Mainstream

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ONE OF THEM HEROES

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NO HARD FEELINGS

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Drawings by Frans Masereel and Alice Dunham

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ALLOUT: TODAY'S SEVEN-YEAR PLAGUE

LINUS C. PAULING

Dr. Pauling, professor at the California Institute of Technology, is a 1954 Nobel Prizewinner in the field of chemistry. His article is the text of a speech delivered last fall at Carnegie Hall, New York City, at a meeting of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. No other publication in the United States has seen fit to print his words. Exempt from whatever implication may be drawn from this fact are such publications as the *National Guardian, Liberation,* and the *Worker* which have reproduced other statements of Dr. Pauling's.

The drawing on page 13 is by the Flemish master of woodcut, Frans Masereel.—*The Editor.*

VE LIVE in a wonderful world. I like this world. I like human beings. I like animals. I like plants. I like the stars, the mountains, ocean, minerals, crystals—everything that there is in the world. d I am afraid that this wonderful world will be destroyed. I am aid that next year, or year after next, or the year after that we shall all dead—killed in a war in which the thousands of great nuclear bombs : now exist will be used. I hope—we all hope—that this will not ie about; but in spite of our hopes there exists the possibility that world will be destroyed, and we must not forget it.

This decade is the most important in the history of the world. We stand at the fork in the road: one path leads to world destruction, end of civilization; the other path leads to world peace, world government, the use of world resources for the benefit of man. The first is that of insensate militarism; the second is the path of reason.

The choices available to man and the necessity for making a choice e been pointed out over and over again since 1945.

In 1946 Professor Albert Einstein said that "The atomic bomb has ed profoundly the nature of the world. There is no defense in science nst the weapon that can destroy civilization. Our defense is not in aments, nor in science, nor in going underground. Our defense is aw and order."

As a result of statements such as this, of actions such as those taken he Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, actions which have brought

the truth to the people of the world, the people and even the leaders o the great nations know that the time has now come when war has to b given up, when continuing peace and total disarmament have to b achieved, by international agreements and international law.

President Eisenhower knows this. On 31 August 1959, in his T appearance with Prime Minister Macmillan, he said: "I think that th people want peace so much that governments had better get out of the way and let them have it!"

Yet, even though it is the announced policy of the President an the State Department to make international agreements to decrease th danger of war, and even though this policy has the support of th Congress, as shown by Senate Resolution No. 96, passed without a opposing vote, nevertheless the negotiations at Geneva have been near stopped because our government has not yet made a clean-cut decisio The policy of the President, the State Department, and the Senate weakened and rendered largely ineffective by the opposing actions the AEC, the Defense Department, and individual politicians and repr sentatives of big business-defense industries.

Nearly every day the *New York Times* and other papers repo untrue statements from these sources, designed to mislead the Americ people and to prevent progress in the fight against war.

For example, yesterday's *Times* (24 Oct. 1959) contained an artic with the heading "Strontium—90 Count in Vegetables Safe," and th statement that Arthur S. Flemming, Secretary of the Dept. of Healt Education, and Welfare, said that the amounts of radioactivity bei found in fresh vegetables are well within the safe limits recommend by the National Committee on Radiation Protection and Measuremen

This is not true. The M.P.C. (maximum permissible concentratio is not a safe amount. The National Committee on Radiation Protecti and Measurements, which sets the values, does not describe the M.P in this way. The NAS-NRC Committee says that any amount of hig energy radiation, no matter how small, is harmful. The MPC is t amount that does not cause so much harm that the people, or t workers on an industrial job, will be aware of it and refuse to accept

DO you know that there is no agency of our government that has t obligation of protecting the American people against high-ene radiation? I was shocked to learn that the National Committee for Rad tion Protection and Measurements is a fraud, that it is not a governm agency, despite its headquarters in the U.S. Bureau of Standards, but i

vate quasi-official" non-governmental committee, with no labor rep-
ntatives, that sets MPC's and MPD's that can be used to defend em-
ers against damage suits.

And what about Mr. Fleming, Secretary of the Dept. of Health, Ed-
ion, and Welfare. Does he work, in this matter of fallout radio-activ-
for the welfare of the American people, for the education of the
erican people, for the health of the American people? No—instead, he
es untrue statements, that strontium-90 in vegetables is safe, to mis-
the American people into thinking that fallout does not harm, that
do not need a bomb-test agreement, that it would be all right to start
ing nuclear bombs again.

Human beings are damaged by strontium-90 and other radioactive
stance produced by nuclear bomb tests.

The principal damage that these materials do is to cause cancer. It is
ly that hundreds of thousands of people now living, perhaps as many
million, will be caused to die of cancer as a result of damage done
the radioactive fallout.

Cesium-137, iodine-131, carbon-14, and especially strontium-90 are
radioactive substances from the bomb tests that cause cancer in
nan beings. It is probable that about ten percent of all cases of cancer
caused by the background radiation to which human beings are sub-
ed, from cosmic rays and natural radioactivity. The fallout radioactiv-
is now about five percent of the background radiation, and it con-
ues to increase. The strontium-90 from the bomb tests continues to
ne to earth, from the stratosphere. It gets into the food we eat, espe-
ly the milk, and it is then built into the bones of human beings.
ry human being in the world now has strontium-90 in his bones,
ereas 15 years ago nobody in the world had this radioactive substance
his bones. The strontium-90 irradiates the bone marrow and bone
ue in such a way as to cause leukemia and bone cancer. The iodine-131
diates the thyroid, and causes cancer of the thyroid. The cesium-137
carbon-14 irradiate all of the tissues in the body, and cause all kinds
cancer.

The estimate that I have made, on the basis of quantitative informa-
from the incidence of leukemia in Hiroshima and Nagasaki sur-
ors and from other medical statistics, is that the bomb tests carried
so far will cause 140,000 people now living to die of leukemia and
e cancer, and about a million people altogether to die of cancer of
kinds.

There is much uncertainty about these numbers—the true values

might be somewhat smaller or somewhat larger. But these numbers, n estimates, agree with estimates made by other scientists, including tho of the United Nations Committee on Biological Effects of Fallout Radi activity.

Until recently there was some uncertainty in the minds of scientis as to whether or not the effect of radiation in causing cancer is simil to the effect of radiation in causing genetic mutations, and whether sm amounts of radiation, as well as large ones, can cause cancer. All geneticis had reached the conclusion that high-energy radiation causes mutatio in human beings, such as to lead to the birth of defective children. It thought that cancer is caused by damaged molecules of nucleic acid the cells of the body, in the same way that genetic mutations are caus by damage to the molecules of nucleic acid in the germ cells. Howev not all scientists believed that small amounts of high-energy radiati would cause cancer, although it is known that large amounts cause canc in human beings.

This question has now been answered. Last year a very importa study of childhood cancer was made by Drs. Stewart, Webb, and Hewi in England. These investigators made a survey of all of the deaths childhood cancer, up to the end of the tenth year of life, in the Briti Isles, during one year, and a comparison study of children who had r died of cancer. Their studies were carried out with great care. It w found that the one correlation between the history of the children a the incidence of cancer that could be made with high statistical s nificance is the exposure of the child before birth to x-radiation, wh the mother was having an x-ray examination made of the pelvic regi The amount of exposure of the foetus was only two roentgens, on t average. This small amount of radiation, comparable to fallout rad activity and background radiation, is enough to double the chance th the child will die of cancer before he has passed the tenth year of life. This is the reason that obstetricians should not get into the ha of requiring an x-ray of every pregnant woman; the x-ray examinati should be made only when there is a sound medical reason for it.

There is accordingly now no doubt that these small amounts of rad tion are effective in causing cancer. Their effect, as given by this stu corresponds to about ten percent of all cases of cancer being caused background radiation, and strongly supports the estimates about damage due to fallout radioactivity that are given above.

We are thus forced to the conclusion that the radioactive mater liberated by the bomb tests are damaging human beings now living such a way as to cause hundreds of thousands of them to die of can

WHAT are our government officials doing about this fallout problem? Mr. John McCone on 24 March 1959 said to the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy: "So long as I am Chairman of the Atomic Energy Committee I shall not be a party to the suppression or distortion of any information bearing on the safety and health of the American people." Then the AEC General Advisory Committee issued its report on the 7th of May. This committee of nine scientists and industrialists, with not one biologist among them, had previously kept quiet during the five years of the fallout controversy. The *New York Times* headline read "AEC Study Belittles Fallout; Advisors Report Radiation Low." Mr. McCone on the 5 of May (National Press Club) said that the report will give further reassurance to the people of the world about the very small hazard resulting from fallout."

The report can be characterized by one item from it—that "strontium-90 which has been found in food and water is less of a hazard than the amount of radium normally present in public drinking water supply in certain places in the United States."

This refers to radium-containing water drunk by a few hundred thousand people in the U.S. No one knows how much cancer is caused even in this small population by the radium, and this argument, like many arguments used before by Dr. Libby and Dr. Teller, has no value whatever except its propaganda value.

I am reminded by the comment made about some of his colleagues by the Canadian scientist Sir Robert Watson-Watt, who developed radar in time for its use in the Battle of Britain: "They have, despite their admirably good intentions, allowed their standards of logical judgment and precision of statement to be debased by the bad company which they keep: politicians, military 'brass,' committee or commission members, and statesmen."

Representative Chet Holifield of California is a man to whom we are indebted for the 1957 hearings on fallout, which provided much information that had not before been available. But he has now become an apologist for bomb testing. Two days before the 1959 hearings (4 to 7 May) he said ". . . these tests are not detrimental, in a global way, to the people of the world. If there is any danger involved, it would be in such infinitesimal amount that I doubt if it could be proven in a laboratory to be of deleterious effect upon a human being."

The Holifield Committee heard testimony from two government experts, Dr. Austin Brues of Argonne National Laboratory and Dr. L. T. Law of the Public Health Service who testified about their opinion

that small amounts of strontium-90 do not cause cancer. Dr. Ralph La has said "It would have been appropriate to have a witness argue opposite view." In fact, I volunteered to appear—I had not been invi —but I was not accepted. Moreover, the scientific paper "The Effe of Strontium-90 on Mice," by my colleague, Professor B. Kamb, and was not accepted for inclusion in the published report of the hearin In this paper we had pointed out the fallacy in the argument that led an AEC scientist to conclude that strontium-90 probably did cause leukemia and bone cancer.

Why has Holifield changed? And why does not the Government t action to protect our children against strontium-90? Much of the str tium-90 that is now being built into the bones of our children, and will irradiate their bones and bone marrow throughout their lives, co from milk. (Some comes from vegetables and wheat; in May an A report revealed that some white bread sold in New York City contai four times the "maximum permissible amount.")

Something can be done about the milk. Addition of dicalc phosphate free of strontium-90 (from mineral sources) to the feed milch cows would cut the strontium-90 content in half. Calcium carbo free of strontium-90 could be added to bread—the British Governm has required addition of calcium carbonate to bread for nearly 20 y to combat calcium deficiency in the diet.

Why do our Government agencies not take these actions to decr the number of cases of leukemia and bone cancer caused by strontium-

I SHALL now discuss the genetic damage. Professor H. J. Muller covered thirty years ago that x-rays cause mutations to take plac the hereditary material in plants and animals, the genes. The genes molecules of deoxyribosenucleic acid. These molecules have the p of duplicating themselves. Each person in the world inherits a 100,000 molecules of deoxyribosenucleic acid from his father and mo half from the father and half from the mother. Most of these genes he inherits are the same as those that the father and the mother inherited, but he inherits only half of his father's genes and half o mother's genes. There is, however, the chance that he inherits on two or three genes that have been damaged since the time when father and mother inherited them. These damaged genes are called m genes—the process of damaging them is called mutation.

Professor Muller discovered that x-rays can damage genes, and his discovery it has been found that all kinds of high-energy radi

ı cause mutations. Geneticists all over the world agree that the high-
ergy radiation from the radioactive materials liberated into the atmos-
ere by the detonation of nuclear bombs is causing mutations to take
ıce in human beings all over the world.

The fission product from nuclear bomb tests that causes the most
ıetic damage is cesium-137. This radioactive element, liberated in the
mb tests, falls to earth, and, as the nuclei decompose, high-energy
mma rays are shot out, which strike molecules of deoxyribosenucleic
d as they pass through the reproductive organs of human beings, and
ıvert the good genes into bad genes. All geneticists in the world agree
ıt this effect is taking place.

Yet, despite this agreement, Mr. Holifield, on the 20th of May, 1959,
d ". . . there is sharp difference of opinion as to genetic effect (of
lout). No evidence, based upon laboratory experiments, has been
esented to our Subcommittee which would prove that detectable mu-
ions have yet been caused by low-level radiation of the amount in-
lved in the bomb test addition of radiation to the world's natural back-
ound radiation."

What is going on here? I can't understand it. Mr. Holifield seems
be contradicting the world's geneticists, as part of his whitewashing
nuclear weapons tests. His statement, above, may be true—perhaps
didn't allow any testimony to be presented; or the word detectable
y be the joker.

I have made use of the average estimates of the leading geneticists
the world in estimating how many children will be caused to be born
th gross physical or mental defect as a result of the mutations caused
the bomb tests that have been carried out so far. This estimate, based
the fission products alone, is that 140,000 children in the world have
en or will be caused to be born with gross physical or mental defect—
spend their lives in a mental institution, because of mental deficiency,
to have a disease such as chondrodystrophy, which caused them to be-
ne dwarfs.

Recently a study has been carried out that provides more precise in-
rmation about mutations in human beings than had been available
fore. The above estimates are based on the assumption that about ten
rcent of all mutations in human beings are caused by the background
liation to which all human beings are subjected. This background ra-
ıtion, due to cosmic rays and to natural radioactivity—radium and
ıer radioactive substances in rocks, drinking water, and air about us—
es the reproductive organs an exposure of about three roentgens in

thirty years; this is the average for human beings who live in regio where the rocks are sedimentary in origin, and somewhat larger, appro imately twice as large, in regions where granitic rocks or other igneo rocks are at the surface of the earth.

In the April 1959 issue of the American Journal of Public Heal there is a report by Dr. John T. Gentry and his two associates, M. Parkhurst and Mr. Bulin; of the State Department of Health of Ne York. Dr. Gentry and his associates have found that there is a large i crease in the number of defective children born in communities in Ne York State that are in the region of igneous rocks, as compared wi those in the region of sedimentary rocks. The increase that he fin occurs for several kinds of congenital defects. Its magnitude, an increa from 1.3 percent of children born with tangible defects to 1.7 perce is about twice what would be estimated on the basis of the assumpti that ten percent of all defects are due to background radiation. The is no doubt that the increase in the number of defective children bo in these regions is the result of the increased amount of high-energy diation from the radioactive substances in the rocks. Accordingly we a forced to accept the conclusion that high-energy radiation causes defe tive children to be born, and it seems likely that the estimates of t number of defective children caused by bomb tests should be increas perhaps by a factor of 2.

THE national leader who gives the order to test a great nuclear bor —and I hope that never again will such an order be given—shou know that he is thereby dooming 15,000 children to be born in the wo with gross physical or mental defect, and to live a life of suffering a misery.

I can understand why Bertrand Russell said that "the pollution the atmosphere with radioactive materials is the most wicked thing th we have ever done."

It is, in fact, still more wicked than is indicated by the number 15,000 defective children per large bomb. I have analyzed the effects carbon-14 produced by the bomb tests. Carbon-14 is a radioactive form carbon that is normally produced in the upper atmosphere by neutrons cosmic rays. Since 1954 the amount of carbon-14 in the atmosphere been increasingly steadily at the rate of two percent per year, and it is n ten percent greater than it was five years ago. The carbon-14 is b into the bodies of human beings, along with ordinary carbon. The carb 14 atoms are radioactive, and they continue to irradiate the tissues

ıe human body. Carbon-14, has a long life—its average life is 8,000 ears, so that human beings will continue to be damaged century after entury by the carbon-14 from the bomb tests that have been carried ıt so far. I have calculated that if the human race survives (*Science* 28, 1183 (1958)) the probable effect of the carbon-14 produced by the ombs tested so far (180 megatons) will be to cause in the world 330,-00 children with gross physical or mental defects, 1,000,000 stillbirths ıd childhood deaths, and 2,500,000 embryonic and neonatal deaths, ıread out over many generations. (There is some overlap between the rst two categories). The AEC scientists Totter, Zelle, and Hollister stimated twice as big an effect; that is; 660,000 with gross defects, ,000,000 stillbirths and childhood deaths, and 5,000,000 embryonic and eonatal deaths.

