



Mainstream

THE CASE OF DOCTOR ZHIVAGO

Charles Humboldt

Alvaro Cardona-Hine WATER-WAYS

James Muir A BANKER IN CHINA

Sidney Finkelstein THE VOICES OF RALPH
VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

BOOK REVIEWS by Annette T. Rubinstein, Jacob Samuelson,
Howard Selsam, David Avery, Frederic Ewen, Virginia
Gardner and Walter Lowenfels.

November, 1958

50 cents

Mainstream

NOVEMBER, 1958

The Case of Doctor Zhivago: *Charles Humboldt*.... 1

Water-Ways: *Alvaro Cardona-Hine* 24

A Banker in China: *James Muir* 30

The Voices of Ralph Vaughan Williams:
Sidney Finkelstein 38

Right Face 46

Books in Review:

Displaced Persons, by Don Gordon: *Annette T. Rubinstein* 48

The Jews in the United States, by Morris Schappes: *Jacob Samuelson* 50

Darwin's Century, by Loren Eiseley: *Howard Selsam* 52

The Democratic Vista, by Richard Chase: *David Avery* 55

Shaw on the Theatre, ed. E. J. West: *Frederic Ewen* 57

No More War!, by Linus Pauling: *Virginia Gardner* 58

I Wanted to Write a Poem, by William Carlos Williams, ed. Edith Heal: *Walter Lowenfels* 60

The People Together, ed. Meridel Le Sueur: *Mary Roper* 62

Letters 63

Editor

CHARLES HUMBOLDT

Contributing Editors

HERBERT APTHEKER

JACK BEECHING

PHILLIP BONOSKY

JESUS COLON

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

HUGO GELLERT

BARBARA GILES

SHIRLEY GRAHAM

MILTON HOWARD

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

MERIDEL LE SUEUR

WALTER LOWENFELS

THOMAS MCGRATH

ANNETTE T. RUBINSTEIN

PHILIP STEVENSON

THE CASE OF DOCTOR ZHIVAGO

CHARLES HUMBOLDT

ONCE again, as in the case of Dudintsev's *Not By Bread Alone*, a novel written in the Soviet Union has run the gauntlet of our reviewers. This time the author has been pelted with white roses—hardly a common daisy or dandelion among them. There are several reasons for this, the least of which is that Boris Pasternak is a lyric poet of considerable distinction. (I say this, admitting that I, like most readers here, know him only in translations ranging all the way from good to worthless.) A more powerful occasion for enthusiasm is the fact that his novel, *Doctor Zhivago*,* has not been issued in the Soviet Union but was hi-jacked by an Italian publisher, Giangiacomo Feltrinelli and hurriedly rendered into Italian, English and, I assume, other languages. The magazine, *The Reporter*, which printed excerpts of the book prior to its appearance here, says that Feltrinelli has sold the translation rights throughout the world and established a trust fund which will be made available to Pasternak if he leaves the Soviet Union. Could it be slanderous to wonder who will end up with the swag?

The reviewers are almost all agreed that *Doctor Zhivago* is headed for immortality. Marc Slonim (N. Y. *Times Sunday Book Review*) calls it great; Bertram D. Wolfe (N. Y. *Herald-Tribune Sunday Book Review*) dubs it truly great; Harvey Swados (N. Y. *Post*) describes it as tremendous. Harrison Salisbury (*Saturday Review*) relates how he experienced "something akin to a child's sudden reluctance on Christmas morning" when he opened the galleys and began to read: "But the first page had not been scanned before all diffidence was melted by the firm, crystal certainty of Pasternak's prose."

These impressive evaluations are accompanied by somewhat contradictory opinions as to the book's genre. For Swados it "seems completely in the great 19th century novelistic tradition, and reminds him of Tolstoy; Wolfe compares it to *War and Peace*; Salisbury throws in *Anna Karenina*, *Crime and Punishment*, and *The Possessed* for good measure; for Slonim it is a vast epic "of about 200,000 words." What else

* *Doctor Zhivago*, by Boris Pasternak. Pantheon. \$5.00

but its size qualifies it as such, he does not say. Mr. Slonim, who knows better, is here apparently willing to call anything an epic provided it is over 500 pages and deals with a variety of subjects. One might as well call *The Joy of Cooking* an epic.

John K. Hutchens (the daily *Herald Tribune*) makes a somewhat different appraisal:

I believe that those who place him fully in the Tolstoyan tradition do him, and the reader of his book an injustice. If the large frame is there, that solidity and steady sense of actuality which make the great realistic novel are absent. Save for a few of the major players, characterization is thin, perhaps because the story is so largely centered on one man. The narrative wanders and creaks.

Similarly, David Magarshak (*The Nation*) admits that Pasternak's novel cannot compare as a work of art with the greatest Russian novel of the nineteenth century; then makes for it the curious claim that it "certainly excels them as a social document, as a work of observation of the highest order, as a fearless and intellectually honest commentary on the political situation in Russia before and after the October Revolution." Not so good, but infinitely better!

Orville Prescott (the daily *Times*), sounds as though his Christmas morning gift, unlike Mr. Salisbury's, had disappointed him:

If it were written by a Russian emigre, or by an American or English author who had done a lot of conscientious research, "Doctor Zhivago" would be unlikely to cause much stir.

Mr. Prescott will not even admit depth of characterization for the major players:

All the characters . . . including the doctor himself, are only adequately portrayed representatives of various human types and of various responses to physical and moral crises. Zhivago has little individual personality, but he is the holder of an interesting set of ideas. . . .

The artless Mr. Prescott gives the show away. If a work of fiction comparable to *War and Peace*, one would expect some talk of it as a novel, but mention of its content is confined in the main to what is obviously the author's as well as the doctor's "interesting" ideas. Or Mr. Prescott is frank enough to imply that this identification might be more than a minor defect in an epic or social document. Equally damaging is Mr. Slonim's reckless praise of the doctor:

His main aim is to preserve his own spiritual independence. In a way he is an outsider and does not become completely involved in current events. . . . The main efforts of Zhivago, his family and his beloved Lara are bent toward protecting their privacy and defending their personal values against the distorting and destroying impact of events.

A fine recommendation for the hero of an epic!

ACTUALLY, it is not as a novelist at all that Pasternak has received his kudos, but as a—well, as a preacher. Else why so much admiration for his limpid statements of passionate faith, his deep humanity, intellectual and moral integrity, his sense of tragedy and joyous love of life; for the fact that his characters understand that life ends in death (Mr. Salisbury); for his belief in "human virtues formulated by the Christian dream" and because he "asserts the value of life, of beauty, of love and of nature" (Slonim)? Much as we, too, admire most of these traits, they are not confined to writers and don't help us much to distinguish a good from a worse or better one. Promulgated as they are in this instance, they remind one of the sermon reported by Calvin Coolidge. What does Pasternak think of cruelty, greed, intellectual dishonesty? He is agin them.

If this seems irreverent, I intend no disrespect to the author. He cannot be held responsible for the state of American cold-war book reviewing. But, as with English sheep dogs, one has to brush away the wool before one can look into the eyes.

Pasternak's novel is divided into two parts, the shorter of which embraces the early years of Yurii Zhivago, known to his intimates as Yura. We see him first as a child sobbing at the funeral of his mother. Of the latter we are to learn no more than that she was sickly and that her husband had abandoned her years before to squander the family millions abroad and in Siberia.

For some time afterward, Yura is under the wing of his maternal uncle, Nikolai Nikolaievich Vedeniapin, an unfrocked priest, radical sympathizer and "god seeker," who engages in sociological and ideological discussions which the boy is too young to grasp. However, Yura enjoys his uncle's Kolia's company because the latter reminds him of his mother. "Like hers, his mind moved with freedom and welcomed the unfamiliar."

At this point—page seven of the book—I was pulled up short. Why his insistence on the intellectual identity of two people, one of whom we know nothing about and who is apparently "out of action"? So I went back to the preceding passage on Vedeniapin:

Not one of the books that later made Nikolai Nikolaievich famous was yet written. Although his ideas had taken shape, he did not know how close was their expression. Soon he was to take his place among contemporary writers, university professors, and philosophers of the revolution, a man who shared their ideological concern but had nothing in common with them except their terminology. All of them, without exception, clung to some dogma or other, satisfied with words and superficialities but Father Nikolai had gone through Tolstoyism and revolutionary idealism and was still moving forward. He passionately sought an idea, inspired, graspable, which, in its movement would clearly point the way toward change, an idea like a flash of lightning or a roll of thunder capable of speaking even to a child or an illiterate. He thirsted for something new.

If one did not know its author, one might think some amateur had written this. How belligerent it is, how impatiently it drags in persons and issues for which the reader is not prepared, how arbitrarily it asserts the presence of qualities which have not—and will not in the course of the narrative—be demonstrated in the slightest. It is as though Vedeniaev were not so much an individual as the vehicle of a grievance, a quarrel in which the writer wants to pick with certain yet unidentified forces.

Shortly—within a few pages—we are to have another example of Pasternak's tendency to equate what passes through his own mind with what goes on in the heads of others. A man has jumped from a train passing through the countryside and the cars have come to a halt. The passengers emerge to look at the corpse, whereupon they behold a whole landscape, in which

Even the sun seemed to be a purely local feature. Its evening light was diffident, a little timid, like a cow from a nearby herd come to take a close look at the crowd.

One cannot imagine Tolstoy, or for that matter any classical novelist indulging in such fancy, which may have its place, but in a wholly different genre. The instance would seem trivial in itself and not worth mention, if it were not parcel of a literary method which is quite alien to realism and which stems from a view of life incapable of sustaining epic narrative. What that view of life is, we shall come to later; here it is enough to show how the relationship between the author and his characters resembles a process of osmosis, or the pouring of water back and forth from one cup to another. It is the colloquy of the lyric poet and not the novelist's perception of design in the objective world, controlled by his ability to separate himself from its inhabitants long enough to see them clearly.

The train we left standing on the track is no ordinary one. It was just passing by the estate where Yura and his uncle are guests of Ivanovich Voskoboinikov, a teacher and author of textbooks, of whom we shall not hear again. And the man who has killed himself and who is now stretched out by the railroad embankment is Yura's father, for whom he died at that very moment, Yura remembers he has not prayed, contrary to his mother's injunction. Here we have the first of many remarkable coincidences with which we are to be regaled throughout the story. Others have taken place, but are hidden from us at the moment. One of them is that Misha Gordon, a boy of eleven who is traveling on the train with his father, and whom the distracted elder Zhivago has presented with gifts bought at every way station, is to live as a young man in the house of a Moscow family with whom Yura is also staying; they will be long friends.)

These chance encounters are no caprice of Pasternak's. As we shall see, he has worked them out with obsessive ingenuity. They represent his attempt to find a pattern in the universe of art, which is still slightly askew after his conscious re-weaving of the real world's sights and sounds, crude speech and action. Years earlier, in an autobiographical sketch, "Safe Conduct," published in 1931,* in the course of describing a casual resemblance which determined his happy choice of a hotel in Venice, he indicated the reason for his preoccupation with chance:

Our most innocent "how-do-you-do's" and "good byes" would have no meaning if time were not threaded with the concord of life's accidents, that is, the haphazard events of the hypnosis of being.

Note the willful confusion of subject and object implied by the phrase, "hypnosis of being." It is as though the narrator were in some psychological state of existence, or were a man dazed after waking and unsure whether the feast he had eaten in his dream were not as nourishing as the meal he must sit down to presently. Fortuity displaces thought as the instrument of order. An air of superstition hangs over such reflections. So we need not be surprised by the apparently incongruous scenes in the second part of the novel, which describe Zhivago's fascination by a fortune-teller, figures as the witch, Kubarikha, who mixes her animal healing with ambiguous counterrevolutionary incantations; or the half-cultured "girl," Sima Tuntseva, who persuades Yura's mistress with original spiritual discourses.

But back to the story. Yurii Zhivago has been in Moscow for some time, having been deposited in the house of the chemistry professor,

Alexander Alexandrovich Gromeko and his wife Anna Ivanovna, daughter of a defunct landowner and ironmaster in the Urals. His presence there calls for an account of a host of commonplace domestic adventures so haphazard that there is little difference between the fortunes of the characters and the moving of the furniture. There are various gradations: Yura's in medicine, Misha Gordon's in philology, Tonia Gromeko in law. We are unexpectedly informed that Yura is now (1911) an excellent writer influenced by the ideas of his uncle. He marries Tonia. The latter's wild grief at her mother's demise is described in all its external manifestations, but because it is so devoid of inner life it moves us as little as ceremonial hysterics at a wake. All in all, Tonia is a perfectly conventional, if not banal figure.

War breaks out. Tonia gives birth to a son, Sasha, in a difficult delivery which Yurii is not permitted to witness. A diagnosis of his illness, which none of the doctors at his hospital concurs, proves to be correct. A few moments after, he is informed that he will shortly be sent to the front. Is it simply Pasternak's ineptitude that makes these incidents so abrupt and spotty, so disconnected from any core of character? Could it be that his lyric talent has been stretched beyond its capacity and is straining to accomplish a Tolstoyan task, when he is really bored with the effort?

We now turn to another group of characters whose fates are doubtless intertwined with those of the foregoing. Chief among them is Lara, the adolescent daughter of Amalia Karlovna Guishar. The latter is a widow who has come down in the world and now operates a dressmaking establishment in a working class neighborhood of Moscow. Willing and fearful of men, she drifts from lover to lover and is now the mistress of one Komarovsky, a lawyer and former friend of her husband. Komarovsky seduces Lara, who is intrigued by the precariousness of the affair, while Komarovsky finds himself drawn deeper into the relationship through sensuality and by Lara's unequalled spiritual beauty (which she must again accept on say-so).

We also meet the old revolutionary workers, Antipov and Tivelev, the mother of the latter (who was a passenger on the train from which Yura's father threw himself), and the boy, Pasha Antipov, who is taken away by the Tiverzins when his father is exiled to Siberia. There is also the Moslem janitor, Gimazetdin, and his son, Osip Galiullin.

Pasha Antipov falls in love with Lara who lives nearby. Yura, who sees her for the first time when, as a boy, he and Misha are taken for a ride across town to the hotel where Mme. Guishar has tried to hang herself. He notices the understanding look which passes between Lara and Komarovsky in the chamber of the miserable woman. It is a hun-

ges further on that this can mean much to Yura. All that he now finds out from Misha, who was also a traveller on that portent laden train, is that Komarovsky was on it, too, as the elder Zhivago's adviser and military genius, driving the latter to drink and death.

Yura is to run into Lara three more times, long before he becomes her lover. The first time is when she tries to kill Komarovsky at the home of some friends of Yura's where the latter is attending a Christmas party.

The second encounter takes place at the front where in the midst of shouting and confusion a nurse stares in horror at a dying man who has had his face shot away.

(O God, O God, take him away, don't let me doubt that you exist;)

Next moment, as he was carried up the steps, the man screamed, and with one great shudder he gave up the ghost.

It is a fearful, not easily forgotten scene. But Pasternak has something else and closer to his penchant in store for us. Here is the very next paragraph:

The man who had just died was Private Gimazetdin; the excited officer who had been shouting in the wood was his son, Lieutenant Galiullin; the nurse was Lara. Gordon and Zhivago were the witnesses. All these people were there together in one place. But some of them had never known each other, while others failed to recognize each other now. And there were things about them which were never to be known for certain, while others were not to be revealed until a future time, a later meeting.

The third fateful convergence occurs when Yurii, having been hit by a shell splinter, is himself a patient in a behind-the-line hospital. Opposite him lies Lieutenant Galiullin. Lara enters, but neither of them knows that the other recognizes her. (One is always trying to remember whether certain of the characters have or haven't met before.)

Some critics have seen in this surfeit of coincidence a resemblance to what they view a little deprecatingly as the contrived meetings of Dickens and other novelists of his time. The comparison does not hold. The classical novelists never exaggerated coincidence to the point of caricature, as Pasternak does. They employed it when a dramatic confrontation was needed to crystallize a situation which could not wait upon everyday circumstance to resolve it. They did not use it to create a false sense of import of which the characters are not conscious and which must therefore be meaningless to them.

What has brought Lara to the front? Shortly after the episode of the Christmas party, she marries the innocent and upright Pasha Antipov, not however before telling him that she is a bad woman and unworthy of him. "There followed heart-rending scenes, each more unbearable than the last." On their wedding night

He questioned her, and with each of her answers his spirit sank as though he were hurtling down a void. His wounded imagination could not keep up with her revelations.

