Mainstream

WHAT KHRUSHCHEV REALLY SAID

CHARLES WISLEY

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY IN ANCIENT CHINA

Joseph Needham, F.R.S.

FROM BOROUGH HALL TO LAKEWOOD

William Blake

THE MUDDY RIVERS

Nikephoros Vrettakos

POP COMES TO CALIFORNIA

Morris Moses

YOU, MAN OF MY TIME

Salvatore Quasimodo

THE ELDERS

Lydia Draper

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ANYONE wishing to probe into the failure of the Paris Summit Conference might profitably spend a weekend with a copy of Hackworth's *Digest of International Law,* Vol. II (etiquette for violations of national sovereignty by foreign military aircraft, etc.), a batch of Lippmann articles (Berlin, blunders of the Eisenhower administration and assorted topics), and the 800-page collection of Khrushchev speeches* and interviews put out by E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc. (a confidence-inspiring capitalist institution which has not so far been denounced as a purveyor of seditious literature). Since most of the material in the Dutton volume dates from 1958, it may be supplemented with another 230 pages of Mr. K.'s opinions given during his tour of the United States last September, conveniently collected under the title *Khrushchev in America.***

If a thousand pages of Khrushchev seem like a heavy diet, let me say at once that he reads extremely well. Those who recall his American visit will agree that he is not the least bit pompous or stuffy. It is surely a refreshing experience to find a stateman describe himself before a mass meeting as being "a rather restless, straightforward sort of person." In another public self-appraisal, which helps us to understand the man and his behavior, he said, "I prefer speaking sharply but truthfully to speaking politely but falsely." His basic approach is revealed

* *For Victory in Peaceful Competition with Capitalism,* by Nikita S. Khrushchev. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. $3.95.

** *Khrushchev in America,* full texts of the speeches made by N. S. Khrushchev on his tour of the United States, September 15-27, 1959. Crosscurrents Press. $2.95.

by the statement, "I have always been attracted rather by the logic of facts, and not by the logic of emotional deductions." But this is a man who knows how to leaven the facts, who will interrupt his expositions of historical change with the remark, made to an audience of Hungarian intellectuals, "Some probably think, there's Khrushchev telling us his Soviet fables," or saying to German technicians: "Perhaps I am putting all this too baldly and perhaps some of you are now applauding with everyone else only for the sake of appearances, while thinking, deep down, as the Russian saying has it: 'No, brother, an old bird isn't caught with chaff!' " And it is not only confidence in his position, but intellectual honesty which allowed Khrushchev to reminisce in Hollywood about his days as a Red Army soldier:

"My unit was stationed in the Kuban region, and I was quartered in the house of an educated family. The landlady was a graduate of the St. Petersburg Institute for young ladies of gentle birth. As for me, I suppose I still smelled of coal when I was living in her house. There were other educated people in that house—a lawyer, engineer, teacher and musician. We Red Army men mixed with them. When they met me, a Communist, they saw that, far from eating human flesh, I was starving, to put it plainly. Sometimes I even had no bread, but I never tried to take any way from them or, indeed, ask for anything. They came to respect me. The mistress of the house saw that we Bolsheviks were not at all the sort of people our enemies made us out to be. Members of the old intelligentsia convinced themselves more and more that Communists were honest people who sought no personal gain and dedicated themselves to the common weal. We were still unpolished, uneducated workers at that time, but we wanted to receive an education, to learn to govern the state, to build a new society, and we devoted all our energy to it. I remember the landlady asking me: 'Tell me, what do you know about ballet? You're a simple miner, aren't you?' To tell the truth, I didn't really know anything about ballet at that time, because I hadn't seen any ballet then and, moreover, had never seen a ballerina. I had no idea what it was all about, so to speak. But I said to her, 'Just wait, we're going to have everything, ballet too.' Frankly speaking, if I had been asked at that time just what we were going to have, I might not quite have known what to say, but I was certain that there was a better life ahead. It was Lenin's Party that had instilled this certainty in our hearts."

Khrushchev is ever conscious how far he and his country have come since those days. His breadth of knowledge and grasp of detail shown, for example, when he discussed Soviet and American statistics

publications with Eric Ridder of the *Journal of Commerce,* inevitably invite comparison with those of a golf-playing, Western-reading West Point product. Yet this is also the author of a story debunking official tours of complex installations: "I remember when the preparations for the launching of our first rocket were completed, the scientists invited members of the government to inspect it. We walked round the rocket, peered here and there, examined it on all sides, but we do not know how it works, or, as people say, 'what gravy it's eaten with.' I think 'secrets' like these can be shown to many people: They, too, will look and feel, but won't understand a thing."

I have spent some time on Khrushchev's personal character not because I think he needs my services to recruit admirers or to counteract the absurdities written about him by some fellow-journalists, but because in my opinion the frankness, humor, honesty, pride of achievement, confidence in the future, and practical knowledge displayed by Khrushchev in a way reflect the stage of development reached by Soviet society, of which he has become the principal leader. If this is so, a picture of Khrushchev's personality adds a further dimension to the enormous miscalculations by which the United States government caused the collapse of the Paris conference.

IN ESSENCE, what happened in Paris simply proves once more Washington's unwillingness to recognize the new world situation, shaped by the growth of Soviet power, and to accommodate itself to the change. Quite apart from the U-2 incident and Eisenhower's announcement of American intentions to resume underground nuclear tests, we have Richard H. Rovere's word on the eve of the conference, corroborated by the aggressive Herter and Dillon speeches in April, that the American plan for Paris was "to maintain the present status of West Berlin" and "to confront Khrushchev with the proposition that the only acceptable means of achieving German unification or any change whatever in Germany today is free elections. Since it is anticipated that this plan will be as unacceptable to the Russians in 1960 as it was in earlier years, it is hoped—and, by most authorities, expected—that Khrushchev will agree to a continuation of the status quo." Washington and Bonn had made short shrift of the spirit of Camp David.

Of course, Eisenhower, who does not know what his own Vice-President is saying, cannot be expected to have read Khrushchev's speeches. Too bad, for Khrushchev's forthrightness would have allowed him to gauge Soviet reactions without help from the Central Intelligence Agency. He would have been reminded that the Soviet Union

suggested a summit conference as long ago as December, 1957 togeth with proposals for solving the most urgent international problems (ce sation of nuclear tests, reduction of foreign troops and establishme of an atom-free zone in Central Europe, etc.). But although the Sovi Union steadily pressed for such a meeting, Khrushchev made clear th "It is not interested in a summit conference *per se.* It views such conference as a step towards relieving international tension." All d pended on whether the Western powers were willing to substitute f their policy of "positions of strength" one of "positions of reason."

Khrushchev served ample notice that neither he nor the Soviet Unio could be pushed around long before his departure from Paris and h suggestion to postpone the conference six to eight months, in the e pectation that if not this, then the next government of the Unite States would understand the need for peaceful coexistence. Compare h declaration in Paris with the statement he made on July 22, 1958: "Present capitalist rulers may be shirking an agreement, but the me who succeed them will have no choice but to agree to a *détente,* and recognize the principle of peaceful coexistence of two different systems Compare his readiness to leave Paris, in view of Eisenhower's incapaci for serious negotiations, with his warning in Los Angeles, in the midd of his tour of the United States last year, that if hostile demonstratio against him continued, he would fly straight home.

Khrushchev makes no secret of why he acts this way. History do its job, he has said. The course of historical development is relentle and no one can halt it. "We are confident," he declared on one occ sion, "that through hard work we shall eventually bring about a situati in which the peoples of the states whose governments pursue a 'pos tions of strength' policy and the arms race will compel their governmen to take the road of peaceful coexistence." Time and again, he has r peated: "If you are not yet ripe for talks, if you haven't yet realized t need of ending the cold war and fear its termination, if you want go on with it, we can wait. The wind isn't blowing in our faces eithe We have the patience to wait, and the wisdom."

This does not mean that Khrushchev underestimates the dangers a continuing cold war. His theme is precisely the need to end it, eliminate such aggravating factors as the arming of West Germany wi nuclear weapons and to stop the flights of planes laden with hydrog bombs which may lead to the accidental outbreak of war. The Sovi proposals for general and complete disarmament submitted to the Unit Nations last fall answer any charge of indifference on this score, a Khrushchev freely admits that Western military preparations have h

effect on the Soviet Union. What Khrushchev does mean is that is useless to try to force Russia's hand.

Khrushchev's position is based on three fundamental facts: the economic and technological level reached by the Soviet Union, symbolized its earth satellites, the unity of the Socialist camp and the decline the colonial system. In answer to a correspondent's question whether it was possible to think of building communism when the Soviet Union and the People's Democracies are surrounded by capitalist countries, Khrushchev made this significant observation in 1958:

"I would like to draw your attention to the fact that today the very concept of the 'capitalist encirclement' of our country requires serious clarification. With the formation of the world socialist system the situation in the world has changed radically. Moreover, as you know, it has not changed to the advantage of capitalism. Today you cannot tell who is encircling whom—whether the capitalist countries encircle the socialist countries, or vice versa. The socialist countries cannot be regarded as an islet in the middle of a seething capitalist ocean. The socialist countries are inhabited by 1,000 million people out of a world population of 2,500 million. And how many people in other countries adhere to socialist views! Thus it is now out of the question to speak of capitalist encirclement as it was understood before. As for the victory of communism in our country, this is beyond all doubt. The Soviet people are confidently marching towards the victory of communism."

With the consolidation of the Socialist camp, another question that has come up for revision is the tendency toward economic autarchy of its member states which was evident in the immediate post-war years. "Today," Khrushchev declared in 1958, "the socialist countries cannot operate their economies in isolation, within the framework of each individual country alone. It is necessary to develop and improve cooperation so as to utilize most rationally the natural wealth and economic resources that are available in the socialist countries."

THIS kind of development, like the reorganization of industrial and agricultural management in the Soviet Union itself, involves at first glance only practical changes of domestic reach. But the advance of the socialist countries and the organization of a true socialist commonwealth obviously carry broad theoretical and international implications. They help to explain why the socialist states now hold the initiative in world affairs.

The record of the Paris conference might have been quite different if Washington had relied less on U-2 flights and more on Khrushchev's

public statements to divine Soviet intentions. Close study of only few paragraphs would have sufficed. With his customary franknes Khrushchev expressed the Soviet outlook at a meeting of the people o Moscow welcoming him home from the United States last year:

"I am confident, comrades, that in the present circumstances, whe the forces of peace have grown immeasurably, when the socialist cam numbers nearly one billion people and possesses enormous productiv capacities, when the Soviet Union has such vast achievements in industr and agriculture, science, engineering and culture—we can do a great de for peace.

"In our actions we base ourselves on reason, on truth, on the su port of the whole people. Moreover, we rely on our mighty potentia And those who wish to preserve the cold war with a view sooner or lat to turning it into a hot war had best know that in our time only a mad man can start war, who himself will perish in its flames.

"The peoples must straight-jacket such madmen. We believe th statesmanship, that human reason will trimph. In the splendid word of Pushkin, 'Let reason triumph! May darkness be banished!'"

NOTICE TO READERS

It is with deep regret that *Mainstream* announces the resignation of its editor, Charles Humboldt, effective with this issue. Mr. Humboldt has borne the difficult burden of editing *Mainstream* almost single-handedly to a point beyond reasonable expectation. Unhappily, the financial state of the magazine has not permitted a viable solution to this problem.

For the time being the editorial direction of *Mainstream* will be the responsibility of a board of directors, with Mr. Robert Forrey as editorial secretary.

We assure our readers that *Mainstream* will continue its proud tradition of struggle for socialist and humanist values in the arts and sciences. It will strive to maintain its high standard of performance in both criticism and the arts which has won for it an honorable place in the history of American culture.

