt did not protest so much his friendliness toward Timon. It is better than the icy arrogance he wants all Communists to unlearn, but it smacks of the kind of "official warmth" practiced by Communists wooing allies. This feeling must be in one's tone and Mr. Humboldt's occasionally slips, for in the passages on "one humanity" he tends to aver that Timon is something of a fool. A second fault is the use of the pronoun "we." I do not believe his political "we" exists, and if his article is as challenging as I think it is, the attacks that will be launched by those who think they are interested in literature will convince him of the looseness of this little word at the present moment. In more monolithic times it tended to push agreement too far or to exclude too many. In the present article it almost loses Mr. Humboldt the cohesiveness he needed for his article and leaves it without center.

Although in this sense one can say the article does not have a center, it does have wonderful corners, and it may, after all, be that a reply to Timon does not allow him to build his arguments as steadily as one would wish. Still it is a wonderful piece. The questions of "one humanity" and the nature of freedom weave in and out so skillfully that one feels that Mr. Humboldt is conducting one through a rich chamber in which

all the corners are being lighted up—more neatly than one would expect of the discursive tone that he has adopted. The series of examples used to test whether "politics brutalizes" are not simply further evidence of the metaphorical wealth he commands but also serve to say things on this subject that I find new and which I needed to have shown as clearly. They are done, as in all Mr. Humboldt's articles, with a gift for the charming and original turn of phrase. Like Shakespeare preferring "stability under a sanctified monarch" to the "thrills of the War of the Roses."

HAD Mr. Humboldt confined himself to these subjects, his article would have had considerable worth. He has, I am afraid, not played it safe by listing the literary sins of Communist cultural leaders, and he has compounded this by a series of questions which may make them feel that the game is out of safe tactical confines. By announcing however, that these questions, once taken for granted as solved, are matters that the left-wing cannot defer examining, he has let in so much fresh air that it can make *Mainstream,* should it choose to follow him, roomy and high ceilinged.

There are many teasingly interesting statements, properly secondary in the article, that I would enjoy seeing him return to. "There are no a priori rules for how the imagination shall conduct itself"—how this augurs for an extended and equally well-treated article. I hope readers of the magazine, and particularly its contributors, will see that the series of questions Mr. Humboldt poses are the best kind of editorial leadership. One hesitates—or at least I do—to assign such subjects to someone other than himself but his questions may yet inspire articles which will help sustain the tone he has given your magazine with this article.

books in review

Fuzzy Outsider

THE OUTSIDER, by Colin Wilson. *Houghton Mifflin Company.* Boston. $4.00.

APOCRYPHA often have the inevitable ring of symbolic, therefore higher, truth. It is told that Colin Wilson, made reckless by the astonishing success—both critical and popular, that very rare thing—of his first book, *The Outsider,* confronted A. J. Ayer (Oxford's brilliant logical positivist philosopher) at a literary cocktail party and said: "I think you are the Devil." Mr. Ayer responded: "And I think you are a very silly young man."

Now I don't think Mr. Wilson is a very silly young man (nor can I agree that Mr. Ayer is *the* Devil; the charge limits the field too much). And yet the philosopher's remark is clearly an analytical one, based on a more than casual reading of the Wilson book, and not merely a churlish response to a churlish provocation. Or, its intent may have been didactic, an attempt to set right a balance which had been violently upset by the effusions which had greeted the book's appearance from some English literary intellectuals who should and possibly do know better—notably Cyril Connally, Philip Toynbee and Dame Edith Sitwell. Had he been more temperate Mr. Ayer would have noticed that their praise—unqualified, immoderate, incongruous—was of the kind that we usually reserve for prodigious undergraduates, for mainly inoffensive *enfants terribles* as a stratagem to encourage them, to settle their nerves, to show them that there are people who *do* care, that they are *not* alone.