They talked till morning. In all Pasha's life there had not been a change in him so decisive and abrupt as in the course of this night. He got up a different man, almost astonished that he was called Pasha Antipov.

There followed heart-rending scenes, but we were barred from them; they talked till morning, but we did not hear a word they said; he appeared a different man, but we could not even feel his pulse. When we meet him later he has changed for reasons not necessarily connected with that presumably crucial talk. And this, we are told, is in the line of succession of Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky!

Need one emphasize that there is nothing inherently absurd in Lara's sense of outrage or Pasha's wounded feelings? (It is curious—could it be intended malice?—that the person chosen to ridicule them should be the wife of a political emigré, "a woman of advanced views.") What is lacking is the ability to make feeling come alive in action or even in believable speech. When much later Lara, conversing with Yurii, refers to the scars which her liaison with Komarovsky have left upon her, she formulates her grievance in the style of an old dime novel:

... There's something broken in me, there's something broken in my whole life. I discovered life much too early, I was made to discover it, and I was made to see it from the very worst side—a cheap, distorted version of it—through the eyes of a self-assured, elderly parasite, who took advantage of everything and allowed himself whatever he fancied.

How proper and well-turned, how finished this observation sounds if we confront it with the experiences and the emotions of which it is supposed to be the expression. These we are forced to imagine for ourselves since the author is simply not equipped to help us here.

For contrast, let the reader turn to the scenes in *War and Peace* which follow upon Natasha's frustrated elopement with Anatole Kuragin. Superficially, the situations of Lara and Natasha are not comparable; yet each has experienced a terrible humiliation which she cannot master.

have seen how abstractly Pasternak meets the problem of describing Lara's complicated feelings. Now let us take only a sentence or two in Tolstoy:

"Let me be! . . . What is it to me? . . . I shall die!" she muttered, wrenching herself from Marya Dmitrievna's hands with a vicious effort. . . .

"He is better than any of you!" exclaimed Natasha getting up. "If you hadn't interfered. . . . Oh, my God! What is it all? What is it? Sonya, why? . . . Go away!"

When Pierre is called in to confirm the fact of Anatole's being a married man, he sees Natasha "sitting at the window, with a thin, pale, and spiteful face." When he is about to tell her the truth in Marya Dmitrievna's presence, "Natasha looked from one to the other as a hunted and wounded animal looks at the approaching dogs and sportsmen."

Or compare the "decisive change" in Pasha Antipov, baldly stated like a proposition, with Prince Andrei's vindictive expression whenever he sees the good Pierre, and his feeling that his life is narrow, burdensome, and of no use to anyone.

As for Dostoyevsky, one has only to think of Nastasya Philipovna in *The Idiot* and the effect upon her life of her early relations with her protector," Totsky, to realize that Lara is to her what a plaster cast is to the carving.

FOLLOWING Lara's confession, the Antipovs have gone to Yuriatin, a town in the Urals from which she had come originally. They settle down to teaching school; but Pasha is bored with their provincial existence and resents Lara's maternal solicitude. He volunteers for service. We are not told why he, the son of a revolutionary workman exiled to Siberia, should take *this* of all steps. The only, hardly revealing, phrase which remotely touches upon his attitude toward the war tells us that the rather male patriotism of his fellow teachers was "out of tune with his own, more complicated feelings about his country." Here, as usual, Pasternak avoids not merely the depiction of a major character's cast of mind, but the simple statement of what he thinks at all. Even later, when such characters—Pasha and Galiullin, for example—have taken sides in the revolution and civil war, we cannot be sure how they came to their commitments. We seen an accomplished fact and are left to assume what we can or please.

Lara, not hearing from her husband, leaves her child, Katenka, in Moscow and goes to the front in search of him. That is how we find her more ensconced in coincidence. Meanwhile Pasha has been captured, though his friend Yusupka Galiullin, risen to the rank of Lieutenant, believes him to have been killed.

In the midst of all this, and on the eve of the first stage of the Revolution, the convalescent Dr. Zhivago hears that his friends Misha Gordon and Nika Dudorov have published his book without his permission, and that "it was praised and regarded as showing great literary promise. . . ." If this work has been mentioned earlier, I cannot remember it. At times one has the impression that some of the author's notes slipped into his final version and were overlooked in the publisher's hurry to make the Fall list. Or else we are met with one more planned juxtaposition of some trivial detail and an event of far greater significance and social implication. In that case, Pasternak is not the heir but a squanderer of the tradition of the 19th-century classical Russian novel.

PART TWO of Pasternak's narrative is a vast procession of vignettes, episodes of civil war alternating with the journeys and efforts of the Zhivago family and of Lara, who has become the doctor's mistress, to escape from the hardships, sufferings, and responsibilities which the time has thrust upon their unwilling shoulders. A recital of their fortunes would be as tedious as reading the summaries at the end of each of the 27 volumes of Jules Romains' *Men of Good Will*. It is apparent, however, that this is the portion of the book the critics must have been waiting for, the part where the author "gets down to business" and tells us whether the meaning of life is enhanced or impoverished during a period of revolutionary transition. Because if he decides that life is less meaningful, they can skip to the conviction that no revolution is worth its cost. Particularly a socialist one. It will not avail the writer to protest that their conclusion does not follow from his evidence. Perhaps the bias is *in* the evidence? To determine that we shall have to study the testimony and how it is given with respect to the key events and characters.

We are struck at once by a curious admission. In the town of Melituzievo "it was impossible to tell whether the war were still going on or had ceased."

Every day newly created offices sprang up like mushrooms. And they were elected to everything . . . Zhivago, Lieutenant Galiullin, and nurse Antipova, as well as a few others from their group, all of them people from the big cities, well-informed and experienced.

They served as temporary town officials and as minor commissars in the army and health department, and they looked upon this succession of tasks as an outdoor sport, a diversion, a game of blindman's buff. But more and more they felt that it was time to stop and get back to their ordinary occupations and their homes.

So that is how the revolution came to them. And that is how it

remained to their comprehension, except that it became more of a burden, a thorn, a knife in their sides. At least to Yurii and Lara. Galiullin reacted more simply; though, as in the case of Pasha's enlisting, Pasternak does not trouble to show us the course which led Osip, the son of a poor Moslem janitor and himself befriended by the old worker, Tiverzin, to join the Whites and thus betray his own class. Here again Pasternak evades the task which sets the true novelist apart from ordinary storytellers.

But before we take up Doctor Zhivago and Lara, whose personal fates and whose thoughts are from now on the central theme of the book, let us turn to some of the secondary characters.

Pasha Antipov is never to speak to his wife again. When he joined Galiullin's regiment as a lieutenant, the latter found his old friend turned into "an arrogant, know-it-all misanthrope. He was intelligent, very brave, taciturn and sarcastic." Something like a sliver off Prince Andrei. When he next appears, he is a non-Party commander of an armored train of the Red forces operating in the Urals. We see him through the eyes of Zhivago who has been brought to him as a suspect spy.

In some inexplicable way it was clear at once that this man was entirely a manifestation of the will. So completely was he the self he resolved to be that everything about him seemed inevitable, exact, perfect. . . .

He must certainly, Yurii Andreievich thought, be possessed of a remarkable gift, but it was not necessarily the gift of originality. This talent, which showed itself in his every movement, might well be the talent of imitation. In those days everyone modeled himself on someone else—they imitated heroes of history, or the men who had struck their imagination by winning fame in the fighting at the front . . . or simply one another.

There is something wrong with this. Zhivago does not recognize in this Strelnikov, as he now calls himself, the husband of Lara. How, then, is it "clear at once" what kind of man he is and what his limitations are? We do not want to deprive Yurii of his first impression, nor even of the associations which might be stirred up in him by that swift glance. But the thoughts of a man whose life is at stake are rarely so polished and he is not likely to pass on to generalizations about people's conduct as the doctor does at this moment. Here is another instance of Pasternak's impatience when he has a fish to fry. But he should not palm off his own observations on the defects of revolutionary leaders through the consciousness of a character.

IMMEDIATELY following this scene, we run into something odd. The author asks: Who, in fact, was Strelnikov? He relates certain facts by which we know at once that this is Pasha, but then proceeds as though we were still unaware of the identity. Again, it's as if a preliminary note had found its way into the manuscript. The interruption does, however, allow Pasternak to continue his reflections on Strelnikov, this time without disguise.

He had two characteristic features, two passions: an unusual power of clear and logical reason, and a great moral purity and sense of justice; he was ardent and honorable.

But he would not have made a scientist of the sort who break new ground. His intelligence lacked the capacity for bold leaps into the unknown, the sudden flashes of insight that transcend barren, logical deductions.

Here the observation is itself strained to the point of being ludicrous. It's as if one said: he was a brilliant engineer, but no Picasso; a scrupulous lawyer, but no Beethoven; a great chess player, but no Pushkin.

The sketch of Strelnikov ends on two equivocal notes, the first of which is in the realm of argument:

And if he were really to do good, he would have needed, in addition to his principles, a heart capable of violating them—a heart which knows only of particular, not of general, cases, and which achieves greatness in little actions.

Here is an ostensible plea for human considerations to enter every cranny, not only of ordinary, daily living, but of the class struggle regardless of circumstance. It is an uncompromising demand for compromise, behind which lurks the premise that no truth is worthwhile if it does not embrace its own renunciation. The heart is not just exhorted to feel pity; it is enjoined to defy reason. It is not just urged to watch for the fallen sparrow; it is expected to organize a search for wounded hawks in the midst of an enemy attack. It is all very well to admire a man for his probity in order to reproach him for his exaggerated and inhuman sense of honor. But if one shirks the test that such a man must face, what is one's own greatness of soul worth? May it not prove to be still more inhuman, since it can lead to disaster for one's comrades? Commenting on such kindness to four persons, Elmer Bendiner in his *National Guardian* review remarks that Zhivago "looked for saints among revolutionaries and of course found none.

If the Revolution had been left to Zhivago and his saints there might well still be a Czar in Russia." But who then is the humanitarian? Beware of choosing the rhetorician.

Finally, there is the interesting note on Strelnikov's psychological make-up.

Filled with the loftiest aspirations from his childhood, he had looked upon the world as a vast arena where everyone competed for perfection, keeping scrupulously to the rules. When he found that this was not so, it did not occur to him that his conception of the world order might have been simplified. He nursed his grievance and with it the ambition to judge between life and the dark forces that distorted it, and to be life's champion and avenger.

Embittered by his disappointment, he was armed by the revolution.

Very acutely phrased—except that it is put to the wrong use. First of all it does not quite fit Pasha, who might easily have joined the Revolution because of his working class background, his father's exile, and his youth spent with the Tiverzins. These factors do not suit the novelist's version of personal embitterment, so he forgets them in favor of an explanation which might apply to someone else but is suspect in this instance. (Pasternak often reveals himself in such errors of literary judgment.)

Second, does one not have the right to judge between life and the dark, distorting forces? Why is Strelnikov's ambition equated with the nursing of his grievance? Is this not simply a poeticized form of the vulgar theory which makes revolutionary discontent synonymous with psychological maladjustment?

More disturbing is the trap which Pasternak—no one else—has laid for Strelnikov. With the victory of the Red Army assured, he is doomed as a non-Party leader who knows too much. He is framed on false charges (not specified by the author), and after a number of amazing dovetailings of circumstance not worth relating, he shoots himself. Now this is all very poignant, but how does it stand up? When Pasha first joined the Red Army he was vouched for by Tizerzin who is still alive to speak for him. He is depicted as so disciplined a commander that he would not even contact his wife whom he knew to be living in the town where he had his headquarters. And now we are supposed to accept, on the author's word unsupported by one incident, that the Bolsheviks made no attempt to recruit him but found it more expedient to put him six feet under. Am I naive to be exasperated by this shoddy passing for silk? Am I an innocent who still doesn't "know" that "all those stories were true"?

PERHAPS the critics who consider *Doctor Zhivago* a great social document and Strelnikov's fate an example of observation of the highest order could be persuaded to make an instructive comparison. Let them set this incident, related so arbitrarily as to be incomprehensible, against Alexei Tolstoy's account of the fall of the Red army commander-in-chief, Sorokin, in *The Road to Calvary*. First Tolstoy describes him as a brilliant partisan leader, a child of the Revolution. He then introduces the unsympathetic figure of Gyzma, chief of divisional intelligence, vigilant, suspicious and unrelenting toward human weakness. We watch the struggle between these hostile personalities. We see what elements in Sorokin's character permit Belyakin, his chief-of-staff—a former White officer and opportunist—to draw him into debauchery. We are dazzled by his flashing courage, and read his insolent, Coriolanus-like messages to the Central Committee of the regional Soviet: "I have no need of agitators. The bands of Denikin do all the agitation for me. The epic courage of my troops will overcome all efforts of the counter-revolution." Gyzma senses his ambition as though it were the scent of an animal. After one of Sorokin's victories he says, "Pity I can't shoot him." We understand Sorokin's tragic pride and his hatred for the ordinary comrades who are his political superiors: "With their old Marx, they wanted to pry into the innermost folds of his heart." We feel pity and terror as he drinks and takes cocaine because he cannot control the disintegration of his army, riven in the midst of successes by the mutual hatred of the Ukrainian and Cossack regiments. But when Sorokin comes to his violent end, struck down by a rival officer in the presence of Gyzma, we are convinced that the latter, whom it was so hard to like, was right after all.

In this masterful interweaving of personal traits and tragic action with their military, social and political causes and consequences, Tolstoy teaches us what contemporary epic writing must be like. Alongside him, Pasternak, with his thin string of anecdote, appears like a literary dilettante. That is, if we are charitable and do not question his motives for a minute.

If we are looking for a leader whose vision is not limited like Strelnikov's and whose heart is great enough to violate principle, where shall we find him? Not surprisingly, by now, in the renegade Galiullin who as a White Governor-General attached to the Czech interventionist forces, spares the lives of certain revolutionaries on the plea of his childhood friend, Lara. (He would naturally have had them shot otherwise.) "In all fairness," she tells Zhivago, "he behaved perfectly, chivalrously, not like all those small fry—little Cossack captains, policemen, and what not. Unfortunately, it was the small fry who set the tone, not the

decent people." This revelation qualifies her to become a literary critic: "It's only in mediocre books that people are divided into two camps and have nothing to do with each other." On the other hand, dear Lara, and dear author, it is only in modern epics, like the Don books of Sholokhov, that, despite their inner conflicts, their temporizing, their wavering and shifting from one side to another, men still make choices. Their decisions may lead them, sometimes to heaven or to hell, sometimes to limbo, but always to one or the other slope of the watershed of history. If spiritual vanity prevents a writer from recognizing this simple fact which holds for every period of revolutionary transition, he may as well settle for platitudes to grace a Sunday School textbook.

SINCE platitudes are not interesting, one must strain to make them so. Some mention has been made of Zhivago's loyalty to the Revolution and his admiration for it. To cure him of his naivete, and us of ours, Pasternak has him bored to death by the lectures of the leader of a partisan group into whose hands he has fallen. Liberius is turned into a clownish boor; one of his bodyguard disgusts Yurii because, in order to foil a plot to assassinate his chief, he acts as an *agent provocateur*; the execution of the conspirators has them behaving like the heroes in Goya's *Dos de Mayo*. All in all, the doctor has had enough of his captors and feels justified in deserting these louts who have depended upon him to heal their wounds.

One must also prove platitudes to the hilt. So when Yurii is still serving with the partisans, and is caught in the midst of a battle, the faces of the attacking White Guards "seemed to belong to people of his own kind." Forced to pick up a rifle in self-defense, he is prevented by pity from aiming at these "young men whom he admired and with whom he sympathized. . . . With all his heart he wished them success. They belonged to families who were probably akin to him in spirit, in education, in moral discipline and values." (The reconciliation of these yearnings with Zhivago's alleged revolutionary loyalty is one of those mysteries to which Pasternak seems quite attuned.) When the battle is over, Zhivago opens an amulet strung round a dead partisan's neck and finds a scrap of paper on which are written extracts of the Ninety-first Psalm. He then turns to a young White Guardsman, whom he believes he has killed, opens his locker, and "could not believe his eyes. It was the same Ninety-first Psalm. . . ." And that is how the old wife Zhivago nursed Seriozha back to health, and when he was well released him to return to Kolchak's army so that he might kill more Reds. The platitude has come full circle.