It is at the sacrifice of the health and happiness of these children ıat the bomb tests have been made. The carbon-14 over the centuries, ill cause more human suffering by far than the fission products—and ıe so-called "clean bombs" produce twice as much carbon-14 as the lirty" ones!

We may be thankful that no bombs have been exploded since the th of November 1959.

NOW let us consider the damage to the human race that might be done in case there were to be a nuclear war.

A large nuclear bomb, a superbomb of the largest size that has been xploded so far, is a bomb with twenty megatons of total energy, both ssion and fusion, of which about ten megatons is fission. Such a bomb as seven times the explosive energy of all of the explosive used in the hole of the Second World War. A raid by 1,000 planes on a city, with ıch plane dropping four one-ton blockbusters, was considered a great tack during the Second World War. If such a raid were carried out ıch night, night after night, for fourteen years, the amount of explosive ıergy released would be the same as that from the explosion of a single venty-megaton bomb over the city.

One great superbomb, with 20 megatons of explosive energy, could estroy any city on earth—New York, Moscow, London, Paris, Berlin. he blast, fire, and immediate radiation effects would kill nearly every-ody within a region 20 miles in diameter.

Moreover, it would not be necessary for the bomb to hit the city in rder to kill the people. A great amount of radioactive fission product esults from the explosion of such a bomb. Most of these radioactive

fission products, about 75 percent, fall to earth within a hour or two, if the bomb exploded close to the surface of the earth—within a kilometer above the earth. This radioactive material that falls to earth is called the local fallout. If the radioactive fission products from a twenty-megaton superbomb were spread uniformly over an area of 10,000 square miles, radioactivity produced within an hour would be more than enough to cause the people in the region to die of acute radiation sickness within a few days. In one day the average exposure to radioactivity of the people in this region of 10,000 square miles—a region 100 miles square—would be ten times the amount necessary to cause the people to die of acute radiation sisickness. Accordingly a bomb that exploded 100 kilometers or even 200 miles away from a great city could kill almost everybody in the city, if the wind were blowing in that direction.

I have calculated that 300 great bombs exploded in positions rather uniformly distributed over the United States could kill almost everybody in the United States. The same number of bombs would kill almost everybody in Russia. The same number of bombs would kill almost everybody in the British Isles, Germany, France, Italy, and all of the other countries of Europe. Four thousand of these bombs, exploded uniformly over the land surfaces of the earth, would liberate radioactive fission products that could kill almost every human being on earth.

And there are thousands of these great bombs in the stockpiles of the United States, the U.S.S.R., and Great Britain at the present time.

Three years ago a member of the Congress of the United States, Representative Van Zandt, said that the United States had fissionable material enough for 35,000 bombs and the U.S.S.R. had enough for 10,000 bombs. Six months ago Mr. Lester Pearson, former Prime Minister of Canada and now leader of the opposition in Canada, and winner of the Nobel Peace Prize for 1957, wrote me that he had information he considered to be completely reliable that the United States is manufacturing additional atomic bombs at the rate of 20,000 per year. Four months ago I made the statement, in an address in Brooklyn, that the United States has 75,000 atomic bombs in its stockpile, and that Russia has nearly as many. The magazine *Newsweek* attempted to get a statement from government authorities in the United States contradicting my estimate, and did not succeed—the government authorities would not say that my estimate was wrong.

At the present time we might say that the United States is ahead in the armaments race. The United States may have ten times as many bombs in its stock-pile as is needed to destroy the world—hence the

United States is ahead!

The Secretary of Defense, Secretary McElroy, stated in March 1959 that even if the United States were to be subjected to a great surprise attack by the U.S.S.R. it would still be possible to destroy the U.S.S.R. completely.

ON the 23rd of September 1958 I spoke at a great meeting in London, arranged by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. In my talk I said that if a nuclear war were to break out it is likely that a few bombs, perhaps one-half of one percent of the stockpile, would be used by Russia in an attack on the H-bomb bases in the British Isles, and that 50 bombs would be far more than needed to kill everybody in the British Isles. Two days later there appeared advertisements in the London Times and other British papers, put out for Her Majesty's Government by the Office of Public Information. In these advertisements the statement was made that "To say that everybody in the British Isles would be killed in an H-bomb war is simply not true. For millions of people the chances of survival would be very good."

There are 50,000,000 people in the British Isles. Her Majesty's Government did not say that 25,000,000 people would survive, or that 10,000,000 people would survive, or that millions of people would survive. Her Majesty's Government said only that for millions of people the chances of survival would be very good—and I am afraid that this optimistic statement is not justified. I am afraid that everybody in the British Isles would be killed, if there were to be a great nuclear war.

I am afraid that everybody in Germany, and everybody in France, and everybody in many other countries of the world, perhaps everybody in the whole world would be killed by the weapons now existing if the stockpiles of the nuclear powers were to be used in a great nuclear war.

This action of the British government, in its civil defense advertisement, troubles me as an example of propaganda to prepare the people for nuclear war, and I am afraid that we have to deal with similar propaganda in the United States. An example is provided by the Report "Biological and Environmental Effects of Nuclear War," as presented in the hearings held on the 22nd to the 26th of June 1959, by the Special Subcommittee on Radiation of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy of the Congress of the United States. Congressman Chet Holifield is the chairman of this Subcommittee.

The hearings were devoted largely to consideration of the predicted

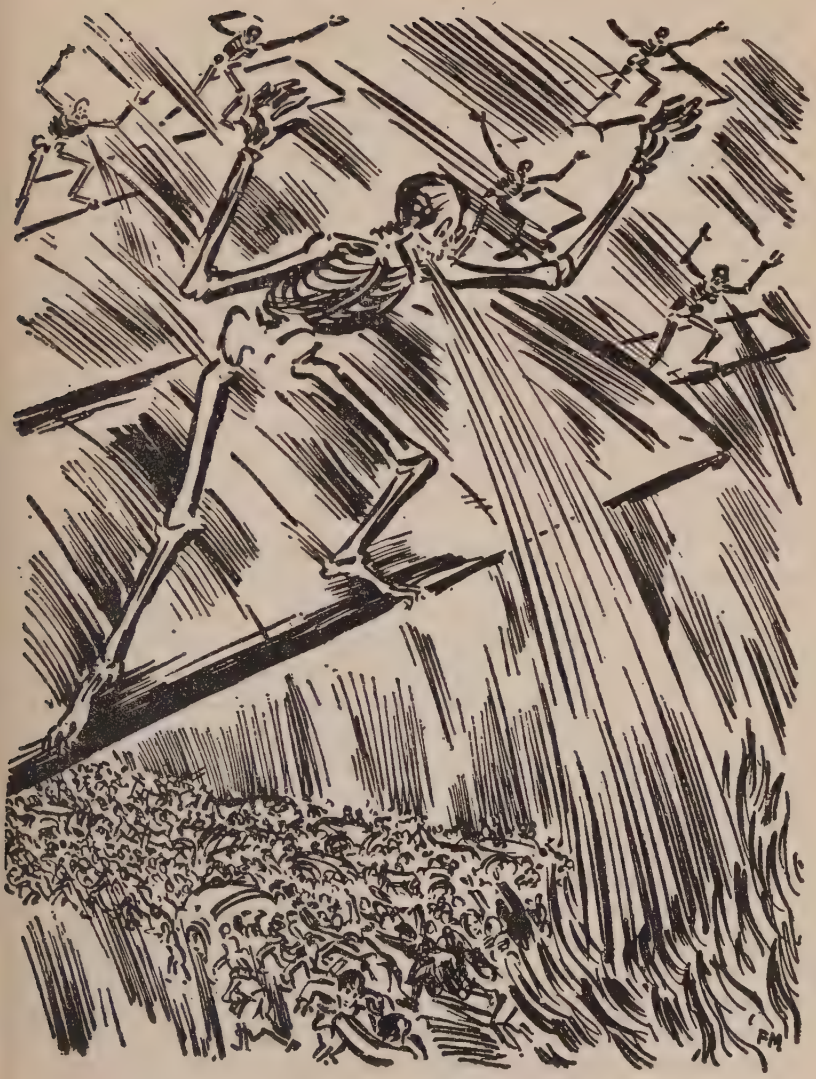
effects of a hypothetical nuclear attack on the United States. This nuclear attack was assumed to involve a total of 1,446 megatons of nuclear weapons, with about one-third, 567 megatons, devoted to large industrial and population centers. It was estimated that of the 180 million people in the United States 65 million would be killed and 25 million injured, and it was stated that these casualties could be reduced significantly if protective measures against fallout were to be taken. The summary-analysis of the hearings issued by the Subcommittee contains the statement: "The Subcommittee believes it is also important to note that almost one hundred million of our people (56% of the population) would have survived this hypothetical attack without suffering blast, thermal, or serious fallout effects."

There are many questions that I would ask about the Hearings of this Subcommittee. Were the Hearings held to enlighten the American people? If they were, why was the assumed hypothetical attack such a small one? The first Hearings before the Special Subcommittee on Radiation, the Subcommittee of which Representative Holifield is chairman, were held in May and June 1957. At that time a small hypothetical nuclear attack was discussed—one involving 2,500 megatons of atomic weapons, and also a larger nuclear attack, one involving 6,300 megatons. Drs. Hugh Everett III and George E. Pugh of the Institute of Defense Analyses have considered attacks ranging from 2,000 megatons to 50,000 megatons, 35 times as great as the one discussed at the Hearings.

Why were the Hearings this summer devoted to a hypothetical attack so small compared with those discussed in 1957? From my knowledge of existing atomic weapons, I would estimate that the reasonable attack to expect would be one involving ten times or twenty times as many atomic weapons as assumed in the Holifield Hearings this summer, and that, instead of expecting half of the American people to survive, we should not be able to hope for the survival of more than a few percent, those living in the Northern Rocky Mountain region, no matter what Civil Defense measures were taken.

WHY do we not stop our idiot's race toward death? Why do we not begin to solve world problems by the application of man's powers of reason, by making international agreements, by developing international law?

The arming of more and more nations with stockpiles of weapons that could destroy the world, could annihilate the human race, could end civilization—this is not the way to protect ourselves.



What good would be done if West Germany and East Germany, and Sweden and France and Italy and Egypt and Israel and China and Japan were to be armed with nuclear weapons?

If more and more nations obtain stockpiles of nuclear weapons, the chances of outbreak of a devastating nuclear war that would mean the end of the human race will become greater and greater.

We may be encouraged by the progress that has been made during the last year. One year ago the nuclear powers were continuing to pollute the atmosphere with radioactive materials by carrying out their bomb tests. Then, beginning the 1st of July 1958, there took place the First Geneva Conference on Bomb Tests. This was a conference of scientists, representing the governments of the principal nations of the world. In this conference, which within six weeks came to an end with complete success, there was formulated a system of 180 inspection stations, over the surface of the earth, designed to detect, with high probability, the testing of any significant weapon.

Then the nuclear powers brought their tests of nuclear weapons to an end—however, by independent action, rather than by international agreement. Since the 4th of November 1958 no nuclear bombs have been exploded in the world.

On the 31st of October 1958 the Second Geneva Conference on Bomb Tests began.

At the Second Geneva Conference on Bomb Tests representatives of the United States, the U.S.S.R., and Great Britain have been working to formulate an effective international agreement for stopping all bomb tests, with a system of inspection stations, as recommended by the scientists in the First Geneva Conference. Ambassador James J. Wadsworth, Ambassador Tsarapkin, and the British Ambassador Wright, with their associates, have been successful in formulating seventeen clauses of the proposed international agreement, covering most of the difficult points that need to be covered in a satisfactory international agreement on bomb tests.

One point that remains to be settled is that of the staffing of the 180 control posts. The U.S.S.R. has agreed that as many as one-third of the staff of a control post within any nation could consist of foreigners and the United States has argued that no more than one-third should consist of nationals. With a staff of 30 men, this means that the U.S.S.R. contends that 20 of the 30 for a station inside the U.S.S.R. should be Russian nationals, whereas we would allow only 10. I see no reason why a sensible compromise could not be immediately achieved on this point.

The second, and most important, point of controversy consists in the right of the staff of the control posts to make local inspection trips, when the seismographs indicate that either a small atomic bomb has exploded or an earthquake has taken place. This problem is important only for small bombs and minor earthquakes—large bombs can be immediately detected and distinguished from earthquakes by the seismographic records. At first the U.S.S.R. demanded the right to veto these local inspection trips. Mr. Macmillan then suggested that a quota of veto-free inspections be alloted for each nation. Four months ago the U.S.S.R. accepted this proposal. Yet for four months the United States has not taken action on this important situation—for the first time the U.S.S.R. has agreed to allow veto-free inspection within Russia, and we have not accepted the offer.

Senator Hubert Humphrey in his address in the Senate on Tuesday, the 18th of August 1959 pointed out that the reason that we have not been negotiating with the U.S.S.R. about the final points to be decided, the number of on-site veto-free inspections that could take place, is that our government remains divided on some basic aspects of the problem—divided between those who are concerned about the continuing arms race and who want to take a real step towards disarmament, and those who feel that we have more to gain than to lose by continuing tests of nuclear weapons. Senator Humphries said that our negotiators are burdened by obstacles which have been built primarily by the Atomic Energy Commission and to a lesser extent by our Defense Department, and that the AEC is allowed to continue to oppose the official position of the United States and to inject its own views on foreign policy, due to a lack of leadership at the top.

The time has come now when we must take the first great step towards disarmament—the completion and signing of the international agreement to stop the testing of nuclear weapons, with the system of inspection stations and on-site veto-free inspection trips, as formulated by the scientists at the First Geneva Conference and discussed by the negotiators in the Second Geneva Conference. We, all of us, must do what we can to apply pressure on the government and on the negotiators at Geneva. We must not allow the AEC and the Defense Department to begin their new series of tests, scheduled for January, when our voluntary agreement to refrain from testing comes to an end. This action would set off a new and even more senseless nuclear arms race.

The time has come now when we, as individuals, have the obligation to work to save the world from destruction. We must all do our part. We must fight for sanity, for self-preservation, for world preservation.

We must work for the success of the Geneva Conference on Bomb Tests, and then for an international agreement designed to prevent the outbreak of nuclear war through some psychological or technological action.

Then we must work for international agreements to decrease the military budgets of the nations of the world, as proposed by Mr. Khrushchev. The amount of money spent each year in the world for military purposes, for armaments, is equal to the total income of two-thirds of the people in the world. For example, in 1958 the inhabitants of Burma had an average income of $41, and the military budget of the United States was $41,000,000,000.

This great waste of the world's resources on armaments must be brought to an end, through international agreements.

The choice that we must make is between war and peace, between destruction and progress. Our situation is made clear by the testimony on strategic considerations about nuclear weapons given the Holifield Committee by Herman Kahn of the Center of International Studies, Princeton University, formerly with the Rand Corporation. The Subcommittee was told that recent calculations tend to cast doubt on the widely held notion that nuclear weapons have created a "balance of terror." It was told that although thermonuclear war would be horrible in the extreme it would not necessarily mean the total destruction of both sides (probably referring to the very small attack). It was stated that studies by the Rand Corporation have indicated that, if proper advance measures were taken, the United States might well be able to recover almost completely from the disaster of a nuclear war in about ten years. The 100 large cities and half the people would be gone: the country regions might remain.

The advance measures referred to are just the opposite of those proposed by Mr. Khrushchev and being acted upon by the negotiators in Geneva. Instead of making international agreements to decrease the chance of outbreak of devastating war and to lead ultimately to disarmament, with a gradual decrease in the military budget, it is proposed that there be an increase in the military budget, including billions of dollars—possibly hundreds of billions—for construction of shelters and for similar civil defense measures.