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY IN ANCIENT CHINA

JOSEPH NEEDHAM, F.R.S.

Mainstream has for some time been selecting material for a number devoted to the literature, art, and the social and political development of the Peoples' Republic of China. The greater part of such an issue is now at hand and is being readied for publication in August. In anticipation, we are printing this fascinating study by Dr. Needham, which provides a materialist account of ancient Chinese thought and practice.

The present essay is a slightly corrected version of a lecture delivered some years ago in London. It is printed here with the generous permission of the Conway Memorial Lecture Committee of the South Place Ethical Society.

IN THIS LECTURE I will try to sketch a sort of pattern of the organization of ancient Chinese society. The problems of rationalism, ethics, nd religion in the social life of a given day and age cannot be approached ithout some understanding of the structure of society and the character f its technological achievements. I am led to do this because, in my inking on such subjects, I am always working towards a study of what believe is one of the greatest problems in the history of culture and ivilization—namely, the great problem of why modern science and echnology developed in Europe and not in Asia. The more you know bout Chinese philosophy, the more you realize its profoundly rationalistic haracter. The more you know of Chinese technology in the mediaeval eriod, the more you realize that, not only in the case of certain things ery well known, such as the invention of gunpowder, paper, printing, nd the magnetic compass, but in many other cases (one of which, very

concrete and fascinating, I am going to put before you), inventions and technological discoveries were made in China which changed the course of Western civilization, and indeed that of the whole world. I believe that the more you know about Chinese civilization, the more strange it seems that modern science and technology did not develop there.

To begin with, I would like to say something about the origins of civilization in China; which means the origins of Chinese feudalism growing up from about 1500 B.C. One must remember that it was always very distinct from the other great civilizations. We know that the river valley civilizations of Mesopotamia and Egypt were closely linked together from an early date and, similarly, that the ancient civilization of the Indus valley had its connections with Babylonian civilization. The only great river-valley culture which did not have a close connection with these was the Yellow River civilization, that of the Huang-Ho, which became the cradle, especially in its upper regions, of the Chinese people. Actually, as I want to emphasize in a few minutes, that civilization was linked by a number of strands with the bronze age in Europe. In spite of this, however, the Yellow River civilization was more independent than connected with the West.

The origins of this first form of Chinese society are very important because one can see that Chinese philosophy goes right back to them. Great scholars like Granet, the French sinologist, have demonstrated that the origin of towns in China was probably connected with the beginning of the working of bronze, no doubt because the first metallurgists had to have installations of some complexity which required protection from the changes and chances of life in the villages of the primaeval tribal community. Granet has traced the way in which the primitive pre-feudal society gave away to the feudal society of the towns of the full Bronze Age in China.

For example, we know that many of the poems contained in the *Shih Ching*, the famous "Book of Odes," are ancient folk-songs. They still show us to-day something of the songs which were sung by the bands of young men and girls, dancing in those ancient reunion festivals at spring and autumn at which the process of mating was accomplished; the people coming together from their villages to these meetings, these fairs of spring and autumn. The first feudal lords captured the holiness of these places where the people congregated and transferred it to the sacred mound or temple of the feudal "State" in the town which was then first originated. During what we may call the high feudal period in China, which runs roughly from the eighth century to the second century B.C., the feudal lords were assisted and counselled by a group of men who afterward

ecame the school of philosophers which we know as the Confucian hool.

The Confucian philosophers originated, then, as the counsellors of the udal lords, and the chief characteristic of that school (not only Kung u Tzu himself but his great disciples Mêngtzú and later on Hsüntzu and any others) was a rationalist, ethical approach, embodying a profound ncern for social justice as the Confucians understood it. There are many ories about Confucius which I might mention to you. Just by way of ample, on one occasion, when Confucius was travelling in a chariot d wanted to cross a river, he and his disciples could not find the ford. e therefore sent one of them to consult with some hermits nearby king for information as to the way across. The hermits, however, gave sarcastic answer, saying: "Your master is so wise and clever, he knows erything, and must certainly know where the ford is." Confucius was d when this was reported to him and said: "They dislike me because want to reform society, but, if we are not to live with our fellow-men, th whom can we live? We cannot live with animals. If society was as ought to be, I should not be wanting to change it."

The general characteristic of Confucian philosophy was thus entirely cial—a feudal ethic, no doubt, extremely social-minded. The Confucians ere quite convinced of the need to organize human society in such a ay as to afford the maximum of social justice under feudal custom, and ey were determined that it should be so organized. They differed, there-re, from other philosophical schools which were not interested in hu-an society nor in how it should be organized. These hermits, to whom have referred, may well have been early representatives of the school thought which afterwards became known as Taoism. I suppose the o greatest currents in Chinese thought are the Confucian on the one nd and the Taoist on the other.

The Taoists were those who professed to follow a "Tao" and, by this pression, "the Way," there is no doubt that they meant the Order of ature. They were interested in Nature, whereas the Confucians were erested in Man. On might say that the Taoists felt in their bones, as were, that until humankind knew more about nature it would never possible even to organize human society as it should be organized. ie Taoists have left us a number of very important and profound texts, ong which the famous *Tao Tê Ching,* "The Canon of the Virtue the Tao," is one, and the writings of some philosophers such as uangTzu, who may be considered the equal in his way of Plato. We ve these writings still, perhaps in more or less distorted form, like all cient writings, but in a form in which the thought can still be followed.

The Taoist hermits, who withdrew from human society in order contemplate nature, did not, of course, have any scientific method the investigation of nature, but they tried to understand it in an intuiti and observational way. If their interest in nature was such as I am su gesting, we ought to find they were associated with some of the ea beginnings of science. And that is in fact the case, because the earli chemistry and the earliest astronomy in China have Taoist connectio It is now well recognized that alchemy—which we may call the sear for the philosopher's stone, or the drug or pill of immortality—goes ba well into, and even beyond, the earliest imperial period in China. O of the earliest references to it occurs in the time of the Emperor H Wu Ti about 150 B.C., in which the magician Li Shao-Chün goes to t Emperor and says: "If you will sacrifice to the stove, I will show you h to make vessels of yellow gold and from these you may drink and achie immortality." That is perhaps the earliest record of alchemy in the h tory of the world, and sacrificing to the stove is equivalent to someo saying today: "*If* you support my researches, I will, etc." In the seco century A.D. there is on record the earliest book known in the history science on alchemy, the work of Wei Po-Yang, in A.D. 140, called t "Union of the Three Principles," *San T'ung Ch'i.*

I might perhaps now give you one or two quotations from Tao writings, and I would like to do so from the *Tao Tê Ching,* just to sh you what is there. One of the queer things about the Taoists is th emphasis on the feminine, reminding us of Goethe's "ewig weibliche":

> "The Valley Spirit never dies.
> It is named the Mysterious Feminine.
> And the doorway of the Mysterious Feminine
> Is the base from which Heaven and Earth sprang.
> It is the thread for ever woven
> And those who use it can accomplish all things."
>
> (Ch.

This emphasis on the feminine may be regarded as a symbol for t receptive approach to nature characteristic of the Taoists. The feu attitude to the organization of society was intensely masculine. T Taoists' attitude in the investigation of nature was feminine in the se that the investigator cannot approach nature with preconceived ide "The Sage is like Heaven and Earth, he covers all things impartiall The impartial approach without bias, asking questions in a humble w the spirit of humility in the face of nature, was understood by the Tao

s when they speak of the "valley which receives all the water that flows own into it." I believe they sensed that the scientist must approach ature in a spirit of humility and adaptability, and not with that mas- uline ordering sociological determination which the Confucians had. Iere is the interesting passage in which it is said that the highest good f life is like water:—

"The highest good is like that of water,
The goodness of water is that it benefits the myriad creatures;
Yet itself does not wrangle
But is content with the places that all men disdain.
This is what makes water so near to the Tao."

(Ch. 8.)

"He who knows the male, yet cleaves to what is female,
Becomes like a ravine, receiving all things under Heaven,
Thence the eternal virtue never leaks away.
This is returning to the state of infancy. . . .
He who knows glory, yet cleaves to ignominy,
Becomes like a valley, receiving into it all things under Heaven,
For him the immutable virtue all-sufficient.
This is returning to the undifferentiated."

(Ch. 28.)

Then, again, there is a fine story in ChuangTzu which shows what the aoists meant by "the Way" or the "Order of Nature." His disciples were ying to find out what he meant by the Tao, and said: "It surely can't e in those broken tiles over there?" He replied: "Yes, it is in those roken tiles." The disciples asked a series of such questions, and ended y saying: "It surely can't be in that piece of dung?" But the reply was: Yes, it is everywhere." That may be interpreted in a religious mystical ense, as referring to the universal operation of a creative force, but the onnection of Taoism with the beginnings of science shows, I think, that e should interpret it in a naturalistic way; the idea of the Order of Iature permeating everything.

With this idea in view, you may also notice another story in Chuang- zu—the famous one about the butcher and the King of Wei. The King, bserving his butcher cutting up a bullock for the table, noticed that the an did it with three strokes of his hatchet, so he asked how was he ble to accomplish that. The butcher answered: "Because I have been udying all my life the Tao of the bullock. I who have studied the Tao f the animal can do it in three strokes and my hatchet is as good as it as before. Others do it in fifty strokes and blunt their axes." Here we

have an indication of primitive anatomy, a beginning of the understand ing of the nature of things.

In trying to show you the proto-scientific element in Taoist philosophy I have mentioned alchemy and astronomy and referred now to anatomy This is well established, but what is not so clearly seen is the full nature of the division between the Taoists and the Confucians. I want to go on to emphasize this, because I think it is vital for the understanding o primitive society in China, both pre-feudal and feudal.

In the *Tao Tê Ching* you will find a number of passages which appea to be against knowledge. For example, in the nineteenth chapter:—

"Banish 'wisdom,' discard 'knowledge,'
And the people will be benefited a hundredfold.
Banish 'benevolence,' discard 'morality,'
And the people will be dutiful and compassionate.
Banish 'skill,' discard 'profit,'
And thieves and robbers will disappear.
If when these three things are done
They find life too plain and unadorned,
Then let them have accessories,
Give them Simplicity to look at,
The Uncarved Block to hold.
Give them Selflessness
And Fewness of Desires."

(Ch. 19.

"Banish wisdom, discard knowledge" surely sounds odd, for the Taoist were among the earliest thinkers.

But we have just the same story at the end of the Middle Ages i Europe. Pagel, the historian of science, has demonstrated how in th seventeenth century and the time of Galileo the theologians in the Chri tian Church were divided into two camps, on the one hand the rationalis and on the other the mystical theologians. They were equally divide about their attitude to the new science which was growing up in the wor of men like Galileo. You will remember that the rationalist theologian refused to look through Galileo's telescope, because, they said: "If w see what is written in Aristotle, there is no point in looking through th telescope. If we see what is not written there, it can't be true." That w a very Confucian attitude. Galileo corresponded rather to the Taoist who had an attitude of humility towards nature and were anxious observe without pre-conceptions. The mystical theologians were in fav of science because they believed that real operations could be effected

people did things with their hands. The mystical theologians were backward in one sense because they believed in magic, but they believed in science too, for in their early stages magic and science are closely connected.

If I believe that by taking a wax statue of the chairman and sticking pins in it I can cause him evil, I am adopting a belief for which there is no foundation, but I do at any rate believe in the efficacy of manual operations, and science is therefore possible. The rationalist theologians and the Confucians were against using their hands. There has in fact always been a close connection between this rationalist anti-empirical attitude and the age-old superiority complex of the administrators, the high-class people who sit and read and write, as against the low-class artisans who do things with their hands. Just because the mystical theologians believed in magic, they helped the beginning of modern science in Europe, while the rationalists hindered it.

