



Mainstream

SONG TO FORGET DACHAU

Louis Aragon

David Martin CHOCOLATE

Kay T. Horne LITTLE CLOUD OVER
BUFFALO

Heinz Kamnitzer ARNOLD ZWEIG IN
WAR AND PEACE

Louis Harap KARL MARX AND THE
JEWISH QUESTION

Jack Beeching REUNION AT TRAFALGAR

August, 1959

50 cents

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THE story of Afra the Yemenite, Afra Temani.

Afra had come to Israel a few weeks ago. His heart was still filled with joy; behold, a Jewish country!

In the Yemen of Imam Yahia a Jew had to dismount from his horse when he passed a true believer, lest he look down upon him. In this country, he could ride or drive or walk as he pleased. But his brothers from the west found it hard to tell Afra from an Arab. Afra looked like an Arab, spoke Arabic and in the main dressed like an Arab. His forefathers, oppressed peasants, had lived in Arabia for hundreds of years. For all that he was a Jew.

His departure from the Yemen and his entry into *Erez Israel* had both been fraught with danger and difficulties because he was very poor. But his great poverty was helping him now, for his hands were cheaply to be bought. He soon found work in an orange grove near Petah Tikvah, a few miles to the north-west of Tel Aviv. This *pardess* was owned by a very old Jewish planter, an immigrant of the Nineties, who employed four different categories of laborers: a few skilled Jews at 22 piasters a day, Arab workers at 18 piasters, some Yemenites whom he paid 15 piasters and Arab youths who received only 13 piasters.

Afra lived in a concrete shell on top of a little hill overlooking the grove. Somebody had once begun to erect a water tower there, but the project had been abandoned, now weeds and thistles were closing in again. Sheets of corrugated iron kept out the rain (and the light) but there was a small opening in the front of the tower through which Afra could crawl into his home. He prepared his food on a small open fire enclosed by bricks. He needed little.

Afra Temani was about fifty years of age. His body was lean and muscular, tall but slightly bent forward from a lifetime of digging and digging. There was little flesh on his face which was dominated by thin and powerful nose. His long black hair was plaited into a knot at the base of his skull. The color of his eyes was stone brown. At home

in the Yemen he had once been married, but his wife had died so long ago that he was beginning to forget her face. There was a boy but he also had died. Afra liked living by himself and, as much as possible, kept away from the other Yemenites who were existing in a hutment slum at the outskirts of Petah Tikvah. Like them, he was still overawed by his new surroundings, yet he did not seek the shelter of familiar customs.

The rainy season was ending. The country was dressed in flowers, every hillock and every *wadi* was soft with grass. The air was more transparent, and to breathe it was like drinking, leaving a fresh taste in mouth and nostrils. It was possible to see over great distances, to the dunes of Nataniah behind which was the sea.

For some days Afra had scooped out and mended the shallow trenches and ditches which criss-crossed the plantation. This work was hard but it was pleasant to watch the water gurgling around the trees, slacking the thirst. White blossom was breaking from the branches.

Afra, walking barefoot in the cool mud, found it easy to keep up with the other workers. Grossman, the overseer, was careful not to hurry them overmuch; this was no task that could be done quickly and well. Water might easily break through the ditches if the walls were too thin, that would undo the patience of hours. The flow of water and the sweetness of the air made both Arabs and Jews happy, they sang.

But May and the great heat came. Workers in the *pardessim* throughout the orange belt were put to hacking and hoeing, because the ground was dry and crusted. Trees must breathe and so, with his heavy *turk*, Afra broke the soil.

Oranges are sweet and golden but they are got with sweat and curse. Working close to the trees, Afra could not stand upright for the branches grew very low to the ground. It was hard to swing the *turk*, then, growing heavier each hour, bent double with the burning shafts of the sun searing the shoulder muscles under the skin.

Grossman's irony was like a whip. He was a red-faced little brute with pale eyes, and he never raised his voice. Up and down he walked among the rows of workers like a clever crow. When he saw one who was not tearing his heart out, he stopped by his side and asked him if he was ill? Or he would remark to an Arab boy whether he was not too young for such work? To a Jew, some new immigrant fresh out of the camp, he might say: "Look here, you, can't you keep up with the Arabs?" Grossman spoke Hebrew, Yiddish and Arabic with equal ease. He had worked his way up from a simple worker, now he was in complete charge of the plantation, taking the place of a manager and living in a small modern bungalow near its entrance. Further, he possessed a horse.

which he used to leave untethered on the mainpath when making his way through the chessboard pattern of the plantation, among the rows of trees that seemed to become denser as the summer advanced.

Grossman was fond of telling other overseers that his men liked him, that he was their friend, that he took his food with them. Twice people had tried to burn down his house but they were frustrated and the insurance had made good the damage.

At the beginning, Grossman left Afra in peace. This was the Yemenite's first job in the new country and he was trying out his strength; he would get on, people would soon see what a fine workman he was. When he would find himself better lodgings, buy a real bed, a primus lamp and cooker, better clothes. He would live. He might even take a wife again. Things would be better now.

What matter if evenings found him worn out from toil? All his life he could not remember a day without weariness.

His thin legs wide apart, his arms bare, he moved forward ceaselessly like a contented spider. "What a fool," thought Grossman, "what a thinking idiot. They are more stupid than my Arabs, these Yemenites. disgusting, they don't know how to live."

May was so hot that year that even Grossman's cruel tongue could not spur the men to harder work. So one morning he went to his drawer and took out a bar of chocolate.

It was quite simple. The men were drawn up in a line, each one to a tree. The chocolate was placed some fifty rows ahead of them. The first to reach this row would gain the pathetic prize. The chocolate was made in the country, a cheap and tasteless sweet. But Grossman knew that the men would race each other without mercy to possess it. On a plantation where only Jews worked, or only Arabs, the scheme could succeed; in a mixed *pardess* it never failed.

At the beginning the men held back, reason was still in their minds. But after a while, when they observed someone else pushing forward, they would increase their own speed. Banter would cease to pass between them, their faces became hard and they drudged in silence. Grossman saw to it the fire did not die down; he placed Jew next to Arab. With some bars of chocolate, used wisely, he could, over a number of years, get almost double the usual amount of labor out of his men.

Afra was working at the end of the line, he had no neighbor to his right. To left worked an Arab boy. His name was Azis.

Azis was 15 years old but he had the strength of a man. He was the son of a bedouin whose clan had been settled by the Government far from Hedera. But there was not much land for many hands, so

Azis left his elder brothers and his father and went to work in the orange groves. He was intelligent but without any schooling, unable to sign his name.

From the beginning he had taken a dislike to Afra. This Jew from Arabia was so much like one of his own people, yet an enemy. Why had he left the Yemen? He had spoken a few words to the stranger enough to feel contempt for his civility.

When the chocolate was put down and the starting signal given, Afra decided that he must have the prize. He never ate sweets but he wanted to show Grossman how good a worker he was, that he could be trusted with a permanent job all the year round. His arms rose and fell in wide, powerful movements, the inward pointing broad-blade of his *turiab* cut hungrily through great chunks of earth. His trousers were rolled up to his thighs, sweat made his shirt stick to his shoulders. Finally he loosened the soil nearest to the stems, for this needed most care, and then he cleaved through the tough, overgrown patch around the orange trees.

Azis kept up with him, his pride forbade him to fall behind. But he was neither ambitious nor desirous of testing his powers, he would much rather do nothing or take it easy. His eyes sparkled with anger. For a moment he rested to dry the sweat from his forehead and Afra overtook him. Grossman stood by the boy's side, grinning, and without speaking pointed at Afra whose back never straightened.

"*In Al'dina*," cursed Azis; he snatched up his *turiab* and took up the pursuit. From then onward he did not take his eyes off Afra. He hated him with a deep and bitter hatred.

After an hour of this the two men were well in front. Twenty pairs of eyes were watching them drawing towards their goal. In their ears sounded the shrill cheers and jeers of their supporters and ill-wishers. The midday sun was now at its height.

Afra was exhausted, tears of fatigue were coursing down his cheeks. His mouth was wide open; his breath came harshly. Azis was still fresher but less dexterous in the handling of the tool. Once or twice in blind haste his blade had grazed tender bark and Grossman had held him up, warning him to watch his work. He had almost made good the delusion. His loose jacket was torn by rough branches and his hands bruised.

Only one or two rows remained and Afra was still a little in front. Grossman sat down beside the piece of chocolate, urging the two to a last desperate effort. He smacked his thighs with both hands and his face trembled with laughter.

Afra was the first to draw level. Grossman caught up the chocolate and threw it to him. It fell to the ground at the feet of the Yemeni.

who slowly bent down to pick it up. He unwrapped the paper with shaking fingers and, turning to the men behind, began to eat.

Azis drove his *turiab* into the ground and went from the *pardess*.

Next morning he came to work as usual. It appeared that he had forgotten what had happened. But Grossman knew better.

Again he directed Azis to work at Afra's side. When Afra saw the young Arab he felt fear. He smiled and called a greeting. Azis did not reply.

The overseer judged that the fighting antagonism of the races was still aroused. Again he put down his chocolate.

At first, Azis forged ahead unchallenged. An old Yemenite, who had worked in Palestine for many years, had warned Afra to desist from the unholy competition. But the overseer, observing Afra's moderation, went up to him and touching him lightly on the shoulder, addressed him:

"Worn out? Nothing left for today, Grandad?"

At this Afra once more took up the struggle. It seemed there was no hope for him to repeat his feat, his younger opponent had gained too much headway. But the cries of the other men drove him to a frenzy, and Azis whose temperament was quick, and who was not yet broken to long and careful labor, blundered. Behind him he left patches that were solid and untouched by the blade. Again and again Grossman pulled him back. Again and again he drew ahead, only to forfeit his advantage. His rage slowed down his hands, his arms were raised too high, foolishly he used his body's whole strength and more than once he hit the ground with the blunt side of the *turiab*.

At last Afra and Azis worked shoulder to shoulder. The Yemenite felt a cutting pain in his lungs and in his mouth was a taste as of blood. It was difficult to keep his eyes steady. But before him he saw once more the silver wrapping of the chocolate. He was edging a little ahead now. His arms rose and fell, rose and fell.

Behind him he heard a cry. Azis had given up. Suddenly there was great peace in the Yemenite's heart. He knew that never again would he do this.

Grossman looked at him and the other men. He understood. Tomorrow there would be no chocolate.

That evening Azis was not seen in the streets of his village. He stayed in his father's hut leaning back on his mat and smoked. His eyes were closed. When his sister approached him with *pittah* and milk he cursed and dealt her a sharp blow.

The night brought coolness. Jewish workers and their white-clad girls were promenading through the streets of Petah Tikvah. Radios were blaring from the lemonade shops; people clustered in front, others were leaning against grey slabs of unpolished concrete, looking at the building sites that were everywhere and discussing their progress. Later the low buses returned from Tel Aviv and unloaded their chatting passengers coming home from meetings and theatres.

Gradually the streets emptied. The scent of the night became still more aromatic. Far away, the sea was lapping the shore, the wind stood from the Mediterranean and carried with it the beat of full tide.

Four days went by before anybody missed Afra. First animals were attracted to the corpse; they brought men. There was no evidence of a fight: Azis had surprised the Yemenite in his sleep and had strangled him before he could let out a cry. A warrant for the killer's arrest was issued but he was not heard of again.

People accused Grossman. He would hear nothing of it. "Is it my fault if they like chocolate? What do they know? Cattle! They don't know how to live."

A few months later, just before the fruit was ripe for picking, he went to Tel Aviv to spend the night with a woman. That night the trees in his *pardess* were murdered. Someone, working swiftly, expertly and silently had made a deep cut in each stem, one foot above the ground. He must have worked silently, for the guards had heard nothing suspicious.

LITTLE CLOUD OVER BUFFALO

KAY T. HORNE

THE shining ardor of the professor was inspiring. His face glowed rosy as his ideas, and his audience nodded sympathetically. They had absorbed a current superstition that the eelight—a new name apparently for intellectuals and top dogs, would somehow get them out of this mess of unemployment, strontium 90, war jitters, and jimcrow. This audience of thoughtful workers, young students, and retired pensioners had heard unemployment referred to as “a valuable labor pool,” strontium 90 as “negligible,” and jimcrow as “an accidental result of the housing pattern.” They were looking for something else, for Buffalo, N. Y. in 1959 was faced with problems of decay and degeneration that were difficult if not frightening.

“We can all agree,” the professor suggested, “that we have the highest standard of living in the world, the most immense productivity. America is truly the land of plenty and democracy . . . what difficulties we have must be seen in this context.” A gentle sigh slipped from the polite, but somewhat resigned, audience. Too many of them had passed the great Masten Armory that very morning where surplus foods were being distributed to those in need. Cheese, the most useful item, had just been taken off the list; people had noted that it was the beginning of Lent, and that stores made a bonanza on cheese at this season. Oh well, we would just have to wait.

But Buffalo had already waited too long. The fifteenth largest industrial city in the U.S. was in trouble. This second largest city in New York State had once called itself the Queen City of the Empire State. The rapid commercial development of New York City itself was largely due to the Erie Canal, completed in 1825. This waterway provided a route from the mid-west wheat fields to New York City and the world beyond. And Buffalo stood at the head of the canal. Here too were the second largest railroad yards in the country, surpassed only by the yards in Chicago. Buffalo was the most easterly transfer point for water-borne goods from the Great Lakes to the railway spawned communities of the Eastern Seaboard. Another historic railroad also had its terminus here—the Underground Railroad of Civil War days, by which 60,000 slaves at least escaped to Canada and freedom. For Buffalo is a border town,

connected with its Northern neighbor by the beautiful Peace Bridge over the Niagara River. Even today we look to Canada for help—much more of this later.

Yes, those were proud days. Mark Twain once edited the local *Courier*. His mansion still stands on Delaware Avenue, one of the smaller of the Great Houses on that superb street shaded by four rows of 100-year-old elms. Industry came in too. General Motors, Ford, the huge Bethlehem Steel plant which swallows up three miles of the lake front; Portland Cement, Republic Steel, General Mills, Pillsbury, Dupont—both synthetics and chemicals—and many another familiar national industry set up their plants at this rail and water crossroads. And wasn't it promised that soon, soon the Niagara Power Project would provide cheap power for all? Smoke stacks, furnaces, huge warehouses, grain elevators full to bursting with the surplus wheat stored in the enormous lake freighters that lay winter long in the canals, while Lake Erie itself was piled with the wind-rowed ice packs. A grand expanse of human dreams and labor. But somehow, something put the damper on.

"There is no new thing under the sun," announced the wise but unprophetic Solomon some thousands of years ago. Barely a hundred years ago the Wesleyan hymnal, in a different key, moaned "Change and decay in all around I see." Today another challenge is a-borning. It is creeping, climbing, growing through the change and decay which acts as compost to the new life. Change and decay, and the struggle against it while still squeezing out the last red cent of profits, and the small new life a-borning—this is Buffalo today.

Take the railroads. At first it seemed there were fewer trains, freight cars stood longer in the yards. The papers reported national car loadings, not local. Then somehow this item was dropped from the business pages altogether. The yard repair shops were closed. Eight hundred men laid off. Why? The trucks. Passengers were fewer. Why? The planes. The huge Central Terminal office building, one of the largest in the city was put up for sale. "We should have sympathy for a sick industry," announced one of our politicians, as Rockefeller reduced railroad taxes and foisted them on to the communities instead. There was no mention of sympathy for the workers, the yard men, and the crew men who had been laid off. They would of course get other jobs. But the city fathers started looking around. This railroad trouble was of course really a sign of progress—but just the same it reduced tax income. Somehow somehow profits must be squeezed out of the deteriorating situation.

SLUMS! Rebuild the rotten center of the city. That would start things rolling. Scurry around! Money for a "survey," then federal loan

for low cost housing. But what about middle income private housing, demanded the realtors. OK, OK, but let's get the survey through, then we can all get contracts.

For the first time in a generation official Buffalo was looking at its people rather than its factories. Not of course as people, which would hardly be becoming to scientific officialdom, but as a possible source of income. Up till now "the people" had been regarded mainly as voters, or in perhaps more acceptable terminology, citizens. The first glance at "the people" was discouraging. As in every industrial city, there had been a flight for years to the suburbs, where the passion for neat conformity had promptly nipped every other passion in the bud. The soothing sterility of these well-paved, treeless areas had siphoned off so many persons that for over a decade—from '38 to '50—the population was at a standstill, and the school population actually decreased. Not a single new school was built during this period, and even today more than half the schools are over 50 years old—one even going back to Civil War days. And the housing? Deplorable. Dilapidated.

