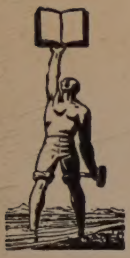

Mainstream

1917–1957
(An Editorial)

Don Wheeldin TREMOR IN L.A.

Arnold Kettle WILLIAM BLAKE – NO CHAINS

Nazim Hikmet A SATIRIC PLAY

Judah Waten SO YOU SEE WHY

Sidney Finkelstein VOICE OF SIBELIUS

Donald Spahn MEDICINE–THE NEW DIMENSION

November, 1957 35 cents

Vol. 10, No. 11

Mainstream

NOVEMBER, 1957

MAINSTREAM is published monthly by Masses & Mainstream, Inc., 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y. Subscription rate $4 a year; foreign and Canada, $4.75 a year. Single copies 35¢; outside the U.S.A. 50¢. Re-entered as second class matter February 25, 1948, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

1917 - 1957

An Editorial

IT IS exactly forty years since the short, stocky man with the vigorous gestures raised his arm toward the chairman of the smoke-filled assembly of all Russian parties and shouted, "Yes! There is a party ready to govern Russia! It is the Bolshevik Party!" Vladimir Ilyitch Lenin made good his word. Soon after, the first socialist state in the world had become a fact. It had come about through a series of accidents mingled with necessities. The old Russian society was bankrupt; the capitalist nations were too exhausted by four years of war to exert decisive influence, though they tried (in the five years of intervention in which even United States troops played a part). And then there was Lenin and his small but keenly energetic party. Lenin was everywhere, speaking, arguing, pleading, threatening, warning, inspiring, organizing. Rarely has so enormous an event owed so much to the genius of one man who knew with incredible insight how to ride the massive forces of a historic moment which, if not seized, would surely have passed with an entirely different result.

Now this new society challenges the imagination of humanity by sending up into the skies the first man-made Earth-moon, a feat requiring a mastery of science, mathematics, engineering for which the history of human thought has no parallel. From the hunger-ridden, illiterate, chaotic, pre-industrial society of Czarism to the soaring triumph of Sputnik within forty years! Has history ever seen a social transformation of such velocity?

Yet this was achieved at a price, as we know, and as the Soviet leaders at the historic Twentieth Congress admitted in revelations that startled and shocked us all. We knew about the inevitable sacrifices of terrible labor, material denial, and the constraints of discipline imposed by the 'forced march" and by the uniqueness of a situation in which a backward country was racing to hold off the fangs and teeth of surrounding tigers.

But we did not know—in fact we were deceived regarding it—about the manias which produced crimes, executions, and a terrorism which could, and did, strike at the innocent, the loyal, the honest. Nikita Khrushchev told us about that. This meant that the first socialist revolution had not evolved—how could it?—in an idyllic fashion, without

strains, errors, and even crimes. But between an idyllic developmer which history has never yet seen, and the criminal portrait depicted b its enemies, the truth of the Soviet evolution is making its way, thoug the process of self-criticism and completely factual self-examinatio is far from complete.

Yet whatever this process will still show to us, certain objective fac are simply too formidable to be ignored, derided or misunderstood. On fact is that Soviet society has not only achieved an unparalleled velocit of industrial advance, but is maintaining a rate of industrial expansio in terms of productive capacity greater than anything to be found in th countries based on the private ownership of the national economi machinery. This can only mean that if left to develop their society i peace, the Soviet peoples will inexorably leave the Western nations be hind in terms not only of Sputniks but in terms of consumer goods– so long as there is no change in their social organization.

During the crisis days of the 1930's, the abolition of unemployme by the planned economy of the USSR made a profound impression upo the working peoples of the West. This was followed by the impact o the Soviet resistance to the Nazi armies. On the questions of libert democracy, and certain problems of intellectual life, the Soviet experien was considered to be wanting both by many workers as well as inte lectuals in the West. The essence of the criticism was dubious if th assumption was that freedom in any basic sense could exist for the m jority of the people in any country where the jobs, schools, means communication, etc., on which the nation depended, were private owned and controlled by a minority. Yet the criticism was a fact, an far from being a baseless one. One could recall if one wished Lenin ironic rejoinder to the visitors who heatedly wanted to know why Len was "bringing back private capital by way of the New Economic Policy "You bring socialism to your countries in Europe and we won't ne the NEP." The principle of the decisive influence of encirclement w pertinent when Lenin said it, and in a real way it is germane now, thou to a far lesser extent. (If left in peace, the socialist states of the wor within the next decade will virtually make it an almost negligible com ponent for they will have thoroughly minimized the "encirclement" fa tor of their development.)

Nevertheless, the encirclement alone could not explain the "ba sides of this first socialist development. The probing of that experien is still going on, not without resistance from the past, from vested b reaucratic interests, and from dogmatists for whom Marxism is "a seri of quotations."

THE Soviet Union, forty years later, appears to be turning a corner. Its material base is virtually established. Its leadership, in response to new material and social forces inside the USSR, is in the process of crossing over into a new phase of the October Revolution. This is the phase which perhaps would have come sooner had Lenin's warnings about Stalin's dictatorial character been heeded, or if Lenin had lived another thirty years (he was exactly Churchill's contemporary), or if . . . if . . . if. . . . But while history laughs at "ifs" and goes on, the function of critical re-examination, of the "settling of accounts with the past" so that our ideas and actions of the present and future can be more intelligent, is a process which is politically and morally obligatory. This is all the truer since the Soviet Union is, without regard to its enemies' hostility or the idolatry of some of its friends, the most formidable material force in contemporary politics counterbalancing the groups which had believed that their post-war industrial dominance and their atomic bomb monopoly gave them the path to world domination. If the colonial revolution of more than a billion human beings in Asia, the Middle East and Africa against the Western powers is a central fact of contemporary world history then it is to this material base, and the social policies based upon it, that this enormous surge toward freedom owes its existence, or, if not its existence, its possibility for victory. This is not our assertion alone; the colonial peoples have made plain their own understanding of it.

The relationship of the Soviet revolution to socialism in the West has been a complex one. We are not prepared here to make judgments on it. The relationship has undergone many phases. If the outlook of the Twentieth Congress for co-existence, for new paths to socialism in industrialized countries under a new relation of world forces is to be real, then clearly we have not seen the last phase of this obejctive interaction of the first socialist state and the socialist movements in the West.

Virtually every visitor to the Soviet Union these days tells of the unmistakably new winds that are blowing there as the Russian people move to the next phases of their advance—the drastic curbing of bureaucratic power, the amending of the extreme centralization of economic and political decisions, the realization of a far greater democracy inherent in their social formation, the solution of the problem of intellectual and literary freedom, the free clash of ideas. It would be as idle to overlook this as it would be to pretend that these changes are not necessary, or that they are not facing entrenched resistance. "Perhaps the last Utopia is gone," wrote Jack Lindsay for us several months ago. It is indeed gone. But something better is taking its place—the realistic

(*Continued on page* 24)

TREMOR IN L.A.

DON WHEELDIN

We have asked correspondents in a number of large industrial cities to "take a sounding" of how workers in their areas are living these days and what they are thinking. The following is the report of a West Coast newspaper man. Others will follow in subsequent issues.—The Editors

THERE IS a fear haunting workingmen in the Los Angeles area. It is the fear of unemployment.

Not just unemployment, per se—bad as that always is—but unemployment in 1957-58 at a time when the cost of everything, from being born to being buried, has soared skyward.

Fears over job layoffs, especially in the aircraft industry, have become so grave they even forced Mayor Poulson to interrupt negotiations with the Brooklyn Dodgers long enough to issue a public statement. He said, in effect, "It isn't good." And, it isn't.

The aircraft industry here employed 222,500 workers thru last May-June period. They represented 28.3 percent of all manufacturing jobs in the area and 8.6 percent of the total employment.

A few weeks ago, spokesmen for North American, Douglas, Lockheed, and Northrop, four biggest aircraft companies in Southern California, reported the following job picture:

"North American will reduce its force by 3000 to 4000, bringing to 12,000 the total layoffs since . . . July. Another 1800 will be laid off in Fresno."

"Douglas already has reported it expects to drop 2000 to 3000 additional workers for a total cut of 8000 since June."

"Lockheed expects a 12 percent reduction from mid-August to a total of 32,000 at its Burbank, Maywood and Palmdale plants."

"Northrop employment is likely to remain stable at its current 25,000 because of work on the intercontinental Snark missile,"

Management appeared optomistic over the prospect of laid-off aircraft workers being absorbed into other industries, some of which

are expanding here. Such industries include electronics, food processing, and electrical machinery.

However, union spokesmen do not share the optimism of the employer groups. An official of the Int'l Assn. of Machinists said:

"It's clear that they (the companies) are scared." He added, "No industry as vital to an area's economy as aircraft is can lose 10,000 workers in four months, as aircraft has, without widening repercussions."

The sort of things that make workers worry, in this year of our layoffs, becomes readily apparent after sitting down and talking it over with some of them.

For Al Tustin, World War II vet and aircraft worker, things now are "good, real good" only Al is somewhat apprehensive over the layoffs in his industry.

He works at Lockheed as a fabricator and is paid $2.25 an hour. His only complaint, is that he has not been permitted to work more than 40 hours a week since July. Al said:

"I now get a check for $89.00 a week and after deductions I have $74.00 in cash." He added, "I can get by on that and probably could even save a little, if I tried, and I really should because if the layoffs reach me I'll be hooked."

By being hooked, Al means he would lose his 1957 Thunderbird auto on which he pays $120 a month. Or he would be unable to continue to gamble which he admittedly loves to do. (He lost $25 on the recent Moore-Anthony fight.)

However, Al makes a distinction between himself and other workers in his department. He is single. And having worked in the department, on and off, for the past 10 years, Al feels if he "gets a little reckless" with his money there is no one to suffer but himself.

A good union man, he takes pride in recounting the wage raises won by the United Auto Workers, AFL-CIO, Local 727, over the years. In 1946, he earned 90 cents an hour at the plant; in 1949, the union had pushed it up to $1.21; in 1951, up to $1.75; and now $2.25

"I know the price of everything has gone up higher but it doesn't seem to bother me too much. I'm able to pay my bills and get along fine," Al said. He pointed out that his take home pay was less now than it had been a year ago due to the recent no-overtime order.

What was hard for Al to understand was how most of the guys in his department who were married and fathers of three and four young children were able to make it.

"They don't make anymore a week than I do," Al said, "And some make less. Most of them like to gamble and every week each one of the

guys ante up a dollar for the department check pool. The check with the numerals holding the best poker hand wins the pot."

The tall, angular, worker in his forties, wrinkled his brow as he cocked his head at an agle. He thought a moment.

"You know," he said slowly, "a lot of those guys are buying tract homes, cars, and have three and four real young children. I know their wives can't work because it is cheaper for them to stay home and mind that many kids than to place them in a nursery."

Al shook his head but didn't speak. The expression on his face belied his thoughts. If he had spoken, he probably would have said:

"What's good for Tustin isn't necessarily good for others, especially if they have three or four kids, are buying a tract home, a car. . . ."

FOSTER HILL lived differently than Tustin. He was married, father of four children and didn't work in aircraft.

He and his wife, Ethel, sat on the steps leading to the front porch of their home. Foster, with the hose in his hands, agreed to answer my questions providing they didn't interfere with his watering the lawn.

A longtime construction laborer recently turned truckdriver, he had definite ideas on the condition of the country.

"I want to know how you find things in general today as compared with 10 years ago or in 1946?" I asked.

"In 1946, it was rough—real rough for me," Foster replied. He inventoried the situation in his household at that time in the following way:

"I was working then as a general laborer making $45 a week. That was our total income for my wife, the four children whose ages were then six to 10 years, my mother-in-law who lived with us, and me. When it rained and I lost a couple of days work we really caught hell.

"I was trying to buy this old raggedy house and the monthly payments were costing $25; car payments came to $40; and utilities, food, clothing, medicine and the like more than ate up what was left.

"We tried everything from raising our own chickens to putting in a little truck garden but it didn't help. We kept going deeper into debt. Finally Ethel had to get a job to boost our income."

At this point Ethel broke in to say that in 1946 meat stamps were withdrawn and the prices shot up to 30-35 cents a pound for weiners and hamburger.

Now things are better for the Hills. They own their home although like everyone else they complain about the high tax rate. Their oldest child has finished school and is holding down a civil service job at $350

a month. The second to the oldest has elected to remain out of school for a year in order to work, buy a car, some clothes, and save enough money for college.

Foster receives $90 for a forty hour week. Ethel now works as a poultry dresser.

In that he drives approximately 150 miles a day in the course of his work, throughout the country, meeting and talking to workers in "at least a dozen" different trades, Foster indicated he could give me a definitive picture on "what's happening" among workers now.

He flung down the hose, walked over and turned off the faucet and returned with an air of deliberation.

"Life from 1950 to 1956 was pretty good," he started out, "But from the latter part of 1956 until now it has been tough and getting tougher."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why?" he echoed, "Because there has been a series of layoffs in the past six months and jobs are getting scarcer that's why. Lots and lots of new people are coming to California every day and most of them are workers looking for a job, that's why.

"The main reason I left construction after 12 years and took this truckdriving job was because of the backbreaking pace the contractors are setting, fully realizing there are 6 men waiting to take the job of the guy who can't keep up.

"In talking to some guys I meet in the course of a day, whether they are shoeshiners, clerks, salesmen or in the building trades they all seem to fear one thing and that is—layoffs. They all say the boss is getting tougher now that he has more workers to choose from."

Foster was cut off by a shout from inside the house. He was wanted on the telephone. His wife, picked up the thread of conversation.

"The thing that gets me about conditions now," Ethel said, "is the cost of food and transportation although things are better all around for us then they were ten years ago."

She rattled off a series of food prices and compared them with a decade earlier. Ethel said:

"Of course our kids were smaller and didn't eat as much then but take hamburgers and weiners as an example. I used to pay between 27 and 32 cents a pound for that meat and now—it costs me 61 cents a pound for hot dogs, if I catch a sale. Bread was a dime—now it's 31-33 cents; milk was 14 cents a quart—now it's 85 cents a gallon; carfare to the downtown shopping center was 15 cents for two tokens—now its 17 cents one way. And there appears to be no end in sight."

That "no end in sight" appears to be borne out by government

figures citing September as the 63rd consecutive month of price increase in food costs and housing.

Lest any reader conclude that the observations of those interviewe were "subjective"—especially on the fear of workers over layoffs—th writer sought other sources to affirm or deny the reality.

The Monthly Summary on Business Conditions in Southern Cali fornia, published by the Security-First National Bank of Los Angele disclosed the following job picture:

"Unemployment in the Los Angeles area increased more than th usual seasonal amount in July, due in large measure to secondary layoff resulting from strikes in the construction industry. The total of 83,40 persons reported unemployed last month (July) was 16 percent abov a year ago, and higher than for any month since February 1955.

"Total employment . . . declined in July. . . . At the same time, th number involved in labor dispute rose from 300 in June to 19,00 in July, accounting for the reduced employment total.

"Manufacturing employment . . . declined in July to 764,200, dow 2,000 from June. Compared with a year ago, factory employment wa up 4.2 percent. Between June and July, the aircraft, automobile, an fabricated metal products industries showed declines."

