



Mainstream

POEMS OF A POLITICAL PRISONER

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

HOMAGE TO DIEGO RIVERA

Teresa Proenza

FOUR DRAWINGS

Diego Rivera

GENERAL BULLET (a play)

George Stiles

THE FISH AND THE BIRDS

Barrows Dunham

March, 1958

50 cents

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HEAR FROM YOU WE MUST

As you see, we are behind time once again, just as we were last month. The reason's the same: we have a hungry printer who cannot set type until he's fed. While so many of you have been more than generous, others have forgotten, or—well, to be frank, some prosperous friends are not ashamed to send us skid row handouts, as though we were going to spend their hard-earned profits on a bottle of Tiger Juice.

This sounds bitter, but there's nothing an editor hates more than coming out late. It's bad enough that we don't, can't, pay our writers; that we hesitate to buy theater tickets for whomever offers to review a play for us; and that all editorial lunches at the local cafeteria are strictly Dutch. It's worse to be asked why there were so many typos in the last issue when we don't have the services of the printer's proof-reader. But hardest of all is to see one's manuscripts lie quietly day after day alongside the linotype machine, forced to give precedence to commercial throwaways, trade publications which have come into the shop after ours, and announcements of banquets in honor of the president of the Fat Man's Luncheon Society. That *is* tough to take.

Nevertheless, thanks to you, we intend to catch up so that you will have the magazine near, if not before the first of the month. But we are still going to need your friendly arms. For one thing, it would be enormously helpful if you were able to subscribe instead of getting single issues on the stands or in bookshops. This would give us some elbow room for promotion, as well as save you a dollar a year.

Second, you might pick up a subscriber or two from among your friends. Be wily. Lead them into a discussion on some subject on which we have just published an article: this month it could be the Lisbon

letter, Diego Rivera, the rules governing the behavior of fishes and birds. Make use of us on Saturday night.

But most of all, let us know what you want of us: More stories? More art? Which poems have you liked? Does *Right Face* amuse you? What articles do you want to see appear and whom would you like to have write them? What do you think of our book reviews? Have we too little humor? (Yes!) Not enough reportage? Letters from abroad? Pieces on science?

If only one tenth of you answer these questions, or give us opinions about those we haven't asked, we will do everything within our power to meet you more than half way. Your interest is our life blood. Write to us, or if you are close enough, drop into our office any early afternoon. You are all welcome. But hear from you we must.

CHARLES HUMBOLDT.

POEMS OF A POLITICAL PRISONER

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

The 67-year old writer of these poems, a well-known working class figure, leading Communist, and author of the autobiography, *I Speak My Own Piece*, was a political prisoner in the Federal Penitentiary for Women at Alderson, West Virginia. She served an eighteen-month term, from January, 1955 to May, 1957. Several of her poems, as well as an article on the Declaration of Independence, were printed in the prison quarterly, *The Eagle*. Of the poems which follow, only one, "Commissary Love," appeared in that publication. Of it she remarks, "I have included it because here I have tried to capture the flavor of prison language."—*The Editor*

ON LEAVING COTTAGE 26 (DECEMBER 1955)

Rain falls on the small barred house
Sitting apart on the low hill
I see its outline from my window
Mist surrounds it, cold and dreary.
Across the park, it seems miles away
Poor, angry, and full of pain.

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1956

A cold wind down from the mountains
Crying for my friends in prison
And for a world with neither peace nor
good will.

MY AUDIENCE

To what extremity have I come!
 Fond as I am of multitudes
 I talk to one red-breasted robin
 He looks at me intensely
 I feel that he understands me.

COMMISSARY LOVE

I love you more than words can say!
 Are you soon going down Commissary way?
 To you I will always be true
 Yes, the yarn I want is navy blue.
 To me you're always fine and dandy.
 Be sure to bring me bars of candy!
 You surely know I am not lazy,
 The cookies you brought me were *crazy*!
 For you I'll always sweat and toil.
 Oh, yes! I want some hair oil.
 Answer me please—don't drive me loco!
 All I want is a can of cocoa.
 You want my friendliness I hope,
 So don't forget some bars of soap!
 Never found such a loving friend.
 What? Your money's drawing to an end?
 Girl! Sorry, I can't wait!
 I've got another friend in Cottage Eight!

THE GATE

The sewing of many colored remnants
 Leads to The Gate
 The fringing of new woven rugs
 Leads to The Gate
 The hemming of cloths and scarves
 Leads to The Gate. Meals, work, cleaning, sleep
 Lead to The Gate.

REBELLION

As we are stretched out here on our narrow beds
So shall we lie in our long coffins
As we are locked in our dark rooms
So shall we be locked in our low-roofed coffins
Confined to a small piece of the great earth
So shall we be in our narrow graves.

Oh no! consign me to fire, let the light active flames
Spread me far and wide, let space and wind confirm
That I am free and have not lived in vain.

HOMAGE TO DIEGO RIVERA

TERESA PROENZA

ON SUNDAY, November 24, 1957, a few minutes before midnight the great heart of Diego Rivera stopped beating. He died in his studio at San Angel on the outskirts of Mexico City, in the midst of his paints, brushes and easels, and the things he loved: his pre-Columbian sculpture and his *Judas* and *muertos* of sugar and colored cardboard. Man of his country, Mexico, how much grief he left behind at passing!

Diego was like a towering tree in whose shadow one could always find human gaiety and kindliness. His wisdom deepened and clarified our insights. To write of him even now, months after his death, is a painful let down, as if I were trying to yoke an eagle to an ox. When a man of Diego's stature disappears from the earth, one has a longing for quiet, a distaste for noise. . . .

But one has a duty to speak about Diego Rivera. I want to tell the North American people a little about the life, the struggle, and the work of this artist of whom the Mexican critic Justino Fernandez said: "Diego Rivera held that man was created . . . to be free, and to learn to control the world of nature and of man by science and scientific techniques." Having been close to him for many years, I shall relate some of his memories related to me and other friends. He was a brilliant storyteller, with a special kind of wit, both sophisticated and folksy in quality. Recounted by him, the very real events of his life

* The *Judas* are papier maché figures of the betrayer of Jesus which the Mexicans ring with firecrackers on Good Friday and explode in the street. The conception of *Judas* varies considerably, however; he may very often represent a public personage, the landowner or bosses, or be simply an animal. The *muertos* are skulls and skeletons made of sugar pasteboard or similar toys, more or less the equivalent of our Halloween pumpkins, but infinitely more ingenious and touching, since they are more closely associated with ceremonies of the dead.—*The Editor*.

transformed into legendary accounts. The poetry that pervaded his work brushed his lightest conversation.

Diego used to say that he entered the world of form as naturally as a plant grows or flower opens. On the death of his twin brother, when he was little more than a year old, he was taken to the mountains near Guanajuato. There he became a true child of nature, his playmate a white goat, and his nurse an Indian woman who, in her lovely native tongue, sang to him and taught him the folklore of stars and stones, plants and storms, animals and gods. For toys she gave him the living world of the mountains.

Once indoors, he was seized with a rage to paint on everything within reach: papers and books, chairs and tables. His father gave him colored crayons and had the walls and floor of a small room covered with slate for him. He would only leave off drawing if he were taken to see machinery of any kind—the second passion of his life. There still exists a drawing of an engine with a notation written by his mother: "This painting was made by little Diego when he was two and a half years old."

The floor of his room was covered with designs of every type of machine, real or imagined, while around the walls he drew an endless series of battles. His favorite toys were soldiers and machines, particularly those that could be taken apart and put together again. When his father asked him why he never painted mountains, since these were all about them, he answered that he didn't draw hills because he didn't know what they were like inside. The father was wise enough to take him to visit a mine to observe the geological formations and the labor of the men. From then on the child put mountains in all his drawings, depicting in his own way the hidden things of the earth.

Diego was born in the mining town of Guanajuato on December 8, 1886 at a time when the industry was going through a severe depression. He started life in an atmosphere filled with the problems and struggles of workers. His father, a liberal professor as well as an assayer, published the newspaper *El Demócrata* in whose columns he spoke in defense of the rights of the workers and against the dictatorship of the time. I can still hear Diego telling about a miner's demonstration he witnessed when he was only five. From the flat roof of his house he heard the shouts of men, and saw them marching down the *Calle de Cantarranas*, their faces lit up by the burning torches they held up high over their placards and slogans: "It was like a snake that had flames for scales, an immense fiery serpent that moved slowly down the narrow

street. Even now I can see it crawling by below me. I ran to my room and began to draw the two rows of houses through which the flaming serpent would have to pass." This early experience was reflected more than once in his major works, as in the painting *The First of May* which he made on his trip to Moscow in 1928. The conception was purely Mexican, however, for in his imagination the plumed serpent, Quetzalcoatl, god of knowledge, and the "fiery serpent" were one.

GUANAJUATO was bankrupt. The mines closed. People left town in search of work elsewhere. In 1892, the Riveras moved to Mexico City where there were better opportunities for making a living and educating the children. Diego used to say that an irresistible desire to wander was born in him at that time, an urge that only his work, mural painting, could keep him from pursuing.

In 1902, when he was sixteen, he had already completed his studies at the Academy of San Carlos. There he had been the pupil of the Mexican master of classical landscape painting, José Maria Velasco, for whom he had great admiration and in whose behalf he took part in a revolt against the appointment of a new director, the Spaniard Fabres.

He also spent a good deal of time in a quite different school: the studio of the great popular graphic artist, José Guadalupe Posada. It was in this shop, through the window of which passersby could watch Posada at his bench, that Diego worked on his engravings of Mexican life and satires directed against the Diaz dictatorship. At that time he was jailed briefly for participating in the people's fight. He witnessed the historic strike of the textile workers of Rio Blanco. . . .

He had his first exhibition when he was twenty, was awarded a fellowship by the governor of Vera Cruz, and with this and the proceeds of sales, went to Europe. Painting and studying in Spain, France, Holland, England and Italy, he mastered the whole range of techniques and styles, including cubism.

The fifteen years from 1906 to 1921 were ones of great striving and richly varied experiences, "some sterile, others fecund, most of them bitter." He became acquainted with Marxism. This discovery and the struggles of the people against their oppressors during the Mexican Revolution, the First World War, and at the time of the workers' revolution which triumphed in Russia, were the forces which brought about an inner cataclysm in Rivera the painter. He soon found that mural painting was the means closest to his vision and the needs of his country, and he made the masses of workers and farmers the multi-

dedicated hero of his work. He was the leader of the re-birth of monumental painting, and with Siqueiros and Orozco, the founder of the mural movement of Mexico, a phenomenon of world-wide significance.

I will not try to estimate, compose a critique, or even catalogue his incredible physical and intellectual achievements: the murals in the National Preparatory School executed in 1921, the 235 panels in the studios of the Ministry of Education painted between 1923 and 1928, the 52 panels in the halls and chapel of the Chapingo National Agricultural School (1926-27), the enormous hundred-figured frescoes of the past, present and future history of Mexico in the National Palace—I have just begun the list, but as I write I am overcome with feeling as one is before the most magnificent powers of nature and acts of man.

Nevertheless I want to call attention to the humanist and prophetic character of Diego's outlook. Even the titles of his projects show him to be in the great tradition of the "thinker-painters." I will pick a few at random: at Chapingo, "Good and Bad Government" (shades of Ambrogio Lorenzetti), and "The Elements and Man the Producer"; from the Institute of Cardiology, "The History of Ancient and Modern Studies of the Heart"; in the Palace of Fine Arts, "Man at the Crossroads." The last mural was originally executed for Rockefeller Center and destroyed by those who commissioned it because, among other disturbing elements, it contained a portrait of Lenin. Painting it in 1933, Diego foresaw the Second World War; the destruction of fascism through the cooperative effort of the capitalist democracies and the Soviet Union; the renewal of the struggle of man's scientific knowledge and rational curiosity against religious obscurantism; and finally the control of atomic energy by the specially trained worker, the man of science. Above all, as he said to a meeting of painters in Paris as early as 1918, he regarded mural painting as the art form that the workers of both peasant and highly industrialized countries could understand with ease, and therefore as the most significant of the plastic media.

A STRANGE garland of myths surrounded the life of Diego, making him more enigmatic than he was. When political differences entered the picture, or foreign intervention which inspired hostile writings about him, he was converted into an absolutely diabolic creature.

Among the many fantasies circulated about him was one that he was "a quite successful Casanova," as he delicately put it. This was one of the few slanders against which he defended himself, for rather touching reasons: "I am always so deeply involved in my work that I hate any-

thing that keeps me from my painting, so I really haven't had the time to chase after women, of whom I must confess I am indeed very fond. . . . But I am naturally timid and completely lacking in any physical attractiveness. Thus I have never taken the initiative with a woman unless I was convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that she wanted me to. And naturally cases of that kind have been few and far between. . .

Actually, there are few men who have held women in such esteem or who have had so deep an understanding of their problems, as the spectator may observe in his murals, including those in the United States. His North American woman is depicted in a multitude of roles: housewife and scientist, student and artist, farmer, worker, and sports woman. Of the great women in the history of your country, he portrayed, among others, Molly Pitcher, Sojourner Truth, Margaret Fuller and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

At his death, Diego left behind him many uncompleted works. When his final illness overtook him he was planning the completion of the murals at the National Palace, begun more than 28 years before. He had made sketches for the School of Chemistry of the National University and had started the high-relief sculptures for the stadium of the University City. He had prepared the walls in the building of the National Association of Artists, and for the Museum of History at Chapultepec Castle. And he had made designs for murals to be painted in the Government Palace at Guadalajara. The last of his easel projects was begun when he was already sick unto death. Inspired by *sputnik*, it represents a Soviet child holding the satellite aloft. He was seventy-one when he planned what many young men would consider a half-life's work.

LIKE the Mayan culture hero Kulkán, Diego worked in calm happiness. It would have been enough if he had given us nothing but his art and his calm, joyous spirit. Yet even before his death, he left his country another great legacy. Pouring almost all he earned from his work into purchases of the pre-Columbian art of Mexico, he collected outstanding examples of this art with the express purpose of returning them "to their original owners, the people of Mexico." He left behind him the almost completed building which is to house the collection of more than 40,000 pieces—a pyramid-temple designed by himself "as if sprung from the soil, in purpose, material and appearance."