Rush through the survey! In with the bulldozers! Easy to knock down these small two-family houses. Anyone who had driven through the Ellicott area would not forget the incredible piles of splintered, blackened siding, and the odd stench which could not at first be placed, but turned out to be the odor of rotten wood touched for the first time in decades by the spring sun. A plague of rats suddenly infested the adjacent areas. Progress, my friends, progress!

Who had lived in these pitiful dwellings? Who do you suppose but Negroes, and "naturally" they had doubled up with others. Before World War I there were few Negro people in Buffalo. But during that "war to end war" the Bethlehem Steel Company brought in the first large group of Negro workers in the midst of a labor dispute. Buffalo was and is a union town, and it was years before the workers fully realized the "divide and conquer" trick which the company was playing. In consequence the Negroes were at first shunned by the white workers, and the ghetto grew up. It grew fast, too, because Negroes down South heard that industrial jobs could be had in Buffalo. They came North in the summer and lodged in the migratory camps, picking cherries, beans, tomatoes, broccoli. When the season was over, they moved into the city and looked for work. No lazy loafers these, but people used to long hard hours of labor, willing to work, and more than willing to please whatever called itself the boss.

In the ten years from '48 to '58 the Negro population of Buffalo tripled and the city fathers decided maybe we had a "Negro problem." This however was quite satisfactorily solved by one of our journalists.

He coined a phrase, a motto. Instead of "the Queen City" we would henceforth be known as the "City of Good Neighbors." The Council of Community Relations was set up, and sincere social workers and men of God issued leaflets to the schools and did their best to sit on the lid.

The new housing crawled at a snail's pace. Instead of the usual local two-story housing, so-called "high-risers" were put up. More families could then be crammed into the already overcrowded ghetto, and the problem of having Negro people move into the "white areas" would not have to be faced—not yet anyhow. Put off. Put off any really vital decisions. Maybe the problem would evaporate—somehow. This attitude of mental senility was fast becoming the trade mark of civic policy.

Meanwhile business slipped. There was no place to park downtown. Two- and three-story parking ramps replaced some slums. Highways and skyway took away the only recreation areas for the one 12-story housing project that was completed. No one wanted to live there in spite of the low rents, for there was no place to shop, no place to park, and the only place for the kids to play was in the elevators, which in consequence were always out of order. Buffalo as a whole has less than 50% of the national standard for recreational space. The Negro communities have less than 30%. But this does not prevent the city fathers from planning to sell one of the few city parks to the University of Buffalo for dormitory space. Anything that will bring cash into the city coffers and more cash spenders into the city is considered the ultimate ideal.

To crown this unplanned mish-mash of "improvements" the city fathers decided that a splendid way to bring business and money spenders into the city would be to build a large sports stadium in the center of the city so that stores, restaurants, hotels, theaters, etc., could suck in customers. Of course there was no parking space, but anyhow let's spend fifty thousand or so for a "survey." Hadn't someone calculated that the recent Democratic convention had spent \$298,000 among our discouraged business men?

The St. Lawrence Seaway was approaching completion. Buffalo must meet this development with improved port facilities—deeper channels, more docking space. The Niagara Frontier Port Authority was set up and spent three years wondering who would provide the money for these facilities: the State? the Federal government?? Docking and warehousing might get in the way of the sports stadium, and sports spenders might bring more ready cash into the city—let's wait.

CASH, CASH! If this is the first love of most politicians, it is an obsession in Buffalo. The last Mayor and four Councilmen have just been indicted for bribery and conspiracy in connection with three paving

concerns who put in identical bids and divided the city paving business between them for the last ten years. The citizens are surprised, not at the corruption, but at the indictments. Cash, corruption, indecision, wait. Raise the taxes on the poor. Buffalo presents a typical picture of capitalist degeneration.

Unemployment struck. This ranks with war and jimcrow as the three meanest and most degrading of the great crimes against the American people. War steals our lives, makes us insane murderers, partners of brutality and idiocy. Discrimination steals our hard-earned humanity, makes us ridiculous, uncultured snobs, and wastes the budding talents of our glorious youth. But the slow torture of unemployment disintegrates our self-respect, our families, and inch by inch reduces us to the silent acquiescent pulp used by the bosses to oil their machines and fuel their atomic missiles.

"Frontier Layoffs Reported by Tens of Thousands." Twenty-one hundred out of 5,100 laid off at G.M.'s Harrison Radiator. Two thousand out of 4,000 fired when Bethlehem's strip mill was idled. Then Bethlehem gave out no more figures, but production went down to 34.5% of capacity. "Chev. Foundry Closed for One Week." Twenty-five thousand auto workers out in the area. "Residential Construction Down 21%." The small Pittsburgh Metallurgical plant closed down entirely "until business picks up." Ford dropped the boom on its whole assembly plant and moved the entire operation to a modern plant in Lorain, Ohio. Four thousand men out. Those who wanted to move would be "given consideration" in Ohio. "Jobless Up 6,000 in Last Four Weeks." "68,000 Jobless in the Buffalo Niagara Falls Labor Market."

Labor Market! What a disgusting concept! Sell, sell, sell your strong muscles or your nimble brain, or your skillful hands, or tired feet. Sell yourself piecemeal, held together by your overalls, and urged on by the white refrigerator, the car insurance man, and the waiting, troubled wife. Was there ever another time in history when the slaves marched themselves to market, displayed their probable cash value, and sold themselves to the highest bidder? And kept their mouths shut. Self-sold! But this we are told is self-support! We should be proud of it, and refuse to live on any other terms. But the buyers were not buying in the labor market in 1958, and those who tried to sell themselves found no bidders. Brains, hands, muscles, were not wanted. Men? Were they not free? Let them use initiative.

Unemployment insurance. Are you ready, willing and able to work? Did you look for work this week? Where? Bring in a list of the places you applied to. Why are you late? You were at *class*? You are studying at Tech to fit yourself for a mechanic's job? Don't you know that dis-

qualifies you? If you are studying you are not ready for work. You can't sign for a check. See the claims examiner. Don't hold up the line. *No, you can't sign for a check.*

Where there is smoke there is fire. But sometimes where there is fire there is no smoke, and the burning hearts of many an "unemployed" will yet create a greater fire than the furnaces of Bethlehem Steel. What to do? Rockefeller's election promises are forgotten. The AFL-CIO "urges" that legislation be passed. They call for a city-wide conference. This is promptly and neatly taken over by the city fathers, and ends up with the politicians pleading for more war (excuse me, defense) contracts for our area, and no program whatever to aid actual unemployment.

Time drags. Every week some 800 unemployment claims are exhausted, but this barely reduces the rolls, for every day 100 here, 35 there are laid off, and the call-backs never equal the layoffs. The Most Rev. Joseph A. Burke, Catholic Bishop of the diocese, left on a trip to Rome. He had recently conducted a census which showed that over 60% of Buffalo's inhabitants were or had been Catholic. And he had topped the Catholic Charities appeal in less time than ever. Certainly he had earned a rest. But before he left, he felt it important to tackle the city's main problem. Noting that May 1 was the Feast of St. Joseph the Worker and that we still had 64,000 unemployed workers and their families who needed help, he sent a letter to all pastors suggesting that "In view of conditons in our area where good intentions and the best efforts of economic groups do not seem to bring substantial relief" . . . the diocese should on this day "include in their prayers the welfare of the unemployed." The newspapers announced "Friday Designated Day of Prayer for the Jobless."

However, neither the Lord nor the Legislature seem as yet to have recognized the good Bishop's statement that the unemployed "have a God-given right to the means of life and a dignified livelihood." On the contrary, "welfare" has become a dirty word in Buffalo; and if the welfare state has anything in common with the practices of Welfare Commissioner Paul F. Burke, it will never be popular in Buffalo.

Keeping his eye strictly on the budget, Burke refused to carry out the directive of the State Board of Social Welfare to increase monthly allotments by 15 cents for medicine. Couldn't be done, he asserted. There has been so much sickness during this long hard winter that several schools were closed for three days at a time because attendance dropped below 50%. But perhaps Burke is right, 15 cents wouldn't be much help. One young mother asked the doctor if it was O.K. to give her two-year-old some penicillin she had in the house. "What is the date?" asked the doctor. April 1958, he was told. That was all right the doctor assured

her. Had the date been later—Fall of 1958 or during 1959 she would have had to throw the pills out as useless, for at this time the drug companies began using unstable penicillin instead of the stable variety, making it necessary to buy fresh supplies. Commissioner Burke was forced, however, to obey the order of the Federal government to give their legal allowances direct to the old men and women in the "Home and Infirmary" instead of paying the allotments to the Home and leaving the old folk penniless at the mercy of the director.

AS THE crisis deepened the Welfare Commissioner started a hunt for "chiselers" and discovered two flagrant cases; one of a man whose family had been on welfare for three generations and one of a man who had skimmed pennies from his allotments, invested them in the stock market and made \$4,000. For this inappropriate imitation of his betters he was made to disgorge some \$3,500. Then one relief client, a woman with three children, won an auto on a raffle ticket. She was ordered to sell it and pay back the money she had received on welfare. Indignant neighbors signed a petition that she be allowed to keep the car. But Burke held close to the law and the cash.

Conscientiously he followed every angle. Why was he obliged to pay for illegitimate children who really should not exist? One mother with six children was found, three of them illegitimate. That is to say she had simply not married the father of the three youngest, who was in Florida. Ship her back to Florida was Burke's order. But the woman refused to go. During the season—April to October—she works as cook in a migratory workers' camp. Keep for herself and six kids left something but not much at season's end. Neither farm nor single domestic workers are covered by unemployment insurance. Wasn't she entitled to welfare to tide her over till the Spring? Commissioner Burke thought not, although he was glad enough to eat the cherries, tomatoes, etc., provided by her labor and the seven working days a week (if it didn't rain too hard) of the migratory workers. Won't go to Florida? Then off the rolls with her. Quietly she moved into the next county, and Burke at once let the Commissioner there know that he should reject any application for help.

"The whole world knows perfectly well the humane basis of American society," announced the State Department in a recent note to Khrushchev. But "hold the line" on budget, thundered the Buffalo city fathers. "Hold the line in '59" was their battle cry against the oncoming waves of the idled, the hungry and the questioning. Jobs became more precious. The Municipal Civil Service established a long eligibility list for the position of charwoman. At least no one was forced to wear buttons announcing

"We Are Happy," as was ordered by the management of an Atlanta, Ga. butchering concern.

The recession was said to be receding. Steel production rose to normal, but the stark human angle was headlined "Jobs Fail to Keep Pace with Rising Factory Output." The Public Service Commission permitted the Electric Co. to raise its rates, and the bus company to increase fares to 25 cents, the highest in the State. "Incomes Up, Buying Power Down," announced the papers and "Cost of Living Index Ignores Everybody's 15% Higher Tax Bill." "Can we make it on \$100 a week?" a young couple asked Morton Yarmon (WINS). The answer by economic experts was, "barely"—and did not include a car, a virtual necessity for many workers. The average wage in Buffalo has never reached that munificent three-figure level.

Between bickerings and jockeying for leadership, the AFL-CIO (in the process of merging) issued some pious statements and even an eight-point program which was duly printed but never left the frail paper stage. But new things were stirring in the stiffened organizations that had been clamped down on the very patient people. Already in '57 the Rarick dues movement in steel had taken hold in Buffalo. That this upstart should challenge McDonald's top-loftical control of half a million men seemed unlikely. McDonald, who never announced what *he* was going to bargain for, but let the bosses inform the press and the union members; who almost doubled the dues, and raised his own salary to \$50,000 which is more than the salary of the Vice President of the United States or the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Well, the papers did not print the fact, the trade union leaders did not mention it loudly, but Rarick won a straight majority in the Buffalo steel locals. And in '58 more than a dozen auto locals, after Reuther's pretense of a settlement, pulled wild-cat after wild-cat, some successful, for local demands.

The city fathers groaned and pleaded: "Business will leave this area, you'll be worse off in the end." The Negro people also were on the move. Pushed out of one ghetto into what seemed to be another, they suddenly took a public stand against segregation. Hitherto complaints had been of poor city service, dilapidated schools, and unlicensed teachers. But now when a new Junior High was proposed, the main objection to the location was that it would result in complete segregation. The spokesman for this movement was promptly whisked away into a most desirable State job. And so far there is not even the beginnings of a school in spite of serious overcrowding. The Negro community also issued their first Negro business and professional directory and it was sold out within a couple of weeks.

The teachers, after their regular salary raises had been by-passed for

two years in a row, finally raised their voices. They suggested that the salary committee should "act like a union" and bargain. The students themselves, at a conference of honor students, expressed their dissatisfaction by suggesting that the Federal government take over education. One student complained that in his high school more money was spent on the homemaking kitchen than on the chemistry lab. Still it was only with some hesitation that 100 young people from Buffalo finally joined in the Youth March to Washington on April 18. Not a word of this historic event, either before or after, was printed in the two Buffalo dailies. The two Negro weeklies headlined the March of 26,000 youngsters. But there was not a word on the radio or TV.

Only the Canadian radio reported it. Canada supplies us with health in several directions. Their radio news is more complete and accurate than ours. Their bread is so much better—and cheaper—that the bakeries have called for a tariff on bread. The spread of socialized medicine in Canada looks very good against the proposed 36% increase for hospitalization which the Blue Cross is demanding from Buffalo. The Post Office, however, is doing its illegal best to prevent the importation from Toronto of what it considers socialist propaganda. Canada is a truly helpful neighbor.

▲ **NOTHER** neighbor who has done a great deal to raise the spirits and the confidence of this somewhat depressed area is the Tuscarora Nation. Czar Robert Moses proposed to annex 1300 acres of their Indian Reservation for use as a reservoir in the Niagara Power Project without even so much as a discussion. He had a license, so he said, and power, and money, and backing. The Indians had determination and the right of it—and a sense of the power of publicity and the weight of world opinion which has been so blessedly humanized by the advance of socialism. When the *London Times* telephoned Chief Elton Green, he was a bit non-plussed by the British accent, but he realized instantly that his people, as so many others, had reached the great divide, and could at least look down upon the promised land.

So he fought, and Wallace (Mad Bear) Anderson fought and organized, and the women and children sat down in front of the bulldozers that tried to invade their territory. The Courts ruled favorably, the Veterans of Foreign Wars congratulated the Indians, and the people were glad that another Czar had been tipped, if not completely toppled. This representative of power monopolies, however, grimly announced that the only result would be a higher charge for power. After all that was the heart's desire of the power companies. Still there was a new

breath of freedom, of belief in the power of the people to win their rights.

This sense was heightened by the resurgence of the Communist Party in the area. Small, yes. But *The Worker* was openly read in some shops. The little local CP monthly, "Searchlight," made a bit of a dent. A Communist editor, Joe North, spoke at a public meeting, although the S.S. (Subversive Squad) troopers did their best to break it up.

"No industry will ever come here or invest in this town," moaned the city fathers. "The labor climate is unfavorable." Troubles seemed to multiply. The harbor was too shallow for the incoming seaway vessels. No one wanted to pull a penny out of his pocket to deepen it. Government funds which were voted, unvoted, and re-voted, were not visible. "Defense" contracts went to California. More plants were closing. Oh sure, the recession was practically over, but the relief rolls increased every week, and come June the High School kids would be looking for jobs.

We-e-ell it seemed an odd sort of thing to do. But new things were happening all around. Who would have thought for instance that three citizens of the little farming community of Gowanda (pop. 3289) would have felt it necessary to defy the entire government by walking down the middle of Main Street during a Civil Defense alert? Their arrest produced more sympathy than censure. But business men—to take an unorthodox step? True, other business men had done it and had gotten some pretty good results. A Buffalo bank president, and the president of a Tonawanda corporation were hot for the idea, and finally the Buffalo Chamber of Commerce agreed. They would spend the larger part of their usual foreign jaunt, not in Paris as usual, but in "exploring the possibilities of marketing Buffalo-made products in Russia." Meetings would be arranged with Mikoyan, and contracts for Buffalo's idle plants, and idle men, might soon be expected from the Soviet Union where unemployment is unknown.

ARNOLD ZWEIG IN WAR AND PEACE

HEINZ KAMNITZER

"The growth of civilization is tied to peace."

ARNOLD ZWEIG, June 18, 1932

DURING World War II a great deal of thought was given abroad to Germany and the Germans. Whatever the future and no matter what economic system or constitution was envisaged, everybody was in agreement that re-education would be necessary and that it would be difficult. One of the most successful educators has proved to be a German writer who derives spiritual nourishment to this very day from his experiences in World War II.