COLIN WILSON'S book is much more interesting for what it intends to be than for what it succeeds in being. His intention—which, despite the elaborate and irritating apparatus of constant repetition, one must guess at since Wilson's terms are unstable, shifting arbitrarily as they are bombarded by the random stimuli of the author's volatile and capricious mind—is to state the predicament of the "Outsider." He is the man of leaping thought and intense feeling who, because he cannot compromise with bourgeois society (the term as it is used in the book has a cultural-intellectual rather than a political-economic significance), because he cannot accept its terms and its significance, must always be outside it, although he wishes that he were not. He is outside society because he is both exiled and self-exiled by his profounder vision, removed from the congress of ordinary humanity by

the affliction which compels him to see "too deep and too much" while *they* (the Other, the Insider) see shallowly, inanely, inaccurately, and therefore not at all. He affirms that the human condition is tragic, rooted in man's radical evil, which is, *a priori,* ineradicable. The Outsider—or as Wilson prefers to call him (with the hieratic mind's fondness for labels), the Existential Outsider—is the man who is doomed and so, redeemed by that insight which lays bare to his vision the very nature of things, of the futility of life and the necessity of death, of the terrible knowledge of no purpose, no meaning, of loneliness and horror and the awful forlornness of the human situation (Wilson is fond, as I am, of the elder James's wonderfully archaic and somehow frightening term "vastation").

It is such an image of life that leads existentialist thinkers—whether they are religious (e.g., Kierkegaard, Jaspers, Marcel) or atheist (e.g., Sartre) —to their response of despair and anguish. It is the metaphor that governs the inner life of the artists, philosophers, mystics who have experienced those appalling insights and who have with varying measures of success stated their agony. Wilson's thesis is that the Outsider's vision of man and life is inherently religious, and from this it follows that the resolution of his despair must also be religious. ("The individual begins . . . as an Outsider; he may finish . . . as a saint.")

THIS general thesis is, of course, familiar enough, but until now its expression has been limited, confined largely to the little magazines (*Partisan Review,* has been the main agency in the United States for the distribution of existentialist ideas and doc ments) and to university press public tions (e.g., the Princeton Universi Press Kierkegaard series). Had Wilso been content to examine the governi concepts of existentialist philosop and literature while observing the limited application he might have pr duced a useful book, though almo certainly not a successful one.

But Wilson's frenzy is a messian one, and his purpose conversion of t heathen who will never read his boo Even this is not what flaws his wo so that it is worse than useless. Wilso method, which reflects the quality his mind, is disconcerting, so disco certing, in fact, as to make the bo scarcely readable (burdened further it is by his incredibly inept, helt skelter style). The method, simply, to state an argument, "confirm" it w piled-up quotations from his sour (seemingly anything that comes i his mind or off the index card clos at hand), thus elevating that source canonical status, restate the argume confirm *that* with quotations, rest the augmented argument, and so Although the method (which is ba ally that of the academic thesis, worst legacy of intellectual Prussi ism) obviously disables the kind close, sustained reasoning the book quires, one would not object if author had selected with cogency relevancy, if he had commanded material in a way that was so cle elucidating and supportive that reader would perforce accept, if not conclusions, at least the power of demonstration.

But this, alas, he does not per for reasons not alone of his blind preconceptions but worse of his taste, disorderly judgment, and

verse proneness to see identities where there are not even similaries. Thus Wilson is lead, plucking his support from any air at all, to see Johnson's *Rasselas*(!) as an "Outsider book"; to consecrate an incidental pamphlet of H. G. Wells as a basic Outsider text; to reduce Barbusse to a single aspect of a single work (*L'Enfer*); to see Nijinsky's *Diary* not as the melancholy expression of a tattered and stricken mind but as a major statement of mystical awareness; to interpret Swift's malaise, his magnificent disgust, not only as authentically Outsider but as programmatically anti-humanist ("The most irritating of human lice," Wilson writes in this connection, "is the humanist with his puffed-up pride and his ignorance of his own silliness."). He remarks that Bernard Shaw is a major religious teacher and with that remark has done with him; he considers Gurdjieff, that demented charlatan, that incoherent faith-healer, as a grand consummation of the Outsider tradition, nothing less than a redeemer, or the Redeemer's prophet (I found it funny to see Wilson confessing, after this spectacular evaluation of Gurdjieff, that he cannot understand him without Ouspensky's analytical assistance).