El Anahuacali—the house of Anáhuac—is not far from the center of Mexico City. It stands to the south on the grey plain of the *Pedregal*

or "stony ground," of San Angel. It is a combination of new and ancient forms, and is constructed from the material on which it rises, volcanic stone. Surrounding it is a huge tract of land upon which to build another of his projects, a City of the Arts.

Another of his gifts to the people of Mexico is the Frida Kahlo Memorial Museum in the suburb of Coyoacán, which had been for more than twenty years the home and studio of his wife, Frida, herself one of Mexico's leading painters, who died some few years ago. Here one will find paintings, sculpture, and some of the loveliest treasures of the folk art of the country.

Perhaps it is futile to contrast the eulogies bestowed upon my now silent friend, the artist and Communist Diego Rivera, with the calumny heaped upon him while he spoke and worked. With the realization of death in his mind, he ceased to distinguish those of his countrymen who loved and those who feared and hated him; but gave them all everything he had.

Could it be that this last gesture moved even the press to a moment of truth? For how apt were the words of one magazine journalist: "How right it was for the working people to pay him their last respects. How right it was for Lázaro Cárdenas to accompany the funeral casket of his friend Rivera, the artist and fighter for social justice. The terrible thought went through my mind that I was witnessing the father of his people following the coffin of the people themselves."

In his funeral oration, the greatest of living Mexican poets, Carlos Pellicer, a Catholic, expressed himself even more simply:

"Diego: where there is no longer any hunger anywhere in the world, when men are united in love . . . your name will be uttered joyously by everyone. . . ."

Translation from the Spanish by Lillian Lowenfels

Teresa Proenza was Diego Rivera's personal secretary for some years up to the time of his death. Before that, she had edited the monthly review, PAZ, a cultural publication of the Latin American peace movement.



MEXICAN FARMER. 1926



SKETCH FOR FRESCO IN CORTES PALACE,
CUERNAVACA 1929

STUDY FOR MURAL "THE LIBERATION OF THE PEON,"
MINISTRY OF EDUCATION 1923-28





PLAN FOR PYRAMID-MUSEUM

GENERAL BULLET

GEORGE STILES

TIME: The Present. Night. An Army First Aid Station. *The Station is quiet and dim. A lantern on a table is half-turned down so that most of the room is heavily shadowed. A soldier is seated on a wooden chair, vigilant, uneasy and unconfident.*

When the doctor enters the station the soldier rises and speaks once. The doctor's age is indeterminate; an old-young.

Soldier (With simple earnestness). I can't sleep, doctor.

Doctor (He is leaning above the lantern and is turning up its wick and is aware of the soldier only as the man speaks). On that chair? How can you?

Soldier (With the same earnest intentness). I mean I just can't sleep.

Doctor. I suppose you want a shot of something.

Soldier. I want no shots.

Doctor. I wasn't offering any. *(For the first time giving his whole attention to the soldier).* Now, what seems to be your ailment?

Soldier. I can't sleep.

Doctor. That's not so alarming, is it?

Soldier. It is to me.

Doctor. Go to bed. You'll be asleep in ten minutes.

Soldier. No, sir.

Doctor. I wish I could change places with you. I can sleep, or I can't—if you see what I mean.

Soldier (A pause). Yes, sir.

Doctor. What do you want me to do? Put you to sleep?

Soldier. I don't know, sir.

Doctor. How old are you?

Soldier. Nineteen.

Doctor. At nineteen I never got much sleep, either.

Soldier. (*Honestly and earnestly*). I think a lot.

Doctor. Then stop thinking. Close your eyes and let yourself slide. Youth is magic. You follow directions, young fellow, and they'll need help rolling you out in the morning.

Soldier (*Having considered*). No, sir.

Doctor. What do you think of? Girls?

Soldier. Not so much any more.

Doctor. Some men would come to me about that. Well, what the hell do you think about?

Soldier (*He answers only after taking careful thought*). Death, I guess.

Doctor. So that's it.

Soldier. Not my own. Other people's. Other men. The enemy!

Doctor. When you've been in the Army a while you won't think of the enemy as men. They're there for you to kill. You're here to kill them. That's all. Now go back to bed.

Soldier. Have you ever killed an enemy, Doctor?

Doctor. I have too much to do to kill. My job is looking after you and men like you.

Soldier. Have you ever let an enemy die?

Doctor (*abruptly*). Go to bed, boy.

Soldier. I never killed anybody and it keeps me awake nights just the same.

Doctor. You will change.

Soldier. I have already. I have changed just since coming into the army. I never thought this way before.

Doctor. Which way?

Soldier. Like love. Like loving men. Loving all men.

Doctor. Do you stay awake nights thinking about loving all men?

Soldier. That's just it——.

Doctor. How do you get on with girls?

Soldier. They like me.

Doctor. Do you like them?

Soldier. Shouldn't I?

Doctor. Do you?

Soldier. I never thought about that.

Doctor (*Exasperated*). You do so goddamn much thinking. I don't see how it never entered your mind.

Soldier. I take it for granted.

Doctor. You take what?

Soldier. Women—girls. They take you, or you take them. You don't have to do any thinking about it.

Doctor. Some men do.

Soldier. Maybe I did. Maybe I will. Anyway, I don't now.

Doctor. Then I don't see that you have any problems.

Soldier. I wouldn't have, I guess, if I could just sleep.

Doctor (irritably). What the hell have you been doing for nineteen years?

Soldier. I think sometimes I never thought before.

Doctor. You are not thinking now. You are simply imagining. It is quite an ordinary occurrence and should not be alarming to anybody. *(The doctor speaks fluently and softly. Appears to be reading from some printed text in his brain).* In the first shock and thrill of combat your symptoms will disappear. You will do as other men do. You will do your best to annihilate and survive, and when you have you will be grateful and forgetful. Perhaps you will know a kind of ease. And you will sleep.

Soldier. Do I have to murder to sleep nights?

Doctor. Murder or get murdered I have no more time to talk to you. Go away now, boy.

Soldier. Where will I go?

Doctor. Go to hell! *(In an altered tone).* Never mind. You'll sleep.

Soldier. I got to have somebody to talk to.

Doctor. You'll do as the rest of us do in the Army—talk to yourself.

Soldier. I do. *(Adds).* It don't help, sir. *(Adds).* Another thing—I'm afraid to go to sleep.

Doctor. I thought you wanted to.

Soldier. I don't. I'm afraid.

Doctor. I am afraid of some things too. What are you afraid of? Nightmares? Do you have nightmares?

Soldier. *(Shaking his head).* Dreams.

Doctor (Pettishly). I'm getting too old for Army life. When young men start coming to me with your dreams—. Dreams are not my department. Take them to your sergeant.

Soldier. Can't you understand?

Doctor. There's no such thing as understanding. Learn just to accept that and you will never be unhappy again—never disappointed. W

don't understand one another. You cannot understand me. And I don't understand you—even if I want to, I could not. You can understand a horse very well—or a dog. But not men.

Soldier. That's what my dream is always about. A dog.

Doctor (Understandingly). You miss your dog. I can't say I blame you. I miss my little one dreadfully. (*Unbuttoning the flap of his pocket*). I'll show you his picture. It was taken when he was a little younger but life hasn't changed him much. (*The doctor is looking through his billfold*). You got a picture of your dog?

Soldier. I don't have any dog.

Doctor. You had no business telling me you did have. (*Puts away picture and billfold*). You really ought to have had a dog. Now there is true friendship. You always know where you are with a dog. Not the same thing with a man—or your wife.

Soldier (Anxious to go on). But you see this dog I mean is dead.

Doctor. Dead. Poor little fellow. Oh, you mean the dream dog. Well, if it is just a dream——.

Soldier (Having aroused the doctor's interest, he is ardent to charge ahead). No, there was a dog, a real dog. I knew him, Doctor, I saw him every day, he was always around the camp, playing with all the fellows and chasing something—playing. He liked to, I guess. I played a lot with him myself. All of us did. He was company, always visiting around. Like he'd come over after you didn't get your letter from home—he couldn't know about that but it was as if he did. Can you love a dog?

Doctor (Primly). I love my dog.

Soldier. You're the doctor. If you say so——. One day he ran crazy.

Doctor. How do you mean—ran crazy?

Soldier. Just went off his head a little. Ran wild. Ran all over camp looking crazy and barking wild. (*Imitates the sound of a dog's deranged barking*). We tried to get him calm but he wouldn't let anybody. Nobody could come near him. He wouldn't allow them. And all the time he kept barking that crazy mad barking. Some of the fellows thought cold water'd bring him out of it. We got the cold water over him and it did stop his running crazy. But then when Bullet came by—General Bullitt, I mean—he—the dog, I mean—he was lying on the ground with the sun on him and shivering from the cold shower and just trying to get himself warm and dry. He couldn't stop himself shivering and his eyes still looked a little wild but he was quiet, taking his time coming

to, with all the fellows around, like he was used to, and he wasn't barking then, only shaking all over, the way he'd start to do when somebody'd think to give him a bath that he didn't want. Then Bullet—well, call him Bullet—that's General Bullitt, I mean—it got to be General Bullet to the fellows and just plain Bullet because—I guess the reason is pretty plain—just like you're called Hypo by some of the men—The Needle——.

Doctor (Coldly). Never mind all that.

Soldier. Well, Bullet comes up working one of his guns loose. With all of us looking he stooped over and shoved the gun up alongside the dog's mouth. You know the way a dog is—the dog looked at that gun pointing down at him and licked the barrel of it like Bullet was giving him something out of his hand to play with. (*His tone altered and harsh*) I dream about that dog running around the camp and every time, in my sleep, I hear him barking. It's what started me thinking of death.

Doctor. There's nothing to death. It's all nothing.

Soldier. I had to tell somebody.

Doctor. I tell you to forget it. Go get yourself a pass and a girl. If you don't sleep well alone, sleep with a girl—better still, with a woman. It will occupy and exhaust you and refresh you—man's oldest wonder drug. Eve invented it, Adam perfected it, and we inherited it. It has got man along as far as he's come—maybe as far as he'll go. Sometimes think about that when I can't sleep.

Soldier. What else do you think about?

Doctor (Not unkindly). It's late, boy. You will regret tonight when you have to roll out early in the morning.

Soldier. I'd rather talk than think out there by myself.

Doctor (His voice rising thinly). I order you to bed.

A mere movement at the entrance, a shadow thrusting in from shadows outside and General Bullet (General LeRoy Bullitt) is in station. He is simply and suddenly here between the two men who have neither the presumption nor suspicion of his nearness, or of the General's awesome coming. He has entered the First Aid Station almost shyly, although there is nothing shy about his blinding presence—guns, the shining boots, the real brass hat—all the apparatus of childhood and day-dreams—the rogue legend, the hero-man, the missionary-soldier—General Bullet, leader, lover, agent of the people. The one thing that can be certain of about General Bullet: he is not what he seems.

General Bullet (Posturing a little as always and, as always, a

without seeming to be). Something wrong with this here boy, Doctor?

Soldier. Yes, sir.

Doctor. No, sir.

Bullet. The doctor there says there's nothing wrong with you, son.

Now, son—you want to get out of drill tomorrow—that it?

Soldier. Yes, sir, I wouldn't mind, sir. But that's not it, sir.

Doctor (Lamely). The boy thinks he needs a pill, sir, that's all.

(Adds) It's the imagination. It's all inside the head.

Bullet (With his eyes upon the soldier, he addresses the doctor).

What is?

Soldier. I can't sleep, sir.

Doctor. The boy claims he can't sleep, sir. He is a young man, sir, with an active imagination.

Bullet. What is it you imagine? Women?

Soldier. Oh, no, sir.

Bullet. Why the hell not?

Soldier. Do you think about women, sir?

Doctor (Intervening). He was just going back to bed now, sir, when the General came in.

Soldier (Friendly as the dog he has been describing to the doctor, and as uncalculating). Oh, that's all right, sir. I didn't want to go.

Bullet. You don't want to go to bed?

Soldier. Not if I got to think all night.

Bullet. Some thinking is better on your belly than on your feet. Which is yours?

Doctor. He's just a boy that's new to Army life. In a week——.

Bullet. I like to hear about your thinking. What is it—military thoughts? Adventuring? The future? You homesick? *(Tenderly, his necessary armor encasing a vigilant mother)*. I can understand it that you're homesick. You miss your mother, boy?

Soldier. No, sir.

Bullet (Mother alienated, war having no savagery like a mother denied and disowned). You don't miss your mother, boy?

Soldier. Not very much—why? Do you miss yours?

Bullet (Solemnly). Each and every hour of my whole life. And I don't mind confessing to it. She was an inspiring lady—my mother. She made me, boy—the Army did the rest, but she did the best and hardest part of the job. So you don't need to be ashamed that you're

homesick. Even a General, son, can understand a sentiment like that and even share in it.

Soldier. I guess I'm not like you, Sir.

Bullet. You afraid of men?

Soldier. No, sir.

Bullet. Then what are you ashamed of?

Soldier. Killing.

Bullet (*He is quick to understand; missionary, priest and soldier savior; the condition of War has, for him, been a riotous state of grace*). You religious, son? You got a religion?

Soldier. I guess not, sir.

Bullet. Why not?

Soldier. There are so many——. I can't make up my mind.

Bullet. Too many religions for you, you're afraid and ashamed killing and you don't miss your mother. It's unhealthy. (*Adds*). You ever killed anybody yet?

Soldier (*Experiences as he answers, the full horror of the General's words*). No. Oh, no, sir.

Bullet. Then how the hell do you know you wouldn't like it? I'm taking a woman. You know what that is? Power. It puts the man into a man. You kill a man that's got the same chances of killing you. The only time you feel your life in you is when you take it away from somebody else. That's how you got to look at the Enemy——the enemy of your right to your share of power.

Soldier. I——don't want it. I don't want that kind of power.

Bullet. You abnormal?

Soldier. Yes, sir, I guess so, sir.

Bullet. What would you do if somebody tried to kill you?

Soldier. Why should anybody?

Doctor (*Anxiously*). The boy confesses to being abnormal. Why don't I have the psychiatrist talk to him?

Bullet (*Unheeding*). Doctor——.

Doctor (*Recklessly talking in disregard of General Bullet's disapproval*). About what is troubling him. He has certain symptoms——. He can't sleep nights out of fear and anxiety—he needs a psychiatrist to iron out his mind.