It is the same story in ancient China. When the *Tao Té Ching* says "Banish wisdom," it means Confucian wisdom. When it says "discard knowledge," it means discard social knowledge, discard scholastic Confucian "knowledge." You will find several passages in ChuangTzu where he says: "What are all these distinctions between princes and grooms? I will not have my disciples observe such absurd distinctions." So here we are coming upon a political element. I want to establish my point. Banishing wisdom, discarding knowledge, means, in ancient Taoism, the offensive against Confucian ethical rationalism, the knowledge of the counsellors of the feudal princes, and does not mean banishing the knowledge of nature, because that was just what the Taoists wished to acquire. They did not, of course, know how to do it, because they did not develop the scientific experimental method, but they wanted it.

Thus we come upon a remarkable political factor. Before I speak further about it, I would like to emphasize the previous point once more, because it is interesting for those concerned with the history of ethics and mysticism.

We cannot say that all through history rationalism has been the chief progressive force in society. Sometimes it undoubtedly has, but at other times not so, because in the seventeenth century in Europe, for example, the mystical theologians gave a good deal of aid to the scientists. After all, natural science was then called "natural magic." So in ancient China it is quite clear that Confucian ethical rationalism was antagonistic to the development of science, whereas Taoist empirical mysticism was in favour of it. When they spoke about the Tao, "holding on to the one," etc., you have a stage in which religion is hardly separated from science, because

the one may be the One of religious mysticism, or the universal Order of Nature as we understand it in the scientific sense. It probably means both things, and here we stand at the beginnings of both. Fêng Yu-Lan made one of the best remarks on the subject when he said: "Taoist philosophy is the only system of mysticism which the world has ever seen which is not fundamentally anti-scientific."

Now let us examine further the political element. We have seen that phrases such as "Banish wisdom, discard knowledge . . ." are to be interpreted in the light of "I do not wish my disciples to understand these absurd distinctions between princes and grooms"—i.e., class-distinctions. The Taoists were against feudal society, but not exactly in favour of something *new.* They were in favour of something *old,* and wanted to go back to the primitive tribal society before feudalism—as they themselves put it, "before the Great Way decayed" (ch. 18). Before the Great Way decayed, "before the Great Lie began," there were none of these class-distinctions. One does not have to read far in ChuangTzu to find how surprisingly outspoken he is. He says, practically in so many words, that the little thief is punished, but the big thief becomes a feudal lord, and the Confucian scholars are quickly flocking around his doors, wanting to become his counsellors! There can be no doubt that the Taoists were enemies of feudal society, and what it was they wanted, I think, was the primitive tribal society before the differentiation of classes into warriors, lords, and people.

For example, in that passage I read to you just now—"Banish wisdom, discard knowledge"—it says: "If the people find life too plain and unadorned, give them Simplicity to look at, the Uncarved Block to hold." These are odd expressions. It occurred to me one day, when thinking about this, that it might mean, not what European translators usually think it means—namely, the One of religious mysticism—but the oneness of primitive society before the differentiation of classes. When you get that clue you find some very interesting other clues quickly following. Besides the "Uncarved Block," the Taoists are often using other symbols of homogeneity, the "Post," "the Bag," "the Log," "the Bellows" (important in bronze founding), and a word which is translated "Chaos." Throughout Taoist thought you have this feeling that society has been spoilt, "messed about," and that one ought to go back to primitive simplicity—i.e., before the differentiation of classes, before the first feudal lords. "The greatest carver is he who does the least cutting" (ch. 28).

A very curious thing is to be noticed here. If we read the books containing the most ancient legends of China, like the *Shan Hai Ching,* the

Shu Ching, the *Tso Chuan,* and the *Kuo Yü,* for example, we find that many of the earliest legendary kings, such as Yao and Shun, are supposed to have fought with men or monsters—it is not quite clear whether animals or men—but the extraordinary fact is that the names of these beings which they fought and destroyed have just the same sort of ring—Huan Tkou, the empty bag; T'ao-Wu, the stake or post which has not been carved up. This is a curious coincidence, because it suggests that the beings against whom the first kings fought were really the leaders of that primitive tribal society resisting the first differentiation of classes—great rebels who had to be beaten down. You also get names like San Miao, Chiu Lei, etc. (the Three Miao and the Nine Lei), which suggest that there may have been confraternities in that primitive society. Moreover, the legends attribute to all these earliest rebels great skill in metal-working. It looks as if the earliest kings or feudal princes recognized bronze metallurgy to be the basis of feudal power over the neolithic peasantry, because of the superior arms which it rendered possible, and therefore they appropriated the technique of metal-working. It looks as if the pre-feudal collectivist society which developed metal-working resisted the transformation into class-differentiated society, and under the legendary labels we should perhaps see the leaders of that society which resisted the change. There is another phrase to be found alongside these curious phrases—"returning to the root." That has been translated in a religious sense, but I am not sure that it has not a double political meaning, because in the *Shu Ching* (the "Book of History") you find a phrase "the root was kept in check and could not put forth shoots" side by side with a remark about the hosts of Kun flying away. Kun was one of the most prominent of these early rebels.

I am now directing attention to the political significance of Taoist philosophy . Throughout the centuries in China there have been secret sects of various kind, adepts of peasant type—secret societies, of course—and even very recently, in China, secret societies were still important. All through Chinese history it is always jokingly said: "Confucianism is the doctrine of the scholar when in office," and Taoism is the attitude of the scholar when out of office because the scholars have always been in and out of office, in the mandarinate and civil service. In general, Taoism has always been connected with movements against the Government, and in all dynasties—T'ang, Sung, Ming—it has been of political significance. I want to draw particular attention to this because it is a thing which is very little appreciated by many who study Taoism in Western Europe.

A book such as the *Tao Tê Ching,* on account of the laconic and

lapidary style of ancient Chinese, is susceptible of many interpretations. Western scholars, perhaps following the classical commentators such as Wang Pi, have always adopted the mystical interpretation, but it is interesting to see what a modern Chinese scholar, aware of the political interpretation, makes of a passage. Here I give Chap. 11, translated first on the mystical theory and then on the political theory:—

(a) "Thirty spokes together make one wheel
And they fit into nothing at the centre;
Herein lies the usefulness of a carriage.
Clay is moulded to make a pot
And the clay fits round nothing;
Herein lies the usefulness of the pot.
Doors and windows are pierced in the walls of a house
And they fit round nothing;
Herein lies the usefulness of a house.
Thus while it must be taken as advantageous to have something there,
It must also be taken as useful to have nothing there."
(Tr. Hughes; Waley's translation is very similar.)

(b) "Thirty spokes combine to make a wheel,
When there was no private property
Carts were made for use.
Clay is formed to make vessels,
When there was no private property
Pots were made for use.
Windows and doors go to make houses,
When there was no private property
Houses were made for use.
Thus having private property may lead to profit,
But not having it leads to use."
(Tr. Hou Wai-Lu.)

All this has a very definite connection with the interest of the earlier Taoists in natural science, because, as many scholars such as Diels and Farrington have shown in examining Western European antiquity—among the Greeks, for example—there is a distinct connection between interest in the natural sciences and the democratic attitude and relationship particularly with regard to the power of the merchants. Thus there was a connection between Ionian natural science and commerce in the Eastern part of the Mediterranean basin. It looks as if interest in natural phenomena, natural science, does not flower, does not come to anything, under despotisms or certain kinds of bureaucratisms. I shall return to this point at the end of the lecture.

There is more to be said about the ancient feudal age in China. We

have mentioned already that there was a continuity between the bronze age in China and the bronze age in Europe. Weapons and utensils have similar designs in China and in the Hallstatt and La Tène cultures in Europe. Now, the analogy is usually made between feudal China and our own European mediaeval feudal period. But it is very mysterious why feudalism began in Europe, as most people would say, about the third century A.D. and closed at the time of the rise of capitalism, the Renaissance and the Reformation in the fifteenth century A.D.; whereas in China feudalism is so much earlier, from the fourteenth to the second century B.C. The fact is that the analogy between Chinese feudalism and Western European feudalism is not sound. It ought not to be likened with high mediaeval feudalism, but rather with the society of pre-Roman Europe.

Ancient Chinese feudalism is, I think, analogous with the state of society in the European bronze age, or when the bronze age was giving place to the iron age—about 300 B.C., before the Roman conquest of Gaul. That kind of society is called by archaeologists quasi-feudal society. The essence of it is a series of chiefs, with maybe a High King—something like Conachur of Ireland—and then a series of chiefs in descending ranks, a kind of hierarchy, each one having men-at-arms who are pledged to come and rally round the leaders in case of war. The armies which the Gauls brought together to oppose the Romans were formed of such quasi-feudal levies. Large-scale slavery was not involved. We might thus say that feudalism in Europe lasted from about 1000 B.C., as in China, until the fifteenth century A.D., but that it was overlaid by several centuries of city-state imperialism in the shape of the Roman Empire.

Now it is most significant that the institution of industrial slavery was not known in ancient China. There is a certain amount of controversy about this, but the balance of evidence seems to be that slavery as understood in the Mediterranean civilizations—Egypt, Babylonia, Rome, or Greece—was not known. That is an important fact. Chinese society has long been modelled on a basis not of slavery, but of free farmers, and that has a very important bearing on the humanitarian character of Chinese philosophy in all forms, whether Confucian or Taoist. It is not at all obvious at first sight what was the reason for this, because there would have been nothing to prevent the ancient Chinese from having a large slave population derived from captives taken in war, people of the Mongol or Hunnish tribes to the North or the Tibetans and Tanguts in the West.

It is an important question, and brings us back to the question of ethics. It can, of course, be said that it was not in accordance with Confucian ethics. That kind of explanation is not very satisfying, how-

ever. We want to look for something more concrete. Philosophy in general cannot be studied apart from the actual concrete social background, including many technological factors. Following one of the greatest experts on the Chinese Bronze Age, Creel, I would like to suggest the importance of the relation between the technological military level of the ruling class in relation to the people. Take the extreme case of the mediaeval knight in Western Europe, with his steel armour from top to toe, his lance and his sword, mounted on his horse, also armoured. He was able to ride into a mass of peasants and mow them all down without their being able to defend themselves. It is a commonplace—we learn it at school—that it was the coming of gunpowder to Europe (a Chinese discovery, incidentally) which broke up the feudal power by removing the technical superiority in arms of the knightly class.

What was the situation, then, in ancient China? There the cross-bow —a most powerful weapon—was invented centuries before anywhere else. We know that the men of the feudal levies in ancient China (by that I mean from 800 to 300 B.C.) were armed with powerful bows. But at the same time protective armour was very little developed. The archeologist Laufer has written a fine monograph on Chinese armour. It arises very late, and in early times you only get protective clothing made of bamboo and wood. Moreover, there are in the *Tso Chuan* countless stories of feudal lords being killed by arrow-shots. If the mass of the people as a whole were in possession of a powerful offensive weapon, and the ruling class were not in possession of superior defensive means, one can see that the balance of power in society was different from what it was in, for example, the time of the early Roman Empire, where the disciplined legions were rather well armoured, with bronze and iron. A slave population was possible because it was not in possession of the arms and armour of the legionaries, nor did it have access to powerful bows. The principal Roman weapons were always the spear and the short sword. We know what trouble the slaves could give on the few occasions in which they did gain access to substantial stores of weapons, as in the revolt of Spartacus. In China it was a different story, because from an early date the people had cross-bows and the lords had poor defensive armour. If that was the case, it means that the people in China had to be persuaded, rather than cowed by force of arms, and hence the importance of the Confucians. In the fourth century B.C., in a State such as Sung or Wu or Ch'u, the people on whom the lord depended might well desert to his opponent suddenly on the field of battle. They had to be convinced of the justice of their cause. To effect that it was necessary to have a class of "sophists" which afterwards became the Confucians, to commend to the mass of

the people the activities and virtues of the feudal lord, and to gather them around him.