ONE CAN go on and on documenting Wilson's mutilation of ideas, his outrages against balanced judgment. They are equally repugnant, as they used to say in the eighteenth century, to good taste and right reason. The offenses proliferate in every page; his astonishing misreading amounts almost to aberration. What is it but aberration in a book that drops the great names of modern literature (Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Rilke, Kafka, Joyce, Lawrence) with the gay abandon of a Bennington girl, to employ time and again for the purpose of securing its thesis—indeed almost as the basic reference for it—a rather trivial and long-interred play by Harley Granville-Barker? That absurdly overvalues the significant but hardly monumental achievement of Hermann Hesse? That considers James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night" as a sort of forerunner to Eliot's "Wasteland"? It is possible to commit this kind of atrocity only by ignoring the most elementary *differences* of art for the baser purposes of doctrine. Before an author can allow this to himself he must first be convinced that art itself makes no difference, that art is incidental to theme. This is late in the day to have to remind anyone that the "ideas" of literature are nothing but their *literary* embodiment; there is no such thing as a good idea in a bad book; if it is "good" it is so before and after and entirely apart from the work of literature.

The foregoing remarks are not objections merely to details of the book; the details *are* the method, are the means by which Wilson seeks to establish and consolidate the idea (and ideas) of the Outsider. But a term which is made to apply everywhere can apply nowhere, ceases after a time to contain the meanings that have been so rudely and undiscriminatingly thrust upon it, not by any internal necessity but only by the vagaries of the author's mind.

AND YET in dismissing Wilson's book as garbled, pretentious, finally trivial, it is certainly not my intention to dismiss the idea or the actuality of the Outsider. Far from it. The term, or some analogous one, is of work if we agree on its legitimate

after all necessary, and it can do a job of work if we agree on its legitimate uses. The condition which the term essays to describe is fundamental to the modes and climate of modern literature (and art, and philosophy, and theology). Therefore, some appropriate term, if not that one, must occupy a central place in the critical vocabulary. The term "Outsider" seems to me melodramatic, self-conscious, unhandsomely sophomoric; still it has the merit of being an accurate physical metaphor. The artist and thinker who is of this category is precisely "outside" the society in the sense that he rejects the values—cultural and political—that are proclaimed in the foci of power; he is contemptuous of a debauched counting-house culture, a culture that to abominate seems the only response. This physical separation (his place of exile may be anywhere, within the City even, or in the furnished rooms of the mind) is the measure of his unbearable internal division.

The concept is hardly new. It is as old as "blind" Homer, the wanderer; and it has been prominent in our consciousness since a dehumanizing capitalism forced the Romantic artists to a total estrangement, a total repudiation, to the ultimate point of that superb gesture—the flaunting of their Satanic allegiance. Confronted by the realities of capitalist society, they reacted more instinctively than empirically, but their instincts served them well and accurately enough. They looked, they sickened—they fled—to the only place that is always available: inside themselves.

The Romantic "agony" was one kind of response, even admirable in its way, but clearly severely limited, and at last self-annihilating.

The criticism of the dehumanization that is a permanent and necessary feature of capitalism had to be carried further. In using the term "alienation" to refer to a spiritual, as well as an economic, condition, Marx carried it further; he carried it to the point of discovering not only the nature but the *sources* of the disease. Paradoxically, the term "alienation" was appropriated by non-Marxists (we conspired in its surrender by forfeiting it), after having first carefully cleansed it of its revolutionary heart, evacuated its real significance. We left the field for the taker (it is such a fertile field), and along came Wilson, made frantic by his discovery of the doctrine of Original Sin, stunned by books he has not properly absorbed—and took it. The great idea of alienation has seemingly become the way for energetic young men to make a fast reputation.