Bullet. Doctor, I assume you have some wounded patients to attend to.

Doctor. I see. Very well, sir. (*Delaying a perceptible moment*).

Bullet (The Doctor's balkiness almost calling down a rebuke). Doctor!

Doctor. Sir. (*Saluting, going*).

Bullet (A father in hiding now, discovering himself among the General's numerous kin). Are you afraid of me, son?

Soldier. I don't think we should be afraid of each other. Do you?

Bullet. I am not afraid of any man, son.

Soldier. Not even of yourself?

Bullet. I have nothing to fear from myself.

Soldier. How can you be sure?

Bullet (His tone changing abruptly and father dodging hurriedly out of view). I won't be questioned by you, boy.

Soldier. I can't promise not to ask questions—not if you're going to want answers.

Bullet. You may be new to Army ways, son, and Generals relish a man-to-man gab, but there is a code of behavior between an officer and an enlisted soldier——.

Soldier. I didn't enlist, sir. I was drafted.

Bullet (His voice a menacing blade). And you want to evade your legitimate responsibilities, is that it? You'd like somebody else to do the killing and the fighting that you are ashamed and afraid to do. Do you know what the Army calls a man too frightened to do a man's job?

Soldier. A coward, sir?

Bullet. Are you a coward, son?

Soldier. Yes, sir. I must be what the Army thinks I am.

Bullet. I'd rather see a man dead than a coward. If I thought I had a coward here in front of me I'd shoot you dead now and save myself the trouble of having it done later. (*Unhitches one of his guns and holds it aimlessly before him*).

Bullet (Man's brother and one-true friend coming slightly forward). Do you know what, boy? I am so afraid to die that I'll kill the bastard that looks like a menace to my sweet life.

Soldier (Rushing forth to meet that one-true-friend). I am not so much afraid of being killed as I am of killing.

Bullet (Brother gone, vanished the one-true friend). Boy, I warn you against talk like that.

Soldier. Man to man, you said. Then why shouldn't I say what I think to another man?

Bullet. Do you ever talk that way in front of the other men?

Soldier. I don't remember. I might have. But it's just tonight that I know how I feel about the—the—the feeling I've had nights when I'm in bed and can't sleep.

Bullet. Boy, look here at me. What is it you see, boy?

Soldier. I see you, of course, and—and——.

Bullet. Can you see where my gun is pointing?

Soldier. It's pointing at me.

Bullet. It's pointing at you and if I give it the touch my gun will kill you. Do you think I'd kill you?

Soldier. Right this minute I—I don't know what I think.

Bullet. Think, boy, with a gun aimed at your bowels you got to decide mighty fast.

Soldier. I think you might kill me, sir.

Bullet. I might. And you might take the gun away from me. Could you do that, boy?

Soldier (*Relieved that he can be so sure of anything*). Oh, no, sir.

Bullet. You better god damn well do it. Either that or be dead.

Soldier. It's not a fair choice.

Bullet. Do you think that battle is fair? Do you think War is fair? Maybe you got the idea that life is fair. Get that out of your head. You live or you die. That's war and life. You get what you can take. Can you take away my gun?

Soldier (*Appeasingly*). I don't want it, sir. You keep it yourself.

Bullet (*Talking and removing bullets from the gun*). My gun now has three empty chambers. I'm going to count and pull this trigger three times. The fourth—my advice to you is not to wait and see what happens if there is a fourth time.

(*As before the General's gun is aimed straight at the soldier's most vulnerable parts*).

Soldier. Oh, General, sir! (*The blank chamber makes a snickering noise*). I never meant what I said about not being afraid to die! (*One more empty chamber turns over*). I honestly am afraid to——. (*Cylinder makes three sounds urgently and emptily*). Why, that's the third time.

The soldier half-staggers and half-plunges into General Bullet, his body arching as he falls upon the General's arm at the same time that he plunges desperately and deep into the hand with the gun in it. General Bullet screams once like a hurt woman, and one bullet is fired, noisily, and senselessly, and out of this blazing confusion the soldier emerges with the general's gun.

Bullet. You sneaking little bastard.

Soldier. It hurts dreadfully, I know. My sister taught me that. I can't tell you where she picked it up—born provided with it, I suppose.

Bullet (Hurt and raging). You're a dog and you deserve a dog's treatment.

Soldier (He is standing vigilantly, holding the gun and listening. There is the sound outside of a dog's wild barking). The dog. Remember, General? The dog?

Bullet (Rubbing his hand). You're the only dog around here—biting people.

Soldier. Listen——.

Bullet. Are you crazy, or what are you?

Soldier. I hear a little dead friendly dog barking, General, do you?

Bullet. What do I know about dogs?

Soldier (Listening to the insistent barking of the dog which grows fainter). You killed him as though he were human—with a shot. That's what made me afraid, General, of sleep. You killed my sleep. You would have killed me. I came in here tonight because I couldn't sleep, and I thought of killing, and being killed, like dogs and sleep——. How many other killings has this gun done for you?

Bullet (Warily). Give it to me, boy.

Soldier. Did you ever hear of Saint Anthony, General?

Bullet. You must be crazy.

Soldier (Heedlessly). Protector of little dogs—savior of common curs. He lived for the birds and animals—he died for them. General, what do you live for? What would you die for?

Bullet. Die? (*With his gun turned against him the General looks along it and he must, perhaps, see at the end of it, about where the soldier is standing, the common reality of his own death*). You'd get nothing out of it, son. A belly full of bullets. What would you gain?

Soldier. Sleep.

Bullet (Very sincere, honest, human, even as he a somewhat shaken and desperate man). Let me have the gun and I'll see that you get sleep.

Soldier (Urgently). And the power—the power of taking away a life—and feeling the life in yourself—the power—the manhood.

Bullet. Now you're talking like a crazy madman.

Soldier. Like a soldier.

Bullet. You been thinking too much about the Army, maybe.

Soldier. A soldier lives to die—he kills to be killed. A soldier is as explosive with death inside.

Bullet. Soldier, did you ever think a General would beg something from you? Look, soldier, put the gun on the desk there and just walk out of here.

Soldier. Your gun is a killing gun. I think it wants to destroy fear.

Bullet. Then put it away, son. You ought not to be handling what you don't understand.

Soldier. I understand that you are only in danger when you are afraid.

Bullet. This is no way to die.

Soldier. Show me. How does a general die? Like a helpless dog? Do generals die helpless and in fear?

Bullet (Raging). You been playing a game with me. You're no good damn soldier. Bastard! Assassin!

Soldier. Maybe I was put on earth for this. What were you put on earth for?

Bullet. All the men in the Army and I got to get holed in with this crazy madman. (*Soothingly*). Somebody harmed your dog? I'll have the son of a bitch court-martialed. I'll get you another dog—a pedigree. What'll you take for that gun in your hand? You took it away from me. Pretty handy, you might make a soldier, maybe a corporal. You got leadership in you. An officer's got to be able to tell. But I've got to live to be able to help you. Not every soldier has a friend that's a General—it's a friend you don't want to lose. I could get you maybe a decoration. I could have you buried in Arlington Cemetery. You wouldn't have to die right away. I'd just write up the order and make it retroactive and binding on the future. (*Throughout the General's speech the dog begins to bark and whine and then there is a shot*).

Soldier. There it is. The shot.

Bullet. What shots are you talking about?

Soldier. It's the sound of fear.

Bullet. There you go—taking off again. I don't hear any shots. I don't know about fear.

Soldier. Fear is contagious. I know about fear. I know that you cannot live and fear.

Bullet. Let me. Just let me!

Soldier. General, your gun will kill you if you are afraid.

Bullet (Afraid). Afraid?

Soldier. I feel it straining my hand. General, I think your bullets want you.

General. Think, boy—think before you——.

Soldier. About fear? Fear destroys what it invades. It would have destroyed me. That's how I know. It can destroy generals. That's what I know. I know bullets can make generals as helpless as dogs. *Far off and faintly a dog begins to bark. It seems that the general, too, hears, for he listens with vigilant attention and, perhaps, in rising recognition. As the cries of the mindless dog diminish, one hears the cocking of a gun.*

GEORGE STILES' work has appeared in *Kenyon Review*, *Hudson Review*, *Best American Short Stories*, etc. His play "Color Guard" was produced by Theatre Workshop in London. He writes, "'General Bullet' is available to anyone who cares to stage it anywhere."

THE FISH AND THE BIRDS

BARROWS DUNHAM

ONE day last winter when I lay in bed of a cold, I had with me (I know not by what inner prompting) a copy of Kant's *Logic*. Possibly I was testing my German in a way conformable to philosophy. That language has been to me a speech unfathomably dark, and in my consequent resentment I have sometimes thought that the users of it were already equipped to be Nazis.

What was my surprise to find that I passed through the first paragraph without the slightest obfuscation! All the words were within my vocabulary, and there was no need to hold the verbs in one hand while I fumbled through syntax with the other. And half way down the paragraph was a sentence which leaped off the page with a cry so eloquent that I have to write about it: "Der Fisch im Wasser, der Vogel in der Luft bewegt sich nach Regeln." The author of the *Critique of Pure Reason* had written, or more probably spoken, such a sentence as you might find in your First German Book. And you and I, half stifled in his usual blanket of prose, rejoice to learn that the fish in the water, the bird in the air, behave according to fixed rules.

This rare and sudden clarity is not in fact astonishing, for Kant's *Logic*, the homage of a student-editor, was compiled from marginalia in the text he lectured upon and from scraps of commentary with which he interleaved it. The great man was therefore a little *en pantoufles*, even in his classroom style at any rate, where he stood, they say, in his brown suit with the sober lace ornamentation, being charming. But how many of us moderns, I am led to wonder, tossed in the gross welter of our lives, can sense the secure joy which an eighteenth-century undergraduate must have felt to know that fish cannot swim, nor birds fly, nor young men love, nor old men think, except according to rules? All this in logic course? I ask, where better?

What a universe it was, the men of those days conceived themselves to live in! There was change, to be sure, but there was always, and impressively, order. Change, indeed, had modelled itself on the planets, and, like a faithful servitor of Newton, pursued a circuit, an orbit, an appointed round. "Vast chain of Being!" cried Pope, who was, in various dreadful translations, Kant's favorite poet—

*Vast chain of Being! which from God began;
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, who no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing. . . .**

It would be difficult to disturb such an order, and even more rash than difficult. Better to admire (in the old sense of mingled wonder and love) the universal scheme, to count one's blessings, and to reflect that, were our senses keener as science would like them to be, we might, in the consequent imbalance, "die of a rose in aromatic pain."**

Well, Kant is less rhapsodic, as suits a Logic course; but he is scarcely less rich in examples. Here is that first paragraph:

Everything in Nature, in the inanimate world as well as the animate, behaves according to rules, though we cannot always know what the rules are. Water falls according to the law of gravity, and among the animals locomotion occurs according to rules. The fish in the water, the bird in the air, behave according to rules. The whole of Nature is really just a system of phenomena according to rules, and there is nowhere any rulelessness. If we think to find anything of the sort, all we can say in such a circumstance is that the rules are unknown to us.

But the rules, it was believed, were nonetheless there. Kant was lecturing thus in 1765, a year or two before a first reading of Hume disturbed, as he said with enchanting modesty, his "dogmatic slumbers."*** The disturbance was profound, but in the end the rules remained. They survived at any rate as procedural devices, for Kant was afterward never quite sure whether the world had to be that way, or whether the case merely was that men had to think that way.

It is a fearful difference thus to sunder the nature of the world from the rules of human inquiry. Men can feel, as in a nightmare, that there

* *Essay on Man* (Kant's favorite poem). I:237-241. The "who" is Pope's own grammar, and therefore not to be altered. We must bow before this omnipotent "who."

** *Ibid.*, I, 200. I will invite any skeptic of Pope's powers to find me a more exquisite line elsewhere.

*** *Prolegomena to Any Future Metaphysic* (how sure of himself the great man was!): the fourteenth paragraph of the prefatory remarks.

are things they must do as scientists which are, however, *not* the things which truly describe the world. This doubt, which is itself a part of knowing, was left granite and irreducible by Hume's demonstration that nobody had yet produced, or seemed likely ever to produce, the basic rule of scientific induction. The vast chain of Being dissolved, having no principle of linkage; and Hume and his heirs settled down to the enjoyment of mere sequence, with that imperturbable acceptance of conclusions which we find among mild and civilized sadists.

You will detect that I don't like Hume's results though they were brilliant, and that I wish him confuted though keeping his glory. It is quite true. I am still a man of the Enlightenment: I like things to be where you can find them and thoughts to be where you can state them, though in my experience these conveniences are seldom available. I should be glad to live *in statu quo*, if only the *status* were honorable and the order humane. I am, one may say, a reactionary, since I hope that the twenty-first century will recover many of the values of the eighteenth. I have the idea that, as socialism deepens toward permanence, men, like the fish and the birds, are going to behave more visibly *mach Regeln*—the rules, this time, issuing from man's own true nature and not from the mere expediencies of government. Did not Engels tell us that "men's own social organization, which has hitherto stood in opposition to them as if arbitrarily decreed by nature and history, will then become the voluntary act of men themselves"?*

Just now things are quite otherwise. Our life stands to the life of reason as tumult to serenity. We can see great cubes of the universal design, but in commotion, as the whirling, which is perhaps largely our own, makes them seem to tumble and rebuild. But Kant and his contemporaries, even Hume in the living of Hume's life, believed order to be the suitable mode of existence, the proper, the polite, the urbane. Order alone could surrender itself to intelligence, and, surrendering, give over the domain of nature to man's control.

In this last sentence it is the word "alone" which is troublesome for it seems to say that, although order immediately commends itself to knowledge, nothing else does so. Therefore, when Hume successfully doubted whether order had any basis in objective fact, knowledge itself seemed to vanish, and Kant was left searching elsewhere for the ground of it. For myself, I think that there is a solution to this puzzle, and that the solution, having much to do with human liberty, is well worth the effort. Let us at any rate try.

* *Socialism: Utopian and Scientific*, Part III.

The Kantian moral of the fish and the birds is that the order which is in Nature must be discovered and obeyed; it cannot be invented and decreed. There are plenty of people, however, who do try to invent and decree it. A great deal of English and American empiricism, especially the pragmatism part of it, is given over to devices for getting along without the notion of a universe independent of our sensations. Life seems easier that way; philosophy comes as a do-it-yourself kit, in a large economy size.