If that was the case we can understand much better the humanitarian and democratic character of the Confucian philosophers. MêngTzu was one of the first thinkers in history to defend the right of the people to overthrow and kill tyrants. The aversion from the appeal to force—a very specific character of Chinese society—may be connected with these facts. There was little slavery, apart from certain kinds of domestic slavery; no mass slavery, such as was found in the Mediterranean civilizations; the mass of the people who carried about the stones for the monuments of Egypt and Babylonia or worked in the Spanish mines described by Diodorus Siculus, or manned, in late Roman times, the latifundia. And since there was less slavery in China, may we not draw a connection between that and the technological significance of China for the outside world?

The famous German archeologist Diels and many other historians of science have suggested that the failure of applied science to develop in early Mediterranean civilization was due to the fact that slavery existed, and hence there was no labor problem and no object in inventing labor-saving devices. This is a commonplace. Although in fact it raises some very complex problems which have not yet been solved, let us for the moment accept it at its face value.

Now if this was not quite the case in China, there may be a connection between social status and the technologically advanced position of China in those periods. Europeans of today are under the domination of the ideas of the last century, and do not realize that if you go back three or four hundred years China was a better place to live in than Europe. In Marco Polo's time Hangchow was like a paradise compared to Venice or the other dirty towns of Europe. Early travellers like John of Monte Corvino have the same story to tell. The standard of life was higher in China than in Europe in those days.

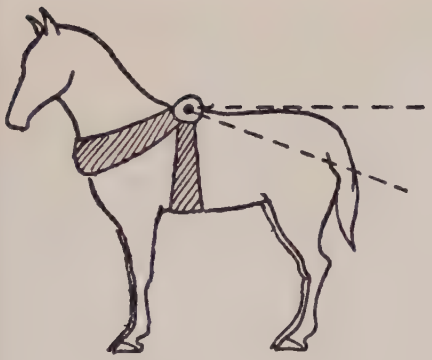
The inventions of gunpowder, paper, printing, and the magnetic compass are generally acknowledged—I think correctly—to have been transmitted from China to Western Europe. There are many other inventions of the same kind, which are more unfamiliar. I propose now to describe one of the most important of them.

The history of animal harness is of extreme importance in connection with the history of social institutions, because if you have slavery you do not need an efficient harness for animals. If you have an efficient harness for animals, you can do without slavery. If the Egyptians had had efficient animal harness, they might have used animals for transporting

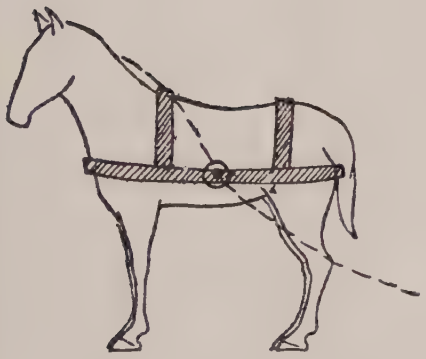
the vast blocks of stone for building the Pyramids. They did not have it. We know from the carvings, which may be seen in dozens in the British Museum, that they used men for carrying out this muscular labor.

The story is this. For four thousand years—from 3000 B.C. in the earliest Sumerian pictures, down to A.D. 1000 in Europe—the only harness known was what we may call the "throat-and-girth" harness, where the pull of the chariot was taken by the yoke at the point where the belly-band joins the throat-strap. This harness is exceedingly inefficient because the animal fitted with it cannot pull more than 500 kg. The reason is obvious, because the main pull comes on the throat, and the horse tends to be suffocated.

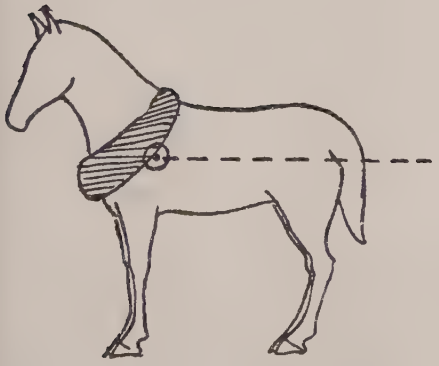
Modern harness, on the other hand, as we know it, is different. Modern harness is the "collar" harness, whereby the animal is enabled to exert the whole of its weight, since the collar pulls on the shoulders. It is hardly believable that the ancient harness continued down to A.D. 1000 in Europe. I must mention at this point how these facts were brought to light. An ingenious retired French officer, Lefebvre des Noettes, an adept at asking simple questions which nobody could answer, inquired if there was anyone who could inform him when the modern collar harness originated. Nobody had any idea, so he proceeded to look at all the carvings of animals in the museums from all civilizations, and at the illustrated manuscripts in the libraries. From the earliest Sumerian and Babylonian civilization at one end down to A.D. 1000—the early Middle Ages—as we have said, the inefficient "throat-and-girth" harness was used, while after that time in Europe the "collar" harness came into use. But there was one exception—China. In China they had what I may call the "breast-strap" harness. A trace on each side of the animal is held up by straps, and the pull comes on the shoulder. The Chinese chariot did not have, like the Roman or the Greek chariot, a straight pole or shaft, but a curved one attached to the breast-strap half-way along its length. We may also call this the "postillion" harness, for it is still used in the South of France today, and called "attelage de postillion." The pull comes in the right place. The animal is not stifled, and can pull a heavy load. Thus in the Han bas-reliefs you will find that the Chinese chariots were three or four times larger than anything in Europe. Instead of having two men—a charioteer and the lord—standing, or the single Babylonian or Greek warrior, you have a whole bus, about four or five or even seven people sitting in the vehicle, and even a roof—one of those large, curving roofs, on the vehicle. It is a totally different matter from the Western chariot. Now it is clear that the connection between the collar harness and the "breast-strap" harness is rather close, for if you imagine the colla-



THROAT-AND-GIRTH
HARNESS



CHINESE OR
BREAST-STRAP
HARNESS



MODERN
OR COLLAR
HARNESS

to be flexible instead of rigid, it would take up the position of the postillion or "breast-strap" harness when the pull came on it.

What of the dates? The "breast-strap" harness goes back at least to 200 B.C.—the beginning of the Han dynasty in China—and all through Chinese history after the feudal period you get it. Moreover, at the time when the "collar" harness first appears in Europe, you get the "breast-strap" harness, too, for the first time in Europe. The other essential fact is that in the fifth century A.D. you find in the frescoes of Buddhist cave-temples in Central Asia both the "collar" harness and the "breast-strap" harness; which seems a rather clear indication that the efficient harness came to Europe from the western parts of China. Those who think that everything good has come out of Europe, and that the "Great White Race" are the most wonderful people on earth, and that wisdom was born with them, should study a little history to realize that many of the things on which Europe prides itself were not originally in Europe at all. I think it is clear that the efficient animal harness is one of these things. What were the social conditions which led to its coming to Europe is another matter; it may have been the building of the cathedrals, where the necessity arose once more for carrying heavy blocks of stone. By that time ancient Mediterranean slavery had died out and the feudal age had come because feudal society was a great deal stronger than the society of the decaying Roman Empire, with its latifundia (the great estates). Since slavery no longer existed in Europe, it was necessary to have an efficient animal harness, and the place to get it from was that part of the world where there had never been industrial slavery—namely, China.

In this lecture I have not had any special thesis to bring before you. I have simply tried to sketch a certain pattern of society—Chinese bronze age proto-feudal society—and mention its relations to Western European society. From this there have emerged a number of points of interest to anyone who is thinking about such questions as ethics, rationalism, and social culture. It seems that rationalism is not always the most progressive force in society. It seems that the status of military technology may deeply affect the crystallization of social philosophy. It seems that a moral question such as slavery may be closely connected with technical factors. Philosophical and ethical thought can surely never be dissociated from their material matrix.

If I may say one word in conclusion about the further problems, the wider problems of the rise of modern science and technology, I might end as follows. There is no time to justify it, but I believe that in spite of the excellence of ancient Chinese philosophy and the importance of the technological discoveries made by the Chinese throughout later his

tory, their civilization was basically inhibited from giving rise to *modern* science and technology, because the society which grew up in China after the proto-feudal period was unfavorable for these developments. When European feudalism decayed about the sixteenth century, capitalism took its place. There was the rise of the merchants to power, bringing first mercantile and then industrial capitalism. But in China, when bronze-age proto-feudalism decayed and the Imperial Age came, there was no question of a temporary suspension of feudalism by an imperialist City-State like Rome. Something quite different happened. Ancient feudalism in China was replaced by a special form of society to which we have no parallel in the West, which has been called 'bureaucratic feudalism', a situation in which all the lords have been swept away except one—the Son of Heaven, the Emperor, who rules the country and collects all the taxes through a gigantic bureaucracy. The people who made that bureaucracy, the mandarinate, were the Confucians, and for two thousand years the Taoists fought a collectivist holding action, only to be justified by the coming of socialism in our own time. All this was something unknown in the West, and requires special and intense study, but it certainly had one big effect—to prevent the rise of the merchant class to power. To ask why *modern* science and technology developed in our society and not in China is the same thing as to ask why capitalism did not arise in China, why was there no Renaissance, no Reformation, none of those epoch-making phenomena of that great transition period of the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries.

That was what I wanted to lead up to. I should like to end by saying that I would very much recommend to anyone the experience of having a closer look at the great classics of Chinese philosophy, as well as the parallel course of technology in China. It is so exciting because Chinese culture is really the only other great body of thought of equal complexity and depth to our own—at least equal, perhaps more, but certainly of equal complexity. After all, Indian civilization, interesting though it is, is much more a part of ourselves. Our language is Indo-European, derived from Sanskrit. Our theology embodies Indian asceticism; Zeus Pater derives from Dyaus Pithar. There is much more in common between Indian and European civilization, just as there is in the visible type. I often used to think, when walking about the streets of Calcutta, that if the pigment were taken out of the skin of many of the people, their features would be quite similar to those of our immediate friends and relations in Europe. But Chinese civilization has the overpowering beauty of the wholly other, and only the wholly other can inspire the deepest love and the profoundest desire to learn.

FROM BOROUGH HALL TO LAKEWOOD

WILLIAM BLAKE

William Blake's latest novel, *We Are the Makers of Dreams,* was published recently in this country by Simon and Schuster. A review of it appears in the present issue of *Mainstream.* The following is an excerpted chapter from an unpublished novel, *Evergreen,* which relates the love affair of an old physician in his seventies and a lady in her sixties, of a somewhat romantic cast of mind. The story, which takes place about the turn of the century, deals with Dr. Strauss' search for meaning in old age and the strengthening of his social sympathies in the course of that search. The scene below is an episode in the unrequited love of an old housekeeper for the doctor.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE, in the afternoon, two not too young citizens of the Borough of Brooklyn wended their way past the statue of Henry Ward Beecher to mount the steps of Borough Hall. Elevated trains were rattling above them, trucks with cursing drivers fighting the sleet were all about them, merry youngsters tried to trip them with their sleighs, but they seemed to be inhabitants of another planet. For them there was neither ice nor snow but Italian sunshine, drivers did not curse, they sang gentle lyrics, the elevated train ground out Adagios and not squeaks. They managed to get up the icy steps without mishap and soon found themselves in the Marriage License Bureau next to which was an antechamber for the performance of ceremonies to the rightly licensed. When they got to the bureau they filled out the required forms.