From the great "truth" the little falsehoods flow. There is hardly

a scene involving the revolutionaries in which they are not treated with condescension. One would think that literary tact, a sense of balance in depiction, would have restrained Pasternak's compulsion to be supercilious to such minor figures as Tiverzin and Antipov. He describes them as attending a secret meeting of Bolsheviks, partisans and anarchists somewhere in a city occupied by the Whites:

Three or four were guests of honor and sat on chairs. They were old workers, veterans of the revolution of 1905. Among them were Tiverzin, morose and greatly changed since his Moscow days, and his friend, old Antipov, who always agreed with every word he said. Counted among the gods at whose feet the revolution laid its gifts and its burnt offerings, they sat silent and grim as idols. They had become too conceited to be capable of normal human feelings.

Also present at the gathering is the former co-operativist, Kostoied-Amursky, whom Zhivago had met on the train taking the latter and his family away from the discomforts of the revolutionary capital. Kostoied was then a labor conscript of the Red Army. Now he pops up—after an hundred pages more or less—as a representative of the Communist Party's Central Committee. His political development is apparently supposed to have made him more foolish, a butt for the partisan boaster, Liberius, whom he adores.

THIS scene is so revealing just because of its dramatic unimportance. It comes out of nothing and leads nowhere. It resembles—but only in its conservative malice, for Pasternak, unlike Dostoyevsky, is devoid of humor—certain scenes in *The Possessed*, in which fun is poked at the radical petty bourgeois sectarians. Here the passage is directed against men who are risking death or torture, and it is written as though with teeth clenched in irritation.

Even the terrible story of the partisan, Pamphil Palykh, who goes mad and kills his wife and children to prevent their falling into the hands of the White Guards, is marred in similar fashion. It turns out that Pamphil is harassed by guilt even more than anxiety. Just after the March days, he had shot a young commissar sent by the Provisional Government to urge the soldiers to keep fighting. (That episode was described almost two hundred pages earlier, but it is only now that Gints' killer is identified. However, we—or rather, Yuri—have already met the sinister inspirer of that incident, the nihilist son of aristocratic parents masquerading as a folk figure.) And why did Pamphil kill the gentle delegate of Kerensky? Not because he was sick of the war and,

as Pasternak himself admits, tired of noble phrases that led to the grave, but

In those early days, men like Pamphil Palych, who needed no encouragement to hate intellectuals, officers and gentry with a savage hatred, were regarded by enthusiastic left-wing intellectuals as a rare find and greatly valued. Their inhumanity seemed a marvel of class consciousness, their barbarism a model of proletarian firmness and revolutionary instinct. By such qualities Pamphil had established his fame, and he was held in great esteem by partisan chiefs and Party leaders.

The passage speaks for its author. It is clear that it has nothing to do with the tragedy of Pamphil, but with Pasternak's opinions of the left wing. The quarrel of which we heard only a faint rumor at the book's opening has now broken out in full voice. The novelist has dropped his story and picked up his ax. He forgets that he was in the midst of showing how one man's inhumanity at least was not bestowed upon him by flatterers, but inflicted upon him by his oppressors.

IN ADDITION to the aforementioned revolutionaries, there is the Left Social Democrat and jack-of-all-deals, Samdeviatov. The latter has some strange and mutually advantageous connection with the government which enables him to help or to warn Zhivago of impending danger. He sheds Yurii's pompous criticism of Marxism like a duck and seems unaware that Lara is repelled by him because he reminds her of Komarowsky. It is hard to know what to make of this complacent fixer who swims in confusion like a fish in his proper element. Still more fantastic, a figure out of a fairy tale, is the young man with Kirkhiz eyes, whom Yurii knows to be his death, but who is also his guardian angel. This "boy" is Yurii's half-brother, Evgraf, and his rapport with the Bolsheviks is even more mysterious than Samdeviatov's. He appears at various critical moments, advising Yurii to leave Moscow, supplying him with food, hiding him, and so on; years later he will show up as a general in the War of Liberation and become the protector of Zhivago and Lara's orphaned daughter.

The meaning of these two figures should provide interesting exercise for future students of literary symbolism. They merge with the book's innumerable coincidences and will be probed with equal ardor. Could Samdeviatov be the eternal opportunist who functions in all social systems? Certainly the magical Evgraf is like Fate breathing on the passive victim of his time, keeping Yurii alive until nothing can save him; but still watchful of his child. Does Evgraf perhaps represent

Pasternak's effort at reconciliation with the goals of the Revolution? A try at coming to terms with the future, to fight for which, however—so the book implies—can only lead to spiritual devastation?

For to resist such destruction is the aim of the principals of the book. It's not for us to argue whether they are right or wrong, anymore than it would be to reproach Lear for being a bad father or Macbeth a treacherous murderer. If no one in the world had illusions, literature would be appreciably poorer in tragic characters. But how has the writer represented them: in line or in the round? What is his range of emotion, his intellectual scope? Do his characters lead their own lives or speak for him? Are their ideas abstract or as much a part of them as their arms and legs? How are their thoughts and desires related to the society which judges them, not in a moral sense, but insofar as it is itself a composite creature of many wills?

BEFORE Yuri's relationship with Lara has become meaningful, he has hardly spoken to her (which does not deter his wife from writing him tearfully that he need not come back to his family, but should go straight off to the Urals with his wonderful nurse. This bolus in the narrative is Pasternak's trademark). When he first sees Lara in the library at Yuriatin, the Ural town to which she as well as Yuri's family have come from Moscow, she is reading Marxist textbooks. He thinks: she must be re-educating herself politically. From her subsequent observations, her studies seem to have been prematurely self-arrested. This is not especially remarkable in itself. What *is* disastrous to her as a character, is the way in which Pasternak alternates lyrical descriptions of her with conversations in which she and Yuri run a gamut of questions from the present state of morals to the stubbornness of the pogrom-ridden Jews in refusing to be assimilated. It is not just the philistine quality of her comments that is so repellent, but the fact that they are unrelated to any passionate concern of hers, and might be uttered by anyone at all as well as by her. They serve no dramatic function, worse, they dissipate whatever tension has been created by the situation in which she is depicted. For example, there is her fateful meeting with Yuri which, we are to assume, ends in their becoming lovers. Lara has been telling him about the White terror in Yuriatin: the shooting of teachers, the beating of Jews. Suddenly she launches into a discourse on the Jewish question.

It's so strange that these people who once liberated mankind from the yoke of idolatry, and so many of whom now devote themselves to its liberation from injustice, should be incapable of liberating themselves

from their loyalty to an obsolete, antediluvian identity that has lost all meaning, that they should not rise above themselves and dissolve among all the rest whose religion they have founded and who would be so close to them, if they knew them better. . . .

One does not have to believe in the "eternal Jew" to object to this argument, which adds insult to injury by blaming the Jews for their own persecution. What is astonishing is its superfluity and callousness. It is a simple reiteration of the thesis delivered much earlier and just as dispassionately by Zhivago's middle class Jewish friend, Gordon, after they have witnessed the tantalizing of an old Jew by Cossack soldiers. Why is it repeated by Lara when (dramatically speaking) it is none of her business? What perverse taste drives the author to make his heroine so unattractive?

In similar fashion, when Lara and Yurii are at last united after his stay with the Forest Brotherhood, she contrasts her unconstrained feeling for him with her alienation from Pasha (Strelnikov). Even here she cannot resist editorializing:

All customs and traditions, all our way of life, everything to do with home and order, has crumbled into dust in the general upheaval and reorganization of society. . . .

I can still remember a time when we accepted the peaceful outlook of the last century. . . .

And then there was the jump from this peaceful, naive moderation to blood and tears. . . .

. . . everything began to break down all at once—trains and food supplies in towns, and the foundations of the family, and moral standards.

That is how the Italian and German upper and middle classes complained after the defeat of Mussolini and Hitler. But to repeat, neither the novelist nor his critics should debate issues with people who cannot answer back. So we'll refrain from asking Lara whether the blood and tears of the Revolution sprouted by spontaneous generation? Or were they shed for a thousand years of "peaceful moderation"? What is fantastic about this speech, however, is that it is uttered by a woman who was seduced as a child by her mother's wealthy lover in just that period of home and order when the foundations of the family were so firmly fixed. Who moments ago finished telling Yurii how her life was spoiled! And to cap it all, Yurii exclaims: "How well you see all these things. What a joy to listen to you!"

Lara's plight is a strange one. Whatever Pasternak says about her is

designed to prove her a dazzlingly beautiful creature, gentle and noble, whose love is a perpetual source of revelation to Yurii, so that "their subdued conversations, however casual, were as full of meaning as the dialogues of Plato." But at least half of what *she* says is either somewhat too high-brown, the words of a woman who does not, or does not want to know what kind of person she really is; or it is brash, insensitive and often stupid, like the comments of hers we have quoted. We know what she is supposed to be, but we do not see her that way. She cannot be a dramatic figure because she is seen only in terms of her own view of herself or from the viewpoint of the one person least able to see her differently. We feel pity for her because anyone to whom such terrible things have happened must be in agony. Her grief is expressed in elegiac fashion, as in her lament over Yurii's body. We hear the voice of the poet in her sorrow, and wish that we had not been forced to listen to so many of his prose opinions from her mouth.

UNHAPPILY, the same holds for Doctor Zhivago; though the confusion of identities is even more harmful in his case. Actually, there are three Zhivagos: Zhivago himself, the poet Zhivago-Pasternak, and Pasternak-Zhivago, the philosophizer. We may hear (or read) either one of these separately; or two, even three, may get together to resist the brutal world.

The second member of the trinity presents no problem. Pasternak's poems are there for us to read at the end of the book. His fragmentary literary notes appear in the text. The poems express a marked alienation from the turmoil of the time. The writer seems like an uncomfortable, if not unwilling, guest in a hot, noisy room where all kinds of disputes are going on; he would like nothing better than to go for a walk under the stars or to some quiet chapel to collect his prayers. As in his poem, "Hamlet," he wants the cup removed from him, begs to be released from the cast, and feels himself alone, surrounded by Pharisees. Apart from its formal qualities, of which it is hard to say anything,* the poetry is deeply subjective, religious and nostalgic in tone, with occasional "right" images that recall his earlier interesting perceptions of nature strained through metaphors of everyday city life. True, his ideas are uncompromising as ever; they are also limited and unoriginal, like the mind of a man who has spent his life perfecting his posture. There is little to say of the notes on art and literature.

* The most charitable thing that can be said of the English renderings is that the translator, Bernard Guilbert Guerney, is no poet.

They are too brief to constitute a theory though they suggest an approach to one. The writer's preference for Chekhov's modesty is consistent with his distrust of generalizations and of rhetoric that drowns out the intimate in experience and the delicate feeling. One should not cavil at this; it's only that if one elevates reticence to a principle, it can turn militant and negate itself, as happens when Zhivago merges with Pasternak.

YURII is the opposite of everything that's pompous and unfeeling. When as a young man he has succeeded in calming Tonia's sick mother with a talk on the meaning of immortality, even though he believes what he is saying, he asks himself: "What's come over me? I'm becoming a regular quack, laying on the hands. . . ." He renounces his father's encumbered legacy because he will not involve himself in the legal mess of fighting for it. As other men are ruled by ambition, greed, rage or sexual passion, so this man is by sympathy. It is the emotion that brings him to and colors his marriage, as well as his stronger love for Lara.

Zhivago bawls out the Cossack soldier and is appalled by the suffering of the Jews, while Gordon is silent. In his initial enthusiasm for the Revolution, his sympathy expands to embrace not only Mother Russia but the universe; it has an evangelical quality to it:

Mother Russia is on the move, she can't stand still, she's restless and she can't find rest, she's talking and she can't stop. And it isn't as if only people were talking. Stars and trees meet and converse, flowers talk philosophy at night, stone houses hold meetings. It makes you think of the Gospel, doesn't it? The days of the apostles. Remember St. Paul? You will speak with tongues and you will prophesy. Pray for the gift of understanding.

Alas, *this* revolution few of those who made the actual one had a chance to see. Even Yurii recognizes that it corresponds more to the middle class concept of the overthrow of the old order: the dream of the students, followers of the poet, Blok, in 1905. More likely to arouse apprehension is "this new upheaval, today's, born of the war, bloody, ruthless, elemental, the soldiers' revolution led by those professional revolutionaries, the Bolsheviks."

The decline and ultimate defeat of Zhivago does not come easily. What destroys him, though, is not the Revolution but the fact that his upbringing, education, and temperament have prepared him badly for the trials with which the revolution confronts members of his class. At first he sees them as they are:

Under the old order, which enabled those whose lives were secure to play the fools and eccentrics at the expense of the others while the majority led a wretched existence, it had only been too easy to mistake the foolishness and idleness of a privileged minority for genuine character and originality. But the moment the lower classes had risen, and the privileges of those on top had been abolished, how quickly those people had faded, how unregretfully had they renounced independent ideas—apparently no one had ever had such ideas!

It is put very well, and yet the observation is constricted because is mainly Pasternak's interests that are being aired here. As if it were just a matter of unoriginal ideas!

Zhivago is honorable and considerate. He wants to carry out his obligations as a doctor. He is not deceived by colleagues who have quit the hospital in the midst of an epidemic.

The pay wasn't good enough, so off they went; now it turns out that they had principles and civic sentiments. You meet them in the street, they hardly shake hands, just raise an eyebrow: "So you're working for them?"—"I am," I said, "and if you don't mind, I am proud of our privations and I respect those who honor us by imposing them on us."

Yet later we shall see him refusing to admit that he is a doctor so that he will have more time to write. The inconsistency is never fully explained, nor is it adequately dramatized, because, again, the author is involved in it. It is his retirement in disguise.

From Zhivago's first thoughts and words of welcome to the Revolution, we can anticipate the disappointment that will overcome him. He is "secretly proud" of it, but feels himself "a pigmy before the monstrous machine of the future." He is ready, too ready, to sacrifice himself for it like a lover whose ecstasy foredooms him. He even looks at trees, clouds, and people, as though for the last time, expecting them to be utterly swallowed up in the immensity of class war. Despite the decency which keeps him at the hospital, he "belonged to neither group having moved away from the former and lagged behind the latter."

SINCE so much of the second part of the novel depicts Zhivago's disillusion, one's first impression might be that his is a political tragedy, the retreat from life of a man whose soul has been shattered by evil social forces he has lost the strength to resist. This version is reinforced by everything Zhivago is made to say about the Revolution, Marxism, the spiritual aridity of the revolutionists, their enmity toward the true, the good, and the beautiful, their suspicion of fresh thought, phrase-mongering at meetings, etc.

However, these sources of irritation are quite peripheral to Zhivago's defeat. Actually, he is a becalmed man, whose indecisiveness is accentuated by his personal difficulties until he becomes pathologically remote. He swoons when he hears that his family is being deported, but takes no steps to follow them to Paris because he is in love with Lara. Even more revealing is the way in which he lets Lara slip away from him into the protective clutches of the hateful Komarowsky, while deceiving her into thinking he will come after her. Toward the end, he is like someone who has taken to bed to escape the weight of responsibility which others must bear for him. Has he not in him a touch of Oblomov, a bit of Stepan Trofimovich, and a good deal of certain people in Chekhov's plays? (Remember how their author insisted they were comic characters even if they did end with a dying fall.) Zhivago's pain is real and "attention must be paid" to him, but Pasternak errs in displaying his suffering as especially, almost uniquely, worthy of respect because of its spiritual quality. Try as you will, you cannot make a twentieth century hero out of fragments of nineteenth century dreamers and bunglers. It is one thing to feel pity and terror at Zhivago's fate, another to give that fate a wholly undeserved stature. Pity should not be deceived by self-pity.

SO WE have Pasternak-Zhivago to take up the slack between the living Yurii and the ideal hero. Yurii is to give up everything that is most precious to him, like a timid guest who declines a second helping; but his alter ego lectures us on the value of Life Itself, urging us not to waste it for the sake of some problematic future. He is contemptuous of fools who care about the victory of the revolution but do not trouble themselves about the fate of the universe. He is the arbiter of sentiment, who decrees that no cliché can possibly represent a genuine feeling. A revolution to gain his approval would have to pass an ethics and aesthetics test. He has forgotten that revolutions may be supported by romantic spirits who are taken in by a mirage of the millenium but they are made by those who are sick of a past of enslavement and degradation. I suppose this second self is intended to represent Yurii as a man of ideas in conflict with his society. But the difference is merely that of the author with a social system whose birth and growth seem to have annoyed him, to have kept him awake nights with its cries and laughing. It is a far jump from the modest doctor to the self-centered philistine who wears his skin at times, and the novel does not span the distance.