Governments like this too, for then neither we nor (presumably) they have to worry whether events are going on "out there" which correspond in any way with the statements made about them. For example, I read the other day in the *New York Times* a similitude, attributed to Mr. Khrushchev, between "true Marxism" and the keeping of step by a regiment on the march. The man out of step, if there were any, would be the man in error. I was reminded then of the Portsmouth town watch, described by Thomas Bailey Aldrich in *The Story of A Bad Boy*, which, during a local alarm, "marched off in admirable order in the wrong direction." But, I suppose, if keeping step is the test of truth, no direction will be wrong.

And then I recalled that Engels, in a letter to August Bebel (October 28, 1882), had written, "Unity is quite a good thing so long as it is possible, but there are things which stand higher than unity." Among those things, Engels thought, was *principle*, that is to say, the faithful elucidation of proletarian needs in the service of society. There are times, Engels says, when the "true Marxist" has to be out of step. It is very puzzling, for, unless logic be for a time suspended, either Engels or Mr. Khrushchev is, on this point at any rate, not a "true Marxist."

Engels was much nearer the eighteenth century, so you'll guess how I feel about it. Keeping step is an activity of persons, and getting truth is an activity of persons; but *being* true, which is an attribute of sentences, is not personal at all. "The truths of reason are valid anonymously," said Kant to his young logicians: "Here the question is not *who* said it, but *what* did he say."* Mr. Khrushchev, if I may say so, is grown very Yankee and pragmatic, and he seems to be answering the quite irrelevant question (a favorite among undergraduates), "Who is to say?"

They are trusting to persons, poor lads, rather than to method. It is an inclination much fostered by governments. Yet governments and cabinets and committees, though congregated with experts, cannot make

* *Italics Kant's.*

a single true sentence false or a single false sentence true—nor, for that matter, a good act bad or a bad act good, whatever their praise or imprecations. They can only *discover* the true and the good—if, indeed, their eager interests and anxieties permit discovery at all.

This is what a man of the eighteenth century would think, and he would be right about it. But, suddenly, over all this sublime rigor or expectation there steals a dreadful doubt. Granted that the truth or falsity of sentences is unalterable, how can we mere human beings, limited and erring, tell the true sentences from the false ones? We need, it seems, a rule to judge by, and Hume has just informed us that there isn't any. What use is it to know that some sentences are true and others false, if we cannot know which is which?

Now, you may think that governments don't pay much attention to philosophy, but they are far too skilled to overlook a thing like this. The Nazis, for example, didn't overlook it. Their philosopher, Alfred Rosenberg, seized precisely upon this quandary. He argued that, since social questions are of great complexity, and since reason, logic, and science seem unable to lift us out of a general doubt, it is best to trust the Fuehrer and believe what he says. Accordingly, it does appear that skepticism can lead to the acceptance of authority: we doubt, are frightened by doubting, and so fall at last upon Father's breast.

I suppose that in fact such doubting is pathological. But we cannot recognize doubt as diseased unless we also see it in its state of health. When we do, I think we'll find it quite rational because it is a part of reason, and quite free of authority or caprice because it is grounded upon fact. Here, I suggest, is how:

The theory of knowledge, as a philosophical discipline, goes back to the time when Socrates was a lad and perhaps to a time still earlier. Throughout its history there runs a contest between belief and skepticism, between the view that men can be quite sure of some things and the view that they cannot be sure of anything (including, according to Pyrrho, this view itself).

These doctrines generate their corresponding moods within us by mingling with our loves and our aversions, our fears and inadequacies. They do this quite impartially, and it seems that one and the same sort of temperament is susceptible to either view. A man, for example, low in self-esteem may feel incompetent to believe anything, and so be a skeptic, or he may cover his weakness with an iron dogmatism. The psychology of belonging (an unlovely thing sometimes) may make us eager that the organization and its leadership be always right. By con-

trast, the psychology of rebelliousness (also sometimes an unlovely thing) makes us skeptical of all that organizations say.

I think, further, that the believer is often nailed in belief, and the skeptic in skepticism, by a sense that he has to be one or the other. Perhaps, sociologically, this feeling signifies a fear on the believer's part that he might have to resign and lose the advantages of membership, and on the skeptic's part that he might have to join and lose the advantages of independence. Believer and skeptic both appeal (if indeed a skeptic *can* appeal) to the law of contradiction and the law of excluded middle, which tell us that two contradictory sentences cannot both be true but that one of them must be. From this it seems inferrible that you cannot be both a believer and a skeptic, but that you must be one or the other.

My notion is, however, that this inference is erroneous. I honor the law of contradiction, since I will not hastily proclaim myself a lunatic. I even honor the law of excluded middle, which a great many contemporary logicians are discarding in an uneasy and inaccurate flirtation with dialectics. But these laws, applied to this context, suggest only part of what is the case: they suggest that certainty and doubt are opposed. The consummatory and perfect insight would be that certainty and doubt involve each other, and are therefore part of a single whole.

Let us try, now, to see how this can be. The world, it seems very probable, is what it is, with its manifold entities and relations and patterns and the constant changes in all these. So far as we can organize symbols into sentences such that they refer, clearly and distinctly, to the world as the world is, we can know that we have written or spoken something true. But, alas, our senses are limited, our instruments yet blunt, our calculations slightly awry, our inferences lamed by presupposing what they are to find. The fish and the birds, they somewhat escape our eye, our glasses, our mathematics, and our biology. Yet I will wager my small possessions, and you will wager yours, that the fish and the birds do behave according to rules, that we human beings have increased and do still increase our awareness of those rules, and that nevertheless there always remains something unknown and therefore doubtful.

I sometimes think that philosophy would be best written from the point of view of an administrator—though most of the administrators I have known were unfit for philosophy. An administrator has about him the swirl of human purposes, and it is his function to organize this swirl toward the prosecution of a common end. He needs to *know*. But

a part, an anguished part, of his knowledge surely is that there are some things, perhaps many things, he doesn't know. If he is astute, he keeps, as we say, one eye out for the chance that his calculations do not correspond with fact. I have known administrators whose belief was that McCarthy would win. Well, you see, they didn't keep an eye out.

This keeping an eye out is the skeptic's glance, and it is part of the act of vision which, taken in its totality, yields knowledge. For we get our knowledge with an awareness of risks and limitations—so much so that we judge, as in statistics, that the lesser risk is the truer ideal. Accordingly, it is our knowledge about our knowledge which persuades us to be usefully skeptical. That is why skeptics can bring evidence on behalf of skepticism. But, of course, when they bring evidence, they confess that there are some things which may, in a reasonable acceptance of the term, be said to be known. If, then, the knower cannot know without doubting his knowledge, and the doubter cannot doubt without knowing his knowledge, then I think we must conclude that certainty and doubt do, as we said, involve each other, and are parts of a single whole. And the totality which they are is the living circumstance of a human person who knows a good deal and intends to know more.

This argument yields a startling corollary. If it is difficult to assert anything so true as to be beyond all doubt, it is likewise difficult to assert anything so false as to be totally disconnected with reality. This has long been, of course, the anguish of all liars; and it is why the emperor, when he walks (as his custom is) naked, is silently seen to have no clothes. In philosophy—honest philosophy, that is to say, not philosophy of *ad hoc* manufacture—I think it is the case that all theories have some contact with reality and therefore say something true, however crabbed and metaphorical the means of expression may be.

Well, then, if the most knowledgeable of our assertions are yet touched with doubt, and if the least knowledgeable have nevertheless upon them some faint touch of truth, it seems more useful to let them all struggle as they may than to subject them to prison and the policeman's club. **Logic and scientific method will sort them out; the cops can only confuse them.** This is an old notion now, the noblest insight of the bourgeois revolution. Yet violations of it manifest themselves daily in a myriad follies and in the self-defeat of governments.

"The world," Kant once wrote, a little sadly, "is still unripe for any decisive improvement. . . . Freedom in religion and in social relationships is not the only important thing. Beyond this lies the fact that

no state does what is best for the world, but only what is best for itself."* But that was a hundred and sixty years or so ago, when mankind was not yet united in a common need to survive, when national constitutions were being first enacted and their genius little known, and when the desires of multitudes stammered only in what a philosopher might say.

Now continents have grown philosophical, and the peoples are finding wisdom. Can one really suppose that we Americans, true children of the eighteenth century, who feel a duty in dissent and a privilege in inquiry, will fall behind? The world is ours too, to help in building, that history may not shame us for forgetting the sage, if subtle, logic of the fish and the birds.

* Karl Vorlander: *Immanuel Kant, der Mann und das Werk*, Vol. 2, p. 214.

LISBON LETTER

PAUL JOHNSON

OFF the spacious coastal road which leads out of the western suburbs of Oporto there is a concealed turning. No tourist, on his way to the Atlantic beaches, would spot it; even the Oporto citizens who were escorting me had to ask the way from a passing laborer. Yet this little unpaved road, meandering behind the luxury villas which overlook the sea, leads straight to the heart of the real Portugal, the Portugal which lives and suffers behind the Salazar Facade. Only 50 yards from the main road, the stench became unbearable. Then we saw the first group of huts—black little hovels, scarcely four feet high, made of old packing cases and wooden boards, strips of corrugated iron, even cardboard. The floor was mud; in the winter, these people, like the wild tribes of the Euphrates Delta, live literally in a swamp. Small children, almost naked, their stomachs distended by the potato soup which is their stable diet, scuffled and urinated along the track. A tiny, wizened girl—she was 11 years old—escorted us to the centre of the “village.” Here were perhaps 200 huts—one or two pathetically adorned with a coat of paint, even a name—inhabited by 1,000 of Salazar’s subjects. Inside one of them, peering through the darkness and the flies, I saw a room, 12 feet by 6 feet, half divided by a wooden partition: there were two packing case beds—no blankets—and a dresser made of planks; the entire worldly goods of eight human beings. The father of the family made 42¢ a day, out of which he had to pay his social insurance, his “union” duties, and a ground rent to Oporto City Council for the right to live in his hovel.

Scattered around Oporto there are 19 of these satellite slums. But there is no need to go to the suburbs. In Oporto itself, under the shadow of the great iron bridge which Eiffel flung across the Douro, facing the huge warehouse of the port princes, are tenements, no better, perhaps worse, for here even the sun never penetrates. Above them looms the

done of the giant sports stadium which Salazar had built for the international roller-skating hockey championships, the vast diocesan seminary, and highest of all, the grandiose 18th century palace of the Bishop of Oporto. By visiting these slums I became an accessory to a crime; for my Portuguese friends risked an eight-year prison sentence by taking me there. In Portugal, poverty is blessed—Salazar has said so himself—but only if it remains invisible to foreign eyes; and whilst I was there a new decree-law was announced forbidding peasants to appear barefoot in the "tourist zones." Since most of them do not possess shoes anyway, it would seem that they can now no longer enjoy the delights of what tourist bureaus call "this delicious land."

Yes, Portugal has a hard currency; the fruit of 31 years of deflation, unemployment and pegged wages. Not everyone's wages are pegged, of course. Cabinet ministers have treated themselves to a five-fold increase since 1928, thus keeping a jump ahead of rise in living costs. School-teachers, civil servants and junior army officers have had a mere two-fold increase, which explains the genteel poverty tastefully concealed behind the stucco walls of the Lisbon suburbs. The salt miners of Alcochete get from 53 to 70 cents a day as they did when Professor Salazar became Minister of Finance in 1928 (the price of salt has meanwhile increased 12 times) and this explains why army units equipped with tanks had to be used to persuade them to call off their strike earlier this year. The peasants, who make up 75 per cent of the population rub along on incomes of between 140 to 210 dollars a year, and this explains why Portuguese industry is currently undergoing crisis of underconsumption, why share values have fallen 50 per cent in the last six months, and why the textile industry is working half time.

It may be said, who benefits from the regime? The 2,000 big land-owners of course, who have been allowed to revive many of the old feudal customs which were abolished when the Republic was founded in 1910. The colonial trading firms, which purchase from the Government immensely valuable monopolies in import, export, mining and processing. The generals, party bosses, ministers and deputies are sweetened by the occasional sleeping directorship (I know of one cabinet minister who has \$4,200,000 salted away in three Swiss safe-deposits, one in his wife's name, two in that of his mistress). Most of all the Church, now the State's biggest shareholder. The Society of Jesus controls the hydro-electric power industry. The Dominicans who were driven out of the Inquisition business by the Marquez of Pombal, now have a gratifying slice of the concrete market. And the Cardinal-Patriarch of Lisbon, when not presiding over miracles at Fatima, takes a healthy interest in textiles. The Church, in-

deed, is really the supreme power in the land, controlling government policy through an organization curiously entitled the Academic Centre of Christian Democracy (CADC), a select grouping of senior prelates and ministers, of which the Patriarch and Salazar are leading members. Indeed, Salazar, who was trained by the Dominicans and is said to have taken tertiary orders, is a clerical figure himself, living austere with an elderly housekeeper variously known as *la Senora Maria*, *la governante-paço*, *Madame de Maintenon* and "the Blessed Virgin."

To preserve this ramshackle pyramid of wealth and privilege, Salazar has constructed a police regime of singular ferocity and efficiency. The laws abolishing basic civic liberties and legalizing political persecution are in full force. Here I will make only two points. "Habeas corpus," though recognized in Portuguese laws, has no real existence: only one writ has been successfully issued since the war, and because lawyers can be heavily fined for issuing unsuccessful writs, the practice has virtually lapsed. Secondly, Portuguese law recognizes the totalitarian principle of the political crime of intention. Opponents of the regime can thus be preventively detained without charge or trial, for six-month periods, which can be renewed indefinitely on the advice of the police. Very many of the liberals and Socialists to whom I talked had been in prison, often several times; one had spent 17 years detention in the island of Timor; none had been granted the luxury of a trial.

Salazar's complex police apparatus numbers over 10,000 in all—being thus twice the size of the army. Indeed, the political police, which was trained by Nazi specialists, has now been equipped with tanks and artillery and organized on military lines. The main political prisons are at Caxias (this is the most important), Aljube and Monsanto; but there are, in addition, two known concentration camps, at Tarrafal in Cape Verde and in the African colony of Angola. Prisoners sent to these camps do not return. Torture is regularly and systematically employed to extract information and confessions, and the methods used sometimes end in death; indeed, at this moment, on the insistence of a number of lawyers, some of them pro-regime, an official inquiry is being conducted into the cases of two students whom the Government claimed "committed suicide" in prison earlier in this year.