Depression or recession, call it what you will, it's impact has alread been felt by some and sensed by others. This fear held by some worker can be compared to the antics of the Northern grey squirrel, who, in th Fall, scurries about gathering nuts before the great snows come.

Some of the trade unions are beginning to move as a result of ran and file restlessness. Al Hayes, president, International Assn. of Machinist has set up unemployment centers to aid jobless members find emplo ment. Other unions, also affected by unemployment, can well dra valuable lessons from the wide experiences of workers organizatio racked up during the early and mid-thirties.

A supreme irony in this for conservative trade union leaders is th most of those workers organizations were avowedly Left-Wing orga izations led, in the main, by Communists. Unemployment Councils, Wor ers Alliance, Relief Committees, and similar groups, played a maj part in easing the burdens of the unemployed during the 'Thirties. the same time, they helped set the stage for the great organizational a vances subsequently made by both the AFL and the newly born CIO.

With the fear of layoffs supported by the fact of layoffs, the ne for common action by trade unions and other workers organizations this front is obvious. What form that action will take is yet to be det mined.

WILLIAM BLAKE – NO CHAINS

ARNOLD KETTLE

William Blake, the greatest revolutionary poet Britain has known, was born on the 28th November 1757. His bicentenary is being celebrated this year by progressive people everywhere.—The Editors

The Whore & Gambler, by the State
Licenc'd, build that Nation's Fate.
The Harlot's cry from Street to Street
Shall weave Old England's winding Sheet.
The Winner's Shout, the Loser's Curse,
Dance before dead England's Hearse.
Every Night and every Morn
Some to Misery are Born.
Every Morn and every Night
Some are Born to sweet delight.
Some are Born to sweet delight,
Some are Born to Endless Night.

BLAKE HAS been at different times represented by the bourgeoisie as a seditious criminal, a harmless mystic and a far-gone madman. It was the same during his life. In 1804 at the Quarter Sessions at Chichester: William Blake, an engraver at Felpham, was tried on a charge exhibited against him by two soldiers for having uttered seditious and treasonable expressions.

He was opposed to the war of intervention against the young French Republic. Many humane and idealistic young men of the time had welcomed the French Revolution; most of them, understandably enough, with the declaration of war against France, the wave of repression at home and, above all, the news of the Terror from across the Channel, abandoned or drastically modified their early sympathy. But Blake continued to wear in his hat the tricolor of Republican France.

They have presented him, those who live and think within the orbit of the class he hated, as an all but incomprehensible mystic, his head the clouds and his feet nowhere in particular. The case for such an interpretation contains of course some plausible evidence; at a superficial glance it can be pretty convincing. For did not Blake write and literally believe that angels guided his pen? Did he not produce and illustrate numerous Prophetic Books, compact of an esoteric or private mythology of the greatest complexity and often obscurity? And have not scholars of indisputable eminence and with the most formidable apparatus of research and quotation linked his beliefs with almost every mystical and occult system under the sun—from ancient Hindu philosophy to neo-Platonism and ancient Irish mythology?

But Blake himself never used the word mystic. And it is as difficult to work out a consistent interpretation of the Prophetic Books as a whole as it is to interpret the Bible without contradictions. The truth seems to be that Blake, like his greatest successor W. B. Yeats, soaked himself in all kinds of esoteric thought and experiment and *used* each experiences for his own purposes The question as to how far or precisely in what sense he believed some of his ideas and visions to be true is a very complex one. Perhaps we may get a hint of the answer from Yeats's emphasis on the poetic image—"the mind's eye Fixed upon images that once were thought." The poetic image is—above all—concrete; never abstract. Blake, who did not use the word mystic but sometimes called himself a visionary, searched always for *concrete* expressions of his perceptions of life. The Canadian critic, Northrop Frye, has put it this way: "A visionary creates or dwells in a . . . world in which the objects of perception in this one have become transfigured and charged with a new intensity. . . . It is a perceptive rather than a contemplative attitude of mind." I do not wish to enter into deeper discussion of these questions; but I mention them because we shall not honour Blake by pretending that his work does not raise difficult problems or by making him out to be something other than he was.

And yet the simple and decisive answer to those who insist on seeing Blake as a mystic and refuse to recognize the down-to-earth material basis of his art is, of course, the impact of his poems themselves. To turn especially to the Songs of Experience and to pause in particular on the poems London, Holy Thursday, The Chimney Sweeper, The Nurse's Song, The Little Vagabond, should be enough to convince anyone without further ado that not only were the visionary's feet firm on the ground but his head a great deal harder than those of most of his interpreters.

"Pity would be no more
If we did not make somebody Poor;
And Mercy no more could be
If all were as happy as we. . . ."

The difficulty many readers have with a poem which begins with such lines is really only the difficulty of believing their eyes and ears. Certainly it is an unusual statement, but only because it is unusually true. And notice the absence of beating about the bush; in an earlier draft Blake had written

"Pity *could* be no more" (italics added)

But a repeated "could" would make the poem a little abstract, a bit theoretical. Blake's perception was of the world as it exists; he was a visionary in the sense that he did not *accept* the world statically but saw its changes and its possibilities. Without such a vision he might, like any other clear-sighted artisan of the day, have seen realistically the London of the Industrial Revolution as it was; but he would have lacked the living indignation which yields the unforgettable intensity of the last verse of *London*:

"But most through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlot's curse
Blasts the new born Infant's tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse."

The plagues of this terrible yet unspeakably moving poem are not metaphysical plagues. And if one wants an allustration of what Years meant by "images that once were thought" one could not have a better example than that final image of the marriage hearse in which a dozen *ideas* about prostitution, venereal disease, bourgeois weddings, funeral customs etc. are contained within and made real and concrete by one poetic image of immense power.

Some of his enemies called him mad. Blake was well aware of that tactic and its significance. In one of his great rhetorical passages he makes his hero Milton exhort Albion

"To cast aside from Poetry all that is not Inspiration,
That it no longer shall dare to mock with the aspersion of Madness
Cast on the Inspired by the tame high finisher of paltry Blots

Indefinite, or paltry Rhymes, or paltry Harmonies,
Who creeps into State Government like a catterpillar to destroy ...

And, more simply, with a reasonableness which many of his critics hav notably lacked:

"Those who have been told that my works are but an unscientifi and irregular Eccentricity, a Madman's Scrawls, I demand of them to d me the justice to examine before they decide."

LET US make, necessarily very briefly such an examination.

Blake, living through the establishment of modern industrial cap italism in England and the American and French Revolutions abroa is, to an astonishing degree, a modern man: no other artist of his tim felt so clearly, so deeply, the central tensions and possibilities of th new era.

He saw life as struggle. "Opposition" he wrote "is true friendship. And: "Without Contraries is no progression. Attraction and Repulsio Reason and Energy, Love and Hate, are necessary to Human existence.

He saw the essence of this dialectical process as the struggle in ever living thing and person and situation between the negative, inhibiting decay death-bearing forces which he called the Spectre, and the positive potential, energetic, life-carrying forces which he called the Emanatio Within every man and every society the new divine joyful Emanatio carries on a continuous war against the cunning and seductive Spectr It is not in the orthodox religious sense a fight between God and th Devil or good and evil, because neither the Spectre nor the Emanatio is thought of as absolute or static.

My Spectre around me night and day
Like a Wild beast guards my way.
My Emanation far within
Weeps incessantly for my Sin.

But the Emanation does far more than weep.

Each Man is in his Spectre's power
Until the arrival of that hour
When his Humanity awake
And cast his own Spectre into the Lake.

Humanity is Blake's most persistent positive. Milton comes to ai

Albion "To bathe in the Waters of Life, to wash off the Not Human." But Blake is far too tough a thinker to leave Humanity as a vague wishy-washy concept, a veil to cover idealism, with all the grotesque, high-minded inhumanity that idealism brings. His work is a continuous effort to express and define and hence help Humanity in specific, particular, concrete forms. Man is divine, but he is human: nothing can be gained from idealization or absolute-mongering. Therefore to express "A Divine Image" he must write

> Cruelty has a Human Heart,
> And Jealousy a Human Face;
> Terror the Human Form Divine,
> And Secrecy the Human Dress.
>
> The Human Dress is forged Iron,
> The Human Form a fiery Forge,
> The Human Face a Furnace seal'd,
> The Human Heart its hungry Forge.

Such a poem has an extraordinary, two-way, back-and-forth relevance. It reminds us that men are cruel and jealous not good and bad or milk and water; but it says at the same time that men have invented cruelty and jealousy, and therefore implicitly leaves their control an open question. Every time Blake uses an abstract noun like cruelty or pity the reader (lulled as we still are by centuries of idealism) must beware, for he will always turn the table on static thinking and the consolations of liberalism. His awareness of the "mind-forged manacles" of unrealism—which he specifically associates with the purposes of the ruling class—is so deep, so pervasive, that he teached us as we experience his poems to think and feel dialectically.

So that when Blake writes a poem about love it is a paradox.

> "Love seeketh not Itself to please,
> Nor for itself hath any care,
> But for another gives its ease,
> And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair."
>
> So sung a little Clod of Clay
> Trodden with the cattle's feet,
> But a Pebble of the brook
> Warbled out these metres meet:

"Love seeketh only Self to please,
To bind another to Its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite."

Which is right, the clod or the pebble? On which side is Blake himself? To put the question in such a way is to betray our own preferences for non-materialist, non-dialectical thinking and to miss the very point that Blake is concerned to make. "One Law for the Lion & Ox is Oppression" he writes, and our first instinct is doubt because we have got used to the fact that One Law for the Rich and another for the Poor is also Oppression. But both statements are true and Blake helps us to see why.

IT WILL be now perhaps be clear why Blake, the revolutionary, hated and attacked the most revolutionary bourgeois thinkers of the eighteenth century, including some of those who helped to prepare for the French Revolution.

Mock on, Mock on Voltaire, Rousseau:
Mock on, Mock on: 'tis all in vain.'
You throw the sand against the wind,
And the wind blows it back again. . . .

The Atoms of Democritus
And Newton's Particles of light
Are sands upon the Red sea shore,
Where Israel's tents do shine so bright.

Blake's attack on eighteenth-century philosophy is in fact an attack on mechanistic thinking. And if in the course of the offensive he sometimes seems to be attacking reason itself this is due to the strength of his hatred of 'false reason,' associated in his mind not only with the mechanical materialism of the natural scientists but, more persistently, with the eighteenth-century Church. It is in *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* that he gives perhaps his deepest thoughts on this question:

"Energy is the only Life, and is from the Body; and Reason is the bound or outward circumference of Energy.
Energy is Eternal Delight."

He saw class society, fortified by the ideology of the State Church,

as suppressing and destroying the energies and aspirations of men and women. And he understood very well the nature of exploitation:

> The Beggar's Rags, fluttering in Air,
> Does to Rags the Heavens tear.
> The Soldier, arm'd with Sword and Gun,
> Palsied strikes the Summer's Sun.
> The poor Man's Farthing is worth more
> Than all the Gold on Afric's Shore.
> One Mite wrung from the Labrer's hands
> Shall buy & sell the Miser's Lands:
> Or, if protected from on high,
> Does that whole Nation sell & buy.

The Whore and the Gambler are revealed in this poem, *Auguries of Innocence,* as the symbols of bourgeois society, the expressions in personal and public life of the essence and consequences of acquisitive society. Blake's purpose here is not that of the preacher, the ineffectual moralist who calls on men to turn from their wickedness, but the profounder purpose of laying bare the basis of people's actions and morals.

The Church he saw as aiding and abbetting in the business of keeping the people in chains. "Prisons are built with stones of Law, Brothels with bricks of Religion." And Blake the Christian is never more bitter and powerful than when he is expressing his feelings about priests who "are binding with briars my joys and desires." The wonderful poem *A Little Boy Lost* typical in its intense economy of effect and the ungarnished directness of its final line, is one of the most striking expressions of this theme.

> "Nought loves another as itself,
> Nor venerates another so,
> Nor is it possible to Thought
> A greater than itself to know:
>
> And Father, how can I love you
> Or any of my brothers more?
> I love you like the little bird
> That picks up crumbs around the door."
>
> The Priest sat by and heard the child,
> In trembling zeal he siez'd his hair:

He led him by his little coat,
And all admir'd the Priestly care.

And standing on the altar high,
"Lo! what a fiend is here!" said he,
"One who sets reason up for judge
Of our most holy Mystery."

The weeping child could not be heard,
The weeping parents wept in vain;
They strip'd him to his little shirt,
And bound him in an iron chain;

And burn'd him in a holy place,
Where many had been burn'd before:
The weeping parents wept in vain.
Are such things done on Albion's shore?

Many times Blake returns to the theme of sexual frustration in class society. Because he saw clearly that what matters in life are not abstract moral systems but human relationships, and because he knew that human relationships are social relationships and that the battle of ideas is a class battle, he does not treat social morality in any kind of isolation or abtsraction. So that when he says (using the kind of shock tactics he delighted in):

In a wife I would desire
What in whores is always found—
The lineaments of gratified desire.

he is not defending prostitution any more than when he says "Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires" he is recommending infanticide. One of his most bitter criticisms of the Church is based on its attitude towards sex, and this is given most remarkable expression in a poem the significance of which has only in this century become clear and discussable.

I saw a chapel all of gold
That none did dare to enter in,
And many weeping stood without,
Weeping, mourning, worshipping.

I saw a serpent rise between
The white pillars of the door,
And he forc'd & forc'd & forc'd,
Down the golden hinges tore.

And along the pavement sweet,
Set with pearls and rubies bright,
All his slimy length he drew,
Till upon the altar white

Vomiting his poison out
On the bread & on the wine.
So I turn'd into a sty
And laid me down among the swine.

Again, the main problem with this poem is simply that of believing one's eyes and ears, so direct and even shocking is the imagery. It is a poem, of course, about the Church and the degradation of sexual relationships. The Church is feared by and isolated from the people, and its association with gold is not fortuitous. On the one side of the picture is the golden church, on the other the pigsty. And into this picture bursts the terrible image of the serpent, traditional symbol of evil and at the same time of the phallus. The image is at once extremely direct and very complex. The violation represents at the same time the desecration of Christianty by the Church and the desecration of sexual relationships by State religion. And compared to this combination of loot and rape the pigsty is clean. Right through the eighteenth century honest courageous artists like Fielding and Swift and Hogarth and Gay had painted with realism and compassion the condition of the people, the sordid degradation of Gin Lane, in a society which called itself civilized. It remained for Blake to put himself unequivocally on the side of the Yahoos, to find a deeper humanity in the swinish underworld than in the urbane civilization of the ruling class.

O Rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm
That flies in the night
In the howling storm

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy,

And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

The rose is a rose, with the scent and colour and texture of a rose; an it is also Blake's world, a sick society, corrupted by its spectre, eate away by false feeling and false ideas based on false relationships.

He was able to see as he did partly because he was himself an artisa an engraver, who worked for his living throughout his life and foug all along the line the battle of the engravers for artistic and econom recognition. Caught between the old system of aristocratic patrona and the new bourgeois relationships in which art was merely anoth market commodity, Blake fought a long and hard-headed battle for decent status for the artist in society, rejecting the ideas of both patronage and of the artist as "above" society.