December 24, 1903.
Alfons Strauss B. 1830 Berlin, widower, former wife Mathilde Godecke, deceased 1888, Berlin, no children living, profession, doctor of medicine, Professor (Germany), U.S. Citizen, residence, Brooklyn.

and then Hertha filled out the following:

Hertha Sonntag, B. 1839, widow, former husband, Manfred Sonntag, d. 1886

Brooklyn, maiden name, Maferatti, b. Trieste, Austria, profession, pianist, no children living. U.S. Citizen, residence, Brooklyn.

Alfons looked kinder than ever as she wrote down her former marital status. He did wonder whether such an mistatement might invalidate the marriage but who would ever reveal that? As Alfons wrote his application the clerk looked at it superficially and said, before scanning the details but seeing only the signature, "All right Mr. Abraham Smith."

Alfons was shocked. "Doctor Alfons Strauss!" The clerk said to him. "Look at that signature." Hertha and he laughed. It was a scrawl that could be read that way. When the papers were signed the clerk said: "This way, children," and then asked them what witnesses they had. None. Good, he must call two men. He yelled: "Hey, there, O'Reilly, Schultz" and in came two porters and window cleaners, who had what their neighbors called "politician's jobs." They sat down solemnly as the ceremony was read, the ring placed, looking fixedly at the elevated trains outside during the ceremony. When it was over and the officials, the united couple and the witnesses signed the certificate, the marrying officer whispered to Alfons: "Don't give them more than a quarter, Doc, they've got enough now to buy up the City Hall." In this Arcadian style were Alfons and Hertha made one.

When they left they turned about, blushful, hoping that no one would make jokes about their age. No one did. Marriage was routine there, they had them from eighteen to seventy five and they all just looked like a fee. They were grateful to be just two more specks in a sea of statistics.

It took them more than an hour to get to the Liberty Street ferry, that was to take them to the Jersey City side and transport them to the honeymoon town of Lakewood where they were to stay a fortnight, through Christmas, New Year, Epiphany. They had picked a little hotel, frame, near the artificial lake Carasaljo, where the Gould family were just establishing their castle, Georgian Court. Lakewood was then, as it was to be later, largely Jewish, but it had a large old-style American clientele, something like those pictured by Cornelia Otis Skinner as infesting the "Inflammables," or immense frame hotels. Before the age of the automobile it was considered distant enough from New York to be exotic; it was the American Fontainebleau.

Everything was divine to them that afternoon. West Street seemed filled with Oriental caravans, though to the vulgar eye they appeared to be ordinary drays. The ferryboat, with that quaint odor characteristic of its type, evoked transatlantic liners. The dank station of the New Jersey Central, undistinguished, was the honeymoon gate. The train (they took a Pullman diner) with its rich smell of green velvet, its heavy mahogany

frame, was some *Biedermeir* dream while its Negro attendants stepped out of the Arabian Nights. No kids of eighteen could have been more enchanted nor more silent. They had previously sent their bags ahead and had some little fears that they might not arrive on time. Apart from that they knew of no miseries. Alfons bore little resemblance to the criminal of but a forthnight before, Hertha, victim of Skulsky, was Beauty's Phoenix and had had her hair dressed by Annie Muller, formerly of the Karenthnerstrasse, Vienna, hairdresser to the mistresses of Archdukes (so she said).

Christmas Eve coincided with their honeymoon night. The pine forest odor was so great a change from musty New York, the truly white snow, deep, through which they took sleighs with bells, a relief after New Year's yellow-grey mess of what once was snow. The air was sharp, yet soft, a strange contradiction. The sleigh, gliding through the evergreen lined streets, past windows lighted with Christmas trees, past houses every window of which was a focus of colored lights, seemed to be riding in the bridal chariot of girlish dreams. When they got to the hotel their baggage was there, the host took them up to their room with a large double bed (they actually blushed) with a candlewick quilt, that folklorish cult just having been revived. The furniture was maple, a substance known to them. It was American, no doubt of that Even New England. The host did not leave them, he was so anxious to conduct them down to the dining room of which he was proud. He forgot that people need privacy: of course he could not suspect that people of that age had been married that afternoon.

The dining room was in pastel shades with Louis XVI curlicued gilt borders. That was the only foreign touch. The meal was certainly not what they had ever known. Shrimp cocktails were not in the Germanic world and they scarcely knew any other. They thought it interesting. There was softshell crab, fried. Well, what they had missed by lifelong fidelity to an old style of cooking! "Everything is new, tonight, Hertha," he said and she said: "Let's make a fresh start of everything. I do really feel young." He wondered would she suddenly blubber when she thought of Manfred? But that phrase reassured him. "Let's make a fresh start in everything" So they went through a dinner not one item of which was in their tradition. And, fitted out with snow boots they went out in the divine air and felt their skins newborn as the oxygen brightened their blood. It was Christmas Eve and they passed churches where services were being given but they stayed outside only to hear the chants. "Don't get mawkish, Alfons," she laughed, and his eyes almost dimmed as he said: "It does make me choke. My oldest boy had a beautiful voice until

it broke and he sang those chants. But tonight I must not think even of him."

That night they just took to married life as though it had been their estate for ever so long. They were not unduly embarrassed, after all, Alfons was a physician, Hertha had been so happily married. They made love and felt nothing quaint about it at their age. If anything their love was increased and their happy eyes reflected each other's contentments. When the church bells rang on Christmas morning, the light found two people in each other's arms, sleeping gently, and when they woke they kissed and dressed as though it were the most natural thing in the world. Alfons had feared that test: she had not. They did behave at breakfast a little like honeymooners but their hosts never could have thought of that: they thought they were simply happy to be on vacation and at the merriest time of the year.

So they tramped through the trail beside Lake Carasaljo, got out to Cathedral Drive, that silent road of stately evergreens, where the arched conifers made a sort of triumphal avenue for Oberon and Titania, and even with the snow surviving in their embrace. The air intoxicated. None of their friends could have credited the improvement in both. When they came back to town they passed a phrenologist's lodge. Entertained they entered. He read the bumps on Alfons' skull to indicate that he was unduly envious, suspicious and inclined to be quarrelsome: he warned him against these weaknesses which another bump would enable him to control. As to Hertha, he would not read her bump until her husband was outside: he insisted that she was excessively amatory, but lacked a musical sense. For hours afterwards they laughed at the triumph of science: before that Doctor Strauss would have been offended at the over-hasty simplifications of phrenology, he would have delivered a long lecture on the absence of proof of correlation of external skull variations with psychic attributes whereas now he just laughed. Marriage had already broken one phase of his solemnity.

In the hotel Hertha played some tinkly Dittersdorf studies when they were tired, and got up quite a following among the younger visitors. It was decided to give a concert for Epiphany, also a fitting Twelfth Night play. Alfons Strauss was cast as a demon, one wickeder and more distorted than Caliban.

There was one cloud. No news from home. Alfons had left instructions with the absolutely reliable Frau Stocker to send on all mail instantly and also to telegraph, if necessary, if any clients he had left to the attention of colleagues were reported in danger. By New Years Eve there was not a word from her. She did not know of the marriage,

that was to be a great surprise for all on the return of the blushing couple but she did know the doctor was taking the holidays at Lakewood. Worried he managed to get the telephone operator at the Lakewood Central to put through what was then quite an event, a long-distance call to Brooklyn, sixty miles or so distant. The operator, for whom this meant prestige, tried three times every morning, three times every afternon but there was no reply. There was nothing for it but for Alfons to take a day off from his blissful life and get to New York and find out whether Frau Stocker was gravely ill (she did not answer letters addressed to his home) or whether there was bad news, such as that a burglary had taken place and she did not wish to spoil his rest with news of that which could not be mended in any case. He got to his home about noon, having left at eight, and saw no sign of life. He unlocked the door: no, there was no disorder. In fact he had never seen it better. He was about to go over to Frau Stocker's home when he noted that letters that had accumulated for eight days were neatly arranged, unopened, on his desk. There was nothing unusual in them: the holiday season had reduced them to a few routine announcements. The house, too, was warm, it had not been neglected. Ah, that Frau Stocker! She was faithful as a servant but still more devoted to her family, and quite right too, Christmas and New Years festivities rank higher than duties to one absent. He would forgive her. He sat down to write some replies to the thin volume of correspondence when he heard a bustle outside and there was Louisa! But not the Louisa he had known. She was quite fatter, that is, as fat as one so naturally thin could be, her angular features were somewhat rounded, she looked buoyant and confident, she was dressed garishly where once she had been sobriety itself in her Wurtenburg tradition. She ran up to him and embraced him and he as ardently embraced her. His lifelong companion, dear, dear Louisa had not been some Bluebeard's victim, she was better than intact. After much jollification, Doctor Strauss with tears streaming from his happy face, asked her how was her husband? Was he along? She looked at him with so great a disdain that he knew she had, first, lied, about a husband, and second, had better news than that to convey.

"I got hold of that slut, Stocker, that Stocker, as soon as I got home and I pitched her out of here. Doctor, Professor Doctor, what a mess! Wherever I put my thumb there was dust! And she had the crust to take wages. She has stolen your money. She fought too to keep her job, the baggage, but I dealt with her. Doctor Strauss my old boss, you are too kind, you are imposed upon. I took a broom and pushed

her out with the broomend, I would not touch so dirty a slut. And the kitchen! A pigsty! She never really cleaned the pots and pans, just licks and promises and the promises were never fulfilled. Oh, Doctor, it was like that story you read to me once, that Aunt Dinah in Uncle Tom's Cabin! Some sort of dirty kitchen. It is a wonder your food was not poisoned. Well, you'll never hear from her again. I told her, you try and come back and I call the police! I'll show them the dirt." She paused after this long invective.

"Luischen," said Alfons, "stop this fable about a good woman. What are you up to? You did not answer me. Remember I have known you since long before the Reich was founded. We are like two old charlatans tired of fooling the world and each other. Now speak plainly. Where is Mergenthaler or Schmidt or whoever your husband was?"

Louisa, that sturdy being, burst into such caterwauling as even he had never heard. She sobbed, covered her large face with her apron, then sobbed uncontrollably It took much patting to reduce her crying and get her back to some ability to speak.

"There never was any of those names I don't remember what I wrote you. Oh, Professor Doctor, what else could I write? Could I say to you I had left you because you did not want to marry me and then that I had failed? My life has been so terrible. You say nothing because you were so good to me. Because you have been so good to me you have killed me, yes," she pointed an accusing finger as in a melodrama, "you have killed my soul. So I thought, why does the doctor not marry me? Because I am ugly? No, he would never think that way. Because I am poor? No, not that either. Because I dress like a peasant? No, he doesn't care for show. Because I am uneducated? No, the Professor has often said that the best education is that of the heart. Because he doesn't love me? No, he may not love me like they show in the theatre but he has loved me really."

"That is true, my dear old Margaretchen," he affirmed.