Yet, since the collapse of Hitler, Salazar has been acutely anxious to achieve democratic respectability in Western eyes, above all with his allies in the Atlantic Pact. His own views on the subject have become quite clear. "I am," he said in 1938, "anti-liberal, anti-parliamentarian and anti-democratic." "Democracy," said one of his deputies

last week, "is an insidious disease which we must combat by strengthening ourselves with the vitamins of love and family and country, and fear of God." But in 1945 Salazar compromised by ordering elections, which have since been held every four years. No opposition candidate has ever been returned at any of them.

In Portugal, all political parties, with the exception of Salazar's own National Union and a pro-regime monarchist group, are banned; the opposition can thus engage in legal activities only during the 40-day period which precedes each election. Not unnaturally, they are divided on the tactics they should pursue. Some time ago a civil liberties organization was formed to obtain from the Government three basic guarantees: (1) publication of, or at least access to, the electoral roll; (2) ballot papers which would ensure secrecy of the vote; (3) the presence of independent observers during the counting. All these conditions have been refused. Indeed, if as seems certain, the precedent of previous elections is followed, the presidents of voting booths will examine all ballot-papers, and the names of those voting for opposition candidates will be noted by a Ministry of the Interior Official. In view of the wide variety of pressures, both political and economic, which the Government can exert, this alone ensures the return of Salazar's candidates. But a further guarantee is the actual composition of the electoral roll. Although, in theory, all literate ratepayers can vote, many of Portugal's most distinguished writers and lawyers, doctors and university professors, are not included on the roll. Instead, it is padded with those who can be marshalled into support of the regime: priests, nuns, seminarists, soldiers and members of women's Catholic organizations. In the 1953 elections, in the district of Moscovide, for instance, out of 866 names on the register, there were 250 priests, nuns and lay-brothers, 100 members of the Women's Catholic Action, and 50 teachers and scholars from a religious college. In Campo Grande, 26 percent of women on the list were nuns; in Santo Amaro and Da Povia, out of a vote of 123, there were 94 women—mainly illiterate members of Catholic Action. In some areas, army units were marched to the poll and told how to vote by their officers; in one Lisbon district, 20 girls from the Juventude Catolica, aged 16-17, were allowed to vote by the authorities.

In view of this experience, and their total failure to obtain the guarantees they asked for, many opposition leaders—particularly those who have organized the Social Democrat Directory—decided to boycott the elections, believing that by doing so they would frustrate Salazar's attempt to convince the West that he governs by popular consent. Others,

arguing that Salazar's greatest asset is apathy, and that the 40-day electoral period does at least allow them to make a gesture of defiance, have gone ahead and put up lists of candidates in four out of the 19 electoral districts: Lisbon, Oporto, Aveiro and Braga. In Lisbon, the opposition list was disallowed on a legal technicality.

Elections, of course, are not fair. Since there is no access to the roll, opposition candidates cannot canvass by post. They are allowed no time on Radio or TV (there are interminable broadcasts of NU meetings). They cannot stick up posters. The press censorship is not lifted; indeed, editors assured me that it had become more intense since the campaign opened. Galley proofs of all articles must be submitted, in duplicate, to the Censorship Commission; they are then returned marked "hold," censored or passed with cuts. In fact, the censors not only cut unfavorable references to the regime but add words, phrases and even whole paragraphs which entirely reverse the meaning of the original statement, and which editors then have no alternative but to publish. Editors are further obliged to publish lengthy statements from the NU or government departments often refuting opposition statements disallowed by the censors to the consequent mystification of their wretched readers. Since censorship delays frequently lead to missed delivery trains, most newspapers find it more convenient simply to report NU meetings and leave it at that; and the only paper which gives a genuine hearing to the opposition case is the small circulation *Republica*. The NU party paper, *Diario da Manhã* is, needless to say, exempt from the rigors of censorship.

And meetings? Since 1949, when the opposition campaign drew a crowd of 150,000 to an open air gathering in Oporto, all open air or street meetings have been banned by law. The sole activity thus open to the opposition is to hire cinemas or theatres which must be booked well in advance, and to which admission is by ticket only. Despite these limitations, the meeting I attended in the Coliseu Theatre in Oporto was the most moving and exciting I have ever witnessed. All of the 3,000 seats had been sold; and the streets outside were packed with a struggling mass of men and women desperately anxious to get in. Scruffy black-marketeers of the type who are usually more anxious to sell you their sisters, offered me wads of escudos for my ticket. Inside, vast audience listened rapt, to a stream of oratory which went on from 9:30 to 12:45. But the candidates had to watch their words before the meeting, I heard a police captain brief the chairman on the phrases and sentiments which must not be expressed. The police do not hesitate to

close any meeting at which these rules are broken. Even so the waves of enthusiasm which rippled and echoed round the vast halls of the amphitheatre convinced me that, even on Salazar's terms, it was worth while to fight the election.

The real fear of the Portuguese liberals is that this will be their last opportunity. Salazar no longer feels it so important to pay lip-service to democracy. The British Queen's visit has set the stamp of Western approval on his regime; and, when he was last in Lisbon, Sir David Eccles speaking as a minister, was careful to praise Salazar in fulsome terms. Franco's latest statement, that the Spanish type of regime is the prototype of the future, was quoted with riotous enthusiasm in the Government press. After elections, Salazar intends to introduce a constitutional reform which will abolish the Assembly and replace it with a corporative legislature whose members will be appointed, not elected. Already, many Portuguese, despairing of constitutional means, are beginning to look elsewhere for help. Many of the younger army officers, who are miserably paid, are smoldering with anger while their weapons and responsibilities are transferred to the political police. And the liberals say: "All we ask from Britain and America is that, when the day of reckoning arrives they will not come to Salazar's aid."

Right Face

Chin Up, General!

President Eisenhower has encouraged a group of leading Americans who feel that the country requires a special abrupt and continuous alarm bell on the danger from the Soviet Union.

Incongruously, some members of the yet amorphous "committee" believe that the President himself needs stiffening—in the form of steady heartening to exert his leadership.—*The New York Times*.

Cravens

CRETANS ACCUSE WEST ON CYPRUS—People of Strategic Island Adopt Defeatist Attitude on Defense Against Reds—Headline in the *New York Times*.

Old Friends of Labor

The Carlist movement backing the 68-year-old Xavier is trying to win permission to operate as an active political body with representation in the Cabinet of Generalissimo Francisco Franco.

The Carlists are seeking the backing of trade unions. They offer what they term a stoutly "anti-imperialistic" outlook on economics and firm opposition to Western-style democracy for Spain.—*The New York Times*.

Everything Under Control

ALGIERS—There is a great deal more solid brick and plaster than breakable glass in the eye-catching modern facade of the new United States Information Service cultural center here.

This is not surprising in a city that has known plenty of violence and where there is considerable anti-American sentiment, primarily of a political nature.—*The New York Times*.

Coral Gables

TOKYO—Martian real estate sales boomed here as a result of the launching of the Soviet satellite. Buyers flocked to the "Japanese Astro-

nautical Society," described as a non profit organization that sells land on Mars. The going rate today was \$2.78 an acre. It had been selling for 55 cents an acre.—The *New York Times*.

Holier than He

To Dr. von Braun, life is a constant quest, and every question that seems "solved" only brings up more questions. Every new discovery increases the total mystery, and therefore, he holds, man must become ever more humble—and believe in God.

"That's something that struck me about Hitler," he recalls. "I met Hitler four times. My first impression was that here was another Napoleon, another colossal figure who had upset the world. But at my last meeting with him—when I explained some of the technicalities of the V-2—Hitler suddenly struck me as an unreligious man, a man who did not feel that he was answerable to anyone, that there was no God for him."—The *New York Times*.

It's an Ill Wind

NEW DELHI—That Soviet earth satellite has turned out to be something of a boon to the United States in India. At least it has taken people's minds off Little Rock, Ark.—The *New York Times*.

How to Be Well Liked

U.S. SEEKS AMITY IN SWEDISH MART

Information Unit Utilizes Merchants' Sales Drive to Spur Anti-Red Campaign—Headline in The *New York Times*.

books in review

Anger and Imagination

THE GATES OF IVORY, THE GATES OF HORN, by Thomas McGrath. Mainstream Publishers. Popular, \$1.00. Cloth, \$2.25.

THE futures in which science fiction deals have been both Utopias and anti-Utopias, and combinations of the two. Structures of the imagination, or fancy if you will, have been erected on one of two premises: that mankind will not be able to hold back from destroying itself—or that it will. Nothing the physicists or geneticists have said recently has held any element of surprise for the science fiction reader. And likewise in the realm of politics and the organization of society, we have had everything extrapolated, from urbane anarchy, the withering away of the state and the magnification of the individual, to planting electrodes in everybody's skull to ensure complete control by the State (often represented as a giant computer). Here again, subliminal advertising comes as no surprise to us.

Gates of Ivory is in the long and honorable tradition of the anti-utopia, the social satire which projects into a future not too distant the malignant symptoms of present society. The order with which it deals is described

for us in a series of lightning flashes, as the author's angry wit briefly illuminates first this feature, then that, of a culture utterly horrifying, and much too close to what we have now to be brushed off as fantastic. Is it fantastic that it should be a crime to turn off a Spellcast? That there should be a social class of Beaters whose only occupation is to commit indiscriminate mayhem? That subversives should be engaged in smuggling books into libraries, or one of an upper-class wife's few duties should be to turn the garden on and off, complete with piped-in bird and cricket sounds? Or that only moral degenerates should enjoy the scent of fresh flowers, or insist on working with their hands? I cannot decide whether my favorite detail is the new concept of a Reichsbank, or the ritual of Confession, in a foetal position, of course, which begins and ends a session with one's private Psychomat, an essential furnishing of every home, for those of the elite who are permitted to have homes.

So much for the background. In the center of the stage is The Investigator, top man in a society whose slogan is "One nation indivisible with efficiency and punishment for all." This John Cary is no painted devil to frighten us, but is drawn with all his sophisticated rationale, his residual touches

of humanity, and his psychosis: the all pervasive suspicion which forces him to destroy himself. McGrath has the insight to make us raise our sights from the clowns and bully-boys of the lower echelons in our Century of the Investigated Man, and look at the power elite for a picture even more terrifying. I am afraid John Cary is drawn from life. He despises the Beaters, who maim and kill people for fun, but he is much more vicious, inhuman and destructive than they.

The book opens with a trial scene which in ten pages contains the triple-distilled essence of a modern heresy trial, set down in an icy rage which achieves the appearance of limpid objectivity. Nothing is lacking here, even to the Umpire who has to be admonished by the Investigator-Prosecutor to be "neutral," in order to keep things legal. Our hero then proceeds to his office faintly disturbed that he has not been able to convince the Suspect of the justice and benevolence of the procedure. And from here we follow him through the tortuous development of his schizophrenia and final felo-de-se as the self-investigated, self-framed, self-condemned man.

Along the way we are given succeeding flashes of the author's reactions to a rich array of subjects he feels strongly about, such as night clubs, mechanized sex, smog, urbanization, the aridity of Los Angeles, television, truth drugs, neo-orthodoxy. McGrath pays his alert readers the compliment of making his point, often, with a single allusive word or two; there are no labored underlinings anywhere.

The warmth of his humanism, his political intelligence, his lack of the sadism which is sometimes present in

this medium, insure that the picture he draws is not one of total darkness and despair. There are protagonists of love and sanity, varying in expressiveness from the articulate spellcast writer, Sy Levin, to the pathetic ex-Joy Girl who is Cary's wife, and even that different kind of electronic answer-finder, the Sybil. There is, in fact, a fairly pervasive Resistance. And there is the Unoccupied Country, a wild free frontier land into which there trickles a soon-to-grow migration of dissidents. It has its analogue in the heart of the great city, where a park is set aside for a sanctuary for Workless Stiffs with their old songs and their little fires to boil coffee, and for such practitioners of free speech as the Preacher. More than this, it becomes clear that this society over which the Political Corporation and its Engineers reign is a dying organism. The Investigator senses, with despair, that his dream of a perfectly orderly state, totally purged of sedition is unattainable while anyone remains alive.

Many kinds of people will like this book for many reasons. My hope is that it will be discovered, read and spread abroad by those who are addicted to social satire both as a weapon and as something to enjoy. They will find satisfaction in the sharp clarity of light cast on our world, and pleasure in the exorcism of demons. In another look into the future, in *Figures From a Double World*, Tom McGrath put it this way:

And to a world gone sick and mad
Our best devotions must be made
To save such goodness as we can
For the gay and thoughtless mil-
lenial man

away the smoke screens of uncertainty and fear, lays bare his scarred heart "dedicated, first and foremost, to winning full freedom, nothing less than full freedom, for my people in America."

Recognizing at the outset that he has been made a "controversial figure" by "the white folks on top who have directed at me the thunderbolts of their displeasure and rage," Paul Robeson begins his book by telling how he came to be what he is. He tells of the beginnings of his life, his parentage and home. Bereft of his mother at an early age, he writes:

"The glory of my boyhood years was my father. I loved him like no one in all the world. His people, among whom he moved as a patriarch for many years before I was born, loved him, too. And the white folks—even the most lordly of aristocratic Princeton—had to respect him."

The little boy, trying to understand his mother's tragic death, the grave, untiring father, with his wisdom and pride; three older brothers—Negro lads facing a hostile world; a gentle sister—valiantly preparing herself for the role of a Negro woman in this "land of the free, and home of the brave": Robeson weaves his background with overtones of moving beauty. Pain and struggle, poverty and heartbreak, humiliation and disappointment are there; but there too is so much love, so much devotion, so much of unselfish giving, that from these roots comes the man who today can proclaim triumphantly, "*Love Will Find a Way.*"

Love is really the theme of this book. For Paul Robeson deeply loves people. He loves his native land. He

Who will laugh as he strikes the dragon down—
Laughing stand on our laughing bones.

FRANCES FRITCHMAN

Paul Robeson Himself

HERE I STAND, by Paul Robeson.

Othello Associates, Inc. \$2.50 cloth;

\$1.50 paper.