"Liberality," he cried, "We want not Liberality! We want a Fair Price & Proportionate Value & a General Demand for Art."

But we cannot "explain" Blake in such terms, though they help us understand him. It is doubtful whether we shall ever be able to expla in a scientific kind of way why a particular artist is able to expre something of life with an intensity that makes our hair stand on en and allows us to see and feel what we had not seen before.

I PROPOSE to end this article with a discussion of a poem of Blake which seems to me of exceptional interest and which ought to be be ter known.

"Let the Brothels of Paris be opened
With many an alluring dance
To awake the Pestilence thro' the city,"
Said the beautiful Queen of France.

The King awoke on his couch of gold,
As soon as he heard these tidings told:
"Arise & come, both fife & drum,
And the Famine shall eat both crust & crumb."

Then he swore a great & solemn Oath:
"To kill the people I am loth,
But if they rebel, they must go to hell:
They shall have a Priest & a passing bell."

Then old Nobodaddy aloft
Farted & belch'd & cough'd,
And said "I love hanging & drawing & quartering
Every bit as well as war & slaughtering.
Damn praying & singing,
Unless they will bring in
The blood of ten thousand by fighting or swinging."

The Queen of France just touched this Globe,
And the Pestilence darted from her robe;
But our good Queen quite grows to the ground,
And a great many suckers grow all around.

Fayette beside King Lewis stood;
He saw him sign his hand;
And soon he saw the famine rage
About the fruitful land.

Fayette beheld the Queen to smile
And wink her lovely eye;
And soon he saw the pestilence
From street to street to fly.

Fayette beheld the King and Queen
In tears & iron bound;
But mute Fayette wept tear for tear,
And guarded them around.

Fayette, Fayette, thou'rt bought & sold,
And sold is thy happy morrow;
Thou gavest the tears of Pity away
In exchange for the tears of sorrow.

Who will exchange his own fire side
For the steps of another's door?
Who will exchange his wheaten loaf
For the links of a dungeon floor?

O, who would smile on the wintry seas,
& Pity the stormy roar?

Or who will exchange his new-born child
For the dog at the wintry door?

The remainder of this article consists of some pages writen in 1948. I have resisted the temptation to make a number of topical changes and have left them exactly as I wrote them nine years ago.—A. K.

This odd and beautiful poem, which doesn't generally find its way into the anthologies (partly, no doubt because of old Nobodaddy's human but inelegant behavior), seems to me one of the few great revolutionary poems in the English language. It was written about 1793 at a time when it was even more difficult and unpopular to support in public the French Revolution than it is today to express outright support of the Soviet Union. But it is by no means merely as a gallant statement of political sympathy that it deserves attention. *Cris de colur,* for all their individual poignancy, are ten a penny; stirring battle songs of the class struggle (like the Chartist poetry) are splendid expressions of the human spirit, but as literature they rely on intention and occasion rather than on actual achievement. This poem of Blake's is something different; its greatness is that it helps us to get our feelings straight not only about the French Revolution but about all revolutions. It is not its subject-matter but itself that helps and moves us.

The symbolic representation of the causes and course of the revolution is of course no more than a prelude, a "setting" for Blake's purpose. Yet how striking and how adequate the symbols are and how vigorous and immediate the language in the opening stanzas! Tinselled prostitution, disease and hunger set against the beauty and luxury of the court; the idiocy, as well as the inhumanity of the King wonderfully struck by the simple words, crude rhythm and fatuous, ding-dong rhymes. Blake isn't saying that this is the whole truth about the revolution, the nursery-rhyme suggestion of those first stanzas precludes that; but the over-simplification is intentional and in no way weakens the essential force of the symbols; quite the opposite in fact.

Nobodaddy is an old friend, Urizen "Father of Jealousy." Blake's devils are freqently associated with the gods whom the conventional and complacent worship, the gods of the ruling class, of all the destroyers of Jerusalem. Nobodaddy's association with the priest and passing bell and the juxtaposition of false religion, torture, war and autocracy are no accidents. These are Blake's horrors. The vigor of Nobodaddy, distressing as it may be to the puritans, comes from the fact that Blake identifies him with his own flesh and blood enemies of the ruling class.

He is no anaemic Mephistophiles dealing in Sin and Guilt and Error (those question-begging abstractions of our latter-day mystics) but a hearty devil living on the fat of the land, a super-exploiter who knows perfectly well which side his bread is buttered and by whom and with what.

The last two lines of the fifth verse, for all their topical point, are perhaps the least satisfactory in the poem and their weakness is underlined for the modern reader by the difficulty of divesting the word suckers of more vivid contemporary associations, but in any case the sudden referer English queen is not quite in harmony with the general conception of the poem and, though it stresses the topicality and in a sense the universality of the subject, the loss (through dispersal of interest and lessening of intensity) is on the whole greater than the gain. Blake's own attempts to amend these two lines show that he was conscious of their weakness. One rejected version runs

> But the bloodthirsty people across the water
> Will not submit to the gibber & halter

—a nice dig at the tone of the reactionary propaganda of the time; but again not quite relevant to the central core of the poem.

It is the final six stanzas that form the core of the poem and give it is remarkable value. Having presented his symbolic picture of the revolution Blake now expresses the peculiar point or significance with which he is concerned, for the subject of this poem is not the revolution as such but the adequacy or otherwise of certain attitudes to it. What Blake is doing, as I have already suggested, is getting his feelings—and therefore ours—straight.

Lafayette's position is clearly and concretely shown. He has seen the causes of the revolution, recognized the responsibility of the rulers. But when the day of reckoning comes he loses sight of the total question, the full human situation and sees only the pathos of the king and queen in "tears & iron bound." It is a recurring problem, a central, agonizing doubt which in every revolutionary period must beset especially those on the fringes of the struggle—the middle class, the intellectuals—and of which we today must be particularly conscious. For Lafayette is every high-minded humanitarian of every revolution. He is Koestler's hero who wills the end but cannot will the means. He is Victor Gollancz who gives away to the German ex-Nazi the tears that first belong to the Czech

anti-Nazi. He is those who could not distinguish Finland from Spain. He is the liberal who is horrified by the execution of Petkov and takes the Greek murders in his stride. He is, if we are honest, very many of us when we are on the spot, finding it easier to condemn at a distance than to accept the difficult but necessary responsibilities of harsh action.

Blake resolves the problem of Lafayette and of us, and he resolves it through his poetry. He resolves it with supreme moral certainty in his condemnation of Lafayette and with supreme humanity in his understanding.

(Version B)

Fayette, Fayette, thou'rt bought & sold,
And sold is thy happy morrow;
Thou gavest the tears of pity away
In exchange for the tears of sorrow.

It is wonderfully instructive, once again, to examine Blake's emendations. This stanza, as it originaly stood, read:

(Version R)

Fayette, Fayette, thou'rt bought & sold,
For well I see thy tears
Of Pity are exchanged for those
Of selfish, slavish fears.

This is much clearer, morally and intellectually, than the revised version —and demonstrates, incidentally, the acuteness of Blake's political understanding; he saw without illusion that Lafayette's betrayal of the revolution was in the last analysis due to his own class position, to his fears, not his humanitarianism. But it is not poetry of the same level as version B. The reason, I think, is that while A is an intellectual statement (introduced and weakened by the all-too-logical word "for"), B is a resolution *in fully human terms* of the *whole* problem and conflict, which is not merely intellectual and cannot therefore be adequately resolved in merely intellectual terms.

In the preceding verse Blake deleted the word "curses" in favor of the word "tears," so that originally the lines read:

Feyette beheld the King & Queen
In curses & iron bound

Again the change is significant. The original version is very powerful and has the advantage of the great force of the image "bound in curses," a

tremendous concept. Why did Blake change it? For precisely the same reason, I think, as the other revision. "Curses" is stronger, "tears"—in that context—more fully human. For by introducing the king's and queen's tears Blake deliberately weights the scales, so to speak, against an easy solution. For the king and queen *are* pathetic, Lafayette's temptation is a real temptation. It is inadequate to dismiss him (or our latter-day renegades) *just* as a traitor. The full pity of the situation is that it is not the stupid but the sincere who most bertay. And so, by his emendations, which appear at first glance to weaken the class-consciousness, the enormous power and clarity of his vision—Blake does in fact strengthen his poem by strengthening the conflict within it, deepening the tension, encompassing more of the truth about what revolutions are.

The final resolution of the poem comes in the last two verses: variations on the same theme and stated in the form of four questions. In four sets of images—three of them containing contrasts based on the already stated theme of exchange (i.e., the exchange through revolution of a new society for an old)—the full "meaning" of the poem is pressed into our consciousness. The method is the opposite of abstract argument. To make his point Blake presents us with the simplest possible material images; the issues are removed from the realm of complex moral abstractions to that of basic human choices. The homely yet powerful images pile up in our mind so that we understand better than before what the class struggle, in all its simplicity and infinite complexity, its pity and terror and its final hard-gained people's triumph, is. And we feel on our pulses the abysmal black fatuity of the man who pities the stormy roar. In short, this is a great revolutionary poem because it deepens our feelings about the class struggle and, thus changing us, makes us better able to cope with our own world and its problems.

Magnificent Obsession

No Western policy can win Arab good will unless it takes full account of the Arab obsession with independence and neutrality—H. A. R. Philby in The New Republic.

Who Needs Schools Now?

Radioactive substances released by nuclear explosions have caused an upsurge in intelligence among children, according to Dr. J. Ford British psychiatrist.—New York Times.

On the Firing Line

The Defense Department has refused to tell a Congressional Committee why it applied security clearance procedures to a review of a book by a Civil War General. . . . The editor of Armor, a publication devoted to the Armed Services, told the committee that he submitted a review of the Civil War book to the Defense Department 'because the book is critical of the Reconstruction Period, which in turn is critical of our government.'—New York Times.

(*Continued from page* 3)

vision of how societies have to struggle to leave behind the heritage of poverty, the exploitation of one man by another, and the deformation of human goodness by social environments which make humanism too costly for the average individual.

The astounding Russian people have carried on their backs the main burdens of this historic era. The socialist transformations of the West did not come to help them. They had to tighten their belts, and then did at Stalingrad pretty much on their own. In the diatribes against their system, even when some of the criticism was true, the shining fact has been carefully obscured—that this was the first society in which the factories are not owned by private owners and the social product is not distributed according to the profit interests of a minority. This essence changed world history for the better, and is bound to continue to do so. This is what we Americans cannot escape in our thoughts and action if we are to live in peace and realize the promises of our own national democratic advance.

M. H.

WAS THERE AN IVANOVICH?

NAZIM HIKMET

NAZIM HIKMET, world-famous Turkish poet, spent thirteen years in a Turkish prison for his political views. World protest brought about his release in 1950, *when he went to the Soviet Union. His poetry, a volume of which we published, is notable for its directness and originality. Hikmet's satirical play,* Was There an Ivan Ivanovich?, *reprinted from* The New Reasoner *in England, was printed in the Soviet Union in the journal* Novy Mir, *Nov.* 4, 1956. *It had one performance. There are four characters: Petrov, once an efficient administrator and now a bureaucrat fed on the flattery of Ivan Ivanovich, a flunkey called The Man in the Straw Hat, and a worker called The Man in the Cap. Our excerpt, beginning with Act* 2, *opens as Petrov is protesting the hanging of a huge portrait of himself by Ivanovich.*—The Editors.

Act Two opens with Petrov's office transformed by an enormous portrait of himself which Ivan Ivanovich has put up. Petrov protests:

Petrov: But what's it all for?

Ivanovich: If you please (moving the armchair up). Sit down . . . Comrade Petrov, let us talk like two comrades, moving along a single path to a single bright ideal. If one gets down to matters . . ." Stage by stage, Ivanovich's flattery—his fine periods, his stale romantic phrases ("bright ideal," "fiery fighter," "just pride"), his appeal to "realism" ("If you really get down to brass tacks . . .')—break down Petrov's defenses. "The whole of our region loves you," he tells Petrov. "Old people look upon you as a son, young people regard you as an elder brother. Children look upon you as their father. And this is because you in your turn lov all your fellow-citizens, Soviet people. Our region is developing, flourishing, it goes well only because of you." But despite this Petrov does not carry enough authority. "How can a leader without such authority and atmosphere carry the weight of his obligations on his

shoulders as he should. . . . It isn't a personal question. It is in the interests of the entire Soviet people. That is why we have put your portraits here, Comrade Petrov."

Reluctantly at first, Petrov allows his office to be reorganized. Fresh formalities are introduced, photographers and a sculptor come in, Petrov begins to shout at his subordinates. By the end of the scene he is falling into Ivanovich's manner of speech: he describes his friend as "a fiery fighter, marching along the path of great victories and grandiose achievements to our common ideal." In the next scene, at the canteen at his place of work, he sits with Ivanovich and th Man in the Straw Hat at a table apart from his subordinates. He instructs his driver to use the official car for his personal affairs, makes arrangements for a special shop to be started for the cigarettes, etc., of the managerial elect, and orders lemon with his tea:

Waitress: We've run out.

Petrov: You'd better send for some.

Waitress: Just a moment. (Exit).

Ivanovich: Did you see that? No one takes any notice of you here. They won't put themselves out for you, the chief of the establishment, the boss of the whole town—even to reserve you a miserable slice of lemon. Now you see! How can you, with such a staff, achieve high index figures on the path of progress and grandiose achievements?

Petrov: Yes, they're slipshod.

Ivanovich: Absolutely correct. And such a slipshod attitude, if one gets down to it ,can only harm the common cause. The enemy can use this. Isn't that so?

Petrov: I don't know . . . Perhaps. Yes. Of course!

When his girl friend, Lyudmila (or Lusya), protests at this rubbish and calls him a bureaucrat, he snubs her and sends her from the table. By the end of the scene the bureaucrat in Petrov is triumphant:

Petrov (to waitress): You'll bring tea in future to my office. (To Ivan Ivanovich and the man in the straw hat): Now, what was I saying? When I first came to this town there were only ruins. I decided at once to begin the work of restoration and to turn this town in a matter of a few months into a flowering orchard. I took up my spade with great enthusiasm. My grandiose achievements and great statistics lie before you. Those great transformations which were brought about under my leadership. . . ." The man in the cap springs up from the next table and throws himself in fury at Ivan Ivanovich ("Swine! What have you made of this fine man?") and the scene ends in confusion.

Act Two, Scene Three (The Swimming Pool) when Petrov enters the full glories of bureaucracy is printed in full below:

Swimming Pool. Benches along the sides of the pool. Petrov is sitting in a comfortable armchair . About him stand Ivan Ivanovich, the man in the straw hat, a reporter and the secretary. Behind Petrov, apart from the group, stands the chauffeur. On a side bench sits the man in the cap. There are competitions in progress in the pool. Young men and women in swimming costumes keep passing up and down the length of the pool.

Man in Straw Hat (to audience): You see, dear comrades, Comrade Petrov hasn't looked in at the swimming pool for a long time, but now he is with us again. There are swimming competitions here today. Comrade Petrov expects all young people, children and even old people to engage in sport. So that every citizen of the town can achieve a world record.