This testimony makes our choice clear. Are we, on the one hand, going to work for international agreement, international law, the end of war, and morality, or, on the other hand, for increased military budgets and preparation for nuclear war, in the hope that the United States will not be damaged so greatly as to make recovery impossible?

In his article in the January 1959 issue of the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists Mr. Kahn amplifies his proposal. He states that the United States national policy rests on a deterrent strategy, with three types of deterrence involved. The first type is the use of our nuclear stockpile to prevent a nuclear attack by the U.S.S.R. on the United States. The second type, deterrence of extremely provocative behavior, is illustrated as the use of our stockpile to prevent a Munich-type crisis. The third part is the deterrence of even moderately provocative actions.

It is this use of the nuclear stockpile to prevent political action, the "brink-of-war" use, that makes the danger of nuclear war and world destruction so great now.

Mr. Kahn illustrates deterrence of extremely provocative behavior by stating that in a tense situation the United States might carry out an evacuation of its civilian population to try to persuade the U.S.S.R. to desist in its actions. He then says, "If the evacuation did not persuade the Soviets to desist, then in this last resort the U.S. might decide that it was less risky to go to war than to acquiesce."

In the discussion of deterrence of moderately provocative actions, he says that if the United States had a non-military defense program, involving a great system of shelters, the Soviets would probably be forced either to match this program, to accept a position of inferiority, or possibly even to strike immediately—that is, he foresees that the recommended action, building shelters, might be used in connection with political pressure (moderately provocative actions) to force the U.S.S.R. to initiate nuclear war.

I feel that we owe our thanks to Mr. Kahn and his associates who have analyzed the problems of the nuclear age in such a clear way. Their analysis proves that the policy of civil defense, shelters, and other increasing armaments expenditures will lead inevitably to war.

WE are forced now to conclude that for the safety of the United States and of the American people we must begin immediately to negotiate for international agreements that are just, and that decrease the danger of outbreak of a great war. We must devote our efforts to the development of a system of international law that will provide methods for the just solution of disputes between nations.

This is the policy of our Government, as expressed by President Eisenhower and supported by the people. The visit of Mr. Khrushchev to talk with President Eisenhower was a great event, an important part of the fight against world destruction. And yet there was opposition

even to this meeting of the leaders of these two great nations.

For example, the *New York Times* and many other newspapers all over the U.S. published this full-page advertisement. It starts well, with the words "Peace and Friendship." And then comes its message: Let there be no "deals" with Khrushchev, that is, let there be no international agreements, no international law.

How can anyone take this stand, the stand of opposition to reason and sanity? The answer is given by the knowledge of this identity of the advertiser, the Allen-Bradley Co. of Milwaukee, Wis., manufacturers of electronic components. (The cold war is a source of inflated profits; let us keep it going!)

And here we meet a great question—is it possible for the United States to survive the economic impact of an international disarmament agreement, carefully formulated, with inspection, in such a way as to increase the safety and welfare of all the nations and all the people in the world and to do justice to every country?

I believe that it is possible, but that it requires planning, research. This is the way in which problems of all sorts are solved in the modern world. I have proposed that thousands of the best scientists and other scholars in the world be brought together into a World Peace Research Organization. A committee of 18 scientists of the Democratic Party has recommended that the U.S. have a similar research group to attack national problems.

A Republican committee of business leaders (the Republican analogue of the scientists committee, I suppose) has recommended that the national outlay for research and development be increased from the present six billion to 36 billion dollars. I am sure that this problem can be solved, in a way that will benefit the U.S. and the world, if we attack it in a bold and straightforward way.

THERE is an argument that is often ignored in the discussion of war and peace, militarism and disarmament. It is the argument of morality.

How often a Congressional orator describes the selfish advantages to our nation of a step that we might take—and how rarely is the question of morality raised!

As a boy I was much troubled by the contradiction between personal and national principles of behavior. Only after many years did I find the solution—it is that nations are immoral.

The role played by nationalism and military secrecy in relation to

orality can be illustrated by a statement made by Mr. Kahn in dis-ussing the problem of giving unclassified talks. He said that in dis-ussing secret matter, "You don't have to lie very much; but you do ave to look people in the eye a little bit and say something which is ist not true. This again is the difference in morality between the overnment and the non-government. . . ."

Just as militarism and war are the enemies of morality, so are they e enemies of freedom—the freedom of the individual human being. common with other nations, we have not adopted the statement of uman rights of the United Nations. We have not adopted it because is incompatible with our nationalism and militarism. Only when we ave won the battle against war will it become possible to attack the roblem of freedom and human rights in a truly effective way. It is ur acceptance of the immorality of war that is responsible for sup-ressive legislation, for the loss of freedom of individual human beings all nations of the world.

Nations have always been immoral—the actions of nations have een incompatible with the principles of ethical behavior that have een accepted by individual human beings. Aristotle asked the question: Can a moral man represent his nation in a diplomatic capacity?", and e answered no, because nations are immoral—it has been considered right for a nation to attack a weaker nation, if it could benefit itself ereby, no matter what the principles of morality would say.

But now we, as individuals, have the primary duty to fight militarism every way that we can. In his book *The Causes of World War Three,* rofessor C. Wright Mills of Columbia University has stated that intel-ctuals are in default in not fighting against the drift and the thrust ward war. He asked "What scientist can claim to be a part of the gacy of science and yet remain a hired technician of the military achine? What man of God can claim to partake of the Holy Spirit, know the life of Jesus, to grasp the meaning of that Sunday phrase e brotherhood of man'—and yet sanction the immorality of the esars of our time? The answer is quite plain: very many scientists come subordinated parts of the Science Machines of overdeveloped tions; these machines are among the prime causes toward war. Preach-, rabbis, priests—standing in the religious default—allow immorality find support in religion; they use religion to cloak and to support personal, wholesale murder—and the preparation for it."

Now, however, nations are forced to be moral. War, which in the odern world would lead to the destruction of the world, the end of ilization, must be abandoned. We are forced to solve world problems

by the application of man's power of reason, by making international agreements, by developing international law.

I believe in morality, in justice, in international law. I believe that the Commandment Thou Shalt Not Kill does not mean Thou Shalt Not Kill Except by the Hundreds of Millions, with Nuclear Weapons, and when the national leaders decide that it shall be done.

I SUGGEST that, with our new understanding of the nature of man we accept a revised Golden Rule: "Do unto others 20-percent better than you would have them do unto you, to correct for subjective error." If the nations attack the great problem of disarmament and peace in this spirit the world will be saved.

I believe that the world will not be destroyed. I believe that we shall succeed in making international agreements to stop the testing of nuclear weapons, to decrease the danger of accidental outbreak of nuclear war, to achieve general disarmament in a way that insures our safety and benefits the people of the whole world, to develop an effective system of international law that will permit disputes between nations to be settled in accordance with justice and morality.

I believe that the future will be a future of world peace, when the resources of this great world in which we live will be used for the benefit of all mankind.

And I am happy that I live at this unique epoch in the history of the world, the epoch that represents the demarcation in time between the past, when we have had wars, even more and more destructive wars with their accompaniment of death and human suffering, and the future when we shall have no more war.

ONE OF THEM HEROES

JON EDGAR WEBB

TEX put the empty beer glass he'd been balancing on top his head very gently on the tabletop between him and the slight, doe-faced girl tting across from him in the booth. "So," he grinned wryly, "could insane guy've done that?"

"Dammit," the girl said, "I didn't say you was insane, Tex. I said ou was crazy."

"So what are you—a head doctor?"

"No, but I got eyes to see with."

Looking squint-eyed into the girl's big sad rabbit-like eyes, Tex tapped er chin with the rim of the glass. "Do you wanna get poked?"

"Hmphh," she snorted, and jerked her thin lips up in a half-smile. Vith that, you mean?"

Yeah, with that."

"You ever poke me with a glass," she said slowly, "and you'll surely ish you hadn't."

"The only thing I surely wish I hadn't," Tex said as slowly, "was run to you. I mean when you talk that way." He squinted again. "Just hat were you doing in that bus station anyway?"

"I toldja a million times."

"Tell me again."

"I was waitin for a bus. *Ha.*"

"Oh, was you? You sure it wasn't a buster?"

She opened her mouth to reply, then clamped it shut and gave him a ony look.

"You little monkey, you're getting mad, ain't you?" He reached over id got hold of her nose between his forefinger and thumb. "And no crying ither—you hear?" He let go her nose and slumped back into the corner f the booth.

"We had to have that hill," he said, sing-song. "We already once had it but we lost it, so we had to take it again. Ho-hum. It wasn't no mountain, just a hill. It had a lot of rocks on top. Others had taken that hill before we did—some English guys, or was it the Aussies? I don't rightly recall," he growled from deep in his throat.

"Tex, stop it!" she snapped, and shut her eyes tightly. But suddenly she heard a plop and opened them. He was lying half over the table his pale, scarred, young-old face hidden in his arms. His gaunt shoulders were shaking, as if he were crying.

"Tex, stop fooling!"

"So now I'm fooling," he mumbled.

"If you ain't laughing, you're fooling."

His voice muffled, he implored her, "Edie, will you please beat it? Will you scram?"

"Alright, I will!"

She started to get up, but Tex instantly sat upright, smacking his head sharply against the seat-back. Startled, she stared at him. His one eye was open wide and was glassily looking upward, and his mouth hung open. Gently, she touched his arm. He was stiff as a corpse.

"Tex, I'm going," she said. She got up. "Do you hear me, Tex?" she said, poking him. "I'm going."

He didn't move.

"Good-by, Tex." She started to sidestep out of the booth.

"So who's going to be the father?"

"Father?" she said, looking surprised. "Why nobody is."

"Nobody? Who's nobody?"

"What I said—*nobody.*"

Tex snapped back to life. He shook his head as if it had been under water, then he stared at her. "Are you or ain't you?"

"Was just foolin you, Tex. Ha-ha."

"Why?"

"To make you mad."

"Make me mad? What do you mean *mad?*"

"It didn't make you sweet."

He pretended to glare at her. "And why didn't it, may I ask?"

"Because you're too damn mean to believe the truth, that's why."

"What truth?"

"That if I was you'd be the father."

"But you're not?"

"No, I'm not. You're just too mean to be a father."

He let out a brittle laugh. "Big mean old meanie me," he snickered. So now I'm not just insane—I'm mean, a big old bad meanie boy." He ıbbed a curled finger over the socket he had once had an eye in, his ood eye boring into her. "Look," he said fast, "no female is ready to ave one guy unless she's got another guy all ready to go to."

"There's no other guy, and you know it."

"You mean a *pur-itty* girl like you has only one guy in the world?"

"Yes—and the only other one is dead."

"And you never had another man—not one?"

"You know what I mean, boob."

"How many men you had, lady?"

She looked away, exasperated, and he said sharply, "No, you got it all ght. It's just that I'm not the one did it—right?"

"Wrong, and shut up."

"Shut up? I'm a mean old boob of an insane bastard, no?—so *you* ıut up." He snickered again. "Love you? I wish to hell I knew why. Jot so too long ago I swore I'd hate every gaddam human being I ever ıw the rest of my life, so love you why I do not know. Because maybe ou was so damned lost when I met you. Maybe at heart I'm just a big ld stupid oaf of a missionary. Pick pregnant girls out of the gutter and ıarry 'em. With this being my first mission. So I'm mean, eh? Listen, irl, you ever lay in a blood puddle and watch your very best friends lown into bits so close you spit their flesh out of your teeth? You ever ook around you at death with a eyeball hanging over a broken nose? ook here, you—chicken-hearted insane old lover boy Tex is talking to ou. You ever see a man blowing blood bubbles with cigarette smoke?"

"You being serious?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm being serious. And what were you doing in a bedroom omewhere while your soldier was dying on some hill?"

"Dammit, what's that gotta do——"

"And what hill was it he was taking?"

"I don't know—or care."

"Ho-ha-ha, and neither do I—I mean know what hill I was taking." Ie turned and called out, "Two more over here, bud."

"Not me, Tex. I'm not staying here."

"Look, when that guy gets over here I want you to smile."

"And *you* look, I said I'm going—and I don't care if I have to hitchhike ther."

"Over my dead body you will."

"Hmphh," she snorted; but she sat down and made an effort to smile.

He watched her, squinting fast. "Damn it, like this," he said, pulling

his lips back over his broken teeth. She tried it that way, but a sudde paroxysm gripped her and she broke into tears.

Mac, a short wiry man with nervous, red-rimmed eyes and wearing a apron down to his ankles, came up at that moment with the beers. H put them down on the table and looked questioningly at the girl.

"She's crying," said Tex.

"Yeah, I see," said Mac.

"She just got rid of a baby. You got any aspirin?"

Edie jerked her hands down. "Tex, stop it!"

Half under the booth table was a yellow, banged-up suitcase whic every time Mac came over with a couple of beers his foot bumped int His foot brushed it now and he stepped back away from it.

"Yeah, be careful of that, bud. The baby's in there." Then Tex acte as if Mac had left. "Crying in front of that bartender," he said, frownin "What's the matter with you?"

"You know what the matter is."

"Oh, I do? Last night in bed you tell me you're caught, and now suc denly you ain't. How come?"

"I don't remember, simpo."

"Simpo?" He looked up at Mac. "That's a new one, she's full of ther And you know how I met her?"

Mac shrugged.

"Hustling in a bus station. Had her in a hotel room in thirty minutes

"Tex, that isn't true! I had a bus ticket, didn't I? And didn't I te you to leave me alone?"

"Just a sweet little war widow, eh? Painted up like a barber pol with those big blue eyes looking me up and down. A bus ticket where- to some stud in Oshkosh?"

"It was not thirty minutes, it was hours. We walked and walked ar then you got me drunk, and I didn't know where I was till the ne morning."

"I asked you a question. A bus ticket where?"

"I was going home."

"Why?"

"I was fed up, I told you."

"Fed up with what?"

"Lying men, that's what!"

"What you mean is, you were whoring around and you got knocked-u so you was going home to your mama."

"I was not! I was just alone, so what would you have done? And was not—what you said."

"You weren't hustling?"

"No!"

He looked at Mac. "Just went around giving it away."

"Since Harry died I was alone, that's all."

"Bull!"

She started to get up but Tex grabbed her hand and yanked her back down. "She'll be all right, bud," he said to Mac, and put on a crooked grin.

"Just don't pull no rough stuff," Mac said and put on a grin too. Then he went back to the bar. But he no sooner had got there when he heard a smack, like somebody had got slapped. He went fast back to the booth.

"Don't hit her in here, if that's what you did," he said sharply to Tex.

Tex laughed.

"It was me," spoke up Edie. "I slapped him."

"I'm sorry," said Mac gently as he could, "but if you two are going to fight you've got to get out of here." He went back to the bar, picked up his cigarette and puffed on it. Damn if I'm not fed up on cripples, he thought.

Tex had the glass up on his head again. This time the beer was in it. He said, "Just to show you how calm I am, I'm going to talk this over with that glass up there. You see it?"

"I ain't blind."

"Okay, why did you slap me?"

"Tex, I'm going to slap you every time you act that way."

"What way?"

"Crazy."

Tex's jaw jerked out so violently the glass fell off his head onto the table. It broke and beer splashed over the both of them.

Mac came back fast. "All right, mister, let's go," he said, holding back his temper.

"Go where?"

"Out. I'm not serving you no more drinks."

"Did I order more drinks?"

"I said *out*, mister."

"Out, and then where—up?" Tex looked upward. "Boy, that's a hill—man, we gotta get up there." He was laughing now with his eye. "But that ain't a hill, I'd say, it's a breast. Got to climb on top of that breast. Always a rock up there I could see like a nipple. And I'd make for that nipple and start shooting. Biggest nipple you ever saw, and me behind it—my only protection. So one night I'm shooting away at guys trying to get around that nipple to get at me. My buddies was all dead around

me and I was knocking off my twenty-first guy when suddenly the nipple explodes, right in my face. So what? So later on the general calls out, 'Teeeeex-aaaasss Jooooooones!' I step out on crutches and he pins a medal on me. You know what I done with that medal, bud?"

"What?"

"I gave it to a whore in Tokyo."

"Why—wasn't you proud of it?"