WATER - WAYS

ALVARO CARDONA-HINE

Mr. Cardon-Hine's poem dedicated to the memory of the Philippine-American poet and novelist, Carlos Bulosan, appeared in the "7 Californians" issue of MAINSTREAM this past July. At that time, we asked him to let us know something of himself, since he was appearing in the magazine for the first time. He sent us the following note, which we're pleased to publish:

"As of 1926, I was born, raised, and upbraided in the placid, high-in-the-mountains town of San Jose, in Costa Rica, a place where it really rains and where plants and children grow up vieing with each other for supremacy. Fruits and seclusion twisted me to shape and, plucked from those surroundings at 14, I was brought to the United States by adventurous parents. My middle-class background was tempered by the liberal traditions of my father's family: My great grandfather, a Spaniard, fought against William Walker in 1856; my grandfather, a Mason and a novelist, wrote anticlerical works; and my father instilled in me a love of books and a hate for tyranny. Today, my brother, Alfredo Cardona Pena, is one of the outstanding new poets of Latin America.

"I have worked at a number of odd jobs and consider the intellectual freedom derived from non-professional status as the most important single advantage within the way of life obtained."

WATER-WAYS

I.

The flood speaks for the winter's final harm
not singing until the roots of the cherry trees are skyward
and the hoofs of the bull, accumulating on the improvised boulevard,
have swung upon the Pacific the cliffs of their liquid stampede.

All this between us to begin again,
seeds to plant among the new-formed beds,
along the silent, distrustful orchards;
the housing of the town on the wider banks of the river.

All this between us to live again,
 good boats to be made, quickly,
 the angling of random fish on misgiving waters;
 the journey to the big town miles away.

II.

After a time, the river stops completely
 and the few rotten pools dry up;
 deep weeds have laid their pale greenness down
 beneath the heavy sand-shine.

I walk across in sight of sea, drowsily fisherman,
 my ears upon the willow-waves;
 she greets me from the hill, crowned by the sunset,—
 I hurry home, the sand knows again the summer.

III.

My children bask in the womb of the coastline, at first
 as tiny crabs gaining a bit of sunny strength—
 a little fierce perhaps, but soon touched magically
 by the sea-horse and the vague depth near.

The youngest barely counts the stars, reaching the cradle first,
 but the first-born, he helps me and then goes with their twinkling
 to see his love and sit near her awhile,
 happy and durable as the young go.

Not all God-sent, I had my freckled daughter die
 whose laughter and round summers were the pride
 of Thomas Cook and wife, my wife and I,
 when she was only ten, ten years ten days, ten years ago.

She was the pride. One day she came from school to me
 a little sooner, abandoning her friends;
 she told me she had learned the earth was round, and—
 wouldn't she fall into the sky?

TEACHERS

My first teacher was
inconsistent and gay,
he bruised my knee
and broke my two front teeth.

The second pointed at a girl
and laughed and cried with great delight,
he bruised my pride
and broke my heart.

I never saw the third,
I only heard him whisper
that I should lead the crowd. . . .

Transfigured as I am
—a clown, really,
who will not laugh to see
a tear peep forth the greasy eye?
Wary game, this,
when sweat can't salt the morsel
you carry to your teeth!

Off with the lie, the reeking mask!
I seek the fourth, the final teacher
. . . he leans back,
he has broken the vertebrae of each hill.

I call on him!
. . . he draws back,
his ways are vague
and the classroom dark, dark.

THE WITCH

(A Fairly Reliable Tale)

The country town flares up
like a plundered beehive:
a mad dog is running loose
through the main square.

He plunges into the somnolescent church
after the hidden child
and howling and frothing
tears up his altar and his dream.

Effervescent,
possessed,
he drips wine
and saliva
and runs among the pews
until he nears an old bent form
stilled by desolation
which he scans for a moment
with his view eclipsed
to approach in sudden silence,
loathsome,
appealing.
She turns her weary face
to the corroding sight
and gently lays a hand
upon the beast.

The town is talking with relief,
the priest with due belief:
a witch has burned upon the stake
and a dog is barking deep in hell.

CHICKEN THIEF

(To Bill Sills)

It was dark
and windless,
heart and wrist-watch
was all I heard.

The two young hens
asleep on the fence
never woke to cackle
from their New Hampshire dreams.

A couple of watch dogs
forgot to bark—
that night all went against
the neighbor's batch.

A friend or a devil
had even convinced the moon
it was too great an effort
to shine.

RECIPE

In her kitchen of pine and salutation
long does the grandmother labor
with magic hands and traditional inventions.

While the men sing in the fields
and the hills begin to hide in clusters
by the sun,
she will gather the tiny apples
and nail them with rich clove
as if carpenters and autumn met
unfingered and waylaid.

THREE UNTITLED

Is it true?

Are you really going to step
into the sunlight?

It is heavy. Prepare yourself.

Leave the door ajar at first.

* *

I observe
the mania of selling and buying
and the fat
well-shaven bastards who prey and pray.

I observe how my pen
gets embittered

and how the ink runs out
leaving the alloy dry

much as the rainbow leaves the eye
when the knees give way.

I tell myself to learn
and deal one heavy blow

instead of all this pricking and bullying
and interminable nagging,

this blow could end
all the selling and buying

that blots this curving land
of coal and corn in the festival beginning.

* *

Dry Lucifer
dry Lucifer's come
dry Lucifer
dry Lucifer's come brought
blue spiders
blue spiders
red cider
red cider
 outsider come weave a web
 outsider come tell a tale
dry Lucifer's come
blue spiders
dry Lucifer's brought
red cider
dry Lucifer's come brought . . .
outsider
outsider
come weave a tale.

A BANKER IN CHINA

JAMES MUIR

Mr. Muir is chief executive officer of the Royal Bank of Canada. The article which follows is the full text of a report, part of which appeared some time ago in the *National Guardian*. It was originally submitted for incorporation into the Congressional Record on July 25, 1958 by Senator William Langer of North Dakota. We have included Mr. Muir's discussion of Chinese-Canadian trade because it is an inadvertently ironic commentary on our government's prohibition of such exchanges. As the reader will see, neither Mr. Muir's position nor his political views have stood in the way of his objective presentation of the facts of China's way of life and her significance as a world power.—*The Editor*.

THIS is an attempt to report information on life and conditions in China as I saw them on a short visit. It is not meant to prove or disprove anything. If anyone is interested enough to read it, I ask that he read it all through before drawing any conclusions—and particularly I ask that he refrain from lifting any passage from context which, with an elaboration built thereon, might create a wrong impression of the whole.

The first question you would probably ask is, "Why did you go to China, what was the purpose of your visit?" Quest of knowledge—the desire to see how other people live and have their being—the desire to see how business, and more particularly how banking operations, are conducted—were the main urges that prompted me to go, plus, of course, a fairly healthy measure of natural curiosity.

I went of my own accord, at my own expense, and received invaluable physical assistance from Bank of China officials in arranging such things as accommodations and travel facilities. From first to last their courtesy, assistance, kindness, and general good humor under all circumstances were of infinite help. Their explanations of their system were naturally of the highest interest, and they showed not the slightest reluctance to answer questions, and plied me with queries in return.

I have read that in visits to China one is put in the hands of Intourist, a Government Agency, which in effect leads one around by the nose. I was not under such auspices. Actually, I saw but one Intourist official, and that in Canton. In many respects I would compare Intourist, as I saw glimpses of it functioning, as a sort of Chinese Thomas Cook & Son or American Express operating under Government auspices.

The cost of living is unbelievably low, probably about one-fourth to one-third of ours in many directions. In the main cities we had good and immaculately kept hotel accommodations; laundry was done and returned the same day and looked less warworn than is the case on our continent; clothes pressing was often as prompt—dry-cleaning in a matter of hours in case of need.

I was told rats have been exterminated so bubonic plague has gone. I saw one fly and one mosquito and no sparrows in the cities. National campaigns were organized to get rid of these pests, and I believe were used as a test to see how successful or otherwise the authorities could be in organizing the populace to singleness of effort. From their point of view the results must have been astonishingly gratifying.

The growth in industry, the change in living standards, the modernization of everything and anything, the feats of human effort, and the colossal impact of human labor are not within our power to describe and still give a worthwhile picture of the scene. All I can say is that it must be seen to be believed. It's truly stupendous. The effect is almost to bewilder one when he sees what has been accomplished in less than 10 years but, if he is a thinking person, to appall him and dumbfound him when he realizes what had not been done in the previous 4,000 years or even 100 years. There are 600 million people in the land—the net population is increasing 20 million per annum or 38 per minute. Take deaths into consideration, and births must be at something resembling machinegun speed—and we were freely told there is already a labor shortage. Twenty-five percent of the population of the world lives in China and, in a score of years or less, it will be nearer half the world's population. How one can fail to recognize this colossal scene is over my head.

I shall give but one example, an exceptional one, perhaps, of the inexorable effect of human effort in terms of human labor. I saw the new irrigation and flood-control dam in the Ming Tombs Valley. It was practically finished and had taken only 140 days to complete. It is over 2,000 feet long, about 90 feet high, 555 feet wide at the base, and about 25 feet wide at the top. It has a concrete core, the upstream side is clay, and the other is earth, gravel, and stone. One hundred thousand people were working in three shifts around the clock. All work was

described as voluntary—certainly it was unpaid. About half of the work force was provided by the army, the rest by citizens from every walk of life who go and live and work at the site for days or weeks as circumstances, age, health, and physique permit. With little else than their bare hands, picks and shovels, this colossal task has been accomplished. I stood on high ground and looked down upon this vast human anthill. I took photographs of the scene, a shift of 30,000 toiling people, and hope, when developed, these pictures will have caught something of the atmosphere of the drama.

The almost fanatical drive toward hygiene and physical culture by the people is a study in itself. At 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. all work must stop and physical exercise be indulged in—young and old, overweight and underweight alike. I saw few in the former category. Many people wear gauze masks as a protection against dirt and fumes. En route from Shanghai to Canton by air we stopped at an airstop for lunch. We were met at the plane by a girl wearing a white gauze mask, in white shirt and long white smock, spotless. She conducted us to the dining room, and it was she who served our lunch. Part of the table dishes was a porcelain spoon resting upon a piece of paper. As I was about to pick up the spoon she nudged my elbow, pointed to the paper, and made motions to show I should first thoroughly rub the spoon with it.

In many ways Peking is a beautiful city and in and around it are vast historical buildings and relics. They have been maintained and repaired with the preponderance of Chinese red paint and offer a startling and pleasing appearance. To mention just a few, the Imperial Palace within the Forbidden City, the Summer Palace, the Ming Tombs in the Ming Valley, and, of course, the Great Wall itself, all go to fulfill a sightseer's and photographer's dream.

I have been asked about the standard of living in China. It's difficult to give an understandable answer because for vast millions there is not such a thing as we know it. Man, woman, and child have not risen much beyond the beast-of-burden stage. The sights one sees of the stresses, the strains, the unbelievable extent to which a human frame can be abused, leave one almost physically ill. And yet the lot of these people is better than it was, and improving. For millions more one sees contentment, happiness, and one would believe more freedom from oppression and civil strife than their previous generations have known. Corruption and graft we were told—and confirmed by people living outside the area—have disappeared. Petty theft is rare; one does not bother to lock his home. We did not bother to lock our hotel room doors. As an example of their apparently fanatical honesty, when leaving the hotel in Canton I failed to pick up some \$2 or less in change. They followed me to the station

and found me after I was seated on the train in order that they might deliver this change to me.

It cannot be that the present way of life is pleasing to everyone; there are many refugees constantly arriving in Hong Kong, for example, but they can be but a flea bite compared with the country's population of 600 million people, and we should think they are mostly small farmers who are still individualistic enough to resist being brought into the co-operative movement. Those in authority freely state that the aim is to add slowly and patiently, yet without interruption, to the standard of living, that to try too much too quickly would be fatal—lead to inflation and endanger their whole program.

Unless the whole scene is a dream or one's senses of observation and appraisal are less than useless, then we think the vast majority of the people of China have a government they want, a government which is improving their lot, a government in which they have confidence, a government which stands no chance whatever of being supplanted. All this quite obviously indicates a political problem that will sear the very souls of some Western Powers, and which at some stage is going to pose an overwhelming face-saving problem in more directions than one. It's difficult to believe that anything resembling war is desired in China if for no reason other than that such a development would have a disastrous effect upon the plans for improvement they are trying to bring about.

While in personal contacts we found individuals courteous, friendly, good-natured, and prepared to go through a generous dose of good-natured ribbing, they are as a people exceedingly sensitive and touchy at the slightest implication of lack of confidence in their business undertakings or at sharp or belittling criticism of them as a nation or at the thought that there is or ever can be a divided China. We would caution those businessmen and men in public life who would have dealings with China to bear the foregoing ever in mind. Only undesirable results can ensue and nothing whatever can we hope to gain by ignoring these sensitive areas in the Chinese character.

The so-called strategic list of prohibited exports adopted by some nations has become in Chinese eyes almost ridiculous. So far as we can see (always with the exception of really strategic materials) about all that is happening so far as China is concerned is that annoyance is created, the goods are forthcoming from some other source, progress is not being seriously retarded, and ironically, a great long-run benefit may be conferred upon the Chinese by forcing them to make things for themselves.

One highly placed person, not resident in China but thoroughly familiar with Chinese people, made the statement to me that the capacity of the Chinese to learn and perform is governed entirely by the teaching

capacity of others who would undertake to instruct them. Their thirst for knowledge is now great, and a visit to the University of Peking shows a lot of eager and enthusiastic students. A similar attitude, we were told, prevails in other seats of learning. As far as education of the masses is concerned, they have a long, long way to go. Steps are now afoot to change the Chinese characters to the Roman alphabet which is in general use in the Western World, and it is believed this will be a tremendous help in the educational process. There seem to be many professors of political economy around—and many students. We twitted one professor with the gibe that no doubt he found Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill among his mentors. Laughingly, he replied, "Well, their theories are not exactly popular with us at present."

One innovation in economic organization has resulted from the liquidation of the Kuomintang. Businessmen who were clean or free from entanglement with this organization have been allowed to maintain their financial interest in the business and receive 5 percent on this capital, even though the enterprise may be managed by state-appointed personnel. If the owner of the business is appointed manager he will, of course, receive the regular state salary for his type of managerial service plus 5 percent return on his investment. Here we have joint private-state enterprise which should be of interest to all students of comparative economic organization. How long this hybrid will persist, one cannot say. But I understand that the private rights involved may be bequeathed or transferred; and, if this is true, the joint private-state type of enterprise may last for generations to come.

The all-important matter of trade was constantly coming up, and listening to the Chinese side of the story and to the outside phase of it, none of which incidentally came from traders, we are frankly a little confused.

One thing is certain—China needs a multitude of things and is most desirous of trading. It would be a waste of time for us to try to cover this field in a report of this kind. Any Canadian exporter who wants to trade with China—and if he is conscious of his own interests and is far-sighted enough to realize his responsibilities to our Canadian economy—can readily obtain from our Department of Trade and Commerce in Ottawa a good idea of what is wanted. The trade commissioners of our Government who cover that area are fully conversant with the picture, and we feel we should assume they keep Ottawa headquarters fully advised.

If we have anything to suggest here it is that our exporting fraternity shake themselves loose, get busy, and visit China either individually or as a group, probably in the latter form initially, but keep at it. It was galling to meet and to talk with the selling forces of other Western

Powers, not only obviously getting business, but enthusiastic about it while our people seem to sit back and wait for a silver-platter deal. Our exporters have got to learn to develop resourcefulness and to take reasonable business risks. Outside China we heard a good deal about the Chinese importing movement endeavoring to make one-sided deals, about their reneging on contracts and so on; but we were unable to uncover a substantiated case. Our people should make clear the deal they want, make it reasonable and orthodox, and have a full and complete understanding of the transaction before they start—documented, if necessary, throughout. If they do this, deliver on time, and do not deviate from the terms, we should be inclined to believe they won't experience undue difficulties. This opportunity, coupled with our need for export markets, should sound a clarion call to our Government to see to it that, if any Canadian enterprise should be induced by outside influence to deviate from its responsibility to the Canadian worker and to the Canadian economy by declining legitimate and clean business, drastic, and immediate steps be taken to discipline any such Canadian corporation. Canada needs export trade, and it should be sought after everywhere with no interest other than the welfare of Canada involved.

We had some interesting discussions relative to the new Chinese constitution, which provides for freedom of speech, right of assembly, and freedom in the practice of religion. Freedom of speech, we believe, can be followed in the criticism of how things are being done in a material way, or of the people who are charged with the responsibility of doing them—but the Chinese can't be "agin the government" as we know it. Anything savouring of sedition would meet with the inevitable treatment; so perhaps freedom of speech could in our view be largely confined to the suggestion-box principle. In this highly restricted sense it might even be welcomed by the authorities.