Petrov (importantly): If you really get down to brass tacks, sport is a most important factor in the cause of strengthening health.

Ivanovich: Have you got that?

Journalist: I didn't quite get the last word?

Man in Straw Hat: It's always the same! Call yourself a journalist!

Secretary: The last word was "health." But don't forget our conditions—you can only write down part of Comrade Petrov's thoughts, each of which is an aphorism. Your articles must not interfere, d'you understand. . . .?

Man in Staw Hat (continuing the Secetary's words): . . . in the publication of our book. (To the audience). Between ourselves dear comrades (pointing to the secretary) only he mustn't know, in addition to the book, I personally am writing a thesis on the subject: "The significance of punctuation marks in the immortal aphorisms of Comrade Petrov." I don't want him to know about it or else he'll poke his nose in where it's not wanted. By the way, respected comrades, I consider it incorrect, from the point of view of the interests of science, that two people should win the title of candidate of sciences and move forward towards a doctorate on the basis of a single thesis, despite the importance of the subject.

Petrov (pointing to one of the swimmers in the pool): That young lady in the yellow cap is using her arms well. In this way she is developing, widening and securing in her sector our Soviet sport.

Ivanovich (to the pressman): Have you got that? What, you didn't hear what he said this time either?

Journalist: Forgive me . . . did he say in the blue cap?

Man in the Straw Hat: Oh no, in the yellow cap.

Petrov: I like people doing the crawl.

Secretary (to the pressman): You can't have that, that's for the book (to the man in the straw hat). A very subtle remark!

Man in the Straw Hat: Absolutely!

Man in Cap: Are you out of your mind? What is there exceptional about the remark: "I like people doing the crawl." I like swimming on my back. Why don't you write that down?

Man in Straw Hat: You're talking in accordance with the laws of formal logic. There is not any single question which we have the right to discuss "in general"; the question here lies in the first place in its concreteness ,that is who says these words. That is according to the station in life of the person saying the words, they acquire this or that specific weight and significance.

Man in Cap: Do you mean that when any word is said by Petrov it means one thing while when I use the same word it means something quite different?

Man in Straw Hat: Well, what do you think? Moreover, you simply can't say the same as Comrade Petrov! Every word and every thought must be said by you after Sergie Konstantinovich, learning from him. Not before him, not with him, only after him.

Petrov: Swimming both in fresh and salt water is the finest form of sport.

Man in Straw Hat: Mind you don't touch on the punctuation marks! That's my subject.

Journalist: Forgive me, I don't follow. . . .

Man in Straw Hat: And don't try to understand. The journalist who wants to unedrstand anything won't get very far.

Petrov: If one really gets down to brass tacks, I'm interested to know who's going to win.

Secretary (to journalist): You can write that down.

Petrov: The victory will go to the worthy.

Secretary: You can't write that down.

Petrov: Ivan Ivanovich!

Ivanovich: At your service!

Petrov: Smoking is permitted!

Ivanovich: Right! (to the secretary). Smoking is permitted!

Secretary (turning to the next group): Smoking is permitted!

The words "Smoking is permitted" pass from group to group.

Petrov: Ivan Ivanovich!

Ivanovich: At your service.

Petrov (pointing to the man in the cap who has crossed his legs, seated): Look how he's sitting!

Ivanovich: Uncouth creature! (Going up to the man in the cap). Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

Man in Cap: Ashamed? What for?

Ivanovich: Your manners! So free and easy. Look at the way you're sitting! With Comrade Petrov here too!

Man in Cap: I'm not sticking my foot in Comrade Petrov's face. I'm minding my own business and sitting as I wish. What's it got to do with anyone?

Ivanovich: What about respect for the leadership?

Man in Cap: So now we're to use our feet to show respect? You know what? Hop it, will you. . . . You watch out, if I lay hands on you again, nobody and nothing'" save you. Make a noise like a hoop!

Ivanovich (returning to Petrov's side): It's very hot, Sergei Konstantinovich. . . .

Petrov: Yes, it's hot . . . Mm . . . Ivan Ivanovich. . . .

Ivanovich: At your service.

Petrov: How old are you? I thought we were much of an age. Sometimes, to look at you, you're much older.

Ivanovich (half-serious, half-joking): I'm old enough to be your father, or your grandfather ,or even your great-grandfather!

Man in Cap (turning to the audience and pointing out Ivan Ivanovich): It seems to me that he was alive in tsarist Russia. Or perhaps he got through with the balloons we've been reading about in the papers. Perhaps he appeared earlier and some other way. We didn't make him. He's an alien plant in our soil!

Man in Straw Hat: Might I ask a question, Sergei Konstantinovich?

Petrov: Certainly.

Man in Straw Hat: You once pointed out that the ballet was gradually getting out of step with life.

Petrov (completely forgetting his important tone of voice): I did? When?

Ivanovich (whispering): Don't forget yourself.

Petrov: What? Oh, yes, yes. If one really gets down to brass tacks, I have in my time pointed out that. . . .

Man in Cap (shooting out of his seat, shouting): Don't make a laughing-stock of yourself! What do you understand of the ballet? Don't meddle in what isn't your business!

Petrov (gently, tiredly): Comrade, there is nothing I do not understand. I know everything and understand all.

Ivanovich: We're listening, Sergei Konstantinovich.

Petrov: If you really get down to brass tacks, in the ballet it is necessary in the first place to develop our classical traditions and still further enrich Russian ballet with the achievements of Soviet ballet. It must be so arranged that when we see Soviet ballet, we are filled with justifiable pride.

Man in Straw Hat (to the man in the cap): Well, how's that?

Man in Cap: No one's disputing that. But . . .

Man in Straw Hat: Sh . . . sh. . . .

Petrov: But we must not confuse the pas de deux, the pas de quatre and the pas d'espagne . This would lead us back into decadence. We cannot permit subjectivism and individualism in the ballet.

Man in Cap (to man in the straw hat): Well, what have you to say to that? Forcing a man to talk rubbish!

Petrov: Unfortunately the shortcomings which we meet in the sphere of ballet, exist also in our astronomy. In astronomy it is first of all important to turn serious attention to ensuring that in the study of the stars, preference should not be given to any one star at the expense of others, which would lead us to fall into serious mistakes, which has been the case in the works of some of our erring astronomers. It is necessary to achieve high index figures in astronomy, grandiose achievements and results which inspire us to new deeds.

Man in Cap: Just listen your fill!

Journalist: Forgive me, Comrade Petrov, whom did you have in mind when you spoke of erring astronomers. I am sure that our readers would like to know the names of these astronomers, so that they could preserve themselves from their mistakes.

Petrov looks questioningly at Ivan Ivanovich.

Ivanovich: If it were necessary to proclaim the names of these comrades ,Sergei Konstantinovich would have done so without waiting for your tactless questions.

Man in Straw Hat: They will be proclaimed when necessary!

Secretary: Sergei Konstantinovich, is there nothing you would like to say to the new world record-holder?

Petrov: I would like to say something.

The Secretary brings Lusya up. She is in a wet bathing costume, straight from the competition. The journalist gets his camera ready.

Ivanovich (to the Secretary): What the hell did you bring her for?

Petrov looks at Lusya glassy-eyed. He obviously does not recognize her.

Petrov (importantly): May I congratulate you on a new world record. In my past I also engaged in water sport. Water sport plays an important role in our economic life and our morality. Sport, ir one really gets down to it, strengthens the health. Like swimming! Swimming, both in fresh and salt water is the finest form of sport. Long live water sport!

Lusya (listening to all this with tears in her eyes): Sergei Konstantinovich. . . .

Petrov (noticing nothing of this): Say something. Don't be shy. Tell my secretary about all the shortcomings of your sports society. We'll check up. We'll get to the bottom of it. Action.

Lusya (quite desperate): Seryozha!

Petrov: Whom ?

Ivanovich: She's calling the team captain to tell him of the attention you've paid them (takes her by the arm and wants to move her away). Don't prevent comrade Petrov from getting on with his work . .. If you please, comrade . . .

Lusya: Sergei (faints).

Petrov: What's the matter with her ?

Man in straw hat and secretary fuss over her.

Secretary: Probably over-tired . . .

Petrov: Let her see my doctor.

Man in straw hat and secretary carry Lusya off. Ivan Ivanovich follows them.

Main in Cap (to Petrov): You didn't recognize her?

Petrov (simply): Who?

Man in Cap: Lusya.

Petrov (recalling with difficulty): Lusya? Lusya . .. Lusya . .. Oh, I've got a terrible headache . .. fit to burst . . .

Ivan Ivanovich rushes in.

Ivanovich: Headache? (hands him some pills). Have an aspirin, it'll soon wear off . . .

Petrov: I'm sick of swallowing pills! I want a swim (exit).

Enter man in straw hat and Secretary.

Secretary: It's hot today.

Man in Straw Hat: In hot weather a man entering either fresh or salt water, is refreshed.

Secretary: That is one of Sergei Konstantinovich's sayings.

Man in Straw Hat: Yes, it is—one of his most profound thoughts.

Ivanovich: We ought to blazon this thought in gold letters on red bunting the length of our football field at the stadium.

Man in Cap: What's it got to do with football?

Secretary: Every word pronounced by Comrade Petrov is related to

any sector of our cultural and social life.

Enter Petrov in bath-robe. Secretary runs up to him and helps him disrobe. Petrov stands in his swimming shorts.

Ivanovich (horrified): What are you doing?

Secretary (frightened): What have I done?

Petrov (surprise): What's the matter?

Ivanovich (to the secretary): Put his bath-robe on at once!

Secretary puts bath-robe on Petrov.

Petrov: What for? What's the matter. Ivan Ivanovich?

Ivanovich: How can you ask! How can a leader show himself to the people naked!

Petrov: But I want a swim! You don't expect me to go in in my bath-robe, do you?

Ivanovich: I know what to do. Just a moment (to the chauffeur). Sasha. Lend a hand !

A fence comes down which divides the pool, leaving Petrov, Ivan Ivanovich, the secretary and the man in the staw hat on one side and the man in the cap and everyone else on the other side.

Ivanovich (helping Petrov off with his bathrobe): If you please. Now you can swim. From now on this will be your own private pool. Now no one will bother your thoughts, which are elevated exclusively towards the good of mankind.

Petrov goes into the water. The chauffeur and the secretary bring a life- belt, fastened to a long, thick bamboo pole.

Secretary (to Ivanovich): Nearly forgot it.

Ivanovich (holding it out to Petrov, who is swimming): Please,

Secretary: Your life belongs to the people. Put it on!

Petrov: What for, I'm a good swimmer.

Man in Straw Hat: That is of no importance, we must take all the necessary steps to safeguard and secure the life of a leader as priceless as yourself.

Secretary: Your life belongs to the people. Put it on!

Petrov puts the lifebelt on. Man in straw hat, secretary and chauffeur pull him through the water with the help of the bamboo stick which hooks to the lifebelt.

Petrov: That's enough. Even for the people . . . I can't be so victimized . . . This isn't swimming, its suffering . . . Pull me out . . .

Petrov is helped out. Secretary and chauffeur carry off lifebelt which they help Petrov take off. Man in straw hat puts bath-robe round Petrov. Beyond the fencing everyone has gone away. Only the man in the cap remains. A brass band can be heard.

Petrov: I don't like that music (to the man in the straw hat). Fetch the bandmaster.

Man in straw hat exits.

Ivanovich: You can't see him like that. Please be good enough to dress.

Petrov exit. Enter the bandmaster .

Bandmaster: Comrade Petrov sent for me?

Ivanovich: You're going to catch it.

Enter Petrov.

Petrov: Well, what did the bandmaster say?

Ivanovich: He's here in person.

Petrov: Oh, you? Good. Comrade, what were you playing? Do you consider that music worthy of Soviet people? Do you think that such works help the spiritual growth of Soviet youth? Do you think that by this set of circumstances you can fight against phenomena from petty bourgeois remnants in the consciousness of the masses? And when there are works of genius which are the pride of our classical heritage!

Bandmaster: But we were playing Tchaikovsky! Forgive me, but perhaps you do not consider the work of Tchaikovsky to be part of our classical heritage?

Petrov (assuming an angry air): Are you suggesting that I doubt whether Tchaikovsky is a classic or not? What grounds have you for such a doubt? How can you raise any doubts—was Tchaikovsky a classic or not? Tchaikovsky's Dance of the Swans is a fine piece of work. We are filled with just pride when we hear it. They should play this work of genius of his ten, no, twelve times a day on the radio. Make this known. And that's that. (Turns away).

Bandmaster exit.

Petrov: That was a tough spot! Made a fool of myself.

Man in Cap: You did.

Ivanovich: Why made a fool of myself? How can comrade Petrov

Petrov: He looked at me contemptuously. . . .

make a fool of himself before a bandmaster.

Ivanovich: This petty bourgeois touchiness does not suit you, Sergei Konstantinovich.

Petrov: I expect everyone in the town's laughing at me . . .

Man in Cap: Not everyone. On the contrary, your friends are sorry for you . . . Want to help you. But you won't have anything to do with them.

Ivanovich: What rubbish you're talking! Who would dare mock comrade Petrov? Who dares be sorry for him? It's simply that everyone keeps at a respectful distance. If you really get down to brass tacks you

are the creator and inspirer of this town. All its achievements and victories are linked with your name.

Petrov: I feel ill . . . as though a stone were pressing down my heart. Nothing pleases me . . . I'm suffering. . . .

Man in Cap: It'll be worse yet. Pull yourself together! Free yourself of this nightmare!

Ivanovich: Comrade Petrov, take yourself in hand. Leaders like you must have good nerves.

Petrov (with an important air): My nerves are sound. No one can doubt the strength of my will. Oh, if only there were a few more, say even a couple more people like me! Then you would see what targets we would reach, successes and upsurges on the path of progress! But there is no one like that, not a single person.

Ivanovich: Not every man can be a Petrov!

Man in Cap: Sergei Konstantinovich, listen a minute . . .

Enter agitated secretary.

Secretary (proffering to a telegrom): Sergei Konstantinovich, a telegram. You're being sent for from the centre . . . signed by Konstantin Sergeyevich . . . and, in addition ,there was a telephonogram . . . Konstantin Sergeyevich's deputy rang personally.

Petrov: They can't do a thing without me! Up to my eyes in it . . . up to here . . . and they send for me every month.

Man in Cap: Nothing of the sort. It's three years since anybody sent for you.

Petrov: I'll leave today. Mustn't wait a moment. A moment of lateness can reduce to naugh a grandiose achievement. It could stop development, expansion and strengthening. Yes, I understand, they're asking for my help. I go to help them. I'm coming.

Exeunt Petrov and Secretary.

Ivanovich (to the man in the cap): D'you see? How about it? I told you I'd destroy Petrov in Act Two. Ha, ha, ha.

Man in Cap (on the other side of the fencing): Shame on you; you bastard! You rotten swine! (tries to his Ivan Ivanovich with a stick, but the fencing is in the way and he fails): Fine. We'll see! He who laughs last . . .