"If I was would I given it to a whore?" He looked hard at Edie. "I shoulda waited and given it to you, shouldn't I?"

"Tex, I was just alone, dammit, you make me sick. I was alone and I was trying to forget, so I went out."

Tex clenched both his fists and one of them shot out as if he were going to punch her face. Mac stepped in close to grab the fist, but Tex already had Edie's nose between his forefinger and thumb.

Edie's eyes looked up into Mac's. "That's just one of his habits, mister," she said, twisting her thin lips into a frantic smile. "It ain't hurting me, honest."

"I'll bet not," said Mac.

Tex pinched harder. "I bet it is now."

"Tex, stop it!"

"Not till you tell him, go on tell him. Tell him I'm insane."

"If you was insane, Tex, you suppose I'd be here with you?"

"Crazy means insane the way *you* say it."

"Not when you love somebody."

"Then why did you lie to me?" Squinting fast, Tex squeezed her nose harder.

"Tex, *don't.*"

A fat woman towing a skinny man with a hiccup had come in and were standing in back of Mac. The woman yelped, "Lookit that ape, would you? Christ, with a face like he's got, any girl——"

Mac turned to her. "Take your pickup to a booth, Helen."

"Look at her, a child, practically a baby."

"That's just what we're talking about, fatty," Tex said to her, his eye glaring. "A baby. She tells me——"

Edie leaned quickly toward him and whispered, "I was just saying that, Tex. Let's get out of here."

He let go her nose. "Saying what?"

She took his face in her hands and turned it so she could whisper in his ear. "That I wasn't that way. But I am. I was just fooling you."

"Why?"

"To make you believe me."

"To make me believe you? Well I'll be a—*now* who's crazy?"

"You believe me, don't you?"

He eyed her sharply. "You mean I can time it?"

"Time it?"

"Nine months. You ain't that dumb, are you?"

She started to reply but he said, "Shut up," and put on his hat. He pulled out his wallet and dropped a bill on the table. Then he slid out of the booth. For a moment then he looked like he was wandering lost in a woods—he had that scary, sheepish smile on his face. "You're sure it's mine?" he said, bending to look in her eyes.

She nodded, eyeing him anxiously.

He took her arm. "Come on, let's get out of here." With his other hand he grabbed up the suitcase.

Halfway to the door he yanked her hand so hard she stumbled and fell on her knees. He kept going a few steps, dragging her, but not as though he knew he was.

"Tex, my *stockings,*" she squealed.

He helped her to her feet and began pulling her behind him again.

"For chrisakes," the fat woman said.

At the door Tex turned and called out loudly, "I'm just a big old boob of an insane meanie, and I hate every goddam person in this world but one, including myself."

Edie had the door open and Tex, holding her hand tightly, looked belligerently at Mac. "So we're getting married!" he shouted.

"About time, isn't it?" said Mac. "Make yourself a hero again."

"Not me, bud—*her.* And wipe that grin off your mug or I'll smack you one."

Her face ready again to break out crying, Edie called out shrilly, "Don't get mad, mister. He just ain't used to drinking, honest."

"Oh shut up," said Tex, He pushed out around her in the doorway and went fast out to the curbstone, pulling her after him.

The fat woman went to the bar and leaned on it, and Mac turned and picked up a bottle. Then he looked at his wife. She nodded and he poured our a shot for each of them. They picked up their glasses.

"One of them heroes," said Mac.

"Boy, what a—*ulck*—dope she is," the skinny man with the hiccup said.

Mac and his wife turned and eyed him a moment without expression, then they looked out at Tex. He was glancing both ways up and down in the middle of the street. "Where's a goddam cab?" he yelled. He let go of the girl's hand and wrapped a long shrunken arm around her

shoulders. She did not try to pull away, but he held on tightly as if she might. Suddenly she put a slim arm up around his waist and clung to him. At the same time she glanced back, saw the two inside holding shotglasses. She smiled, put her other arm behind her, waved her hand, then made an O with her forefinger and thumb. She waved the O at them.

The fat woman looked puzzled. "What'd you say he was, Mac?" she asked her husband.

"One of them heroes."

"Huh?"

Mac frowned. "Drink the toast and shut up. You heard me."

THE LETTER *LIFE* WOULD NOT PRINT

ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Canton, China, Feb. 28, 1959

EDITORS, *Life* Magazine

Dear sirs:

At New Year's a Los Angeles friend sent me the article on China's Communes that you published at the end of December and asked my comment. I replied that the tales were clearly slanted, and in some cases seemed obvious fakes, but that it was hard to check on tales by refugees in Macao, this Portuguese colony being not only a hostile frontier, but a city with an old reputation for gangsters, smuggling, wide-open gambling and brothels, without even Hongkong's restraints.

As a news-analyst, I broke the article into three parts. First, a spy execution that had no proved connection with communes, which was used to provide a frame of violence and mob action. Next, some tall tales by a Chang Hsi-lan of villages burned without reason and a population confined in barracks where sex-life was run more like Macao's cheapest brothels than like anything in China today. Lastly a tale by a Kwei Pai-sin, alleging overwork and a compulsory nursery, which, if it occurred, was illegal in China and certainly not typical of communes. In short, the first part seemed irrelevant, the second a possible fake, the third a possible but untypical fact.

I let it go. But the past five weeks I have been in and around Canton, in the province which adjoins Macao, and I was able, with the help of some thirty people, to check your article. My first estimate now seems too mild. The article was a conscious fraud on the American people, and an evil dangerous fraud, in that it seeks to make Americans regard Chinese people as lawless and sub-human, who might with clear con-

science be atom-bombed out of the world in the next Taiwan Straits War. In this evil fraud you are participants. I hope unwittingly. I think I should tell you what I learned and suggest that you repudiate that article.

Neither the island, the commune, the village, the Communist organizer nor the peasant refugees you list exist in any area adjacent to Macao by the names you give. One man you named was located, some incidents occurred under quite other conditions; some never occurred.

1) *The spy execution.* There actually was a spy execution on the mainland opposite Macao; it was last September 29 and was published in the press. All details you give are embroidery. You place it on "Lappa Island," with 20,000 people, 600 yards from Macao, hence visible and audible from Macao. You state that "last July" these 20,000 people were driven from their homes into fifty big barracks, and thereafter Macao saw them working "nineteen hours a day world without end." You speak of "cries in the night: 'We won't work any more,'" followed by a dawn arrival of troops and a "mass tribunal" by the populace on the parade ground, on three victims with hands bound. "The trio," was then executed "in sight of horrified Macao." You try to imply by this sequence and by using "spy" in quotes, that the victims were men who refused to work.

All this is nonsense. There is no Lappa Island known to Chinese. What is opposite Macao is a peninsula called Wan Tsai; it was here the execution occurred. I succeeded in meeting a local resident who gave me facts confirmed by others. We excuse "Lappa Island" for who knows what the Portuguese call it, and at high tide it is almost an island. Its population is not 20,000, but 9,000, of whom 4,000 are fishermen and the rest peasants. NOBODY was moved from his home last summer; no barracks were built. There was *no commune* in Wan Tsai or any of that county last summer; communes were first discussed there in October and organized in November, after Life's article was in press. There were no "voices in the night"; the resident estimates the distance from Macao as 800 to 1,000 meters and adds: "Voices do not carry across."

"Did anything at all happen last summer that an honest man, seeing it from Macao, could mistake for building fifty barracks and putting people in?" I asked.

"No building at all," he answered. "In July the peasants were reaping the rice, and then sowing the second rice crop. Anyone who talks about fifty barracks is not mistaken but just lying." So much for that.

If you care about the spies I can tell you. There were two, not three as you state. They were not caught in a night disturbance and rushed to doom. One was caught a year earlier in an adjoining township, on October 1, 1957, with explosives designed to blow up a festival. The other was caught in Wan Tsai, after he recruited a local fisherman as agent for Chiang Kai-shek. The local man got conscience or cold feet and gave it away. Both spies got the three trials they are entitled to before death sentences can be executed under China's present laws. They were first tried in Chungshan County Court, where it was shown by evidence of documents and witnesses that they were paid agents of Chiang, working for 150 Hongkong dollars a month retainer plus a bonus for every report. They sent military data and smuggled explosives for sabotage. The appeal then went to Kwangtung division of the Supreme Court and finally to the Supreme Court itself in Peking. All confirmed the sentences. For espionage in war-time with a shooting war in process in the province next to the north, the penalty was death.

WHAT happened in Wan Tsai was not a "mass tribunal" but a meeting, not "on parade ground" but in the yard of the primary school, to acquaint Wan Tsai with the details of spying that had taken place in their town and about which they were stirred up. The meeting was visible from Macao, as stated by you. The execution was not. It was held behind a hill, where it was seen neither by the Wan Tsai public in general nor by "horrified Macao." "It might have been seen from the top floor of the International Hotel in Macao," conceded the local resident.

2) *Kwei Pai-sin.* I take Kwei next because he can be quickly disposed of. You say he ran away from Shekki Water Commune. He did. Shekki is a well known place, easy to check. I sent the article with your photo of Kwei and his wife and children. It was recognized by many neighbors. Only they said, his name was never Kwei; it is Liang Chen-Pao. He is not 37 years, as you said, but 42. Moreover, the woman with him is not his wife but a concubine. The wife is still in Shekki and is very angry at the man because when he skipped out he stole over a hundred pounds of fish belonging to her. The three children are with her and support her against dad; they say she was the one who supported them in these years.

"Kwei"—Liang has a record known to all. Pre-liberation a "loafer" and hanger-on of gangsters, who once drew a gun on his uncle and somehow got money to buy a concubine. Post-liberation a drifter, went to Shekki in 1950 as a docker, but disliked the hard work and returned to his village Kong Kou to farm, disliked farming and went again to Shekki in 1954 as fisherman and joined the fishing cooperative. Lazy,

cheated in petty ways. Took Hongkong money from a neighbor to change into Chinese Yuan; this incidentally is illegal, but nobody seemed to mind. What they minded was that Liang never paid back in any currency. Borrowed from Yeh Ho and Hwa Keh and others. Ran off to Macao last October. "From overwork?" as Life said. The neighbors laughed. They said Shekki commune had a work norm of 25 days a month, but "Liang never did more than 20." Besides, "October was slack season anyway." They think he skipped because he owed so many neighbors that it began to be unpleasont and then he got the chance to steal his wife's fish. They have heard that he is begging in Macao.

"Everyone knows that Hongkong and Macao have organizations with imperialist money for refugees, and the worse tales you tell about China, the more help you get." That is Shekki view. Whether Liang changed his name to Kwei or whether your correspondent did it, I wouldn't know. Since many names were changed, I judge it was the correspondent.

Shekki Water Commune flourishes. Wages rise steadily, working hours are supposed to be eight a day. 'You can't keep to that when fish are running at sea," they admit frankly, "but eight hours is the norm and we even it out on slack days, or by longer shore rest." Shekki Commune has 300,000 Yuan in the bank in its Housing Fund, putting up homes for boatmen who have had no settled homes. It has already built 300 apartments, of several rooms each, to house 2,500 people in brick buildings with tile roofs. It also has a stadium and a theater for 2,000 people, where dramas, meetings and operas are attended by members.

3) *Chang Hsi-lan. Life* identified him as originally a fisherman, later of Kao Yeung village, member of Li Hing Commune, persecuted by Communist organizer Lee Tak, who arrested his father for "smuggling," and who later burned down the village and drove the people into barracks where men were allowed to see their wives only for a few minutes on occasional Saturday nights, under supervision and timing on their sex-life. A check by thirty people in all areas within a day's journey by sampan from Macao, fails to find any commune, village or organizer of these names.

THE area behind Macao is Chungshan County. Last autumn it had 33 communes which soon combined into seven. Then the county combined with Chuhai County; the enlarged Chungshan has eighteen communes. None of these communes in any period was named Li Hing. There was, however, a Li Shang Commune, and since it was ten hours by sampan from Macao, and grew rice and sugarcane, as stated by *Life,* it seemed worth looking into. However, of its six large villages and ten

hamlets, none was named Kao Yeung, and of its Communist cadres none was named Lee Tak. As for the arrest of Chang's father for smuggling, Li Sang Commune is proud to state that nobody was arrested for anything on its territory in the whole year of 1958. As for the burning of a village, no village was burned. The only houses destroyed during the year were fifteen in Ta Chung village, whose thatched roofs leaked so badly that the commune built new brick and tile-roofed houses for their families in Yu Tang village. The old houses were then taken for fertilizer, the normal use for rotted thatch and old clay walls.

Nobody anywhere recognized Chang's photo but several people said he wasn't like the people in these parts for people do not wear their hair that way. . . . By this time, after checking adjacent counties and finding no commune named Li Hing, I saw no use in looking further for Chang. I am ready to put him down as a synthetic product of Macao, cleverer than "Kwei"-Liang since he invents more lurid tales and leaves no address.

4) During this research I learned facts about Chungshan County that seemed worth noting. The county has just over a million people, of whom 848,000 engaged in farming and most of the rest in fishing. It has 232,214 houses, of which 190,101 are peasant-owned. Cultivated area is 310,000 acres, mostly rice and some of it sugar-cane. The rice lands produce three crops a year, two of them rice and the third vegetables. There are 17,000 acres of fishpounds besides the deep-sea fishing.

One of its chiefs of agriculture came to Canton on business and I had a three hour talk with him. He told me that Chungshan was Dr. Sun Yat-sen's county. "A good area," he said, "and a great change after liberation. The livelihood rises every year. Now with the Communes it will rise much faster." He added that peasant income was only 30 Yuan per capita annually before liberation but last year 105 Yuan per capita, three times as much. I replied that this was only about $46 a year in American money, or about $250 to $300 for the average family.

"It is still small," he agreed, "because of our high costs of production. It will be much higher in a year or two when we do not pay out so much." He stated that the gross income in 1958 was 384,000,000 Yuan, which is about 375 Yuan per capita. "But everyone decided to take only 105 for consumption and put the rest into production."

Where did the rest go? I asked. In taxes? He replied that all the taxes were less than twenty million and had been deducted before the 384,000,000 Yuan estimates was made. More than half the gross income went for "production costs." He listed new motor boats for the fishing, and new nylon nets, replacing the heavy hempen nets. Nylon nets were

lighter and hence could be much larger, and this was why the fish catch in 1958 was more than three times any previous year. . . .

"Then there are the sea-dikes," he said. "These cost a lot but everyone agreed that they are a fine thing." I thus learned that Chungshan County, with its county engineer's plans and with local labor but some government help in a subsidy of four million yuan for this and some industries, is building five great sea dikes to reclaim close to a hundred thousand acres of "drowned land where the sea came in with tides." This will increase useful land area by more than 20 percent in the single year of 1959.

The communes in Chungshan County are thus ploughing back more than half their gross income into major improvements which we would call new capital investment but which they call simply "production costs." On these they predicate a rapidly improving future. The Chien Wu Dike already finished, has sea walls of 5,660 meters in length. "It will give us a fishpond of 3,000 acres and a grass pasture of 15,000 acres, some of which we will improve for rice. It was done in four months by 8,000 workers. We could never have done it before the communes. The other four dikes will be finished this year of 1959."

Do you have the eight-hour day on dike work? I asked, not really imagining they did. He replied that they worked by assignment of tasks to each group, but these were reckoned on what could be done in eight hours. Was the work by men or also by women? He said the dike-building was by men, as it was heavy, wet work, but most of the service work in offices and dining rooms was done by women. The workers came from all over the county, each commune stating what labor could be spared and for what times. Sometimes army tents were borrowed for this temporary housing but now they usually put up temporary bamboo dwellings, of poles and matting, which could be easily moved to new jobs and were better than tents. Men went home from time to time to see their families, but it was too far for most to go every night.

It thus appears there are now actually "barracks for men" behind Macao, but these did not appear until December, after the *Life* story was in print, and they are for temporary jobs, not replacing the homes.

What was the biggest change made by the commune? I asked. He replied that it was the great increase in production. By county-wide planning of land and labor, they could both double crop yield and also start small industries. Already they had 860 factories, built in 1959. They made farm tools, brick and tile and supplied their own needs widely even to building new houses. "Things we formerly were unable to do."