Right of assembly exists in the sense that crowds can immediately assemble and listen to a speaker. We saw such crowds at street corners and at country crossroads. When we asked what the spouter was dispensing, it was always a harangue on the virtues of hygiene, on the desirability of continuing to swat flies and kill mosquitoes, or on some such subject. Theoretically, we suppose one could assemble a crowd and talk about anything—but for how long, we don't know. There is no Chinese "Hyde Park."

Regarding the freedom to practice religion, there could be a need for this—not perhaps out of regard for religion but because there is a political problem due to the large number of Moslem followers in addition to the Buddhists. I found Christian churches of many denominations—I also visited a Buddhist temple. On Sunday morning in Peking we heard

what sounded like church bells. At first we could not believe our ears. Persistently we went down a side street from which the sound was coming, and certainly it was the sound of church bells. We found a church, a large Roman Catholic edifice, within a walled enclosure. The front court was full of children playing, the front doors were closed and again children playing and squatting in front of them, but we proceeded to a side door and found a church which could accommodate a very large congregation. Mass was in progress; the church was not full but there was a large congregation of people, devout to all appearances, young and old—male and female—very small children crawling in the aisles—older ones moving around from pew to pew. The clergy were all Chinese. We stayed for part of the service. There are other authorities more competent than I am to discuss this phase, but so far as I could find out all clergy must be Chinese and, if this is so, then perhaps freedom is more apparent than real. This is only an observation. Someone else, I am sure, can give a positive answer.

Unquestionably there is some subtle difference in life between China and other nations of Marxian persuasion. One feels no sense of domination, no depression, no lack of freedom in moving around, and so on. Perhaps it is inspired by the courtesy, good nature, and natural politeness of the people. One goes shopping as he would in Montreal—big stores, little stores, all sorts of goods. Food is rationed on a seasonal basis, we were told. In hotels and restaurants there are no restrictions. One can go sightseeing, rubbernecking, and camera using at will—but must get an export permit for his undeveloped film which was rather a perfunctory procedure.

For those who have read so far, no doubt a variety of impressions of life in China has been formed. Some may be favorable, even too much so, some skeptical and unbelieving. Both are wrong.

As I said at the beginning, one has to see what is going on with his own eyes before he can realize what the picture unfolds. Nobody can do so for him. China is a socialist state, a managed economy adhering to the teachings of Karl Marx with some modifications to meet Chinese reality. The state is supreme, man an instrument—therefore he can't be really free. There is none of the comrade technique, there is no pretense that all are equal; on the contrary, the working class, the peasants, are freely referred to. One is rewarded in the material sense according to his talents and his responsibilities; but the plunder, the privilege and corruption are said to be gone. One wonders what China would be like today if over the last 150 years it had moved along the lines of democratic progress instead of exploitation and corruption. The wind was sown, the whirlwind is being reaped.

As mentioned earlier, 25 percent of the world's population live in China; maybe in 20 years they will be one-half of the world. Their present rate of progress is beyond description—but they have, as we have said, a million miles to go before the masses have a semblance of a decent standard of living. They are moving fast, however. If one can picture a future nation of one billion people—skilled, educated, industrialized, and with a capacity for work that beggars description—the high cost economy of the West is eventually in for revision. We of the West want no part of the political and economic philosophy that governs such states, but I wonder if we had a similar experience as a people how we would feel about it? The answer seems to be clear.

Regarding the so-called recognition of China in the political sense, one just does not see how 600 million people, which may be a billion before too long, can be given myopic treatment. I am no prophet, but a "bonnie Prince Charlie" from across the sea from Taiwan seems more than unlikely. Just how face is to be saved there presents a staggering problem. There is every indication that the people of China as a whole are satisfied with their Government. It seems to meet their needs and it seems to be conscious of a great job to be done to lift the standard of living and the general way of life of the masses out of the black hopelessness that has prevailed in the past.

I believe there is good and legitimate trade to be done. Other western people are getting it. Canada will be negligent and unfair to herself if she does not get her share. She won't get it, however, without aggressive action.

THE VOICES OF RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

THERE are composers whose private lives had best remain unknown if one is to listen to their music with untroubled mind. There are others who lead exemplary lives but unfortunately write bad music. In the music of Ralph Vaughan Williams who died on August 26, a sweet, lovable, and noble human being found a perfect artistic clothing. To appropriate a phrase of Emerson, one was seal and the other was print. His deep love of country imbued every part of his music—an affection democratic in spirit, especially enveloping the "nobodies" of English society and embracing the friendliest feelings for other peoples. It inspired the creative use of English folk strains that filled his work. As he wrote in his book *National Music* (Oxford, N. Y., 1935), "Music is above all things the art of the common man." He cut himself off from what he termed both the "truculent chauvinists" and the "lovers of every country but their own." "If we have no musical soul of our own," he wrote, "how can we appreciate the manifestations of the musical souls of others?"

Born on October 12, 1872, Ralph Vaughan Williams became the outstanding figure in the English musical renaissance of the end of the nineteenth and first half of the twentieth century. Among the causes of this renaissance may have been the excitement generated by Dvorak's music in England in the 1880's, a sign of the power, freshness, and "universality" of an art built on the base of folklore and national expression. Also, challenging questions were being raised at that time about English life—where it was going and how the people fared—as in the essays of John Ruskin and William Morris, the novels and poems of Thomas Hardy. Most important was the tide of national self-criticism shown in the attacks upon the Boer war, the sympathies with the Irish struggle for freedom, the rise of Fabian Socialism and of the English Labor Party.

Ralph Vaughan Williams said that his teacher, Sir Hubert Parry, told him to "write choral music as befits an Englishman and a democ-

crat" (quoted in Hubert Foss' *Ralph Vaughan Williams*, Oxford, N. Y., 1950). For many decades the reception of his music was less than open-hearted. To the "modernists" he offered no glittering novelties of sound, no sensational implications of having "wiped out the musical past," no primitivisms, no "systems," and they decided that he "did not belong to the twentieth century." But to academicians and Tory minds, he was equally disturbing, for he was profoundly of the English people of the twentieth century. He offered no pseudo-patriotic music of pomp and bombast. In the most unobtrusive way, he thought of himself as one of the ordinary folk—in the first World War, he enlisted at the beginning as a common soldier rather than take an officer's commission. In his turn to the English musical tradition, he passed over even the art of Handel, with its grandeur and impression of self-satisfied strength, and went instead to the great Elizabethan and Jacobean age when in music, as in poetry and drama, the learned and the popular seemed to walk hand in hand and when there was a happy marriage of folk and art song.

The composer's bent of mind may be seen in the poets he loved: Chaucer, Shakespeare, Shelley, Blake and Walt Whitman. It may also be seen in his *London Symphony*, whose concluding movement has what Albert Coates, who was close to Williams, described as a "march of the unemployed," and in three operas: *Hugh the Drover*, with its boxing match as a central scene; *Riders to the Sea*, employing John Millington Synge's portrayal of the tragic life of the Irish fisherfolk; and *Pilgrim's Progress*, based on John Bunyan's great social-religious satire.

The characteristic Vaughan Williams idiom is a masterful absorption of the typical melodic turns of the older, modal English folk music and the sixteenth and seventeenth century English madrigal and song composers. He builds these into long-spun, melodic lines, modally harmonized, and rarely emerging into clear-cut, rounded tunes. As themes in his symphonic works, they tend to have a romantic, subjective indefiniteness. How well he can use this idiom for a completely personal, true, and modern expression may be seen in two comparatively early works: the song-cycle *On Wenlock Edge* (1909), to poems of Alfred Housman, which range from the blithe "Oh, when I was in love with you," to the poignant, "Is my team plowing?" and even better, in the *Fantasia on a Theme of Thomas Tallis* (1910), for string orchestra.

The *Fantasia* opens with phrases from the Tallis melody, woven into a beautiful, free-flowing polyphony. Then when the main melody (originally a popular-style hymn by the Elizabethan master) appears, it seems to have been "born" out of the preceding music. It is the germ

of a continuously flowing, unrounded melodic line, supported by a polyphonic web spun of its fragmentary phrases. A "development section" follows, in which the theme is again broken into parts, with the music taking on a touch of drama, in antiphonal "statements and answers," while solo voices of the strings meditatively emerge from the full string body. The climax is a declamation by the full body of strings, after which there is a compressed recapitulation and coda. The music of the opening returns, but varied, and with touching, free cadenza-like figures from the solo string voices. In this work, the composer seems to have leaped back over the entire development of classical symphonic music, with its clear-cut themes and dramatic opposition of motifs—in fact he has expressed his lack of feeling for the Beethoven style—to the renaissance and early baroque. The texture of the music is that of the old English composers of fantasies for viols. But actually there are no old fantasies like it in mood and breadth or architecture. Despite its free-flowing polyphony and modal harmonies, its structure shows the touch of sonata-form, and the music has a twentieth century sensibility.

Vaughan Williams does not go through drastic changes of style, but he rarely repeats himself. Each big work is markedly different from its predecessors, full of surprises, for it is a response to a new situation of life. The form described above, of the *Tallis Fantasy*, is a flexible one which the composer uses many times over, sometimes starting with a defined melody, sometimes with little melodic fragments which only at the end coalesce into a soaring, defined melody. The form takes on a shimmering rhapsodic character in *The Lark Descending* (1914) for solo violin and orchestra, and a sensuous, Oriental-sounding character in *Flos Campi* (1924) for viola, orchestra, and wordless chorus, based on the Song of Solomon. It is also a basic movement-form that appears in almost every one of his symphonies. Such a "fantasia" is the second movement, "On a Beach at Night," in his *Sea Symphony* (1905-10). It offers a particularly beautiful example of a melody being born out of its germ phrases.

The third movement, "The Waves," is typical of the composer's *scherzo* movements, in its swinging, yet speech-accented melodies and complex rhythms. He will often write dance-like tunes, in folk styles, but with a meditative, subjective, and *parlando* character. The *Sea Symphony*, his first work in the forms, links the classic tradition of the four-movement symphony with the great English popular choral tradition. Its feeling is deeply English, not only in its modal melodies but in its evocation of the sea, which fills a greater place in English life and thought than in that of perhaps any other nation. At the same

time, using texts from Walt Whitman's "Song of the Exposition," "Sea Drift," and "Passage to India," it has a feeling of the brotherhood of humanity, calling to the sea, "Thou unitest nations," and singing "a chant for the sailors of all nations." The visionary indefiniteness of the closing measures carries out this mood, like a dream of the future, foreseeing as Whitman writes, "the lands to be welded together."

Wholly different in mood, moving from the sea to the great city of eight million inhabitants, is the *London Symphony* (1914, revised 1920). Yet the first movement is the Vaughan Williams "fantasia" expanded to take on some of the lineaments of sonata form. The brooding, slow introduction, with its upward moving motif, engenders other themes, some of which are at the same time dramatic "opposites" to it, such as the chromatic descending motif, like a heartrending cry, and the jaunty rhythmic themes that follow. There is a meditative middle section, and a powerful, polyphonic recapitulation and coda, in which the outcry overwhelms the folksy humor of the more rhythms-dominated motifs. The slow movement is a beautiful "fantasia" again, on a melody of great tenderness, and as often in Vaughan Williams, with the solo strings touchingly used, like wordless human voices. The *scherzo* evokes a picture of festivities in the poor section of the city. The last movement begins with a sombre march; then there is a harmonically distorted version of the *scherzo* dance music, and a slow epilogue, expanding on the brooding introduction to the symphony.

A clue to Vaughan Williams' musical thinking may be found in the ballet or "masque for dancing," *Job* (1930), inspired by William Blake's illustrations for *The Book of Job*. In telling the biblical story of the forces of human love at war with the forces of evil, hypocrisy, and Satan, he uses his folkish, tender, and lyrical music to evoke the good forces, the "angels," while harsh and discordant versions of such themes accompany the forces of evil. The "devil's music" is not inhuman. It is a distortion of human feelings. It evokes the trouble, pain and anguish which life will bring to people.

Applying this useful if oversimplified shorthand of "angel's music" and "devil's music" to the symphonies, the slow movement of the *Sea Symphony* is "angel's music," while the discordant sections of the first and last movements of the *London Symphony* are "devil's."

With the *Third Symphony*, the "Pastoral" (1922), we have "angel's music" from beginning to end. Having given us the sea and the city, the composer now turns to the countryside. In an unobtrusive way this is a bold work. What other composer would write a symphony made up of four meditative slow movements? Yet they are sensitively varied. The first has a gentle rhythmic flow. It is a polyphonic "fan-

tasia," beginning with a weaving *ostinato* figure, after which a lovely pentatonic melody enters. The development is marked by a climactic, powerful crescendo. The second movement, by contrast, evokes almost a cessation of motion. It is built of haunting "bird call" motifs, like calls "from an unknown region," developing to a climax of a long-drawn, mystic trumpet call. In the third movement, a *scherzo-fantasia*, there is a greater feeling of human activity, with exuberant, yet inward-turning, folk-dance motifs. The last movement brings everything together. It opens with an intensified version of the mystic trumpet call from the second movement, but now heard as a free-flowing melodic line for wordless soprano voice, over a soft roll of drums. In the middle section the folkish, pentatonic melody of the first movement reappears, but its development makes some passages sound like the trumpet call. There is a touch of turbulence, of unsatisfied human yearnings, with touching passages for the solo violin, and in the end these are quelled, as the mystic, wordless soprano call is again heard.

The 1930's, the years of economic crisis and the rise of fascism, brought forth the most concentrated example of "devil's music," the *Fourth Symphony, in F minor* (1935), a portrayal of tormented feelings. The style is basically the same as in the preceding works, polyphonic in texture and modal in melody, but the themes are fiercely declamatory, and the harmonies given to the melodic lines clash discordantly with one another. The first movement proceeds in this violent and searing mood until near the very end, when its second theme is transformed into tender and peaceful music. The second movement is lyrical and folkish in melody, a polyphonic fantasia, but with striking dissonances and a deep sadness. The highly contrapuntal third movement is a typical Vaughan Williams dance-scherzo, but rhythmically and harmonically distorted. The last movement is a continuation of the third, using some of the same material, proceeding through a fast, violent march or "quick-step," then through a slow, modal, more tender middle section, and ending again violently, with discordant fugal passages.

A turning point in the esteem rendered Vaughan Williams by the English public came with his music of the years of the Second World War. It is in his response to such terrible events that a great national artist proves his value. The response, however, was not on the journalistic level of battle or patriotic pieces. At first it may seem strange that the war period itself produced so grand and serene a work as the *Fifth Symphony, in D major* (1943) while the coming of peace was accompanied by the troubled *Sixth Symphony, in E minor*. But 1943, when the conflict was at its height, called, in Foss's words, for "a recog-

nizable English voice of comfort and prophecy," and this is what the *Fifth Symphony* provided with its tremendous serenity and faith in humanity. The first movement, *Prelude*, is one of the finest symphonic examples of what has been called here the Vaughan Williams "fantasia" form, with an opening like a mystic "call," a polyphonic texture, a somewhat turbulent middle section, and the climax in the recapitulation, as the melody which had been prepared for by the thematic fragments finally swells out. Then comes one of the finest of the composer's polyphonic *scherzo* movements. The third movement, *Romanza*, is again the "fantasia" form, but this time with a clearly defined, song-like melody entering near the beginning, and cadenza-like passages for woodwinds and solo violin adorning the middle and end. The last movement is a *passacaglia* on a theme which is an apotheosis of the first-movement melody, with great rhythmic vitality and sometimes a folk-dance character in the variations. The *passacaglia* dissolves into a tender epilogue, evoking the opening music of the symphony.

The *Sixth Symphony* is in contrast, largely "devil's music," a troubled reckoning at the close of the war of how much it had cost in human tribulation and sacrifice. The first movement is in highly-curtailed sonata form, opening with a violent, declamatory theme which is expanded upon, and a second theme entering in contrast, deliberately awkward, jaunty, almost jazzy in its syncopation. In what could be a development section, the opening violent music returns, and then the second theme, which now begins to show new, more gentle contours. Finally this theme "throws off its cloak," so to speak, and emerges as a radiantly lovely melody in what may be called an "Elizabethan popular" vein. The slow movement is somber, dramatic and troubled, with a main melody that, although gentle, seems to be made out of the opening notes of the violent first-movement theme. The *scherzo* is jaunty but likewise troubled. It leads directly into the last movement, which is one of the most original, haunting, gentle, and sad passages in all of the composer's work. It is written for strings, with soft interpolations by woodwinds and muted brass, and preserves throughout its course a hushed quietness. The tenderly sad theme, continuously repeating itself in the flowing polyphonic texture, is a development of the main melody of the second movement. It is now less defined than previously, more a motif, less a melody, and it engenders little counter-melodies and meditative recitatives out of its phrases, until the movement ends in what is almost a whisper.