Ivanovich (interested): What did you say? Who laughs last? You mean at the end of the play? (suddenly guessing). Of course, of course. At the end of our play the evil men will be condemned ,the confused will be set right with the help of self-criticism and there'll be a wedding or at least a banquet.

Man in Cap: So now you're after the author—think you can win him

over too!

Ivanovich: And why not? You'll see. Look (shouting into the wings): Nazim Hikmet! Where are you? I know that the Soviet Union is your second homeland, you love Soviet people ,respect them, you're an old party man—we all know this. But is it strictly necessary for your first piece on a Soviet subject to be a satire? Who is the typical Soviet man—I or Petrov? Why do you undermine Petrov's authority? And why have you picked on us? We've enough to do as it is. Leave us alone. What's more, it comes a bit awkward—after all you're a guest here. It's bad to abuse the hospitality of Soviet people? True, it's not done to rebuke a guest, but you can take that too far. What I want to say is: why don't you drop this play. That way, it'll be better for you and for us and for the theatre which stages it— if such a thatre can be found ,of course. But if you simply must write about this, at least give it a happy ending!

Voice of Author: You're wasting your time, Ivan Ivanovich! The Soviet Union is indeed my second homeland and I love Soviet people dearly. And that's why I must act as each honest man here acts. But even if I am only a guest in the Soviet Union—in this finest house on earth—all the same, when I see a snake gliding into this house, my duty is to crush it. It's just because I hate you, Ivan Ivanovich ,and believe that Petrov will find enough strength in him to get rid of you, that I intend finishing this play. And the end won't be the one you want.

Man in Cap (laughing at Ivan Ivanovich): We'll have the end we want. Ha, ha, ha.

In Act Three Petrov is gradually deflated. He visits the city to meet his superior. Konstantin Sergeyevich. At the station there are no crowds, no official speeches, not even an official car: the young people brush past him and welcome Lusya—now a champion swimmer, instead. At the hotel he is made to wait in a queue. The local papers have no mention of his arrival. Finally he sees his superior ,who looks exactly like him, but who has more secretaries and an even larger portrait of himself on the wall. Together they intone a meaningless rigmarole of administrative catch-phrases:

Sergeyevich: Now what was I saying? If one really gets down to matters . . . Are you listening?

Petrov: Yes, yes.

Sergeyevich: In the first place it is necessary to agree, to sanction, to bear in mind . . .

Petrov: . . . Necessary to agree . . . (Pulling himself together) Konstantin Sergeyevich, let's discuss business in some other language.

Sergeyevich (not listening): Necessary to hit the nail on the head, to summarise the results, to tighten the screw . . .

Petrov (catching the infection): . . . It is necessary unceasingly, without relaxing for a moment, to introduce, to cut short, to complete . . .

Sergeyevich: No. First of all you complete, then you cut short, introduce and regulate . . .

Petrov: (from here onwards Petrov repeats the gestures, intonation and even facial expressions of Sergeyevich, as if in a mirror): . . . to work through, to cut down, to expose . . .

Sergeyevich: To agree, bear in mind, extend . . .

Petrov: . . . agree, bear in mind, extend . . .

Sergeyevich and Petrov (together): To cut short, to introduce, to encourage, develop and extend. (This goes on wordlessly for some time as though in continuation of the conversation, with Petrov repeating, mirror-like, each gesture of the other. The door opens a fraction and the head of the man in the cap appears).

Man in Cap: Stop!

Petrov is shaken out of his trance. He looks up at the portrait on the wall, and believes that he has been the victim of a plot by Ivan Ivanovich. He recovers his old buoyancy and sense of reality, and jumps on a train back to his home town in order to drive Ivanovich out. In the final scene he is back in his office, vigorous and forthright in his speech, demanding to see Ivanovich. But no one in the office knows of any such man. Finally Ivanovich enters and the man in the cap clouts him on the head with a stick.

As the stick descends on Ivanovich's head, Petrov clutches his own head .

Petrov: Oh, it hurts . . . Oh, my head !

Ivanovich (raising his head): I am Ivan Ivanovich.

Man in Cap (beating him again over the head): Take that! Let that be an end to you.

Petrov (clutching his head): Oh, my head . . . Ouch, don't hit so hard, my head's simply bursting . . . what are you doing?

Man in Straw Hat: I don't understand a thing. What's going on here? Was there an Ivan Ivanovich or wasn't there?

Man in cap raise stick once again to his Ivanovich, but Ivanovich disappears. Petrov catches the man in the cap by the hand.

Petrov: Enough! I've understood!

Man in Cap (to the audience): Have you understood too? I'm very interested: have you understood? Was there an Ivan Ivanovich or not?

SO YOU SEE WHY

JUDAH WATEN

"IF ONLY could get a job" a middle-aged Hungarian migrant said to me outside the office of the organization that has brought him to Australia. He was desperately anixous to talk. This is what he told me:

When I've told you about my life you'll know why I must get a job. I come from Budapest. I was born there 56 years ago. My father owned a small photographic business and he took me in after I left school. When he died I ran the shop and I made enough to marry on and keep a wife. Don't imagine I was swimming in gold—I wasn't. Things were very hard for us Jews in Horthy's time. But I kept my mouth closed and I survived, not like a cousin of mine who was sent to prison and was never heard of again. . . .

Just before the war things began to go from bad to worse. My shop window was broken every Monday and Thursday as the saying is, and once when I was walking down the street I got such a hiding from a gang of fascist hooligans that my family despaired of my ever getting out of bed again. Every tooth I had was knocked out of my mouth and God alone knows how many fractures I had in my head. My dear wife nursed me back to life again; she wouldn't hear of me being taken to a hosiptal where a Jew could be done away with at the whim of a fascist doctor.

When I was on my feet again I said to her: "for the sake of our only daughter let us get out of this hell before we are lost." But before we could do anything it was already too late. The war had started and Horthy was marching with Hitler. And we Jews were being shipped off to forced labor and the extermination camps. Every minute of every day I expected to be seized. Still, I kept my business open, photograph-

---

Judah Waten is an Australian novelist and critic.

ing wedding couples and making enlargements of heroes killed on the Russian front. What else could I do? Even in hell you have to eat. They left me alone for a long time. Sometimes I used to think: "I am such a quiet man maybe they'll overlook me and my family."

But the greatest sorrow of my life soon befell me. One morning my wife went out to buy food and she never came back. A Hungarian SS patrol had seized her in the street to make up a transport for Auschwitz. . . .

That day I abandoned my shop and fled with my little daughter to another part of the city. We never slept in the same place two nights running. We slept in doss houses, in cellars, in stables, under bridges and in the open. But our luck didn't hold out for ever. One night a German army patrol caught us. By then the Russians were already pushing into the city and the Germans were killing all the remaining Jews almost on sight. But the officer who had charge of us had a different idea. He locked us up with another hundred or so Jews in a building that was right in the line of the Russian advance so that we'd be killed by Russian guns. Somehow the Russians got to know we were in the building and they stopped firing. In hand-to-hand fighting they cleared the Germans right out of the whole area. Then they let us out. . . .

That's how my daughter and I came to be alive when the war ended. We were the sole survivors of a family of over a hundred souls. Now I had only my daughter. If not for her what was there to live for?

I re-opened my shop and we began to breath again. I said to myself: "The new regime doesn't persecute Jews and I'll be all right if I keep my mouth shut." But do you think they'd leave me alone? Not on your life. Now one official, now another, began to plague me. Not on account of my being a Jew. No. I was a small capitalist. So I was forced into a kind of co-operative. The whole thing went against the grain. I can't stand co-operatives and collectives. I like to be on my own, minding my own business. To tell you the truth I was beginning to hate the new regime and I was thinking of packing up and smuggling myself and my daughter over the border into Austria. It wasn't difficult: there were plenty of people to help you.

Well, why didn't you go, you'll ask me? I'll tell you. The new regime had one great virtue—it encouraged learning. Anybody who wanted to study could. And for nothing. A coal miner's daughter could go to a conservatorium if she wanted to. Well it so happened that my daughter wanted to study and she was a great scholar. They gave her scholarships and gold medals and free holidays. You can imagine how

good she was when they admitted her to the university without once worrying about her middle-class origin as they say over there. And they didn't even force her to take part in politics. She wasn't interested in politics—she only wanted to study biological science. And what is more: they gave her a living allowance almost the equal of a worker's wage.

Now do you see why I didn't take her away. I have only her to live for. So I put up with all the pin pricks and the bullying officials. I don't say anything. I wear a smile. I am a quiet man. Why should I open my mouth? I will hurt only my daughter. Another few years and she becomes a doctor of science and then a doctor of medicine and who knows but that she mightn't become a professor and have the world at her feet.

You know it was on her account that we got a flat in a new block built for university people: professors and students. That was early last year. Some of the people who got flats had been fascists in the old times but now they were pretending to be great supporters of the new regime. There was only one other Jew in the place. He was an old Communist from Bela Kun's days and he was a professor of education. He often talked to me. Usually I didn't like Communists stopping to talk to me. When I saw one coming I always used to say to myself: 'here comes trouble.' But with this old Communist I only had pleasure. He always praised my daughter. You can imagine how proud I was when he said that one day the whole of Hungary would know my daughter's name.

I missed him when he went away to lecture in Prague. It was about the time when the educated people especially the Communists, were really beginning to squabble amongst themselves. All the time they argued. They were holding meetings every night in our building. Mind you, things were happening everywhere. Even in my co-operative men who had been very quiet suddenly found tongue and began to abuse the Government. I didn't like it. It worried me. But I really got frightened when I saw a fascist, an old Arrow cross leader, visit one of the professors in our flats. And a few days later in our courtyard, anti-Government leaflets were given out under the noses of the Communists. They were so busy squabbling among themselves they couldn't see anything.

A few days afterwards when I was coming home from work a man joined me in the street and walked along with me. His face was vaguely familiar. He began to talk about the situation. I could see he knew what he was talking about. 'Mary my words,' he said, 'there's going to be bloodshed yet.' And then out of the blue he gives me a card and says:

'when the trouble starts and you decide to reach freedom don't forget to go to this address in Vienna. You'll get 150 American dollars and they'll arrange for you to go to the United States. Every Hungarian'll get the same. Don't forget to tell everybody you know.' Near my home he left me and then remembered that years before he'd been pointd out to me as a man who arranged flights abroad. . . .

He certainly knew what he was talking about. A couple of weeks later the trouble started. If you ask me how it started I couldn't tell you. Because once I heard the guns going off I took to the cellar. So did 25 others. But at first my daughter didn't want to come with me. I pleaded with her. We had always been together from those terrible days of Hitler, I said. In the end she did as I asked her. She is a very good daughter.

We'd been in the cellar a day or so when a group of armed civilians let themselves in and said they were looking for my professor, the old Communist from Bela Kun's times. They wanted to shoot him, nothing more nor less. When they discovered that he wasn't with us they began to shout and curse. They walked round looking us up and down again. One of them suddenly pointed his rifle at me and called me, 'you dirty Jew.' He was going to shoot me, because, he said, all Jews were Communists and secret policemen. I though my end had come. I had managed to evade Hitler only to fall victim to these new hooligans, I thought. My mind was very clear though. Thank God he hasn't picked on my daughter, I said to myself. Better me than her. But all the same I fell on my knees before him and pleaded with him to spare us. I said I've been a quiet man all my life.' I don't like Communists and more than you,' I said. He suddenly began to laugh. 'I will spare you,' he said and with that he lifted his boot and kicked me like a dog.' But listen to me Ikey,' he said, "if you don't clear out of Hungary I'll kill you. There's going to be no room for Jews and Communists in the new Hungary.' Then the troop left. . . .

Well, as soon as I hear the firing die down my daughter and I rushed back to the flat. We had to leave immediately, I said to her. She wept like a baby. She didn't want to go. She ran out of the flat and I ran after her. But I lost sight of her and I was nearly out of my mind. After an hour or so she returned to the flat. She had gone to look for some fellow students but she had been stopped by a group of armed men who told her that all the students were being seized by the Russians and sent off to Siberia. . . .

That night we left Budapest and when we crossed the border we were met by Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen and Austrian policemen who

all made a fuss of us and sent us on to Vienna by bus. And where do you think we were taken to? Correct. That office where we collected 150 American dollars. And the Americans there called us heroes but said they couldn't send us to America straight away. We were sent to a camp instead. . . .

To tell you the bitter truth when we got to the camp we found that the Hungarian Jews were housed in one compound, the non-Jewish Hungarians in another and there was a strong body of Austrian police in between to prevent the Hungarian Arrow cross men from attacking the Jews. As we walked to our quarters several men from the non-Jewish side shouted to us: 'We'll get you yet, you dirty Jews.' In that moment I knew what I had got myself into. I couldn't look my daughter in the face. What bitter freedom I had bought for us! I had brought ruin to her.

Now what else is there to tell you? We didn't go to America. They wouldn't have us. If they had known what a scholar my daughter was they would have taken us. They were taking all the scientists, especially those who know about physics. But my daughter wouldn't tell them who she was and she wouldn't let me. So we were sent here. . . .

Now my poor girl works in a factory and when she comes home in the evenings she is nearly dead. It breaks my heart to see her. I ask her to forgive me. She says she has nothing to forgive me for but she can't forgive herself. 'I am to blame,' she says. Since she received a letter from a fellow student in Budapest she has been filled with melancholy. She says she should have known better than to believe those man who told her that the students were being shipped to Siberia. . . .

So you see why I need a job. If I had a job I would save the last penny and send my daughter to the university here. You must have money to send a girl to the university here, they tell me. . . . A lot of money they say.

VOICE OF SIBELIUS

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

JEAN SIBELIUS, who died on September 20, 1957, is one of the great composers who carried into the twentieth century the great traditions of humanism and the attachment of the composer to his nation. Like many other composers of our time, his sadness and subjectivity are sometimes overwhelming. But if tragedy entered his work, it was a social tragedy, a consciousness of a people suffering, not a lonely outcry of fear.

Finland traditionally had been a battleground between Sweden and Russia. In the nineteenth century it had won part autonomy, as a Grand Duchy under the Russian Empire, with its own constitution .Life was hard, in this mainly agricultural country. Sibelius' father, a doctor, had died while attending to the people during the typhus epidemic of 1867-8, aptly called "hunger" typhus because it was most virulent when crops failed. In the middle of the nineteenth century, national-minded Finnish cultural figures had fought as much against Swedish domination as against Russian. But in the 1890's, the Russian Imperial reins were tightened, and this was answered by a clamor for Finnish independence. Some constitutional concessions were won during the Russian revolutionary outbreaks of 1905, but the grip of reaction was again soon tightened.

It was this struggle for Finnish cultural and political independence that fired the heart and mind of Sibelius, who was born in 1865, when he came to maturity in the 1890's. A work as early as *En Saga* (1892, revised 1901) established him as basically an orchestral composer, addressing the nation from a public forum. It is somewhat more abundant in singing melody than his later works, but his originality of voice is already apparent in the texture of the music. A succession of melodies, in "modal" or irregular folk scales is spun over a shimmering rhythmic-harmonic web, a combination of declamatory, speech-inflected music with rhythm-charged, repeated *ostinato* phrases. He already showed his ability

to seize and make his own the double origin of folk music, in speech and human movement, to create melodies of his own which sound completely folk.