"How do the people feel? Was there any opposition to communes?

He replied that the chief change in the people was a great ease of mind, rom the belief that their future was secure and could be controlled. People say: "We used to worry in three directions: about food, about he household, about how to get extra income from side jobs or trade. Now the food is secure and the household is taken care of, and instead of hunting side jobs there is regular industry for the slack seasons in arming. So now we can give our whole hearts to production. And when ve work with whole hearts, we do things our ancestors never could, like eclaiming the sea-drowned lands."

Some ex-landlords, he said, had spoken against the communes at irst but they quickly shut up because the people were so strong for the ommunes. As for freedom, people were completely free in all details f private life; nobody had to use the canteens or nurseries unless they vished. But in work there must be discipline. All regulations for work vere discussed and adopted only after general agreement. Choice of jobs vas made by individual petition for jobs, followed by group discussion s to who could best do the work. There were of course disagreements nd people felt sore sometimes when decisions went against them. These lid not last. Everyone approved the idea of the commune as a whole. Everyone says this Big Family is very strong and good."

ALL of this agrees with what I have seen in many parts of China. Rewi Alley, who has spent the past six months travelling to ten rovinces into the remote parts, reports that everywhere the peasants rive ahead with energy and enthusiasm. The Communes have difficulties nd lacks, but they are difficulties of management, organization, adjustnent, group rivalries, and these are not the things that interest you. You seem to want lurid tales of quite irrational and pornographic actions, uch as wanton burning of villages for no reason, or the forcible sepating of husbands and wives with supervision of their sex life. . . . uch things do not occur in any rational community and certainly not n China, whose people are as rational and decent as any in the world.

If you want to attack people's communes, find better evidence than ou used in December.

Very truly yours,
A. L. S.

SURVIVAL

WALTER LOWENFELS

"What would you rather do or sing a song?"—Folksay, US

1. GOOD-BYE JARGON

Elegy for a small press

Since 1492 some 175 million of us in the U.S.A. have
advanced from deserts, wastes, forests and lonesome prairie
to a thruway of cities, highways and missile bases with
unemployed men and women on every corner.
But there is still one practically uninhabited mountain pass
and that's the poetry-crossing over Big Muddy.
Publish a book of poems in the Strontium Age and you can enjoy
all the rigors of striking out on a new Oregon Trail.
The rapids, the natives, the rain, the heat, the cold, the thunder
—they're all there—particularly the long lonesome days and
nights when you don't even see a chipmunk reader peering
across the poetry route along the Columbia River highway of
our dreams.
When you consider there are 400,000 of us turning out the stuff
these days and several hundred of us proclaimed the "Greatest
Poets of our Generation," you can realize what a huge vacuum
our non-readers are creating.
Do you wonder the earth is slipping on her axis and the moon is
a decimal off-center every other thousand years?
There aren't enough poetry readers turning pages
to keep the side-slip of our jet travel around the
universe on an even keel.
We are slipping down the hydrogen side of the galactic spiral
with poems receding from our unreading eyes and
everybody wonders can the next explosion save us from

smashing our lovely planet without even an elegy for
its good-bye.
In the great silence even Tiberius no longer asks "what song
the sirens sang" because what the Emperor of Today hears
is the mushroom screaming.
And that's the song.

2. A DREAM FOR MRS. GINSBERG

"My Mother was a member of the Communist Party of Paterson"—
Allen Ginsberg

And he told the Captains of Industry how his poems can't
help echoing the last peristalsis of their mode
of production:
And he asked the best-dressed Universities to join Mother
who used to sing about jobs for everybody and love
and baseball and every day a dancing Sunday with
time and a half off:
And he said to workers at Union Square on May Day:
for Peace on Earth and the Brotherhood of Man
and for the Paterson silk strikers who got the
works in the town where I was born and John Reed
was there and Carlo Tresca and Elizabeth Gurley
Flynn and everybody else who counted
singing in the funeral procession with Mother: Our
martyred brothers they died for you they died
for you:
And he said may my bones rest with theirs and hers in
the love that can't be stopped So Help Me God
Amen.

3. WELCOME HOME TO CUBBY

Among 16,000 insane inmates he was the conscious maniac.
He doesn't want to be "normal." He can't stand the
sexless odor of it.
Something happened to him—in the navy—in the army—
in the Red Hook dives of his Brooklyn underworld. The lining
of his country's stomach got turned inside

out for him and he saw what he couldn't
swallow.
Some people say he's nothing but a dirty writer.
I hear the pinprick of what he has lost dropping
its specimen over the Flatbush Avenue marshes.
Of course we can't stand it. It's our personal fall-out
trickling down the Gulf Stream. It's the crotch
of our Pentagon's cleanest H-bomb. It's the other
self we are trying to turn our backs on—the corpse
of the old Dog-Eat-Dog lousing up Rockefeller
Plaza years after it should have been laid out.
It's too late now for burial. It has to be cremated.
Meanwhile, to participate in the ceremony, Cubby
himself has to burn.
That hiccough laugh he gives as he talks and grabs for his
anti-allergy pills hasn't to do with anything funny.
He's allergic to the universe. He's looking for
everlasting love in the urinals. It's the acid drop
of human intercourse that is biting him. He is
working toward that one word that will drop us all without an ech
of his being alive alongside three billion others for whom
his desperation is the tombstone they have to overturn
if they are to survive.

4. SPEECH TO THE COURT

Even now the question has changed since I started this
summation to the jury. How can we arrive at an honest
verdict? A fair trial is a farce. The crime consists
in going on trial in the first place.
We should all be declared innocent by birth.
You get the drift? You answer the question and I will
always find a new one and we will go arm in arm
down the airways singing Happy Birthdays.
But don't ask me to pull the Trujillo bullet from your
brain—the Nazi needle from your heart—put out
the White Citizens' fire toasting your feet or
extract the Strontium 90 from your bones.
Once we start that kind of business the bleeding begins
and we commit the unforgivable sentimentality as

if a handcuff were latched to our fossil skins and
we grinned up at the Anthropologist who discovers us
at the fireside where we were heartbeats loving each
other so sweetly in the kitchen middens we can't
forget.
We are not desperate—that passed with the first
mushroom when the Pentagon said to God Let There
Be Clouds and we all started singing Peace.
It's not a choice between madness and suicide—
that's only the way it appears. The choice
historically is to be heard or not to be heard:
To accept the vast silence around us or to
scream intelligibly.
Just believe in sunshine up to the limits of your
benefits under the Unemployment System and you
will smile like bacon cracklings in the morning
happily forever after . . .

. . . for our eyes see ahead
and we know we are moving
toward the songs of others.

5. THE DEFENSE RESTS

You begin to sense the crime? We are overcoming it.
(I mean the coffin life of yesterday.) In 40
years more when Our Production begins to catch
up to the rest of the socialist level I won't
be around to tune you in on the upswing.
Meanwhile we are getting worse. Which is to say we
are being cured of our long past—not the way
you might prefer it—one rocket stage before
happiness.
What time is it? In the Australian bush they are
still speaking sign languages a thousand years
old. On our continent each Indian nation has
a different clock. But ask the bright Aztecs
and the tall Manhattan Islanders what love of
land has given them and they answer
The Song.

On this Epithalamium I rest
where nobody digs who is the bride—
the rosebud of Red Hook Valley
or the bloom on the everlasting bough
waiting on the long platform of my lov
for the "D" train to survive.

NO HARD FEELINGS

CHARLES HUMBOLDT

EVER since poor Charley van Doren took the rap under a cloud of condolences—proving that one sinner in anguish is worth a thousand happy saints—his fellow Americans have been red in the ears from blasts of moral reproach compared to which the open diapason of an electric Hammond organ is as the squeak of a shepherd's pipe. Parsons and professors, critics and crusaders, ritualists and revivalists, advisers and forecasters, every sage who knows less about life than those to whom he preaches, or else more than he will tell, the whole tribe of professional innocents is calling on us to repent. It's not just TV, it's most of us, wails a philosopher from Columbia University. A political scientist from Chicago wags his finger at the body politic and warns that "it convicts itself of a moral obtuseness which signifies the beginning of the end of civilized society." Great Jeremiah, we wear our aprons high, our scheme of values is showing like a torn slip, we are in sad condition or no condition at all.

Not that civilized society is much to boast about, according to the more sophisticated analysts like the left-of-right-of-center anti-Communist Irving Howe. At a recent money-raising affair for *Dissent* magazine, of which he is an editor, Mr. Howe announced that he and his colleagues were among the noble few who dared to say: the fish—society—stinks. Why, then, did he and his fellow critics bore the pants off the audience? Because it is not enough to describe an odor that people can smell for themselves, even if one throws in the indifference of the eyes and the color of the scales after a week on the beach. Why did not Mr. Howe remember the whole proverb: "The fish stinks from the head down"?

It's an old Russian saying, and when the subjects of the czar applied it to their situation they made the revolution which is so distasteful to Mr. Howe. As it is, he can only be witty at the expense of his milieu but not its manipulators; he chases the hare and lets the fox go; he will call the ocean coarse, but not feel the lamprey's teeth for the small crabs pecking at his toes.

No, you don't have to be a specialist to tell that the fish is moribund, you only need a nose. But for you to say *how come* it's in such a state, that's what people may stay to hear. Why so bashful, critics? Or do you want to blame your fellow Americans because the Upjohn Company makes a profit of 10,000% buying progesterone for 14 cents a gram and selling it for $15? Should they blush when the president of Merck rushes to the defense of his injured and insulted rival and warns the investigators into such legitimate business practices that they might upset "the delicate balance between the quest for scientific knowledge and the drive for financial success?"

Smirk for yourselves, critics, but don't say "we." "We" were not amused when the Hollywood jackasses waved a banner of behinds at the Khrushchevs. "We" in New York were not blasé when Robert Moses tried to toss a mixerful of concrete down Shakespeare's throat. "We" do not laugh to hear that the "Play of the Week" may come off the air because the sponsors have found that Medea attracts fewer adults than "Highway Patrol" does ten-year old consumers of Wheaties. Nor did "we," steelworkers in Pittsburgh and Youngstown, Bethlehem and Wheeling, think that it would be the better part of conformity to stick up our empty hands at the gunpoint of an injunction. "We" have not forgotten Montgomery and Little Rock. Even our defeats are far less devastating than a brawl at a leading thinkers' cocktail party. When the Attorney General of New Hampshire fears that this may become a country of men instead of laws and shoves Dr. Uphaus in solitary, "we" do not beat our breasts as conspirators to that comic crime, nor urge that all the factors of the situation be sifted before men gather before the prison doors to be sure he gets out.

Society is not an undifferentiated mass or mess. It comprises the many who work, the few who batten on them, and some more who grow sleek on the pickings of the rich. When the bomb fell on Hiroshima, was it the poor burned and blasted creatures who had thrown it, or the wretches like Truman for whom that kind of sport was foreign policy? Are the Negro people deprived of their rights because they enjoy what is done to them, or because those who rake in millions from wage differentials would sooner see black men fried on trees than give

up their extra gravy? Would the directors of General Motors share their homes with cockroaches and rats or even human beings as hundreds of thousands in our fair cities do? Or have the banks declared a moratorium on interest, the corporations a ban on profits, the idlers an end to coupon clipping, the landlords a limit to gouging? Will United Fruit call off the peasant-killers? Will Standard Oil confess it has lost its taste for bombers? Is it "we" who pull, push, fleece, strip and peel our fellow men? Is it "we" who break into our homes, blare into our leisure time, howl throughout our hours of rest, teach our kids how to tie a hangman's knot, and stick dunce caps on their teachers' heads? Are "we" the golden corrupters, or they, whose aroma we must, alas, inhale until we sneeze them out?

So you, severe critics, aim your sights higher, at the Big Houses, and stop shooting at the crowd of us whom you had better join before we tow the fish offshore.

* * *

Until the recent revelations of drug company profits, many of us were willing to settle for less than lower prices. For example, let them mark on the bottle what the junk is for. It's all very well to know that it contains chlorprophenpyridamine maleate . . . 1.0 mg., phenindamine tartrate . . . 6.0 mg., phenylproponolamine hydrocholoride . . . 12.5 mg., and D-Sorbitol . . . 1.0 mg., in alcohol 7.5%, but was it for stuffed nose or chiggers? Every bathroom cabinet is a morgue of flasks whose purpose is locked in the rigor mortis of pills and capsules. It's like Alice in Wonderland:

> . . . tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label with the words "DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters.
>
> It was all very well to say "Drink me," but the wise little Alice was not going to do *that* in a hurry; "no, I'll look first," she said, "and see whether it's marked 'poison' or not." . . .

But now, even if you've studied the bottle, you're no safer unless you've taken the trouble yourself to indicate why you bought it. A friend's mother had two tablet boxes, and was sure of the contents of each. But for a whole week she could hardly keep awake, dozed in the middle of sentences, faded away while washing dishes. . . . Realizing at last that something was fishy, she checked with the pharmacist. She had been taking sleeping pills when she should have been bringing down her blood pressure.

As for the hundred varieties of "anti-tussives," yellow, orange, lavender and maroon, what America needs is a good honest cough medicine.

* * *

Walking through the slum where I live, I see a remodeled tenement. They've given it a creamy stucco face, and an air conditioner hangs from one window of every apartment like a barren flower pot. A cute sign invites you to Browse Around, as though it were a bookshop rather than a converted cold flat that once rented for twenty-eight a month. Inside, warming one hand against the other, stands the sweetest new-look agent, no longer the gross old coot with a dead cigar spoiling the air. Instead, he's a young gentleman in tight pants whose smile says: "Here the son of man may lay his head at last." Looking at those guileless eyes, I imagine him welcoming the junior customer's man whose apartment on the Square is about to be ripped down over his head or under his feet, victim of Title One "slum clearance." Having hunted high and low, he is too tired to see the blossoms of the *News* and *Mirror* dotting the fields of East Twelfth Street, or the mattress tossed away like a horse that's outlived its pulling power and whose guts, drenched with last night's shower, now trail in the sour gutter. Does he even note that all they've done with the old joint is strip the panels off the walls, replace the crazy-quilt linoleum with Kemtile, and instal a low tub where the tall cast-iron creature with pig's feet used to be? All he senses is that his thenceforth neighbors will never be able to move into *his* house; perhaps soon others of his own kind will flank him protectively as more improvements take place in the surroundings.

He looks uneasily at the two rooms and bath that he's doomed to make his future home. The inner cubicle, flattened against the wall of the adjoining tenement, is grey as fog. The rest of the suite doesn't sparkle either though the sun is prancing at heaven's gate outside. And the rent? Well, the rent, sir, the rent is $150. At least that's more than a Puerto Rican or Negro hospital worker earns in a month, so he won't have *them* to worry about, cluttering up the stoop across the way or shrieking like cats at their damned Saturday night get-togethers. From now on the Martini moves in on the beer can.

Still, friend, 150 smackeroos, is a good part of a month's sweat and worry. To pay that much for a lick of whitewash and the promise of a tree on the avenue three blocks away, you must be pulling down a good hefty salary (as they call it in your well-lighted sewer). What, only $500, for the moment? But, good God, in the Soviet . . .

"Don't talk to me about Russia! I couldn't even make a living there doing what I'm doing now."

"But I was just going to say. . . ."

"I know what you were going to say. And I tell you, if a man isn't allowed to do the kind of work he's fitted for. . . ."

All right, let's drop it But suppose that somewhere on earth there's a place where you pay just 5% of your wages for rent. That means, to pay the $50 you'll lay out for this dump, you would have to be earning $3,000 a month.

But since freedom's at stake, you can't expect your landlord to sell his freedom cheaply. You will pay through your bloody but unbowed nose to bolster his holy right to charge you what the traffic will bear. You will live on the kind of street he elects; your children will attend the schools he will barely support with his taxes; and if you want to plant a bit of green in front of the door, go ahead, buy the sapling with your own money. It's a free country.