"Thank God, it is true," she said, sobbing once more. Then she let down her apron and continued: "So I thought. No, the doctor is old and weak and what little he has won't last for long. What little I had was not enough. Because I told you what I had and then, I was a goose, still a greenhorn at heart, Professor, I thought you would be so glad to see what we had for our old age but you were not impressed. So when I got to Chicago I said to myself, you are a fool, you think in Reichsmarks, in that old German money, that is for serfs in the old country. Here we are in the dollar land. No? They think in much bigger money. Be up-to-date, the doctor is a man of the world and you

have been hiding in a kitchen. And I made up my mind to be rich. So I listened to all the fakers and the liars who wanted to marry me but also I didn't listen to them. My money stuck to my pockets like glue. I thought a fine pack you are to answer advertisements in the German marriage paper and not be able to make real money for yourselves. Not one of you is fit to be in the same room as Doctor Strauss. And I won't die an old maid. So I talked to these crooks and I learned a lot. I learned that a new branch of the Elevated Railway was to be built in a new part of Chicago but only the politicians knew the exact route and they were buying up lots. So I told one of these fakers I would marry him, that must have been Mergenthaler or Schmidt, no, his name was Kuffenstein, that's it, and he said would I lend him five thousand dollars to buy the lots, it was a sure thing. So I said yes and I bought them myself and I threw him out, the filthy fortune hunter, and the route was the real route and I made *thirty thousand dollars* profit." She then, her eyes shining, took out from her apron pocket an old newspaper, undid the strings about it, and out came hundreds of hundred dollar bills. "It's yours, Doctor Strauss, for your old age. You will need it. I am coming back to the house. I don't ask you to marry me," she said coyly, "that would be like buying your love. But think it over. And you will see the light soon. What is marriage to you but a few words and a piece of paper? We have lived together, in a way, I mean nothing wrong, more than for a silver anniversary. So here I am, that dumb old Margaretchen, the dried-up virgin, a woman of property for the moment, but I will gladly give it all up to you, every cent, Doctor."

Alfons stroked her hand and said quietly: "Put back the money in your apron, my dear little old friend, put it back and God bless you."

Louisa laughed in giggles like a sixteen year old and said: "Well, that's that. Now what shall I make for dinner, Doctor? Lentil soup with frankfurters? Or, perhaps we celebrate, no? Niersteiner wine and a roast chicken? I heard from that Stocker you were in Lakewood. But she wouldn't tell me where, the sly one. No, she has designs on you. Her husband looks like a plumber but I think he is a sewer cleaner. And she wants to be swell, that Stocker. I thought you would be back for Sylvester Night. Ah, it's good to be home again. Not because I didn't do well. I thought, Louisa, for once in your life you will be served. So I ate at the Bismarck in Chicago, real Baltic rollmops and Kieler Sprotten and imported Munich beer. I was a lady I tell you. That was where the crooks treated me who wanted my money. And they took me to Henrici's cafe restaurant and did I eat Dresdner Stollen

at their expense and fine coffee! I cost them a pretty penny. All profit too. But I prefer to be home with Doctor Strauss. I know everything will be all right," and her eyes were wet once more with the joys of certainty.

Alfons decided that waiting was useless. "It will make you feel bad, my true old friend, but I must tell you what for you is the worst news. I was in Lakewood not for a vacation but for a wedding journey. I was married only a week ago."

"*Nu,* Doctor, have your joke. You, married? Come, come. Why do you tease me? I might take it seriously That is no joke, Professor."

He held her hand. "I married Hertha Sonntag last week."

A cry of pain ascended from her trembling lips. "No, Doctor, tell me you are teasing me, tell me, or else I die. No, you are fooling me, tell me that, Doctor." She clutched at his vest. She held on the watch chain. "Stop fooling me. It isn't funny. For years I sweat and struggle and hope and that rascal, that Viennese society show-off. . . . No, it is not possible. You are a good man, you do not marry show-offs. You hate all that fuss and glitter. Stop saying such tales." She looked as though it were true, though, and waited, her lips uncontrolled, twitching like some one in a demi-paralysis. Doctor Strauss said nothing. She looked at him and said slowly: "I suppose so. It is true. You are like all men, after all, a pretty face, even in a hag! A high class woman rather than a servant girl." Suddenly she spat upon his lapel. "*Pfui,* you are a man like a million others. What a donkey I was." She suddenly slapped her apron pocket. "There are my husbands, thirty-seven thousand of them. So you hear? I am a lady Mormon. Thirty-seven thousand. And they are green with jealousy. And they serve me like dogs! And they love me until they are transferred to love others. Do you hear me? I despise you, fluttering about a swell woman. Where is Doctor Strauss? He is dead! Where is the doctor who loves the poor? He is dead. Just another *educated man,*" and at that she fell to the floor, sick and began to retch. The spasms continued and Doctor Strauss ran for his case and slowly restored her to quiet, then cleaned up the mess like a practical nurse and put Louisa to bed. She looked at him glassily as he felt her pulse and when he bent over with his stethoscope she suddenly bit his ear. "That is as intimate as we will ever be, you traitor," she spoke loudly and bitterly, "I can only bite, I cannot kiss! Let it be that way."

He faltered. "*Luischen,* this is your home forever and you need do no work."

"Just like a man. I am to be here, a boarder, with that Sonntag

around. No, thanks. I leave right now. But I stay in the neighborhood, do you understand? I am putting my thirty-seven thousand husbands to work. They will have other followers soon, I will have fifty thousand husbands, maybe, soon. And have that Stocker clean your house! You don't know a good woman to marry, you marry a decoration, so you can hire a cleaning woman who fakes her job. It's all of a piece, my great Doctor Strauss. Go home to Lakewood, who's stopping you? I'd pay five dollars to see you two old failures make love! Doctor Strauss," she screamed, "forgive me, I've never said anything dirty before. I will speak to the pastor, I will be decent. You forgive me for saying that?"

Alfons walked out, unable to get a word formed though he tried hard. Then he blurted: "I am your lifelong friend." She stared after him and he went back to Lakewood.

His love for Hertha had been so compelling and yet what misery it had brought about. And on the train he wondered whether he were not some survival of a romantic age, that Louisa was of stouter stuff than he thought and that when love had showered its beauties on Hertha and himself, why should he have regrets even for Louisa? Was this, as the wise ones say, the way of the world? Does love feed on another's woes as was said in that British lyric? If Louisa were resilient enough to leave home and find fortune, whatever her loneliness, was there not a more powerful being within that tragic envelope? And was he not really the weak one, the one to be pitied, because he so much needed love? He had never put such questions to himself: and suddenly, looking at his aged face in the train mirror, he thought: "It is a curious experience, that of becoming adult at seventy-three."

THE MUDDY RIVERS

NIKEPHOROS VRETTAKOS

An excerpt

. . . The souls of our brothers were loaded
with waves like the seas. It was thundering
and the water trembled. The rocks. The winds. The graves.
Our souls.
The roads were leading in muddy rivers. They turned back
and again led to muddy rivers.
Here and there
their streams curved.
A strange horizon
hung over the mountains,
leaning like a heavy ball of barbed-wire.

The cities were blown in the air and back down,
for in our days the cities were a handful
of sand. Because the cities were nothing in our days
when the mountains danced like leaves!
Time was striking its huge bells:
"Today! Tomorrow! Today! Tomorrow!"
Darker time
never sounded its bells in more grieved days!
Sorrow was running like water in the cities!
It was raining despair and the mud was rising over the earth.
And the rivers widened! And the rivers fought.
. . . . . .

You didn't know if those who walked were alive!
In our days men walked dead.

In line, they saw the sun and wept. Instead of clothes
they wore barbed wire on their chest and face.
With the barbed wire they walked, slept, awakened . .
The thorns dug in the body
like the beaks of birds in the ripe fruit!

In our day the crematories were burning day and night.
Thick, greasy, yellow, the smoke rose.
Rising. it broke in long columns and spread
on the horizon. It threw its shadow over the entire
earth. And this was the shadow of Willie,
of Franz, of Petros, of Stanislaw.
And the wind brought them back to their homeland!
And the rivers widened! And the rivers struggled!
Women rolled with their hair tangled,
cut-off hands were coming out of the foam
of the rivers and rolled shaking one another tightly —
abysses for the brave men to dive in.
The weather cocks were turning quickly and the trees
were bending to the earth, full of grief, as if invisible
rocks were hanging on their branches. And the children
were begging for a bit of mother. And love was weeping.
(For love is the water, and the day with its sun.
For love is the mountain and the night with its stars.
For love is the sea. And even the tiny eye of the bird.
And the small sparks
that come out of the chimney of the house are love.)

We were running behind the wind with open mouths!
The birds were fainting and hanging from the wires
because even the air was leaving the cities.
Running behind the wind we passed over fields!
And where we stepped the earth was making hollow sounds
for she was dug and covered again.
But men were not pear trees, wheat, potatoes, and did not grow!
Ah! if our brothers, our friends, our people could grow;
if they could fill our storehouses with corn;
if they could at least become man-sized roses

to tell us good morning at dawn, stirring without
wind and bending over our windows . . .
So we complained, so we spoke—we imagined them beautifully,
though we knew that we didn't need roses!
Thus we wept for them anyway. And opening our arms
we kicked the lumps of earth in the fields.
"Petro! . . . Stanislaw! . . . Willie! . . . Franz! . . .
Petro! . . . Stanislaw! . . . Willie! . . . Franz! . . .
Petro! . . . Stanislaw! . . . Willie! . . . Franz!"

In our days the Light was dimmed continuously.
Even at noon time. You turned your head
and saw around you a world that you knew beautiful, but wasn't!
A shadow was covering the earth as if the sun had set.

And I, who had the dream in me and always showed the sun on me,
walked and walked . . .
I held a stick taller than my fate
and led five lambs. Five stars, five water lilies.
At night they shone white in the plain, one next to the other.
And they wrote, one beside the other, immovable:
"A-g-a-p-e — Love"
And as the storm beat over me, I tried to go on.
Where can I take my lambs? Where can I stay?
I lay on the earth and mud sprang from my face,
and I rose again. Where can I stay?
And with my stick I was striking the stones. In sorrow

I was always speaking about summits and golden ropes,
to swing like an angel of water. That was it,
for I felt my body like half-scattered dirt.
Because I had been transformed entirely into
a fountain of tears. That was because I was
leading five lambs here on the earth and couldn't find grass!
Until, finally, limping in the rain, from night to night,
my face became a lonely moon!
Work of night are these tears and my poetry!
In each of my verses there is a muddy river!
When tomorrow you will light your golden candle-sticks
over our books, my brothers, don't forget!
What do you expect from us! What do you search for! our

pages are like cold landscapes, indifferent, grieved.
They are filled with wooden, leaning crosses. Souls of
children that tremble like small flames. Mud. Smoke.
Cries. Ruined walls. Bloody moons . . .

These saints never saw the sun entire.
Always half dark and half light
as if bitten off by a wolf! All their lives these saints
carried killed men on their shoulders.
It was we who carried all the heroes of Shakespeare!
It was we who put in the earth all the heroes of Aeschylus!
It was we who buried Antigone. We planted five heads of wheat
in the bare grave of Margarita! We built
the partitions! We built this small wooden bridge
for the new Jesus to step and pass across
with love and peace in his sack.
In our souls the visions were catching fire.
The flame was spread over our entire body
until, finally, we leaned like crooked candles.
Our flames danced in the water. We struggled
and burned out, smoking one after the other.

Those who will come to judge us should not forget.
They should not ask us to show two color marks of crucifixion.
They should search. They should empty our ashes
on their palms.
The sun will be bright for them. They will not have difficulty.
In all the grains of wheat, in all the fruit,
in everything that comes from the earth they'll find
our blood . . .
They shall find our forgiveness in our martyrdom . . .
Look here! Look here! Black, thunder-burned,
my hand, outside of the soil, calls you. Throw me
a child's handful of joy!
Thirty-seven years passed
since my mother bore me near these waves,
between two muddy rivers which twist and twist
around me, who loved more than man.
Around me, who hoped. And yet not even one day was
given to me. Not one night! Not one dawn!—Think:
Thirty-seven years in Auschwitz!

Translated from the Greek by P. Foti

POP COMES TO CALIFORNIA

MORRIS MOSES

FOUR knocks came on my door, each weaker than the one before. I knew who it was alright. When I opened the door there he was, shimmering in front of me, like a mirage.

"Well," he said, "I'm here." As if someone had carried him, like a store-window dummy, all the way from New York, and put him down in front of my door here in California.