THE title is arresting! In these days of limpid vacillation, wavering, shambling, craven ducking and of reclining on soft couches, it is something to come upon a MAN standing tree-top tall, with his shoulders squared, his head high, and his face turned towards the dawn of a better day. "I am a Negro—I am an American, proud of my dual heritage," writes Paul Robeson. "The era of White Supremacy in America, the imperialist domination of the East by a handful of Western nations, is rapidly coming to an end. A new era is being born. We, the Negro people of the United States, and of the Carribean area as well, are part of the rising colored peoples of the world."

There are those on our currently "dark continent" who will be surprised by the appearance of this slender volume. "A book by Paul Robeson! Why, he's a singer—an actor!" But if we who know Paul persuade them to read *Here I Stand* those souls will be enlightened. Using simple, precise words, with reasoned logic backed by keen analysis, Paul Robeson cuts through the morass of lies, innuendoes and accusations in which our enemies have tried to entomb him. He sweeps

cares about the future of this land and of its peoples. "I care nothing—less than nothing—about what the lords of the land, the Big White Folks, think of me and my ideas. . . . But I do care—and deeply—about the America of the common people . . . the working men and women whose picket-lines I've joined, auto workers, seamen, cooks, stewards, furriers, miners, steel workers; my own Negro people, the foreign-born, the various nationality groups, the people of the arts and sciences, students—all of that America of which I sing in *Ballad for Americans*."

Robeson's knowledge of other lands and other peoples has enriched his understanding and love. "It was in Britain—among the English, Scottish, Welsh and Irish people that I learned that the essential character of a nation is determined not by the upper classes, but by the common people, and that the common people of all nations are truly brothers." While living in London he "discovered" Africa. "Like most of Africa's children in America, I had known little about the land of our fathers, but in England I came to know many Africans. Some of their names are now known to the world—Nkrumah and Azikiwe, and Kenyatta who is imprisoned in Kenya." In 1938 he was in Spain, with the men and women who were heroically giving "their last full measure of devotion" to the cause of democracy.

But such fraternizing is frowned upon by the Ruling Lords, whether they be in the United States, Great Britain, Spain or South Africa. And so, today, Paul Robeson is not permitted by his own government to travel. "The State Department will tell you that the fact that I am an advocate of Negro rights has nothing to do with the case.

Nevertheless, there are indisputable facts which indicate that my concern for Negro rights is indeed at the heart of the case in which I am involved.

"From the beginning of Negro history in our land, Negroes have asserted their right to freedom of movement. Tens of thousands of Negro slaves, like my own father, traveled the Underground Railroad to freedom—From the days of chattel slavery until today, the concept of travel has been inseparably linked in the minds of our people with the concept of freedom. Some of the runaway slaves went to foreign countries not to secure their own freedom but to gain liberation for their kinsmen in chains. The good work they did abroad lives on in our time, for that pressure which comes today from Europe in our behalf is in part a precious heritage from those early Negro sojourners for freedom who crossed the sea."

Here I Stand is a blueprint for action. "Freedom can be ours, here and now! We have the power to achieve that goal!" *Developments at home and abroad have made it imperative that democratic rights be granted to the Negro people without further delay.* The constitutional rights of all Americans are at stake. Robeson calls for Negro leadership which is dedicated and independent. "It is high time for Negro leadership to take a new look at the world beyond our borders and to stop parroting the fearful wails of Washington officialdom that Asia and Africa may be 'lost to the Free World'."

Paul Robeson closes with a loving tribute to the children of Little Rock, tenderly calling each by name and saying "you are the pride and glory of our people."

"Yes America—these are your children, too, and you ought to be very proud of them. The American dream—the spirit of Jefferson and Lincoln, of Emerson and Twain—is given new life by the children of Little Rock. These children must ever be cherished, for they are not only the hope and the promise of my people: with them stands the destiny of democracy in America."

Here I Stand is a book to read and to pass on and on.

SHIRLEY GRAHAM.

All Kinds of Novels

THE VANISHING HERO, by Sean O'Faolain. Little Brown. \$3.75.

POLITICS AND THE NOVEL, by Irving Howe. Horizon Press. \$3.50.

EACH OF these interesting books consists, basically, of a series of six lectures given under the auspices of the Christian Gauss Seminars in Criticism at Princeton University. Each is held together by a sort of thesis indicated in the title, on which are threaded specific studies of eight or ten individual novelists. But while his general theoretical subject is actually the center of Howe's book, Sean O'Faolain's real interest is much better indicated by his subtitle, "Studies in Novelists of the Twenties."

He soon drops his rather perfunctory attempt to impose a unity of theme on the treatment of Aldous Huxley, Evelyn Waugh, Graham Greene, William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, Elizabeth Bowen, Virginia Woolf and James Joyce through his discovery "that the

central assumption of the contemporary novel, the one constant in all the writing before me, is the virtual disappearance from fiction of that focal character of the classical novel, the conceptual Hero."

The irrelevance of this discovery whose discussion is confined almost entirely to the brief preface, is indicated by O'Faolain's cheerful (and highly dubious) assertion that the hero began to disappear from the novel in the eighteenth century and that "with Stendhal [in 1831] the destruction of the Social Hero is complete." After pausing to dispose of the remnants of his thesis by declaring "Neither have I attempted, nor am I fitted, to discuss the underlying reasons for this disintegration of the social Hero," O'Faolain takes his leave of the vanishing hero and turns to a more serious consideration of his real topics, the "Fervent Twenties."

This begins with a closely packed factual fifteen-page survey of the two most important new schools to develop in English fiction during the ten or fifteen years after the first world war: the Cambridge-centered group, and those whom he describes as aristocratic bohemians.

Both the sensitive young intellectuals of "Bloomsbury" and the more profligate and dissipated denizens of "High Bohemia" were, in their different ways, expressing "the idealistic dissatisfaction of the young with the values of the old" and using "affection, mockery, frivolity and extravagance" as "weapons in which young men criticize life seriously." "They were all sad young men," O'Faolain says, "but they had great courage. . . . They may have been a generation astray, but they were not in the least a lost generation. The

made literature out of loss—Huxley has been doing it all his life; so did Scott Fitzgerald."

The body of the book is then devoted to a series of studies of varying importance. There are excellent analyses of Huxley and Graham Greene; interesting but, I think, far too respectful estimates of the significance of Evelyn Waugh and Elizabeth Bowen; an unusual appreciation of Hemingway and an even more unusual depreciation of Faulkner; and finally a rather confused but immensely stimulating comparison of Virginia Woolf with James Joyce under the title "Narcissa and Lucifer."

Aside from the particular contributions of these critical studies, whose individual value is largely determined for us by our own prior concern with their several subjects, the chief interest of the book lies in its considerable addition to the current rehabilitation of the Twenties. In dress design, in film revivals, in jazz recordings and in literary discussions—everywhere one looks today one finds evidence of a growing nostalgia and new respect for the recently decried age of "flaming youth."

John Aldridge and Malcolm Cowley, for example, both look back to a comparatively heroic past in their recent "After The Lost Generation" and "War Novels of Two Wars"; a flood of biographical and critical works has in the last few years swept Fitzgerald and his contemporaries back into public attention on a much more consciously academic level; and college students still seem to find Hemingway (at 59) and Faulkner (at 60) the most forceful of our "new" American writers.

O'Faolain does not himself discuss

this fashion, or even explicitly consider the reason for his own return to the "Roaring Twenties," but his picture of many of its representative writers does, nevertheless, offer some valuable suggestions to the critic or reader who would like to explore this significant movement. A serious attempt to explain it would, I think, be of substantial assistance in our efforts better to understand our own most peculiar and apparently dissimilar period.

Irving Howe's book is very different and far more unusual in its orientation. His central concern is, as he says, "to see what the violent intrusion of politics does to, and perhaps for, the literary imagination," and he carefully examines a number of major "political novels" to discover the effect of their preoccupation on each.

The scope of his book is well indicated by the chapter headings. The first part—over a hundred and fifty pages—is devoted to 1) The Idea of the Political Novel; 2) Stendhal: The Politics of Survival; 3) Dostoevsky: The Politics of Salvation; 4) Conrad: Order and Anarchy; 5) Turgenev: The Politics of Hesitation; 6) Henry James: The Political Vocation.

Chapter One, in a few exceptionally compact and readable pages, summarizes the origin and development of the novel as a great bourgeois art form from the days of the eighteenth century picaresque "rogue-hero" who expressed "in a curious underground way . . . the new appetite for experiment as a mode of life." Howe's rapid survey passes quickly over the early nineteenth century in which "the social novel marked the consolidation of that [individual] action into the political triumph of the merchant class," and

concludes by pointing out that, in the growing instability of the bourgeois world, "the novelist's attention had necessarily to shift from the gradations within society to the fate of society itself."

It is here, he says, that we find the beginning of the political novel—i.e., a novel "in which the *idea* of society, as distinct from the mere unquestioned workings of society, has penetrated the consciousness of the characters in all of its profoundly problematic aspects." Stendhal is then considered as the first important political novelist.

Howe opens the study of Stendhal, in his second chapter, with a statement of the novelist's paradoxical position as "a profoundly nonpolitical man" in an era in which "the nonpolitical temper implies a political choice" as "Stendhal, unlike many writers who follow him, knows. . . ."

Here, as in all the next four chapters devoted to individual writers, we find a brilliant and penetrating, if often controversial, account of the concrete social background, the political raw material of the novel, the personal viewpoint of the novelist, the part of his raw material which he was actually able to grasp, and the finished work of art itself.

Frequently in these specific studies the essence of an entire discussion is clearly given by such a concise judgment as: "From *any* coherent point of view, Dostoevsky's politics are a web of confusion . . . ; yet he is unequalled in modern literature for showing the muddle that may lie beneath the order and precision of ideology. . . . In our time ideology cannot be avoided. . . . But ideology is also a great sickness of our time . . . and this is true despite one's suspicion of most of the people

who say so. . . . No other novelist has dramatized so powerfully the values and dangers, the uses and corruptions of systematized thought."

The second part of the book is composed entirely of one long chapter. 7) Some American Novelists: The Politics of Isolation. This deals with Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*, Henry Adams' deservedly neglected novel, *Democracy*, and Henry James' *The Bostonians*, under three intriguing subtitles: "Pastoral and Politics," "Politics and Nausea" and "Politics and Character." After considering the three works separately in enlightening detail, Howe offers a provocative question as to the continuity of the American political novel during the past hundred years. Choosing Dos Passos' *USA*, Trilling's *The Middle of the Journey* and Warren's *All the King's Men* as his twentieth century examples, he concludes: "Consider the images of political man with which Dos Passos, Warren and Trilling end their novels. Ben Compton, a shattered revolutionary walking the streets of New York, without belief or hope or even self-regard. Jack Burden, asking himself how he could place his trust in a puny dictator like Willie Stark and wondering—in the total isolation that has overcome him, what is to become of his life. John Laskell, waiting alone in a railroad station to begin the middle of his journey, his pieties and passions behind him, and little before him but spiritual exhaustion and a bleak integrity. The image raised by all these critical scenes is one of isolation, an isolation that a wounded intelligence is trying desperately to transform into the composure of solitude. And once every allowance has been made for the differences in the experience of mid-19th

and mid-20th century America, are we not here recalled to the dilemmas and anxieties of *The Blithedale Romance*, *Democracy* and *The Bostonians*?"

Unfortunately the third part of the book, divided into two chapters, 8) Malraux, Silone, Koestler: The Twentieth Century and 9) Orwell: History as Nightmare, stands as a sad anticlimax to an original and powerful work.

Part of the descent may be inevitable, since selection must, perforce, be made from work on a much lower level of literary achievement. But the decline cannot be blamed entirely on a lack of available material by any critic who has deliberately chosen to deal with a Koestler rather than a Sholokhov. The preference here is clearly determined, not by literary value or importance, but by the critic's largely a priori definition, "The contrast between early political hope and later disillusion becomes the major theme of the twentieth century political novel."

Nevertheless, the discussion of Malraux, Silone and Koestler is often absorbing, despite an irritating number of altogether unsupported obiter dicta on recent political events. And, granted the rather capricious choice of examples for analysis, the analyses themselves are in large part keen and helpful ones.

But when we reach the final chapter we are truly shocked to see how completely a critic's own political obsession can negate his critical faculty. To find a serious writer describing the glib superficiality of Orwell's *1984* as "written out of one passionate breath, [where] each word is bent to a severe discipline of meaning, everything is stripped to the bareness of terror"! One need not compare the intensity of Orwell's vision with that of a great

genius like Dostoevsky or Dickens, or even with that of a powerful minor novelist like Kafka or Faulkner, to test the absurdity of such a statement about such a book. Actually, it pales beside an unusually good work of science fiction like Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451*.

The strange failure of perception here is so extreme that we can understand it only in terms of critical abdication before the critic's overpowering need to lean on any writer who happens fully to share his own apparently almost pathological hatred and fear of communism. Howe himself is, of course, conscious of this identification, if not of its effect. For example, in his defense of Orwell against charges of irrationality he says: "They [the rulers of his imaginary totalitarian state] want to enjoy the sense of exercising their power, which means to cause those below them to suffer. Yet the question remains, why do they kill millions of people, why do they find pleasure in torturing and humiliating people they know to be innocent? For that matter, why did the Nazis and Stalinists?"

His ludicrous final statement, "with *1984* we come to the heart of the matter, the whiteness of the whiteness," seems to have startled Howe himself into adding more reasonably "it should not matter to us, this possibility that in the future Silone or Orwell will not seem as important as they do for many people in our time. . . . If the world of *1984* does not come to pass, people may well feel that this book was merely a symptom of private disturbance, a nightmare. But we know better: we know that the nightmare is ours."

It certainly makes us feel no better to know that a perceptive critic shares

this nightmare with a poor novelist. But even while we regret the misdirected ingenuity with which a fine critical mind here betrays itself we should not let our disappointment make us ignore the promising new paths his work has begun so fruitfully to explore.

ANNETTE T. RUBENSTEIN

Going Somewhere

PROMISES, by Robert Penn Warren.
Random House. \$3.00.