The next two symphonies are more brilliant in virtuosity than the preceding works but less profound, indicating perhaps that no "big theme" had arisen to capture the composer's symphonic imagination.

The *Seventh Symphony*, "Sinfonia Antartica" (1952), used music that had originally been written in 1947 for a film, *Scott of the Antarctic*. It employs a strange instrumentation to suggest the icy wastes, adding to the traditional orchestra a wordless soprano solo and female chorus, wind machine, piano, celeste, glockenspiel, vibraphone, bells and blaring passages for organ. As always in Vaughan Williams, there is no attempt at pictorial music. It is a "nature piece" like the "Pastoral" symphony, and four of its five movements are slow. But the "devil" has touched this work. Nature is no longer a friend of man, it is a menace to be fought and conquered; and the symphony, with many haunting discordant passages, has the character of a requiem for the heroes of the Scott expedition.

The *Eighth Symphony* (1955) is a curiously baffling work in its tight mixture of tenderness, exuberant humor, and unrest. What both of these works indicate, however, was that the composer in his eighties was refusing to behave like the "dean," unofficial laureate, or "grand old man" of English music.*

Vaughan Williams' style is a remarkable achievement. It goes back to the "golden," pre-classical age of English music, but not in the sense of a flight to the past. Rather he sees this era as one left incomplete, though its vitality is proven by its preservation among the folk, and so he can take up its threads, carrying them forward into the twentieth century. Such terms as "angel's music" and "devil's music" are not intended to force his music into narrow classifications or to describe it as a kind of musical theology, but rather to make clear the two sides of his thought, each with its own characteristic musical expression yet constantly touching and affecting each other. Perhaps a better description would have been Blake's title, "Songs of Innocence and Experience." One side of his music is the pastoral strain, depicting the ideal closeness of people to nature, a music of peace and tenderness, sometimes sprightly and joyful, sometimes touched by a mystical or elegiac quality. The other side presents human misery, torment, questioning and protest, the narrowness forced upon people by capitalism and its "progress," the infringements upon man's ability to live as a rounded human being. The problem raised is one that the composer cannot solve: two sides of life, both real, which he cannot bring together into one whole view. And so a visionary element enters his music, a feeling that somehow the questions he raises will be taken up by others; a glimpse

* Not having been able to attend the recent performance of the composer's *Ninth Symphony* in New York, I am unfortunately unable to discuss that work.—S. F.

of a future—how it will arrive, he doesn't know—in which people will live as brothers, in peace and close to nature.

Williams technical equipment was not startling, nor was his capacity for innovation. In fact other composers, both of his own land and elsewhere, have surpassed him in this respect. But his style is something he worked out himself, out of the great tradition of music, and he could have said of it as Verdi said, "My hand is strong enough to shape the sounds as I want them and to make the effect that I have in mind." Furthermore, it has enriched English music in a basic way, so that every composer who came after him has been affected by him. And shaping his work was the kind of social mind which is best characterized by a passage from Blake:

*Can I see another's woe
And not be in sorrow too?*

Right Face

Pie on Earth

The Bible Says

Thou shalt remember the Lord thy God for it is He who giveth thee power to get wealth. *Deuteronomy* 8:18.—Subway ad of the New York Bible Society.

Non-Conformity

Kathryn and Mary are identical as two cigarettes in a pack. Yet, in the twin's case, a cigarette would be the quickest means of identification—Mary smokes, Kathryn doesn't.—Meet Miss Subways, ad.

....

The Bible in Atlantic City

Miss America caught the fancy of the pageant audience in the talent competition with her "switch routine." She started out singing opera like a diva, suddenly removed her evening gown type of skirt to reveal a tight green skirt and gave a jazzy rendition of "There'll Be Some Changes Made" with a brief dance routine.

In her talent appearances she carried a good-luck mustard seed enclosed in a glass teardrop on a charm bracelet. It was given to her by her Sunday school teacher and contains a quotation from Matthew xvii, 20: "And Jesus said unto them, Because of your unbelief; for verily I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall move; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."—the *New York Times*.

Count Ten Next Time

Parys, South Africa.—A 20-year-old white mother was fined £50 (\$140) today for the killing of an African woman. The judge said he had taken into account that the servant had been "insolent."

Mrs. Marie de Wet was found guilty of homicide. She had shot the 28-year-old African woman servant in the stomach.

The judge, in passing sentence, warned Mrs. de Wet to be careful of firearms in the future.—*Reuters* dispatch.

Working for the Yankee Dulles?

A firecracker factory working overtime to produce toy atomic cannons blew up today in central Taiwan (Formosa) killing twenty-three persons and injuring thirteen. Most of the victims were teen-age factory girls. The factory owner was at home when the explosion occurred.—AP dispatch.

Spiritual Blow

Communist shells inflicted a major sentimental as well as material loss on the Nationalists when they destroyed a \$1,500,000 distillery on Quemoy, which was reputed to manufacture the best paikan, a prized grain liquor distilled from kaoliang.—*The New York Times*.

How Strange

Guatemala's major health problems are malnutrition and infectious disease, which cause half of all deaths among children under five. The former is ironic for the country of Guatemala is a land of agricultural plenty.—*The New York Times*.

Criminal Fertility

Judge Arthur P. Bretherick recommended today that unwed mothers of three or more children be jailed.

The Delaware County judge urged a grand jury in nearby Media to press for the passage of a state law calling for three months in jail for a third illegitimate child, four months for the fourth, five months for the fifth and six months for the sixth.

He told the jurors that "every girl should get the benefit of the doubt for the first child and possibly for the second."

With the third child born out of wedlock, the judge remarked, "it becomes apparent that child-bearing has become a business venture" to collect relief benefits.—*The New York Times*.

Heads I Win, Tails You Lose

It begins to look as though the Administration can, if it wishes, treat the performance of the economy either way it pleases—as proof of further deterioration or as evidence of a leveling off in the decline.—*The New York Times*.

The Human Condition

DISPLACED PERSONS, by Don Gordon. Alan Swallow. \$2.00.

IN HIS sensible if opinionated book on modern poetry Randall Jarrell remarks with some asperity that those who most loudly proclaim their inability to read it, and most querulously inquire why there is no *real* poetry being written any more, do not, as one might expect, solace themselves daily, weekly, or even monthly, with a volume of Chaucer, Milton, or Shelley.

The point is well taken, and many of us who do, at intervals, so comfort ourselves, are not quite as convinced that our exclusive preference is entirely creditable. We are always uneasily aware that sincere admirers of Shakespeare could make nothing, on first appearance, of Blake or other romantics; that good contemporary critics failed utterly to understand *Leaves of Grass* and, later, *The Wasteland*; that poets we ourselves found difficult though rewarding a quarter century ago have already become crystal clear with time and are now included in standard high school anthologies.

Yet when all such salutary warnings have been duly reviewed, there still persists a stubborn conviction that if Matthew Aronld suddenly re-addressed to us his famous question: "Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind?", few of us could honestly include much contemporary poetry in our reply.

It is, therefore, with a real thrill of discovery that we come upon a book like Don Gordon's slender volume, *Displaced Persons*, which speaks directly to us, in a language both fresh and intelligible, about some of the central truths and major terrors of our time.

There are no *a priori* laws in the arts, and it may be that another folk poet as great and simple as Bobbie Burns will some day again surprise and delight us. Traditional forms, too, have innumerable lives, and we may yet rejoice in astonishment at a new sequence of sonnets as inevitable-seeming as Wordsworth's or Keats', Gordon, more probably and predictably, uses the idiom and the conscious intellectual approach generally characterized as "modern," but uses it with a genuine sophistication free from any hint of preciosity, and with a depth of controlled emotion which compels our whole attention.

He can, on occasion—as in "Nobody Hears You"—speak with words of one syllable for all who have ever listened to a New Orleans or a Memphis band. Just as easily and more frequently he takes for granted a range of contemporary knowledge which permits casual reference to psychoanalysis, congressional investigations, Roman history, modern architecture or napalm. But such references are never mere elaboration, and the full statement of the most difficult poem is finally as clear and compelling as that of the simplest.

One of the most remarkable qual-

ties of all these poems is their extraordinary and unforced compression. For example, an apparently unhurried twelve lines beginning "The lady on the chartreuse couch is looking for herself" give a vivid sympathetic summary of the whole progress of the search back to childhood, and conclude by quietly placing the problem in its necessary adult context with:

The womb of the real world was incandescent, nothing retreats from solid to fire:

The earth like a round wind is sustained by continuous motion;
The satellites are only secure together, the sun holds the burning family.
Men and constellations are in hazardous motion, one star is not quietly spared.

Again fourteen easy lines open as a story of 'the odd child . . . disturbed at night by thoughts of the forest,' wondering "if a tree falls a thousand miles from the human ear. . ." does it make a sound? Before closing these few lines have given us a most succinct statement of the meaning of man's alienation from his brother—and himself:

Six million persons were dissolved in the calm of a sea of leaves.

* * *

It was late before he understood; they hear what they wish.
He found toward the end the motif lost in the beginning:
There is always a sound as the tree falls, the cry itself is the human condition.

Another moving five stanza poem, "The Silent Generation," tells us:

The old ones are listening like birds
For the sound of the morning sun

Or the young trees growing or the leaves
Or the language of roots sturdily spoken
Along the veins of the national earth.

Then, even more compactly, it establishes a contrasting picture of the young men "Jet-flown into the future/Before they had a past"—the young men whose "fathers forget/How curt the hour from milk to blood." These young men who "know everything but words" *are* growing; yet "A country of silent youth/Is an old man whose sons/Have not come back from war. . . ."

There is sharp satire and bitter contempt in these pages as well, but the dominant feeling is one of sober tenderness, compassionate judgment, and a clear-eyed understanding of disaster. Yet despite the generally muted tone the reader shares a certain exhilaration of intellectual achievement. We are repeatedly excited by seeing a truth heretofore vaguely sensed or abstractly explained suddenly crystallized into a talisman which can be carried about and fingered for companionship. And there is, too, the sustaining recognition described in "The Exiles" that everywhere, on occasion, "The music of the human voice" penetrates "the ego's even scream." There are here no heroics and little hope of happiness, but there is a deep sense of historical perspective and a stoic assertion, more convincing for its lack of rhetoric, that:

Surrounded we learn the art of breathing under water;
The sense of direction is hard, intact, and larval,
the enemy a failure as long as we exist.

"Who prop, thou ask'st, in these hard days, my mind?" asked Matthew Arnold. That question was put, as

Tom McGrath says, in "an old and barbarous time before the invention of passports made travel so difficult." But were we to answer it today, few contemporaries are likely to win more honorable mention in our reply than Don Gordon. And since the publication of such a volume as this is so exceptional a public service in our time, we must not leave unexpressed the appreciation we owe its publisher—Alan Swallow of 2679 South York Street, Denver 10, Colorado—whose distinguished poetry series also includes one of the very few contemporary American volumes we can place beside this one: *Figures From a Double World* by Thomas McGrath (1955).

ANNETTE T. RUBINSTEIN

American Jewry 1654 to Date

THE JEWS IN THE UNITED STATES. A Pictorial History from 1654 to the Present, by Morris Schappes. Citadel Press. \$7.50.

TO write a history of the Jews of the United States places a triple burden on the historiographer. He enters a field whose riches are far from thoroughly explored; for his work to be serious, some hard pioneering must be expected of him. There is, as could be expected under the circumstances, no "standard" in the field against which he might measure his work, or which he might seek to surpass.

Second, the vitality of his work will have to depend upon the living interconnection he can depict between his theme and the exuberant background of United States history as a whole.

And third, he will need a stout heart, a steady hand, and a mind fixed in devotion to the cause of the oppressed. For he confronts the fact that the great battles of American history between reaction and progress, and the inner embroilments of the working class movement, were fought out also among the American Jews in most passionate controversy, divided as they were by class and yet held as they were in the common experience of anti-Semitic pressures.

To these complexities of research, presentation and judgment Morris Schappes has brought the strength of his many years of pioneering historical investigations and notable participation in practical struggles over events and ideas.

The result, his *The Jews in the United States*, is a fresh and illuminating book. Its directness of style, unimpeded by any pock-marking of footnotes in the text, should deceive no reader as to the formidable research, packed into the reference at the rear, which buttresses the entire work.

It is moreover, as the subtitle indicates: "A Pictorial History: 1654 to the Present"; and the same tenacious effective research is evident in the wealth of photographs and illustrations which add vividness and even beauty to the pages. Schappes' efforts have been had the backing of a masterly hand in design and format.

In developing the relationship of the Jews to those stirring events which determined the course of American history, Schappes demonstrates the role Jews have played in assuring progress in our country. But while he also shows, as a conscientious historian, that *not all* the Jews were on the side

progress *all* the time, anti-semitism *was* on the side of reaction *every* time, or served to cripple any progressive movement infested by it.

A most interesting example, based on materials, newly-uncovered by Schappes, is the way in which the big-money Federalists used anti-Semitic slanders in their furious onslaught against the Jeffersonian movement.

Another example, whose content will be new to most readers, demonstrates that anti-semitism was one of the false leads which helped divert radical Populism from its search for an answer to the problems of the poor farmer.

Schappes devotes close attention—all too novel for an historiographer of socialist convictions—not only to the cultural developments among the American Jews but also to the evolution of their religious life. In doing so, he clarifies the religio-cultural developments as a product of their interaction with the general American milieu.

From the beginning, Schappes delineates how stratification and then sharpening class division occurred among the Jews of the United States, producing different and conflicting outlooks. These were further reflected in the differing theories, programs and policies which emerged for the "Right" and the "Left" in the labor and socialist movements as they grew among the mass of Jewish workers.

In this area, where many a nerve lies quivering and exposed. Schappes is careful to let the historical record write its own polemic. And if the facts constitute a severe indictment of policies of opportunism by "right" leaders, neither does sectarianism on the "left" escape the historian's notice.

If history did not have its lessons, there would be no real room for argument among its teachers and students. As it is, Schappes' book will be—it already is—the subject of interesting and controversial discussions.

To one respected journalist in the Yiddish press, Schappes' work is remarkable scholarship, but, not liking some of the things he finds reflected in it, he finds it nevertheless a "krummer spiegel," a crooked mirror.

There are those who will complain of the mirror's concavity, and others of the convexity, but they had better come armed with better facts or truer images than those to be found in the book.

There will also be those ready to ride the hobby horse of finding that a photograph of X is omitted, whereas Y, who is in their opinion less important, was so honored.

It is not to such omissions or errors that this reviewer would direct criticism. Rather it is to wonder why, in the book's discussion of the events around the founding of the state of Israel, and her relations with the Arab states at that time, there is no word, sentence or paragraph giving the slightest estimate of the Arab nationalist movement.

In view of the crucial importance of this liberation movement in world affairs at the time the author was writing, and its further entanglements with both Israeli and American developments, Schappes might well have done better than leave the completely negative impression he does in his few pages on Israel and the Arab states.

The closing pages of the book call attention to the effect of Hitlerism and Israel in furthering "cultural and organizational distinctiveness" among American Jews. In addition, there is

the influence of the Jews' "democratic struggle" in the U.S.A.

Noting the internal class differences in this Jewish community, and the particular role of the class elements, Schappes concludes that the differences of view on various "inner" questions can be subordinated to an over-all, all-class, unity to meet pressing dangers. These include atomic war, racism and anti-Semitism at home and abroad, McCarthyite political repression, the threat of Israel's continued existence.

It is a distinct contribution to point out this basis for the wider limits made possible in the Jewish community for unity in progressive social struggles. There may be those who will detect here the cloven hoof of denial of class struggle and the devil's own odor of class collaboration.

There is a danger worth noting, but a risk worth taking. It is only in the course of building movements of breadth, strength and influence that socialism's adherents can demonstrate that they have learned to shun doctrinaire isolation while not becoming submerged opportunists. Otherwise the winds of polemic are rushing through a void.

Of Schappes' earlier *Documentary History of the Jews in the United States*, the late Dr. Joshua Bloch, head of the Division of Jewish Studies at the New York Public Library wrote that its "wealth of basic material . . . may well serve as a foundation upon which to rear the structure of the history of the Jews in America." Schappes' new book, fittingly dedicated to Dr. Bloch, represents a notable advance towards that goal.