His hands dropped to his sides and he glanced from them to me. "Well? So what're you looking, Davey, like I'm a ghost? I'm here. So I'm here!"

It was about six o'clock in the morning; I was so sleepy I could hardly see.

"You're here," I said. "So? So what're you standing there for, Pop? Come on in already."

He came in. He put his satchel down. Next to it, with a sound like chains, he dropped a white, canvas bag—his bricklayer's tools. Then he stood there in the little semi-circle of his belongings, his face small, miles away, gray—like cement.

Then one of his little bloodshot eyes smiled. "Smells so funny here, in California," he said, "like inside a dresser drawer. It reminds me. What is that? Moth balls? Something. . . . I don't know."

He looked at me.

"Excuse me," he said, and went back out the door into the hall again. He came back with a big hatbox with green string around it. I knew him alright, it was his new hat. His filthy old hat he wore on his head. His new hat he carried—in his nice, new hatbox.

"I left it outside," he apologized. "You see? I mean I set it down

there. Outside the door. On the floor. So I could knock," he explained, "you understand? No?" He looked at me stubbornly. "Don't you see," he went on, "my hatbox—"

"I see. I see. I understand already."

He looked down at the floor. "I never saw so many carpets. The steps. The hall. Here, there." His face wore a shrug. "Carpets," he said, looking up at the ceiling, "carpets."

"That's how it is in California," I told him, "all the houses have carpets, lots of carpets."

"Hah!" he said, "you're the same old Davey." But he looked at me.

He kept standing there, in the middle of the room, in his two-tone suit: the brown jacket from his brown suit, the blue pants from his blue suit, and a brown tie with green lines. The way he stood there! Then he tipped his hat further back on his forehead with a little urgent motion and said, with that very familiar little laugh of his, "gotta hide the baldy, gotta hide the baldy."

He was trying to make me laugh, but I just didn't think it was so funny. Then he leaned over and looked intently at me, "What's the matter, Davey? What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I said, "for chrissakes sit down."

He sat down. A morning sunbeam trembled brilliantly in the room between us. He jumped to his feet.

"I *told* you I was coming," he cried.

"You know," I said, "you get me nervous, you keep *standing* there like that."

He took his jacket off and folded it this way and that way and draped it over the couch and smoothed it and patted it, and finally he said "Alright, sonny, alright. Why you so mad? What did I do? I told you I was coming. Didn't I?" Then he looked about the room, as if he were actually seeing it. "And I'm here. Right, Davey? I'm here."

"You're here, Pop. Oh, yes, you're here alright." I started walking up and down the room. "If you want to know, Pop, I told you *not* to come. Not. *Not.* Don't you read letters? Can't you read? I wrote you this damm place is like a Death Valley. You need three new cars here. You need a bank roll big enough to choke a horse just to live here."

Pop kept on standing there in front of me, shaking his head up and down like someone had given him the right directions but he had taken the wrong road. Whenever he used to do that it would get me mad as hell, I don't know why.

"Holy cow," I cried, "you keep shaking your head up and down—like a horse or something. For chrissakes. And you're always wearing your old hat. You know, Pop, I bet you're the only one in the whole of California wearing a hat in a house. You—"

"Davey," he said, "Davala."

"Davala Shmavala," I mocked.

He swallowed.

"Don't Davala me," I told him. "You just don't understand."

He started walking up and down. We were both walking up and down. He kept saying Davala over and over again. Something had crawled inside of me and was looking at him through my eyes, and moving my lips, and talking to him through my throat. "And *you,*" it said, "now you've gone and spent your miserable little savings to come to California. And now what've you got left—a new *hat?*"

He leaned back on that long, crazy couch and took off the hat and looked it over. "Funny thing. Ya know. I swear, Davey, I didn't know I was even wearing it." He loosened his tie. "Hah! Just like in New York it gets hot here too, in California." He looked about the room. "Davey," he said, "you got a drink of water maybe?"

I got him a drink. "It gets hot," I said, "sure. It gets hot alright. Wait'll you see how hot it gets—like the desert." Then I started taking that walk between the bed and the couch. "Just like I wrote you in the letter," I told him, "hot, like the goddam desert. And you—do you remember what you wrote me back?" I got his letter out of the dresser drawer and started reading it back to him.

" 'Dear Son—

Don't think the old man is done. No sir. Not by a long shot I'm coming to California. I'm coming to God's country. The land of sunshine.' "

I could hardly make it out. Some of it was printed, and some of it was written, and words were underlined. Some of it was written around the edge of the page, and there were big arrows pointing all over. The only word spelled right was "t-h-e." I figured that was probably an accident. The address took up the whole envelope; there was hardly any room for the stamp. I waved the letter at him like a lawyer waving evidence. "That's you Pop. That's *you* in that letter. 'God's country' you're coming to! What the hell you gonna do here? Now you're around *my* neck. You had friends in New York."

"Friends," he said bitterly, "Hah! My dear friends." He kept nodding over the words. "Friends . . . Here," he cried, "I brought my friends with me. Right here. In my pocket. Here!" He waved a twenty-dollar

bill in the air. "Here's one of my best friends." Finally he put the twenty-dollar bill away in his wallet, real slow, and gave it a last little caressing tap, to settle the money, or something. I lay back on that bed and just stared up at the ceiling. What an ugly ceiling they had in that house; about the same color as baby goop. The faucet must've leaked; I could hear the water going drip-drip-drip. I was tired and I wanted to change the subject so I said something about eating.

"Don't worry, Davey, if I'm hungry I'll eat," he patted his wallet a couple of times. That almost got me mad again, but I used self-control. I told Pop what I had in the refrigerator.

"Eat?" he asked, "what can we eat?"

"We can eat eggs, we can eat potatoes, milk. We can eat tomatoes." I was still under control.

"Tomatoes?"

"Yes, Pop, tomatoes, tomatoes."

California, still brand-new to him, waited at the open kitchen window while he ate. He chewed, and shook his head, and looked at me knowingly.

"I think I was right," he said. He leaned his head towards the window and listened to something he alone could hear. "The sound of life is lower here, quieter. Why? Because it's always summer here. That's all. Remember New York? That was not summers; that was *infurnos.* Remember sonny—the rush hour in the subway? *Gedanked?"* He held up a slice of onion—to the memory.

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes. I remember alright. That day I'll never forget. That's right. Four years ago it was. In July. The day I met you in the subway. We was on the same train."

He looked at me through his little eyelashes, "the same *train* with me? Where? What same train? Wait a minute. What time was it?"

"There, Pop, right there. In the subway. In the I.R.T. In the rush hour it was. Holy cow. What a memory. What a memory you got."

Now he had one eye closed, and he was beginning, just beginning to begin to remember something, maybe, he thought; but no—it was something else, a different memory.

I looked him straight in the eye: "Don't you remember that day? You was in the subway. In the rush hour. And in your hand you had a cheese box. You remember the cheese box? Now you remember? Look me straight in the eye and tell me you don't."

He couldn't look me in the eye.

"That's right," I told him. "I was on the same train with you. In

the same car. Just like that. I looked across the car when I looked up, and there you was. Can you imagine that. I was right there in the same car with you. I could have touched you. But you didn't even notice me. You didn't even see me. Blind!"

He kept saying, "you was on the *same* train with me." I thought he was bluffing.

"Yes, yes. You had that cheese box. No, you had a cigar box, it was, in your hand. You was sitting there, in the corner, with the cigar box on your lap. You looked like a—oh what's the difference—a beggar or something. Why I could hardly recognize you. A complete stranger. You looked just like a complete stranger. And do you know what you was doing with that box? What was you doing with that box, Pop? Tell me you don't remember!"

"Why did you get so mad at me, Davey? What—what was I doing?"

"What was you doing? You was counting something out of that box. I don't know what. You had that old cigar box in your hand, right there on the train. In front of *all those people* there in the rush hour. You was mumbling something, counting something in that box. Yes, yes. You. What the hell was you counting? Don't think I don't know. You was counting money. Money. Some old, lousy quarters, or nickels, maybe *pennies*. Counting and mumbling—like a beggar. The whole train was watching you."

He picked up a tomato from the table, and looked at it, like it was a *head* of something. "And so, Davey," he just said, "so you couldn't even come over on the train, and at least say hello—your father . . ." Then he put the tomato down, and looked at it some more. He said, "in New York there are good tomatoes too, of course; but these are good tomatoes."

It got very quiet then. He made the window-shade go up, and we could see the sky. The vapor trail of a jet moved across the kitchen window of sky.

"That's a jet, Pop," I told him, "jet airplanes."

"So, so that's what that is. I saw them on the train for miles and miles. T'ousands of miles. Sure. I had an idea."

The sound barrier crashes came, pounding.

So, sonny, so that's what you do? You make airplanes?"

I pointed up. "I make them. I make them bastards. Maybe in that one I put a rivet, in that one a screw, in that one a bolt."

Pop cut two huge slices of rye bread out of the loaf, and on one he arranged the salami in chunks of different sizes, building a sandwich.

Then he cemented the salami pieces together with mustard. He handed one of them to me, along with his questions.

"Here," he said, "here is a bricklayer's sandwich, made while you wait." He chewed; the sandwich, the hands, the brown forearms—they were bricklayer's; the rest of him was like a fuzzy photograph.

"Davey," he said, "where you work, it's a big place?"

"It's big."

"It's *far?*"

"It's far, it's far. Ten miles. Far enough for you?"

"Ten miles? Sure. It's far enough. Ten miles. . . ."

He drank some water from a jam jar, his eyes looking up at me from over the rim. The jar looked small in his hands.

"Listen, Davey, don't worry. I'm telling you not to worry. Listen, I saw *already* a little job here somewhere. Not far neither. You'd be surprised. Just around the corner there, by the park, ya know. Ah, I don't know." His voice sounded like a wind-up gramophone, from the photograph part of him. "Ya see, Davey, to work with a trowel, it's mostly the hands. The hands. Ya see, Davey, to work with a trowel, it's mostly these lumps? This lump. On this finger this lump? Here Feel it. Ardritis this is. Can you imagine that! Lumps! But with these lumps, with these ardritis it's hard to hold a trowel. Can you imagine that? Here, c'mere. Ya see, to scoop up the mortar, ya gotta bend, scoop, just so, the right amount, no more, no less. Then—on the brick. One move does it. Then you go like this: tip-tip-tap-tap-tip." He paused, holding the soupspoon in his right hand. "That's all, brother, that brick is *level.* Davey! Thirty-five years your Daddy's layin' brick. You should have seen me, Davey. You never saw me lay brick? Sure you saw me workin' I used to—whatsa use of talkin'? They couldn't keep *up* with me. I had to. What're you talkin'? You'd be surprised. And those Ginny bricklayers can work. Boy, those boys can work. An' that Morelli, that slavedriver—he should only burn the way we burned for him, to stuff him up with money. An' that Schwartz, the worse boss in the trade, the worse. That bloodsucker!" Pop shrugged his shoulders, Well, that's the way it is. So, what does it mean? Hands." He looked at his hand. "Hands today, hands tomorrow. To hell with the hands." Then Pop looked at *my* hands. "An' if I had hands of *gold,* would it help? It would help me like a shroud helps the dead! I got another little trouble, wait. When I bend my head over I get dizzy. Davey, do me a favor? Bend your head over. I wann see something —it makes you dizzy?"

Did you ever see anything like that?" "I don't feel like bending my head over."

"Do me a favor. Just for a minute. I jus wanna see something."

"No. That's final. No-no-no!"

"Davey! What did I do to make you so mad at me?"

"Nothing," I said, "nothing."