What are the roots of this idiom? In 1892, after Sibelius had composed his choral-orchestral work *Kullervo,* based on the *Kalevala* legends, he wrote, "The language of sound that I had employed in *Kullervo* was considered to give such thorough and true expression of Finnish scenery and the soul of the Finnish people that many were unable to explain it in any other way than that I had made direct use of folk melodies, especially of the accents of runic song, in my work. The genuinely Finnish tone of *Kullervo,* could, however, not have been achieved in this way, for the simple reason that at the time the work was composed I was not acquainted with my supposed model. First I composed *Kullervo.* Then I went to Karelia to hear, for the first time in my life, the *Kalevala* tunes from the lips of the people." What this means however, is only that Sibelius is not an "arranger" of folk material, but an original composer. He must have heard Finnish folk song in his youth. He may have gotten the feeling of a Scandinavian folkish lyricism from the Norwegian, Edvard Grieg (1843-1907), whose genius ran however to a more tender sweetness, in contrast to the starkness and strength of Sibelius. He may have learned something of the "folk touch" from the Russian composers, with their exploration of irregular scales. The English singer, Astra Desmond, writes, regarding his songs, "In place of pure melody, Sibelius has evolved a kind of declamatory recitative (not in any way to be confused with what is known as *Sprechgesang* which is singularly beautiful and quite peculiar to himself. As often in Sibelius' music, one feels he as tapped some primeval source of inspiration, so here one feels he has gone back to a rhapsodic style that ancient minstrels may have used." Thus out of memories of the general style of Finnish folk music and an unerring feeling for the organic roots in declamation and rhythm of folk style itself, he was able to create an idiom which sounded to the Finnish people not in the least alien or stange; one that they accepted as their own.

The tone poem, *Finlandia,* (1899-1900), composed to fit the theme "Finland awakes" in a patriotic pageant, became an embodiment of national pride. Performances were forbidden in Finland for some years. It is, like *En Saga,* more sweetly melodic than his later big orchestral works, but the melodies, with their "national anthem" character, have great distinction, and the fierce declamatory tone of its opening pages already presages his later style. The tone poems and symphonies that follow are a body of music unique in history. One can find a general

background for them; for the tone poems, not so much in the Liszt "philosophical" works as in the patriotic works of Smetana's *My Homeland* cycle, and Dvorak's orchestral folk-tale works like *The Golden Spinningwheel;* for the symphonies, not so much the German tradition as the Russian, of Tchaikovsky and Borodin. But never before had so great a body of works been so completely and unequivocally dedicated to national pride, national tradition and national freedom. The subjects of the tone poems came partly from the *Kalevala,* an epic poem which had been put together as late as the nineteenth century from thousands of ballads, tales and saga-fragments that existed among the peasantry, preserved by them from tribal days. Thus these tone poems may be called an expansion of familier folklore. Others may be called "nature pictures," which again relate directly to the life of the people, for in a land where the peasantry are engaged in a constant struggle with nature, the forces of which are felt with particular violence, nature legends have a special evocative power. Nature and myth merge with one another, as for example in *Tapiola,* an evocation of the "god of the forests." And the style of the tone poems is also the style of the symphonies. The *First Symphany* (1899) opens with a melodic recitative for clarinet, meditative and with a touch of pathos, over a roll of drums, and then the first theme proper comes, a fierce cry from the strings. Like this cry is the declaration with which *Tapiola* opens, in a tone of suppressed fury, although it was comtwenty-six years later. The difference between tone poem and symphony is that the symphonies are broader in the sweep of life they contain within a single work, and where the tone poems bring the past to bear upon the present, the symphonies are an immediate reaction to "the state of the nation." Thus, while the early tone poems, such as *En Saga, The Swan of Tuonela* and the three *Lemminkainen* legends embodied a sense of the bardic past, reminding the people of their own independent language, their own culture, their ancient heroes, the *Second Symphony* (1901) came like a great wordless call for a free Finland.

This symphony indicates how completely Sibelius has been able to recast the classic symphonic framework into an embodiment of his own message, in which every phrase is "Sibelius" and Finland. He was an admirer and deep student of Beethoven, and a characteristic of the symphonic form to him was "the profound logic that created an inner connection between all the motifs." Where Beethoven's themes however are more sharply defined, those of Sibelius are more fragmentary and malleable. They have great individuality and expressive power at the same time. They proceed antiphonally, each appearing as an answer to the proceeding one, and so an organic, binding tissue is created that

infuses the entire work. So charged with power is the declamation he creates that it can stand alone, without lush harmonization. The first movement of the symphony exhibits this "bare" quality. There are no transitional or accompaniment passages. Every phrase, from the very beginning, is an expressive motif, with a strong role to play. Two groups of such motifs are introduced, making up an "exposition," largely speech-inflected, and even the theme heard near the beginning from oboe and clarinet, that sounds like a folk dance, is given a halting, "recitative" quality. The symphony proceeds largely in terms of single declamatory lines or a two-voice polyphony. There is a "classic" development section, but one wholly different in approach from either Beethoven's or later, romantic-style thematic development. Sibelius' motifs, charged with feeling, are put into ever-new shapes and combinations which become also a process of "giving birth to melody." Thus the first movement of the *Second Symphany* rises to a climax of tremendous antiphonal declamation. There is no classical recapitulation, but instead a short, compressed recapitulation and coda. It is a more subjective approach to the symphony than in the classic pattern, and the entire emotional process of this symphony is one of brooding, or "darkness," finally arriving at "light" and the outer world.

SIBELIUS is not the most prolific of songful melodists, but his melodies are great ones. The slow movement of the *Second Symphony* illustrates the process of the "birth of melody" from thematic fragments, the climax of the movement being the emergence of a poignant, funeral melody, like a requiem for the dead. The scherzo is not a folk dance but a typical example of the composer's rhythm-charged idiom, here also accompanied by fierce cries and ejaculations. The middle section however is a beautiful "Finlandia-type" song. The scherzo leads into the closing movement, a magnificent, grand, heroic processional reaching a stirring climax, an "outer world" statement, rousing the spirit like a banner waving.

A lighter, more lyrical period follows the *Second Symphony* ,producing the *Violin Concerto* (1903-5), full of rousing folk-dance images that are nevertheless given a brooding, *parlando* character; *Pohjola's Daughter* (1906), which is like a blithe version of *En Saga;* and the *Third Symphony* (1907). Then the *Fourth Symphony* (1911) comes, speaking of a deep emotional crisis. Its slow movement, in which the "fragments" gradually build up to a melodic outcry of deep anguish, is the most heartbreaking section in his entire work. The last movement, with its vigorous rhythms tempered by discordant cries, is like an unsuccessful

effort to regain hope. There may have been a personal problem in the composer's mind. In 1908 he had undergone a throat operation, and for some years afterwards he had fears of cancer. But it is also likely that Sibelius the patriot is feeling the crisis of European society. In 1911 Bartok produced one of his most lonely, despairing works, *Bluebeard's Castle.* Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire,* with its cries of fear, came in 1912. Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring,* a primitivistic "shock" piece flung in the face of civilization, came in 1913. The *Fourt Symphony* is Sibelius' own version of this desolation.

Then came the great war itself, which had been brewing, its tensions felt throughout Europe for almost two decades. The Finns, like most of the small nations caught in the millstones of great-power conflicts, had no love for either side, but rather a hope for their own independence. The Russian revolution of 1917 finally did bring Finland independence.

The *Fifth Symphony,* first composed in 1915, revised in 1916 and rewritten in 1919, covers these years. It has something of the heroic-patriotic spirit of the *Second Symphany,* but without the clarity and forthright melodiousness of the earlier work. It inaugurates a "late style," in which there is a more complex, subtle harmonic texture, and a greater economy of theme' which are at the same time given a more intense development. The first movement begins with and expands upon a "horn call" motif, like a call to hope and action. There is a sadder answering motif, then a crescendo, and a wisp of what sounds like a peasant dance. The exposition is repeated in variant form, a declamatory development follows, and then the peasant-dance motif expands into a rousing scherzo-like section, the nearest to a "peasant picture" in all Sibelius. A dramatic apotheosis of the "horn call" motif ends the movement. The second movement is an enchanting set of variations on a rhythm-dominated melody. The concluding movement starts with a pulsating, rhythmic "perpetual motion," and then a powerful striding, bell-like theme appears, which grows to dominate the movement, like an unstoppable tread. It does not "sing," like the finale of the *Second Symphony,* but it is equally compelling. It could be the march of Finnish independence.

Following this, major works are few. The *Sixth Symphony* (1923) is Sibelius at his most quiet and reserved. The *Seventh Symphony* (1924), in one movement, is a deeply touching work, one of the greatest examples of Sibelius' ability to spin a long, grand, continuously evolving melodic line, tragic in feeling but without declamation. There are two interspersed folk-dance episodes. Commissioned from the United States was *Tapiola* (1925), with its declamatory motifs, ostinatos and tread-like

rhythm, the work of a consummate master in its immense structure built of the barest materials.

Then, but for some short pieces, the last of which appear in 1929, there was silence. Sibelius was said to have been composing music, and there were rumors of a completed eighth symphony, but nothing was forthcoming.

As to the reasons for this silence, we can only speculate. The Finnish declaration of independence came through the action of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. The Communist movement grew in Finland, and a Finnish Workers Socialist government was proclaimed. Against it, Baron Carl Gustav Mannerheim, a Swedish Finn who had been a general in the Russian Tsarist army, pro-German and royalist in mentality, raised an army of White Guards. With the aid of 12,000 troops from Germany, he overthrow the socialist government. Sibelius suffered discomforts from the Left, such as having his home searched for hidden arms. The White Guards, victorious with the help of the Germans, inaugurated however a frightful slaughter of the socialist sympathizers. David Hinshaw, a colleague and biographer of Herbert Hoover, and no friend of the Left, writes, "The White Guard, following victory, placed 80,000 Reds, men and women, in concentration camps of which an estimated 10,000 died of starvation."* The Encyclopedia Britannica states that White Guards slaughtered "some 15,000 men, women and children." And Hinshaw indicates the class forces attacking the socialist regime. "It was a contest of the old inland's yeomen and pastors that was in part led by the Swedish-speaking educated classes against the new proletariat of the towns and the landless peasants." The subsequent "independent" Finnish government, in which those still alive with socialist sympathies were removed from the voting rolls, invited a German prince to be its king, and Mannerheim at the same time sought to lead an army of intervention to overthrow the revolutionary regime in Russia. The collapse of the German Kaiser and his court saved Finland from the delights of monarchy. A democratic, parliamentary constitution was established. Then 1929 saw the rise of the fascist Lapua movement, operating, as Hinshaw describes it, like a Ku Klux Klan, with beatings, kidnappings and murder of socialist-minded or liberal officials. He adds, "Some capitalist interests, high army officials and private banks, which had been supporting the Lapua movement, seemed unwilling for Finland to return to Parliamentary democracy." In the 1930's, the country moved into the orbit of German financial-political influence, and while Hitler was making his bellicose proclamations, Mannerheim again came to the fore,

* David Hinshaw, *Heroic Finland*. Putnam, N. Y., 1952. pp. 40-41.

as head of the "Defense Council." The highly fortified Mannerheim Line was built a few miles from Leningrad. The Soviet Union took this line, in the war of 1939-40; then when Hitler attacked the Soviet Union, Finland became his ally. At the end of the war the Germans, before they were pushed out of Finland, devastated the north part of the country.

As to what Sibelius thought of these events that followed upon the emergence of an independent inland, there is no indication. He never took part in politics. He certainly had no socialist sympathies, and was no friend of the Left. But it is hard to see his thinking of Mannerheim as a "national hero," or embracing Hitler as a friend of Finland. And it may be that his musical silence is due to the bewilderment he felt at what had happened to his country. In the 1890's, and early 1900's, the problem was a simple one. He was a Finnish patriot. Finland was not free. The nation was united about the demand for freedom. But after freedom came, there were complications; a land torn in two, bankers, landowners, middle class, fighting the proletariat and landless farm workers, one side murdering the other. All his life Sibelius had been attached to his nation heart and soul. This is what his music primarily expressed. And after the middle 1920's, it is possible that he no longer understood the nation, as he had understood it before, and no longer knew what to say to it.

MEDICINE - THE NEW DIMENSION

DONALD SPAHN

The following study of some present-day problems of medical science was written by an active researcher in the field but who, because of continuing repressive restrictions in our country, must remain pseudonymous.—The Editors.

IN THE United States in recent years, amazing strides have been made against some of the most lethal of human diseases. These advances have been primarily against those ills caused by elements of nature such as bacteria. Although it was well known that inadequate housing, poor sanitation, malnutrition and dangerous industrial working conditions also were significant in the production of human illess, these factors were not of overriding dominance in the past period. The basic and primary causes of most fatal diseases were the microbes. These produced typhoid fever, tuberculosis, pneumonia, syphilis, diphtheria, meningitis, rheumatic fever etc. These germs were obviously not placed on this earth by man and man had no vested interest in their future or welfare. Man, therefore used his knowledge and resources to eradicate them. In recent years the fruits of the continuing industrial and technical revolution provided effective means for doing so. The development of antibiotics and new chemotherapeutic agents, and the increase in knowledge of the chemistry and biology of microbes and the human body, have reduced these diseases to a secondary place in the present panorama of disease in this country.

The elimination of the associated external factors that helped the spread and development of disease has not been accomplished nearly as completely, and although much unfinished business remains, housing has improved, nutritional standards have gone up, and good sanitation in this country is widespread. The main objections to the remarkable growth of the public health agencies (leaders in stamping out bacteria-caused illness) in this country came only from a limited and narrow segment of the population.

The same technology and scientific know-how that was responsible for eliminating pneumonia and tuberculosis as the major causes of death in adults however has brought with it a whole new set of health problems. These in fact are beginning to constitute the major health problems today. In contrast to the previous period *these causes of disease are not elements arising out of nature but are man-made*—placed in this country in our present culture by man, himself. This new array of threats against human health arises out of the very nature and application of our new technical advances, and the cultural superstructure that developed these advances. These causes of illness involve the way we travel, what we eat, the air we breathe our habits, our vices and our places of employment; all of these are the things we accept as ingredients of the American way of life. The quality of our lives as socially conditioned is now a factor confronting medical science.

A capsule presentation of a series of a few of the typical news stories concerning health that have appeared in the scientific and lay press within the past month alone will serve to illuminate this medical-social concept. The brief condensations to follow are statements made by authoritative, responsible and highly respected physicians and scientists:

Isotope Hazards seen Increasing In Industry Use—Dr. R. G. Gallagher (health physicist for the Liberty Mutual Ins. Co.) stated that over 2000 industrial forms are now using radio-isotopes under license from the A.E.C.

Though 10,000 new chemical substance are used each year as a result of industrial development "little if anything is known of the toxicity of most of these chemicals' states Dr. R. E. Boyd, regional medical director of the U.S.P.H.S.