THIS IS not the occasion to attempt anything like an extended analysis of the idea of the "Outsider"; it is enough that we join in recognizing the reality to which it refers. So long as any society, for whatever reason of its nature, alienates its creative members (consistent with the scope of the book I am considering, I am limiting the application of the concept to artists and thinkers, as Marx of course never intended to do)—the Outsider will be with us. Nor is he to be regarded as a lamentable necessity, an unpleasant reminder that all is not well.

What he is protesting is the *quality* of life, some failure of intensity and authenticity, some fatal if obscure insufficiency—the *human* catastrophe. He is there to recall us to first principles, to remind us, if that becomes necessary, that heavy industry is not enough. Old habits die hard, even the habit of missing people for statistics; and as long as this is even imaginable, possible to

the imagination, we will need reminding that statistics are not people, that the *standard* of life is not the *quality* of life, that we shape the future as we advance toward it.

Because it is precisely this matter of the quality of life with which the Outsider is concerned, we cannot do without him. But his crisis is not necessarily lessened as ours abates; nor will it be until he has found a way to reinvest the idea that animates him with the revolutionary dynamism that has been wrenched from it, and make whole a self that has been divided for as long as he can remember.

—WILKES STERNE

Public Beware

THE PUBLIC ARTS, by Gilbert Seldes, *Simon and Schuster.* $3.95.

IT IS said to be a precept in the upper echelons of television that there is a level of quality beyond which a dramatic program must not go. If a show is too absorbing, too stimulating to the imagination, the viewer is likely to think or talk about it right through the commercial. This is the Madison Avenue equivalent of the dread crime of Oedipus, or of Frankenstein destroyed by his monster.

Mr. Seldes does not mention this rule but his astute and patient study of the new medium has led him to much the same observation. Sponsors prefer comedy, he tells us, "not only because comedy attracts audience, but also because it leaves audiences in a most favorable state for persuasion—the non-critical, gratified mood of consent, the mood most hospitable to the commercial message. . . . If the audience need not be left in a state of mental and emotional torpor, a wider variety of entertainments, appealing to sharper mental faculties, could also be offered."

The role of the advertiser, the supreme despot whose interests prevail over those of the nation, state and individual, is basic to any appraisal of American television. And television is what Mr. Seldes' book is about, although he leads up to his subject with a restatement of some of his earlier conclusions regarding radio and the movies, bringing the latter up to date with a penetrating report on the latest "improvements" in screens, third dimension and sound reproduction.

Aware that commercial sponsorship is the yoke that holds television in bondage, the practical critic must nonetheless recognize that complete emancipation is not a realistic issue in our time. There is one partial solution in prospect, an alternative method of broadcasting which promises the same degree of freedom enjoyed by the Hollywood film-makers. Pay-TV, the assignment of a certain number of channels to programs which could be received only by the subscribers who paid for the privilege, would eliminate the advertiser from a certain segment of the public air.

The question Mr. Seldes raises is whether such a profit-making enterprise would recognize any more responsibility to the public and to the medium than the men whose sole interest is to sell cigarettes and cosmetics. The precedent of the motion picture industry is not conclusive. There has been some experimentation and an occasional work of art, but there has also been a general tendency to settle for

and restimulate the lowest level of audience appeal.

What distinguishes Pay-TV from theatrical film exhibition is that the former would be granted, by license, the use of air waves belonging to the people as a whole. Mr. Seldes suggests that such a licensee must be subject, like any other public utility, to government regulation in the interest of the general welfare.