WARREN is a mature poet whose subject is the human condition in whatever country he may be. While some younger poets have indeed brought back the experiences from their sojourns abroad for the writing of a number of good poems, none, I think, have remained so steadfast in a chosen direction in their work, or, to phrase it differently, a unified theme that does not depend on the poet's recent whereabouts for its statement. Perhaps that is because so few poets nowadays have a subject matter, a direction, an imperative.

But Warren's book is a splendidly unified one, for any age. It is about childhood, when the world is "*Promises*." "*Childhood*" is, of course, old stuff as literary material, and certainly it is now new for Warren; but never, that I know of, has an important poet made so concerted an exploration of the theme, a theme that involves more than childhood, involves the world as the poet knows it today and as the child of today may know it tomorrow.

His conclusion (if any book of poems can be said to have a conclusion) is one that ought to be characterized as an af-

firmation. Not of the world, but of world's promises. It is a hard-won affirmation; there is nothing easy or cheap about it. It is given to us most succinctly in Part 3 of "*Infant Boy at Midcentury*" in something like the form of a his-
lesson:

And in even such a stew and stink
Tacitus
Once wrote of, his generals, gourmets
pimps, poltroons,
He found persons of private virtue,
old-fashioned stout ones
Who would bow the head to no blarney
and we know that such are yet with
us.

Hope, for Warren, is simply in "persons of private virtue." It seems to this is the only true hope, for, in the end, it is only through such persons that public institutions can prosper.

The poems themselves are of varying merit, although none quite rises to Warren's high pitch of old and new. It is totally regrettable. The long opening poem in five sections, "*To a Little Girl, One Year Old, in a Russian Fortress*," is moderately successful. There are simplicity, candor, variety in each section—each is, in fact, a separate poem—with the sea-mount fortress setting supplying the unity. Yet the poem fails to give complete satisfaction. The cause, I believe, is the sparseness of the language, the unconscious striving for a clear, precise lyric diction which leads the poet to write such a stanza as this (from "*The Flower*"):

It is late. The path from the beach
Crawls up. I take you. We reach
The vineyard, and at that path
The hedge obtrudes a tangle
Of leaf and green bulge and a warm
Bee—drowsy and blowsy with
bloom,

scarcely giving the passer-by room.
 We know that that blossomy mass
 Will brush our heads as we pass,
 And at knee there's gold gorse and
 blue clover,
 And at ankle, blue *malva* all over
 —Plus plants I don't recognize
 With my non-botanical eyes.
 We approach, but before we get there,
 If no breeze stirs that green lair,
 The scent and sun-honey of air
 Is too sweet comfortably to bear.

Compare this with two stanzas from
 an earlier poem, "Revelation":

By walls, by walks, chrysanthemum and
 aster,
 All hairy fat-petalled species, lean,
 confer,
 And his ears, and heart, should burn
 at that insidious whisper
 Which concerns him so, he knows; but
 he cannot make out the words.

The peacock screamed, and his feathered
 fury made
 Legend shake, all day, while the sky
 ran pale as milk;
 That night, all night, the buck rabbit
 stamped in the moonlit glade,
 And the owl's brain glowed like a coal
 in the grove's combustible dark.

Perhaps citing these two examples
 is to make an invidious comparison, but
 I feel it the most ready way to shine
 the spotlight on what to me is the
 falling off element in this book from
 the best of Warren's previous poetry.
 And that is in the weakening of his
 descriptive imagination; although he re-
 tains his exactitude, it is a more pe-
 destrian exactitude; the scene no longer
 seems to participate so well in the ac-
 tion and the action, consequently, loses
 richness. It is as if Warren were now
 not so willing as he once was to take
 risks with the language.

Most of the poems in this collec-
 tion, written in the years 1954-1956,

take Warren back to his youth, and
 here he is at his most moving. "*What
 Was the Promise That Smiled From
 the Maples at Evening*" is a real evo-
 cation of boyhood, in truth, a return.
 It is a haunting poem, almost in the
 literal sense, for the ground becomes
 like glass at the poet's feet, in that
 place where he once lived as a boy,
 and he sees there "in a phosphorus of
 glory, bones bathed," sees Ruth and
 Robert, his mother and father. Ruth
 says simply, "'Child'"; Robert, "We
 died only that every promise might be
 fulfilled." There can be no doubt
 that in the moment of such a vivid
 return, so complete a renewal of time
 past, a promise *is* fulfilled and it is
 one of the few promises worth living
 for. Moreover, this poem has the quality
 of a universal we are not always aware
 of, for even in the most unhappy child-
 hood aren't there a few places, a few
 moments, a few people, that ought to be
 relived in the imagination? Too often
 they are lulled or sentimentalized with
 the years.

Other poems in the book are nearly
 as good, some close to Warren's best,
 and that is truly very fine. An im-
 pressive rebound after that slow, dreary
 book-length poem, *Brother to Dragons*.
 No use to delve into any more poems
 individually; *Promises* promises pleas-
 ure and ought to be read by others
 besides reviewers.

GENE FRUMKIN

A Minister's Son

THE WINTER HOUSE, by George
 Abbe, Doubleday & Company, \$3.75.

"SOMETHING owns us," was the
 first strong impression that Mark

Latham had as a small child. That "something" the child felt was the power of his father's parishoners over their frail lives. The congregation in the small Vermont village pays the father seven hundred dollars a year. He is given a house badly in need of repairs through which the wind howling down from the mountains pours. The drafts and the cold are responsible for the poor health of Curt, Mark's beloved older brother. But the injustice hardens Curt's spirit and gives him an indomitable will to survive and to help his gentle parents out of their desperate plight.

Mr. Prentice, the one man of great wealth who winters in the hills, is shocked at the condition of the shabby parlor and insists on giving the money to paint it but will not help to raise the minister's pitiful salary. The minister is an impractical man, "kindly," in whom "desire to do good burned daily like a going forth of hope in a child's life." He is helpless against the selfish opportunism that shapes the lives of his small town parishoners. They condone Mr. Walker, successful innkeeper who serves illegal drinks to adolescents but also sings in the choir and is an important member of the church board. After several young people are fatally poisoned by the Prohibiton gin, Gilbert Latham preaches a sermon against Mr. Walker—and loses his position.

The adolescence of Mark is spent in another New England town, another parish where his father receives little more encouragement for his integrity and patient labor. As a result, Mark becomes a wild youngster curbed only by his admiration and love for his brother, now working his way through

the university at great expense to health.

Mark too begins a hectic life as college student on scholarships, working his way washing dishes, doing a hundred menial tasks to eke out his maintenance. Meanwhile Curt's health deteriorated so that he must go south in winters. He puts off graduate work to earn money to help Mark and his parents and in summer overworks as a tennis coach to the wealthy. Mark goes along as his assistant, stringing rackets and watching his brother's slaying as he whips his will to earn money again serving the same selfish blighted people who have broken his father. Before Mark has finished college Curt dies a victim to "the economic scheme of class and conflict." As the novel ends Mark is in love with a girl who shares but tempers his rebellion; he is finally able to accept her love with some maturity developed by the insights of his brother's death.

This is a sensitive, curiously genuine novel, in spite of its vivid pictures of adolescent suffering and rebellion. Its strongest aspects are the scenes of family life which are drawn with moving tenderness, and the portraits of the gentle brave parents. The home of these religious spirits creates a delicate clear mood like the mother's music, the old hymns that she plays and sings to the children. Both parents have known cultured comfortable homes. They are people who love beautiful things and they cling to the best values of an older culture: bravery, yet an inevitable helplessness.

The book is a short one to cover so much of the young Mark's life; its weakest aspects lie in the story told from the family, the account of his

lege days. These episodes are told about rather than experienced; whereas the life of the family is recreated, thoroughly felt. The various students and teachers, the girl Mark loves are never alive in themselves but only as they influence Mark.

There is much beauty, however, in this novel written by a man who is primarily a poet: the moods of the New England seasons, the atmosphere of the parsonage, the look of the villages are sharply, delicately etched.

This novel's intrinsic interest lies in the portrait of gentle middle-class people forced into awareness of the social implications of their suffering. Yet the book does not delve deeply enough into this experience, its quality is too slender for tragedy. The impression it leaves with the reader is the delicate, muted sadness of the mother's own music, rather than the angry strength of Mark.

VIRGINIA STEVENS

Spy for Freedom

WEEP NO MORE, by Janet Stevenson.
Viking Press, Liberty Book Club.
\$2.25.

THE jacket says, "written with a light touch," and *Weep No More* by Janet Stevenson is indeed light reading, but this historical novel has social purpose as well as the narrative drive which is necessary if a book which depends mainly on plot is to hold the reader.

Mrs. Stevenson gives us the incredible but factually true story of the southern woman, Elizabeth Van Lew,

who pretended to be—even so genteelly—insane, and used her gentility and her supposed derangement to wander around Civil War Richmond, in and out of Libby Prison, rescuing Union soldiers, gathering information on troop movements, and forwarding it to the War Department in Washington. Elizabeth Van Lew was a real woman, and the book is dedicated to her.

There was a whole network of men and women, Negro and white, who worked with "Crazy Bet" in her self-appointed task; even the white south—though this is a fact that is not sufficiently well known—was by no means united in the cause of secession and slavery.

The novel starts somewhat awkwardly, but within a few pages we are caught up in the net of conspiracy and danger, and go on at a gallop to the end; it must also be said in praise of Mrs. Stevenson that she does not distort the facts of Elizabeth Van Lew's life in order to give us a conventional, easy ending. However, it is in characterization that the book falls into the category of light reading: to this reviewer, almost all the secondary characters are insufficiently realized, and the major characters, Elizabeth Van Lew and the Union officer who falls in love with her, are thought out in their elements of human complexity, rather than fused in the intensity of emotional contradictions. It is only when Elizabeth tells the story of the shocking love-affair through which she learnt her dedication to the cause of Abolition, and from which Richmond's ladies and gentlemen, whom she deceived, believed her derangement had sprung, that emotion, action and conviction are united; it is here that the author,

through the mouth of her heroine, with great psychological insight, equates the position of women and the fact of the oppression of the Negro people, and it is here that the story reaches a climax of wisdom and true excellence.

MARGUERITE WEST

Glackens in Anecdote

WILLIAM GLACKENS AND THE ASHCAN GROUP, by Ira Glackens. Crown Publishers. \$5.00.

THIS book is not a comprehensive study or biography of Glackens, let alone a treatise on the "Ashcan Group"; the body of New York painters who, between the turn of the century and the First World War, brought the life of the common people of the cities into American art with so much warmth and human sympathy. As for the sub-title of the book, "The Emergence of Realism in American Art," it is obviously one of the ways in which a publisher's publicity agent earns his pay.

The author, who is William Glackens' son, does not even make a pass at tackling this subject. But it is silly to start a quarrel with a book in itself so amiable and enjoyable. Drawing on his own memories, and on letters, the author has filled the pages with anecdotes out of which the Glackens family emerges as one which it is a pleasure to know, even in this roundabout way. Of the other members of the group, who were also known as "The Eight," the only ones whom the author talks of in some detail are those whom he seems to have personally liked, such as Robert Henri and the Prendergast

brothers. John Sloan, perhaps the greatest of all, hardly appears in the book.

A possible reason for this negligence is that Sloan was an active socialist and cartoonist for the *Masses*, and Glackens' son has an open antipathy to anything which sounds like a "social approach" brought to bear upon art. It is not, I am sure, that he objects to anyone feeling a twinge of conscience at another's woe. It is rather that he likes to feel very happy about everything, and socialists seem to him to be kill-joys. Still, it is a matter of history that the "Ashcan Group" felt those twinges, and this is part of the importance of what they brought to painting in America. But if an exhaustive biographical and critical study both of Glackens and the others of the group remains to be written, this immensely lively and readable book is both a step in that direction and a valuable source of information for whoever takes up the job. A big asset is the abundance of reproductions of Glackens' paintings and drawings.

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

Giant Awake

THE CHINESE ECONOMY, by Solomon Adler. Monthly Review. \$5.00.

IN "The Chinese Economy," Solomon Adler, an employee of the U.S. Treasury Department during the New Deal and war periods who once served a spell as its representative in China, has written a book which everyone whom Mr. Dulles seeks to blinker should read and reread. Economics are

at underlying reality which moves apparent realities. Unfortunately, they are often obscured from the lay view not only by superstructural wrapping but also by the abstruse language of economists. This author is different. Combining sympathy with scientific objectivity, he has digested and analyzed a mass of some of the most important facts of our day, vividly and readably. The book begins with a concise account of China's economic and human geography, illuminated by social and political perception. The account of China's natural wealth is linked with an understanding of the importance of national independence and the liberation of productive forces not only to its utilization but also to discovery itself. Thus, China, once considered iron-poor, has now turned out to have tremendous reserves of ore. Once thought woefully deficient in oil, she has, in recent years, revealed resources greater than those of Iran, and these are beginning to be exploited for domestic use. The pessimistic assumptions of such "classic" western writers on China's geography and geology as Cressey and Foster Bain are factually criticized. We perceive a fact of importance, that the academic outsiders of acquisitive alien interests, no matter how keen their noses are not as painstaking—or successful—in seeking hidden riches, as the people in their own country, once they are free to build it up.

Mr. Adler then takes us quickly from China's recent past (with its almost unbelievable chaos and poverty amid potential abundance) into the period of rehabilitation from the ruins of war in the years 1949-52. He conveys well the constructive energy which, even

while it was removing the debris of the old, was characteristic of the Chinese revolution. While still engaged in its last decisive campaign against the Kuomintang, the People's Liberation Army, seen by the west as a purely "peasant" force, restored the railways, some paralyzed for over a decade. A few short months after the freeing of the main cities, the twelve-year super-inflation was ably brought to an end (and we are reminded that "the use of foreign currency was effectively banned in Shanghai, thus ending a century-old state of affairs in which China had not been mistress of her own currency system.") Politically and economically, the country was unified for the first time in its history, "the old taunt that China is merely a geographical expression became a meaningless jibe."

The Land Reform of 1950-52, affecting some 400,000,000 peasants, which the author rightly calls "the greatest revolution in history" is given not only in its economic but also in its human dimensions. "The peasant now regards himself and is regarded by others as a man in his own right" . . . it is hard to think of any other single measure so directly contributing to 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number.'