JACOB SAMUELSON

The Great Darwin

DARWIN'S CENTURY: Evolution and the Men Who Discovered It. by Loren Eiseley. Doubleday. \$5.00.

RARELY, if ever, has the centennial of an event in the history of science been observed as is that of the announcement of the theory of evolution through natural selection by Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace. Articles and books are appearing everywhere, from scientific journals to picture magazines and the daily press, commemorating the reading on July 1, 1858 to the Linnaean Society in London of their separate papers revealing their independent discovery of the theory that bears Darwin's name and the publication on November 24, 1859 of Darwin's epoch-making *Origin of Species*.

Nor can the celebration of this discovery and proof of the principle of biological evolution be over-done. Its nearest rival in the history of thought is the publication of Copernicus' *De Revolutionibus* in 1543, just over 300 years earlier. Copernicus put the earth in the heavens; Darwin put man in the animal kingdom. The first made man's physical home one of six planets whirling around the sun; the second made man a descendant of lower animals and an integral part of all living things. Copernicus' great problem was to make the earth move by shaking it loose from the center of the universe. Darwin's problem was to get rid of the separate creation of species by establishing that there was time enough and a mechanism for the evolution from simpler forms of all the species of plants and animals on the earth.

Professor Eiseley, chairman of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania, presents in *Darwin's Century* a fascinating, scholarly, profound and readable analysis of the struggle to achieve this second great revolution in modern man's world outlook. To this end he goes back to the predecessors of Linnaeus, carries us through the work and thought of Linnaeus, Buffon, Lamarck and Cuvier. He traces the rise of geological science from Ray through Hutton, William Smith and others, to the epoch-making work of Sir Charles Lyell which contained the indispensable foundation for Darwin's great achievement. He then carries us through the development of Darwin's own thought, with an especially beautiful chapter on the voyage of the *Beagle*, and from there to the problems, difficulties and confusions that beset evolutionary theory until the contributions of Mendel, Weissman, De Vries and others. These made possible the final elimination of all teleological hangovers from Lamarck and left only material processes operating through ascertainable natural laws to explain the development and succession of plant and animal forms.

Throughout, Professor Eiseley exhibits not only intensive scholarship but shrewd insight into sensitive problems of priority, influence and interaction of the key principles in the evolution of Darwinism. He sees the contribution of the explorers, surveyors, mining engineers. He recognizes the necessity of Linnaeus's fabulous ability at classification. He treats Erasmus Darwin, Charles' grandfather, with more deserved respect than have many scholars. He recognizes that every requirement for evolutionary theory was in the libraries by 1831 when Darwin

set out on the *Beagle*, but that it took men like Darwin and Wallace, who spent years of travel in collecting and observing, to develop it for themselves. Eiseley is excellent in his discussion of the relation of Darwin and Wallace, on their dependence on Lyell, and exceptionally cautious and astute on the role of Malthus. The latter's population theory sparked both these men's theories of natural selection, but Eiseley is properly cautious about accepting their own statements about it. Did they need him so much as they *used* him? This seems to be an element in the situation. Eiseley explains Malthus' prestige for having introduced a mathematical formulae into the already well-known "struggle for existence."

Two distinct features make the present volume so outstanding. The first is Professor Eiseley's profound concern with, and penetrating analysis of the theoretical hurdles that stood in the way of a full scientific approach to the question of the origin, succession and extinction of species. He shows that they were, at once, traditional, religious and social, and he makes astute references to the impact of the French revolution, the downfall of feudalism and the industrial revolution on the time honored ways of thinking. The problem of pushing back the origin of the earth, of getting enough time to allow for the *natural* development of all the physical phenomena of the earth's surface and the *natural* emergence of new species is handled superbly. It is made all the more dramatic by the attack of Lord Kelvin, the physicist, on the evolutionists' presumed age of the earth in the 1870's. In keeping with his concern with

basic questions of total world outlooks and their conflicts, Eiseley vividly recreates the enormous intellectual revolution required to make Darwin's theories both possible and triumphant. In accordance with this approach he denies the conventional theory that Darwin conceived evolution solely from his field observations in South America. He shows conclusively that Darwin was already aware of an existing evolutionary hypothesis. "His genius," writes Eiseley, "lay in the fact that he was willing to test it; no preconceived emotional revulsion hindered him, no appetite for any existing evolutionary theory prevented his development of a more satisfactory mechanism by which to explain its effects."

The second outstanding feature of the present work is best designated, perhaps, as Eiseley's humanism. His broad human commitments lead him to make short shrift of everything that has gone under the name of "Social-Darwinism." He calls attention to the racist attitudes prevalent in Victorian England, to the opposition to women's rights, to ideas of inherited human instincts and to notions of the white race as standing at the apex of the evolutionary pyramid. He points out that Darwin himself was "not guiltless in this respect," even though he was better than many of his followers and that "he was a master artist and he entered sympathetically into life." "None of his forerunners," he says, ". . . saw, in a similar manner, the whole vista of life with quite such sweeping vision. None, it may be added, spoke with the pity which infuses these lines:

'If we choose to let conjecture run wild, then animals, our fellow brethren in pain, disease, suffering and fa-

mine—our slaves in the most laborious works, our companions in our amusements—they may partake of our origins in one common ancestor—we may be all melted together.'" (Notebook of 1837, quoted p. 252).

The whole volume is suffused with human warmth and moral fervor, as well as with exhaustive scholarship and solid science. Eiseley sees man as bringing something new into the world of nature, namely conscious evolution, while he is at the same time its absolutely natural offspring. He sees Darwinian evolutionary theory as a superb human achievement as well as a scientific advance which, like the Copernican astronomy, adds to man's stature by extending his place in our grasp of the world of nature. He denounces the fetish of material "progress" as an end in itself and asserts that the identification of "gracious living" with high-powered automobiles and the social amenities of the best clubs "is the twentieth-century version of the Victorian idea that men of simple cultures are 'moral fossils.'"

It is not the task of a reviewer, nor is it possible, to give a summary of such an extraordinarily comprehensive study. *Darwin's Century* is a valuable contribution not only to the Darwin Centenary (a volume of papers which Professor Eiseley is editing for the American Philosophical Society) but to the history of science and of ideas generally. Eiseley avoids virtually every danger and pitfall the present reviewer can think of in connection with the subject and illuminates every phase he touches, from the place of Linnaeus to that of a score of Darwin's precursors and successors.

Eiseley's writing is unusually clear

and effective. He uses fewer words to say more than most philosophical or scientific historians. He covers an enormous area without cluttering it up with the by-products of scholarship. He brings thoughtful illumination to everything he touches. One of the very greatest intellectual adventures in human history unfolds itself in these pages with appropriate excitement and due respect to what yet remains to be done. It is a dramatic story with giants as its leading actors. But Eiseley correctly makes the plot unfold with Charles Darwin in the leading role. None other could fill it, for in the study of nature the nineteenth is "Darwin's Century."

HOWARD SELSAM

Discussion by Dialogue

THE DEMOCRATIC VISTA, by Richard Chase. Doubleday Anchor Books. \$3.95.

IT IS the opinion of Richard Chase that the present, the "Eisenhower Age" is peculiarly influenced by an unwholesome atmosphere of conformism in all phases of life and particularly in contemporary letters. The writer is a teacher at Columbia University and a specialist in Nineteenth Century literature who has written critical works on Whitman, Melville and Emily Dickinson as well as a general study of the American Novel. In *The Democratic Vista* he uses the somewhat unfortunate device of the dialogue in order to develop his point of view through an imaginary discussion with representatives of other attitudes, his principal fellow-disputant being a thoroughly adjusted

conformist to the accepted ideology of complacent conservatism. It is Professor Chase's general view that literature is under no obligation to acquiesce in such an ideology, but that writers have a duty to recreate the "tradition of radical criticism" formerly expressed in the writings of "Emerson, Whitman, Henry Adams, Veblen, the early Van Wyck Brooks and others." (p. 178)

In the course of his exposition many of the cultural preoccupations of the contemporary United States are dealt with, some summarily, as is Toynbee whose figure is sand-bagged into oblivion in a page-and-a-half, others at some length. The status of the intellectual—or the lack of it—receives considerable sympathetic attention in a discussion of "high-" "low-" and "middle-brow" attitudes and the impact of "mass culture." The problem of middle-class ex-urban social conformity is discussed more briefly than most readers would prefer, the essential issues being raised but insufficiently explored. Chase does, however, direct a few well-aimed shafts at the atmosphere of high-pressure conviviality and Rotarian "boosting" which once again (as in the Twenties) emanates from the churches.

Sex rears its bourgeois head, of course, and crosses the scene dragging an effigy of Freud behind it. But that which is widely reputed to be the No. 1 preoccupation of American life is not allowed to dominate the dialogue for long. Chase is no devotee of psychoanalysis; neither Freud nor Jung, in his view, should have anything like the influence they now enjoy among graduate students let alone the professional writers and critics.

While he generally avoids specifics in his recommendation for a resurg-

ence of "radical criticism," Professor Chase pauses in midstream to cite certain problems to which such writers might devote their efforts. He rejects the vapid optimism of conformity as unrealistic, and despite his feeling that "the critical revisionism of the past decade . . . has taught us to be properly suspicious of ideology" (p. 100) he adds:

It is time to ask ourselves if a fruitful and humane life will be possible at all in an America full of the flashy and insolent wealth of a permanent war economy, brutalized slums, rampant and de-humanizing Levittowns, race hatred, cynical exploitation and waste of natural resources, government by pressure group, by executive abdication and by congressional expediency, vulgarization and perhaps the destruction of the schools, not to mention the sporadic flash and fall-out of "nuclear devices." Here are enemies enough. (p. 101)

Unfortunately this conception squares rather poorly with some of the prototypes he has chosen. Henry Adams, for example, mooning over the Virgin Mary and seeking to resurrect the spirit and structure of Medieval Gothic, is a poor choice to lead in the fight for better housing. But what is more significant is the absence of our genuine radical critics from the author's platform. In his anxiety to make room for Melville, he forgets Garrison and Wendell Philips. Except for one passing reference, Thoreau goes unmentioned; and Mark Twain is likewise all but ignored in favor of Henry James—of all people. Faulkner and Hemingway crop up constantly in discussions which never allude to London, Sinclair, Steinbeck, Odets, Sandburg or Lewis. Theodore Dreiser is recalled only to be rebuked for his literary style. Thomas

Paine and Sam Adams are passed over in silence to make way for the battle between Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin. Chase seems obsessed with that handful of favorites whose essential contribution to radicalism he is determined to demonstrate. To the general reader his disproportionate reappraisals of Emerson and of Whitman are more detailed than befits a book devoted to the contemporary literary scene.

Professor Chase's *Democratic Vista*, as we have seen, does not exclude some of the historical realities of our situation. He is certainly sensitive to the demoralizing effect of conformism on the academic fraternity and, consequently, on the students in its charge. He deplores the fact that the colleges—like the churches—have so accommodated themselves to the spirit of the age that they are fast losing their identity. The university is becoming "a drab and joyless training ground or sub-bureaucracy for turning out competent non-entities." (p. 25)

As opposed to his view of the need for criticism, he challenges the contemporary sociological emphasis in literature:

. . . the social critics who used to study politics and economics but now study sociology tend to derive their values from the image of the great, always self-renewing middle class. They view this class, with its magical, if elusive and undefinable "mobility," as the matrix of society, in which all the contradictions, inequities and conflicts are assuaged and mediated. (p. 59)

Professor Chase knows that things are wrong. But perhaps because of the limitations of his field and certainly because of the limitations of his ideol-

ogical outlook, he is prevented from placing his finger on the source of our national distemper. He seems to regard radical criticism — avant-gardism — as rather an emotional manifestation than the expression of an ideology, an inherited attitude rather than a conviction. His perplexity and vexation with the present intellectual atmosphere stem from his failure to realize that the bourgeoisie suffers the emergence of muck-rakers and reformers only when a safety-valve is needed to divert the revolutionary energy of the working class into relatively harmless channels. In a period of "normalcy" embarrassing references to the inherent deficiencies of capitalism are suppressed by more direct methods. In his final summation Chase notes that the two most inspiring events of the decade were the election of Truman and the insurrection (he says "revolution") in Hungary, sentiments which explain a good deal of his difficulty.

The very fact of his perplexity and vexation is a wholesome sign. The induced anti-socialism of the "Eisenhower Age" (which began in the Truman era) with all of its concomitants of McCarthyism, FBI persecution and trial by stool-pigeon has not succeeded in stifling the essentially positive democratic aspirations of our citizens. Chase is by no means wrong when he refers to a tradition of radical criticism. The people of the United States are certainly among other things, the children of Revolution and our greatest literary and artistic spirits have indeed been the vehicles of this tradition, a tradition not of aimless iconoclasm, but of constructive growth and change directed toward the fullest realization of the hopes and dreams of all the people. Insofar as it participates in this tradition, Chase's

new book is worth reading. Its limitations are out-weighed by its many positive values.

DAVID AVERY

The Critical Shaw

SHAW ON THE THEATRE, edited by E. J. West. Hill and Wang. \$3.95.

THIS is a deceptive book—and a delightful one. Deceptive, because perhaps almost without intending it, the editor has provided a bird's-eye view of the great man as critic; delightful because it is always Shaw—that is, it is witty profound, instructive, and wise.

These pieces of journalism—hitherto uncollected—range from 1891 to 1950, from the time when the "roofless pavement orator" as Shaw calls himself, recently enflamed by William Morris, Ibsen, Wagner and Karl Marx, enters upon his career, to the time that was to bring him to the "largest halls in the country with overcrowds that filled two streets." Yet there is a remarkable singleness—but not a sign of dullness—in these pages—in which the battle for a self-respecting, truthful, intelligent theatre against sham, censorship, aestheticism, and triviality is carried on with unflagging animation.

His knowledge of the theatre being as wide as his knowledge of the world, he has something for the critic, the director, the actor, the writer, and most important of all, the general public. A master of polemics, he can deal with his opponents with severity and wisdom. He is not above rapping Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch on the knuckles for an

imperceptive review of "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles," but he will at the same time generously instruct him in the meaning of the coming Judgment Day. He can call his friend, Clive Bell, "a fathead and a voluptuary" for mouthing the time-worn cliché that Shaw was not an artist, but "merely didactic"; but he will not forego the schoolmaster's pleasure in instructing him in the delights of "hard thinking."

His high regard for his own intellect allowed for no condescension toward reader or audience. He paid them the tribute of considering them mature—and these papers, no less than his preface and plays, address themselves to the intelligence. Being a master of "audible intelligibility" he was bound to win. So these pages chronicle the battles, the victories, and the further battles. He neither ask nor gives quarter when the integrity of the theatre is involved. To the defense of the social theatre of ideas he is committed from first to last. He recognizes its greatness and its limitations. He knows that a drama that deals with the "universals" of human passions is likely to survive the drama dealing with an immediate social question—all other things being equal. Yet he can maintain that "A Doll's House will be as flat as ditch-water when a *Midsummer Night's Dream* will still be as fresh as paint; but it will have done more work in the world; and that is enough for the highest genius, which is always utilitarian."

Nor he is under illusions as to the causes that motivate for a disregard of social problems. "The ordinary dramatist only neglects social questions because he know nothing about them."

He throws a brilliant shaft of light

on the controversy over tragic "pity and terror": "I do not want," he says, "there to be anything to pity; and I want there to be no more terror, because I do not want people to have anything to fear." What a realistic program for the theatre of today and tomorrow! Set it by the side of that motivating our contemporary existentialist theatre!

One could go on quoting for a long time. The last pages of the book show no dimming of the spirit or of the mind or of passion. And who would disagree with these words written in 1920: "I have entered into a great inheritance—from the Athenians, from Shakespeare and Molière, from Goethe, Mozart, and Wagner . . . and I have spent this magnificent fortune prodigally in the face of the world. . . ."

FREDERIC EWEN

Science for Peace

NO MORE WAR!, by Linus Pauling. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50.

THERE seems some likelihood that Dr. Pauling undertook the writing of this popular book on radiation in answer to that by Dr. Edward Teller (*Our Nuclear Future*, by Teller and Dr. Albert Latter.) Whether or not that is the case, it is a most effective answer.

Patiently, always in lucid language without any mannerisms of style, and never assuming a technical knowledge on the part of the reader, this Nobel prize-winning chemist has assembled the chief arguments of Teller, as well as of certain AEC spokesmen, and shown them to be unscientific. What

emerges is for all his scientist's restraint, a compelling and powerful plea to stop tests now, and to begin planning for peace not war.