So, of course, in theory at least, are the networks. Mr. Seldes believes it should be the responsibility of the F.C.C. to see that any new method of broadcasting provided more than a gaudier version of Ed Sullivan and *I Love Lucy*. If frequencies in either the VHF or UHF range are to be taken from the public domain and turned over to Pay-TV or to educational stations, representative government has the right and the obligation to judge the purpose for which such license is requested, and to supervise the execution of that purpose.

MR. SELDES is also concerned with the necessity to place some control on the networks and stations that broadcast primarily under commercial sponsorship. Discussing one phase of this problem, he writes: "But the need for bold imaginative creation for children will never be actually felt while the standard of acceptability remains what it has been in broadcasting from the start: as long as no positive proof of harm is presented, the program may be transmitted. It is as meager an ethical standard as can be imagined."

He is disturbed by the lack of a moral code governing the faking of reality in a medium whose main strength is that it furnishes the illusion of present-time, unfolding-while-you-watch actuality. The problem is particularly apparent in quiz, panel and interview shows which are presented as being spontaneous and unrehearsed, and which yet betray themselves to the careful observer as failing to meet that claim. To use an example of my own rather than one of Mr. Seldes', *The $64,000 Question* asks its viewers to believe that there is no prearrangement between the M.C. and the contestants. But it abandons all but the pretense of integrity each time a new contestant is introduced. The viewer knows that people are urged to write in if they consider themselves experts in a particular field, and are then screened to see if they qualify. He must realize, if he thinks about it at all, that he is witnessing a fraud when the M.C. asks the new contender, as if for the first time, what field he wants to be questioned about, and displays feigned surprise if the subject chosen seems incongruous with the contestant's appearance or occupation.

But faking in television assumes much more serious proportions than this. Mr. Seldes mentions *Dragnet* with a commendable lack of enthusiasm but fails to make it clear that the program is fiction presented as fact, a series of made-up stories claiming to represent the actual functioning of the Los Angeles Police Department.

Or, to take the most flagrant example of all, *I Led Three Lives* states at the beginning of each episode that it is based on the true experiences of Herbert Philbrick as a police-spy in the Communist Party. Yet each story is conceived and sold, at fiction rates, to the producers by a professional writer in the same way that he might sell an episode to *Lassie* or *Superman*. Mr. Philbrick, on whose credibility as

witness men have been sent to jail, earns a tidy income from an outright lie, repeated in his name each week. Theoretically, the Communist Party of Massachusetts could sue for gross libel, but it would have to find a court dedicated to the rare principle of equal justice for all.

Mr. Seldes discusses at some length the famous indictment of Senator McCarthy on Edward R. Murrow's *See It Now*. He is bothered by the fear that the same weapon, with all its overwhelming influence, could be used to destroy the reputation of someone more deserving than McCarthy. He examines a number of safeguards that have been proposed and in the end discards them all, including the "equal-time" formula which was invoked in the Murrow vs. McCarthy case.

One of Mr. Seldes' worries is that there is an inevitable time lag between the presentation of one side of the story and the rebuttal by the party under attack. This is true but it doesn't seem to me to be of great consequence. Nor is the question of who should provide the money for the defense a difficult problem; clearly it should be the same sponsor or network that financed the attack.

The fundamental basis of Mr. Seldes' alarm seems to spring from the fact that in this instance McCarthy's answer was an inferior job of film-making. He says: "If McCarthy had been given Murrow's facilities for fifteen minutes of the original broadcast, if producing the reply had been an obligation of the technicians who produced the attack, none of the questions here raised would have been significant," and at another point: "It would be Utopian to suggest that the attacker place also at the disposal of the defense the enthusiasm that is part of a good fight; it is not Utopian to suggest that among the facilities so offered there must be experts in writing, procurement of material, and production. Equal time, for all its essential value, must be filled."

I FIND this proposal unsound because the minor obstacle of the lack of "enthusiasm" is actually a major one. It is a naive misunderstanding of the creative process to think that the men who produced a democratic document could turn around and make an equally effective one in defense of fascism. In this instance the equal-time formula simply proved the truth: that the case for McCarthy was not as good as the case against him, and that there just isn't as much talent on his side as among his critics.