* * *

Editor, *The Worker:*

"It is time for strong words," writes Mike Newberry in his January 3 column on the defects of *Mainstream* and the need for us to encourage young writers, artists, workers, and students. He opens his appeal with a splendid passage from a poem of Bertolt Brecht, but not until the very end of the column do we discover the source of his quotation: the November, 1959 issue of *Mainstream,* in which there appeared 15 pages of Brecht's poetry in translation, an article on his work, an analysis of the issues of peace based on the books of C. Wright Mills, Linus C. Pauling, and J. D. Bernal, and a two-act satirical play on the evasion of social responsibility by people who have inflated illusions about their personal integrity. In short. Mr. Newberry allows *Mainstream* to supply him with the material and momentum for his criticism of it.

With equal forensic verve, he calls the magazine *Scientific American* a "scholarly" journal, though Annette Rubinstein, with whom he is taking issue, had reported that her two nephews—junior high students—found it vital to their understanding of scientific thinking. (A scholarly journal with a circulation of 250,000 would be a miracle indeed in this country.) Dr. Rubinstein was making the simple point that just as people who were not concerned with scientific matters could not expect *SA* to be directed to them, so those who could take or leave literature—and by implication other cultural matters—might not find their interests

satisfied by *Mainstream.* From this rather commonsense observation, would one get the impression that the editors of *Mainstream* feel this is the time for a "rarified specialist" periodical aimed at scholars munching the *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* in airless cubicles, or occupying "vacated Madison Avenue isolation booths" (whatever they are).

What fine phrases Mr. Newberry uses: "We must comment boldly . . . react quickly and sharply . . . have immediacy and depth" and so on. Hear, hear. The editors of *Mainstream* are quite opposed to such behavior: they favor timidity, cautious and quiet decorum, never getting to the point, and greater shallowness. But when the same editors invited Mr. Newberry, and several other feature writers on *The Worker,* to contribute the very kind of articles for which he calls so poignantly, they could not find time or inclination. Fair enough. We blame nobody for being too busy. But if he would take a moment off from arguing like a jumping bean, he would understand that you do not force young writers to drop poems, and stories as you do chickens to lay eggs under the glare of midnight suns.

Had he asked, we could have shown him our detailed correspondence with a number of young writers, students, housewives, and workers whose stories, poems, and reportage have either appeared or are shortly to appear in *Mainstream.* He would see that these new-found friends were far from angy with us for demanding more and still more effort of them so that they could be proud of their printed work and we more than merely kind to them. Does he know the age of our writers and what their professions are? We take the trouble to find out. For example, the poet whom Mike Gold misread, misunderstood, and misquoted, is about 20; he was 18 when we ran his first poems, full of social passion and anger, and simple human, working-class happiness.

Boldness without patience gets us nowhere; strong but thoughtless words cut no ice. The gap of the Fifties is filling up slowly but surely. The Left is soon to come into its own again, wiser for its mistakes, we hope, and stronger for its ordeal. Some of us have already met here and there the wonderful young people whom we are proud to welcome, calm, confident, and never scornful of those who know less or who know more than they.

As for another *New Masses*—Mr. Newberry's "preference" to *Mainstream*—I was on its editorial board when it went under, felt the loss as deeply as every other one of its editors, and wish we could have it back just as earnestly as my friend Newberry. But let's have a daily paper before we call for a weekly periodical, and let's not shout for the latter when the only cultural monthly in the country struggles like a corner

candy store to keep alive. Let's not switch to the sinister side of the road because the highway looks smoother over there, and if you want to help drive, at least get in the car.

* * *

Karl Shapiro
c/o The *New York Times Book Review*

Dear Mr. Shapiro:

Since I found myself in accord with much of your article in the December 13 issue of the *Times,* I was disturbed by what seemed to me a curious contradiction in it. Perhaps contradiction isn't the right word; it would be more correct to call it a gratuitous and quite misleading implication.

You speak of the "holier-than-thou character of modern criticism-poetry" which "arises from its adoration of what is past, conservative, hierarchical. . . ." You then warn the reader that the "absolutism of this type of poetry leads it into every conceivable trap, from communism and fascism to Freudianism and theosophy."

What bothers me in this rather random listing is not your political opinion, but the use you make of it in a field where you would otherwise demand the most meticulous scholarship and intellectual integrity. Can you tell me how "communism" got into that sentence? Not a single one of the books you list bears the slightest relation to Marxist thought; even a schoolboy knows that most of the authors have expressed themselves either explicitly or only a wee bit indirectly as hostile to any such ideology. (I do not speak of the formal successes achieved by many of the writers mentioned; but only of their basic world view.)

You speak of Whitman as the only world-poet America has produced. Surely you must know of the immense regard the Left has shown for Whitman (though I think that often it has not paid sufficient attention to his greatest work.

Mainstream has appeared for 12 years as a Left cultural monthly. I shall not tell you what young and older American poets we have published, since you would probably not recognize the names of more than one or two. But I shall give you the names of a few foreign poets whose work we have published in the original English or in translation from their own tongues: Pablo Neruda, Paul Eluard, Louis Aragon, Miguel Hernandez, Nicolas Guillén, Martin Carter of British Guiana, Nikephoros Vrettakos, Mao Tse-tung, Bertolt Brecht, Salvatore Quasimodo. Are these poets closer to you than those whose views you have attacked?

Or are they to be lumped with them quite indiscriminately? If no then it is unfair of you to work back from Pound, Eliot, Hulme, an the like to "communism." I may add that it is only in the United State that intellectuals like yourselves allow themselves this shameless luxur just as renowned history professors find it justified to write contemptuo denunciations of Marx without ever having read even his columns o the Civil War, originally published in a language they understand– English.

I hope you will believe that I am not writing this angrily, or wit any need to placate some obsession. It's just that I feel people like yo should stop allowing themselves to follow a fashion set in motion b scoundrels and philistines in a period when, not the Left alone, but a America was chained and stifled. . . .

Lastly, if you do want to know which critics have played som role on the Left, why not have a look at George Lukacs and Christophe Caudwell?

Cordially,
C. H.

Dear Mr. Humboldt:

I was most interested in your letter in response to my article in th *New York Times*. It was a very perceptive argument you made an I am not at all sure I can answer it to your satisfaction. It is quite tru as you say, that the Marxist poets do not derive from such people a T. E. Hulme and Ezra Pound, but in lumping together communism and fascism I was trying to point to diverse forms of authoritarianism Like many writers, I believe that the transition (for instance) fro communism to Catholicism or vice versa is a very natural one. If yo pre-suppose Authority, whether it is historical determinism or Origin Sin, you are capable of embracing any authoritarian system. This what happened to the English and American Marxist writers such a W. H. Auden, who cannot operate outside a closed system. I belon to the persuasion that Marxism even in the beginning was the pe version of a great ideal. All of which is old hat to you.

Your list of fine communist poets certainly seems to contradict m argument, and yet, in my own reading of poets such as Brecht an Neruda I have always been disappointed by their "political" poetry. recently read the Brecht poems and found them terribly inferior to h

st dramatic work. To me it is an axiom that the artist cannot stoop politics, for the simple reason that there can be no perception of man value at the close range of political activity.

You may publish this letter if you like, but I rather doubt that it ll appeal to your readers. I do thank you for your intelligent and urteous letter.

Sincerely,
KARL SHAPIRO

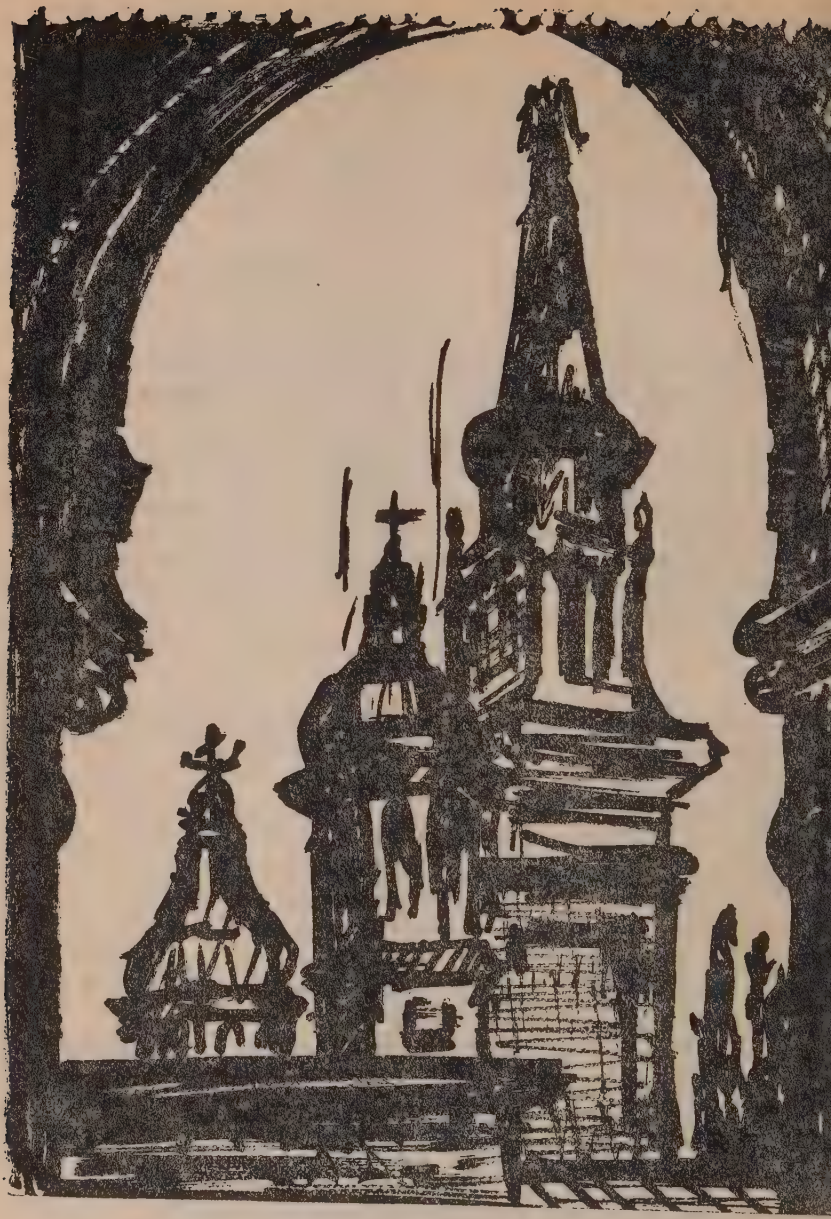
* * *

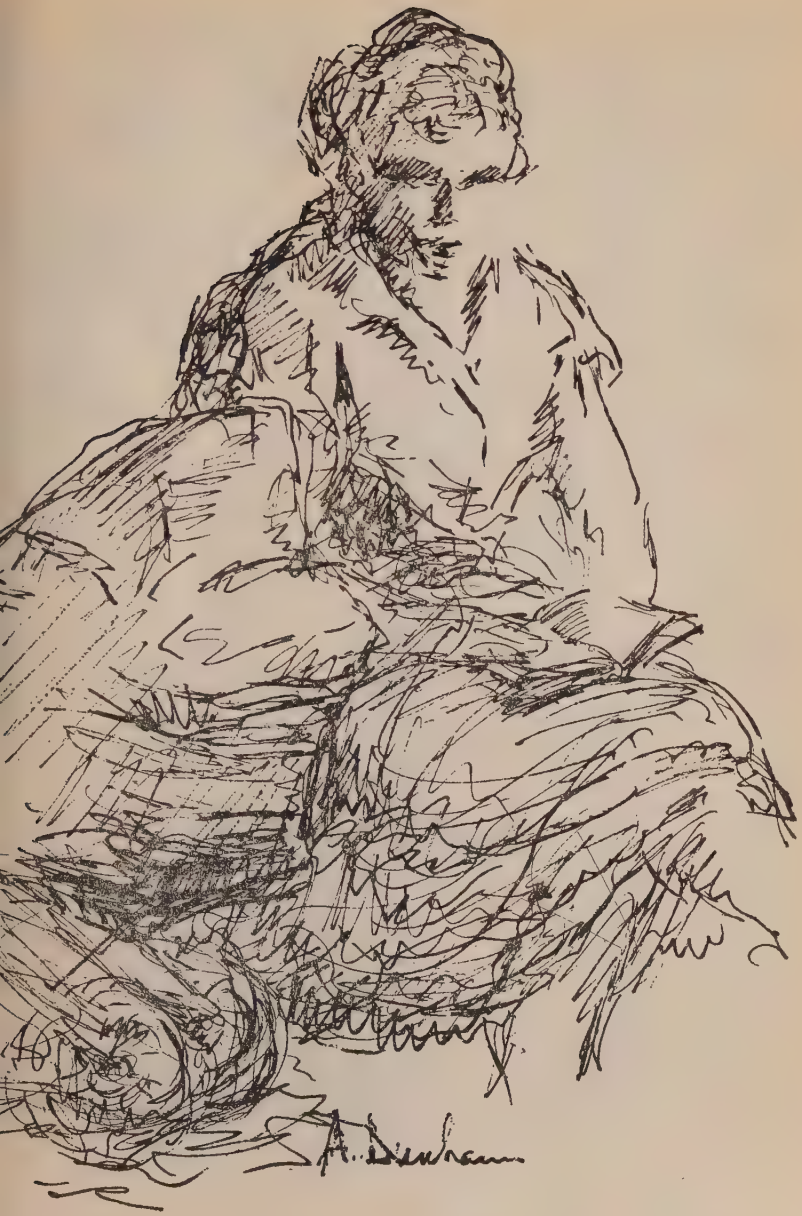
A friend in Georgia sends us a brand new variation on an old theme. is a clipping from the letter column of the *Atlanta Constitution.*

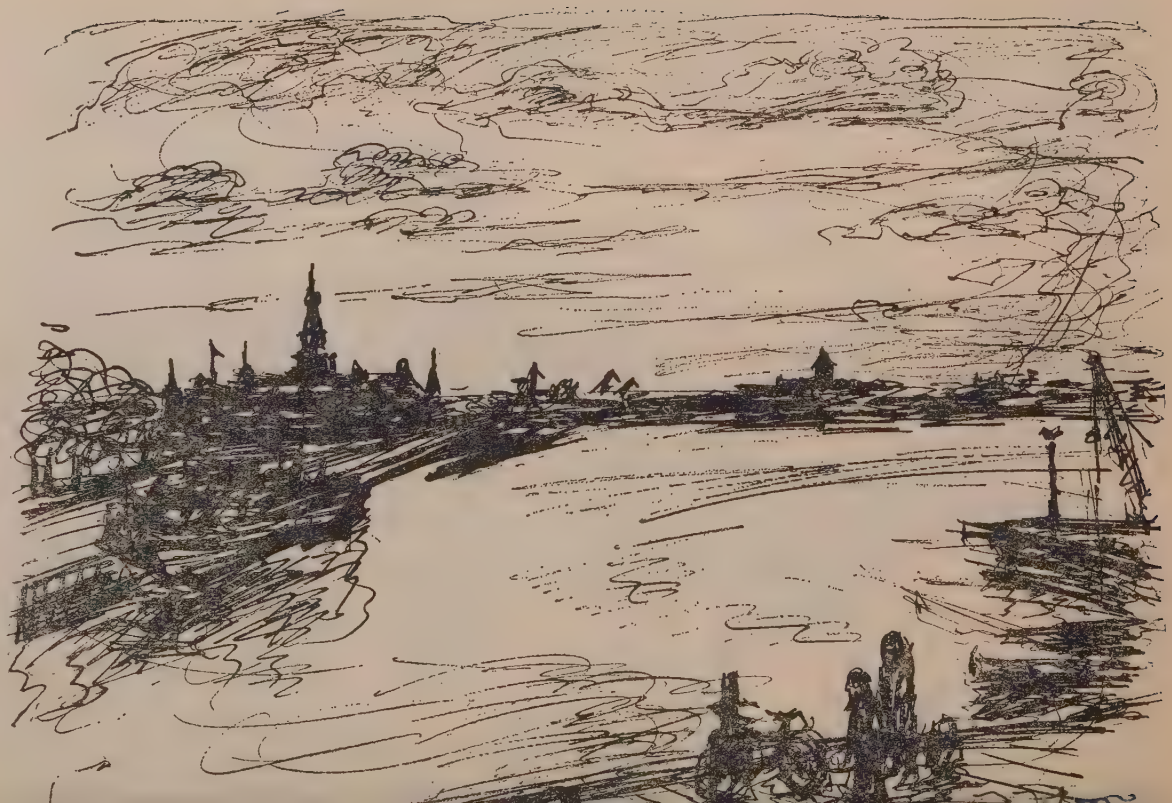
There is a simple answer to most of the world's problems if only the Gospel of Christ was put into practice. I would like to suggest an answer to the cranberry crisis. Paul said, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Why could not each one of us buy one can or package of cranberries and destroy them? None would know the difference and a 50-million-dollar industry would be saved. This would be an evidence to the world that our's is a Christian nation.