Dr. Pauling is objective and dispassionate, in setting forth what man knows of radiation and fallout and the limits of his present knowledge. He never overstates his case in his scientific exposition. At the same time he leaves no doubt as to his own viewpoint. Dr. Pauling is biased—on the side of life.

Not a long book—with appendices and illustrations it runs only 246 pages—*No More War!* is a treasure-house of fascinating knowledge, easy to assimilate. A variety of puzzling things now become clear, as for example, why it is now true that only one out of 1,000 or 10,000 mutations can be expected to be beneficial when they played such an important role in evolution. (In the two billion years since life began on earth the genes have become "almost as good as possible.") Stored here, too, are many facts which we have read, perhaps once, in the scant two years during which the public has been let in on some facts on Strontium-90, and now have in easy reference form, such as: "One teaspoonful of this poison, distributed equally among all the people in the world, would kill all of them within a few years."

We recall reading that fact in a United Press night roundup in the days when there was a *Daily Worker* and it was still getting UP releases. It would be interesting to know how many newspapers printed it. It is a fact which we have never seen recalled since, either in the slanted columns of the *New York Times*, which gives a big play to every story minimizing the effect of fallout.

From the beginning of the debate over fallout there has been virtually unanimous agreement among geneticists that any amount of radiation was harmful to the human genes. It is only the frivolous and reckless Dr. Teller who indicates anything else. The real debate has been and continues over whether there is a threshold dose of Strontium-90 below which somatic injury—shorting of life-span, bone cancer, leukemia and lowered resistance to other disease—may not occur. In this field Dr. Teller and AEC's Dr. Willard F. Libby, Admiral Straus and others, have used certain misleading arguments Dr. Pauling painstakingly gives both sides of the threshold argument, making plain he believes there is small chance of a threshold; he gives two sets of estimates in saying how much damage will eventually be produced by the amount of Strontium-90 already let loose. He quotes Dr. Teller, who said, "The world-wide fallout is as dangerous to human health as being one ounce overweight."

Dr. Pauling points out that no scientist thinks that being an ounce overweight "causes a significant increase in the probability of having one's life cut short by leukemia or bone cancer or other disease—yet many scientists believe that fallout radioactivity increases the incidence of these diseases." Teller's is "a seriously misleading statement." Actually, Pauling said, Teller was discussing life expectancy on a statistical basis, but made a serious error, so that he overestimated by a factor of 1500 the statistical effect of being an ounce overweight.

Dr. Pauling gently, patiently, makes a complete ass of Dr. Teller without ever using sarcasm. "I believe," he said, "that if he wanted to discuss the

statistical effect of being one ounce overweight (a pretty uncertain concept, in any case), the correct statement, which he should have made, is that "The world-wide fallout is 1500 times as dangerous to human health as being one ounce overweight."

Dr. Teller, admitting Strontium-90 was a dangerous poison which may cause bone cancer or leukemia, then said, "This sounds frightening until one considers the slight amount of radiation we are subjected to from worldwide fallout." Dr. Pauling, using the latest figures on Strontium-90 measured in human bones by Dr. J. Laurence Kulp and associates at Columbia's Lamont Geological Observatory as well as Kulp's estimates of what continued bomb testing at the "present" rate would lead to, shows Teller's figures to be phony. Kulp's estimate was 20 micromicrocuries of Strontium-90 per gram of calcium in the average human skeleton.

"This corresponds to about 0.05 roentgen per year of radiation to the bones—not a five-fold increase, as Dr. Teller said, but a 25-fold increase over the present value for children, and a 167-fold increase over the present value for adults," writes Dr. Pauling.

Dr. Pauling, citing AEC and British Medical Research Council figures, found that Dr. Teller's claim that a wrist watch with a luminous dial subjects the average person to 10 times the danger from fallout was equally wide of the mark. Teller's estimate for gonad exposure from watch dials in the U.S. was 100 times too large; for average persons in the world at large, 500 times.

In one chapter Dr. Pauling makes clear that while radioactive strontium

remains the worst culprit in its effect on the living, carbon-14 released by the bomb tests will do more genetic damage than all other radioactive products. The half-life of carbon-14 is 5,568 years. Dr. Pauling estimates one year of testing releases enough carbon-14 to lead to 10,000 deaths by leukemia and thousands of cases of bone cancer and other kinds of cancer.

He estimates that 15,000 seriously defective children will be born in future generations for each 10 megatons equivalent of fission products, plus a larger number of embryonic and neonatal deaths and still-births. "At the present time there is nobody in the world who can deny that there exists a real possibility that the lives of 100,000 people now living are sacrificed by each bomb test or series of bomb tests in which the fission products of 10 megatons equivalent of fission are released into the atmosphere. . . . These numbers, 100,000 . . . now living and 100,000 in future generations, are small compared with the total number of human beings in the world. Each year about 30 million people die in the world. We may say that the additional early death of 100,000 people caused by one year's testing is a small increase, only one-third of one percent. We may describe it as a negligible increase—this depends upon one's definition of the word negligible."

VIRGINIA GARDNER

W. C. W. Speaking

I WANTED TO WRITE A POEM,
by William Carlos Williams, re-

ported and edited by Edith Heal.
Beacon Press. \$3.95.

THIS is primarily a book for specialists and those who know that a study of William Carlos Williams is indispensable to anyone who wants to know how poems were constructed in the United States, 1910-1958. Beside serving as a bibliography of the fifty odd books of verse, essays, novels, short stories and letters published by Williams during his first seventy five years, it is more or less what its subtitle says it is: the autobiography of the works of a poet. Under each title, Williams says what comes to his mind as he sits in his New Jersey home talking to Edith Heal.

Though overshadowed for years by his more fashionable contemporaries, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, and Wallace Stevens, Williams is now coming into his own. One reason for his growing influence on younger writers and critics is his continual stress on the need to invent new ways of using the American idiom. A passage or two will illustrate the nature of his aim.

Paterson 11, N. Y., 1948 . . . a milestone for me . . . my final conception of what my own poetry should be . . . the concept of the foot itself would have to be altered. . . . The foot not being fixed is only to be described as variable. If the foot itself is variable it allows order in so-called free verse. Thus the verse becomes not free at all but just simply variable. From the time I hit on this I knew what I was going to have to do. . . .

My two leading forces were trying to know life and trying to find a technique of verse . . . the verse must be coldly, intellectually considered. Not the emotion, the heat of life dominating, but the intellectual concept of the thing itself. . . .

I Wanted to Write a Poem supports Williams' position as the foremost exponent of the materialist concept of verse. You can learn from it that "a poem is a small (or large) machine made of words." You will not find in it the dialectic concept of interrelations, such as Aragon expresses: "There is no poetry without a meditation about language . . . a poem is a thinking machine." Or as the Mexican painter Siqueiros has stated: "Art is a relationship between itself and an audience that is continually on the move."

For Williams, despite his identification with American liberal tradition, verse techniques are continually moving in a universe whose social relations seem to be fixed.

WALTER LOWENFELS

In Honor of Minnesota

THE PEOPLE TOGETHER: A Century Speaks. People's Centennial Book Committee, 1769 Colfax Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn. \$1.

MANY current books have the bite of hot pepper and leave nothing that sticks to the ribs, but this small volume is like a Wisconsin round-cheese, with a rare native flavor. Minnesota is now celebrating its first hundred years, but a good part of its history is still waiting to be told—the part played by plain men and women, the movements which they put their lives into building. As a start, *The People Together* gives us the experiences and dreams of many people in a story that makes us eager for more.

The book was published by a Cen-

ennial Committee with Elmer A. Benson, former Farmer-Labor governor, and Susie Stageberg, an old settler, as honorary co-chairmen, and Meridel LeSueur as chairman and editor. Other editors include Elmer Borman, Edith Davis, Carl Ross and Elizabeth Walker. Theirs was a labor of love, a pioneering effort that other regions and states might well follow.

Each person tells in colorful, firsthand accounts what he knows: Indians; pioneers from New England and many lands who "came in wagons pulled by oxen, with nothing in them but children, a scythe and breaking plow"; those who came to the Mesabi range, the Finns and Italians, digging up its red dusty iron ore; Norwegian and French settlers, a few Negro families, Irish and more Yankees, Slavs—bringing with them the teachings of Jefferson and Lincoln, Donnelly, Marx or William Morris and rooting them deep in fields taken from the wilderness. They kept slavery from their territory, and when Minnesota was formed in 1858, they named her for the guide of slaves escaping to freedom, the North Star.

Pioneers tell of gooseberries so thick, they stained the hooves of their horses purple. Herds of deer roamed the wood, and buffalo, now vanished.

O pause and prance and shake
your pointed hooves
Buffalo children dance, there is
nothing more to do . . .

The book's imagery and varied rhythms come naturally from people long used to wrestling with the soil, drought, land speculators and other pests, the lumber, rail, and steel trusts.

Their humor is well-aimed and sharp.

"After the first mortgage it's easy," a homesteader observes, "to get the second and third . . . then, if you have a horse or sow, a chattel mortgage. . . . We heard rumors of placing a mortgage on wives . . . (A bank) can foreclose a cow or horse and lead them away, but wives did not lead so good . . . You get a farm, an enterprise, and take a mortgage. In due time, you are free of the enterprise. This is known as the free enterprise system."

Oldtimers recall joining with Delbert in '94 to defeat the railroad Big Boss Jim Hill. Iron miners remember fighting for thirty years, their wives and kids pitching in, before the Steel Trust would talk union. Populists and members of the anti-war movement in 1917-18 give their stories. So do organizers of Farm Holiday and penny sales of the '30s and unemployed councils; CIO drives and AFL, and the boasted "Minnesota exclusive," the Farmer Labor Party which elected two governors and many legislators and sent a Range miner to Congress. Although no longer in power this party continues to flow like the Mississippi through the state, uniting all sections of the people.

A high point in the book is "Letter to An Imaginary Friend" written by a poet born in the Upper Midwest, Thomas McGrath. It brings us what Garcia Lorca looked for: "The poem is the song, the picture is only water taken from the well of the people. It should be given back to them in a cup of beauty so that they may drink, and drinking, understand themselves."

MARY ROPE

Letters

Editor, *Mainstream*

Charles Humboldt's brilliant review of Friedrich Dürrenmatt's *The Visit* (in your September issue), starring Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, raises extremely interesting questions.

Mr. Humboldt states that a work of art becomes a serious matter "when it passes from being what the artist has in mind to becoming what the beholder does with it." On this basis Mr. Humboldt suggests various possible meanings for *The Visit*.

I was very much impressed by the caustic death's-head quality of the play. The satiric implications for the money civilization of capitalism are so obvious that it is difficult to believe the author did not intend them. And as I watched the unfolding of the plot, I could not resist extending those implications specifically to the theme of peace and war.

For me the strangled victim, Anton Schill, symbolizes the tens of millions of people who are done to death in capitalist-caused wars; the rich, glamorous Old Lady of course personifies, as a satanic siren, the great God MONEY; and the town council of Güllen, voting finally to assassinate the wretched Schill, represents capitalist legislatures that believe they can keep the profit system flourishing only through the stimulus of periodic wars that kill off large sections of the human race; or through the stimulus of Cold War and

colossal armaments that are the preparation for further murder. Admittedly, this interpretation of mine constitutes considerable over-simplification of the plot. And I do not for a minute claim that the author had a peace-war theme in mind.

I have never known a more evocative drama than *The Visit*—one more calculated to make the audience think and to stir the mind to far-reaching inferences and tantalizing speculations. This play, as Mr. Humboldt suggests, is fully comparable in its biting impact to Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*.

CORLISS LAMONT

Editor, MAINSTREAM:

I have just read Annette Rubinstein's review of Archibald Macleish's *Job* in your August issue. I thought it beautifully written, wise in tone, and sharp and to the point in criticism.

I also read the reviews of books, which I found intelligent, warm, and human. They seemed to be written by people sure of themselves, who felt no need to shout and rave.

I haven't read MAINSTREAM at all. I was gratified in not finding any jargon—no clichés. It was written excitingly and interestingly. As soon as I'm able, I will get a subscription and encourage friends of mine to do likewise.

HAL KOPPERSMITH

Editor, *Mainstream*:

The story, "The Socks," in your October issue has no place in a magazine like *Mainstream*. It is precisely what the doctor has not ordered for the American socialist movement in its present convalescence.

One may grant the story shows a certain narrative skill and even that some of the incidents and situations it depicts evoke pained recognition. But in its totality it is a sneer at the members of the Communist Party, making even the more noble activities of the story's Communist characters appear grotesque and silly.

The period of the story would appear to an old timer to be around the mid-Thirties—a period of the Party's finest contributions to our country. But how petty Miss Anderson's "Communists" appear! And an uninformed reader might assume that the action of the story takes place in the present,

or as recently as a year ago, for all the clues the author gives us.

One must sympathize with the harried editor of *Mainstream*, working single-handedly, in his efforts to bring out the magazine with its many worthwhile features despite a paucity of suitable material. But "The Socks" could well appear in publications hostile to *Mainstream* and all it stands for. The editor must spare his magazine and his readers such self-defeating material.

ARTHUR

Your solution to the Xmas
gift problem—

A SUBSCRIPTION TO

MAINSTREAM

only \$5 a year

Just mail in your check or money order to MAINSTREAM, 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y. We'll do the rest.

NEW BOOKS

THE GATES OF IVORY, THE GATES OF HORN

by Thomas McGrath

"Those who enjoyed *The Space Merchants* and such of Ray Broadbury's books as *Fahrenheit 451* will find *The Gates of Ivory, the Gates of Horn* even more pointed in its satire and even more grisly in its implications."—JONOTHAN FORREST in *People's World*.

MAINSTREAM, Cloth \$2.75; Paper \$1.00

HISTORY AND CONSCIENCE:

The Case of Howard Fast

by Hershel D. Meyer

The first full-length study of the social and personal dynamics which lie behind the political reversal announced by the formerly progressive writer. Dr. Meyer probes to the heart of Fast's not-so-special case, buttressing his analysis with historic, philosophic and psychological data in a study which goes beyond the Fast case, into major issues facing intellectuals in our time.

ANVIL-ATLAS, Cloth \$1.75; Paper \$1.00

HERE I STAND

by Paul Robeson

"Robeson weaves his background with overtones of moving beauty. Pain and struggle, poverty and heartbreak, humiliation and disappointment are there; but there is too so much love, so much devotion, so much of unselfish giving. . . . *Here I Stand* is a blue-print for action. It is a book to read and to pass on and on."

—SHIRLEY GRAHAM in *Mainstream*

OTHELLO, Cloth \$2.50; Paper \$1.00

TOWARD A SOCIALIST AMERICA

by 15 Contemporary American Socialists

Edited by Helen Alfred, this volume contains essays by Herbert Aptheker, Homer Ayres, Reuben Borough, Carl Dreher, W.E.B. Du Bois, Philip Foner, Stephen Fritchman, John Howard Lawson, John T. McManus, Broadus Mitchell, Scott Nearing, George Olshausen, Victor Perlo, Bertha Reynolds, and Paul M. Sweezey, setting forth their views on the political and economic shape of socialism in the U.S.A.

PEACE PUBLICATIONS, Cloth \$3.50; Paper \$1.50

JUST PUBLISHED!

MARK TWAIN
SOCIAL CRITIC

By Philip S. Foner

ALTHOUGH few American literary figures have been more discussed in biographies and critical essays than Mark Twain, this is the first time that a comprehensive study of his social concepts and criticism has been published. Because Dr. Foner has had access to a vast collection of unpublished manuscripts, he has been able in this valuable study, as never before, to trace Mark Twain's progress and development as a social critic of the highest calibre, to bring to the reader a deeper understanding of his great compassion for mankind, and to reveal him as a profound thinker rather than merely a simple, happy humorist and writer of children's books.

The first part of this book contains Dr. Foner's perceptive and illuminating biography of Mark Twain. The major part of the book, however, is devoted to an analysis of Mark Twain's writings on every important issue that arose during his lifetime: politics, government, democracy, monarchy, the Russian Revolution, religion, church and state, capitalism, the labor movement, the Negro question, anti-Semitism, imperialism, and many others.

An indispensable book for all who are interested in America's democratic traditions, past, present and future.

Dr. Foner is also author of the four-volume study, *The Life and Writings of Frederick Douglass*, and of the *History of the Labor Movement in the United States*, of which the first two volumes have been published.

An International Publishers book . . . Price \$4.50

NEW CENTURY PUBLISHERS • 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y