It seems to me there is no danger to democracy in the equal-time principle; what is wrong is that it is not practised. The networks have not yet offered their facilities to the Communist Party to reply to the fraud called *I Led Three Lives*. Or to take a closer analogy to the program that so disturbed Mr. Seldes, if someone like Fulton Lewis, Jr. produced a "report" in the Murrow pattern about Charlie Chaplin or Paul Robeson, there would be no lack of talent to prepare the rebuttal, and we may be sure it would be more effective than the attack.

Gilbert Seldes has devoted most of his life to the intelligent consideration of the art forms which other critics have traditionally treated with disdain. It would be unfair to his latest book if I did not mention that, in addition to the weighty issues I have touched on, it contains such values as a refreshing and reasoned analysis of the comparative comic talents of Berle, Benny, Gleason,

Caesar and Durante. But its great merit lies in its recognition of the importance of the mass media in American life.

A few sentences from the book's final conclusions are the best evidence of its importance to everyone concerned with social progress in the United States: "The base of this new concept is that, by their own nature, these arts are matters of public concern, subject to public opinion; that even *outside of law* the public has sovereign rights over them, since these arts, no less than the institutions of government, belong to the people . . . the moment we see that the public arts are bringing about social change, the right and duty to direct this change is in our hands. Between those who are not aware of the effect these changes can have on their inalienable rights and those who do not know that they have the right to control the changes, the managers of the public arts have had almost unlimited freedom. They are not entitled to it . . . for the arts most useful to the public are essentially those which can be most effectively turned against the public good."

RING LARDNER, JR.

No Return

THE LOST STEPS, by Alejo Carpentier. *Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.75.

STUDDED WITH dazzling erudition, *The Lost Steps* tells the richly detailed adventure of a disillusioned man's attempt to remake his sophisticated and empty life. It has been internationally hailed as a major work of fiction, having received the Prix du Meilleur Livre Etranger for the Fren translation. Reviews have called up t names of the great modern novelis in comparison—Kafka, James, Man Joyce—and more. Alejo Carpentier a Cuban by birth, who has travell many of the major cities of the wor as well as remote areas of the Orino River and the Gran Sabana, which part supply the setting for this fas nating novel, as his studies in arc tecture, musicology and the history culture, enrich the background. T book is excellently translated from t Spanish by Harriet de Onis.

To throw another name into t hopper, like Simone de Beauvoi *The Mandarins, The Lost Steps* p trays an intellectual as its hero. B Carpentier's hero struggles with qu tions at once more vague and mo profound than the relationship of t intellectual to political commitme Carpentier's hero strives to understa the fundamental question of how m can live as a moral being in our socie and more specifically how an artist c maintain his integrity; and finally h to become one, artist and man of i tegrity.

The hero is a musicologist and co poser who has allowed his creative l to dwindle in his commercial activiti He is offered the assignment to seek group of primitive musical instrume in a jungle area of South America. is typical of the ironies Carpentier li to create, that his hero's decision to on a journey which later reveals to h questions of the highest morality is fi arrived at as a corrupt hoax. Since vacation from his commercial job just started anyway, he and his m tress plan to fly to a vacation city South America, enjoy the money vanced them, supply faked instrume

to his friend the Curator of the Museum, after which he will return to his lucrative job. It is during this journey through space and backwards through time (so different from the one planned) that the theme of the book emerges: man has lost his way—and must renew himself from the beginnings not only of his personal history but of mankind's history.

Leaving behind his superficial actress wife, he departs with the more superficial woman who is his mistress on the phony mission, which during a revolutionary episode in the vacation city, changes for him into a real mission. In the light of his changing values, Mouche, the mistress, becomes loathsome to him and he comes to love Rosario, a peasant woman who continues his journey with him. In the remote jungle village where he finds the specimens he sought, as well as a return of his creative power, he determines to live out his days in a simplicity which seems more real to him than his former life. But Carpentier again turns one of his little ironies when the musical work on which the hero is engaged is stopped by a lack of paper, and he realizes that his work will never be performed if he remains in that remote spot. When the planes which have been sent to search for him find him, it is foregone that he will go back—for more paper—as well as to separate legally from his wife.