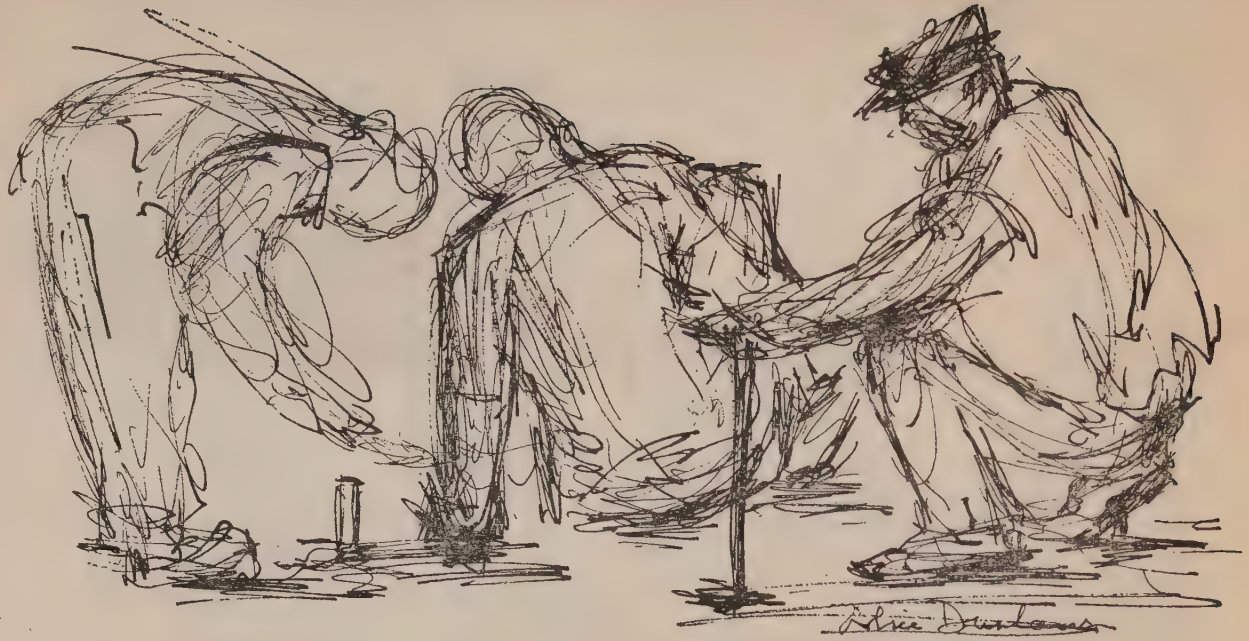
Five Drawings by Alice Dunham

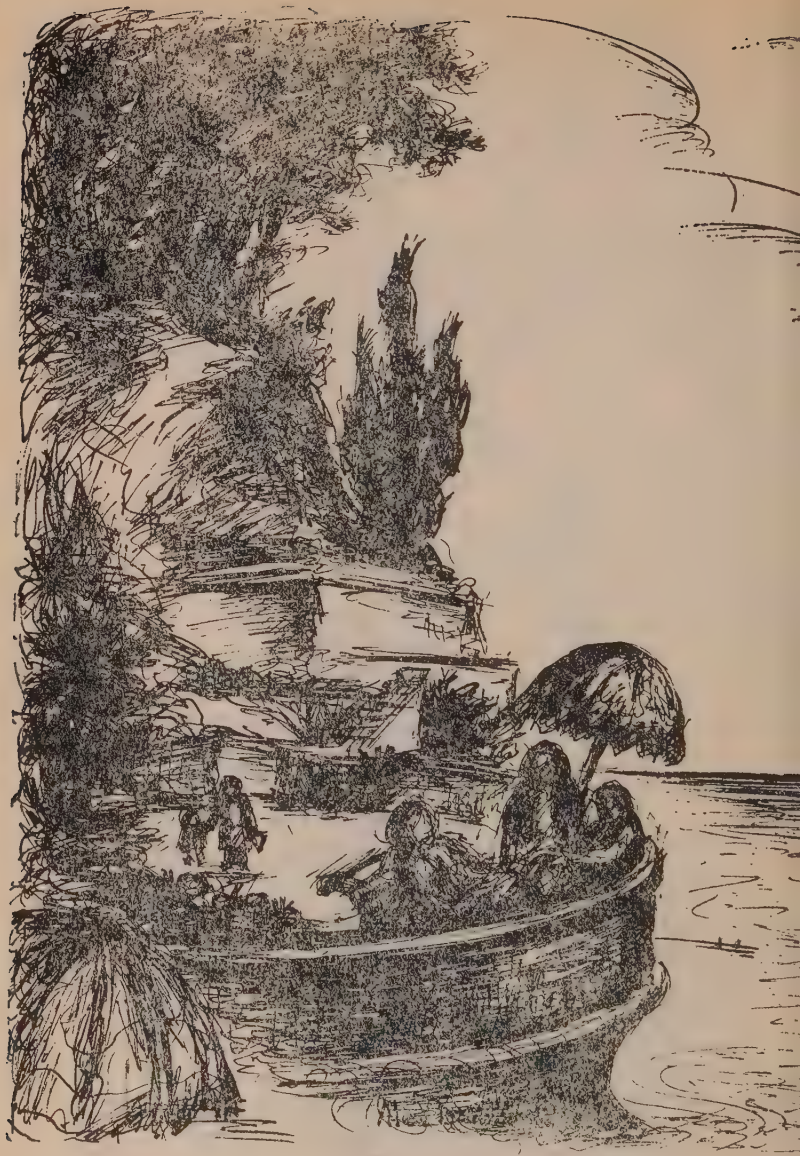
1. San Giorgio
2. Mother, Luxembourg Gardens
3. Harbor at Stockholm
4. Railroad Workers, Toulouse
5. Workers Resort, Sochi, Crimea











books in review

ven-Foot Spirit

TER THE FIRST, by Alexey Tolstoy. MacMillan. $5.95.

HORTLY before his death in 1945 Alexey Tolstoy—related neither to int Leo nor to the turn-of-the-cen- poet, A. K. Tolstoy—received the in Prize in literature for his epic of Civil War, *Darkness and Dawn,* olished in this country under the e of *Road to Calvary.* Even in its ping, painfully British-colloquial slation this was an absorbing book, tremendous canvas painting with th and understanding a period of eaval such as the modern world had er known. Floundering in that sea change were two young sisters, spir- l descendants of the Chekhov three, om a slightly pretentious, shabbily antic girlhood among the provincial try had left totally unprepared for need to come to grips with them- es and the events engulfing them. ough them, the reader was offered e unforgettable insights into the human problems arising inevitably out of the clash of two worlds in collision. In *Road to Calvary* Tolstoy accomplished what Pasternak later tried to do and failed. A mature, thoughtful artist, he was able to synthesize his own lifetime of experience and recreate for us the early revolts against conventions, the sense of being lost and disenchanted, the contempt for the "rabble" that young men and women of his time went through; and eventually a growing humanity, an understanding, a seeking for more than personal values, until the meaning of the first great socialist experiment finally lent new stature to those of that generation with strength enough and courage enough for keeping pace.

In *Peter the First* Tolstoy has turned to another great period in Russian history—the country's first giant step away from barbaric feudalism and in the direction of a modern bourgeois state. Russia was very late in shaking herself out of medieval lethargy; as we know, it never did catch up with the rest of Europe until the October Days shook

it out of its centuries of sleep. In fact, before 1917 it was fashionable among the Russian intelligentsia to speak with well-bred contempt of their uncivilized Asiatic fatherland. On the other hand there were many who, encouraged by the Church and by reaction in general, made a fanatical shibboleth of clinging to the past and opposing all progress.

The heart of *Peter the First* is this very clash between the old and the new. It is represented on the one hand by young Peter himself, along with his friends and foreign advisers, his hard-drinking comrades-in-arms and the "new men" without pedigree with whom he surrounded himself. Siding against him are the Regent, his half-sister Princess Sophia; her lover and evil genius Prince Golitzin, who believed in witches and witchcraft even while he prided himself on his ability to write Latin verse; the Patriarch, the Boyars, the Strelzi (sharpshooters' regiment) among whom Sophia fomented uprisings, and various fanatical schismatic sects of the Greek Orthodox Church. Tolstoy recreates a dark land where men are willing to die over the issue of whether a good believer crosses himself with two fingers or three. At Peter's court poison might at any time be served up in a loving cup. Part of the traditional wedding ceremony consisted of the father of the bride handing the bridegroom a whip with which to strike the bride, thus passing on to him the right—and the moral duty—to discipline her for the good of her immortal soul unless she obeyed him in all things. Half the great nobles scarcely knew how to read. Superstition hung like a pall over everything.

Yet the time was the very end of the Seventeenth Century—ten-yea
Peter became czar in 1682. Whe
was building St. Petersburg, King
XIV of France was a very old
In England the Restoration was
William and Mary were on the th
and the Bank of England had
into being. In America the Dutch
been driven out of New Amste
But Mother Russia, Tolstoy remind
was still subservient to the Tarta
the East, in danger of being conq
by Sweden from the North, and
laughing stock of all Europe. A
with the truly barbaric splendor
great houses, its poverty and dar
were beyond belief.

At first we see the boy Peter
less against this violent backgr
avid for experience and too bu
care about his half-sister's plotting
deliberate humiliations. He grow
rebellious, impatient, unconvention
the extreme, a law unto himself.
both a Prince and a boy-child in a
filled with old women, he also
up uncurbed by discipline. In
ways all this gives him a toug
which once and for all unfits hi
being the traditional monarch, a
the end Russia and the future pro
his maverick qualities. But in
ways he becomes something of a
ster. Tolstoy shows us a man w
harsh, often brutal with friends a
as with enemies, usually totally
out consideration, who seldom st
count the cost to others when his
is set upon a purpose.

Much has been writen about
the Great, that man who was
feet tall and outsize in spirit as
But always in presenting him i
past, historians as well as novelist

ir romantic imagination full rein. er to them *was* the New Russia. He s the Czar who willed his country come a modern state, the monarch o hated and warred on reaction, who manded that his country change over- ght and discard moldy traditions, t it turn its face toward the light, ard the "window on Europe." Hence the legend grew that he was, m the first, engaged in a sort of red war on the Boyars who still ng to the outward trappings of old tom—the beards Peter made them olicly shave off serving as a symbol that war. But the truth, as Tolstoy kes clear, is that the figure of Peter er was, nor could it have been, so nolithic. The tremendous role he yed in his country's history was er, from the beginning, the result a consciously thought-out plan. ter, it was the case of an individual's rall drive coinciding with the pat- n of history and in time becoming central force.

Tolstoy shows us a Russia ripe for nge and in need of a leader. He ws us an orphaned princeling com- led to fight for personal survival, ed, questing, and quite accidentally eting the leading citizen of the For- ners' Quarter, the Frenchman Lefort. e is a possible friend and mentor, we see Peter following a boy's itive whim in making overtures. until much later, as he grows to l stature, does he use his new nd, and even then much of his ac- y remains an absolute monarch's fulness. But eventually he does tify with the state, he feels per- lly affronted by the ridicule in which sia is being held by the civilized ld, he refuses to recognize the meaning of the word, NO, and he achieves the impossible. He beats back the Tartars at Azov a few short years after having been himself shamefully beaten back. He defeats Charles of Sweden. He has started to harness the power of the great Russian Bear. He begins to achieve grandeur.

Peter the First takes the young Czar no further than the building of his new capital city. Of necessity, vast though the book is, it sounds like the first part of a monumental trilogy. There is only a glimpse into the promise of Peter's mature achievements, and the time when his changes and reforms begin to bear fruit are scarcely touched upon. Nor do we see him in the fullness of his tortured personality. His son Alexey, the weakling he came to despise and subsequently murdered, is just a baby as the book ends. Peter has put away his stupid first wife; but his second, Catherine, is still only his girl-mistress. He is recently returned from his European travels, and he hasn't given up playing shipbuilder and carpenter.

Because Peter's was not an introspective nature, because the entire tenor of his times was one of action rather than contemplation, there is not here the complexity of characterization which makes *The Road to Calvary* so memorable. A less truthful historical novelist might have been tempted to endow his people with introspection and inner conflicts borrowed from another age. This pitfall Tolstoy skillfully avoids. There are no full-scale unforgettable portraits here. On the other hand, there is no anarchronistic jargon, and none of the romanticism and sentimentality which characterize Merezhkovsky's earlier *Peter and Alexis.* As we put down the book, we neither love

Peter nor hate him. We feel no deep compassion for him even though he is destined to be a misfit all his life: we merely marvel at him as a phenomenon. It is Mother Russia in her gigantic misery that we have come to know better. And this knowledge adds tremendously to our understanding of history.

KAY PULASKI

Fiorello

LA GUARDIA, by Arthur Mann. J. B. Lippincott Company.

AT last the definitive work on Fiorello La Guardia has appeared. Professor Arthur Mann has dug deeply into the sources and come up with high-grade ore. His *La Guardia,* a study of one of America's most interesting progressive politicians, covers the period from La Guardia's birth in 1882 to the end of his congressional career in January 1933. The second part of Prof. Mann's work, covering Fiorello's election as Mayor of New York in November 1933 to his death in 1947, is eagerly awaited by all students of La Guardiana.

While final judgment on Dr. Mann's work may be suspended until the second volume is before us, it can already be said that his book is superior to predecessors on the subject. The young Smith College professor has not only labored with patience and scruple but also with an affection—albeit a sober objectivity—and a felicity of style that somehow helps recapture the mood of Fiorello and his times, even as does the significant current musical hit, *Fiorello!*

What gives *La Guardia* substance depth is not only the meticulous Prof. Mann has gone about re-constr ing the figure who was a political J the Baptist, St. Vitus and Harou Raschid rolled in one. Above all, the author's firm *social* grasp of subject and the latter's times.

Fiorello's father was Achille I La Guardia, a musician born in Fo His paternal grandfather was rep to be a fighter in Garibaldi's red-sh legions. His mother, Irene Coen, born in Trieste and was descended f two old Italian-Jewish families w lineage, according to Mann, could probably be traced to the Sepha Jews expelled from Spain during Inquisition. This, of course, raises old question regarding La Guardia, which Dr. Mann dismisses qui "But we also are what we are and we choose to be," he writes. "In life La Guardia would identify self as an American Protestant Italian descent, never as a Jew."

La Guardia himself was born Varick Street, Manhattan, in an Ita American community, moved wes an early age and lived on a mil reservation at Fort Prescott, Ari where his father was an army b master. Mann re-tells briefly hov Guardia *pere* died after the Spa American war, his death hastened the "embalmed beef" unloaded on government by big food contractors of La Guardia's early efforts to be a newspaperman.

The childhood experiences left mark. Writes Mann:

La Guardia attributed the begi of a lifelong hatred of social inj and political corruption to his Ar days. While still in short pant

rned to recognize the "loudly essed, slick and sly Indian agents" o were cheating the Indians as nall-fry ward heelers." At twelve he tched with disapproval the fully ned Eleventh Infantry protect the operty of the Atlantic & Pacific Rail- d during the Pullman strike. How it, he asked, that American bayonets ould defend only employers, not work- ?

The oft-told tales of Fiorello as a uthful consular official at Fiume are counted here, particularly his famous counter with the Archduchess Maria sefa of the Austro-Hungarian empire. That was when La Guardia brusquely ected the noblewoman's request that e immigrants should be herded aboard eir ships ahead of time for her edi- ation.) In Fiume La Guardia not ly shocked the State Department but cked up an understanding of the ntral and Southern European immi- ants along with a fluent Italian, Ser- n, Croatian and a smattering of other ngues. His deep feeling for the im- grants and the place they held in nerica never left him.