DEATH MAY RESULT FROM SMOG

The average person consumes 30 lbs. of air a day but pays little or no attention to its quality and yet the air over an industrial city is likely to contain sulfur dioxide, ammonia, aldehydes, oxidants, carbon monoxide, hydrogen sulfide, chlorides and dust. Where there is meteorologic inversion and low wind velocity the air pollution is transformed into smog and when the saturation point is reached fatalities result—so states Dr. L. Greenburg—Comm. of Air Pollution Control of N.Y.C.

A.M.A. committee man warns Auto Industry—Dr. F. D. Woodward, chairman of the A.M.A. Comm. on Automobile crash injuries and deaths, warned that the auto industry should clean its own house and stop emphasizing speed and greater H.P. and that they should concern themselves with safety devices and less pernicious advertising slogans.

Cancer Society Heads endorse legislation to bar cancer-producing agents from being used as food additives—proposed at a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of the American Cancer Society by Dr. L. T. Coggeshal who also said that the present law concerning food additives are "outdated and need review."

MANY NEW DISEASES APPEAR—Dr. Hueper of the National Health Institute declared at the annual meeting of the American Assoc. of Pathologists and Bacteriologists that the continued introduction of new chemical and physical agents has resulted in the appearance of many environmental diseses not existing before this era.

Specially constituted study group of scientists appointed by major health agencies state "cigarette smoking is the major cause of lung cancer in the males in this country." Review of all accumulated scientific evidence is conclusive. Surgeon General of U.S.P.H.S. issues an official statement.

Excess animal fats and dairy products in our diet may be key factors in the cause of coronary artery disease—the major cause of death in the adult male population. Evidence of Annual Meeting of American Arteriosclerosis Society points in this direction.

Incidence of cancer increased 80 per cent following diagnostic foetal X-rays—these are the conclusions derived from recent British studies and reported by Dr. B. J. Duffy at the annual meeting of the American Goitre Association.

Exposure to organic phosphorus pesticides produces symptoms of toxicity in agricultural workers in the State of Washington—report in September, 1957 Public Health Reports.

Pesticide residues are found in fluid milk market—more than 60 percent of 801 market milk samples collected in a country-wide survey in the fall of 1955 contained residues of organic pesticides. August 1957 Public Health Reports.

THE above only represent a cross-sectional small sampling of this increasing problem. All of these, it may be noted are *medical situations produced* by man and his social arrangements. Our diet, smoking and driving habits are all involved. That the leaders in the field of public health are aware of this change in the disease picture may be noted by the following excerpts from an address delivered by the chairman of the Section of Preventive Medicine of the A.M.A. at the last annual meeting:

> The specialist in public health must not be content to confine his interests to disease rate factors but must concern himself with the tremendous impact of an *industrial environment* on our entire population, almost half of which is employed. The techniques of studying environmental hazards have had rather extensive use in industry and have also been used to advantage in public health problems such as atmospheric and water pollution and new food additives. In addition, however, the public health specialist must recognize the need for studying the means of lowering mortality and morbidity from accidents in the home and on the highway. Problems of electromagnetic radiation, noise, and other physical health hazards promise to become increasingly important community problems.

Another excerpt from a speech delivered before the N. Y. State Medical Society by B. W. Mattison, Secretary of Health of the State of Pennsylvania, indicates an even more comprehensive appreciation of these new dangers and the means needed to combat them. He said:

> We must assume a greater role in guiding government not as passive "technical advisers" from the sidelines, but as participants in the day-to-day assurance of measures which will demonstrably improve the health of our communities. We can no longer sit neatly behind our desks and wring our hands at the public (or professional) apathy which allows needless suffering from poliomyelitis to occur, which permits under nutrition in a land of plenty, or which permits a steadily increasing toll from motor vehicle accidents. Perhaps what we need most is a shift from centripetal to centrifugal distribution of our calluses; on our head from scratching it in meditation or even bumping it against the "stone walls" of ignorance or inaction; on our hands from using our slide rules and stethoscopes and on our feet from doing "shoe leather" epidemiology.

However in most cases the real magnitude of the approaches necessary now and in the near future to combat the alarming rise in man-made sickness is only barely alluded to, either because of the lack of full understanding or because political discretion may be the better part of valor. For the problems collide with vested social interests.

Imagine for a moment that it were conclusively proven that animal fats and dairy products eaten in "excess" are major causes of heart attacks. This would mean that in order to prevent this disease much less ice cream would have to be consumed—the intake of butter curtailed—less meat, and at that only lean meat, eaten. It would mean that such slogans as "drink a quart of milk a day for your health" are not only false but harmful. Imagine the necessary struggle against the dairy

trust, the Madison Avenue advertising firms, and the cultural eating habits of the people. The Commissioner of Health in a dairy-farming state like New York would be timid—and as a matter of fact is—about advocating a change in dietary habits on such a scale.

Another example of this type of conflict has already been observed in the cigarette and lung cancer problem where the tobacco industry has set up its own scientific council to befuddle the public, and where through its vast expenditures on advertising it controls most mass means of communication. In this instance the fight against cancer has involved censorship on radio and television. United States Senators from southern tobacco-producing states have threatened the positions of government-supported scientists who have dared incriminate cigarette smoking as an important health hazard.

The drive of the automobile industry to sell more and more cars each year leads to enticing advertising that stresses greater horsepower and more speed despite the fact that there are 50,000 deaths and millions of disabling injuries on our highways each year from high speed accidents. Imagine the complexities in the fight to prevent these deaths.

It is well recognized that the present laws under which the Food and Drug Administration operates are entirely inadequate to cope with the increasing and almost indiscriminate employment of food additives, preservatives, etc. New and untested chemicals may be added to food without legislative hindrance and, according to an editorial in the September 27 issue of *Science,* the Government's testing program lags further and further behind as the number of additives increases. Several bills are now before the legislature to correct this. It is hoped that the views of the National Canners Association which is—"adamantly opposed to having any Federal agency determine what the American consumer likes or dislikes, or what serves useful purposes in any food" will not prevail. Here the fight is not against a natural element such as the tubercle bacillus but is against a man-made organization with vested interests.

It is important to realize that many additives are beneficial, and one should also understand that many crack-pots or individuals with an axe to grind seize upon these situations to confuse the public, such as those who have tried to and still are preventing the fluoridation of the water supply in many communities.

In addition, questions of morality are involved in the ethics of the "calculated risk" approach to the solution of problems where one justifies for example increasing or improving our food supply with the knowledge that the methods employed may injure a few people during

the process. How many people must be injured before it is considered immoral?

In this entire discussion the all consuming and completely dominant problem of the poisoning of the earth's atmosphere with radioactive substances through bomb testing has been deliberately avoided because it would have made all these other problems seem trite. This man-made situation is the greatest threat to human health that the earth has ever faced. Yet what is the approach of the medical profession to this? Their approach is strictly along narrow medical lines—such as "let us limit the amount of diagnostic X-rays that we take on our patients in order to limit their exposure to radiation."

This narrow and antiquated approach to the modern problems of health can accomplish nothing, whether it be radiation, traffic fatalities, or any of the other man-made dangers to health. Since the problems are man-made and involve man against man (his organization, habits, politics, vested interests, etc.), only a total social approach, with all its implications, can assure our ability in the future to prevent a reasonable number of disabilities and deaths from this vast array of health hazards. Ever since man's first appearance on earth, the problems of his health have been connected in some way with his mode of life, but never with the magnitude and directness of today. This is a new and inescapable dimension in medical science.

books in review

Un-Tender Trap

ON THE LINE, by Harvey Swados. Atlantic, Little Brown & Co. $3.75.

THE myth of the happy American worker is dealt a shattering blow by Harvey Swados in this book. Illusions on that score will never survive a reading of *On the Line.*

Swados sets out to tear the myth apart by choosing eight auto workers, more or less typical of auto workers from coast to coast, but whom he finds on the line in New York State, and shows, with tremendous authority and conviction, just what happens to a man who is chained to a factory job in the U.S.A., as of now, in the full flower of what is being called people's capitalism.

It was high time, in any case, that we heard from this sector of the population. We have been introduced to the woes and wonders of middle-class suburbia, and the tragedy of the men in the gray flannel suits, suffering in their wall-to-wall traps has been more than adequately documented in endless books.

But there's been a serious gap in the account of the worker since we saw him last in a sit-down strike in Flint, or pounding the bricks on a picket-line, or fighting scabs and stool-pigeons in the grim and desperate battle to build and win a union.

The union was won, and built, by and large. Unionism is now a permanent and accepted fact of our life. Now what?

This is where Swados picks the story up again. The sons of the men who fought and bled to build the union are now manning the assembly lines. "My Pop was a sit-down striker!" fresh young delegates at the recent auto convention cracked. But their problem has changed. But how, in what way?

Happy? Satisfied? Well, Swados presents eight biographies. As they say in the horror films, if you can't stand it, don't look.

Take, for instance, LeRoy. LeRoy is a young Negro auto worker who, simultaneously with his assembly-line work, is studying music. He will sing one day; that will be his real life, not this life of racing after hunks of steel, madly fighting that strangest time of all: company, efficiency-expert time.

But LeRoy never makes it. His throat is almost cut in an accident, and the line possesses him forever and his golden voice is slain.

Nor does Kevin, the Irish village school teacher who came to make a better living in the U.S.A. but faints, like a human being, when he witnesses LeRoy's accident. Still he has his aspirations, and the main one is to buy a car of his own. But how? He's introduced quickly into the mysteries of car-financing and before he knows it he's the proud owner of a Shamrock-green automobile—just like the hundreds

lined up in the parking lot outside the factory.

But then the secret of his slavery —and now he understands that of his fellow-workers—becomes all too clear as he goes back on the line and realizes that that Shamrock-green car will keep him there with the monthly payments necessary, or back it will go to the finance company. He's hooked. And this car will lead to another one, and he, a yearning Irish schoolteacher, will be forever caught in monthly payments for something in his heart of hearts he doesn't really need nor want anyhow. He sells the car, and takes the soonest boat back.

The line gets almost all of them, one way or another. If any escape, like "Joe, the Vanishing American," there's no assurance at all that the escape is real; or whether it's not merely the illusion of motion making for the feeling of freedom, that is, motion from trap to trap. Joe vanishes, leaving behind Walter, the callow eighteen-year-old who dreams of becoming an engineer, but meanwhile can't really cope with his job, and it's obvious that the first cut-back will see him on the outside looking in.

Whether it's Walter, or Pop who dotes on his intelligent son and kills him with a gift of a brand-new car as a reward for good school grades (the boy crashes the first night out); or whether it's Orrin, breaking free of the line to open a "business of his own" which fails, forcing him back again, or the reformed alcoholic artist and draftsman, trying to win back real life by real work, or the foreman Buster, wanting to be liked by the men he's forced to push and being caught himself mercilessly in the efficiency squeeze, or the old-timer, who at 56, once a line man, but for some years a "free" man with his own business (now busted), coming back and begging for any kind of job—whoever it is, the line dominates their lives and explains their problems to us.

One of the virtues of this book, contrasted with books about white-collar slaves, is that the problems suffered by the workers are not lost in obscurity, to be found only by skin divers in the unconscious depths. There's the factory, and there's the man: and they're at war. Nothing plainer.

Swados' reporting is accurate and bitterly true. For instance he has one of the workers, Joe the Vanishing American, make an attempt to explain why any man remains on the job they hate. "Why do they stay?" he's asked, and he replies: "They're trapped, that's why. They say everybody's supposed to be, one way or another, but it's worse to be stuck here. Spending your life on the production line means counting out the minutes, being grateful that Mondays go fast because you're rested, and hating Tuesdays because the week is so long. It means that you're paying off forever on all the things you've been pressured into buying by getting up every day in order to do something you'd never, never think of doing if it was a matter of choice. It means never having anything to look forward to in all your working life."

And this is how the worker on the line looks at his job: "No one who comes here wants to admit that the place has any real connection with his real life. He has to say that he is just putting in his time here, and so no matter how friendly he is by nature, he has to think of the people around him as essentially strangers, men whom

he can't even trouble to say good-bye to when he quits or gets laid off."

They're men stripped of dignity, their energy ruthlessly and scientifically squeezed out of them to the last drop, ashamed of themselves and of each other, haunted by insecurity and failure, and the worst realization of all, that they have been caught, trapped by family and debt, forever to be the human offering to the never-satiated belt.

Harsh enough, and true enough, and yet not quite true. The trouble with Swados' thesis is that he proves it too well. All eight characters are related to the same thing, the line, that is, to industrial exploitation; but they touch each other only slightly as the book develops, and their lives are investigated somewhat too closely on the order of a case study, almost too much as if Swados were illustrating a thesis.

The impact is not as strong as it could have been. These men are seen clinically, examined; but they are not set in a unified drama, a single theme which builds into a single climax of motion in conflict with motion. Here is the flaw which is the flaw in the conception.

For these men cannot be seen only in passivity. True, Swados destroys the myth of his happiness in this era of high wages (or apparently high wages, supplemented by overtime and moonlighting); but in this book he also leaves them almost helpless before the industrial and ideological juggernaut. True we get a glimpse of the union but it too is caught in a kind of stasis, like one of the fixed elements in the fixed picture.

But what's moving? Where are the workers going? Or are they going anywhere? Perhaps, at the moment, not too visibly; but already, it seems to me, the writer should be reacting to the invisible signs, no matter how small they are. For motion is implicit in the posture of workers versus companies, and Swados would have helped us a lot if he had searched for those signs in the men on the lines from coast to coast who are already in motion, if only in their hearts.

But for that one needs another way of looking at things—not as they appear passively, but as they appear in their dynamism. For nothing remains the same, least for all the men "on the line."

PHILLIP BONOSKY

Case for Socialism

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF GROWTH, by Paul A. Baran. Monthly Review Press, New York, 1957. 15.00.

THIS book is required reading for everyone interested in understanding the present state of capitalism in the United States and its relations with the world.

While others still are calling for agonizing reappraisals, Professor Baran has done the job, his enterprising publishers have produced the book, which now stands before us as a challenge to a new and more complete analysis of modern capitalism.

This reviewer considers this to be the most important contribution to a Marxist understanding of political economy since at least World War II. Here is no crabbed, dogmatic attempt to squeeze economic theory into the Procrustean bed of preconceived notions. Professor Baran uses his Marxist

analytical tools in the grand classical manner. He ranges the forbidding economic world in a sweeping style; he brings the boiling events of the post-war world into a simple focus, and he sketches out the future in broad strokes, that not only carry conviction but also a degree of inspiration which is clearly beyond the usual function of the dismal economist.

Professor Baran centers his analysis on the basic Marxist concept of the economic surplus. In all forms of economic society there must be an economic surplus if there is to be any forward movement at all. And the economic surplus is a simple concept consisting of that excess of goods produced in any society over and above what is required to feed the members thereof and to replace the equipment used up in production.

When you know how the surplus is produced, how it is used and who has the control of it, then you know what makes any particular form of economic society tick.

When competitive capitalism grew out of feudalism, there was born an essentially new and far more productive society than any that had gone before. In previous forms of economic organization the economic surplus went into the hands of classes that tended to consume or waste it. The dynamics of capitalism were such that the recipients of the economic surplus, the capitalists, were constrained to save it and reinvest it. And so capitalism brought vistas of economic expansion hitherto undreamed of. But the dynamics of capitalism in time brought about a new situation. Where in the earlier days relatively small capitalists were com-surplus accruing to them for the purpose of investing in newer and ever more productive equipment, the very logic of their intense competition reduced the number of capitalists. Capitalism entered its oligopolist and monopolist stage.