It is also foregone that his return should become nightmarishly blocked by legal tangles, by the rising of the river and finally by the shattering news that Rosario has married another man. The hero concludes: ". . . they lie who say man cannot escape his epoch. But none of this was for me, because the only human race to which it is forbidden to sever the bonds of time is the race of those who create art, and who not only must move ahead of the immediate yesterday . . . but must anticipate the song and the form of others who will follow them. . . . I could have remained . . . if my calling had been any except that of composing music—the calling of a scion of the race. It remained to be seen whether I would be deafened and my voice stilled by the hammer strokes of the Galley Master who waited for me somewhere. . . ."

THIS reader must confess to a reaction of contempt to so wobbly a landing to this high-flown journey. Had we gone all this way to come back to what we knew all along, that man (even when he is an artist) lives in the real, present world and his problems must be tackled within that reality? Not that one wishes to add one jot of contempt for the agonies of the artist in our society. Indeed there is pity to spare even for solutions as inane as the artist knocking his head against the wall. But the solutions (if not the desperation) remain subject to analysis—and under analysis, Carpentier's whole concept becomes suspect. It is based on the arrogant theory of the artist as a special and a higher case, leaving poor humanity back "there" in the horrors of the empty, superficial and violent life.

There is another arrogance in Carpentier, that of wishing to restrict woman to his particular view of her. He is obviously depicting a state of grace when he describes Rosario as a "woman of the earth, and as long as she walked the earth, and ate and was well, and there was a man to serve as

mold and measure . . . she was fulfilling a destiny it was better for her not to analyze too much. She called herself *Your Woman,* referring to herself in the third person . . . and I found in this reiteration of the possessive a firmness of concept and exactitude of definition which the word 'Wife' never gave me . . . here the woman 'serves' the man in the noblest sense of the word . . . her hands were now my table and the jug of water she raised to my lips, after lifting out a leaf that had fallen into it, was stamped with my initials as Master." Contrasted with the vicious portraits of his wife and mistress, who apparently symbolize "modern" woman, one must conclude that for Carpentier, women who are not like Rosario constitute a perversion of "true womanhood." In the case of Mouche, he openly equates it with Lesbianism. Modern woman as "the lost sex" is not a new theory. In this instance, she has the consolation of finding herself lost in the company of the mass of humanity.

THE sweep of Carpentier's evaluation of modern life cannot be sneered at however—not while men may carry destruction by plane to any corner of the earth. But the trouble with the Olympian view is that it must eventually descend to detail—since it is in the resolution of a thousand details that man lives.

Carpentier makes a special point of not naming his hero—nor are the cities in which he places him named. The revolution which shakes the city he and his mistress visit is described not as a detailed political event, but as an orgy of human decadence and depravity. Yet elsewhere in the novel, he brilliantly weaves a political theme of great beauty and moral significance in the story of his father, the Beethoven Ninth Symphony and its relationship to Hitlerite degeneracy. He evokes a disquieting aura of disorientation in his rootless hero, Latin by birth, living in another country, speaking English to his North American wife and French to his mistress, and only with Rosario coming back to the language of his infancy. There are symbolic overtones in all this which enrich the surface of the novel even while the reader looking for plainer, straighter expressions may be irritated.

It is this style, brilliant, demanding, suggestive which recalls James and Kafka, Proust at times, Mann often—and not in mimicry. But none of them (not even Mann) leans so heavily on the scholarly allusion and none of them has so displaced and misused the artist and intellectual. They have all, with their deep sympathy, brought him closer to life than Carpentier seems able to.