Useful as are the flashbacks to La uardia's forbears and his youth, prob- ly the most authoritative insights e into the up-and-coming political ure of pre- and post-World War I ys. During three years' service as an terpreter at Ellis Island at $1,200 a ar while studying law at night, La uardia became a Republican, prob- ly because it was the sole political tlet within the two-party system for ambitious maverick in a Tammany- ntrolled town—and a Tammany in nich Italian-Americans were hardly cognized.

"La Guardia" Prof. Mann writes, as a marginal man who lived on the ge of many cultures, so that he was able to face in several directions at the same time."

But by the phrase "in several directions" Dr. Mann does not intend to characterize La Guardia as a political chameleon. The biographer insists correctly that La Guardia knew intimately the immigrants who formed a large part of the New York electorate. He was something of a cosmopolitan but identified himself with the West and the surging progressivism of the trans-Mississippi areas. Further, he came to know the rising needle trades union and socialist leaders and counted many of them among his close friends. Finally, La Guardia became an expert in rough-and-tumble district politics, learning swiftly all the tricks of the trade, and adding a few of his own. Therefore, Dr. Mann can write, dead-pan: "La Guardia was also significant for the ease with which he moved between the world of ward politics and of social reform. The relationship between these two worlds, like the history of Italo-Americans, has not received the study it deserves."

Dr. Mann's contribution is a suggestive beginning. Due to the peculiar conditions of American politics, with the lack of a deep-rooted mass socialist party, the La Guardias played a special role. According to Mann, the maverick Republican La Guardia "won the respect of Socialists" but, "however much La Guardia and his foreign-born Socialist associates liked and admired each other, they were not really alike. He used to argue with them . . . that no amount of Marxian speeches on the street corners of the East Side would solve the labor problem. The solution was not a radical third party but strong trade unions and spokesmen within a

major party. . . ." However, Mann adds: "Satisfied with neither Marxism nor ward heeling as ends in themselves, he combined the idealism of the one and the shrewdness of the other in a unique blend."

With this pragmatic approach La Guardia played a remarkable role in periods when it was still possible to conduct guerrilla warfare within the two major parties. However, later he began to see more clearly the need for a major political realignment in the nation and a mass people's political party. That is why he associated himself in New York with the American Labor Party in the '30s. And, whatever his differences with Marxism, he displayed an increasing respect for it as a world force as he grew older.

But these observations move somewhat beyond the scope of Prof. Mann's present work. Thoughtful progressives will appreciate the job he has done in illuminating the life of a colorful fighter against monopoly, whose career linked the struggles of the masses in the cities and the revolt against Big Business on the farms. Despite his occasional zigging and zagging—political survival was a first law for him—the fact is that La Guardia was a classic exponent of the need for an anti-monopoly coalition in American political life. As such his career has important lessons for all progressive Americans.

SIMON GERSON

Naive Nobility

WHITEHEAD'S AMERICAN ESSAYS IN SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY, edited with an introduction by A. H. Johnson. Harper and Bros. $4.00.

THIS collection of essays is concerned neither with America nor with social philosophy. It is rath compendium of Whitehead's r niscences of his education in Engl of his views on world politics and the nature and function of univ ties. It is Whitehead at his worst most charming. At his worst becaus his incredible naiveté in matters cial; and charming because of his ideas and the felicity of their ve expression.

The only systematic social philos in the book is to be found in lengthy introduction by the editor H. Johnson. Professor Johnson is author of *Whitehead's Philosophy Civilization,* reviewed in the Decem 1958 issue of *Mainstream.* The in duction to the present volume is effect a summary of the earlier b and thus constitutes a brief but statement of Whitehead's social losophy. It has, however, very litt anything to do with the *Essays* follow.

The essays were written during quarter century following Whiteh migration to the United States in at the age of 63. This migration cided with a change of field mathematics to philosophy, and change of universities from Londo Harvard. These changes were not dental. He had completed his coll ration with Bertrand Russell on *Principia Mathematica* in which had attempted to fit mathematics a formal logical framework. The superable contradictions encountere the undertaking led Whitehead to don mathematics for philosophy.

Eventually in his efforts to reco the non-contradictory realm of fo logic with the contradictions inh in mathematics, physics, and the ent world generally, he was imp

posit two universes: an ideal uni-
e of Platonic ideas in which there
no contradictions and formal logic
ns supreme; and a real universe of
ter in motion in which contradic-
s abound. Ultimately he posited
Gods, a transcendent God of the
non-contradictory universe and an
inent God of the existent contra-
ory universe. To reconcile the two
erses and the two Gods, Whitehead
tacitly to assume a third God in
form of a divinely pre-established
nony in which the appropriate
onic idea would allow itself to be
odied at each moment of existence
ach changing event.

was a fantastic, mythical solution
age-old, parodoxical philosophical
blems: matter-mind, real-ideal,
ging-unchanging, isolated-intercon-
ed, contradictory-harmonious and
rs. The problems, however, were
ential and stubborn for White-
, for he had encountered them con-
ly in his own professional field,
ematics. His claim to attention, as
e it, is that he wrestled with the
problems of philosophy in a life
death struggle. He lost, but at
he struggled with the essential
lems instead of seeking formulas
ismiss them as the pragmatists, se-
ticists, and logical positivists did
still do.

these gigantic battles, Whitehead
ures up an image of Don Quixote.
e is something tragically ludicrous
t the sincerity and dedication of
tter-day philosopher doing battle
metaphysical giants which have
since been slain, or at least mor-
wounded. I must say that I for
much prefer a grand-scale, absolute
ist philosophical Don Quixote to
he pedestrian pragmatic pygmies.

The Cervantean tragi-comedy plays itself out in these final so-called *American Essays in Social Philosophy*. Here we see on the one hand Whitehead's eternal Platonic ideas of a secondary education, of a peaceful foreign policy, of a "good" society and of a university, all completely transcendent and utterly without relation to the real world. On the other hand, we see his bewilderment at the complexities, confusions and contradictions inherent in the actual world about him. His own metaphysics calls for a divine pre-established harmony to guarantee both the relevance of the social ideals to the social actuality and their unification in a better existent world. Here, however, his metaphysics is revealed in its utterly ludicrous mythical character. For the grandiose pre-established harmony between ideal and actual collapses into modest little platitudes about businessmen, for example, learning to be more Christian, or universities assuming the stewardship of society and social change —especially the business schools, in the first place the Harvard School of Business.

When the chips are down, metaphysical pre-established harmony is exposed as the fig-leaf of Whitehead's system. We will not quarrel too much with either his actuality or his ideals. The problem is to get the two together. It would be nice and easy and comfortable and secure if there were a divine coordination of the two. But even Whitehead has to give the god-head an assist with his reformist formulae. Some of the latter make amusing reading. For example, one of the contradictions he sees in real life is overproduction and starvation revealing itself most dramatically in depressions. His eternal Platonic ideal for a social

system includes full employment, full production and full consumption. How does he propose to get the two together? He forgets all about his doctrine of pre-established harmony, and instead proposes the following: big business has killed economic individualism in the form of craftsmanship, and this is said to be the cause of depressions. The cure is to bring back individualism in the form of craftsmanship and wed it to mass production. This will give full employment and pride of workmanship, quality in addition to quantity of commodities; it will widen markets, raise taste and since individuality will be the hall-mark, it will eliminate the law of diminishing returns—not just shoes but each pair as a work of art and therefore people could use an unlimited number. Such is Whitehead's formula for eliminating depressions. It also eliminates the necessity for socialism. How would we get this little reform embodied in the day-to-day life of capitalism? Why, educate the businessman, of course. It would be best if all business men could be educated in the Harvard business school, but if that is not possible, let there be other business schools almost as good. This is pre-established harmony come home to roost.

In matters social Whitehead poses a single question: "How to face the future with the aid of the past." In his framework this means how to realize ideals without upsetting the past. Objectively it means how to achieve the dreams of all mankind within the framework of capitalism. In religious terms it means how to pour new and heady wine in old, old bottles.

It is little wonder that Whitehead is being hailed as the leading ph opher of the new conservatism.

HARRY K. W

Poet of Things Past

THE POETRY OF BORIS PAST NAK, selected, edited, and transl by George Reavey. G. P. Putn Sons. $4.00.

IN terms of literary merit, this ume is the most important ye appear in English by Pasternak. translator is held in high regard the poet and has selected a variet poems from all phases of Paster career, many published here in lish for the first time. There als extensive material on biography an fluences, and three significant Paste essays.

But the poems are what most m They are Pasternak's only real upon lasting literary importance; f is becoming accepted by many that *Doctor Zhivago* is a truly novel. The review of it in the W 1959 *Kenyon Review* by Richard S for instance, demonstrates with nu ous examples that Pasternak si can't tell a story right. Lack of real ations, "formal collapse and bo rendering" make of it probably P nak's "worst work," in Stern's opi

The poems are much better, for who will make the effort require re-experiencing the experiences Pasternak puts into poetry. Somet as in many of his early poems, reader's effort is foredoomed to f because the experience itself is not veyed and the poet's expression feeling must remain subjective. often enough, as in a poem like "

a Title" of 1956, the reader's effort ewarded with a deeply felt experi-. Whichever the case, these are not ns for skimming.

sternak grew out of the group of s whose ideas were formed prior 917 and who are known as the ian Symbolists. The effect of such ckground on his style is seen in this rain, part of a poem first pub-d in 1917:

> a wayside station summer bade
> oodbye. And, doffing his cap, at night
> hundred blinding photographs
> souvenir the thunder took.

objects of the real world in this are a wayside station, thunder, lightning in a night sky; summer aning, and it is the last electrical n of the season. Into this objective tion the poet intrudes his personal lgia, not by expressing it directly by attributing human acts to the gs of his scene. Summer bids good-to the station, thunder snaps a enir photo. All of nature becomes athetic to Pasternak's moods, the erse itself acts out his feelings.

his is a lonely art, devoted always ist one subject: Pasternak. Occa-lly some woman deflects his atten-but she too remains just scenery the whole of nature, used by Pas-k only as a reference for delving n himself. Art is a record, he once e, of "a reality which feeling has aced." It is in the poems where ng not only displaces but also re-s reality that the reader finds him-rustrated.

sternak's humanising of nature has purpose of conveying fleeting and lex sensations which normally es-pe expression. The contemporary French novelist Alain Robbe-Grillet has pointed out how this confusion of self with the world always results in the world becoming not only a metaphor for the poet's experience but also a moral justification of it. Even apart from this, the results at times are ludicrous, as when he writes in "Epilogue 4" of "returning to the arms, a boomerang." But Pasternak experiments, and he develops. "1905," written in 1925-6, attempts to portray the exciting panorama of the 1905 uprising in a style which at its best is much like Mayakovsky's, but which ultimately makes of the great social events only a background for what the adolescent Pasternak then felt. It is in many parts nevertheless a fine poem.

The poems from the Forties exhibit a new concern for the objective world and for colloquial speech patterns, which apparently he gained in part through his fine Shakespeare translations. His most recent poems, entitled *A Rift in the Clouds* and written since 1955, are I think the finest Pasternak has written. Here the promise of the poems of the Forties is fulfilled, and nature has become more than the backdrop of personal feelings alone. He now uses images of snow and forest and silence and sunlight and thaw, the natural world surrounding his *dacha,* to express in metaphor with clarity and force his conception of current Russia and his place within it. Although Stern attributed the badness of *Doctor Zhivago* to Pasternak's long struggle against Soviet ideology, I think the excellence of these last poems arises directly from the demands made upon him to face the realities of his society. At last Pasternak can portray Pasternak as a man in a social milieu.

The Pasternak who emerges is hon-

est, retiring, gentle, and doggedly determined to know and acknowledge all aspects of his experience. He believes that Soviet "proletarian" literature written to order has proven itself mediocre, a view recently affirmed by his fellow writer Mikhail Sholokov. This much of Pasternak is admirable. Less fine is his refusal in the name of the same simplicity and honesty to live in the modern world. For Pasternak rejects the America of today just as much as the Russia. It is a pity he has stood for many good and decent qualities and yet has only complained that the old terms of their existence were gone. He has rejected the new that others created and offered no real alternatives, only principles for which he has not helped to find new expression in emerging modern society. If his human sympathies were broader his poetry and thought would not be so pervasively and subjectively directed toward a nostalgic past as they are.

RAYMOND LEE

Poet of His Time

THE WEST GOING HEART: A Life of Vachel Lindsay, by Eleanor Ruggles. W. W. Norton Co. $5.95.

THIS is an honest and sympathetic story of Vachel Lindsay's dramatic life, dealing kindly and frankly with his disordered youth and the premature old age and mental breakdown which led to his suicide at 52, and respectfully with his scant decade of real fame. There are few today who recall that Harriet Monroe spoke of him as "perhaps the most gifted and original poet" *Poetry* had ever published; Sinclair Lewis declared he was "one of our few great poets, a power and a glory in the land"; and the Hou Representatives of the State of Il passed a resolution "that we reco the loss to the State and Nation to all his fellow men, in the passi this great man."

If the texture of Mrs. Ruggles' is too easy in its use of unorigina scriptive phrase or generalized tude, it nevertheless moves rapidly unselfconsciously in narrative, makes judicious use of well chosen tations from diaries and letters as as poems.

But though interesting and info tive the book unfortunately ren like many much poorer ones, superficial level of fact, making n tempt at serious analysis of any

In the first part we sadly miss real psychological interpretation, though the material presented aloud for such insight. Then, whe come to the middle years of mos tive creation, we again lack any att at critical discussion. There does even seem to be any clear recogn of the mental conflict and cont tions which must have attended say's acceptance of great art as tially Christian, democratic and in tional in character, while almost i ing Poe and according his work measured admiration.

Finally, and fundamentally, the no apparent awareness of the foundly significant contrapuntal tion between Lindsay's develop and that of his nation in the twenty years of his life (1911-19

Such a discussion would emph the strength and limitations of poetry, help to explain its dev ment, and illuminate the meanin American culture at a real turning

history. For the power of his work is that of its mid-western canism (in criticism as well as tion) and, as Shaw has said, "a gh biography of any man who o his chin in the life of his time" be written "as a historical docu- Unless an account like this significant history, it is some- less than truly significant biog-

ANNETTE T. RUBINSTEIN

of the Present

S AND DESERTS, poems by a Cabral. Roving Eye Press.

GA CABRAL is a New Yorker who was born in the West Indies rtuguese parents, and is married Yiddish poet Aaron Kurtz. On ver of the book (it's an attractive e, with black and white decora- by the author) Walter Lowenfels s introductory comment: "Between kitchen and husband-lover / this r goes through her / 18-hour / in a Dead Man's Float / and nobody a tumble / that a poem on" that "saves us from the Sar- Sea / of drowning in our daily

cities include San Francisco, and are deserts too, some geographical ome spiritual. But the poet is most at home in New York ("Whitman's City"). I like, most of all in the book, her witty comment on the sight of a "Storefront Church" with a windowful of dilapidated plaster images: "the gods of the poor, themselves / so shabby, it is plain / they could not pay the landlord / and were evicted from heaven." The New York Puerto Ricans receive from her this warm greeting: "Salud to the brave heart you bring us / that never forgets to buy flowers / with Friday's skinned paychecks; / salud to your sun-island's gift, / the uprooted wealth of your land—your own / lighthearted, heartbroken, deft, dark / musical selves."

"The Cloud on Yucca Flat" is a sonnet, and it seems to me that she achieves terser, more effective expression in this form than in the freer variety. The horror and senselessness of radioactive fallout beats insistently through the lines. "O the White Towns" dramatizes the school integration struggle in the South: "the lock-lipped people" stand "at bay" awaiting an enemy; the enemy appears—"two black children, very small"; the poet asks "Children, children—why did you come / this dangerous road, this forbidden road / this morning in September? / Today's the day I came to learn. / Took a notion to go to school / and teach white folks the Golden Rule."

RUTH MAHONEY