Now more than seventy years old, Arnold Zweig returned from exile in 1945. He did not come home, however, in order to spend his old age peacefully and in idleness in the land of his birth. I have the privilege of being his neighbor and his friend, and I can testify that many people, including myself, envy him his joy of life and his intellectual vigor, to say nothing of his literary productivity.

This is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that for the past twenty years he has been suffering from an eye disease which would long ago have robbed most people of their good spirits and their pleasure in life. Arnold Zweig has scarcely any vision left and must have everything read to him. Nevertheless, each day is ruled by his indomitable will to work. It is as if he wanted to demonstrate to his colleagues that even the talent of a recognized artist can only be maintained and developed through intense application.

His links to the outside world are therefore all the more important to him. He receives an uninterrupted flow of visitors from within Germany and from abroad. He is a member of the *Volkskammer* and honorary president of the Academy of Arts in East Berlin. His experience and his plain speaking contribute a good deal to enlivening its discussion. Whether the subject is the future of literature or the influence of the artist on the state, Zweig's comments are such as could only be contributed by a person of his achievements and unconventional personality. Listening to him one is amazed at what comes bubbling up.

However, he does not abuse his old man's privilege of playing the jester. He is respected as a humanist who has understanding and compassion, and has placed himself at the service of his people now that they are at last to be led along more peaceful paths.

Arnold Zweig has had to travel the rough road of self-knowledge. He belongs to the generation of the brothers, Thomas and Heinrich Mann. Like them, he received his schooling before the first World War, and like them he was formed by the bourgeois culture of the nineteenth century. Inheriting its faith in progress and rationality, he believed that it was possible to bring the spirit of humanism into harmony with the rule of Kaiser Wilhelm.

On the threshold of the twentieth century he was accepted, according to Jewish ritual, into the community of men. On this day of honor he found the works of Shakespeare and Heine on his gift table. Not only does Zweig as playwright and essayist show traces of their influence, but his novels as well bear a debt of eternal gratitude to them. In the house of his father, who had turned from harness making to the grain and coal business, there was a good library containing Grimm's *Tales* and the works of Goethe. Later, at the university, he devoted careful study to contemporary literature.

IN his student days Zweig wished to become a teacher. However, his thirst for knowledge went beyond literature to include philosophy, psychology and economics. He soon found a use for these subjects in his own writings. He also wrote about a dozen short stories before the first World War, of which the most important were his "Notes About a Family Named Klopfer" (1911) and *Claudia*, a sheaf of individual narratives bound together to form a novel. They breathe bourgeois security joined to artistic sensitivity, as if Zweig were making an intellectual declaration of faith.

These early works already revealed Arnold Zweig as a serious lyrical talent, but it took front-line experience in 1917-1918 to bring him to maturity as a major writer. As a soldier he was reflective and hungry for experience, but he had been restricted by his origins and upbringing. His cheerful view of life all too easily adapted itself to his humanistic wishful thinking. Now he found himself, like everyone else, caught up in the war. This hothouse for inhumanity turned out to be a breeding place for new ideas, as well.

An artist always undergoes a creative crisis when he arrives at a crossroad in his life. A strong emotional shock may weaken or heighten his powers as a writer. He may lose himself in brooding or be so deeply stirred that he will seek out the truth to give it form. Every radical

catharsis is a catalyst for art. Zweig's pre-war writings tended to slip into psychological belles-lettres or into romanticism. The range of his personal experiences between 1914 and 1918 widened enormously and the revolutionary new insights that he acquired remained. In the fires of war the values of bourgeois society melted like butter in the sun. In the trenches this bourgeois youth found workers who introduced him to the misery of the working class and initiated him into the secrets of imperialist conflicts. The inferno of the first World War forced upon him the strict discipline of the novel which requires a marshalling in epic breadth of an overwhelming abundance of experience and insight. Even though he continues to this very day to write plays and poetry, it is in the novel that he finds the best expression for his great talents. Whenever he returns to his own experiences during the first World War, he does not permit himself the slightest deviation from the truth. His incorruptible memory resists such temptation.

The first World War has often been selected as a theme. However, Zweig alone has devoted almost his entire life's work to the "great war of the white men" of 1914-1918. The volumes already published, though each a separate entity, occasionally overlap. They deal with issues which unhappily have lost none of their dramatic import for the present. They deal with the German army and its position in the state. *The Young Woman of 1914* (1931) carries on a private war of her own to keep her husband alive and for herself. In *Education Before Verdun* (1935) we find ourselves in the purgatory of war. In this volume Christoph Kroy-sing, an unyielding and troublesome lieutenant, is sent to his death. *The Case of Sergeant Grisha* (1927) revolves around the judicial murder of a Russian prisoner. In both instances a David fights against a Goliath, and learns that in the twentieth century the giant can no longer be defeated with a sling. *The Crowning of a King* (1938) depicts the attempt to set up a German buffer state in the east. The intrigues of the generals reflect the desperation of Krupp and the Kaiser in the face of the Bolshevik Revolution and military defeat. *Cease Fire* (1954) picks up this theme again. This time Zweig draws up the balance sheet of all these experiences, and the effect of the Russian example on Germany at the time of the Brest-Litovsk armistice is dealt with extensively. With the latest book in this series the author returns to his point of departure. In *The Time Is Ripe* (1957) he describes from the vantage point of old age, the change from peace to war that took place in 1913-1915 as felt in the heart beats of the young.

ALL of Zweig's novels, with the exception of *De Vriendt Comes Home* (1932) and *The Ax of Wandsbeck* (1943) deal with the same

events and the same chief characters. Unlike John Galsworthy's *Forsyth Saga*, they are not concerned with the family history of an upper crust but reflect the history of society in an epoch which dissolves all illusions in the crucible of war. Zweig's literary spectrum ranges from the generation of youth reeling onto the battle fields to the workers seeking a way out of the mass murder. At the core of this cycle there is always a threefold problem: that of the writer, the German, the Jew.

In our literature Lion Feuchtwanger and Jacob Wassermann have also been deeply stirred by this trinity. For Arnold Zweig the interrelationship is not a problem whose components are incompatible, equivocal, or capable of resolution only in the distant future. For Zweig, as German, Jew, and writer, they are contradictions that can be overcome. Of course, in a bourgeois society the ensuing tensions will persist. Only a society which is no longer divided will finally abolish their antagonistic character.

At the beginning of the first World War Zweig succumbed to the romantic frenzy that clouded the minds of so many Germans, and volunteered for the march against the west. And yet to him France had meant Gothic cathedrals, the Louvre, enlightenment and rationalism. As in the case of the German officer in Vercors' *Silence of the Sea*, his love for Madeleine took such a perverse form because the attempt to reconcile culture and war logically followed from the *grande illusion*—which he shared—of the happy union of civilization and empire. However, the things that he saw with his own eyes and what he personally experienced soon cured him of his folly—not only about the west but also about the east.

Like most victims of Prussian education he had expected to find among the Slavs only misery, backwardness and a complete lack of culture. Their writers, like Tolstoy, Turgenev, Gogol and Dostoyevsky though well known to him, had been superficially assimilated in the west. It was at the eastern front that Zweig came to a turning point in his life. There he met and came to know not only his Grischa, but he learned, the truest sense of the word, the meaning of the phrase, The Brotherhood of Man. The deeds of the simple and ragged *muzhiks* in uniform outweighed on the scales of real life cultivated salon discussions about philosophy and literature.

Zweig had arrived at some understanding of the marriage between war and profits at an even earlier time. He was therefore all the more disturbed to find that the German people—the people of poets and thinkers—had not yet discovered this vital truth so that they could take the necessary steps to rid themselves of their errors and their seductions. This revelation led him to a complete reconsideration of his values, his

it took a direction opposite to that of Friedrich Nietzsche. That high priest of German imperialism scourged liberalism from the right and assigned the future to the German superman. Zweig also cut loose from liberalism, but he saw the face of the future in Lenin and his teachings. He buried his illusions about the German "mission" and founded his hopes and sympathies upon the German working class.

Zweig saw Nietzsche's "blond beasts" as the officers and bards of German militarism. Its victims do not die because war is a natural phenomenon; war is the work of human beings. It is not the animal instincts of *homo sapiens* but rather the merchants of death who require blood. Zweig said: "A society fighting for control of the world market cannot get along without war. War externalizes the internal tensions of the state; and the proletarian armies which might, on the morrow, rise against the ruling class are led to the battle-field for their mutual destruction."

It becomes evident, with each volume of the series, that the artist and scholar cannot find his own salvation in or by himself alone. Unlike Baron Muenchhausen, he cannot pull himself out of the swamp by tugging at his own hair. Zweig's workers in uniform, who rely only on their united strength, not only represent a more advanced principle but also obviously embody the historical class that the intellectuals must join if their humanistic declarations are not to remain pious professions of faith. Thus it is not so much the events of the war itself that give his great books their character as *Bildungsromanen*, "educational novels," of a special kind, but rather what he himself learned from the workers. It is this factor that makes them different from most of the other books that have been written against the mass murder of the first World War. Zweig presents a cross-section of a society which contains within itself, as the basic law of its being, the struggle of all against all. War only illuminates more dramatically the conflicts which are inherent in capitalist disorder. With epic care Zweig exposes the secrets of war and at the same time lays bare the threads which led from the pre-1914 peace to the post-1918 peace. But he always remains the artist, expressing his message by means of genuine transformations in character. In this process there is no vulgarization. On the contrary, Zweig is especially concerned to show how profoundly bourgeois power affects the mind and spirit of its representatives as well as its victims.

KARL MARX once wrote that the ruling ideology is always the ideology of the ruling class. In war time as well, men are not only coerced by the instruments of state power such as regulations and commands, but also exhibit conditioned reflexes which cause them to

think and act in the spirit of the ruling class. Even when they are disillusioned, they are not automatically granted the insight that would truly liberate them. In Zweig's novels there is no place for wishful fantasies that peace can be brought about by sticking bayonets into the ground and passively refusing to obey orders. There remains only the Bolshevik example.

The models for his books are the comrades and officers of the first World War with whom Werner Bertin—his protagonist—was in constant association. Their feelings and passions result from their conduct and their views which are constantly kept in the foreground. Mind and spirit are not suspended in a vacuum but are the reflection of the social constellation of forces. Even before he became acquainted with Marxism, the lessons learned in the war had led Zweig to the conclusion that, in the final analysis, each human being, whether he wants to or not, appears as the representative of a class.

Like every great writer, Zweig is a physician. But unlike his esteemed friend, Sigmund Freud, he advises man, the collective being, to heal himself by personally engaging in the struggle to replace a sick society with a healthy one. No one knows better than he that the writer, like the physician, is also involved in his patient, but the "doctor" is useful only if what the "patient" discovers about himself is related to the broader social scene.

To this task Zweig brings an exceptional power. Most writers of bourgeois origin do indeed declare their faith in the people, but they retain an uneasy relationship to their idol. Zweig, on the contrary, has always felt at home among the people; they know each other by their first names.

Zweig never engages in overt social criticism. Environment and problem are unfolded naturally and actions and their causes are traced back to their social roots. It is in the story and the human conflicts that the social relationships and class contradictions are reflected. But this does not mean that he keeps himself at a distance—anything but that. He is the *poete engagé* absolutely, and constantly plays a role in his novels—as a character or by running observations.

And yet his people are never simply mouthpieces. Situations and characters are always unfolded before our very eyes. The story is woven together with extraordinary care and subtlety; the threads are traced to all the corners of personal and social life; they are knotted together, they seem to diverge again of their own free will; but finally they are firmly woven together again. Human beings are naturally shown with all their weaknesses, but they are never presented in empty space. They are always deeply rooted in the soil of society even when their thoughts soar.

to lofty heights. Although the characters and their viewpoints are clear and consistent they are never terminated; further development can always be expected. It is for this reason that the errors of a single person or point of view never have the feeling of settled authority.

Until now Zweig has concerned himself almost exclusively with an analysis of the period of World War I. The cycle of books that has been published between 1927 and 1957 in effect represents a Thirty Years War against the war of 1914-18. However, he also includes the subsequent period. The first World War already contained all the conflicts which could lead from the Weimar Republic to a socialist society, or to a reversion into barbarism. Naturally an artist like Zweig does not do violence to the past although the present has always sharpened his representative view. For this reason the political profile of his characters becomes clearer in those novels which, like *Education Before Verdun*, are set further in the past. *Cease Fire* leaves no room for illusions about German Social Democracy and the Versailles Peace Treaty, and also clearly shows the relationship between socialism and peace by making use of the Bolshevik example.

Only once does Zweig deal with another sector of German history. He accounts for this in the postscript to the *Ax of Wandsbek*. As a writer he wished "to place myself more directly in the front ranks of the fighters against the Third Reich." However, this personal motive went hand in hand with a profound understanding or perhaps premonition, as is generally the case when a great novelist selects his material. The author realized that "the roots of Hitlerism must be directly traced to the empire of the Kaiser regardless of whether they were hidden or lay open to view."

There was no hiding place from the storm of fascism. An ax is pressed into the hands of a camp-follower, the butcher, Albert Teetjen. He becomes an executioner during Hitler's rule, not because he feels any particular ties to the regime, but because he wants to earn some extra money. By placing himself at the disposal of the Nazis, he tossed his life away. Teetjen chose suicide when he could no longer rid himself of his diabolical office and when he found himself shunned and despised by his fellows. He found out it was not possible to commit just one shameful act and then live on in peace. His misdeeds brought him no quiet—as they could not put at ease those Germans who believed that they could just coast along without getting involved in the Third Reich.

The *Ax of Wandsbek*, written in 1940, anticipated the suicide of the mass murderer, Hitler; the complicity of his agents is presented symbolically. But his German tragedy also contains a hymn of praise to the four men of honor who were beheaded by Teetjen's ax, and for Zweig

these men represent the future. As for the rest, the intellectual representatives of the German bourgeoisie still have esthetic pretensions but little else to offer. The married couple, the Rohmes, in *Tales of Claudia*, cultivate poetry and music, but they have retired by way of Switzerland to the United States. From this vantage point they look for the good sides of the brown barbarism. The conservative, Dr. Kolwey, still prattle about the autonomy of the spirit while the campaign against reason and the dignity of man ushers in the Second World War. Zweig had never composed a swan song for the German bourgeoisie. But now he consigns them to hell.

ZWEIG'S sympathies are particularly identified with Friedel Timme in his death cell. Actually this class-conscious Communist is not described as fully as is the former Social Democrat, Dr. Kaethe Neumeier, who finds herself free. But it is from the Communist Timme that we learn the program and the perspective of resistance to fascism; in Dr. Neumeier we see the illusions and mistakes of many Social Democrats. At the end of the novel there occurs this passage: "Our errors started much earlier, right after the last war, at the time when the Junkers were again beginning to sow their oats, and our bankers and steel magnates, aided by the magical power of their money, managed to dissolve the question of war guilt into thin air behind the smoke screen of their attacks against the Versailles treaty. At that time we should all have been with Timme."

The person who makes this statement happens to be a Jew though this fact has no special relevance in this context. But the Jewish question does play an important part in all of Zweig's books.

For the author of *Caliban*, *The Face of the Eastern Jew*, *The Balance Sheet of the German Jews*, and *De Vriendt Comes Home*—all of them dealing with the Jewish question and anti-Semitism—cannot and will not strip himself of his Jewishness as though it were an inconvenient garment. However, it is just because he makes these questions his own that he helps himself and his people to find their salvation. Formerly he saw the Jews as a kind of classless community linked by a common fate, and anti-Semitism as an expression of emotions and passions. Later it became clear to him that poor and rich Jews are also divided by class interest, and that anti-Semitism is not an atavistic superstition, but a divisive maneuver of lords and priests, of capitalists and Junkers.

Bitter experience had taught him that in a bourgeois society one never really loses the yellow spot. It may fade for a while but the pendulum for the Jew will always swing from tolerated fellow citizen back to outlawed, inferior being, until the socialist society of solidarity

finally brings peace to the Wandering Jew. When Zweig was considering a return from Palestine, for this reason if for no other, it never occurred to him to go to the bourgeois German Federal Republic; for him there was only the German Democratic Republic. About this Zweig said: "When I received copies of the writings of Marx, Engels and Lenin from Moscow which were published in German, I could have them read to me because they happened to be the shorter texts by these three classical authors. (Zweig is almost blind. Ed.) The development of the Leninist state during the struggle against fascism did the rest. It strengthened my conviction that the spirit of my life had reached its culmination with this new turn, and the view from the height proved to me that despite many detours I had not gone astray. That is why my return from Palestine could only be to Germany, and to only that part of it which was then called the Soviet sector of Berlin, and soon after, the German Democratic Republic. Its struggle for the elimination of war as a means of settling differences between peoples and nations was from the very beginning a matter of the deepest personal concern to me; and the building of a communal life free of exploitation which was going forward to socialism convinced me that for the rest of my days this would be the right place for me. A new and large audience was waiting for my books and they received them. This audience greeted with evident pleasure everything that I had thought and written before and during my exile."

He never participated in the folly of linking a Jewish homeland with imperialism. Jewish nationalism demonstrated to him once again that history is not a succession of racial but of class struggles. Yet though he rejoices today in the building of socialism in the German Democratic Republic, he also is on guard to see to it that even the slightest manifestation of anti-Semitism, no matter how veiled, is vigorously combatted and punished.

ZWEIG has never made things easy for himself. He was not in the habit of changing his opinions like old clothes. But it was just because he was so hard on himself that he developed instead of drying up. It is, of course, no accident that only those writers are able to carry on who, despite all disappointments, do not abdicate intellectually, but are constantly spurred on and inspired by their humanistic mission. Zweig is not like those bourgeois writers who, after an interlude of social consciousness, return to exotic subjects or bizarre experimentation in style. His sense of history and his philosophic serenity are not alone responsible for this. Events stimulate him constantly, and he lives in the great changes that have led a third of mankind to socialism and are giv-

ing the future its shape. The creator of Grischa always emphasizes that he is an old friend of the Soviet Union and he especially stresses his love for the first state of workers and farmers whenever someone tries to frighten him by citing the growing pains of the new society. As a tribune of peace, he knows that though errors may occur there is no chance that the greatest error of all will be committed, and that is to leave in leadership those who bear the guilt for two world wars and who are preparing a third inferno wherever they are again permitted to hold power.

Zweig's renewed popularity is due to the strength of his conviction and to his profound human sympathy. He understands the inner life of his fictional characters, their thoughts and feelings, their drives and passions in a way that resembles Shakespeare. Because of this grasp of their inner life, he can influence misguided and confused countrymen to turn over a new leaf. Even today a German reader, whether he be a worker, scholar, artist, common soldier or officer, can still recognize himself in the characters of the first World War. These "rescues" of misguided people are among the greatest acts of heroism a German writer can perform.

He is widely loved, but it is not an easy love like that evoked by a flatterer. It is not based upon lies. Arnold Zweig today is a man profoundly at peace with himself and his world—a peace given only to him who deeply understands, interprets and purifies.

Translated from the German by George Lohr.

Professor Kamnitzer is a historian and author of several books dealing with the history of literature. He is an associate of the Academy of Arts of the German Democratic Republic.—Ed.

THREE POEMS

LOUIS ARAGON

SONG TO FORGET DACHAU

Nothing will awaken the sleepers tonight

They will not be running barefooted through the snow
They will not have to hold their hands on their hips until morning
Nor march on their knees before a mad gymnasium-master
The women eighty-three years old the cardiac cases

Those with fever or arthritis
Or God only knows how many with TB
Who do not hear the footsteps approaching in the shadow
Looking at their fingers as though they have already gone up into smoke

Nothing will awaken the sleepers tonight

Your body is no longer a dog that prowls and picks up
In filth what can make a meal
Your body is no longer a dog jumping at the whip
Your body is no longer the wastewater of Europe
Your body is no longer that stagnation that bile
Your body is no longer the promiscuity of others
No longer its own stench
Man or woman you sleep between clean sheets

Your body

When your eyes are closed what are the images

That repass at the bottom of their obscure casket?
 What pursuit opens wide and what sea-monster
 Flies from the harpoons of a savage memory?
 When your eyes are closed do you resee
 The cadaver standing in the shadow of the wagon
 That moment when merely to die would have been so sweet
 When life balanced on a single breath
 When your eyes are closed what weevil gnaws?
 When your eyes are closed do the wolves make merry?
 When your eyes are closed as the tomb
 On the dead without a shroud in the absence of dreams

Your eyes

Man or woman returned from Hell
 Familiar with terrible twilights
 The taste of sulphur on your lips spoiling the fresh bread
 In the quiet of country living your reflexes startling
 Comparing all without wishing it to the torture
 Disaccustomed to all
 Men and women unskillful in the pretense of happiness restored
 Hands timid on the heads of children
 Hearts wildly beating

Their eyes

Behind their eyes still that history
 That consciousness of the abyss
 And that abyss
 Where one time is too much for humankind to have fallen
 There are in this new world so many people
 For whom there will never more be a natural sweetness
 There are in this old world so many many people
 For whom all sweetness from now on is foreign
 There are in this old and new world so many people
 Who will not be able to understand their own children

Oh you who pass by
 Do not awaken the sleepers tonight!

NOWADAYS

Numbering One to Ten
On the Hit Parade
One would think from those who hawk them
The words are those for which one dies
But the tune to which they set them
Is not a patriotic air

This world is a palace for sale
Still we huddle by the fire
As the sky is blue above
So men live without understanding
That the roof is going to fall
For it is a house of cinders

In the court of honor one hears
The concert of cannibals
Untruth on every floor
Feverish geraniums put out
On the stoop of the pallid times
Death laughs an insulting laugh

The phonograph turns turns quickly
Like a black sun in a mineshaft
There will be dancers after dark
What matters is that they shall come
With vacant hearts evading glances
For the vanity of flight

Through the window I can watch
Children slaughtered on the beach
And as the villages burn
The patient jackals sit
While in the cafe is grandly conceived
The priority of the puny i

Where does the odor of rottenness come from
 That so evilly masks our perfumes
 Could it be our dead dreams
 Without a resurrection without a burial
 Cargo of captains of adventure
 Praying for future storms

The massacres are recent
 But the shipwreckers of waking dreams
 Have music from beyond the sea
 To suffocate the piercing cries
 That no longer reach passers-by
 In this anemia of blood

LITTLE ENIGMA FROM THE MONTH OF AUGUST

Addressee having left without a forwarding address,
 This picture postcard "Love and kisses from You-know-who"
 Makes the mailman momentarily sad
 For he is conscientious about following through.

Some may choose to think of the unknown addressee
 As an ostrich pathetic in its hiding scheme,
 Or the man who plans to become handsome by shaving off his
 moustache
 Running up and down in a naked dream.

Others may take it as a souvenir from an oldtime resort
 When they wore long skirts far below the knee;
 But what does it mean to people like you and me
 Who take pride in loving nothing and nobody?

Translated by Eve Merriam

REUNION AT TRAFALGAR

JACK BEECHING

THEY seldom believe in American Exceptionalism, these left wing Americans who pop up with greater frequency in London, now that Smith Act victims can get passports. But the case they make for British Exceptionalism gets downright embarrassing sometimes.

It sounds so plausible too. Not only is this a country where the witch hunt scarcely got going, but you people, they say, are so *kind* to each other. It's true, of course, throat cutting even on the extreme left is limited to the lunatic fringe. Here you are, you lucky British, with a Tory Home Secretary who is a fervent devotee of Bernard Shaw, not to speak of a Tory Prime Minister who in his previous incarnation published all the good books from Hardy to O'Casey, and now not only busily scuttles around the world advocating summits, but uses while doing so the actual phraseology first put in circulation by the Authors World Peace Appeal (a smart piece of labor saving, that, by some Foreign Office backroom drafting hack). It all sounds too good to be true. And of course, it is.

They'll admit that when for instance it comes to a colonial war, the British ruling class can make rings round them all. Recently I listened, fascinated, while a British clubman, ineluctably caricature in type, explained to a fairly liberal American the errors of Soviet foreign policy in Hungary, three years ago. What did they want to smash the confounded rising *for?* he demanded.

Enthralled to find a Freedom Fighter with moustache and accent so improbable, I eavesdropped, agog.

Sensible thing, the clubman explained, would have been to close the frontier with Austria. ("Easily done. Move your tanks across the Neustadt-Sopron road f'rinstance. See? Hold the ring. Make it fair for both sides.") And then what? "Come in with all your tanks and artillery on the winning side, of course," he said scornfully. "*Whichever* side that happened to be?" I put in dubiously. For a moment the master-race glint appeared in his eye. "The winner couldn't very well argue, could he? He's won; you're simply there to help him sober down a little, as it were."

Some of our masters show even more finesse than my mustachioed

clubman, some less, but all can deploy more than you'd ever suppose. Take Marxism as a case in point. In New York for all I know there may well be differing views on particular Marxist doctrines among Marxists themselves. There may be virtuosi in your State Department (as in our Foreign Office) able to quote the book expertly enough to earn the kind of graceful compliment Mikoyan paid Dulles on his grasp of Marxist theory. But here they have the problem of keeping lines of communication open not only with Marxist foreign governments but also in Britain's case with at least three colonies that have avowed Marxists for Prime Ministers. The development of an "independent" British school of Marxism that learns how to evolve solutions identical with those of the Fabian-influenced left wing of the Colonial Office, but phrased a little differently, is almost a foregone conclusion. They aren't necessarily on our side when they use our words, anymore than they're Christians when they quote scripture.

The need to solve problems this intricate calls for the admirable delicacy (alternating, when occasion demands, with extreme brutality) by which the ruling class here conduct their long and complex rear-guard action in defense of their imperialist positions. In the long run? In the long run (as they are fond of quoting from Keynes) we are all dead. They are for the most part elderly gentlemen, so a couple of decades is the extreme limit of their vision.

THERE'S more to Macmillan's Summitry than cynicism, however. A year or more ago, a high level appraisal of the actual military situation created by the H-bomb ran (so the gossip goes) as follows: the country on which an H-bomb would make the least impression would be China, still able to survive even if (God forbid) all its cities were obliterated. The world's most perfect target on the other hand was the island of Britain. Providing shipping afterwards was diverted a little here and there, it could be obliterated and then ignored.

The Tory Government, with its professional competence in minor tactical policy and liability to blindness in the larger problems old gentlemen feel may safely be postponed, was confronted suddenly with a conclusion towards which millions of ordinary people had previously hacked their way through the undergrowth of official lies. For Britain, the H-bomb meant death.

If a date must be indicated when the nation as a whole made up its mind (lunatic fringes excepted—but how many would you like to say of those superficially sane politicians are *really* sane?) one might as well pick on the march at Easter from the bomb base at Aldermaston to London's Trafalgar Square. With many thousands of others, I joined

the last stretch of the march. Somewhere up ahead, further than anyone could see, were the chairman of the TUC, the secretary of Britain's biggest union, the clergymen and politicians and other essential speechifiers. Personally I started as close as possible behind a jazz band—but it slowly went out of earshot, as more and more people, joining the march, got in between me and the gay trombones. The most extraordinary thing was, they were *ordinary people*.

I know we always pretend, don't we, that people on political demonstrations are ordinary people, but these were ordinary ordinary. As one awestruck paper put it, this was the first demonstration in which the people watching from the kerb looked left out of it.

With a whoop of recognition I was joined from the sidewalk by two political veterans (just out of a conference hall, naturally). One edits the paper all shop stewards swear by, the other is a Communist official in our industrial Midlands. Inevitably (while the others, innocent young things, were singing anti-H-bomb rock-and-roll songs and generally enjoying themselves) we felt obliged to put our grizzled heads together and analyze this, scientifically, as a significant social phenomenon. For a start (and between us we'd been on most of them) we agreed there had been no political demonstration quite like this for 25 years. Possibly Spain, one put in as an afterthought. It's so hard to remember Spain accurately: were we *ordinary* people on those demonstrations, or just young?

Then suddenly it happened. We could none of us stand the strain of professional political aloofness any longer. We'd grown used to demonstrations with grim faces; this wasn't one. Now Marxist analysis had become totally impossible. After all, those people around us were smiling, singing.

I discovered an aspect of my two old acquaintances I had never suspected. Almost against their conscious desire they rolled back the years to the last time they'd been at a family party like this. Suddenly they became not serious political figures any more, but droll comics, telling each other and everyone in earshot a lightning succession of brilliant working class jokes they hadn't had to use for years, politics being a serious business. The integument, as someone said once, had burst asunder. They were after all what one had long suspected them of being—human. It was like a swift glimpse into what a socialist future might be like (I use the word in the old-fashioned sense—the only one that means something). It made old hat words like Unity sound real once more.

I hope I've made it clear that these many thousands of people hadn't marched all the way from Aldermaston because they were afraid of

being killed. The spine-chilling notions by means of which political movements are sometimes (mistakenly, I think) kept together when the tide ebbs are no longer valid in England. The tide has begun to flow, though gently perhaps, to begin with.

THE catalytic question which looks like crystallizing out the ideas of this generation as Spain did ours, is the question of color prejudice. No novelty for you, but for us in its current form so new, so terrible.

The lines are being drawn quite unmistakeably. On the one hand, for example, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland (preserving the democratic forms of its Covenanting days) denounces the oppression in Nyasaland; the clergyman who speaks to the successful motion is governmentally barred from returning to his African manse. On the other, Sir Oswald Mosley, baronet, paladin of Britain's prewar fascism, is standing for Parliament now in Notting Hill. Meanwhile the ordinary people are groping towards a stance on this issue too, as over the past years they have done on the issue of the Bomb. Here and there, for example, people have begun to boycott South African products. Does that help? Well, does it? But in the end it comes down to what the old song says: *Which side are you on?* They were singing that at Aldermaston; I hadn't heard it for years.

The late Wyndham Lewis, that "lonely old volcano of the right," who liked living there, used to refer to the scene of last year's race riots as Rotting Hill. (His favorite hostelry, near the station, is the most depressing drinking place in Europe. He'd sit there, in big black hat, holding court if he could, more often alone, looking like a minor character in a Conrad novel, waiting to be handed his pot of high explosive.) Rotting is right, though. The Victorian bourgeoisie, in their heyday, built themselves solid homes in Kensington, radiating out from the big statue of Albert the Good who had fathered so many children on the Dear Old Queen. (All the Forsytes lived in Kensington). On the fringes, in North and West Kensington, the petty bourgeoisie built themselves houses that looked similar but weren't so big or solid. Now it's an area where crumbling tenements rackrented to Irish and Cypriot as well as West Indian immigrants alternate with ingrown little respectable enclaves and odd spots where the less-well-heeled Bohemians live.

If a novelist invented Notting Hill as an ingenious specimen of imperial decay, some critic would tell him he was being too symbolic. Now everyone has moved in on the problem—Father Trevor Huddleston, the Anglican priest who made himself a thorn in the side of the South

African government, American sociologists all with thick-rimmed spectacles (is that compulsory?), the Trotskyists of course, certain government-inspired welfare agencies, the police (who by and large have got themselves a bad name as pace makers in color prejudice). The Catholic priests too are busying themselves at last. In the pubs there one can now meet Catholic Irishmen astoundingly discovering that their church too opposes the color bar (particularly, of course, in the African colonies, U.S. South and other fruitful missionary fields). British Exceptionalism here too? Well, yes—but remember—just as three colonial prime ministers are Marxist, four or five are Negro. The lines of communication must be kept open. How you do so without developing in ordinary people a passionate repugnance for racialism which becomes profoundly anti-imperialist in its eventual working out—this is a bottle of high explosive the Old Etonians haven't yet learned to juggle with.

FROM Notting Hill to sanity—Robeson's Othello at Stratford. People who also saw his earlier London Othello talk impressively of the great development shown in this interpretation. They praise the mature brooding immobility, the massive faculty for dominating by sheer presence the whole course of the play, above all, the consummate use of that marvelous voice. Then they get destructively to work on the production as a production.

Not only have I not seen the show; such has been the run on tickets I can only get in henceforth dressed as a fireman. However, from listening around I've built up a fairly clear picture which (to make the best of a bad job) attending a performance might actually spoil (what critic ever liked parting with his preconceived ideas?) Robeson, all dignity and intelligence, in a maggotheaded set with the bedroom raised on stilts so one had to climb a ladder to strangle Ophelia. An Iago produced to sound like a Chicago gangster. Well-bred English voices speaking the verse to the very best of their ability, but bounding like piccolos against a cello. Abundant cleverness in the production, but the feeling all coming from one man in the midst of it all who sounded as if he'd just thought of the words he happened to be speaking, and they accurately conveyed his profoundest emotions. This is what I would go expecting to see and hear. And it's as frustrating for me as for you, not being able to sit in the gods at Stratford and prove myself wrong.

SOMEONE hoping to quell my normal optimism recently came up with an interesting political theory. For what it's worth I pass it on. Even at the height of the Korean War they never witch-hunted out the Communists here, much less the radicals or the bright brains once

distantly influenced by Marxism, or the passionate libertarians, or the handful of artists and writers who will never tactfully keep their mouths shut. Now at the time of Spain, no one whatever with any brains was right wing. Allow for a proportion of renegades—where does that put them now, the brightest intelligence of the late Thirties, the young people, in fact, who marched on those other demonstrations? At the height of their careers, surely, in the positions of greatest influence over opinion and event.

For a start, to take bearings, we sat down and counted the by-liners by the known-ex-ultra-left in one of our best-known liberal papers. Came to double figures. The more one considered, the more true the theory seemed. Wasn't that bishop, for instance, a friend of Cripps when Cripps was red? Used not that colonial governor to subscribe to *Left Review*? That influential letter in *The Times* from that title pundit—we knew him, surely, as old so-and-so. Yes, in art as in politics the ghost of the late Thirties has woken up at the tail end of the Fifties, and begun to walk once more. Lorca and Brecht, for instance, have come into their own. Take just one other phenomenon: the newest name-to-conjure-with poet, Christopher Logue, is a brilliant pastiche of the revolutionary poetic idioms of the anti-fascist years, founding a reputation for originality simply by reviving them. No bad thing either.

Therefore, my interlocutor pointed out, this Left of contemporary eminence is a stage army. The world is not as Left as you think. In ten years or so they'll start dying off. Then the boys who laid down the rigid tramlines of their careers during the cold war epoch—the hard-faced, bowler hatted brigade—will have their own glorious hour.

There's something in it, too. However, remembering the thousands of young, unself-conscious faces in the march from Aldermaston, it occurred to me that by the same token, ten years later still it might be even better. They take it more calmly than we did; the tide of life flows more strongly now. Fascism was pretty heavily defeated, after all.

Putting it like this makes clear, however, not only the McCarthy strategy in seeking to quench the torch of libertarian tradition in the United States before it could be handed on, but also the *Mainstream* strategy, in seeking to sustain and revive it, keeping the light burning. It is surely not too sentimental or fulsome to remind readers, like those used to do, on altars.

EVERY once in a while a publisher here desiring to make a splash will bring out three or four volumes of poetry by new or av-

agely well-known names at neck-breaking prices, and even advertise them. Later, his intoxication with humane letters wearing off slightly, he will look at their sales chart and his balance sheet (into the credit side of which they will have nibbled ever so little) and declare it's crazy to publish anything that only sells a few hundred copies. Or these days, even a thousand. Down, all ye mute inglorious Miltons, down.

Then will happen something like the recent case of John Betjeman. A poet with seemingly reactionary subject matter and sometimes a revolutionary imagination at work underneath, he brought out a collected volume of his charming, slightly derivative, more-bite-than-you-might-suppose verses, and sold fifty thousand copies, hard back, high price, more than the season's sexiest American novel. It turned out that people who don't usually buy any books except cookery books had seen his face on television and liked it rather. Since publishers resemble theatrical promoters in always doing the thing that was successful last time (though it never is again. Never? Well, hardly ever) a few more poets will I dare say disrupt the balance sheets of a few more publishers for a year or so to come. Yet poets in fact don't print their poems to circulate them so much as to preserve them. What's the difference, essentially, between two hundred and four hundred copies, so long as they are safe on one's friends' shelves, and in the catalogue of the British Museum Library? Let remorseless time sort them out, the bad from the good.

Acting on this belief, a few of us started the Myriad Press here a year or so ago. It's been thought of before, but after all why shouldn't the poets themselves do some of the work of printing? Those who can't set type can at least fold paper; the editions are consequently small, because paper is a bore to fold.

As compositor for myself and others I have slowly come to the conclusion that every poet ought like Whitman to be his own compositor. How bad the bad lines sound, how weak the weak rhymes, as one sets them, letter by letter. It's always possible to change them, setting stick in hand, though we have a house rule: when setting other people's work, compositor's amendments must always have poet's approval.

Our supply of type being somewhat limited has led me to a discovery, which I present free to any literary researcher seeking round desperately for a Ph.D. theme which has never been done before. They've done work on the frequency of images, haven't they, and the frequency of words? What about the frequency of letters? I can give them a starting point. To take only the poets familiar to *Main-*

stream readers, why should Thomas McGrath be so fond of ligatures (letters, fi, ff, ffi) (of which we have so few) and foreign accents (of which we have none)? Why is it that whenever I set Jack Lindsay in prose or verse, I empty the "h" box? My own work is perfectly orthodox. I clean us out of "e's," regularly.

THIS brings me to the class struggle.

In the current industrial conflict I have a deep and passionate interest, not only theoretical, but hereditary, my mother having in her day been one of England's handful of bona fide women compositors. (The first ever to gain acceptance was a craftswoman who worked for William Morris at the Kelmscott Press). Compositors, I was brought up to believe, have nothing to do with those chaps who work linotype machines, but my views have mellowed latterly.

The printing trade here has perhaps the longest record of unbroken union organization, legal and conspiratorial, going back at least two centuries. In modern times it has maintained by ruthless union organization and discipline the wages and conditions of the craft at a time when technically there is no reason why linotypes should not be run by semi-skilled female fingers at cutthroat rates of pay. (The evening papers would be a little worse printed, of course). This is called a restrictive practice; economists condemn it; I don't.

Non-attenders at chapel (the union's on-the-job organization) are fined. The scab undergoes social ostracism only equalled in London by the miserable lot of a scab cabbie or scab docker. But is this organization as strong as it looks? The employers in our highly organized industry like to probe here and there, and see if during the good years the muscle of their permanent antagonists has turned to fat.

The next big struggle pending here is for the 40-hour week with an eye to mitigating unemployment when automation starts (if you're a pessimist) or to give the workers a better share of rising productivity (if you're not). It has early become an issue in the printing trade. The printing employers are openly backed by the FBI (here that means the Federation of British Industries) and on the sly by the Tory Government, both realizing that if a single trade concedes the 40-hour week the others will go down like ninepins.

A situation of appalling constitutional intricacy has been maneuvered which isn't legally a lockout until the law has decided, but looks like a lockout to me, don't say I said so. As these words are being typed the issue is undecided, but I am happy to tell the American compositors who will set this paragraph (and the readers of *Mainstream* too, if they are interested) that whether the specific issue is lost or won, the printing

unions here have still shown themselves unbeatable organizationally, capable of standing their ground against employers (which means the press, of course) and the government combined. They have been in the post of honor, the first in the industrial army to go over the top. In the fight for a 40-hour week they will soon be joined by the massive Confederation of Engineering Trade Unions (this year with a Communist President, well-liked Frank Foulkes of the Electricians).

Britain's second largest union is the Municipal and General Workers. None of us, when the news came through, could actually remember when it had ever before passed a progressive resolution. This week, with the printers out, the news came that the M&G had gone on record in favor of Nuclear Disarmament. For a moment it was as though the sky had fallen.

There was an immediate crisis in the Labor Party. It's been papered over now, a form of words having been discovered which keeps everybody equally happy. But it emphasizes how in the labor movement over here, whatever you may read in the papers, the dog still wags the tail, not the tail the dog. A united trade union movement, having unified political expression (except, alas, for the relatively few Communists) in a party that gets half the vote, sometimes more—does British Exceptionalism, if there is such a thing, reside therein? I've been trying to think that one out all my life, and to this day don't know the answer with any certainty.

KARL MARX AND THE JEWISH QUESTION

LOUIS HARAP

Because of the importance of the subject and our feeling that we would not find anyone to cover it so adequately, we have secured permission to reprint the following article from the July-August issue of *Jewish Currents*.

A WIDESPREAD advertising campaign in recent months has informed the world of a 51-page booklet, strangely entitled *A World Without Jews*, by Karl Marx, edited with an Introduction by Dagobert D. Runes, priced \$2.75 and issued by the Philosophical Library, of which the same Runes is publisher. On the dust-jacket Runes modestly describes himself as an "eminent philosopher."

We have examined this book carefully. Whatever one's attitude towards Marxism may be, Runes' book violates elementary principles of honest controversy. It is such an incompetent and dishonest piece of editing that one's first impulse is not to dignify it by notice. However, the book obviously has a prodigious promotion budget with display advertising repeated in such costly media as the *N. Y. Times*, *N. Y. Post*, many English-Jewish and other periodicals and even abroad, as in the *London New Statesman*.

The advertising copy itself is so irresponsible that comment is necessary. This venture has the earmarks of a heavily financed, virulent Cold War propaganda stunt. And more, it harms the Jewish people and contributes to attitudes that make peace harder to achieve.

One need go no further than the title to find misrepresentation. Marx never wrote anything entitled "A World Without Jews." He did write a two-part essay, "On the Jewish Question," which Runes here prints in a translation on which we shall comment later. Runes adds also a third section which, he does not inform the reader, is a translation of a passage out of Marx and Engels' *The Holy Family*.

This is not the first time that Runes has improved on the title of a work by a classic author. In 1956 the Philosophical Library published a "How to" book by Spinoza. This philosopher's *De Intellectus Emendatione*, "On the Correction of the Intellect," was issued by Runes under

the title *How to Improve Your Mind*. In the case of Marx, however, he went beyond vulgarization to falsification.

In the context of our day, Runes' title, "A World Without Jews," recalls Hitlerism. That Runes explicitly intended this association he makes clear in his advertising copy and in his introduction. The advertisement asserts that Marx's "little work became the fountainhead of anti-Semitic activity in Germany and present-day Soviet Russia." Yet it is an elementary fact that great Marxists—Engels, Bebel, Lenin and others—and Marxist movements in general have been bitter opponents of anti-Semitism. Even if the book is not bought and read by many people, its propaganda purpose is achieved by Runes' untrue and irrational statement.

Runes describes this booklet as "the first unexpurgated English language publication" of Marx's essay. This little lie adds to the mounting structure of deception. The facts are these: in 1926, International Publishers in New York issued a book of Marx's early essays under the title *Selected Essays*; the article "On the Jewish Question" is one of these.

This translation, by H. J. Stenning, does indeed omit material from the original. But by no stretch of the imagination could these omissions be called an "expurgation" of the text.

Stenning omits some material that Marx quoted from other authors and about 500 words of Marx's original text. But these omissions do not modify Marx's argument or soften Marx's comments on the Jews. A comparison of the text Runes published with Marx's German original shows that the translation in the Runes book deletes words, clauses and even sentences. Should one then call Runes' book an "expurgated" edition?

The "distinguished philosopher," as Runes alternatively describes himself in his advertisement, has in his editorial wisdom given his own emphases in the text by setting some of Marx's comments on the Jews in very heavy bold type without explaining to the reader that these emphases were not Marx's but his own. It is apparent that Runes is not at all interested in Marx's argument but simply wants to emblazon these passages out of context historical, social or intellectual.

The advertisement holds out to the reader the prospect of "explanatory notes" by Runes. One would expect that Runes would help the reader to grasp this difficult essay, for it cannot be properly understood without considerable commentary on its historical and ideological context. Instead the reader gets in the Introduction an incitement to rabid Cold War hatred.

By an astonishing farrago of innuendo and direct statement Runes wishes the reader to identify Marx with Hitlerism. Because of Marx's

conception of the Jews, says Runes, "it is therefore not surprising that Adolf Hitler was able to take over the Marxist unions of Germany almost unchecked." But Hitler did not "take over" the German trade unions. He destroyed them, executed scores of their leaders and sent thousands of trade unionist, Communists, Socialists and others to concentration camps.

So incredibly irresponsible is Runes' Introduction that he charges to "Marxian anti-Semitism" the non-recognition of Israel by Indian Premier Nehru! Runes makes wild charges against Khrushchev and others without documentation. There are Jews in the Soviet Parliament and in other high political posts; some of the Soviet Union's leading atomic scientists and thousands of other scientists are Jewish, yet Runes has the insolence to write: "No Jew may hold major political office or be a member of the Soviet Parliament" and Soviet Jews "are confined to basically menial and subordinate tasks"—both simply contrary to fact. His comments on Zionism are hysterically confused. Hardly a sentence in this introduction does not flout reality and distort the truth.

Before we take up the substance of Marx's essay, a word about the translation (the name of the translator is not given). It is quite unsatisfactory. There are simple mistranslations of single words, phrases, clauses and sentences. For instance: on page 47, "*eigennutz*" is translated "property" when it should be "egotism" or "self-interest." On pages 37-45 "*schacher*" is translated "usury" when it should be "petty trade." Elsewhere, many phrases and some whole sentences are curiously omitted. Space considerations forbid our noting the extremely large number of mistranslations and omissions. The translation at the top of page 43 is so garbled as to be unintelligible.

What did Marx really say and why did he say it? The answer to this question is important no matter what one's opinion is of Marx or Marxism. Runes gives the reader no help here. Marx wrote the essay in the fall of 1843 and published it early in 1844. It is a way-station in Marx's development toward what is now known as "Marxism" and by no means represents Marx's mature views. In a series of polemical essays in the few years before 1847, Marx shed the idealistic views of those who influenced him—Hegel, Feuerbach, Bruno Bauer and other "Young Hegelians." "On the Jewish Question" was Marx's polemic with Bruno Bauer, which was completed in *The Holy Family* a year later.

The Jewish question was the vehicle for this polemic with Bauer because the latter had in 1843 published an essay on "The Jewish Question." But why was this a subject of discussion in 1843? Because it formed a major issue in the political and ideological struggles of that day. The democratic opponents of the reactionary German princes attacked the theories

cal foundations of Christianity and of the state itself as a means of resisting the repressive German regimes that followed the Congress of Vienna in 1815.

A beginning was made in D. F. Strauss's *Life of Jesus*, a work of "higher criticism" that applied the techniques of secular historical evidence to the Synoptic Gospels. Strauss believed that Jesus was an historical person and that a residue of history underlay the Gospels. But he showed that popular myths were built by the Gospel writers on the facts of Jesus' life. In 1840, Bruno Bauer published a book purporting to deny the historicity of Jesus altogether and to show the Gospels were mythical throughout.

Ludwig Feuerbach in 1841 published his *Essence of Christianity*, in which he held that religion in general had no objective reality but was only a projection of man's desires and needs. In the course of these discussions Judaism also was considered, since it was the forerunner of the Christian faith. In 1843, Bruno Bauer combined his criticism of religion and of Judaism specifically with his criticism of the state in "The Jewish Question." The tenor of all these discussions of Judaism was quite hostile.

FURTHERMORE, the Jews were at this time struggling to achieve full political rights and this issue was a part of the assault on the reactionary monarchy. The Napoleonic invasion had shattered medieval restrictions on the Jews in many of the German princedoms. But the defeat of Napoleon after 1812 and the rise to power of reaction with the Congress of Vienna and the Holy Alliance brought a partial return of these restrictions. Overt anti-Semitism intensified and in 1819 there were violent outbreaks against the Jews in many German cities.

When Frederick William IV ascended the Prussian throne in 1840, he declared his kingdom a "Christian State" and Jewish emancipation received another setback. The Jewish leaders petitioned for political rights and there were liberals and radicals who espoused the cause of Jewish rights. They did so not necessarily out of any fondness for the Jews but as a measure to weaken the clerical state. Thus the political urgency of the problem and the attacks on religion and the state merged to focus attention on the Jewish question.

Marx entered the fray with his polemic on Bauer's essay. Bauer maintained that human emancipation could be won by Christians only by rejecting the Christian religion. The Jews, he held, were interested only in their own emancipation and not in the freeing of all Germans. Following the current and generally accepted ideas about the Jews, Bauer asserted that Judaism was exclusive, separatistic and egotistic; that the tribula-

tions of the Jews were their own fault because they believed themselves "the chosen people" and refused to adapt themselves to the societies in which they lived and sought special privileges; that they lived in the nooks and crannies of society and did not contribute to the general culture.

The Jews in the *Christian* state, continued Bauer, were not entitled to freedom unless they gave up their Judaism. For Christianity had superseded Judaism and was a higher stage of development; the Jews had to catch up with the Christians before they could be emancipated from religion altogether. For their part, said Bauer, the Christians could not free the Jews because the Jews opposed their religion and demanded privileges (that is, diverging from the state religion) that the Christians themselves did not possess. The Jews in a *Christian* state could be emancipated, he held, only if they shed their own religion and adopted the more advanced Christianity.

MARX trenchantly exposes the fallacies of Bauer's thinking on some points: Bauer does not differentiate between political and human emancipation and he does not radically criticize the state as such. For political emancipation is possible in the developed state, as the United States showed, but human emancipation was not possible until man cast off religion altogether. Marx derided the Christian state as a feudal carry-over. He fought for the modern concept of complete separation of church and state.

Marx realized that "political emancipation at least represents important progress; while not the last form of human emancipation generally, it is the last form of emancipation within the existing world order." (All quotations are from the Stenning translation.) Marx discussed some state constitutions of North America and the French Declaration of the Rights of Man to arrive at the real meaning of political emancipation. These documents insure the separation of individual from individual and from the community. That is, the state guarantees (legally, at least) that an individual may without interference of any person or the state itself profess any religion; be free to do what he pleases unless it infringes on others; possess property, have equality before the law and be protected in his person or from invasion of these rights (freedom of religion, liberty in general, the right to property and to security). Because these characteristic bourgeois rights are "withdrawn into his [i.e., man's] private interests and separated from the community," Marx holds that the bourgeois individual is therefore "egotistic man."

Contrary to Bauer, therefore, Marx asserted that not only was political emancipation possible in the bourgeois state, but such emancipation represents progress. "The political emancipation of the Jew, the Christian

or of the religious man in general," wrote Marx, "means the emancipation of the State from Judaism, from Christianity, from religion in general"—that is, complete separation of church and state. Bauer was mistaken, says Marx, in posing the question of the political emancipation of the Jews in purely religious terms, since the Jew can be politically emancipated and yet retain his religion.

Human emancipation, however, is another matter. Man cannot be wholly free, Marx maintained, unless he separates *himself* from religion, frees himself from the fetters of "superstition." In considering how this human emancipation can come about, Marx's one-sided, prejudiced view of the Jew comes into play. In common with most Germans of his time, including the most advanced figures, Marx mistakenly identified the Jew with the commercial spirit. Marx was in this essay still under Feuerbach's influence, and Marx's conception of the Jew and his religion follows Feuerbach's ideas in the *Essence of Christianity*. Echoing an idea of Feuerbach, Marx wrote that "we will not look for the secret of the Jew in his religion, but we will look for the secret of religion in the real Jew." (Runes' translator omits this important sentence altogether.) When Marx said that "the secular basis of Judaism" is "practical needs, egoism," he was following Feuerbach's conception.

Marx uses Judaism in this essay to symbolize the commercial spirit, which, he maintains, is the real God of the Jews. It is in the "every-day Jew," not in the "Sabbath Jew," that he finds the real expression of Judaism. And the worldly Jew, he believes, is the essence of the money power, the drive for money, the spirit of petty trade. Consequently, he writes, "emancipation from huckstering and from money, and therefore from practical, real Judaism would be the self-emancipation of our epoch." Christianity in bourgeois society has, he states, taken over this money spirit of Judaism: "Christians have become Jews"; Judaism has "received its supreme development in Christian society." Because of its historic commercial function, "Judaism has survived not in spite of, but by virtue of history. Out of its own entrails, bourgeois society continually creates Jews." Marx concludes that "the social emancipation of the Jews is the emancipation of society from Judaism." In other words, when the world rids itself of the commercial spirit of bourgeois society, the dominating power of money will disappear and Jews and all mankind will be truly free.

WITHOUT condoning Marx's use of the Jew as the symbol of the commercial spirit, let us try to understand how it was possible for Marx to do it at this early stage in his development toward Marxism. It is a matter of history that this view of the Jew was general in German

society in his time and Marx was not immune from it. Marx was not himself religious at any time. Two years before Karl was born, his father, as is well known, was baptized a Christian—as were so many Jews of that period, including Heine—because he could not practice his profession of lawyer as a Jew. To call Karl Marx a convert, as Runes does repeatedly, is absurd.

It should be recalled that at this period in Germany severe restrictions on the Jews had excluded them from most occupations and forced them into trade and finance for their livelihood. Marvin Lowenthal in *The Jews of Germany* (New York, 1936) notes that “in 1807, 30 out of 53 Berlin banks were in Jewish hands; a crop of court bankers sprang up in the Rhine states and Bavaria.” One of the latter was Anshel Mayer Rothschild, who supported the Hapsburg monarchy and other reactionary regimes; and other Jewish bankers lent strength to reactionary monarchs.

Lowenthal adds: “the masses of Jews, however, remained poverty-stricken as before. In 1813, 92 per cent of the Prussian Jews were petty retail-dealers or worse; 20 per cent were peddlers and 10 per cent beggars.” In the Rhineland, where Marx lived, 974 of the 3,137 peddlers were Jewish. Many Jews were cattle-dealers and it was in the Rhineland also that Jewish land-jobbers drew the anger of the peasants in the 1820’s during the agricultural crisis. A misinterpretation of such conditions stimulated anti-Semitism and Marx was not free from the general feelings of the time. Goethe, too, succumbed: as privy-councilor of Saxony-Weimar in 1823 he effectively choked off the granting of political rights to the Jews.

Marx still clung to this prejudiced concept of the Jews in *The Holy Family*, published in 1845, where he reiterates his criticism of Bauer along the lines of the essay of the year before. However, when Marx developed his fully matured views, this concept disappeared. It is totally absent from *Capital*, in which Jews are hardly mentioned. When he does refer to Jews there as a commercial group, in volume III, he mentions them as only one of the historical commercial peoples, along with the Greeks, the Phoenicians, and the Lombards. The biased, un-Marxist notion of the Jews which Marx offered with youthful exuberance in 1843 (he was 21 years old at the time) is not a part of Marxism. He had not yet developed his theory of the class struggle, so that his notion of the Jews followed the non-class views of Feuerbach, which he was soon to discard. Unfortunately, he continued in his letters later on to use prejudiced epithets about Jews. That this was a peripheral area of his mind is evident from a letter sent to Marx by the Jewish historian Graetz in 1871. They had met at Karlsbad and exchanged some of their books. Graetz writes Marx in warm personal terms. And in an article in the *New York*

Tribune of April 15, 1854, Marx wrote a moving passage about the wretched conditions in which the Jews of Jerusalem were living.

And it must be emphasized that Marx was an advocate of political rights for the Jews, as is apparent from his essay. In fact, the *Rheinische Zeitung*, a Cologne paper that Marx edited from 1842 until its suppression in March 1843, was one of the strongest supporters of Jewish emancipation as one aspect of the struggle against the clerical monarchy. The article which finally brought the suppression of the paper was one by Marx in which he placed the blame for oppression of the peasants on the landowners and bureaucrats and makes no mention of the popular notion that the Jews were responsible. In October 1842 the paper opposed a ghettoizing law with an article which answered the charge that all Jews were traders with the argument: "... all other paths were closed to the Jews. If you want to improve the Jews so that they will take part in the mechanical trades and agriculture more than they do now, you must take the necessary steps to remove the pressures that bear down on them."

When new taxes against Jews or new restrictions were proposed, the paper fought against them. It published articles by Jewish liberals and the Jewish paper, *Allgemeine Zeitung des Judentums*, in 1842 often quoted material from the *Rheinische Zeitung* on the Jewish question. It was probably because of the paper's militant support of Jewish rights that the leading Jews of Cologne early in 1843 turned to its editor, Karl Marx, to draw up a petition for Jewish rights to be submitted to the *Landtag*. Despite the fact, as he said, that the Jewish religion was "repugnant" to him, Marx consented because he saw in such a move a way to weaken the monarchy. It is significant that all Jewish historians regard the petition campaign of the Cologne Jews as marking a new advanced stage in the Jews' fight for emancipation. Furthermore, as Prof. Solomon F. Bloom of Brooklyn College wrote in a paper on "Karl Marx and the Jews," *Jewish Social Studies*, Oct., 1942, pp. 3-15): "The fact that he supported emancipation removes Marx at once from the ranks of political anti-Semitism."

IT IS time to return to Runes. One can see from the brief indication given above of the context of Marx's essay that any responsible editor, in publishing it today, is under obligation to give some of this background. But Runes is not interested in informing the reader. He would rather induce people to see the essay in a false context and thus assign a monstrously distorted significance to it.

A strange treatment of the word "*Judentum*" beginning with page 3 of the book is extremely suspicious. This word means, as any German dictionary will show, "Judaism," the Jewish religion, and Runes'

translator has up to this point so rendered it. All of a sudden, the translator in six places changes the translation of this word to "the Jews" "Jewry" (the word for Jewry in Germany is *Judenschaft* and occurs nowhere in the original essay). The final sentence of the essay in Runes' book reads: "The social emancipation of Jewry is the emancipation of society from Jewry." The accurate translation is: "The social emancipation of the Jew (*des Juden*) is the emancipation of society from Judaism (*Judentum*)."

The subtle difference here—shifting from the Jews' religion to the Jews themselves—has the effect, in our present context, making Marx appear an advocate of Jewish extermination while Marx intended to use Judaism as the symbol for a commercial economy. By this mistranslation, Runes fortifies his fantastic concluding assertion in his Introduction that the "terroristic practices" of Marxism may possibly "bring to reality the sanguinary dream of Karl Marx—a world without Jews."

We leave to the reader, whatever his view of Marxism, to judge the decency and probity of Runes. What is more important, however, is to consider how harmful to the Jews is Runes' hodgepodge of misrepresentation. The presentation in this book is a know-nothing incitement to malignant Cold War attitudes and is propaganda of the wildest kind. It contributes its mite to weaken efforts to prevent atomic extinction by its hysterical confusion of issues about Marxism and the Soviet Union.

Right Face

It's an Ill Wind . . .

Hoover, though much maligned by the New Dealers, emerges as the man who created the climate which allowed his successors to pass many of their most controversial measures.—Oxford University Press ad for biography of Herbert Hoover.

A Hell of an Admission

I think there is no other explanation for the tremendous gains of communism, in which they seem to outwit us at every turn, unless they have supernatural powers and wisdom and intelligence given to them.—Billy Graham.

In God We Trust

The Church of England has made a handsome profit out of the battle for control of the British Aluminum Company. The Church Commissioners, who are charged with handling the church's funds, confirmed through a spokesman today that they sold their holding of 260,000 shares in the company Monday . . . and made the equivalent of at least \$1,000,000 from the sale.—The *New York Times*.

Understandable Mistake

Profits ranging as high as 38 per cent on airplane landing gear sold to the Air Force resulted from failure to evaluate the reasonableness of profits, the General Accounting Office said today.—AP dispatch.

Mixed-up Kids

He [General De Gaulle] regards the rebellion as a senseless, bloody nuisance maintained to achieve an illusory goal, independence, and the chiefs of the rebellion as lacking in political acumen in continuing to reject his offers of a cease-fire and amnesty.—The *New York Times*.

Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child

The Commerce and Industry Association of New York referred to bills to broaden and extend unemployment insurance as "right-to-loaf measures."
—The *New York Times*.

Far from the Madding Crowd

Edgar Hoover, who will observe his thirty-fifth anniversary as director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, was guest of honor Friday at a luncheon. Only three persons were present—Mr. Hoover, his host and superior, Attorney-General William P. Rogers, and their mutual friend, Vice President Richard M. Nixon—AP dispatch.

History as a Science

A Berlin crown cheers Adolf Hitler, named Chancellor by the aged President Hindenburg in January, 1933. Within a month, the Reichstag was burned and Hitler was dictator. In succession, the Saar, Austria and, after Munich, Czechoslovakia fell to Germany. Then, in 1939, Berlin joined Moscow in launching World War II.—Caption to one of a series of photos in the *New York Times Magazine*.

Renouncing the Fleshpots

One hundred and forty women graduates of the Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart were told today to accept the "exhilarating challenges" of the space age and the threat of communism.

Robert J. Morris, former chief counsel to the Senate Internal Security subcommittee, said at the college's 118th commencement exercises that acceptance of such challenges "should effectively discourage self-centered preoccupation with the mere accumulation of worldly wealth."—The *New York Times*.

books in review

Stay Put, You!

THE STATUS SEEKERS, by Vance Packard. David McKay Co. \$4.50.

IF ONE of your great-grandchildren should ever beg you, "Gramp (or Granny), won't you tell me about the bloodless revolution of the 1950's?" there will be no need for you to stare in silly surprise. You can say, for example, "Oh, you mean that wonderful decade when classes disappeared in America?" Or, "The beginning of the era when everyone wore nylon, and frozen steaks were mass-produced? That's the time you mean, honey?" And if the little one responds enthusiastically, "Oh, yes, and when you couldn't tell Mrs. Charge-It-Please from Mrs. Dollar-Down, and the Society of Abundance became a living reality, not just an American Dream. You *do* remember, don't you, Gramp?" you can then say, "Indeed, I do! Why, our only problem was what to do with our leisure—I seem to remember hearing that four or five million people weren't working *at all*—and you only had to look out on the street to see two cars in every parking place, and . . ."

That's assuming, of course, you're one of those kindly great-grandparents who love retelling the old fairy-tales and find Grimm less endearing than the financial writers or Galbraith and Riesman. If, however, you're more of the pioneer temperament with a

stoic's relish for reality, you can set the young mind firmly on the path of non-fiction by quoting from, among other things, some of the 150 sociological and economic treatises Vance Packard has made use of, in addition to his personal investigations, to prove that class distinctions in America have grown sharper and stronger during the past ten years than in preceding decades.

"Status," according to Packard, is the great American goal: a better income, occupation, home address, education, and similar prestige elements. Status is promised on all hands, beginning with Madison Avenue. And status is one of the most difficult of all things to acquire in America today. While the man born with a silver spoon in his mouth may have a baby born with a uranium spoon in his, climbing on any other levels is quietly barred—so quietly that the aspirant may not discover for years that the elevator has ceased running for good and the door at the top of the stairs, even if he could reach it, carries a gold padlock. There are no signs proclaiming these facts—quite the contrary—but Packard brings evidence to show they are "the main reality" of a system under which "we are consigning tens of millions of our people to fixed roles in life where aspiration is futile, and yet we keep telling them that those who have the stuff will rise to the top. . . . And socially we look down on them."

First, there's the matter of education.

Even in the public grade schools, the author points out, differences in status are observed in the classroom as well as on the playground. Intentionally or not, teachers tend to favor youngsters from "better homes" with parents eager to "understand" and "cooperate with" the instructors. When Junior High is reached, students from the Real Upper class and many from the Semi-Upper (the categories are the author's) go off to fashionable private schools, but the remaining Uppers and Middles man the student councils and generally run things, especially the school's social activities, to suit themselves. As for higher learning, only one out of fourteen adult Americans has a college degree, and these lucky ones constitute what Packard calls the Diploma Elite, which does not include his third class, the Limited Success group. (However, the Real Uppers, the modern robber barons of industry and finance) judge a man's worth less by his college degree than by the exclusiveness of his prep school, which also determines his admittance to certain collegiate clubs.) Simply to attain or keep one's position as a member of the Limited Success class often requires a degree of education not easily possible for people of middling-and-lower incomes; and in the factories, there is an increasing tendency to employ only skilled labor that has already met the requirements of a special "training school."

Upon leaving school, everyone more or less finds his "place" and pretty much keeps it. Changes, if any, are likely to be for the worse. The opportunity for individual independence and growth sometimes afforded by small enterprises in the past has been cut down by the big corporations and monopolies. And white-collar functions in the corpora-

tions have become so specialized, routine, and bureaucratized that the offices have come to resemble assembly lines of paper work. There is rather more up-and-down in some of the professions but they require an expensive education and in the highest-income one, that of medicine, not only is the training period very long but, according to Packard, there are good grounds for the suspicion that the number of students is deliberately kept down.

A great deal of this material is already known to readers of C. Wright Mills' *White Collar* and *The Power Elite*, as well as such studies as *Middle Town*, *Elm Town*, etc.—sources scrupulously credited by the author. It is only accurate to add that Mills' presentations are well above this one in breadth of observation and theory. Packard's is more "popular" work, a nimble hitting of high spots in terms of striking statistics and telling quotes, written with the verve and lack of passion that characterized his best-selling *Hidden Persuaders*. His most valuable contribution in *The Status Seekers* is the evidence he has assembled to emphasize the fact that classes are being labeled and "stratified" as never before by the housing situation, with whole suburban developments occupied by people of one income group (sometimes by one profession in the group!), while within the cities the segregation of the poor and/or minority groups from the white and well-to-do proceeds unchecked.

An old hand at exposing Madison Avenue's tricks, Packard also does a neat if not extensive job on its deliberate appeals to snobbery: the ads calculated to make one feel that the outward trappings of higher status are available to everyone but hopeless failures and tightwad; the advertisers' use of "upper class

phraseology as bait, reaching something like the limit of absurdity (if such a limit exists in advertising) in a real-estate agency's invitation to purchase "une maison Ranch tres originale avec eight rooms."

It is regrettable that so much efficient brightness of fact-gathering and style, plus good intentions, hasn't resulted in a book proportionately as satisfying. There is an over-concentration in the distinctions, often superficial ones, among the separate ways of life led by the Real U's, the Semi-U's, and the Limited Successes. It may be comforting to learn that the power elite, with their code of ostentatious simplicity, don't seem to have much fun for their money, being condemned to wear shapeless tweeds, serve peanuts instead of anapes with their whiskey, and shuffle like zombies on the dance floor; but we suspect they have their compensations. Anyhow, does it matter? It's the power of the elite, not the etiquette that counts, and the author hasn't done much for his readers in the matter of understanding the source and direction of such power.

Nor has he given any idea of the sort of potential power in the numbers and aspirations of the "supporting masses" (lower-middle, small farmers, workers, and the very poorest of the gum-dwellers). Absorbed in proving that classes do exist, that they can be defined, catalogued, and observed in their natural habitats, Packard seems not to have noticed that if there is class stratification, there is also class struggle. Virtually no hint of fight-back of any sort appears in his account. While his sense of justice is aroused by the dominant "white Protestant" attitude toward minority groups, and he devotes to it a fair amount of space, he apparently

feels that the solution of the problem depends upon the latent sense and good-will of the "prejudiced," who can be urged to break their "habits" of non-acceptance. In the context of the past five years alone, his discussion of the Negro's position in America sounds almost archaic.

The main point of the book, nevertheless, is a sound one. For people in danger of being kidded by salesmen's patter and the professional Pollyannas of "people's capitalism" into believing that over-all prosperity and classlessness are established facts of American life, *The Status Seekers* should be a healthy shock.

BARBARA GILES

American Beginnings

THE COLONIAL ERA, by Herbert Aptheker. International Publishers. \$2.

IN LESS than 150 pages, Dr. Aptheker has given us a stimulating and enlightening view of the American colonial history of 150 years. The book not only presents a large amount of material in clear and pleasantly readable summary but also places the course of events in a world setting and gives sufficient concrete detail to make the past vividly alive.

In general emphasis the book is an excellent and a needed antidote to the "Filio-pietism" which has characterized so much of the writing of American history from Bancroft and Fiske to the present day school textbooks. Yet the author has avoided many, if not all, of the pitfalls which have so often entrapped the professional "debunkers." The keynote for the book is struck in the opening sentence: "The founding

of the colonies . . . was a consequence of the appearance of capitalism in Europe." The close relation between events in Europe and in the colonies is recognized throughout, both in the repeated Indian wars (pp. 33f) and in the ever-recurring demands for increased local autonomy.

Two chapters deal with the "Class Conflict," the great landholders (New York and the South) and the wealthy merchants (largely New York and New England) against the workers (slaves and indentured servants), the city poor and the small farmers. A clear distinction (frequently ignored) is made among the indentured servants between those who were transported as an alternative to prison sentence or kidnapped and the voluntary "redemptioners." The latter are estimated as making up about 70 per cent of all immigration; and in spite of the hardships of their service, a large number of them were presently indistinguishable in standing and influence from their former masters. On the other hand, the author is inclined to bracket together the "urban poor" and all small farmers in a way which the New England farmers, self-confident, individualistic and proud of their status as landowners and voters, would certainly have repudiated. One should perhaps note that the geographical distribution of the events recorded (pp. 55-59) does not include New England.

The "Multi-Class" nature of many of the conflicts, such as Bacon's uprising, is especially emphasized in both chapter heading and content. The two chapters dealing with these struggles close most appropriately with James Otis' insistence that the "liberty of every man" was involved. The material included here throws especially welcome light on a

too little known sector of pre-revolutionary activity.

The author goes on to discuss briefly the development of thought and certain of the attempts to enforce conformity. The pages (119-127) devoted to the battle for a free press with the trial of John Peter Zenger, the disbarment of his lawyers, etc., includes a selection from contemporary comments which are very pertinent today. The concluding chapter outlines most persuasively "the forging of the American nationality."

To the reviewer, the least satisfactory section of the book is that which has to do with the religious quarrels. It is of course difficult and for most modern Americans not very rewarding to disentangle the various strands of credal formulations in the age of post-Reformation controversy; and a brief book of this kind must of necessity oversimplify. However, the author seems to have both over-estimated and underestimated the religious factor in the development of the colonies. "Theocracy strictly interpreted is not to be equated with any actual government—not even in present day Tibet, still less in Geneva or New England. And of the colonies it is certainly true, as an obscure writer of the last century put it, 'the power of the ecclesiastical oligarchy has generally been much overestimated.'" On the other hand, I should myself lay much heavier stress than Dr. Apthek on the part that desire for what might be called "pure worship" had in influencing courses of action unconnected with expulsions, witch-hunts or the maintenance of special privileges.

But a history which is a mere chronicle of events without bias—if such were possible—would be neither worth writing nor worth reading. Dr. A

the author's book seems to me to call for the serious attention of all who are interested in the beginnings of American history. It offers the combination of challenge and enjoyment which is the thoughtful reader's best reward.

LOUISE PETTIBONE SMITH

Easy on Joe

SENATOR JOE McCARTHY, by Richard Rovere. Harcourt Brace. \$3.95.

THE other day I was chatting with a friend and colleague in Washington, D. C., who had been one of the "goon squad" of capital correspondents assigned to follow the late Joseph R. McCarthy during his heyday in the United States Senate. I asked him what he thought of the Rovere book. He replied, with the detachment of a professional: "Well, you know Rovere's stopped reporting. He's devoted himself to theorizing. He now spins out the complex abstractions. He's in charge of the 'Public Philosophy' now."

He smiled in anticipation of a rejoinder, for each of us knows just where the other stands. "I haven't read it yet," I explained, "but I shall shortly. What I'm afraid of is that any theorizing Rovere may do will be based on the sort of 'reportage' that guys like you went in for when McCarthy was scaring hell out of this place."

What I feared was more than realized in the reading. Notwithstanding his personal diatribes against McCarthy (he is variously described as a "liar," "seditionist," "fraud," and "cynic"—epithets that are accurate but have nothing to do with the material origins of McCarthyism), Rovere is *not* unqualifiedly against McCarthy and, far from being a

singular opponent of McCarthyism, represents one of that liberal species most responsible for feeding McCarthyism over the years by their false positions on the subject.

Rovere, himself, during McCarthy's career in the Senate, was one of the progenitors of the "I-agree-with-his-objectives-but-I-dont-like-his-methods" cant. Now he elevates this fallacy, and several others, to even higher levels of confusion and demonstrable falsehood.

Rovere's book is largely a quick, rewritten précis of all the superficial reportage in other books and articles. He presents no new data, and commits several major errors which cannot be allowed to pass.

Twice Rovere remarks, "McCarthy was not anti-Semitic" (pp. 19 and 141). To support this flat statement, Rovere cites one of the familiar crackpot ancients, Agnes Waters, who once claimed—and subsequently tendered apologies to McCarthy for so doing—that she had documentation to prove that McCarthy was a "crypto-Jew." Rovere's assertion is so contrary to the facts not only of McCarthy as a person but of his entourage and its many activities and, most important, the powerful racist effect of McCarthyism, that one must assume that the author is either altogether incapable of reportage or else that he has deliberately furthered the myth that we can have a McCarthy and McCarthyism and still no anti-Semitism.

On numerous occasions, McCarthy's anti-Semitic gems were quoted in the press. "Those slick Jews beat me out of two bucks, American money," he told the *National Jewish Post* on January 21, 1952. His sinister insinuations in the Malmedy Massacre investigation by

the Senate in 1949 provide a damning proof of his deeply rooted anti-Semitism. His and his staff's work with such professional gutter fascists as Upton Close, Gerald L. K. Smith and Joe Kamp is also a matter of record.

That McCarthy's brand of demagoguery included the use of the American Judenrat (Cohn and Schine) merely attests to its adroitness. William Shannon of the *New York Post* noted in 1953 that McCarthy was then "moving to consolidate this play for Jewish support" even though "he has frequently associated with prominent anti-Semites."

Rovere actually declares flatly that "he [McCarthy] was not anti-labor." That the AFL's conservative *Labor Reporter* marked him "wrong" on the 26 "major issues for labor" between 1946 and 1954 apparently escaped Rovere.

But Rovere can't plead ignorance of McCarthy's first public proposal as a Senator in 1946 to conscript John L. Lewis and the entire membership of the United Mine Workers of America during the 1946 coal strike. In fact, Rovere notes this incident; but not as anything remotely resembling hostility toward organized working people. It was merely part of a "brisk-enough start" in McCarthy's Senatorial career.

Nor of course is there a line in the book about the major role that McCarthy had in bringing about what the ITU national publication *Labor's Daily* so aptly characterized as "the McCarthyization of General Electric Co." workers. For it was as the consequence of a literal conspiracy between McCarthy and the powerful billion-dollar colossus, General Electric Co., that the 250,000 GE workers were subject to sum-

mary firings if they dared invoke the protection of our Bill of Rights and the Constitution.

The sordid GE-McCarthy offensives against GE workers has had profound ramifications throughout American industrial life. It was, perhaps, McCarthy's most singular "success"; for it virtually destroyed the Bill of Rights insofar as the man or woman working in a factory is concerned; it allowed a corporation to defy and desecrate these rights with utter impunity; it contributed to the further splitting of the only rank-and-file union in the industry (the United Electrical, Radio & Machine Workers of America, UE); and it finally paved the way, through this attack on the basic civil liberties and rights of the people, for the onslaught on their wages, hours and working conditions which continues in even sharper terms today.

The fact that McCarthy's shabby "Fifth Amendment Communist" aspersions constitutes the basis for firing working people does not make him anti-labor in the least in Rovere's estimation.

There are numerous other important fallacies: J. Edgar Hoover is symbolically sketched as "the one man who might have dared to pit his reputation against McCarthy" when, in fact, Hoover openly acknowledged his political kinship with McCarthy. Rovere's tortured rationalizations which attempt to whitewash the role of the press in building up McCarthy are not only sophistry from a technical point of view they reveal that the writer, never a working newspaperman, simply doesn't know what he is talking about.

Rovere is at his best when he is sketching the figure from Wisconsin

in his last haunted days. There are several high points of humor when Rovere traces the antics of Cohn and Schine. In short, when the author employs the *New Yorker* profile technique, the writing races along with all the attributes—and ultimate fatalities—of that method, which in this instance adds not a smidgin to a better understanding of what McCarthy was about, of his failure, and, most essential, of the social basis of McCarthyism and its potentialities for revival in one form or another. (In discussing McCarthy's downfall, Rovere incorrectly attributes it to the antics of Cohn and Schine, ignoring more basic reasons such as the alienation of the Senate Dixiecrats in 1953 over the J. B. Matthews attack on the Protestant Church, not to speak of the Army hearings.)

The profile approach has led the publishers to restate Rovere's thesis as follows: "McCarthyism developed from an accidental whirl of oratorical dust in Wheeling, West Virginia, into a national tornado that shook the walls of representative government." It requires little intellectual exercise to arrive at so flimsy a conclusion. McCarthyism preceded the man and has survived his departure. The ism was not dependent upon the man; he, rather, functioned as a parasite upon those elements in American life which Rovere hunts from uncovering or attacking. Rovere himself is an example of those half-enemies of the man and the ism, whose position has nurtured both.

CHARLES R. ALLEN, JR.

Note—Mr. Allen is a former Assistant Editor of *The Nation*, and contributor to *L'Observateur*, *Le Monde*, *Céoir*, and the *New York Compass*. In 1953, he wrote a sensational two-part expose of McCarthy for *Jewish Life*.

Colder Than Cool

THE COOL WORLD, by Warren Miller. Little Brown and Company. \$3.75.

WARREN Miller has written a number of very fine stories and now he has written a fine novel. It all in the langwidge of the cool world, uh uh you know Man? Miller says he got the idea for the novel because he "lived near East Harlem—at the realtor's frontier, 96th Street—and saw gang fights from my window, boys killing under a street lamp, in front of the house where, a bronze plaque attests, Lou Gehrig was born." The book is a decent and sincere attempt to find out why a fourteen-year-old Negro boy tours through the nightmare of delinquency in Harlem: joining a gang, becoming "President of the Crocadiles," trying to buy a gun so he can go down on the Wolves and burn Man burn—selling smokes (reefers), selling a commodity in the Park which he's embarrassed about selling because he usually buys it off Lu Ann.

Miller dosen't do too much head-on talking about causes, and for a good while it dosen't break through to you. One thing you do feel. This isn't some kind of constitutional, inborn thing with Richard (Duke) Custis. This is a boy who lived with his Grandfather in the South, and for a while he wanted to be just like that good man. But when he arrived in Harlem with his mother and one thing and another, "Man I tell you comes a time they ain't nothin to do but whut you have to do. It don't matter like it or not like it. You in it Man an you do it. You gotta swing with the gang. Or you out. You on the street with no protection an all alone.

"They ain't law on the streets. No an none in the houses. You ask me why an I tellin you why we do whut we have to do. Because when they ain't law you gotta make law. Otherwise evry thing wild Man an you don't belong an you alone. . . ."

From that it's a step to boppin an another step to killin. Over the whole book hangs a big dark cloud of insanity, but it feels more like social insanity than private. Duke Custis has a dream of a lion that coasts through the sky over Washington Heights, "bite the Crysler Bilding in half an the Empire state an all them sky scrapers. Chomp. An they gone. Chomp." And the city is in ruins. But the ruin is in his own heart. Man, he got heart, but chomp: it all fall down.

In the end, they go down on the Wolves in a rumble and Angel gets killed and the cops pick up Duke and in a happy ending, he gets sent to "this place in the country up in New York State." The device of the book is telling what he spilled to the psychiatrist there. It's his singing at last about or against the filth of the streets, against the word Angel had in his mouth when he died, "*sucio*." It seems to me a little over-simplified that Duke is to learn to read now and this is to give him his great chance—and if he was in the Eight grade at the beginning of the book, how come he didn't know how to read? But anyway he gets an interest in some flowers he plants and he begins to lose interest in the *sucio* city. And he begins to look forward to a new law he doesn't have to create for himself.

It's a bad dream of a book. The trouble is the streets are still full of kids can't wake up by themselves.

MARK JOHNSON

Beauty and the Communist

RETREAT TO INNOCENCE, by Doris Lessing. Liberty Book Club. \$1.8

LIBERTY'S first paperback fiction selection is an excellent novel. It would be a good novel at any time but in today's dearth of real fiction it stands out, for all its slightness, as a remarkably literate and human work.

The story is a simple one. Julia Barr, a charming English girl, daughter of wealthy Liberal parents, is vaguely lonely and dissatisfied despite her personal attractions, fortunate circumstances, and assertive acceptance of the new conformity.

Temporarily rebuffed by the prospective husband she has chosen to fall in love with, an eminently suitable young career diplomat, she has an altogether unexpected love affair with Jan Brodsky, a middle aged Jewish Czechoslovakian writer, a life-long Communist who has entered England as an anti-Hitler refugee during the war.

Jan too feels that this curiously warm and empty London summer must bring some sort of definition to his life. A decision is due on his second application for English citizenship; his brother is still a party member and now a government official in Czechoslovakia, pressing him to return home; he has just completed the manuscript of a long novel dealing with the history of his country up to and including the events of the Twentieth Congress.

Using Julia's affair with Jan as a framework, Doris Lessing turns her gl

to focus on several carefully selected parts of both backgrounds, a few of Jan's current associates, and three or four fundamentally diverse systems of value.

The minor figures are all lightly but vividly sketched, the almost stereotyped contrast of English and Middle European cultures is given a surprising freshness, and the story moves so quickly and easily that one is startled to realize how substantial a freight of social understanding it carries.

Only once does a part of this significance become, obliquely, apparent.

The climax of the book comes when Jan's brother, part of a trade delegation to England, comes to see him. He asks: "What's your new book about, Jan?" "It's a very long book." "We publish long books, too," said Franz, laughing. "... What is it about?"

Answering, Jan begins to tell him, "a legend—no, it's more of an allegory."

"Your novel is an allegory?" "No," Jan almost shouted, in despair. "It's a realistic novel, a quarter of a million words of it, but you can't expect me to tell you the plot of an epic in five minutes. I'm telling you in allegory, it's simpler."

The unpretentious five-page "allegory" which follows is by far the most moving and, I think, the most profoundly truthful expression I have yet read of the terrible dilemmas, the tragic errors, the monumental achievements of Stalin and of his companions in the heartbreaking struggle to build socialism in an imperialist world. For this alone the book is well worth owning. And for any devotee of the undated but now unfashionable and rare personal novel it offers much, much more.

ANNETTE T. RUBINSTEIN

Committee as Hero

TORCH OF LIBERTY, by Louise Pettibone Smith. Dwight-King Publishers, Inc. \$5.00.