HELEN DAVIS

Letters

Editors, *Mainstream*:

I have been pretty hard hit—I have no doubt you all were too—by the 20th Congress reverberations. In many respects I had been prepared by the 2nd Writers Congress, which left me with a profound misery. On the whole the 20th Congress, by at last making sense of lots of things that worried me, relieves—though at the cost of an awful lot of unhappiness.

One feels that one must think everything 20 times over from the ground-floor up again and take nothing for granted. One's fundamental loyalties of course aren't touched, but one realizes how childishly simple has been the perspective in which one viewed them.

I keep on meaning to get round to a set of dialogues in which I'd try to deal with what seem to me the main problems at issue—the way in which by failing to grasp Marx's concept of alienation (commodity-fetichism), Marxists fail to realize what class society does to one—see only the economic angle even when they think they're looking culturally and humanly—and so fail to understand *what* is the struggle that a socialist carries on from the previous world.

The notion of "bourgeois remnants," etc., has been pitifully inadequate. As a result in some ways there is a deepening of the split between theory and practice. For a class society to permit or encourage anti-Semitism brings out the split between its humane professions and its real man-as-wolf; but for a socialist society to do the same is even worse—for the ideals and the potential unity of theory and practice is so much higher.

At the same time one mustn't lose one's head. A socialist society holds its own remedies against such things in the long run—as no class society does. But we don't want to be vaguely dependent on "long runs"; we want the fight for the new man here and now and all along the line.

These are only a few crude murmurings on the subject. I need to write at length to do the subject matter justice, but maybe as some shorthand notes the above will suffice to give you an idea how my mind is working.

JACK LINDSAY

(We were given permission to use the above fragment of a letter addressed to one of our contributing editors, Walter Lowenfels, by the writer, a foremost British novelist, critic and poet.—The Editors.)

Editors, *Mainstream*:

I have read with interest and profit the open letter of Mr. Albert Maltz published in the June issue of your journal. Almost all the experiences of authors and letter writers of your country to Soviet publishing houses and institutions and individuals is the same in our case also. So the open letter was all the more welcome and I thank Mr. Maltz most sincerely.

In the case of Indian authors translated into the languages of the Soviet

Union, no permission is sought by Soviet publishers. But when the authors visit the Soviet Union they get their royalty there.

Last year a text book on Indian history was translated into Russian without the knowledge of the authors. They were not even presented with copies of the translation on publication. But it is encouraging to find that things are changing. I learn that the authors of the above history have been paid their royalty account recently.

I learn for the first time from Mr. Maltz's letter that the Director of the Publishing House for Foreign Literature has announced that 'any foreign author could apply for, and would receive royalties due to him.' But if no permission for translation is sought from the author, how he will know that his work has been translated in the Soviet Union?

So far as the question of replies to letters to Soviet cultural institutions and scientists is concerned, I can say from personal experience that strictly academic correspondence of some interest and benefit to the Soviet Union in general and the addressee in particular is not replied to at all. This is not congenial to the growth of friendship between us.

I am editing the papers of Reverend James Long (1814-87) a British Missionary who passed his early life in Russia and worked for over three decades in Calcutta. In later life he visited Russia several times and wrote on Russian Proverbs, Village Communities in Russia and India, Russian Trade with India. I requested Soviet friends to agree to write an introduction to his papers and supply biographical and bibliographical materials on Long, if available, but no reply was forthcoming.

Two Soviet dramatists are working on a drama on the life of Geramsim Lebedev who founded the first European type theatre in Calcutta in 1795. They wrote me for materials on his life and activities in India. I have most gladly agreed to do my bit for them.

I am a student of sociology and anthropology. May I request you to publish something on the Indians of America in your journal? Thanking you,

Yours sincerely,
MOHADEVA PRASAD SAHA

Calcutta

Index to Volume Nine, 1956

(Listed Separately are Books in Review, page 62)

BOOKS IN REVIEW

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF

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