The following section "China's Economic System" shows its subject not statically but in development qualitative as well as quantitative. A valuable analysis and comparison is given of the economic significance, respectively, of the Common Programme of 1949 (the democratization and rehabilitation of China's economy) and the Constitution of 1954 (the advent of its nationwide planning and socialist transformation). In industry, capitalist enterprise yielded place, in graduated

politico-economic steps, to socialist. Chinese agriculture became the province of "the biggest cooperative movement in the world." The author shows how western conviction that China could never herself find the capital for industrialization (on which the ill-starred and ill-intentioned U.S. embargo, among other things was based) was a result of "undervaluation of both internal and external possibilities."

On the external side, the difference between the U.S. concept of "Point Four" aid and the assistance China has received from socialist countries, is neatly hit off. The hub of the matter: an underdeveloped country "needs to import not so much capital as capital goods." China's record emerges as a proof of the fruitful vitality both of a revolutionary people and of socialist internationalism in its economic relations. By the end of the Five Year Plan (December 1957), the author estimates, China will have passed her "critical point" in industrialization, after which the process will become autonomous and self-supplying in the main essentials.

Note is taken of the Plan's most striking feature, that the pace of socialist change has been even faster than that of construction and mounting output. A comparison is assayed between China in 1952, at the beginning of her industrialization, and Russia in 1927 when she launched hers. In foreign affairs, "the very existence of the Plan gives China a vested interest in the maintenance of peace."

With regard to agriculture, the greater ease of China's collectivization as compared to Russia's is explained economically and socially. By contrast, the mechanization of farming is bound

to be much slower than in the U.S. Can China's farming keep up with mounting demands on it even before gets tractors and combines in quantity? The author says yes, citing both a 50% increase of per capita yield in Japan in 1881-1920 and China's record in the last few years.

Before its cooperative reorganization the economic unit in Chinese agriculture was the family plot, averaging two or a half acres. Now it is the co-op farm, averaging 250 acres. Large-scale irrigation and water conservancy projects, proper seed selection, deeper ploughing and the development of sideline occupations all contribute to rural advancement. On the question of rising population, now that the "natural checks" of famine, pestilence and war, beloved of the Malthusians, are no longer a factor in Chinese life, Mr. Adler makes two points. In recent years, farm output has risen 10 per cent a year (grain output by 4 per cent), while the population has risen by something over 1 per cent. This lays the ghost of Malthus. But there is a real demographic problem. It is not that population will run output but that it may retard the pace of industrialization and economic progress. Not fear but the determination that life should become better quickly prompts China's present emphasis on birth control.

Even such a "technical" question of transport is given human and historical interest. Thought-provoking to Americans is the comparison of the ease of "railroadization" in the United States in the last century and in China today. Mr. Adler mentions the tremendous market China offers for railway goods. The importance of development of inland water transport is stressed.

member what her lake, river and canal system has meant to America's industrial heartland). Previously, China never had her own shipbuilding industry or airlines—now, with Soviet assistance, she has them (temporary joint companies, in both fields, reverted entirely to China in 1954).

Facts are given on the increased production and distribution of consumer goods and on finance. The author has calculated that an average of 22½ per cent of current expenditure during China's first Five-Year Plan went to defense needs, this being "a ratio on a lower level than the defense quota of other major powers." During the second Five-Year Plan, the defense burden is to be still less, about 4½ per cent of the national income.

"Real wages are higher and hours of work lower." Consumption is constantly going up. Social services are growing. Weight is given to workers' participation in management and the phenomenal progress of education. Difficulties too are treated notably in housing.

What Mr. Adler has to say on China's potential in foreign commerce deserves close study. An unfavorable international trade and payments balance dating from the 1870's was finally reversed in 1951. This feat was the result of two processes, liberation from past financial parasitism ("in one depression year the Shanghai branch of the National City Bank of New York is reputed to have made half the profits of the whole National City Bank system, almost entirely from exchange and bullion speculation") and healthy internal building. Again we see the full importance of China's independence, and her connection with the socialist

world. The old China, even in the halcyon postwar days of U.S. "aid" never attained the country's present position among foreign traders—eleventh in the world, ahead of Australia and India and barely behind Japan. But after liberation, even with the U.S. led western embargo, it was reached very quickly. The new growth is not confined to business with the U.S.S.R. and the People's Democracies, an economic reorientation of the greatest importance. It has marked China's trade with capitalist countries as well, except that the U.S. which was well ahead of Britain as a trading partner even of the new China in the last pre-embargo year 1950, has now cut itself out of the market. China's traditional exports have grown far above pre-war peaks. In addition, she now ships steel products, machinery, newsprint and other industrial goods to some Asian and African countries—a startling evidence of her progress. She has more products and funds to pay for the imports she needs (her gold reserve has increased more than twofold since 1950) which are now mainly capital items: railway goods, motor vehicles, machine tools, agricultural machinery and chemical fertilizers, building machinery, etc. One reason why Britain finally got off the hook of the embargo, on which the United States still remains stubbornly self-impaled, is that while her imports from China stand at their highest point in 30 years, her exports to China in 1955 were still only half of what they were 30 years ago—owing to U.S.-imposed restrictions.

"Speed, scale and peacefulness." These, in Mr. Adler's opinion, are the chief characteristics of China's socialist industrialization which all the world,

and particularly all Asia, is watching. All three attributes owe much to Soviet economic aid—something that those who dream of “splitting China from Russia” might well ponder. In 1967, he calculates, China’s output of the key industrial products will be comparable to that of the main western European countries, and by 1975 “the disparity will be negligible.”

ISRAEL EPSTEIN

A Glance at Culture

MAN: HIS FIRST MILLION YEARS:
by Ashley Montagu. World Publishing Company. \$3.75.

IN THIS simply-written and informative book, the well-known anthropologist Ashley Montagu presents a survey of the fields of physical and cultural anthropology designed for “people who want to learn, no matter what their chronological age may be.”

He begins with an account of what is known concerning the origins and evolution of man, then goes on to deal with the differentiation of the major ethnic groups of mankind. Following this, he devotes the main part of the book to a survey of human culture—a survey covering such diverse subjects as methods of obtaining a living, sex, marriage and family patterns, societal controls and government, and religion, science and art, chiefly as these are exhibited among primitive or non-literate peoples.

For the layman, the book contains much that is of interest. In places, however, the subject matter is treated very sketchily, sometimes in such an abbrevi-

ated manner as to constitute little more than a cataloging of social and cultural forms. Moreover, the author confines himself to a purely descriptive treatment, and makes no effort to deal with theoretical aspects of social evolution.

On the few occasions on which he attempts explanation of the origin of social institutions, he tends to attribute them to accident or to human foibles or errors. Thus, in dealing with the origin of war he asserts that in the Neolithic period some groups and individuals “made the sorry discovery . . . that war, in fact, was an economically profitable activity—an error which has bedevilled us down to the present day.” In short, Neolithic man “started off on the wrong foot.”

Despite these limitations, however, for one who wants a simple and interesting account of what anthropology is about, the book will repay reading.

HYMAN LUMB

The British Worker

THE BRITISH LABOR MOVEMENT
1770-1920, A Political History, by
A. L. Morton and George Tate. International Publishers, \$3.00.

FOR those who want a brief but adequate story of the development of workers’ organizations and political parties in Britain, this 313-page volume can be most heartily recommended. It covers 150 years of labor history, including long and bitter union and political struggles for wages, hours and better conditions.

The authors are the late George

Tate, formerly of the London *Daily Worker* staff, and A. L. Morton, his collaborator, who describes Tate as "an example of the Communist intellectual in the best sense of that sometimes misused term." Morton himself is the author of *A People's History of England*. (Revised edition, 1948.)

The present volume summarizes stirring social and economic events and surveys the soil from which the seeds of British socialism have grown. Separate chapters are devoted to chartism, the epoch of imperialism, the transition from radicalism to socialism, the rise of the Labor Party, labor's reaction to the imperialist war of 1914-1919 and the Russian Revolution, and finally the postwar crisis with one of the most significant sections covering the "Hands Off Russia" movement and the Councils of Action.

There are many lessons in this volume for American workers today. It reviews the terrible social conditions prevailing in Britain at the time of the Industrial Revolution. But its main theme is to show how the working-class struggled "for better conditions and ultimately for a different order of society." As the authors put it, "What is important is not that the misery of the workers at this time was so great but the fact that if conditions are better today, any improvement is the result of the efforts of the workers themselves." That is a basic truth that fails to come through in most college courses on "labor problems."

Parallels with conditions in more re-

cent days spring to mind as one turns the pages of this book. For example, the authors report on the development of unionism in the last decade of the 18th century in Britain, stating that what alarmed the ruling classes most, perhaps, "was the growing tendency for union organization to be coupled with political radicalism." Then they note that William Pitt, and employers in the age of Pitt, "of course saw Jacobin agents in every strike or expression of discontent just as their counterparts in our time see the agents of Moscow."

In dealing briefly with the early 19th century the authors note that all the radical and democratic battles of the day "had the sympathy, and often the active support, not only of brilliant journalists but also of nearly all the leading poets and creative writers of the day. Byron, Hazlitt, Burns, Blake, Keats, Hunt, Landor, Peacock, together with Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, at least in their younger days, all stood on the side of the people, and often in a revolutionary way." All of them, had they lived and written in the era of McCarthyism in the USA, would doubtless have qualified as subjects for the inquisition of the House Un-American or Senate Internal Security Committees.

A fine feature of the volume is a section containing a note on sources and further reading covering both the whole period and a special bibliography for each of the ten meaty chapters.

ROBERT DUNN

BOOKS RECEIVED

POSTERS OF PICASSO, Edited and with an introduction by Joseph K. Foster. Crown Publishers. \$7.50.

PICASSO'S mastery of the art of the poster is one of the least known aspects of his many-sided genius. His work in this medium has been as revolutionary and far-reaching as in the other branches of the visual arts.

This volume is issued with the artist's approval. It contains lithographic reproductions of virtually all of Picasso's work in this field. The 24 posters, the originals of which were in many instances supplied by Picasso, are faithfully reproduced in the original colors.

A rather haphazardly organized introduction traces the development of French poster art and lists the sources upon which Picaso has drawn in the development of his technique. There is also some biographical and anecdotal material, based on the editor's friendship with the artist, which will interest and amuse Picasso fans. More valuable are the technical notes which accompany the plates, for these supply an insight into the aesthetic considerations which went into the making of these charming works.

THE MENDELMAN FIRE, by Wolf Mankowitz. Litle, Brown. \$3.75.

HERE once again are more tales of that world-within-a-world which is the Jewish community of London, par-

ticularly the world of the first generation which came from the tradition-rich ghettos of eastern Europe. Mankowitz is remarkable for the accuracy of his dialogue and speech intonation. He has a contemporary sophistication which sets him at a sympathetic observer's distance from the generation he writes about, without, however, sundering his emotional ties with it. He is not folksy in the least, yet the feeling for his people is the foundation of his art. Most every one of these stories should give the reader pleasure, from the beautifully turned "The Day Aunt Chaya Was Buried" to the subtle "La Vie en Rose."

BAUDELAIRE: A SELF-PORTRAIT

Selected Letters, translated and edited by Lois Boe Hyslop and Francis E. Hyslop, Jr. Oxford University Press. \$6.00.

THE present work is a biographical study of Baudelaire in the form of one hundred selected letters, edited with a running commentary. The latter is devoted in the main to the events referred to in the correspondence and the circumstances which occasioned it. The reader whose French is rusty will find this translation, as well as the editors' remarks, most helpful toward comprehension of a complex and tragic figure. The tone of the book is distinguished by its sympathy and by the avoidance of the prying quality of the tell-all school of biography. Yet both the personal and intellectual aspects of Baudelaire's life are well presented by the editors who somewhat too modestly

count the value of their commentary telling those who feel themselves inefficiently acquainted with the subject that they may wish to read only the terms. They can read both with profit.

DICTIONARY HANDBOOK. A Dictionary of Terms, by Babette Deutsch. Funk and Wagnalls. \$3.50.

Miss Deutsch has compiled one of those books, like the Thesaurus, which people are usually ashamed to confess they use, but which they are very careful to have on their shelves. Her handbook is quite simply what it says it is: a gathering of definitions and examples of the numerous forms of verse and the devices of poets which most of us enjoy without the awareness which would add to our pleasure in them.

Miss Deutsch does, of course, go beyond defining terms. The works of numerous poets are used to illustrate her explanations, and there is considerable discussion of the manner in which different poets have interpreted and employed various concepts and forms in poetry. Both practitioners and readers will find this a modest and useful work.

AN ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES, by Charles A. Beard. Macmillan. \$4.75. Liberty Book. \$2.62.

THIS is a reprint of the Beard book which came like a bombshell onto

the 1913 scene; it contains the interesting introduction that Beard wrote for the 1935 edition.

The work's data, interpretations and conclusions have been increasingly challenged in recent years (among others, by Robert E. Brown, Herbert Aptheker, and Edmund S. Morgan) and the challenges have been cogent and persuasive. It would have been well had the Liberty Book Club edition included a foreword bringing to the reader the essential content of these criticisms. Nevertheless, Beard's work remains indispensable for anyone wishing to begin a careful and realistic study of the American Constitution.

AMERICAN RADICALS: SOME PROBLEMS AND PERSONALITIES. Harvey Goldberg, editor. Monthly Review Press, N. Y., 308 pp. \$5.00.

Fourteen personalities and two problems are analyzed in this stimulating volume. The two problems are that of renegacy and that of governmental repression; the personalities are John Jay Chapman, Dreiser, Brown, Henry Demarest Lloyd, LaFollette, John Brown, Altgeld, Marcantonio, Debs, Haywood, De Leon, Walter Weyl, Veblen and Beard. The contributors are journalists and university professors, and the level of their work is high. A certain academicism does envelop the volume, but a devotion to radicalism is clear throughout and makes this work, in the United States, especially precious.

This survey of American radicals like others—as those by Daniel Aron, Charles Madison and Louis Filler—ignores the Negro and women, and is exceedingly sparse when it comes to actual working-class leaders. It is time such fatal omissions were overcome in works honestly seeking, as this one, to recapture something of the impact of the Left upon American history.

Correction

In our November, 1957 issue an unfortunate typo gave the price of A. Baron's *The Political Economy of Growth* (Monthly Review) as \$1. The price is actually \$5.00. We trust that this correction will tempt readers to procure an excellent valuable book.

These books belong in your

PERMANENT LIBRARY

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