And that is where we are today. In each major industrial sphere, one or two or three or four huge corporations control the output. The laws of competitive capitalism no longer prevail. Since competition is reduced to a minimum there is no longer the compulsion to reinvest the economic surplus in ever more productive equipment. Great masses of potential capital tend to accumulate, and tendencies toward stagnation arise. These may be interrupted by temporary factors; but then reassert themselves.

While capitalism in the United States was developing into its monopolist phase, however, a large part of the world broke out of capitalism altogether. Russia, after the first world war, and many other countries after the second, have adopted socialism. And the essence of socialism lies in the fact that the economic surplus is socially controlled. Unlike competitive capitalism, where the surplus is controlled by numbers of relatively small capitalists, and monopoly capitalism, where it is controlled by a greatly reduced number of large corporations, under socialism the economic surplus is controlled by society and its disposition is planned.

Now that there are two well defined economic systems existing in the world, competition willynilly rages between them. With or without recognition by politicians and/or statemen, peaceful or no, the competition will go on. And the pay-off lies in the differential rates of growth.

Monopolist capitalism is mature while socialism is relatively young. The United States presents a picture of tremendous wealth and accummulated surpluses, while the Soviet Union presents a picture of shortage and want. But in the annual figures of growth, the United States presents a picture of stagnation or slow growth; here the percentage gains in production are but small fractions of the annual increases in the Soviet Union.

Since the relative merits of the two system are expressed in their rates of growth, it is no wonder that the whole field of "development" has become the most active area of economic theorizing. For there is a large part of the world that we used to call "colonial," though it is the style nowadays to use the more dehydrated term "underdeveloped." Not only is there competition between monopoly capitalism and socialism, but there is intense competition between them in the underdeveloped areas. And it is here that the book under review excels. In its unravelling of the relations between the developed, i.e. capitalist world and the underdeveloped, i.e. colonial world, it is my feeling the Baran's THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF GROWTH reaches the stature of a classic statement.

For a society to advance, that is, "develop," we know that there must be an economic surplus. But if the economic surplus is removed or wasted then there is no hope of development. And that in essence is the problem of the underdeveloped areas of the world. Imperialism does just that. It takes a good share of the economic surplus outright, and whatever it leaves within the colony falls to a corrupt ruling class that wastes it. Without a change in this relationship, all the Point Fours, military assistance, private capital investments can lead nowhere.

For all the preoccupation with "development" it would take some pretty fundamental changing of spots on the part of the "advanced" countries if they are to foster anything genuine on this score. That is why there must be something in the way of a national revolution and a displacement of classes before economic progress can get under way in the backward areas. With all its great weight in the world, the capitalist world has gone too far into its monopolist stage for it to regard with equanimity social and economic changes of so far-reaching nature. The prospect therefore is that the backward areas will tend more and more to develop in association with the socialist world.

These are the bare bones of the book whose creative analysis of the use of the social surplus will impress Marxists by its usefulness as a tool, an analysis which has an honored tradition not only in Marx but in the classical economists.

Only two of the eight chapters are devoted to the analysis of the workings of capitalism. The early competitive stage of capitalist development provided a most efficient means for accumulating and investing capital, but in the later monopolistic stage Baran shows there is little inducement to invest in further expansions of the scale of operations, when "administered" prices geared to lower output levels can be equally profitable or even more so. Instead we now see increasingly larger proportions of the economic surplus wasted in the prolif-

eration of unproductive activities, while great quantities of labor and capital remain unused.

The state, under bourgeois control, may intervene, not to maintain full employment (for a labor reserve is still necessary to keep the wage level down), but to prevent major depressions which are now felt to be too dangerous. But Baran shows that the only realizable types of government intervention are military spending and foreign "aid" designed to extend the power of and surplus accruing to Big Business—this may provide temporary boosts to income and employment levels; but it leaves untouched the basic inability of the system to dispose of the huge surplus in any rational manner.

Dismissing Keynesian prescriptions as either rationalization for armaments or else unacceptable to Big Business, Baran does not offer any speculation on short or long run prospects for the American economy today. This may prove disappointing to those readers who, avidly following the closely reasoned argument page by page, will finish the chapter asking: but what comes next?

The answer is implicit. It comes down to this. In a world in which war —the classic resolver of recurrent capitalist crisis—is rendered technologically obsolete by the H-bomb and ICBM missiles capitalism may continue to forestall depressions by dissipating its surplus. But this "standstill" is itself a measure of the profound crisis of capitalism when the non-capitalist world, committed to the planned creation and investment of its surplus, no matter how small at the outset, must eventually surpass capitalist achievements.

It is true that great difficulties must be first overcome. Some of Baran's most eloquent pages show how painful is the task of creating a surplus in backward countries. Tremendous sacrifices and great political understanding is required, of a kind generated by a revolutionary upheaval, as is vividly suggested by Baran's contrast of recent Chinese advances with India's heartbreakingly inadequate attempt to industrialize without releasing revolutionary energies.

The difficulties in making the "steep ascent" without the aid of Western capitalism (whose own industrialization ironically enough was based on colonial spoils) explain in large part how the socialism arising in backward countries "has a powerful tendency to become a backward and underdeveloped socialism." But sooner or later there comes a point when the sacrifices begin to pay off in a cumulative fashion, when a powerful industrial base is established, that can ease the way for late comers. Collaboration among socialist powers will then speed "the attainment of a social order in which economic and cultural growth will be possible on the basis of ever-increasing rational domination by man of the inexhaustible forces of nature"—a task exceeding in scope and challenge everything thus far accomplished in the course of history.

RICHARD ROWE

Five Poets

THE NAMELESS SIGHT, by Alan Swallow. Prairie Press, Iowa City. $3.00.

GREAT PRAISES, by Richard Eberhardt. Oxford University Press. $4.50.
THREE ELEGIES, by Jack Lindsay. Myriad Press, England. 1 shilling.
TRUTH IS A NAKED LADY, by Jack Beeching. Myriad Press. 2 shillings.
SEASONS OF POETRY, Writers Workshop, First Unitarian Church, Los Angeles, Calif.

IT IS an odd decorum of the literary mode of existence that favorable reviews should be arranged, that friends should praise the work of friends, and that the huffers-and-puffers of the various coteries be allowed to dope their favorites on the enduring day of the Great Poetical Sweepstakes—all this with a straight face and without tipping their mitts to the spectators.

All this is by way of putting my cards on the table: the author of *The Nameless Sight* is a friend—nay, perhaps a benefactor since he has published some books of my verse. With that as *caveat*, I say I like these poems.

Somewhere between the Eastern Creampuff School of poetry and the Dingbats of the San Francisco "renaiswest is the little grey home in the West of Ivor Winters—a small and active base of neo-classicism. Whereas many west-coast writers tend to exploit the marginalia of extreme, but not necessarily interesting personalities; and (*whereas*) the East seems to rely on the tried-and-true of literary experience—neither faction very exciting, and some of the work on both sides exacerbating—the Winters people have come to see Poetry as a unique *judgment* of the poet's experience; and the style, form, etc., of the poem is the very judgment in action.

This has produced some excellently formed poems. Winters himself is the best exemplar—a (perhaps) minor writer who has produced some powerful and immaculate poems. (Others in the "school": Ann Stanford, now considerably extending her range; J. V. Cunningham, the wittiest, most elegant, and sometimes the strongest; Henri Coulette, youngest and one of the most energetic; and Edgar Bowers, who is the latest find—all in all one of the most crotchety and interesting of current "schools," even though the poets may sometimes remind us, in the rigors of some of their work, of a man trying to strangle himself with his own hands.)

Swallow belongs to the intention of this group. He is an admirer and publisher of Winters, and his own poems move in the direction Winters has marked out. In many of the poems in this book (and as an aside it is worth saying that the book as an artifact is beautifully made) one has the feeling of experience reduced to its essentials and then judged.

There are many fine things here, poems where his own personal sense of concision works together with the method he admires—as in "Ode to Russia" and "For My Infant Daughter". The one I like best, however, is "The Watchman in Agammemnon":

Twelve months the bland sea stared,
and worked unmoved
Beneath his lidless eyes:
and overhead
The gulls screamed, and stars
poured handsome light;
Nor warmth, nor cheer, nor stone
for bed.

Turned in on his night, his eyes
were unafraid,
Knowing the crumbling walls, the
victors wrath,
The sea bloody; and saw at last
the fire
Still to be fed by death's own
stinking breath.

I don't know how Swallow feels about this poem—I suppose he sees imperfections in it—it is not as tight and final as he would like probably. Still, it is open enough to allow him a bit of movement-around which is probably necessary to someone brought up as a middle-earth Whitmanian.

The professional swallowers of litmus paper may get a blue reaction from this book: not enough acid in it; but the general reader will probably find the book a nice exception to what passes for poetry in our degenerate age.

RICHARD EBERHARDT is at the difficult age (it may last from one to twenty years I suppose) when from one of the "younger" poets he turns into an old master. He has published several books, and one poem, "The Groundhog," is a perennial anthology piece. In later years he has seemed to be trying out for the position of poeticalistical left-tackle at which Wallace Stevens once slumbered in dandiacal grandeur. Eberhardt seems more serious—he has his head down farther. This gives his fundament a perilous elevation and is likely to limit the view. But this very "fundamentalism" anchors the metaphysical saltations of "The Groundhog."

Actually Eberhardt's view is wider, more accommodating than Stevens', but it is less assured, more in process, and Eberhardt is less of a maker. At any rate the poems are less. They often step hopefully into the bog where language has not yet coagulated only to plunge into tarpits from which God knows who will resurrect their dead bones. But Stevens never hoped for as much as Eberhardt, who will only be satisfied if in his view and feeling toward the world he can jump outside the categories of experience of the natural man. Eberhardt is trying for revelation, a vision in which he can see in or through ordinary phenomena. It is what the painter Morris Graves is trying for—what the Zen poets of Japan frequently caught.

Eberhart appears to get closest to what he is seeking when his crabbed and often clumsy-seeming language strikes just the right word—as if by chance. Sometimes too—when he is trying the big "philosophical" poem—he gets hold of the small bit of experience which pushes (or can be pushed) beyond its usual meaning. Here is *"Sea Hawk."*

How many centuries of sight
In this piercing, inhuman perfection
Stretch the gaze off the rocky
promontory,

To make the mind exult
At the eye of a sea-hawk,
A blaze of grandeur, permanence
of the impersonal.

Too much abstract generalization for a true Zen poem, and that seems to be what Eberhart is after. But this is a transitional book.

JACK LINDSAY'S poems cover a considerable range of personal feeling and of public and private attitudes.

> So they got you at last despite
> your guiles of surrender
> despite your sleight-of-hand with
> the apple-or-eden
> despite your efforts to carry a piece
> of darkness
> round on the palm of your hand.

This is the beginning of *Last Words With Dylan Thomas,* a poem which, in addition to its other values, does the dead poet the homage of touching and turning some of his best known images. I think this is the best elegy on Thomas that I've read; but the subject has been so worked and reworked that it's hard to judge.

The longest of the three poems—and, I think, the weakest—is the elegy for Fadeyev. It has less center, less structure, fewer good lines than the others. Perhaps that is why it is the longest of the three. The abstract and "public" matter of the poem is harder to range in on. Perhaps, too, I should disqualify myself as a judge of the poem. Fadeyev was a public character toward whom I have unfixed, ambiguous, negative feelings. There are times when one's reactions to the subject-matter of a poem make it impossible to see the *poem*: we see our own feelings instead. The subject-matter waves its red cape at us and we put down our heads and charge. But the poem, like the matador, is likely to be off to one side. So, best not to judge this one.

Best poem in the book, I'd say, is to Ann Lindsay, *The Return.* Here the feeling is intense and personal and it is finely controlled through the use of place and time, and the poem moves in long grave lovely cadences to the difficult acceptance of loss that is its conclusion:

> Night and the smell of snow.
> I can accept the crossbones tree
> of winter:
> and once I drive my rigid roots in
> earth,
> anywhere, in the blackq and lonely
> then,
> the spring may come with all its
> wreathing flowers
> welcomed again, tentatively wel-
> comed.

THERE is a rather staggering amount of poetry in Jack Beeching's little pamphlet—it is thin as a shadow beside the usual fat American book. What I like about these poems is the impression they give of having really happened to a man—they aren't contrived or thought up; and there is enough of the immediate place about them to see the poet as a troubled, grieving, angry man moving through his village or observing the cold city, celebrating love when he finds it or putting a satirical curse on the destructive elements of a bad society.

I had thought of Beeching mainly for his satirical poems—*Politics and Pity, The Big Lie,* the savage *Man in His Box.* In these poems Beeching's wit gets its best chance to work. Where the poems are political the wit gives them a quality of control which not only avoids the sentimental but adds a sharp cutting edge. About half the poems here are of this sort. The others are generally more lyrical, more con-

cerned with immediate personal experience and these too generally have quite considerable beauty and control. Here is the first and last stanzas of "Allegory of Peace and War":

Heron and owl defy
The piety of law
And in their precinct ply
Impaling beak and claw.

The lesser fowl flown hence
Live nervously as minions,
Wanting a swan's immense
Limb-breaking pinions.

This is a stanze from IV of "In the Dead Village":

One of us is dying. Either the fond walkers
Under my window each night, and the private talkers
Just out of earshot in the public bar.
Either I am dying or else those people are.

Few have the energy to write poetry after the middle twenties. I take it that Beeching is past the middle forties, in which case this book is a sign that he is getting through the hard years and may yet reach those halcyon days (when? when? in the sixties?) when all the lusty old men will be singing like bloody-well birds.

The little anthology *Seasons of Poetry* is a publication of work most of it from the Writers Workshop of the First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles. A dozen poets are represented here, and the work is generally interesting if somewhat uneven. Of the six or eight "workshops" in Los Angeles, this is one of the most conventional in its approach to poetry. As a result the language of some of these poems is marred by the falsely "poetic," or by sleepily traditional rhythms, or worst of all by a folksy tone. What some of these writers need is a shock of some kind. The real test for most of the people represented here will come in the next year—the ability to take another big jump. Perhaps Stanley Kurnik, the leader of the workshop, will be able to take them over it.

Still, this *is* first work for most of the writers, and a good deal of it has quality and promise. There is an evenness about the book that makes it somewhat unfair to point to particular things, but I liked most the satirical quality of William D. Labov's work (one of the poems cursed by a horrible last line); Kurnik's *Azores* and *Of Useless Possessions;* and the poems of Alvaro Cardona—a very exciting poet indeed.

THOMAS MCGRATH

NOTICE

THIS VOLUME IS INCOMPLETE

THE FOLLOWING ISSUES ARE ON ORDER:

VOL. 10 NO. 12 DECEMBER 1957

NOTICE

THIS VOLUME IS INCOMPLETE

THE FOLLOWING ISSUES ARE ON ORDER: