Mainstream

ERNEST HEMINGWAY HIS ART AND SCOPE

ANNETTE T. RUBINSTEIN

MURDER AT MATECUMBE

Ernest Hemingway

INTERVIEW WITH A NOBEL PRIZEWINNER

Giancarlo Ferretti

FOUR POEMS

Salvatore Quasimodo

THE BATTLE FOR GLENVILLE

Jean Krchmarek

MR. DRURY'S ROTTEN ADVICE

Carl Marzani

ary, 1960 50 cents

Vol. 13, No. 1

Mainstream

JANUARY, 1960

Brave and Baffled Hunter: *Annette T. Rubinsten* 1

Who Murdered the Vets?: *Ernest Hemingway* 24

Interview with a Nobel Prizewinner: *Giancarlo Ferretti* 31

The Battle for Glenville: *Jean Krchmarek* 37

Right Face 50

Books in Review:

Advise and Consent, by Allen Drury: *Carl Marzani* 52

The Art of Jazz, ed. Martin T. Williams: *Sidney Finkelstein* 58

The Mansion, by William Faulkner: *Annette T. Rubinstein* 60

Lucretia Mott, by Otelia Cromwell: *Dorothy Rose Blumberg* 61

Books Received 63

MAINSTREAM *is published monthly by Masses & Mainstream, Inc.,* 832 *Broadway, New York 3, N. Y. Subscription rate* $5 *a year; foreign and Canada* $5.75 *a year. Single copies* 50 *cents outside the U.S.A.* 60 *cents. Re-entered as second class matter February* 25, 1948, *at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March* 3, 1879.

RAVE AND BAFFLED HUNTER

ANNETTE T. RUBINSTEIN

T IS impressive testimony to the power of Ernest Hemingway that two or three years ago, in a *Nation* survey of some twenty American colges, half the professors of literature queried said that the majority of eir students considered Hemingway (at 59) and Faulkner (at 60) the o most important contemporary American writers, just as my college neration would have done thirty years ago. And last month the *Times ook Review,* celebrating the publication of Faulkner's new book, *he Mansion,* by canvassing literary editors in seven countries about his fluence there, came up with four unsolicited statements on that of emingway.

It is, of course, also true that all Hemingway's most important and fluential work was completed by the early Thirties and despite the nuine, if comparatively slight, achievement and promise in the *Old an And The Sea,* and the many interesting questions of art as well as of litics raised by *For Whom The Bell Tolls,* neither the world of literare nor his own permanent impact would be very much diminished had *inner Take Nothing* marked the close of a writing career.

Furthermore this influence, important as it is, has certainly been no mixed blessing. As John Aldridge says in *After The Lost Generation:*

> The Neo-Hemingways of this war have been remarkable for the extent to which they have been infected with the superficialities of Hemingway

> and the success with which they have resisted his profundities. . . . Th
> have not been able to reproduce in themselves the shock with which
> first encountered war; but they have made use of the words he put dow
> to record that shock. . . . The result is that the novels written in t
> Hemingway manner have been, for the most part, mechanical and contrive

This is true not only of the World War II war novels to which ridge here refers, but also to an enormous amount of "hard-boiled" fi whether in the genre of the detective story or in the even less intere attempts of would-be serious writers.

So irritated do we become with such unconscious parodies o early Hemingway—of which he himself has written one of the worst—that we sometimes forget the enormous importance whic first books had, and have, not only as an expression of their age bu as a vital influence on the very texture of American prose.

I say "we forget," but actually those young writers unfamiliar older English and American fiction cannot realize how profund and vasive this influence has been unless they compare a representative lection of, say, fifty American short stories written before Hemin with another fifty written after the publication of *In Our Time, The Also Rises, Men Without Women, Farewell to Arms* and *Winner Nothing.*

Of course this change expresses certain essential elements in th itself and reflects the work of many other members of the "lost ge tion," and of their between-wars successors. It is indeed quite po (although not yet quite probable) that some whose style is deepl fluenced by Hemingway have not themselves read any of his own w but have simply grown up on the work of those others who had ad his "innovations to achieve a certain clarification of the language" were already, as he said, "in the public domain."

Why then should we, at this late date, pause to reconsider a who has certainly not been ignored or neglected or, in general, misu stood? A writer whose recognition by the Nobel Prize Committe not so much controversial as belated, and one who is no longer, once briefly was, after the defeat of Loyalist Spain, a political storm on the Left?

I may have been partly provoked into this reconsideration b deliberate imperceptivity of some critics who from time to time sti consciously parrot Wyndham Lewis' consciously snobbish "dum characterization. The current issue of the *San Francisco Review,* f

mple, contemptuously discusses "The Intelligence Quotient of Lady Brett Ashley" (and, by implication, that of her author), blandly making the untrue and snobbish assumption that "one of the surest ways to detect intelligence is to note verbal adroitness . . . there is in general a direct correlation between intelligence and the ability to state."

In this connection it is interesting to note that almost thirty years ago the Soviet critic, J. Kashkeen, writing in *International Literature,* said:

> Only a writer of Hemingway's rank can thus convey the most intimate, the most subtle moods by an accumulation of external details; not by the word which is powerless, but by an opposition of words; not by directly expressed thought which is inexpressible, but by an impulse, by pulling a bell that is to reverberate later in the reader's mind; by a scrupulous selection of external and trivial things, i.e., in fact by straining to restrict his power to see.

But my chief reason for making this reconsideration here is a more valid one than mere personal annoyance. I think a brief study of the relation between Hemingway's style and the philosophy which shaped it will re-emphasize for us the basic and necessary identity of form and content in literature.

HEMINGWAY himself has, in a by now famous statement, declared that his essential debt was not to Sherwood Anderson or to Gertrude Stein or to any other avant-garde contemporary, but rather to the father of our indigenous American literature, Mark Twain. There is clearly much overstatement in his declaration that:

> All modern American literature comes from one book by Mark Twain called Huckleberry Finn. If you read it you must stop where Nigger Jim is stolen from the boys. That is the real end. The rest is just cheating. But it's the best book we've had. All American writing comes from that. There was nothing before. There has been nothing so good since.

Yet if we substitute "all Hemingway's writing" for "all American writing" it comes appreciably closer to the truth. Take, for example, the cadence of Huckleberry Finn's opening paragraph in conjunction with one from the concluding story of *In Our Time,* "Big Two Hearted River" Huck begins:

"You don't know about me without you have read a book by the name of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer;* but that ain't no matter. That book was made by Mr. Mark Twain, and he told the truth mainly. There was things which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth. That is nothing. I never seen nobody but lied one time or another, without it was Aunt Polly, or the widow—or maybe Mary. Aunt Polly—Tom's Aunt Polly, she is—and Mary, and the Widow Douglas is all told about in that book, which is mostly a true book, with some stretchers, as I said before."

And Hemingway says:

Nick was happy as he crawled inside the tent. He had not been unhappy all day. This was different though. Now things were done. There had been this to do. Now it was done. . . . He was settled. Nothing could touch him. It was a good place to camp. He was there, in the good place.

In these paragraphs there is, of course, a strong similarity in the curiously non-staccato rhythm achieved by short phrases, the pivoting on repetition of key words, and the evocative effect of what seem to be flat statements. But the feeling of suspense and necessary control in the Hemingway selection is more like such less frequently remembered passages as Huck's later:

"It made me so sick I most fell out of the tree. I ain't a-going to tell all that happened" on the quay at Smyrna when (in the same volume) he wished I hadn't ever come ashore that night to see such things. I ain't ever going to get shut of them—lots of times I dream about them."

This in turn compares curiously with Nick's careful refusal to "tell all that happened" on the quai at Smyrna when (in the same volume) he begins that story:

"You remember the harbor. There were plenty of nice things floating around in it. That was the only time in my life I got so I dreamed about things."

Again, during the achieved relaxation of the fishing trip on Big Two Hearted River, Nick found:

His mind was starting to work. He knew he could choke it because he was tired enough. He knew he had to take it easy and not start thinking.

Huck, of course, never grew up and could temporarily settle his problems by "lighting out" for the territory ahead.

> "I thought it all over, and I reckoned I would walk off with the gun and some lines and take to the woods when I run away. I guessed I wouldn't stay in one place, but just tramp right across the country mostly nighttimes and hunt and fish to keep alive."

We may well doubt whether this would have worked for an adult Huck any more adequately than big game hunting or bullfighting did for his admirer, but the adult Nick had another more nearly adequate recipe. "If he wrote it he could get rid of it. He had gotten rid of many things by writing them. But it was still too early for that."

To write such things truly enough to exorcise them was, however, a more difficult art than hunting or fishing. And although Hemingway tries to confine his discussion of method to technical matters he often finds himself discussing *what* he wants to say under cover of describing *how.*

In 1932, for instance, referring back to his work on *In Our Time* and *The Sun Also Rises* four years before, he said:

> I was trying to write then and I found the greatest difficulty, aside from knowing what you really felt, rather than what you were supposed to feel, and had been taught to feel, was to put down what really happened in action: what the actual things were which produced the emotion you experienced . . . the real thing, the sequence of motion and fact which made the emotion.

This passage has often been mentioned in conjunction with T. S. Eliot's now classic formulation of the objective correlative in poetry, his *dictum* that:

> The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art is by finding . . . a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that *particular* emotion; such that when the external facts . . . are given the emotion is immediately evoked.

But in substance it is even more closely related to a statement by Dreiser, least craftsmanlike of our great novelists. In an almost naive criticism —far more ethical than aesthetic in intention—Dreiser spoke of late nineteenth century American fiction:

> I was never more confounded than by the discrepancy existing between my own observations and those displayed here, the beauty, space and charm to be found in everything, the almost complete absence of any reference to the coarse and the vulgar and the cruel and the terrible. . . . They . . . wrote of nobility of character and sacrifice and the greatness of ideals . . . I had no such tales to tell, and however much I tried, I could not think of any.

DESPITE his greater awareness of form and his concentration on its achievement Hemingway was, like Dreiser, here primarily concerned with telling the unacknowledged truth about life as he saw it. To understand why he refused to use abstract words or complex sentences, therefore, we must look not to Gertrude Stein's concern with the sounds of syllables and the self-fulfilling patterns of verbal repetition, but to such an explanation as Lieutenant Henry gives us in his emotional value judgment:

> "I was always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious, and sacrifice and the expression in vain. We had heard them now . . . for a long time, and I had seen nothing sacred, and the things that were glorious had no glory and the sacrifices were like the stockyards at Chicago if nothing were done with the meat except to bury it. . . . Abstract words such as glory, honor, courage or hallow were obscene."

The shock of the first World War was to Hemingway, at eighteen, not so much a shock of surprise as one of recognition. In a quite different sense his work attests the truth of Clausewitz's maxim that war is the continuation of policy by other means. The utter senselessness, ugliness and brutality which Hemingway found on the Italian front in 1917 and in the Near East in 1922 he immediately felt to be the real essence of the life he had known in Oak Park, St. Louis and Toronto. Honesty, decency, tenderness, dignity, humanity itself, were occasionally respected or practised by individuals but they had no real place in the society he knew or its institutions. Religion, science and statemanship exposed themselves most rapidly and completely in war, but their true nature could have been sensed by a sufficiently perceptive observer even before. And certainly after this verification it need never again be in doubt.

The few actual values man might achieve in this world were also, as we shall see a little later, most clearly understood through the experience of the war. But the difference between western civilization at war and at peace was, for Hemingway, never anything but a matter of degree. With no real political interest or insight he nevertheless sensed

ompletely that his was an epoch of wars and revolutions, and that no natter how desperately or persuasively one might cry, "Peace, Peace" here was to be no peace in his world. His preoccupation with danger, eath and defeat may have seemed pessimistic on the first few armistice ays. It is difficult to deny it a certain prophetic value today.

Time and again in the history of literature we note the phenomenon f a writer who senses without understanding the central movement of is age, and whose work holds a deeper meaning than he could pro ositionally explain or even, sometimes, accept.

This was certainly true of the premature decadence of Poe; partly, erhaps, of Melville's deepest insight; and it is a major factor in the ower of both Faulkner and Hemingway.

In his invaluable book on *The Novel and the World's Dilemma* Berry urgum says (speaking of Hemingway's pre-eminence as the novelist of he "lost generation") that his "cynicism formed an emotional pattern hich, though not consciously related to the real consequences of the eace, actually corresponded to them as they were disclosed after a time y the economic collapse of both Europe and the United States, the rise f fascism, and the outbreak of the second world war." He adds that ithout any overt justification in an understanding of the political world tuation the "freedom from illusion" of Hemingway and some of the ther expatriates "was in conformity with the underlying facts, and pro- ided them thus much of a sound basis for facing the ills of the world: hat they were determined never again to be fooled by false promises."

Of course the shock of recognition is no less painful, and may well be ore profound, than the shock of surprise. This is demonstrated in lemingway's brilliant first book, *In Our Time,* where a series of war ignettes alternates with some fifteen short stories about Americans, most all set at home in the United States a few years earlier.

The fifteen war episodes are quite terrifying in their hopelessness and enseless suffering. The factual opening account of the Greeks' baggage ules (too valuable to leave for the Turks' use and too unimportant to aste ammunition on), pushed into shallow water with their forelegs roken, sets the tone of understated horror for all the war pictures.

There is no ambiguity in these sketches and no possible doubt as to eir meaning. But matters become more complicated when one turns to e pre- and post-war episodes set between them. Several critics misled, think, by Hemingway's resolute denial of pre-war peace, see the boy- ood incidents as absolute analogues to those of the war. Alfred Kazin, r example, says in *On Native Grounds:*

The stories of his youth, set against the superb evocation of war monotony and horror, elaborately contrived to give the violence of the Michigan woods and the violence of war an equal value in the reader's mind, summarized Hemingway's education.

IT IS true that Hemingway avoids the easy contrast between idyllic boyish sports and the rude realities of adult wartime life. But there is none the less a sharp and much more significant contrast developed between the boy's unshaken confidence that all the pain and violence he sees will leave him unscathed, and the man's terrified participation.

For instance, the first of the Nick stories, "The Indian Camp," shows the youngster on a fishing trip with his father which is interrupted when two Indians take the doctor to their village to help with a difficult child birth.

In the crowded shanty, with an upper bunk occupied by her young husband who had hurt his foot, the woman had been screaming intermittently for two days in her attempt to give birth. Nick's father is forced to undertake a Caesarian with a jacknife and no anaesthetic. After a successful delivery he turns to the upper bunk.

He pulled back the blanket from the Indian's head. His hand came away wet. He mounted on the edge of the lower bunk with the lamp in one hand and looked in. The Indian lay with his face toward the wall. His throat had been cut from ear to ear. The blood had flowed down into a pool where his body sagged the bunk. His head rested on his left arm. The open razor lay, edge up, in the blankets.

. . . . It was just beginning to be daylight when they walked along the logging road back toward the lake.

"I'm terribly sorry I brought you along, Nickie," said his father, all his post-operative exhiliration gone. "It was an awful mess to put you through."

"Do ladies always have such a hard time having babies?" Nick asked.

"No, that was very, very exceptional."

"Why did he kill himself, Daddy?"

"I don't know, Nick. He couldn't stand things, I guess."

"Do many men kill themselves, Daddy?"

"Not very many, Nick."

"Do many women?"

"Hardly ever."

"Don't they ever?"

"Oh, yes. They do sometimes."

"Is dying hard, Daddy?"

"No, I think it's pretty easy, Nick. It all depends."

. . . . They were seated in the boat, Nick in the stern, his father rowing.

The sun was coming up over the hills. A bass jumped, making a circle in the water. Nick trailed his hand in the water. It felt warm in the sharp chill of morning.

In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat with his father rowing, he felt quite sure that he would never die.

Chapter II which follows immediately upon this was taken, with very little re-writing, from a 150 word cable sent by Hemingway from the Near East to the *Toronto Star* three years before. It reads:

Minarets stuck up in the rain out of Adrianople across the mud flats. The carts were jammed for thirty miles along the Karagatch road. Water buffalo and cattle were hauling carts through the mud. There was no end and no beginning. Just carts loaded with everything they owned. The old men and women, soaked through, walked along keeping the cattle moving. The Maritz was running yellow almost up to the bridge. Carts were jammed solid on the bridge with camels bobbing along through them. Greek cavalry herded along the procession. The women and children were in the carts, crouched with mattresses, mirrors, sewing machines, bundles. There was a woman having a baby with a young girl holding a blanket over her and crying. Scared sick looking at it. It rained all through the evacuation.

There is violence, pain and death in the Michigan woods as well as in the Greek evacuation. But the exceptional terror of his memorable experience leaves the younger boy secure in his father's wisdom and quite sure he will never die, whereas the habitual terror of his youth leaves the older boy "scared sick looking at it."

Again the limited pain and loss of an adolescent love affair in "The Three Day Blow," and the uneasy consciousness of having acted shabbily, is contrasted with the flat unlimited hopelessness of the execution in Chapter V:

They shot the six cabinet ministers at half-past six in the morning against the wall of a hospital. There were pools of water in the courtyard. There were dead leaves on the paving of the courtyard. It rained hard. All the shutters of the hospital were nailed shut. One of the ministers was sick with typhoid. Two soldiers carried him downstairs and out into the rain. They tried to hold him up against the wall but he sat down in a puddle of water. The other five stood very quietly against the wall. Finally the officer told the soldiers it was no good trying to make him stand up. When they fired the first volley he was sitting down in the water with his head on his knees.

And the boy's tentative vagabondage, exposing him to forthright physical attack by a brutal trainman, and to less certain, more mysterious danger from a punch drunk boxer and his soft spoken Negro keeper, is again contrasted with his later permanent injury and withdrawal. Seated in the sunny street, a bullet in his spine, he waits for the stretcher bearers beside a badly wounded companion:

> Nick turned his head and looked down at Rinaldi. "Senta Rinaldo; Senta. You and me we've made a separate peace." Rinaldi lay still in the sun, breathing with difficulty. "We're not patriots." Nick turned his head away smiling sweatily. Rinaldi was a disappointing audience.

IN WAR as well as peace, Hemingway says clearly, the only meaning is that with which an individual can endow his single personal life if he is intelligent enough to disbelieve all the values hypocritically professed by his society, strong enough to resist its assaults, and disciplined enough to follow his own code of behaviour.

But first one had to determine for himself on what this code of behavior could be based. What, if anything, could really be believed in? And the only values one could trust would be those directly experienced, those which he had, as Keats said, tried on his pulses.

In a way, then, Hemingway began with his own version of the Cartesian search for a self-evident truth. What, if anything, was there which a young man could accept as good if he discarded the authority of church, state, school, and family?

Descartes found he could not doubt the existence of his own thought and began to reconstruct an ontological universe on the postulate: "I think, therefore I am." Hemingway found there were three goods which really existed, in his own experience, after he had discarded all that he had been told was sacred or glorious or even civilized.

First there was the value of a certain kind of sense experience. The smell of a wood fire, the taste of freshly caught trout, the elasticity of pine needles under foot, the strain and relaxation of healthy muscles, a feeling of warmth or coolness or the coursing of one's blood—characteristically these last nameless kinaesthetic sensations are those most frequently used. And while such a personification as "Nature" would, clearly, be for him beneath contempt, yet all these simple sensory pleasures are, essentially, experienced only in the context of a fishing or hunting trip in relatively unpopulated and uncultivated country.

The second good which he found did really exist is one that Heming-

way then disliked naming, but which must, despite the false heroics associated with the word, be called courage. No matter what lies were told about "our brave boys," he found that as a matter of fact the average soldier, under conditions of indescribable discomfort or danger, was somehow able to endure the intolerable and, with luck, could sometimes outlast the unendurable. Without a vestige of the stoic's faith in the significance of his suffering, an extraordinary number of ordinary men could match the stoic's virtue. This too is, for Hemingway, something as directly perceived as heat or cold and as good as food and drink.

Finally there is the third, more complicated, value which he would certainly not call solidarity, but for which I can find no other name. Too impersonal for friendship, too limited by an immediate physical situation for social consciousness or conscience, it is simply the fact that when a few men find themselves n a situation of mortal danger they can ordinarily depend on each other in the same way as they can, each one, depend upon himself. As instinctive as the sense of self preservation, this sense of group responsibility is frequently enough routed by panic—but no more frequently than the individual's own sense of self preservation—and in both cases men behave well far more often than one might expect.

MOST philosophers feel that Descartes cheated a little in managing to reconstruct a whole rational universe—complete with superhuman first cause—on the basis of the single truth he found unquestionable in itself. Hemingway's more rigorous system has no place for any meaning outside the individual's own experience. It gives us only a personal code of values. As Jake Barnes said in *The Sun Also Rises:*

> "Perhaps as you went along you did learn something. I did not care what it was all about. All I wanted to know was how to live in it. Maybe if you found out how to live in it you learned from that what it was all about."

As long as the war background provided real danger, and the probability of a brief future, in conditions genuinely beyond the individual's own control, Hemingway's three values could reasonably compose and define a human world. And except for occasional flashes of satire such as his description of the Italian battle police who "had that beautiful detachment and devotion to stern justice of men who are dealing in death without being in any danger of it," or the longer, more powerful irony in

"A Natural History of the Dead," Hemingway confined himself almost entirely to ringing the changes on these few fundamental values. But there is a law of diminishing returns in art as well as in agriculture, and after *A Farewell To Arms* it seemed difficult to say anything further about the war without venturing into the abstract words and complex sentences that could discuss causes as well as effects.

There were several amazing short stories which seemed to be testing new ground. One of the best, "Hills Like White Elephants," balances the entire weight of its central relationship on an unspoken word—abortion—and trembles on the verge of a question as to some super-personal meaning in life. Another, "A Clean Well-Lighted Place," more explicitly presents the loneliness and despair of the detached individual, clothing the nakedness of its theme with a saving regard for human dignity, and ends:

> Now, without thinking further, he would go home to his room. He would lie in the bed and finally, with daylight, he would go to sleep. After all, he said to himself, it is probably only insomnia. Many must have it.

A third, *"Che Ti Dice La Patria"* (What Do You Hear of the Fatherland?) is perhaps the most serious attempt to break new ground. This is an apparently casual account of a ten-day motor trip through Italy just after the then recent advent of fascism which is never named although the new corruption, indecency and brutality of daily life are skillfully presented.

In this comparatively long story Hemingway's own keen awareness of the relationship between form and content is obliquely illustrated as he concludes a sketch of a black shirt who had been given a twenty kilometer lift for which his hosts refused to take any payment.

> "Then thanks" the young man said, not "thank you" or "thank you a thousand times" all of which you formerly said in Italy to a man when he handed you a time-table or explained about a direction. The young man uttered the lowest form of the word "thanks" and looked after us suspiciously as Guy started the car. I waved my hand at him. He was too dignified to reply.

But the bulk of the stories in both *Men Without Women* and, a few years later, in *Winner Take Nothing,* attempted to find new proving grounds for the same simple values in the lives of gamblers, boxers

hunters, and, especially, bullfighters. This was partly because many of these were outlaws who had, in a sense, also "made a separate peace" and had taken the responsibility for their lives outside the fraudulent institutions of society. Like Gorky's tramps they had at least discarded its illusions if they had not replaced them with more substantial ideals. But essentially Hemingway was depending on their various unconventional backgrounds for the sense of physical hardship, danger, and at least potential violence with which the war had originally provided him and which his basic values needed as a *raison d'etre.*

It should be emphasized that even in the most painful of these stories there is never the feeling of sadistic enjoyment, never the revelling in bloody details, which today far more respectable writers than Micky Spillane frequently display. Hemingway's disciplined sketches remind us rather of Emily Dickinson's:

> I like a look of agony
> Because I know it's true;
> Men do not sham convulsion
> Nor imitate a throe.

And surprisingly often, when we turn back to these stories which we remember as so unbearably violent, we find in them no overt violence at all. There is only the tension of imminent disaster, of inevitable explosion, but rarely do we witness the actual catastrophe, and never in gloating detail. Again we are reminded of another American poet, Elinor Wylie, describing the same post-war world.

> The pattern of the atmosphere is spherical,
> A bubble in the silence of the sun,
> Blown thinner by the very breath of miracle
> About a core of loud confusion.
>
> Here is not virtue; here is nothing blessed
> Save the foredoomed suspension of the end.
> Faith is the blossom, but the fruit is cursed.
> Go hence for it is useless to pretend.

But the austere form developed to express destruction in a world stripped of social or supernatural meaning was rapidly becoming a strait jacket, and two long shapeless books about big game hunting and bullfighting gave ample evidence of the futility of technique which no longer has a meaningful task to direct it.

In discussing the superiority of Hemingway's short stories to his novels Professor Burgum speaks of his "mastery of the art of the short story" that lies in the "contrast between the nature of the surface, which reflects the consciousness of the characters, and the contradictory meaning of the theme, which is slowly gathering from the denouement of the action." He concludes that "Writers of good short stories of this type will seldom be good novelists. . . . When they try to elaborate they go against the grain of their talent, and ruin their most carefully planned work by the intrusion of elements of which they are unaware."

THIS IS in general both true and illuminating, but I do not think that Hemingway was quite unaware of the intrusion of disturbing new elements into even his short stories once the simple conflict between a self-respecting man and a meaningless, inhuman and painful world could no longer use or depend on the perfect symbol of a war situation.

It is one thing to study how a man meets danger when it is thrust upon him and quite another to make convincing an inarticulate endurance of risks he has taken considerable trouble to find. The pointless anecdotal big game hunting of *Green Hills of Africa* and the mystique of heroism and death in *Death in the Afternoon* are a far cry from the earlier unforgettable pictures of a conscript army or a thirty mile long line of refugees. And Hemingway himself was, I believe, fully aware of this.

Underneath all his blustering at the critics, and an occasional happy satire like:

> Sing a song of critics
> pockets full of lye
> four and twenty critics
> hope that you will die
> hope that you will peter out
> hope that you will fail
> so they can be the first one
> be the first to hail
> any happy weakening or sign of quick decay.
> (All very much alike, weariness too great,
> sordid small catastrophes, stack the cards on fate,
> very vulgar people, annals of the callous,
> dope fiends, soldiers, prostitutes,
> men without a gallus)

underneath all this, Hemingway himself obviously sensed the dead end

into which his completely separate and discrete hero had led him, and began to take new bearings.

Both his very bad new novel—*To Have And Have Not* first published in 1934 and slightly but significantly revised in 1937—and several very good news dispatches to the *New Masses* in 1935, indicated wider horizons.

The news stories described the loss of life caused by a hurricane at a work camp for unemployed veterans on Matecumbe Key. The disaster could easily have been prevented had the government shown any serious concern at all, and Hemingway's dispatches are eminently successful in combining a new directed anger with the bitter sympathy shown in his Near East reports, filed ten years before. Here we have indignation instead of hopelessness and there is, therefore, a real change in the over-simple earlier assumption that the way things are is the way they have to be. The universe and society are, at last, no longer interchangeable terms. It is no longer enough to know "how to live in it," such as it is. One begins to "care what it was all about."

Unfortunately this new attitude was not firmly enough established or complete enough to shape a formal expression for itself in a work of art, and the novel became an inorganic amalgam of quite disparate elements.

There are a few brilliant and horrible mass scenes of poverty-crazed veterans drinking their first work camp pay checks, and a few less telling glimpses of destructive wastrels in higher income brackets. But the whole movement of the book is flabby and incoherent, with no real inner life or direction. The central figure this time is really the empty, tough, hard-boiled great lover caricature developed by such imitators as Chandler, Cain, and their imitators. Hemingway here belies his statement to Maxwell Perkins, in a letter written in 1926: "I have not been at all hard boiled since July 8, 1918—on the night of which I discovered that that also was vanity."

A somewhat similar contrast unhappily exists between the fine clear news reports Hemingway made during the Spanish Civil War and the ambitious, interesting, but finally unsuccessful novel he made out of it.

A FEW passages taken almost at random from the news stories carried by the *Times* in March, 1937, illustrate not only the significant change in Hemingway's attitude, but also the looser, easier, more flexible, and, in a sense, less completely individual form in which this attitude was expressed. It demanded a grammatical and verbal structure which

would allow for statements of belief as well as fact, and for concern with causes as well as effects.

Lieutenant Henry, who had made a separate peace in *Farewell To Arms* was now Rawlings who could declare, in *The Fifth Column,* "We're in for fifty years of undeclared wars and I've signed for the duration." And Hemingway himself could discard the armor of absolute skepticism and write: "This is a strange new kind of war where you learn just as much as you are able to believe."

Another dispatch forgot the danger of again being conned and declared:

> Today I have talked with a dozen Spanish officers that I know well and not one asked anything but perfunctory questions about how things are going on the coastal or Ebro fronts. All they wanted was to tell how well things were going in their sector. This can be a weakness, and as a weakness it can be overcome, but as a strength it can never be inculcated or replaced.

Even the fear of sentiment had apparently disappeared, and one description of an heroic action ended with shameless enthusiasm:

> For what he had done he would have had a V.C. in the last war. In this war there are no decorations. Wounds are the only decorations and they do not award wound stripes.

And a bit of lyrical description read:

> A Spanish soldier, his lips blue with cold, cape wrapped around his chin, was feeding some green wood on to a fire and singing a song which went,
>
> "I had an inheritance from my father,
> It was the moon and the sun,
> And I can move all over the world
> And the spending of it is never done."
>
> "Where is your father?" I asked. "Dead," he said, "but look at that. They are going to have to open new cemeteries for the Fascists now."

It was apparently no longer a world in which the winner took nothing, and one dispatch concluded jubilantly: "You can bet on Franco or Mussolini or Hitler if you want. But my money goes on Hipolito."

As we now know this was, in immediate terms at least, a losing wager.

Perhaps the shock of disappointment, the revulsion at having again made oneself vulnerable through hope and belief, had something to do with the great confusion of *For Whom The Bell Tolls.* Certainly it would have been little short of miraculous had a book begun "in the period of fighting when we thought the Republic could win . . . the happiest period of our lives," and completed less than three years later—barely two years after the fascist victory—had such a book achieved any real resolution.

But more fundamental than haste to the lack of perspective, the frequent gross failure in balance, the uneven and incongrous parts which resist fusion into a vital whole, is the fact that Hemingway had not really begun to develop any serious approach to a political novel, and no other form could contain the Spanish Civil War.

This does not, of course, mean that the book is valueless. There are in it many superb things. There are a number of short sketches almost as effective as the famous "Old Man At The Bridge." There are minor characters and bits and pieces of action and relationship which remind us who is writing. There is, for example, the wonderful old hunter Anselmo whose devotion, skill and endurance make him an invaluable guerilla fighter—and whose deep concern at killing raises some extraordinarily vital questions on moral behavior in a just war.

There is the truly brutal bandit Pablo, who is perfectly capable of ruthless murder, but who leaves an act of sabotage unfinished and returns from safety because he finds that "having done such a thing there is a loneliness that cannot be borne."

There is the unbearably real last stand of El Sordo's heroic little band on the rocky hilltop and the memorable pictures of such contrasted generals as Golz and Marty.

But at its center the book is hollow; Robert Jordan who should live its meaning for us, never himself comes to life; and Hemingway time and again falls back on empty rhetoric for what should be the solid core of the work.

This is an unsuccessful book, not because, accurately or inaccurately, it shows a paranoic General Marty, or because it is ill-advised in picturing so vividly the sickening brutality with which oppressed and tortured Spanish peasants sometimes retaliated on their fascist enemies. It is an unsuccessful book because where we should find the meaning of the war in the very texture of the novel—as we do the meaninglessness of World War I in *Farewell To Arms* and the fraudulence of the peace in *The Sun Also Rises*—we are instead told about, and almost never allowed to catch, the smallest glimpse of it for ourselves.

THERE is nothing wrong with rhetoric as such. Both Jude the obscure and Captain Ahab, for example, employ it with utter conviction. Nor does one doubt Macduff's sincerity when he declares:

> Let us rather
> Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
> Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn
> New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
> Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
> As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
> Like syllable of dolor.

But who does not share Robert Jordan's embarrassment when he tells himself:

> you are fighting for all the poor in the world, against all tyranny, for all the things that you believed and for the new world you had been educated into.

This may be perfectly true, but it is so unrealized that we are not surprised he finds it necessary explicitly to assure himself that this feeling is:

> as authentic as the feeling you had when you heard Bach or stood in Chartres Cathedral. . . . It gave you a part in something that you could believe in wholly and completely and in which you felt an absolute brotherhood with the others who were engaged in it. It was something you had never known before but that you experienced now and you gave such importance to it and the reasons for it that your own death seemed of complete unimportance; only a thing to be avoided because it would interfere with the performance of your duty. . . . You felt, in spite of all bureaucracy and inefficiency and party strife something that was like the feeling you expected to have and did not have when you made your first communion. It was a feeling of consecration to a duty toward all of the oppressed of the world. . . .

A little later we have this brief exchange with Maria, followed by a less rhapsodic soliloquy. She asks, "Are you a communist?" "No," Jordan replies. "I am an anti-fascist." "For a long time?" "Since I have understood fascism."

> What about a planned society and the rest of it? That was for the others to do. . . . He fought now in this war because it had started in a country that he loved and he believed in the Republic. . . . Here in Spain the communists offered the best discipline. . . . He accepted their discipline

for the duration of the war, they were the only party whose program and whose discipline he could respect. What were his politics then? He had none now, he told himself.

These measured terms are probably altogether accurate, autobiographically and even historically. But here too there is none of the essential truth of art. We are being *told* by Hemingway, the partisan, what we should have been *shown* by Hemingway, the novelist. And for so skillful a writer as Hemingway the formal failure all too clearly arises out of his inability to believe completely as an artist what he may well have accepted as a propositional statement. The old form has been smashed because it no longer sufficed to hold his experience, but there has, as yet, been no coherent attitude achieved with which to shape a new one.

Nevertheless the book stands, I believe, as an honest and moving document; a failure as a work of art but a significant indication of its author's conscious attempt to find a form for the broader, more socially conscious, values in which he half believed and which he altogether admired.

I say 'half believed" although I am quite aware that the testimony of his actions during the Spanish Civil War seems eloquently to proclaim a belief more serious than that of many non-controversial and non-participant supporters of the Loyalist cause.

But just as Balzac, the sincerely self-proclaimed royalist and Catholic, could not prevent the revelations made by Balzac, the novelist, of his contempt for the church and lack of faith in the monarchy, so Hemingway the devoted partisan cannot silence the unconscious revelations of the artist. And the artist shows us that in his most genuine moments Robert Jordan is living and dying, not for victory, but for his self-respect and the code. The values in which he shows his belief in action, not rhetoric, are really the same good but limited trio we have seen first crystallized in the early Twenties.

Even General Golz receives the news which tells him his attack is foredoomed with complete resignation—almost a kind of stoic satisfaction—since the main thing is that "we do our possible." One is irresistibly reminded of a living loyalist in *Man's Hope* who proclaimed, in exasperation at the noble anarchist's sentiment that, come what may, we will have made an heroic example, "I'm sick of making examples. Just this once let us rather make a revolution."

NEVERTHELESS this is a far better, richer and more promising book than *To Have and Have Not,* and one might well have hoped in

1940 that Hemingway, still a comparatively young novelist, would continue the exploration of new possibilities, and would in his next book have assimilated and mastered the expression of those new social attitudes for which he had begun groping in the early Thirties.

But the crushing disappointment of the Loyalist defeat and, perhaps, his rapid estrangement from the Left (certainly facilitated if not partly caused by imperceptive criticism of *For Whom The Bell Tolls* and personal attacks on its author) seem to have inhibited any such growth for a long time.

The only ostensibly serious work in the next decade was the preposterous unconscious self parody of *Across the River and into the Woods.* This blindly burlesques his own basic values and their characteristic expression in his earlier work, and is less a work of art than the uncritical wish-fulfillment day dream of an aging middle-aged athlete, fighter and lover.

After this debacle most of his warmest admirers felt they had to speak of Hemingway's work in the past tense alone. He himself certainly realized this and there is a wry humor in his remarking on it, through the mouth of Santiago (in *The Old Man and the Sea*). The former champion is asked, "But are you strong enough now for a truly big fish?" and replies: "I think so. I am a strange old man. And there are many tricks."

Just how big a fish is this novelette which was the occasion, though not the reason, for a somewhat belated Nobel Prize Award?

Certainly it is not as powerful as the important early books, nor is it as daring an attempt to break new ground as *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* It is, nevertheless, a much more successful work than anything since *Winner Take Nothing,* and is a logical continuation of the search for richer values, which began after Hemingway had followed his first lode to its dead end in *Green Hills of Africa* and *Death in the Afternoon.*

The groping for greater social identification which had inspired a first fumbling attempt in *To Have and Have Not* and a far more significant, complex and moving one in the Spanish novel, had not been rewarded, and the subsequent travesty of *Across the River and into the Woods* seemed an unconscious confession of utter defeat. It presented us with the ludicrous spectacle of an artist's attempt to climb back into his long outgrown chrysalis, now withered and ridiculously shrunken too.

The Old Man and the Sea is also designed on a minor scale. But it is, I think, a genuine new beginning rather than a retreat. It takes up, in a less ambitious way, the search for social meaning where the early stories left off.

The hero is a Cuban fisherman. But unlike the hunter in *Green Hills of Africa* he does not find his fishing a wasteful expensive hobby, or seek in it a way to cheat the boredom of self-centered hedonism with the illusion of purpose and self-imposed hardships. He fishes, quite simply, because he needs to make a living and because he and his have always fished in order to eat and to feed those dependent upon them. His risks involve no false heroics. They are a matter of necessity like those in the old union song:

> A miner's life is like a sailor's,
> Facing danger every day . . .

He is an old man who thinks narrowly but deeply, who is craft conscious, who loves the sea, and respects the big fish he hunts with a sober natural piety but none of the false mystique of the bullfighter toward the bull developed in *Death in the Afternoon.*

Furthermore he is not isolated or set against his fellows. There is real concern and unobtrusive sympathy among all these brotherly, hardworking poor fishermen and an articulate respect and tenderness in the attitude of his young semi-apprentice toward the old man. There is, too, a hopeful new feeling of continuity and growth as the boy urges: "You must get well fast for there is much I can learn and you can teach me everything."

LESS new but still somewhat more socially meaningful in this new context is the obvious contempt for the useless wealthy tourists who come sightseeing but are too stupidly indifferent to tell a fish from a shark. As the old man plans to sell them his huge fish: "How many people he will feed, he thought. But are they worthy to eat him? No, of course not. There is no one of them worthy of eating him from the manner of his behaviour and his great dignity."

There are other bits of overt social comment such as his deep admiration for the great Di Maggio, not only because of his strength and skill and willingness to endure the pain of a bone spur, but also because: "They say his father was a fisherman. Maybe he was as poor as we are and would understand."

And of course there is the frequent irony of the old man's self-communion during his long solitary three day ordeal. At one point, fearing he may never get back to land, he thinks it may have been a sin for so old a man to believe he could capture so large a fish.

> Do not think about sin, he thought. There are enough problems now without sin. Also I have no understanding of it.
>
> I have no understanding of it and I am not sure that I believe in it. Perhaps it was a sin to kill the fish. I suppose it was even though I did it to keep me alive and feed many people. But then everything is a sin. Do not think about sin. It is much too late for that and there are people who are paid to do it. Let them think about it.

When the book first appeared in *Life* magazine it was, of course, exploited in an almost unprecedented way and was greeted with unanimous acclamation by literary critics, relieved at finding a contemporary work which avoided both the current despairing decadence and the cheap dishonest affirmation of a Herman Wouk, without getting directly into political or social controversy. Perhaps their revulsion at this prevented some American Left critics from hearing clearly what the book said through the clamor of what was said about it. At any rate they dwelt almost exclusively on the irrelevance of a tale which showed the poor fisherman in ill equipped individual struggle against nature rather than "in fierce collective struggle with the wealthy canners who fleece them." *Masses and Mainstream,* October, 1952)

In the Soviet Union, on the other hand, the book was immediately popular and has continued to achieve an enormous circulation each year. One major reason for this greater appreciation by Communists and their friends abroad is, I think, the fact that so many Soviet readers are at most a single generation away from the naked physical struggle to wrest sustenance (by sea or land) from the grudging hold of nature. In the United States a deliberate search is needed to find occasional remnants of pre-industrial conditions where individual struggle with physical hardship and danger is really necessary to make a living. And when we do find such an a-typical situation we are always aware of the gratuitous anachronism it represents, and feel immediately that the laws of the market, not those of nature, are the direct enemy.

But even today this is not true of Latin America or India or China and yesterday it was untrue of most other places, including Russia. (It should, of course, be noted that Hemingway's treatment of this material does not at all imply such a struggle, in its literal sense, as the necessary or permanent lot of mankind. The active, rational, melioristic approach here is in marked contrast with the fateful resignation and passivity of such older treatments as Synge's *Riders To The Sea.*

Certainly, far from universal as it is today, the literal reality of

Hemingway's story is still general and central enough in human experience to make its literal meaning not only an absorbing realistic one but also a valid expression of its underlying symbolic significance.

For Santiago is, not just himself (although he is, first, clearly that), but a symbol. Not, I think, a symbol of Everyman, but rather of every artist.

THE artist, too, should be bound by ties of tenderness and mutual respect to his fellowmen, recognizing those strangers who belong with him—the fighter Di Maggio, whose father was a fisherman, and all men who work for a living in difficulty, pain or danger; and those acquaintances who are alien to him—the wealthy useless tourists unworthy to eat the great fish and the men paid to think about sin. But he too, like Santiago, must venture out alone to do his real work, and risk his life to bring back the huge hard-won fish than can nourish his fellows.

The fact that this particular fish is too great for Santiago's unaided strength to bring back safely, even after he has mastered it, is not, as the discussion in these pages seven years ago implied, a glorification of defeat. It is rather a recognition that, as Browning said, a man's reach should exceed his grasp, and that even when the artist is not quite successful in presenting the world with his embodied vision, its magnitude can still impress and ennoble others, and encourage future generations to attempt its conquest anew. Hemingway's affirmation of the artist's conscious purpose and active will here stand in clear contrast to such a different symbolic expression of the artist with a vision too beautiful for realization in Keats' *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* and many later romantic works.

It is this, I think, that Hemingway meant when he said of *The Old Man And The Sea:* "[I hope] all the things that are in it do not show, but are with you after you have read it."

I do not believe that it is as rich or complete a fulfillment as he implied when he continued: "It's as though I had gotten finally what I have been working for all my life." But certainly it is a remarkable recovery after the years of wandering in the desert, and it gives us grounds for renewed hope of the "old man who was once a champion" and who declares: "I may not be as strong as I think. . . . But I know many tricks and I have resolution."

WHO MURDERED THE VETS?

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

On the night of September 2, 1935, a hurricane struck the southern tip of Florida, centering on Matecumbe Key, 50 miles north of Key West. On Matecumbe, which means "place of sorrow" in the tongue of the Indians of the region, 700 veterans were working on a highway linking the mainland with Key West. Many of these had been on the Bonus March some years earlier, victims of the depression and General MacArthur's sense of duty toward the rich.

Though official Washington knew for some time that the storm was headed in the direction of the Keys, no effort was made to evacuate the veterans who were living in flimsy huts with their wives and families. A train, sent to remove them at the last moment, never arrived. More than 450 soldiers, wives, and children died at Matecumbe. What follows is Ernest Hemingway's report of his visit to the scene. It was written for, and published in, *New Masses* two weeks later, September 17, 1935.

KEY WEST, FLA.

I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered; there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life.

Shakespeare.

Yes, and now we drown those three.

WHOM did they annoy and to whom was their possible presence a political danger?

Who sent them down to the Florida Keys and left them there in hurricane months?

Who is responsible for their deaths?

The writer of this article lives a long way from Washington and would not know the answers to those questions. But he does know that wealthy people, yachtsmen, fishermen such as President Hoover and President Roosevelt, do not come to the Florida Keys in hurricane months. Hurricane months are August, September and October, and in those months you see no yachts along the Keys. You do not see them because yacht owners know there would be great danger, unescapable danger, to their property if a storm should come. For the same reason, you cannot interest any very wealthy people in fishing off the coast of Cuba in the summer when the biggest fish are there. There is a known danger to property. But veterans, especially the bonus-marching variety of veterans, are not property. They are only human beings; unsuccessful human beings, and all they have to lose is their lives. They are doing coolie labor for a top wage of $45 a month and they have been put down on the Florida Keys where they can't make trouble. It is hurricane months, sure, but if anything comes up, you can always evacuate them, can't you?

This is the way a storm comes. On Saturday evening at Key West, having finished working, you go out to the porch to have a drink and read the evening paper. The first thing you see in the paper is a storm warning. You know that work is off until it is past and you are angry and upset because you were going well.

The location of the tropical disturbance is given as east of Long Island in the Bahamas and the direction it is traveling is approximately toward Key West. You get out the September storm chart which gives the tracks and dates of forty storms of hurricane intensity during that month since 1900. And by taking the rate of movement of the storm as given in the Weather Bureau Advisory you calculate that it cannot reach us before Monday noon at the earliest. Sunday you spend making the boat as safe as you can. When they refuse to haul her out on the ways because there are too many boats ahead, you buy $52 worth of new heavy hawser and shift her to what seems the safest part of the submarine base and tie her up there. Monday you nail up the shutters of the house and get everything movable inside. There are northeast storm warnings flying, and at five o'clock the wind is blowing heavily and steadily from the northeast and they have hoisted the big red flags with a black square in the middle one over the other that mean a hurricane. The wind is rising hourly and the barometer is falling. All the people of the town are nailing up their houses.

You go down to the boat and wrap the lines with canvas where they

will chafe when the surge starts, and believe that she has a good chance to ride it out if it comes from any direction but the northwest where the opening of the sub-basin is; provided no other boat smashes into you and sinks you. There is a boat boat seized by the Coast Guard tied next to you and you notice her stern lines are only tied to ringbolts in the stern, and you start bellyaching about that.

"For Christ sake, you know those lousy ringbolts will pull right out of her stern and then she'll come down on us."

"If she does, you can cut her loose or sink her."

"Sure, and maybe we can't get to her, too. What's the use of letting a piece of junk like that sink a good boat?"

From the last advisory you figure we will not get it until midnight, and at ten o'clock you leave the Weather Bureau and go home to see if you can get two hours' sleep before it starts, leaving the car in front of the house because you do not trust the rickety garage, putting the barometer and a flashlight by the bed for when the electric lights go. At midnight the wind is howling, the glass is 29.55 and dropping while you watch it, and rain is coming in sheets. You dress, find the car drowned out, make your way to the boat with a flashlight with branches falling and wires going down. The flashlight shorts in the rain and the wind is now coming in heavy gusts from the northwest. The captured boat has pulled her ringbolts out, and by quick handling by Jose Rodriguez, a Spanish sailor, was swung clear before she hit us. She is now pounding against the dock.

The wind is bad and you have to crouch over to make headway against it. You figure if we get the hurricane from there you will lose the boat and you never will have enough money to get another. You feel like hell. But a little after two o'clock it backs into the west and by the law of circular storms you know the storm has passed over the Keys above us. Now the boat is well-sheltered by the sea wall and the breakwater and at five o'clock, the glass having been steady for an hour, you go back to the house. As you make your way in without a light you find a tree is down across the walk and a strange empty look in the front yard shows the big old sappodillo tree is down too. You turn in.

THAT'S what happens when one misses you. And that is about the minimum of time you have to prepare for a hurricane; two full days. Sometimes you have longer.

But what happened on the Keys?

On Tuesday, as the storm made its way up the Gulf of Mexico, it

was so wild not a boat could leave Key West and there was no communication with the Keys beyond the ferry, nor with the mainland. No one knew what the storm had done, where it had passed. No train came in and there was no news by plane. Nobody knew the horror that was on the Keys. It was not until late the next day that a boat got through to Matecumbe Key from Key West.

Now, as this is written five days after the storm, nobody knows how many are dead. The Red Cross, which has steadily played down the number, announcing first forty-six then 150, finally saying the dead would not pass 300, today lists the dead and missing as 446, but the total of veterans dead and missing alone numbers 442 and there have been seventy bodies of civilians recovered. The total of dead may well pass a thousand as many bodies were swept out to sea and never will be found.

It is not necessary to go into the deaths of the civilians and their families since they were on the Keys of their own free will; they made their living there, had property and knew the hazards involved. But the veterans had been sent there; they had no opportunity to leave, nor any protection against hurricanes; and they never had a chance for their lives.

During the war, troops and sometimes individual soldiers who incurred the displeasure of their superior officers, were sometimes sent into positions of extreme danger and kept there repeatedly until they were no longer problems. I do not believe anyone, knowingly, would send U.S. war veterans into any such positions in time of peace. But the Florida Keys, in hurricane months, in the matter of casualties recorded during the building of the Florida East Coast Railway to Key West, when nearly a thousand men were killed by hurricanes, can be classed as such a position. And ignorance has never been accepted as an excuse for murder or for manslaughter.

Who sent nearly a thousand war veterans, many of them husky, hard-working and simply out of luck, but many of them close to the border of pathological cases, to live in frame shacks on the Florida Keys in hurricane months?

Why were the men not evacuated on Sunday, or the latest, Monday morning, when it was known there was a possibility of a hurricane striking the Keys *and evacuation was their only possible protection?*

Who advised against sending the train from Miami to evacuate the veterans until four-thirty o'clock on Monday so that it was blown off the tracks before it ever reached the lower camps?

These questions that someone will have to answer, and answer

satisfactorily, unless the clearing of Anacostia Flats is going to seem an act of kindness compared to the clearing of Upper and Lower Matecumbe.

WHEN we reached Lower Matecumbe there were bodies floating in the ferry slip. The brush was all brown as though autumn had come to these islands where there is no autumn but only a more dangerous summer, but that was because the leaves had all been blown away. There were two feet of sand over the highest part of the island where the sea had carried it and all the heavy bridge-building machines were on their sides. The island looked like the abandoned bed of a river where the sea had swept it. The railroad embankment was gone and the men who had cowered behind it and finally, when the water came, clung to the rails, were all gone with it. You could find them face down and face up in the mangroves. The biggest bunch of the dead were in the tangled, always green but now brown, mangroves behind the tank cars and the water towers. They hung on there, in shelter, until the wind and the rising water carried them away. They didn't all let go at once but only when they could hold on no longer. Then further on you found them high in the trees where the water had swept them. You found them everywhere and in the sun all of them were beginning to be too big for their blue jeans and jackets that they could never fill when they were on the bum and hungry.

I'd known a lot of them at Josie Grunt's place and around the town when they would come in for pay day, and some of them were punch drunk and some of them were smart; some had been on the bum since the Argonne almost and some had lost their jobs the year before last Christmas; some had wives and some couldn't remember; some were good guys and others put their pay checks in the Postal Savings and then came over to cadge in on the drinks when better men were drunk; some liked to fight and others liked to walk around the town; and they were all what you get after a war. But who sent them there to die?

They're better off, I can hear whoever sent them say, explaining to himself. What good were they? You can't account for accidents or acts of God. They were well-fed, well-housed, well-treated and, let us suppose, now they are well dead.

But I would like to make whoever sent them there carry just one out through the mangroves, or turn one over that lay in the sun along the fill, or tie five together so they won't float out, or smell that smell you thought you'd never smell again, with luck. But now you know there isn't any luck when rich bastards make a war. The lack of luck goes

on until all who take part in it are gone.

So now you hold your nose, and you, you that put in the literary columns that you were staying in Miami to see a hurricane because you needed it in your next novel and now you were afraid you would not see one, you can go on reading the paper, and you'll get all you need for your next novel; but I would like to lead you by the seat of your well-worn-by-writing- to-the-literary-columns pants up to that bunch of mangroves where there is a woman, bloated big as a balloon and upside down and there's another face down in the brush next to her and explain to you they are two damned nice girls who ran a sandwich place and filling station and that where they are is their hard luck. And you could make a note of it for your next novel and how is your next novel coming, brother writer, comrade s—t?

But just then one of the eight survivors from that camp of 187 not counting twelve who went to Miami to play ball (how's that for casualties, you guys who remember percentages?) comes along and he says, "That's my old lady. Fat, ain't she?" But that guy is nuts, now, so we can dispense with him and we have to go back and get in a boat before we can check up on Camp Five.

CAMP FIVE was where eight survived out of 187, but we only find sixty-seven of those plus two more along the fill makes sixty-nine. But all the rest are in the mangroves. It doesn't take a bird dog to locate them. On the other hand, there are no buzzards. Absolutely no buzzards. How's that? Would you believe it? The wind killed all the buzzards and all the big winged birds like pelicans too. You can find them in the grass that's washed along the fill. Hey, there's another one. He's got low shoes, put him down, man, looks about sixty, low shoes, copper-riveted overalls, blue percale shirt without collar, storm jacket, by Jesus that's the thing to wear, nothing in his pockets. Turn him over. Face tumefied beyond recognition. Hell he don't look like a veteran. He's too old. He's got grey hair. You'll have grey hair yourself this time next week. And across his back there was a great big blister as wide as his back and all ready to burst where his storm jacket had slipped down. Turn him over again. Sure he's a veteran. I know him. What's he got low shoes on for then? Maybe he made some money shooting craps and bought them. You don't know that guy. You can't tell him now. I know him, he hasn't got any thumb. That's how I know him. The land crabs ate his thumb. You think you know everybody. Well you waited a long time to get sick, brother. Sixty-seven of them and you got sick at the sixty-eighth.

And so you walk the fill, where there is any fill and now it's calm and clear and blue and almost the way it is when the millionaires come down in the winter except for the sandflies, the mosquitoes, and the smell of the dead that always smell the same in all countries that you go to—and now they smell like that in your own country. Or is it just that dead soldiers smell the same no matter what their nationality or who sends them to die?

Who sent them down there?

I hope he reads this—and how does he feel?

He will die too, himself, perhaps even without a hurricane warning, but maybe it will be an easy death, that's the best you can get, so that you do not have to hang onto something until you can't hang on, until your fingers won't hold on, and it is dark. And the wind makes a noise like a locomotive passing, with a shriek on top of that, because the wind has a scream exactly as it has in books, and then the fill goes and the high water rolls you over and over and then, whatever it is, you get it and we find you, now of no importance, stinking in the mangroves.

You're dead now, brother, but who left you there in the hurricane months on the Keys where a thousand men died before you in the hurricane months when they were building the road that's now washed out?

Who left you there? And what's the punishment for manslaughter now?

INTERVIEW WITH A NOBEL PRIZEWINNER

GIANCARLO FERRETTI

SALVATORE QUASIMODO is the winner of the Nobel Prize in literature for 1959. In the balloting, Quasimodo was finally victorious over his nearest rival, the Danish writer, Baroness Karen Blixen (Isak Dinesen), the candidate of Ernest Hemingway.

We visited Quasimodo, after the announcement of the award, in his house in Corso Garibaldi. This is one of the most characteristic of Milan's streets, full of shops and street stands and old nineteenth century houses. Quasimodo lives directly opposite a beautiful theatre of the late nineteenth century which has now declined into a third-run movie house, the "Fossatti," with the statue of Garibaldi on its facade, striking a most heroic attitude and with his painted shirt still visibly red despite the insults of time and the "smog."

We found the poet exhausted from his numerous interviews with reporters and photographers, both foreign and Italian, and he was still faced with a great many appointments for that evening. Adding to the turmoil was an electrician who was busy with an elaborate repair of the phonograph. Quasimodo said that ordinarily he himself would be repairing the machine, that he took great pleasure in that sort of thing, but that this time the damage had gone beyond his ability. We asked him

The writer of this sketch is a reporter for *L'Unitá,* the daily paper of the Italian Communist Party.

immediately how he had felt when he heard the great news and he said he did not know how to answer that question except to say that he had, of course, felt very happy.

Quasimodo confirmed our information that his name had begun to appear among the Nobel candidates during the last few years but that only this year had it gone as far as the final balloting. He added that the amount of attention his name had received, even before his success, had been primarily due to "the promotion of his work by foreign critics."

Quasimodo says that he will certainly go to Stockholm for the official ceremony of the awards but that he will go by train rather than by air on the advice of his doctors. (Quasimodo attended the recent writers' conference in Moscow where he suffered a heart attack and was hospitalized for several months.) "This will not be the first time that I have been in Stockholm," Quasimodo told us, "for I was there several years ago to attend a peace conference. And of course I have friends in Stockholm, among them Anders Osterling, who was the first to translate some poems of mine, eight years ago, for an anthology of European poetry from Goethe through Baudelaire and right down to today. I also know Professor Arne Lundgren who translated the first Swedish edition of my poetry."

When we asked Quasimodo what significance this particular award of the Nobel Prize might have, he replied: "I think that this award may give real point to all those arguments between the old and the new, that it may encourage young novelists and poets, all those writers who are looking for new ground, who place at the center of their world the responsibility of a man to his own time. The award this year is a wall placed between a culture that is now exhausted and the new culture that I have been trying to make visible and effective in my work."

IT IS well known that the last time Italian literature won a Nobel prize was way back in 1934 with Pirandello. And the famous dramatist was a Sicilian just as the present winner, a poet, is Sicilian. Our conversation inevitably got round to this coincidence and we talked for a while about Sicily, the homeland that Quasimodo still celebrates so frequently in his poems and to which he returns each year to visit his father who is now 92. Of his beloved island he says that he has not written of it as if it were a mythical landscape, but, instead, that in his poems about the island and its people there is always the tension of human problems and a sympathy for the poor in a Dostoevskian sense. "Nevertheless," he declared, "for me as a child Sicily became as confining as Leopardi's

isolated family estate became for him. I began to suffer from the impossibility of pursuing certain studies, of communicating with a broader intellectual world and so I left the island in 1919, living first in Rome and then here in Milan. I am very happy here in Milan and by this time I feel like a genuine Lombard. Milan is a city in which one can both work and live, in which the historical weight of monuments and palaces bears down less constantly upon one than in Rome. In Milan the chances for productive concentration and isolation are much greater than they are in the capital."

We asked him then to give us some notion of his opinions concerning the most important historical events of recent years. "The Resistance," he replied, "was a movement of particular importance for the whole of Europe. It not only developed a new kind of contemporary man but it came into being as a reaction to problems that still exist today and it must therefore be reflected in any poetry that is to be considered really new. As for Sputnik and Lunik and scientific progress in general, it is clear that any advance in the field of science must necessarily affect the thinking of all people, and this leads not only to a general influence upon culture but upon the actual creative process in the arts. I myself am very aware of this influence. It presents to all poets a problem of discipline, maturity and new moral rigor."

The telephone was still ringing constantly and we could hear the other people in the vestibule who were waiting for their turn to talk with Quasimodo, so we asked him only one more question concerning his hobbies. "I find that my only hobby," he said, "whenever I want to calm down my nerves is to putter around with little repairs on my phonograph, radio, or other machines in the house." He only goes to the movies when they are of extraordinary quality and he avoids social gatherings, preferring to live in a retired manner. He is very fond of his Beethoven and Khatchiaturian records but he is not at all scornful of Modugno's renditions of popular Sicilian songs, "particularly his recording of 'Lu Minaturi'—that song I really like. It carries me right back to my island."

Translated by John Condell

FOUR POEMS

SALVATORE QUASIMODO

LETTER TO MY MOTHER

Mater dulcissima, now the mists are descending,
the canal water is slopping blindly against its banks,
the trees are gross in the rain or burn in the snowfall.
I am not sad in the North—it is merely
that I am not at peace with myself. But I do not expect
pardon from anyone, rather there are many who owe me
tears as from man to man. I know that you are not well, that you live
like the mothers of all the poets, poor
and yet superb in the measure of their love
for their distant sons. Today it is I
who write to you. At last, you will say, a couple of words
from the boy who fled by night, so poorly dressed,
and with a few poems in his pocket. Miserable one, and so open-hearted,
they will kill him one of these days in some far-away place.
How clearly I remember the departure: the grey railroad yard
with the slow trains loaded with almonds and oranges
for the docks of Imera, the river-way full of magpies,
salt and eucalyptus. Now at last I am not only
able but very eager to thank you for the irony
that you placed upon my lip, as gentle then as your own.
That smile of yours has saved me from oh how much pain and weeping.
And it doesn't matter if now I must have a few tears for you
and for all those others like you who are waiting waiting

not knowing what for. O gentle death,
don't touch the clock in the kitchen ticking on the wall,
all of my childhood was passed upon that enameled face,
upon those painted flowers. Don't touch those hands,
the heart of the old. But does anyone respond? O death of pity,
death of shame. Farewell, my dear one, farewell, my dulcissima mater.

O MY SWEET ANIMALS

Autumn has laid waste the green of the hills,
O my sweet animals. Again we shall hear,
before nightfall, the final lament
of the birds, the cry of the long grey plain
that slopes down into the voice of the sea.
How pungent here among the houses,
among mankind, is the odor of the woods
in the rain, the odor of the hollows,
O my sweet animals. This face which turns
with such slow eyes, this hand which points
to that part of the sky where thunder rolls,
they are yours, O my wolves, my foxes
all burnt with blood. Every hand, every face,
they are yours. You tell me that everything
has been in vain, life itself, the days
corroded by a persistent water
while from the gardens can be heard the singing
of little children. But surely they are now
distant from us? They are lost upon the air
even lighter than a shadow. This is your voice.
But perhaps I know that nothing has ever really happened.

TO THE FIFTEEN RESISTANCE HEROES OF PIAZZA LORETO

Esposito, Fiorani, Fogagnolo,
Casiraghi, who are you? Mere names, shadows?
Soncini, Principato, exhausted epigraphs?—
and you Del Riccio, Temolo, Vertemati,
Gasparini—leaves from a tree of blood?
Yes?—and the same for Galimberti, Ragni,
Bravin, Mastrodomenico, Coletti?

O beloved native blood that does not defile
this land of ours—blood that redeems our land
at the moment of the rifles. Now upon our shoulders
your wounds of lead humiliate us. Too much
time has elapsed. Death speaks again
out of the deadly mouths, the foreign flags
still demand death flying above the doors
of the houses where you lived. These people fear
death from you believing themselves alive.
Our vigilance is not one of sadness; nor is it
a wakefulness of tears beside a tomb.
Death does not cast a shadow when it is life.

FROM THE BRANCHES OF THE WILLOWS

How could we possibly sing a song
with that foreign foot on our heart, or among the
dead abandoned in the Squares on the grass
that was stiffened by the ice, or to the lamblike
lament of the children, to the black scream
of the mother as she ran to her son
crucified on the telegraph pole?
From the branches of the willows, as an offering,
were also hanging the harps of our muses, swinging
back and forth lightly in the sad wind.

TO THE FIRST NEW MOON—OCTOBER 1957

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth,
thereafter on the correct day he placed
the heavenly bodies in the sky
and upon the seventh day he rested.

After many millions of years
man, who was made in God's image and disposition,
having worked without repose with his worldly intelligence
and without fear, one night in October
within a serene sky placed other heavenly bodies
equal to those that had been revolving
ever since the creation of the world. Amen.

Translated by John Condell

THE BATTLE FOR GLENVILLE

JEAN KRCHMAREK

> "A beacon light of intelligence and understanding in human relations, so sadly needed in a confused and distraught world, will shine forth this afternoon when the new building of the Glenville YMCA-YWCA is dedicated . . . The Glenville branch is a special achievement. It is a triumph in interracial living . . . The new building is the finest and most complete of those built since 1956. But the idea behind Glenville is not just a magnificent structure, nor is it the fine facilities. These are just tools. What counts is the product: the demonstration that races and faiths can live and work together in amity."
>
> From an editorial, *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*, Sept. 14, 1958.

GLENVILLE, neither a suburb nor a city, is simply the name of a neighborhood in Cleveland, Ohio. East of Chicago, west of New York, the city of Cleveland, an inland port, lies sprawled along the shores of Lake Erie. Flat of terrain, dismal of climate, as yet quite undistinguished of history, Cleveland hardly appears to deserve the title bestowed upon

---

Jean Krchmarek was born and raised in Washington, the District of Columbia. This gives her a classic answer to the classic question, "Why don't you go back to where you came from?" Unfortunately, so far no one has asked her this question, but she has not given up hope. She lives today in Cleveland, Ohio, with her son, Dan, and her husband, Anthony Krchmarek. Mr. Krchmarek is the Chairman of the Communist Party of Ohio. He was one of 11 people indicted in Ohio under the Smith Act. This case, which had been returned by the Court of Appeals for re-trial, was recently dropped by the Justice Department.

it by its Chamber of Commerce—"The Best Location In The Nation."

It is a city that grew up fast. As late as 1810, the little settlement of Cleveland numbered only 1000 persons; today a teeming million are crowded into Cleveland proper, with additional thousands spilling out into the suburbs. With its low skyline, Cleveland presents a deceptive appearance. The U.S. routes skirt through pleasant suburbs and an unimposing lake front; to the traveler, Cleveland is apt to look more like an overgrown small town than the industrial giant it is. Off limits to visiting Russians, Cleveland daily grinds out more than its share of the gross national product. Lacking the concentration of any one industry, Cleveland is a major producer of both steel and automobiles, and the home of powerful electrical and chemical industries, of shipping, printing, and hundreds of diverse light manufacturing and assembly plants. It is strictly a working class city; the lives of its people are regulated by the blowing of the factory whistles.

And Cleveland, Ohio, like all free northern cities, has its ghetto. There are no walls around it, but it is a ghetto just the same. Our ghetto has a name, it is called "Cedar," a name taken from its main street, Cedar Avenue. Cedar is as completely segregated as any community in the South; here has lived Cleveland's Negro population.

In Cleveland, the recent rate and pattern of population growth has been typical of northern cities. In the 1930's we, as other cities, had a relatively small, almost completely segregated, almost entirely working class Negro population. Apart from some of the more articulate of the Negro people themselves, very few but the Communists were much concerned with the Negro question. If a pot was boiling, it boiled slowly, and the only form of integration that could possibly be achieved then was based on individual personal relationships between some of the boldest representatives of the Negro and white communities.

The war years of the 1940's brought into Cleveland an influx of new Negro families. So rapid was the increase that by today (1959) something over 25% of the population of Cleveland proper is non-white. Now the little ghetto which existed in the already overcrowded Cedar section could no longer contain its contents. Slowing the ghetto began to expand.

Contiguous to the old Cedar ghetto lay the community of Glenville. And beyond Glenville lay the suburb of Cleveland Heights. So began the typical in-city migration, the inexorable movement of the Negro people from Cedar to Glenville and of the white people from Glenville to the Heights.

IT WAS here that we came in—my husband and I and Daniel, not quite ready for kindergarten. It was not really such a long time ago that we, newcomers to Cleveland, moved into Glenville, no more than a dozen years by the calendar. But sometimes whole epochs crowd themselves into a short span of history, and as I look back it seems a lifetime ago. It was so long ago that nobody had been arrested yet, not even Gus Hall. We—that is, the people generally—still lived with vivid memories of the second World War. Neither the horrors of fascism nor the spirit of Yalta had yet faded, and we were settling down for what we hoped would be a long period of post-war normalcy. The last thing we were expecting then was Korea, or the Cold War, or McCarthy, or the Smith Act arrests—or the Supreme Court decision on integration.

There was still an acute housing shortage then, and we moved, sight unseen, into four rooms which had somehow been acquired through a friend of a friend. It was a pleasant residential community in which we found ourselves, of modest houses and shady streets. It was also a community in transition, but we had no way of knowing then the conditions of this transition. We did not know that we had stepped over the periphery of one of the greatest social movements of our times, that we had, in effect, taken up residence upon a battle field.

In these dozen years history has touched us. In this corner of Cleveland we see a brief reflection of the world movement of the colonial people for liberation; we see a northern aspect of the forward march of the Negro people in America. The battle for Glenville is the battle for integration, for liberation, for decency, brotherhood and the progress of the whole people.

It is not, of course, only a struggle for Glenville. What is happening in Glenville, what is happening in Cleveland, has become a typical post-war pattern in all the large northern cities. The pattern repeats itself over and over again. There has been the same increase in urban non-white families, followed by the flight to the suburbs not only of the white middle class, but of a section of the white working class as well. We now have an almost complete concentration of the most exploited of the proletariat within the city limits. Suburbia lies beyond. There are now working class suburbs, inhabited by workers who aspire to middle class status; middle class suburbs; and, beyond these, the estates of the gentry.

IN THIS situation, many of us faced a dilemma. We have had to decide, each of us, whether to stay and fight it out, or whether to retreat to the green grass of the suburbs, abandoning the city to segregation, slums,

and all the evils that flow from these. We all tend to recall recent history in personal terms; so I recall these years and our own part in this particular bit of history.

The street in Glenville to which we moved was "mixed." The newcomers, the Negro families, lived side by side with a good proportion of the older white residents. The community happened to have been predominantly a Jewish community, and I remember the holidays the first autumn we lived there. The synagogue on the corner was still a synagogue and the Succoth with its symbols of harvest was still frequently seen. The house in which we lived had already been chopped up into inadequate living quarters. Built to house two families, it now included us, in a tacked-on addition, as well as the old man who lived alone in what had once been a garage. But, still, we had a Succoth, ourselves; at least, the old couple upstairs had it. It was a delightful education for our Daniel, as well as the new Negro children who came to play in our yard. Here, for a brief while, the white Jewish children, the white non-Jewish children and the Negro children played side by side in amicable innocence. How very long ago that day when the Succoth stood in the driveway, and the children scuffed up the autumn leaves and the bees still droned in the Indian summer sun.

In the begining, when the synagogue was still a synagogue, so many of us welcomed this experience in democratic living. There were a lot of us then, a whole progressive movement of white people. So many, in fact, that when things began to get really bad, after the arrests, after Korea, we used to say that when the time came the government wouldn't have to build a compound for us, that all they would have to do would be to throw up a fence around Glenville and call it a concentration camp. Glenville was that kind of community. We were proud of our history, of our progressiveness. We really thought that, with the right will to do it, we could go on living in a non-segregated community.

Other people began to hope so, too. It was in Glenville, for instance, that the YMCA undertook a bold experiment. Here and there a Y branch had had integration forced upon it through changing neighborhoods, but never had they deliberately tried to bulid an integrated Y based upon brotherhood and friendship. It was in Glenville this interracial Y was projected, and I still remember a little skit that some of the boys put on in one of the neighborhood auditoriums. It was entitled "The Glenville Y Doesn't Ask." Negro, white and Oriental children acted out the parts, the message being that the Y didn't ask who you were, what your race, color, or creed.

BUT, of course, it wasn't that simple. It wasn't simple, at all. We underestimated our enemy.

Not too long ago, the problem could not have arisen at all. Born and raised as I was in the District of Columbia, I know how formidable are the ramparts of segregation. The white and the Negro areas were sharply delineated; there was no in-between. Mixture was unthinkable. Knowing too well how damaging segregation is not only to the oppressed, but also to the oppressor, I had vowed never to expose my own children to the evils of segregated living—that is, if I could help it. But again, it was not so simple.

What was it, exactly, that happened? Certain things occurred objectively, to Glenville, itself, and to us, and we had certain subjective reactions to all those objective things. As I look back, it's hard to separate what happened to us from what happened to Glenville. The political and the personal are so entwined that I can't even think of one without the other. In these ten years, so many things have happened so fast. In that time, we, or our friends, were arrested. In these years, came the dark days of the martyrdom of the Rosenbergs, a time of fear and retreat. In these years, the constant snooping of the FBI and the CIA—these were the years of the tapped phone, the terrified neighbor, the intimidated in-law. Not once in all those years could I have forgotten, even if I wanted to, who I was. Red as the rose, I was, and nobody elese had a chance to forget it, either—neither my boss, nor the chairman of the Ladies' Aid, nor anyone else whose life touched mine.

If we were not so public, our relationship to Glenville would not be so interesting. To put it as briefly as possible, if we can live in Glenville, any white family can live in Glenville. No one has thrown a rock at us, no one has called us a name, no one has attacked our son.

In the beginning, we were—in relationship to the community—simply supporting the right of the Negro people to live on this or that street, to eat at this or that restaurant, to picnic in this or that park. We walked on picket lines, we played interracial baseball in the park, we went swimming in a bold interracial group. Gradually, however, this struggle took on another dimension. I cannot say at just what point it happened, but I do know that eventually I realized that I was not struggling merely to extend a ghetto, but that I was deeply involved in a fight for my own right to live in an integrated community.

THIS, then, is the real battle for Glenville. It isn't resolved yet, either. In spite of the good intentions of the bravest and the best, Glenville

has become, almost become, a "Negro" community. In spite of the worst intentions of our enemies, Glenville has not quite become part of the ghetto. There's a difference between Glenville and Cedar, and on the wavering edges of Glenville the struggle is still to come.

Perhaps, more than any one thing, it was the Supreme Court decision on integration in 1954 which gave direction to the struggle. With that decision segregation, although it continues to persist, actually became an historic anachronism. I remember the day our Daniel came flying home from school simply bursting with elation. Pariah that he inevitably was, he suddenly found at least one of his family's unorthodox ideas vindicated by an impeccable authority. Up until that time, incredible as it may seem, that boy honestly supposed that the struggle against segregation (which he had never heretofore heard discussed except at home) was the private concern of his father's political party. It did him a world of good to discover that the Supreme Court was on our side; and come to think of it, it did me a world of good, too.

Although, of course, this did complicate the struggle. It is one thing, for example, to argue, even with your white friends, the question of the right of a Negro family to buy a house on E. 109th Street. Because eventually your white friends are going to concede that the Negro family does have a right to buy the house on E. 109th Street and that, in fact, the Negro people are welcome to live on E. 109th Street—by themselves. It is quite another thing to argue with your white friends your own right to live there, or the right of the Negro family to buy a house anywhere, on any street, and not just on the street the bank has decided to open up to Negro occupancy.

I particularly remember E. 109th St. This was one of the few places in Glenville where there was the threat of violence. For some time E. 110th St. had marked the "line"; beyond 110th St. it was understood, no Negro family was to be permitted to move. East 109th St., therefore, was evidently considered too close for comfort for some elements. When the first Negro family moved to 109th St., we were shocked and frightened to read in the newspapers that paint bombs had been thrown into the house where the family was already living, and that the family had been threatened with violence.

EVEN though Cleveland is not, generally speaking, a city of racial tensions, there is always an explosive potential in these situations. In spite of a relatively good past record, you feel that you are sitting on a powder keg at a time like this, and quick action is imperative.

So it was that some of us, a little group of Negro and white friends, vent visiting on 109th St. We called on the new Negro family, and I emember their dignity, their courage and their determination not to capitulate to the threats—this in spite of the fact that their young son had been driven from the playground at the end of the street, and his bike wantonly smashed.

We went, also, to visit the white people on the street, and found that many of them were quite willing to accept their new neighbors. We suspected—as was later affirmed—that the trouble was originating from outside the neighborhood.

Fortunately for Cleveland and for Glenville, my friends and I were not the only ones who concerned themselves with this situation. The Glenville Area Community Council, the NAACP, the Community Relations Board, as well as a group of ministers, formed a sort of informal committee which did an excellent job. There was a victory here, both immediate and also of longer range. The immediate result was that violence was averted, and the new family stayed. Even more interesting was the future development of the street. East 109th was pointed out in a recent newspaper article as an outstanding example of an older street where property has been well maintained and where an unusual spirit of neighborliness prevails. It is especially significant that today about 10% of the block is still made up of white families. While this is not the per cent of integration that we might desire, it does suggest what consistent efforts might accomplish in a changing neighborhood.

Part of the problem of the expanding ghetto, of course, lies beyond the prejudices of the white people themselves in any given area. It lies, first, in the strict policies of the banks and lending agencies, which are major factors in creating and maintaining segregation. It is aided by unscrupulous real estate dealers and greedy landlords.

AS THE Negro population grows and as the ghetto must have more physical room, the banks and lending agencies open up a street here, a street there. It invariably borders the ghetto, and the white families are not surprised to see the Negro family move in. Over night the For Sale signs line the street. Some white owners, the victims of the old legend (so thoroughly discredited by facts) that property values fall when Negro owners move in, are in a panic to sell. Others are pressured, hunned night and day by real estate agents, to list their property for sale. Saddest are the cases of the older couples who had a clear title to their property. Pressured to sell, they receive from the dealer less than their

property is worth. They cannot buy a new home in the suburbs for thi amount without assuming a mortgage they can ill afford. The agent wh bought the property sells it at a profit to a Negro family, who can als ill afford the new inflated price. Everyone loses except the real estat company.

Like the homeowner, the white tenant is also, in time, evicted. Frien Max, for instance, has moved three times in two years. He finds rent i a "white"apartment at $50 a month. Shortly thereafter he is served wit a notice that as of the first of the following month the rent is increased t $90 a month. This means that the apartment is now being converted t more profitable Negro occupancy. Max, of course, moves. He cannot pa $90 a month, and he has no recourse to law. But he has a choice; he ca move someplace else into more reasonable housing. The Negro canno He can only seek housing within the ghetto and pay he must, somehov

Gradually, in Glenville, the city services begin to decline. The stree lights don't shine as they used to, the rubbish lies longer in the bac yards, the sidewalks become cracked, the schools deteriorate, physicall and in curriculum, and the street cleaner's truck is seldom seen.

Now, then, begins the struggle not only with our enemies, but wit our friends. One by one, how many join the exodus! Most move ostensibl for the sake of the children, so the children can have green grass, fres air, a new school building. I remember particularly when Art move He didn't just disappear or silently steal away, as some did. An articula soul, he had developed a full blown theory which not only justified bu demanded his moving. He had a major premise, a brief phrase whic conveyed the import of doom. "Glenville," he intoned, "is gone." Gon he meant, were the possibilities of integration in Glenville, gone an hope for more than an extension of the ghetto, gone the fight against en croaching slums and all the problems flowing from them. Glenville bein gone, his duty, as he saw it, was to move into a suburb and there t carry on missionary work for integration. Move he did, both out of Gle ville and soon thereafter out of the progressive movement, which hardly, I think, a coincidence.

HOW many times in the past years I have heard these argument "But we *cannot* be the only white family on the street," or "Johnn simply *cannot* be the only white child in his room." Somehow, the statements have taken on the context of proved theorems which admit no questioning. They are offered over and over again as conclusi arguments, and when I stubbornly ask, "Why? Why *can't* you be t

ly white family on the street?" I am answered with outraged sputter-
gs. Because we *can't* be, that's all. Final. Period. The End.

Yes, it's difficult. But not as difficult as being a Negro child in Little
ck. It is easy to applaud the courage of the Negro people in the South;
is a little more difficult to be a stalwart white person in Glenville.

Let me tell you about Esther. It wasn't long ago, on a hot summer
ernoon, that we faced each other, two old friends, across the kitchen
ble. Between us lay the well-scrubbed counter top, as mellow as the
rs we shared between us. Our greeting to each other was a few mo-
nts of comfortable silence while we warmed ourselves in a friendship
t reached far into the past. Each scanned the other's face for what
e could read, while we sought in the fleeting lights and shadows of the
intenance an indication of the state of the spirit within. We had
red many problems, and I knew that her most pressing personal
oblem was once more finding a place to live. A person with energy
move mountains, Esther had been unable to solve this problem so far.

Now her good face showed an unaccustomed weariness and care. I
ew that once again she had been given notice to move. A Negro family
red the other half of the double house which she rented, and the land-
d was greedy for the money he would collect from a new tenant
soon as he succeeded in displacing Esther. This was a little easier said
n done, Esther being what she is. Left a widow with two children,
e had faced her life with courage and competence, making a living,
oviding a home for her children and at the same time striving to
e them the sound values they need for a mature adulthood. Now,
ction notice or no eviction notice, she persisted in staying put while
searched for decent housing at reasonable rent. Her campaign in-
ded some good healthy lectures to the landlord himself, who so far
l retreated each month in defeat, clutching in his hand only the rent
had elected to pay him. I half believed there was nothing she
ldn't best, and it really hadn't occurred to me that she wouldn't be
e to find in Glenville the kind of housing she needed. It was a mo-
nt for which I was unprepared, then, when she leaned across the
le, took a deep breath, and said, "I've found a place." Her tone told
more than her words, and so, to my unspoken question—where?—
answered, "In the Heights."

COULD have wept, and at the moment the only arguments against
moving that I could think of were almost as emotional as tears. I
to admit the schools were crowded, I had to admit the streets were

dirty, some of the apartments bordered on slums, rent was hard to find but could all of this be as important as not moving away?

We discussed it, a certain reserve between us. She didn't want move away, the burden was not really upon her. How could I insi Yet how could I not insist? Behind it all—the streets, the housing, t deterioration, wasn't there something else? Wasn't it really her daughte Wasn't it really Linda, about to be a teen-ager, and the only white g in her class? Yes, she said, yes.

What do we run from when we run—from the schools, the slu the dirt—or do we run from people? Why *can't* our child be the o white child in the room?

So this is part of the battle for Glenville; with the landlords, banks, with the northern counterparts of the White Citizens Counc with the newspapers, quick to shout "Rape!"; and with our frien even with Esther, whom I love. We watched, with tears in our ey the pictures of those nine Negro children going to high school in Li Rock. How we applauded them, how passionately we favor integrat —in the *South!* With children to show us the way to heroism, how we run? Even if we are the last white family on the block, even if child is the only white child in the room.

So goes the battle for Glenville. And, stubborn as I am, I am from giving up. Glenville, I say, is not "gone." I know, for one thi that the Negro people, marching in Montgomery, are not going to calmly by in Cleveland, Ohio, and permit flagrant segregation to conti indefinitely. There exists today among the Negro population of Cle land not only a proletariat but also a growing number of Negro p fessional men and women. A Negro doctor, lawyer, or judge is an accep part of the Cleveland scene. Politically, the Negro is a powerful fo Negroes are directly represented in the city government, and hold se of the seats in the City Council. Today, too, the Negro trade unio exists in Cleveland in significant numbers. The political awareness of Negro people was dramatically demonstrated last year in the thump defeat in the Negro wards of the so-called "Right-to-Work" bill. H tory, it is true, has not placed the Negro people of Cleveland today a position where their struggle for full citizenship assumes the dra of a Montgomery or a Little Rock. But the struggle exists here, too.

I KNOW too, that in this struggle voices are being raised in the w community in support of integration. Particularly important are many statements of the clergy; emphasizing over and over again that

ey to integration in the north lies in non-segregated housing.

I know, further, that segregation is, historically, as dead as a dodo—it, oo, only appears to have life, like the toppled tree which stays green or a while. In the north today, regardless of private feelings, it is olitically impossible for anyone in public life to take a position *for* egregation. And when the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (whose southern ditor is usually a consistent supporter of reaction generally) editorially ails the interracial Glenville Branch of the YMCA as "Glenville, a eacon Light in Human Relations,"—then I say, Glenville is not "gone." has played, and is playing, an important part in the Cleveland that going to be. For once, I will have to hand it to the *Plain Dealer.* The lenville Y, a triumph, in itself, *is* a beacon light in human understand-ng. It is a sign of how the battle goes.

Which reminds me that some time ago, during our trial (my hus-and's actually, which I only shared on the sidelines), one of the attor-eys asked us, "Why is it that you people are always *doing battle*? Why on't you just argue, or contend, or debate? But, no, you are always *attling.*" Somewhat rueful, I silently vowed never to do battle again.

But old customs die hard and old phrases linger stubbornly on. The ther night I was talking to myself alone, the way you must, sometimes, viting my soul. This introspective meeting is something I personally ke to avoid as much as possible, but this night my soul came up, as it ill from time to time, to confront me, and there was no other course t to entertain it.

"How are you, Soul?" I asked, politely.

"Ya ochen harashaw," (or a reasonable facsimile) replied my Soul, mewhat smugly. We have been studing Russian and my Soul, which ould be a little more mature than that, is not above showing off now d then.

"I'm serious," I informed my Soul; I was a little annoyed. "How e you, really? We're not getting any younger, you know. Don't you er have any qualms about this business of wasting the last ten or teen years of your life?"

"Not me," said my Soul. "I haven't wasted anything."

"No? Time has passed," I reminded my Soul. "Look at our Daniel. hen we moved here he was hauling around a Teddy Bear and now 's playing right guard for East Tech. Soul, what have you been doing th yourself all this time?"

"Good heavens," replied my Soul. "Surely you know. I've been ing battle."

"Doing battle?" I echoed. "Isn't that a little over-done?" I face my Soul. "Come, now, aren't you self-conscious about pulling out suc an old saw?"

"Not as much as I would have been when I was younger," stated m Soul. "You're right about not getting any younger. I find that I ar tired, at times, and I really can't get too excited about coining bright ne phrases. I'm sorry if I offended you, and if I were a body instead of Soul, I suppose I should say, 'My head is bloody but unbowed.'"

It was clear that my Soul really was weary. "All right," I concede "You were doing battle. Let us be specific. With whom? With what?

"You know. Ungvary."

"Ah." (I know Ungvary, indeed. The head of the Cleveland Sub versive Squad. Very busy lurking in doorways. The jotter-down c license plates, the keeper of the 10,000 names in the locked file Ungvary.)

"The F.B.I."

"Ah." (I know them, too. Once in a while you meet one face t face. More often you are just aware of them. You know that they ar around. You develop feelers, a sixth sense. Very difficult battles, thes with the FBI.)

"Then there was the Department of Justice."

"Ah." Yes. The trial. We won that one, too, by golly.

"Then this other business. *You* know. The XXth Congress an all that."

"Ah." I do know all that. It *was* a business. "You poor Soul," murmured.

"Not at all," protested my Soul. "We won, you know."

"Who did?" I asked, with some eagerness.

"We did, of course," opined my Soul. "Me and Khrushchev."

"Good grief," I shouted in what amounted to horror. "Please b careful of your formulations. The next thing you know, you'll b indicted for international conspiracy, or something."

"Not me," said my Soul. "I'm not a body, remember, I'm a fr Soul."

"But you implicate me," I insisted. "Absolutely no more of th me and Khrushchev business." I shuddered. "I am about ready to s good night, Soul."

"Just a minute." My Soul was brisk. "I was only leading up to t real battle."

"Which battle?" I asked, still a little shaken.

"The battle for Glenville," replied my soul.

Here I faced my Soul squarely. "You are right this time, it is a ttle. Soul, I must admit, I have been terrible disturbed. Tell me, how this all going to come out?"

But here my Soul faded away. Soul it may be, but only a human ul, and though I may search my Soul, I will surely not find all the swers there. I am left, eventually, to find the answers in life itself.

And one of the most real contributions I can make in winning the ttle for Glenville, I am convinced, is the simple matter of just staying t. Long ago I made up my mind. The newspapers, which do their st to convince me that I am no longer "safe" on the city streets; the al estate board, which is bemoaning property values; the raised eyebrow the clerk in the May Company when I give my address; the good vice of many friends who assure me it is a political and personal error remain—none of these will move me. I continue to sit, stubborn out it as a long-eared mule, squat in the middle of Glenville. If the dewalks are cracked, I will complain to my councilman. If the council-an does not respond, I will do my level best to oust the councilman. the schools are overcrowded, I will heckle the Board of Education r more schools. When the community is stirred, I will be there, too. ot that's it's too easy, at that. I have to be pretty oblique about some these things, for I have discovered that the minute I start to become cal, anyone to whom I have talked is soon visited by a familiar gov-nment agency. Our family alone must have kept dozens of operatives nployed over these past years.

Therefore, sometimes the sole contribution we can make is just to ay where we are. There has been no revolution in Glenville, and the ttle is not won. But still the neighbors smile and say Good Morning hen we meet, and I am morally certain that if I just continue to sit will all come true: I'm going to be integrated, yet.

RiGhT FaCe

Slave to Convention

Jean Paul Getty, reputed to be the richest man in the United Stat is negotiating to buy Sutton Place, the Duke of Sutherland's stately hon in Guildford [England]. He said it would be cheaper than living a hotel.

Mr. Getty's personal fortune was estimated two years ago by *Fortu* magazine to be something under a billion dollars. He has vast holdin in oil and real estate. He acknowledged some doubt then about t size of his fortune, but thought the total was probably more than billion. . . .

He reflected briefly on what hotel life had been costing him, and sai "Well, if your name is Getty, you can't expect to be allowed to li in a hotel at less than $100-a-day."—The *New York Times.*

Be Sure to Give Him *a Kiss*

DO YOU KISS YOUR WIFE IN PUBLIC? I don't. I just car The way I feel . . . public kissing is for the movies, or wh they're shipping you overseas. I do kiss my son when I leave for wo But he is only four—and when he is fourteen we'll be shaking han But don't get the idea I don't love them—just because I don't make scene about it. I've got $55,000 worth of Metropolitan Life Insuran Think about that. That will pay the mortgage and all our bills. P Social Security it will give my wife and son $416 a month until h grown up. You buy Life insurance only because you love somebo I see where the average insured American family owns $11,000 wor Is $55,000 how much I love my wife and son? No. As soon as I c afford more, I'll call my Metropolitan Man.—Ad of the Metropoli Life Insurance Company.

Free and Easy Verse?

"Everything is more or less rigged," an ad agency executive suggest "and all of it isn't necessarily larcenous. Sometimes it comes under heading of showmanship, progress, or even poetic license."—"Hy Gard Calling" column in the *New York Herald-Tribune.*

Author, Author, Who's the Author?

UP FROM LIBERALISM
William F. Buckley, Jr.

McDowell, Obolensky

A brilliant and highly controversial attack upon Liberalism (with a capital L) written with the kind of intellectual cockiness and X-ray vision that make Bertrand Russell so stimulating a speaker and writer.—Listing in *The Book Buyer's Guide.*

A Golden Course

EXPERIENCE AND COMMUNICATION WITHOUT WORDS

Limited to 15. Most human activities involve communication on silent levels: from simple touch, motion and gesture, to complex relationships in work, artistic creation, friendship, love. Over-emphasis on verbal communication conceals the rich and unfamiliar world of experience without words.

Non-verbal communication can be developed by the practice of inner quiet and the unforced use of inner and outer senses, somewhat resembling the Taoist attitude of intellectual silence.—Description of class in the bulletin of the New School for Social Research, Fall, 1959.

A Sock a Second

Majority Leader Joseph T. Sharkey called on the City Council to "put responsibility back in the home" by notifying parents of their youngsters' membership in gangs and fining them in cases of juvenile vandalism.

At a City Hall hearing on two such proposals that he had introduced, the Brooklyn Democrat also declared "we must permit police to use their clubs around the clock."—The *New York Times.*

The Paper with the Light Brown Hair

I dreamed I was reading the *Wall Street Journal.* I came from a poor family. I had nothing except good health, ambition and *dreams.*

I dreamed I owned a yacht, a fine motor car and a wonderful home. I dreamed I belonged to a good club where I sat in a big leather chair reading the *Wall Street Journal.* . . . If you think the *Wall Street Journal* is just for millionaires, you are WRONG! The journal is a wonderful aid to salaried men making $7,500 to $25,000 a year.—Ad in 184 U. S. and Canadian newspapers.

But Not a Bear Hug

Some books bring out the beast in a reviewer. Not this one. Its effect is to make you want to give Lady Diana a great big kiss.—From the *Sunday Times Book Review Section.*

Advice for the Birds

ADVISE AND CONSENT, by Allen Drury. Doubleday and Co. $5.75.

IN recent months, qualified sources have been noting the poverty of contemporary American fiction. Alfred Kazin, a leading critic, spent considerable wordage on this fact in the literary supplement of *Harper's Magazine.* Shortly afterwards, writing in the *Nation,* Emile Capouya, trade editor of MacMillan Publishers, gave it as his considered opinion that the dearth of good writing was due to the nature of commercial publishing. As I finished reading the current best-seller *Advise and Consent* by Allen Drury, I thought how this novel aptly illustrates both the quality of contemporary fiction and the reasons for it.

Advise and Consent is described on the jacket as a novel of Washington politics. It has been acclaimed as an outstanding novel not only by critics but also by such political pundits as Arthur Krock.

The novel covers a few days in contemporary Washington and revolves around a political struggle between the President and the Senate of the United States over the confirmation of a new appointee to Secretary of State. The issue is whether the new appointee is too "soft" towards the USSR, and the events are seen through the eyes of four Senators: Bob Munson of Michigan, Majority Leader, Seab Cooley of South Carolina, Brigham Anderson of Utah and Orrin Knox of Illinois. A fifth Senator, Van Ackerman of Wyoming, plays an important role in the plot. A large cast of characters including Ambassadors, Supreme Court Justices, Cabinet members, newsmen, a multitude of Senators move through the novel and many are obviously modelled after actual people. Senator Van Ackerman, for example, is modelled after the late unlamented Senator McCarthy, Knox is practically Taft, Munson has more than a touch of Barkley and so on. This plus a good deal of naturalistic detail gives an air of authenticity to the novel. The authenticity is further helped by the fact that the characters seem to be complex. The heroes have moments of weakness, the villains have some redeeming qualities. Yet this sense of complexity is spurious and the authenticity merely a surface one of physical Washington and its inhabitants. On secondary matters, details are authentic: how people eat, dress, talk, how a married man is unfaithful and a woman is designing. But on the basic theme of the novel, such as how foreign policy is determined, or how a Senator gets elected, the novel is doggedly evasive, not to say, deliberately misleading. A high glittering varnish is given to the Senate and to American society as the best of all possible worlds. But of this more later.

The novel is well written, with a sound plot and a workmanlike story

ne. The characters are competently rawn, though without much depth, articularly the women, but they are dequate to the story. The theme is a ompletely reactionary one: that any egotiations with the Soviet constitute ppeasement. The author is to the ight of Dulles, and by his criterion oth Eisenhower and Herter are unfit or their office. Here for example is enator Munson's thinking (in many ays the author's favorite character): A universal guilt enshrouded the iddle years of the twentieth century n America; and it attached to all who articipated in those times. It attached the fatuous, empty-headed liberals ho had made it so easy for the Rus-ans by yielding them so much. . . ." nd in the same section, "Through combination of lapses, stupidities, veridealism, and misjudgments, each the time seemingly sound and jus-fied, each in its moment capable of a tionale that had brought a majority to pprove it, the United States had got-n herself into a position *vis-a-vis* the ussians in which the issue was more nd more rapidly narrowing down to choice between fight and die or com-romise and die later."

Here is the official view of the Cold Var, that the nice trusting Americans ere done in by the wily Russians. oosevelt was either naive or a fool nd a shrewd Stalin took him to the eaners. Against a good-humored merica that disarmed after the war, e terrible Russians began a Cold Var. In this picture the liberals elped betray America by trusting the ussians. And so on and on. This has een the official view, questioned until cently by hardly anyone in a position of responsibility. It happens, of course, to be utterly false. It happens that both Churchill and Roosevelt were skilled, tough negotiators, and there were concessions on both sides of the table. It happens that later the United States, far from disarming, intensified its atomic program, strengthened the Strategic Air Arm and began to develop air bases all over the world. It was the Russians who were fearful of the bomb from 1945 to 1949 and it was Byrnes and Truman who practiced atomic diplomacy with the threat of the bomb ever present at conferences.

The book not only reiterates the official view of the Cold War in every possible way. This is to be expected. But it constantly develops the theme that the Soviets are completely evil and negotiations should not take place. This is the attitude of every character in the book including the President and his nominee for Secretary of State who wish to talk to the Russians although they think it hopeless. Here is the President thinking about the USSR: "The evil machine which has pounded for almost half a century against the fabric of a reasonably secure and decent society. . . ." What makes such thinking particularly fatuous is that this reasonably decent and secure society included Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, Imperial Japan and covered the period of Abyssinia, Spain, Munich, and World War II.

The book presents the most simplistic of reactionary views. Liberals gave away positions to the Russians, capitalism was fine, decent and secure, no colonial problems and so on and so on. In every way the idea of negotiations is belittled. The Soviet Ambassador in

a social gathering threatens people with physical extinction. Because India is neutral the Indian Ambassador is made to look like a foolish little boy. Senator Van Ackerman, the only character who calls for negotiation, is made to say these words at a rally: "Some say it means crawling to Moscow. I say I had rather crawl to Moscow than perish under a bomb!"

Van Ackerman by the way is one of the author's more obvious bits of historical distortion. The Senator is presented as a ruthless, psychotic demagogue, clearly modelled after McCarthy —except that he is made into a leftist and pro-Soviet. But the most despicable bit of character assassination is the figure of the Indian Ambassador who is supposed to resemble V. Krishna Menon. Whereas in real life the Indian delegate to the U.N. is an exceptionally talented diplomat, the author's creation is a complete fool, and, to boot, a servile mind. Here is the British Ambassador's thought on the Indian Ambassador whose name is Krishna Khaleel:

> He almost suggested that K. K. relax; but he knew with a calm certainty that in his presence K. K. would never relax, that in the presence of the British it would be generations before any educated Indian could really relax, that there would always be this conscious, faintly hostile, faintly cringing relationship, and in spite of himself he felt a mild but satisfied contempt. Yes, he thought, you're top dogs now, aren't you, but there's one thing you'll never really have no matter how desperately you want it, and that's our respect.

It doesn't seem to occur to the author that men like Nehru and Menon do not have to worry about the respect of the British; that the shoe is very much on the other foot. It may be ob jected that the quotation above simply an effort at characterization the British Ambassador and not th author's opinion, but this is not s The author objectively portrays the In dian Ambassador as inferior to th others. In the realm of ideas ever character is brightness or evil person fied. The entire novel is at the juveni level of cops and robbers, cowboys an Indians, the good guys and the ba In fact what is most distressing abou the novel is not its reactionary cha acter, but its puerility.

Here we are on the level of gram mar school civics. All the Senator excepting Van Ackerman, are mot vated by the highest motives of de fense of the Republic. There is not on hint of bribery or self-interest, of lob bying, of anything resembling the a tual life around us. In six hundre pages devoted to showing how Senato actually operate there is not one wor about McCarthyism, loyalty oaths, civ rights. Nothing. Senator Cooley South Carolina, the one Southern treated in great detail, does not hav one errant thought about Negroes. Yo don't know whether he is an Eastlan or a Fulbright, whether he is bitter anti-Negro, mildly anti-Negro, sham facedly anti-Negro. No reference school segregation, to voting, to an thing at all. I daresay that there isn a single day in the life of any Souther Senator where some thought concer ing Negroes does not arise in his mi however tangentially. But not in th novel.

But this is only the most flagrant the omissions. In a debate on foreig policy, on the confirmation of a Secr

of State, there is no hint in the
ds of any Senators as to any of the
ponents of foreign policy. In six
dred odd pages there is not one
d about oil and the Near East. I
not speaking about a discussion, I
speaking about one word, one little
tive thought. Even high school
dren know that the Catholic Church
s an important role in American
tics. The only reference to the
rch comes when Senator Munson,
Majority Leader, receives a call
cerning the nomination "from the
publicized cardinal in the hier-
y, dutifully fulfilling his role as
most egregious busybody in Amer-
politics." And what happens?
novel goes on, "The Senator uh-
hed his way through several vapid
nents with the Church's most
quitous prince" and hung up. This
he only mention of the Church; I
e given every single word of it.
t a cardinal calling Washington on
reign policy matter is "vapid," and
implication, irrelevant and ineffec-
would I suspect be news to the
can.

he entire novel, in every aspect,
s the Senate operating in a dream
d of the author's mind, hermetically
d from the world around it. This
achievement of the highest order,
we mustn't cavil if the author had
se. He did. He actually shows the
of General Motors calling the
r Michigan Senator. But to show
impartial he is, and how in Amer-
Big Business is matched by Big
r, the author also has the head
he United Auto Workers calling
senior Michigan Senator. Since
is the one and only place where

the real world impinges on the Senate, I think the reader should see for himself how daring the author is. First GM:

> The trouble with the president of General Motors, in the opinion of Roy B. Mulholland, was that he thought he owned the Senators from Michigan, or at least the junior Senator from Michigan, namely Roy B. Mulholland. He didn't try to pressure Bob Munson very often, except indirectly through Roy, but he was always after Roy for something.
>
> "Now, God damn it," he was saying vigorously over the line from Detroit, "we don't want a radical like that for a Secretary of State. Now do we? Do we?"
>
> "Bill," Senator Mulholland said with a trace of asperity, "I tell you I haven't made my mind up yet."
>
> "Well, make it up man," the president of General Motors said impatiently. "Make it up. Time waits for no man, you know. And you can tell Bob from me that we are going to be watching his actions on this very closely. Very closely indeed."
>
> "Don't you always watch Bob's action very closely, Bill?" Roy Mulholland asked. "I can't see as it makes much difference to him."
>
> "Someday it will, by God," said the president of General Motors. . . .

The dialogue continues for twenty-one more lines in the same insipid manner. The stupidity of showing General Motors influencing a Senator by a phone call is viable only because people don't know how these things work. In real life, the phone call would have gone to a member of the Administration who was on leave from G.M. and he would have spoken to the Senator in the Senator's own language. Now here is the U.A.W. phone call:

> The trouble with the president of the United Auto Workers, in the opinion

of Bob Munson, was that he thought he owned the Senators from Michigan, or at least the senior Senator from Michigan, namely Bob Munson. He didn't try to pressure Roy Mulholland very often, except indirectly through Bob, but he was always after Bob about something.

"Now, God damn it," he was saying vigorously over the line from Detroit, "we want to get organized and get this nomination through as soon as possible. We want to help, Bob. We want you to let us know what we can do."

"John," Bob Munson said with a trace of asperity, "I think maybe this one is going to be difficult enough without stirring up a lot of old animosities to complicate matters."

"Rubbish, Bob," the president of the U.A.W. said tersely. "Rubbish. We've got to beat these reactionary bastards at their own game. You're going to need all the assistance you can get, Bob, and we intend to help you. We want you to know that. Incidentally, what about that lily-livered pantywaist of a colleague of yours? What are they going to scare him into doing?"

"I haven't talked to Roy yet," Bob Munson said. "I imagine on this one he'll make up his own mind."

"Well," said the president of the U.A.W. darkly, "you tell him we're going to be watching his actions on this one very closely. Damn closely."

"Aren't you always watching his actions closely, John?" Bob Munson asked. "I can't see that it makes much difference to him."

"Well someday it will, by God," said the president of the U.A.W. belligerently. . . .

And this dialogue continues for twenty-five lines.

There it is, the total influence from interests within the United States on the U. S. Senate on a matter of crucial importance. Notice the use of the identical opening sentence to each scene, identical words and sentences of the dialogue. This is supposed to be satire. The meaning however is cle
both GM and the U.A.W. are eq
in influence and carry very little wei
with the independent-minded Senat
who, with a trace of asperity, m
up their own minds.

The above is all there is on
issue of the nomination. But in
process of building atmosphere, the
thor shows fleetingly one or two co
mittees at work. Here, too, in ev
instance, the Senators are above
proach, and if there is anything wr
with America, it is only a few
Americans, probably Latins or Je
according to the writer's descripti

The Committee on Government
erations under Rhett Jackson of No
Carolina is conducting one of its
peditions through the government
curement agencies, turning up as us
small, dark, loudly injured men f
New York and Chicago who have b
busily fleecing their country out of
lions of dollars with the willing
well-paid compliance of several gove
ment inspectors. . . .

It so happens that the biggest st
ing of government funds is being d
by big, bluff, red-faced men from Te
and California who are getting oil
pletion allowances and airplanes
tracts with the willing and well-p
compliance of several U. S. Senat
Congressmen, and even assistants to
President. But of this not a word.

Since the novel is 600 pages, I co
go on with example after example
show the utter lack of any reality
the presentation of the political life
the country. The role of the press,
role of business, the role of the
the role of the Church, everything
suppressed, everything is varnis
with Panglossian gloss. Even the

enator Taft wrote that New York in-
rests, that is Wall Street, elected
senhower. But Mr. Drury, a news-
aperman for fifteen years, covering
Vashington and national politics, seems
know nothing of the sordid details
the life around him. Can this be so?
The answer is obvious. It isn't so.
r. Drury knows all about the sordid
tails of Washington. He knows about
erman Adams and the gift of rugs,
knows about oil depletions, he
ows about the Catholic "power-
use," he even knows about the de-
nse contracts. Then why does he
ite as he does? Is he simply a clear-
aded liar smoothing over the rough
ots for the ruling class? I don't think

I think the situation is more serious
an this. I think that if Mr. Drury
ere consciously doing a public rela-
ns job for capitalism, it wouldn't be
bad. One could get indignant about
one could call him names, point out
at he is prostituting his gifts as a
iter, etc., etc. But still I think there
uld be some hope. No, I think the
th is that Mr. Drury believes the
ture he has drawn. I think he really
lieves the U. S. Senate is a gathering
statesmen. I think he really does
lieve that we should wipe out the
viet Union. I think Mr. Drury is
victim of his own propaganda, and
t of people like him, in the last
een years. He has created a certain
ture of the world and of the United
tes and whatever fact doesn't fit, he
ply disregards. This is a process,
ich, carried over a considerable
ount of time, ends up in a complete
enation from reality. I think Mr.
ury is well on the way.

But that is the author. What about the critics? What about the audience? The critics have hailed this book as a novel of ideas, as a brilliant study of the Washington scene. This is simply not true. The author shows the surface of the society, he shows a few peccadillos here and there but in any meaningful way the novel is completely barren. A series of warmed-over cliches passes for analysis. Why then do the critics praise it? Doesn't a man like Arthur Krock *know* what goes on in Washington, in the cloakrooms, the hotel suites maintained by the large corporations, the military-business alliance? Doesn't he know? Can't he even read a book like C. Wright Mills' *The Power Elite* which pitilessly exposes the reality of who controls our society? The answer is again that Krock does know. Then is he a liar? Is he writing tongue-in-cheek, a paid public relations expert for a capitalist society? I think the answer is the same here as in regard to the author: Krock has come to believe this rose-tinted picture of the country and of the world. The varnish glistens and the gloss is convincing. Krock really believes that the fundamental truth is that the Senate is composed of dedicated statesmen defending the Republic. When he finds out that this or that Senator is in fact a thief, he dismisses it as an unfortunate event which does not change the overall picture. Now there is of course a large element of truth in his belief. Since the ruling class believes the nation belongs to it, Senators who are defending class positions actually believe they are defending national interests. But this is only one element. The deeper truth is that cor-

ruption has spread so deeply that what used to be considered immoral twenty years ago is acceptable today. A business man can say: "What is good for General Motors is good for the United States," and not too many people are shocked.

What has been said of Drury and Krock reflects upon the audience too, to a degree, though the audience has more excuses. The book is interesting and the situation complex. It takes some thoughtfulness to realize that it is phony and untrue. It takes some criteria, some habit of thinking and criticizing. But these qualities are being developed less and less in contemporary America. Independent teachers have been driven from the schools, nonconforming writers cannot be heard. The population is being fed on the mental pabulum of rigged TV shows. The result is a slow but sure deterioration of intellectual standards.

For fifteen years America has been subjected to an unremitting campaign of brainwashing by its rulers using the vast power of the modern media of communications. In a recent book, *The Organization Man* written by Whyte who is managing editor of *Fortune,* the point is made that the corporations don't like the fact that people show no initiative, do no thinking of their own. Well, they got what they wanted. Kazin, Capouya, Whyte, Schlesinger and other minor Jeremiahs can bemoan the state of American thought, but they are part of the system which has produced it (and lack the perception or courage to alter what they have helped create).

What *Advise and Consent* shows, both by its content and by its reception, is that the brainwashing of th last fifteen years has affected the brai washers themselves, and made them i capable of thinking realistically abo their problems. They can't even figu out what their own class interests ar At the very time that one section the ruling class, dismayed by the ma sive defeats sustained by American in perialism through the Acheson-Dull policies, seeks gropingly a new diplo matic approach, the number one be seller is a book which is even mo rigid than Dulles. The success of th *ersatz* product should warn us ho dangerous self-induced stupidity can b

CARL MARZAN

Hot and Cool

THE ART OF JAZZ: Essays on th Development of Jazz, edited b Martin T. Williams. Oxford Un versity Press. $5.00.

MARTIN T. WILLIAMS, one the widely respected younger jaz critics, has assembled an anthology twenty-seven essays on the history an nature of jazz. The aim is less to pr vide a comprehensive survey than preserve important pieces of writin that would otherwise have been los since many were written for the "litt magazines" of jazz or even as reco reviews or notes for record album And although the collection includ some of the older writers on the su ject whose names were known twen years ago—notably William Russe who writes on various jazz pianis and George Avakian who contribut articles on Bix Biederbecke and Bess Smith—an interesting feature of th book is the extent to which it repr sents the new style of jazz criticis

has grown up in the past decade. he writers of the late 1930's were a small brotherhood of explorers virgin territory, enthusiasts brim- g over with love for the subject battling for its recognition, writ- rhapsodically to infect their read- with their excitement. By and large cared little for any music outside jazz. They sometimes made much sweeping generalizations about the and future of jazz or about the ıe of not knowing how to read ic in order to play jazz well, avoided notes and other evidence of schol- disciplines, and, in writing about r favorite personalities, they would sionally confuse fact and myth. y even fostered a few myths. But service they performed was in- nable. They were pioneers who to depend mainly upon their own to guide them through the chaos of commercial music industry. And ears were wonderful. The dis- ries they made, the hierarchy of ired jazz musicians they helped set the obscure figures for whom they recognition, have provided, with- much drastic change, the founda- of the jazz histories being written y.

ıst as jazz has since changed, so jazz criticism. The jazz of which older writers wrote, rich in the s and other folk elements, adopt- as in folk music a set of fairly ble formal conventions on the se- foundation of which it could im- ise freely, this jazz hardly exists y. Jazz now is a much more know- music, produced by men completely e of such matters as counterpoint, rhythms, and modulation through the circle of keys. They experiment with musical techniques as consciously as do the contemporary "longhair" composers, and they not only listen to such composers with interest but also demand a reciprocal interest. One might say that "collective improvisation" has been replaced by "collective composiiton." This is not altogether true, since there was more knowledge and composer's craft in the 1930's than jazz musicians were then being credited with, but it does mark out the changed emphasis. In the intervening period jazz criticism has also "gone to college," with jazz becoming the subject of research projects and Ph. D. theses. The battle to win some recognition for it as an adornment of American cultural life, to throw some light through the murk of commercial music, has been won with a vengeance. Now a blinding glare of publicity permeates the field, with a wealth of music offering itself as "genuine," "righteous," and "creative" jazz, much of which is counterfeit. There are also far more words spilled out about it, including the efforts of press agents and others with a lucrative connection to selling the music who masquerade as impartial critics. And so a book like that under consideration serves an important purpose in helping establish a high standard of honest criticism amidst the mass of balderdash.

The new criticism, as exhibited here, avoids some of the weaknesses of the old. It is written with an almost fanatic devotion to documented fact, and it adds to this an analytic approach to the jazz performance itself, sometimes highly technical, taking it apart phrase by phrase. But it has developed

some problems and weaknesses of its own. It is in danger of slipping into the same mental prison house as one finds in other fields of art criticism today. Its attitude seems to be that one writes either about what a work of art says, or about how it says it. And since the first is highly emotional and subjective, the only safe and secure path is the second.

But a work of art lives because it gives a conscious form to what is being thought and felt by people in the world that produces it. It crystallizes some aspect of the turbulent movement of society, as it affects the individuals in it. As soon as one views the art in isolation from the artist, and the artist in isolation from society, the art itself becomes meaningless. It is as if one were to explain a human being by examining his gestures, manner and expression alone. A piece of jazz thus becomes only a configuration of musical notes. And jazz criticism becomes afflicted by a new source of confusion. For a performance offering the most glittering array of technical novelties and inventions, meat for an awesome and impressive analysis, may be as uninspired as the most simple imitation of a folk pattern.

In this book dealing with one of the most remarkable cultural creations of American society, there is much to learn, but missing is a feeling of the presence of American society itself. There are exceptions, such as the article called "Big Maceo," by Paul Oliver, who is one of a number of excellent English critics represented here. In his article, which deals with the blues singer Maceo Merriweather, a mention of social background and circumstances comes like a May br warming the informative but f atmosphere created by some of other articles. By and large howe the tone of the book is that of the tivism which permeates so much tellectual work in every field to namely a devout restriction to minus a sense of the possibility of learning anything from the facts fear of generalizations, a theory of theory" like a blind man guided by what he can handle and touch. is not to say that the book lacks value. It takes its place with the portant volumes on jazz. But one h that the school of jazz criticism represents will proceed to emb some of the issues of real life, s of the fears, joys, victories, ironies frustrations, some of the burning sire for freedom and growth, awareness of obstacles, which make the reason for being of the art which it deals.

SIDNEY FINKELST

Poorly Furnished

THE MANSION, by William Fa ner. Random House. $4.75.

THE MANSION is the third b of a trilogy which began wit bang in *The Hamlet* (1940) and minished to a whimper or, rathe giggle in *The Town* (1957—see review in *Mainstream,* Septen 1957).

This last volume is a tired rag of a book in which fragmentary nants of once fine and durable mat are mixed, helter skelter, with l pieces of sleazy pretentious stuff.

The padding includes double

triple washed out repetitions of
ents already fully told not only in
Hamlet and *The Town* but also
he Sound and the Fury. Even the
new minor figures seem faded
s of grotesques much more vividly
nted in earlier works.

ne thread of story—perhaps we
ld say, of character—does hold the
r's interest and give some intima-
of the strength as well as the
usion in an earlier Faulkner. The
re of Mink Snopes and his ten-
farming background, which occu-
a little over a fourth of the book
1-51, 88-106, 259-293, 396-438)
d be worth reading if we could
instead, re-read *The Hamlet*.

herwise the only element of in-
, and that just for the sheer nov-
of its appearance in Faulkner, is
recurrent reference to the Spanish
War. He uses it, altogether un-
zed, to arrange widowhood and
deafness for Flem's altogether
osterous "card carrying commu-
daughter, Linda. Yet his atti-
to the Loyalists is amazingly sym-
etic as it emerges from a welter
nerulous complaint about the CIO,
, social security, and so forth.
more important, he unquestion-
sees the fascist victory in Spain
e deliberate first step in Hitler's
l war.

ere is also one brief but telling
se of the repulse an FBI agent
es (in Mississippi) when he at-
ts to intimidate Linda's friends
advising her to name other Com-
sts.

t while this late comment on our
rity program" is certainly of im-
nce in our over-all view of Faulk-
ner himself, it is just as certainly of no literary importance as it is treated here.

ANNETTE T. RUBINSTEIN

Serene Leader

LUCRETIA MOTT, by Otelia Cromwell. Harvard University Press. $5.75.

IN this biography of "one of America's greatest women," the author, a former professor of English, has drawn a delightful and sympathetic portrait. Clear in thought and firm in principles, Lucretia Mott embodied, in rare combination, the highest ideals both of her religion and the several progressive movements of her day.

She was born in Nantucket in 1793, the second child and daughter of Thomas and Anne Coffin. Educated in the Quaker tradition, she was inducted into the ministry at the age of twenty-eight, and was soon widely known for her eloquence and her keen theological reasoning.

An ardent abolitionist, she was one of the founders of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society in 1833, and when the American Anti-Slavery Society finally voted its women members equal rights, she was the one woman among five delegates from the national organization to the 1840 World Anti-Slavery Convention in London.

The Convention was remarkable for the effect it had, which went far beyond its original purpose. For out of the debate over the right of the American women delegates to participate—they lost, and sat out the convention behind a curtain—came the spark that eight years later burst into flame in the first Women's Rights Convention at

Seneca Falls.

Not the least of those convinced at that time of the need for action was Lucretia Mott. "I grew up so thoroughly imbued with women's rights," she emphasized many times, "that it was the most important question of my life from a very early day."

For the next two decades the abolition and women's rights movements were closely intertwined. To both of them Mrs. Mott brought all the power of her eloquence, sharpened by what Professor Cromwell terms her "historical approach." Cutting through the sentimental and emotional wrappings, she laid bare the heart of women's inferior status—a systematically imposed repression which resulted in unequal educational and employment opportunities with a lower wage standard, and denial of legal and political rights. Yet here a curious contradiction appeared, for while she insisted on women's "right to the elective franchise," she did not favor women's voting or taking "an active part in policies in the present state of our government."

No such inconsistency marred her attitude toward the various facets of the anti-slavery movement. In her opinion slavery must be attacked as an unjust institution and utterly destroyed. She was opposed to the attempt to end it by buying slaves and freeing them; such action, she argued, merely put money into the hands of the slaveholders to renew their purchases. Instead, she urged a boycott of the products of slavery, to make it economically unprofitable. For years the Mott home was an important station on the Underground Railroad, as it was also a brief haven for the wife of John Brown just before his execution.

The Civil War, as war, solely t her Quaker ideals of pacifism and n resistance. But she was realist enou and courageous enough, to recogn this particular conflict as an evil ne sary to put an end to a greater e and in the doing, hopefully, to put end to both.

Much of the value of Profe Cromwell's book lies in the wide of primary sources, and she has flavo it well with numerous quotations fr the letters and diaries of Mrs. Mott her contemporaries. On occasion, h ever, the thread of narrative tends lose itself among the minutiae of ondary controversies. But more seri is the fact that, in detailing much the pertinent historical background, has so little to say about the deci struggle of the era—the Civil War self.

Nevertheless, she has succeeded bringing to life a warm, sensitive son, with a fine sense of humor an dry, ready wit. Lucretia Mott's relig was no fetter to her reason; her timony of Faith identified itself v a Testimony of Works firmly groun in the instant need.

It was her fortune that at a t when the large issues of the day v largely in the hands of men, Quake had already liberated its women stand side by side with men on issues. Thus she was able to m into an unquestioned leadership. rene and confident, she could decl "If one is but assured of the ju of a cause, one need not hesitat embark on the path of justice, one not fear to go forward."

DOROTHY ROSE BLUME

ooks Received

STRO, CUBA AND JUSTICE, by Ray Brennan. Doubleday & Co. $3.95.

AY BRENNAN, correspondent of the *Chicago Sun-Times,* relates dramatic story of the recent Cuban olution, beginning with Fidel Cas- s July 26, 1953 assault on the Fort ncada barracks.

During the five and a half years of ista oppression that followed, 19,000 e murdered and many more tor- ed. Why didn't the U.S. know? s Brennan. As for two U.S. am- sadors to Cuba, "it would seem they ld not have avoided hearing of the lish conditions." Arthur Gardner his successor, Earl E. T. Smith, re frequent guests of Dictator Ba- at cocktail parties and receptions. y had consular officials reporting them from the interior of Cuba." "the United States sold warplanes, bs, guns and ammunition to Ba- 's unconstitutional, illegal dictator- . Batista got the guns in the name hemisphere defense.' ".

.S. corporations, Brennan points had vast holdings in Cuba. Some ained crooked deeds to the land by ing Batista, Machado and their an- dent robbers." Sugar profits went bsentee owners in New York, Chi- and Miami; pay was as low as cents a day.

nly the last few pages of Bren- s book deal with the current Cuban tion. But he defends Castro from critics. Though opposed to capital shment, he feels that "if any crim- deserved being put to death, the n war criminals certainly did." And on the agrarian reform: "History shows us that any sweepingly progressive reform measures have been called 'communistic' by many critics. . . . The important thing, in the view of the 26th of July Movement, was that the improverished farmers would have decent lives and an avenue of escape from virtual enslavement for the first time in the island's history."

The facts of Latin American life, momentarily glimpsed by the U.S. public as the Castro drama came to a climax, are again being obscured by mounting press attacks. The developing revolution treads on U.S. financial toes, and dangerous days lie ahead for Cuba. It is good to have such a book to keep the Cuban struggle in perspective.

THE SOVIET UNION TODAY, by George Morris. New Century Publishers. 35¢.

THIS is a good pamphlet. It is good, to begin with, for those who did not know any of the answers before—the newly awakening, taking their first long look at the USSR. And it's good also for those who thought they already knew all the answers themselves, but somehow they don't seem to be able to get them across to others so well these days. . . .

What is a "collective agreement" like, over there? (pp. 11-15); how do their unions work, and what do they actually do? (pp. 15-21); what is their standard of living, and what are their perspectives? (pp. 29-37); what are they doing about education, and what about their youth? (pp. 45-54)—in not much more than half a hundred pages

(three, at most four hours of any literate worker's reading-time), such questions as these, and many more besides, are given their answer here.

Good answers, too. Statistics (in moderation); charts and graphs (here and there); quotations (plenty of them, and from varied sources—including the people George Morris talked with, on the spot); and straight exposition, lots of it—plain, patient, but firm—as befits the subject, where a new idea, to be raised, must put down an old one. And throughout, a bold and direct refutation of the "curtain of ignorance" crowd, and especially George Meany. For example, and most significantly right now, on the questions of economic growth, and the comparison of the two systems as to rates of growth (pp. 22-29).

Armed with this, the careful reader is not only no longer prey to the Meany brand of lies and slanders. Better still, he may even get to thinking up some questions of his own to put to the Meanys, both big and little, who keep trying to seduce him, through fancy or fear. For instance, "Now, what have *I* got to be afraid of the Socialist countries for? You, maybe; but why me? And, come to think of it, what's wrong with socialism for *me,* too? . . ."

A VISIT TO SOVIET SCIENCE, by Stefan Heym. Marzani and Munsell. $1.00.

IN sixty-odd pages of reporting on visits to Soviet scientific establishments, and on interviews with their leading scientific cadres, Stefan Heym gives a warm, rich and profoundly moving account of that undoubted glory of our times—the achievement Soviet science. What gives it its qu unparalleled substance, however, that there is hardly a single fact a duced whose *meaning* is not examine hardly a single insight that does n rest on *fact.*

Heym's tour included visits to t Soviet Committee for the Geophysic Year, the famed Pulkovo Observato the Institute of Precision Mechani and Computing Techniques, the Ins tute of Automation and Telemechani and a dozen other such establishmen with forbidding titles, and ordinari chilling reputations. He went with strong, an impassioned belief in s cialism; but he also went with a jou nalist's candid eye, to see *in concre* "what's going on around here. . .

What he brings to us is a pictu of scientific work of incredible sco and boldness, carried on by devot people, with no fear of curtail budgets, or of official tampering; expectation (not even the most mote!) of "making a million on t one," or of "this one will kill them- but good!"; and above all no dang that the products of their devotion research and experimentation (perha at base, the most "human" of all pu suits) would ever be turned to an human ends.

POETRY: A Modern Guide to Understanding and Enjoyment, Elizabeth Drew. W. N. Norton Co. $3.95.

THIS excellent book offers the read exactly what it promises—a mo ern guide to the understanding a enjoyment of all poetry, ancient a modern alike. The broad literary sch

rship, deep artistic appreciation, ma-
ure humanist wisdom and keen psycho-
ogical insight clearly show many years
f loving study and successful teach-
ng. But it is not every good teacher
vho can translate a warm personality
nd vivid oral presentation to the
rinted page as well as Professor Drew
as here done. Nor are there many
cholars able to write simply and
learly enough for intelligent readers
vith little or no academic background
r special interest in poetry, while at
he same time presenting enough subtle
nd original interpretation, and enough
ariety of unfamiliar as well as familiar
naterials, to make the book helpful
or anyone seriously concerned with
terature.

This is a book well worth owning,
ending, and giving. And for those who
vill settle for soft covers, Dell pub-
lishers has a paperback Laurel edition
or 50¢.

DIALOGUE ON JOHN DEWEY, DIALOGUE ON GEORGE SANTAYANA, ed. Corliss Lamont. Horizon Press. $2.50 each.

BOTH these volumes consist of transcriptions, *via* tape recorder, of informal evenings of reminiscences and personal impressions of these two philosophers that took place at the home of Dr. Lamont. The participants, different but overlapping, are largely from the philosophy department of Columbia University, but include such other acquaintances or admirers of the philosophers discussed as Harry Laidler, James T. Farrell, Harold Taylor, Milton Munitz and Horace Kallen.

The question raised by both volumes is whether the form is capable of producing worth-while content. There is piety here, some hero worship, a few telling "digs" and several good jokes. But the assorted and mostly disorganized memories and comments do not seem to contribute sufficiently to the understanding of either the lives or the thoughts of these most disparate philosophers.