TORCH OF LIBERTY is the inspiring story of the more than 25 years during which the American Committee for Protection of the Foreign Born has courageously and skillfully—in the teeth of at times incredible difficulties—battled for democratic rights for the foreign born. This is a warm, human chronicle of self-sacrificing work, of victories and defeats, of an arduous struggle to win for a poorly protected portion of our society, their rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. For thousands of despairing non-citizens faced with banishment and permanent separation from their loved ones, the Committee was like a guardian angel providing advice, attorneys, financial help, and public sympathy. Many cases, Prof. Smith notes, involved expensive court proceedings. "The mere financial cost of such an appeal [in the courts] is beyond the resources of most individuals. And those who might be able to provide the money lack the experience necessary to carry on a successful defense." Frederick Douglass' words are apt: "Without struggle there is no progress." Time and again seemingly hopeless cases, legally speaking, were won, sometimes, as in the Rowoldt and Callow deportation proceedings, over 20 years after they began. In some instances the stakes were very high. The winning of the Chandra case—deportation based on his being a member and officer of a lodge of the International Workers Order—saved thousands of others.

Like the Negro people, the foreign born have been the victims of Constitutional misinterpretations and governmental repression. Though the Bill of Rights guarantees are for all "persons," and not restricted to citizens, the Supreme Court in 1893 and since has ruled otherwise and sanctioned Congressional and Executive impairment of these rights. To paraphrase Lincoln's comment, these rights have become as thin as a 'soup made by boiling the shadow of a pigeon which had starved to death.' The non-citizen is subject to the same laws as the citizen—as regards taxes, crimes, marriage, divorce, etc.—except one: immigration laws. When an Immigration Service inspector appears, the non-citizen is suddenly, in the eyes of the law, transformed into a species of sub-human known as an "alien." As such he no longer has the protection of the Bill of Rights. As an "alien," the Immigration Service claims, he can be arrested without a warrant; detained without bail; given a hearing before one man who is judge, prosecutor and jury; deported for his associations or even mere beliefs; and prosecuted for failure to apply for travel documents to effect his own deportation. In addition to this dismal catalogue of tyrannical power, acts legal when done can years later be made a ground for deportation. As with the Negro people, the legal recognition and day-to-day maintenance of the constitutional rights of the foreign born have become an important item on the democratic agenda.

Despite demands by organizations—labor, religious, national, and others—speaking for a majority of the American people, urging repeal or at least major revision of the Walter-McCarran Act, only minor changes have been

made. There are about three million non-citizens out of a total population of 170 million, the smallest percentage in the history of the United States. A large number of these are older persons who will never secure citizenship papers. In essence the foreign born are viewed as pawns: in the first place to split and weaken labor and other organizations to which non-citizens belong; in the second place—and more important—to persuade the native born, the vast majority of Americans, that their ideas of progress, especially of fundamental change, are not a product of American conditions. These ideas are ascribed to foreign-born militants who allegedly take their cue from the Soviet Union and who supposedly duped and infect others with their subversive ideas. If we simply remove from our midst these few agitators who have abused our hospitality and are artificial trying to stir up trouble, all will be well again. *Torch of Liberty* is a valuable antidote for this and other myths which credit democratic gains to the benevolent statesmanship of reactionaries rather than to the strenuous efforts of the people—with the foreign born playing a leading role—who wrested these advances.

For a time prior to and during World War II, the ACPFB was eminently respectable, greeted at its conventions by President Roosevelt, General Eisenhower and other public figures. The roster of the Committee's sponsors and convention speakers in 1937, 1940, 1942 and 1944, for example, reads like a *Who's Who*. During the Cold War period the ACPFB lost this respectability when it unflinchingly defended non-citizens facing deportation because of membership in progressive groups. Few organizations have

in the years since contributed so much and withstood in so principled a way such multiple, intense and protracted assaults by reaction. Its executive secretary was jailed, its contributors hounded, and the Committee itself harried by Subversive Activities Control Board proceedings and an injunction suit by the N. Y. State Attorney General. Much of the success of the ACPFB in meeting these attacks has been due to its ability to combine legal and mass defense. "The lawyer and the defense committee have the same objective—one must supplement the other." In recent years the Committee has had to fight on three fronts: repeal of the Walter-McCarran law, defense of the foreign born, and defense of its own right to defend.

In fusing the story of complex struggles into an integral whole, Prof. Smith has produced a book which is not only of interest to a relatively few persons, particularly concerned with the problems of the foreign born. Her book is a dramatic documentary history of interest and value to all those concerned with maintaining and extending democracy in the United States. It is a happy augury of a more democratic America to be that Prof. Smith, a descendant of colonial immigrants, has championed so devotedly the cause of those who more recently have come to our shores.

GEORGE LERNER

Books Received

THE CRITICAL WRITINGS OF JAMES JOYCE, Edited by Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann. Viking Press. \$5.00.

IN THEIR Introduction, the editors remark that Joyce's criticism "is im-

portant for what it reveals about Joyce" rather than what it tells us about the subjects of his discussion. While this is true, one may question how much is revealed of Joyce either that is not already apparent to readers of his novels and stories. However, that is less a fault of the criticism than a virtue of his other works, which abundantly convey his esthetic formulations (sometimes put directly into the mouths of characters) as well as the peculiarities and distinctions of his temperament, prejudices, sympathies and the insights of his extraordinary mind.

Nevertheless, the very difference of the essay form, presenting the author's ideas "straight," has an interest of its own, and the articles on Ibsen, William Blake, Giordano Bruno, and the nineteenth-century Irish poet James Clarence Mangan, are particularly worth reading. In the several pieces that deal with the history, literature and current politics of Ireland, however, the self-revelation is more explicit: of a man often arrogant and vain, not above occasionally misquoting or taking another's phrase for his own, yet ungrudging when praise can be honestly given; proud of his country's heroes and historical claims to culture, bitter against the English (and papal) oppressors and looters, but ashamed too of the record, as he sees it, of Irish gullibility, divisiveness, and betrayal of their best as exemplified by their final treatment of Parnell. This conflict between pride and shame, partisanship and disgust, runs through the essays from his early attacks on the Abbey Theater's super-patriotic choices of drama and the "folklore" cult to the growing nationalism in his later writings. Its results for Joyce were complex and ramified—

more so than a single volume of his writing can convey.

LABOR FACT BOOK 14, by Labor Research Association, International Publishers. \$2.50 trade, \$2 popular edition—both clothbound.

SOME years ago the then Commissioner of Labor, Isador Lubin, told a congressional committee that "If somebody wants something on labor conditions in the United States this [*Labor Fact Book*] is the only book he can turn to. It has wide circulation, and is used by many employees, unions and by some employers."

This statement is still essentially true. For there is nothing like the biennial labor fact books of Labor Research Association, in the English language. (And the fact that they are translated into other languages shows that they are valuable to people in other lands.)

No. 14 is another effective, well-written fact-and-figure job prepared for the use of *Mainstream* subscribers and people generally who want a brief useful summary of data about "free world" USA. It's all here—the economic situation, the national budget, the tax burden, the corporation profits. And in other chapters the detailed labor and social conditions; the civil rights and civil liberties; the political events and elections, the record of Congress; the trade union story; as well as a full chapter on the American farmer, and one, for the first time, on labor developments in Canada.

This handy and inexpensive reference book contains not only interesting information but practical weapons for the struggle for peace and better conditions

for the American people. You will find this one a veritable arsenal of facts that is more than a Left supplement to the World Almanac.

THE ATLANTIC BOOK OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN POETRY edited by Dame Edith Sitwell. Little, Brown and Company. \$12.50.

THIS 1040-page selection of poetry from the thirteenth century to the present is an unusually personal anthology, showing throughout the fastidious catholic and self-reliant taste of its editor. For this very reason it is not really well suited to the ordinary introductory purpose of such a collection since its choice of individual poems, and, sometimes, even of poets, seems somewhat whimsical one which occasionally omits the necessarily too well-known for the less important esoteric.

The thirty-four "prefaces"—often only brief notes of two or three paragraphs—vary widely in scope and value. These casual comments, apparently determined by whatever special interest happens to be uppermost in the editor's mind at the moment, are generally illuminating, and it is always flattering to be addressed so like an equal by such an expert. But again this very haphazard and fragmentary quality minimizes their usefulness to all but the most sophisticated readers.

For the well-read student who ordinarily shuns anthologies this is a rich store of often unexpected pleasures. Others are as likely to find it confusing as stimulating.

ASTE, CLASS & RACE, by Oliver C. Cox, Monthly Review Press. \$7.50.

This volume originally was published in 1948; it has now been reissued, with no alteration or additions. Its greatest intellectual debt—duly acknowledged—is to Marxism, incurred, states the author in his preface, because he could find no other system of thought "that could explain the facts consistently."

Professor Cox, a Negro scholar of distinction, produced in this volume a first-rate examination of the literature (up to 1945) on the three related subjects indicated in his title. It is especially strong in its critique of the efforts of American academicians to obscure the realities of class division, and in its placing of the Negro question in the United States within its world-wide context. As analysis, Cox's volume is superior to the highly-touted, *American Dilemma* by Myrdal; a re-reading shows that its present publishers did all to make this work again readily available.

THE BRITISH STATE, by James Harvey and Katherine Wood. International Publishers. \$4.00.

EVERY once in a while a really good Marxist study is produced, dealing with some basic historical process of innovation. This is such an analysis. In the very informative volume on the British State. Harvey and Wood have shown how a modern "free world" government operates and who benefits from the process. International Publishers is to be commended for bringing out such a necessary book.

The main purpose of the authors is to destroy the widespread illusion that

the British state, whether run by the Conservative or the Labor Party, is a democratic institution which can or does express the will of the people. Instead, they show in considerable detail in each of the 17 chapters how the various ramifications of the structure and operation of the State apparatus are expressions of the reality of the ruling class and its willing or even unwilling allies and servants.

In their study the authors present fascinating historical details on the reactionary nature of many aspects of the political parties, the Constitution, the House of Commons, the Monarchy, the House of Lords, the key personnel of the state, the armed forces, the police, the secret political police, English law and the legal system, the civil service, the Foreign Office, state monopoly capitalism, the social services, local government, and even the British Broadcasting Co.

The authors expose the false theories of the "welfare state" and the Social-Democratic step-by-step approach to the socialist state. They show how a radical transformation of the nature of the state is necessary to establish socialism.

This volume is "must" reading, especially for those who still retain the illusion that the British State is by and large a democracy.

Letters

Editors, *Mainstream*:

The review by Ellen Carey of Alexander Saxton's *Bright Web in the Darkness* (June *Mainstream*) is so unjust a thrust at a fine book that I would like to say a few words in its defense...

Bright Web in the Darkness is not, it seems to me, a book about "the struggle for equal status in the union" of

Negro and white shipyard workers. It is a book about the Negro and white shipyard workers, the human beings, who so struggle, not solely about the struggle itself. Not a mechanical score-card of "good guys" and "bad guys"; not an enumeration of "who's on first"; not, in other words, a pamphlet disguised as a novel.

"Why," writes Herbert Gold in his *The Optimist*, is an "European word." "How" and "know how," he says, are more in the American ken. Well, Saxton asks why; why does an honest, strong-willed man such as Sergeant Brooks objectively become an Uncle Tom; why does a business unionist such as Garnett, who makes a fetish of being tough, "up from the ranks," distrust the rank and file and ooze chauvinism; why is an idealistic, naive girl propelled into the violent center of a jimcrow fight she barely understands and why does she accept this role; why, why. . . .

On October 5, 1943, the old *New Masses* in reviewing young Saxton's first novel, *Grand Crossing*, noted that "in Saxton's novel the material is shaped toward integration of a personality and the meaningful action that will flow from the integration." *Grand Crossing*, the reviewer wrote, "poses a basic human problem."

That "basic human problem" is still the main concern and strength of Alexander Saxton's work.

To say, as your reviewer does, that Saxton has not "explored beneath the surface of his easy detail," reveals more about a "surface" reading of his themes, than of the probing of his writing. For Saxton deliberately mutes, "off-stages," the "surface" struggle in order to penetrate beneath the "easy detail" to the heart of the human matter.

Whether or not he succeeds or fails is another matter.

Psychological and social insight is rarely united in present-day American writing that when a writer attempts the most difficult task I think he deserves serious criticism. I say "attempts" for my purpose here is not to evaluate his success or failure. That I myself "attempted" in *The Worker*. And for me his book is a technical achievement of high order. . . .

"Facile writing," as the reviewer charges, indeed may describe some of *Bright Web in the Darkness*; but is this necessarily a "weakness"? Is the author's "failure" to solve all the problems of his characters—"one is not certain what happens," your reviewer complains—necessarily a "failure"?

No, a novel need not be an agent for action.

"... the writer is not obliged," Frederick Engels wrote, "to obtrude on the reader the future historical solutions of the social conflicts pictured. And especially in our conditions, the novel appealing mostly to readers of bourgeois circles, that is, directly related to us and therefore a socialist-based novel fully achieves its purpose in my view if by breaking down conventional illusions about them, it shatters the optimism of the bourgeois world, instills doubt as to the eternal character of the existing order, although the author does not offer any definite solution or does not even line up openly on any particular side."

There can be no doubt that *Bright Web in the Darkness* does much more than Engels asked of a novel.

In Alexander Saxton's book there is realism, human understanding, social awareness, and the fire of desire in the

heart of man for a better life. It is a fine work.

MIKE NEWBERRY

Editors, *Mainstream*:

We, three hundred political prisoners, send from behind the high walls of the Goura Prison in Greece, this urgent appeal to you to publish, in the columns of your paper, our message to people of good will, to those who want peace and love justice. Help our call to reach the ends of the earth, so that people may learn that, here in Greece, fourteen years after the end of the war and the defeat of Hitler, normality has not been re-established.

We, the three hundred political prisoners buried in this tomb-prison of Goura, as well as thousands of other Greek political detainees held in similar prisons or on rock islands, are all people who, together with the millions of others who fought fascism, struggled for our homeland and, at the same time, contributed to the common struggle against the fascist scourge. We supported the National Resistance.

In all countries, National Resistance activity was acclaimed. Resistance fighters were honored as was their due. But in our country, Greece, they were persecuted, imprisoned, tortured and executed in their thousands. Their families, homes and property were ruined. Today, fourteen whole years after the end of the war, and ten years after the end of the civil war which was imposed on our people from outside, concentration camps for political prisoners still exist, hundreds of patriots are sent to them without trial, and emergency, anti-constitutional laws are operated. Thousands of those who survived the firing squads, have been incarcerated in the prisons like criminals and have become physical wrecks, from suffering and dis-

ease during the fourteen or more years they have been held.

Whilst the Government of our country, by a recent law, amnestied German war criminals who committed crimes in our country, we, the supporters of the National Resistance, are still held. New arrests are still made culminating recently in the arrest of the hero of the National Resistance Manolis Glezos—despite the fact that our people have repeatedly expressed their desire for normality, calm, peace and the granting of a General Amnesty.

We address our appeal to all who in some way, took part in the National Resistance of their country, or fought against fascism; to all who love Peace, Democracy and Justice; to every person of goodwill, whatever his political views; and we ask them to urge that a General Amnesty be granted so that we can return to our homes again and so that our mothers, wives and children, may smile once more.

We thank you in anticipation and remain, for the political prisoners of Goura,

Ant. Ambatielos, Grig. Andrinopoulos, Nikol. Michalides, Thym. Papafoitikas, Nik. Petkoglou.

Note: Antonis (Tony) Ambatielos was at the time of his arrest in 1947, the General Secretary of the Federation of Greek Maritime Unions. He is now in his twelfth year of imprisonment and like several thousands of other Greek anti-fascists, democrats and trade unionists, he looks to the people of the outside world to save him.

The Goura Prison, where Ambatielos and three hundred others are held, is the hell-prison of Greece. It was built by the forced labor of some 7,000 political prisoners held on the island of Goura, in concentration camps, up to 1952.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER TITLES

MANSART BUILDS A SCHOOL

By W. E. B. Du Bois

Following the publication in 1957 of *THE ORDEAL OF MANSART*, the first volume of Dr. Du Bois' great trilogy, *THE BLACK FLAME*, the second volume of this historical novel, entitled *MANSART BUILDS A SCHOOL*, will be published in August. It depicts on an enormous canvas the sweep and drive of the heroic, many-sided struggle of the Negro people for full equality during the years between 1912 and 1932.

Mainstream Publishers, \$4.00

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By Herbert Aptheker

Based on a series of radio broadcasts completed in April, 1959, over Station KPFA in Berkeley, California, this timely booklet discusses the history and theory of revolution, including such relevant questions as the source, nature and scientific definition of revolutions, examples from history, the element of violence, the "high price" of revolutions, democracy, socialist and non-socialist revolutions, etc.

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By Herbert Aptheker

A Marxist study of the formative decades of the American nation, the colonial relationship and European heritage, with special focus on the role, aims and struggles of the masses, white, Negro and Indian, and fresh insights into such significant events and figures as Bacon's Insurrection, Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson, Zenger's trial, the "Great Awakening," the "Parson's Cause," etc.

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