"Alright, then," he said, "so you see? I got high blood *prezzure*. Ach! Who knows. I got a rotten trade, believe me. An' it's hot, too. An' the sun broiling us all day. An', you know, you gotta climb the shkaffold; you gotta put up the line. You gotta holler for the mortar. . . ." He walked over to the other side of the room, with his head down, then abruptly wheeled about and yelled out, "hay, you! Paganuchi! C'mon, you young punk! Send up the damm cement—let's have the m-o-r-t-a-r." Pop stopped suddenly, with his hands before his eyes, looking through them into the past. "Ach! It was a lousy trade anyway—a bricklayer."

He looked at me. "Davey," he asked, "what in the hell is a bricklayer anyway?"

"I don't know, Pop. And look—suppose you even could work. Let's suppose. Where the hell you gonna find a job here, in California? They have wooden houses here, nothing but wooden houses. Like this here table. *Wooden.*" And I banked on it, four times, with my fist.

"What're you banging for, like that?" he said quietly. "What'sa matter with you, Davey? I was here once in Cowlifornyah, before you was born, almost. I was here once; you was here once. We was *here* once. I carried you here in your diapers, and you was still eating dirt." He smiled, looking at me out of the corner of his eye; at something, I guess, he alone could see in me. Then I did begin to remember something, I think

"You know, Pop," I said, "that's right. I remember that. That's exactly right. I was eating dirt; I remember."

He got that look on his face. "How could you remember that, Davey? Don't talk like a baby! You was only a *baby* then. Listen, sonny, do you remember when you threw those rocks at me? You hit me here." He leaned over, making his temple meet his forefinger. "Right here in this spot. Here, I even got a scar from you. Boy, you was bad, very bad." He sat back again and started looking at his canvas tool bag. His little eyes grew close together until they looked, almost, like just one little eye, and he said, one word at a time, "Did-you-ever-hear-of-quick-forming-cement? Did you? It hardens—zingo!—like this. Nothing can tear it down. Nothing! Not even an earthquake—a tornaahdo. That's what they make brick houses of, here. Plenty brick houses, plenty. Yep, Davey, there's more brick houses in Cowlyfornya, more than wooden houses. Don't worry."

"That is a lie."

"That is not a lie," he said, "that's the God's-honest truth." Pop looked me straight in the eye. "And I'll tell you another little t'ing. I saw already a little job right around the corner from here. Two blocks away in the park there. Tell me that's a lie too."

"Where did you see a job? What park is that? Why you just got here. When did you see a job? You just got off of the train, and already he's seen a job. Are you crazy?"

"I am crazy," he said, to the little kitchen window. "Sure. I'm crazy, Davey." Then he brought his fit down on the kitchen table, and like little red flames spooked out of his eyes. "I *still* seen a little job already. Listen, the bus—you know—the brown bus with the green lines—it stops there on the corner? By the park there? Well, it ledd me off there, you understand, on the corner. So I got out finally, with my satchels. I got off, with everything . . . the hatbox . . . the whole kitten-kaboodley. And I stood there, on the corner, to see, to find him now . . . where does he live? Well, to make the long story short I opened my eyes, I gave a look, and sure enough—there is a little construction job. Not big, Davey, a small one: three bricklayers, a laborer, a front-brick wall is going up, they working slow, nice. A good shkaffold. There—two blocks away. Right in the park. You're listening, Davey? I bet you anything, *anything,* they can use a man. I know those little jobs. I'm tellin' you. I know. Shhhh . . . wait . . . wait, and you'll see. You'll see."

"Oh, Pop, I'll see. I'll see. What will I see? And what kind of park? There's no *park* around here anyway."

"I'm tellin' you there is a park. Dammit. There is a damm, goddamm *park* there." I never saw him so mad before. "Don't tell *me.*"

"You should live so. If that's a park. Will you listen to me a minute? Two blocks away from here, do you know what's there? A cemetery. Nothin' but a cemetery."

Pop stopped shouting for a minute, and looked out the window, at the fig tree, I think, or something.

"That's a cemetery, Davey? Well, so maybe it's a cemetery. Who can be so sure of everything." He looked at me, his big hands on his little knees, and leaned forward. "So what," he challenged, "so what! You know —maybe you don't know, but I worked once building a wall in a drug store; I worked once on a hospital; a bricklayer works all over. All *over.*"

"Holy cow," I said, 'how the hell you gonna work, Pop, when you can't even hold a trowel?" I picked up the glass. "You can't even hold this here damn glass of water."

He jumped up. "I can't even what? What are you talkin'?" He grabbed the soupspoon from the coffee cup and started shaking it under my nose.

"Davey! Are you crazy?" Then he held the soupspoon steady in front of me. "Can't you see I can hold a trowel? Here—steady like a rock. Jiminy Cricket! I'm not dead yet you know. What'sa matter with you?" He walked into the other room, looked around like he had lost something, and picked up his canvas tool bag. Then he started walking back and forth, shooting little secret glances at me; then he stopped and began to smile; then he began to laugh and laugh until the tears rolled down his cheeks. "Oh Jiminy Crickets! Sure. I'm not dead, *yet.* So: I can work in a cemetery. Sure—nobody can wash with a sponge-cake. Ice cream has no bones. They should only drop dead. If the straw-boss says even a word there I'll tell him, 'Drop dead' I'll tell him, 'and we'll cover you up. No extra charge. No tuxedos; die as you are: Very *convenient.*' Hah! We'll have the bricks handy, we'll have the cement. See, like that he saves money. He loves money, he'll have money. We'll bury him *with* his money together." Pop wiped his eyes on his rolled-up shirtsleeves. "Don't be mad at me, Davey. It's a crazy world. I was only joking."

Some jet planes overhead dived low, screaming.

Then, again, we got quiet, for a while. We could hear the blue hiss of the gas heater.

Pop said, "Soon you go to work, sonny. No? What time is swing-shift?"

"Soon," I said, looking at the flowered wallpaper over my bed. "Soon, alright. Three o'clock."

He sat listening, his head a little bit to one side, I think towards the kitchen side, with one eye closed tight, and the other eye opened wide as though he was listening with it. The sound came: boom-boom-boom.

"What was that?" he cried, opening up the other eye, and staring out the window at the garden. "I felt something; like the world shaking. What was that, Davey, an earthquake? Sure—Cowlyfornyah—an earthquake."

"Oh, Pop, that's nothing, for chrissakes. It's nothing."

"Maybe," he said. He looked out at the fig tree in the garden. "The world is shaking. Something is happening; I don't know."

"Don't worry, nothing is happening. Nothing."

"I don't know," Pop said, "I felt something on the train too, coming here on the train. In the desert, something, one night."

"Well," I told him, "it's nothing. Look, Pop, why don't you go to sleep and rest awhile? Stay here for a few days, and then we'll see. Okay? We'll see then." I stood over him, like a giant. "I can't send you back to New York *tonight.*" I was sorry as soon as I said it, but it was too late.

He jumped to his feet, waving his clenched fist at me. "Sending me?

What kind of sending me?" His eyes were like little lights. "You," he said, "you and the whole, lousy world together." He swallowed, looking first at the ceiling, and next at his belongings on the floor. "Sometimes," he choked, "sometimes, Davey, you are like a tyrant. Like a mad dog. *You!* You're no different. You're like the rest of them mad dogs; like the rest of those cannibals. Be a human being, you *maniac.*"

I couldn't think of anything to say; maybe I was tired. I was beginning to be sorry I was *born* already. Every time he got mad I got mad. When I'm tired that way, why I notice every little thing. I think Pop was grinding his teeth, or something. I could hear little clicking sounds; when he gets very mad like that he's like a little mechanical man—I don't know. Then he went over to that long monstrosity of a couch and just sat back, real tired, with his hands clasped on his lap, with his eyes closed, for a long time very still, but for his breathing.

The water from the faucet in the kitchen sink went plop-plop-plop-plop. What a life.

God's country.

I walked up and down the *living room,* taking looks at him. I wondered why, if he wore a belt, did he have to wear suspenders too. I looked into the big dresser mirror. I could see by the light from the yellow kitchen bulb that I was big, pretty big. I clenched my fists, and held them up to the mirror, and felt my forearms and bicep muscles. I felt strong. A big black ant walked across the window-sill. I crushed it with the back of my fist, and wiped it off on my dungarees.

After a while I went to work.

It was past midnight, almost two o'clock in the morning, when the bus let me off near Westlake Park. I started walking home, through the park, walking slow and looking at everything. They had been testing the jet-airplane engines all afternoon, at work, and all evening, pouring on the afterburners till it looked like the whole madhouse would blow up and on and on into the night. One of my earplugs fell out, and I almost got deaf for a minute We stand by the blasting plates, our shoulders hunched, leaning against the bedlam, looking empty looks at one another

Now I walked slowly home, and it was so quiet.

I almost tripped over an old drunk, propped up in the moonlight against a snow-white bench. I saw the shadow of a duck drifting across the moon-lit pond, then there was a crazy quack, like a laugh. Someone cursed. It must have been the drunk. I started running up a bicycle path The wet leaves of a tree brushed across my face like a hand slapping.

In the moon-lit shop windows, along the darkest streets, my shadow

noved, and stopped, and moved. I guess I was afraid to get home; I knew op would be there. I had to go home. There was no place else to go.

I opened the front door, and walked down that long, long hallway, ast all the dead-shut doors, across that same long, red carpet Pop had valked across that morning. I opened the door stealthily, but, sure enough, groaned. The yellow bulb in the kitchen was lit, and like a little halo f light fell into the living room, where we were that morning. It was o still I could hear that sound in my ears, like a sea-shell. For a minute stood absolutely motionless, just my eyes moving around, listening. uddenly I thought, "he's dead." I couldn't hear him, and I couldn't see im. Then I closed one eye tight, and opened the other one wide, like ıy father did, to hear better. Outside, in the garden, one of those night irds sang, short and sweet, and stopped. The silence came back, and then, ut of it somewhere a cricket roared.

Something was different.

Pop had taken his tools out of the canvas bag, and spread them out ross the carpet, side by side: his hammer, his stone-chisel, a little trowel nd a big trowel, his long level, his rolled-up line of cord, his mortar-ncrusted work shoes; all of them laid out neatly, side by side, on the rpet. Beside them, on the couch, himself—sleeping. I went over and oked close, and sure enough they shone and gleamed—the big trowel pecially—glinting, with its diamond shape, even in the dim light. He ad shined up his tools with something.

I began to undress. I put the kitchen light out, and went back to my ed, feeling my way back in the darkened room. I just lay there, on top the covers, listening to the cricket. I fell asleep for a while, I guess; was so pitch-dark there in the room I could have fallen asleep with my es open. Then I heard a long sigh, the kind a ghost makes, and Pop's ice, from a million miles away, saying what time was it.

"I don't know—the middle of the night."

"You're not sleeping, Davey?"

"I'm sleeping," I said, "I'm sleeping."

"You worked hard, Sonny? You must've worked hard. No?" He umbled and coughed. Then I heard him snore. Then he stopped snor-g. Maybe he listened to the cricket, I don't know. I wasn't sleeping; y eyes were wide open; I could even hear a thin, faraway train whistle om somewhere, but there's no trains around here. I was either getting af, or my hearing was getting tremendous.

A little moonlight got in the room, or it might have been the street mp in the alley.

"Davey," his voice said, from the couch, "Davey!"

I felt like not answering him, for a minute, but I finally said, "Yes?"

"Get ready," said the voice, "hold on to your seat."

"Cut it out, Pop, it's the middle of the night."

"Davey, I'm working!"

"You're working?"

"I'm *working*."

"What do you mean, Pop, you're *working?*"

Even with the moonlight, it was pretty pitch-dark in the little apartment, and our voices had echoes.

"Davey! After you wen' away—you know, you went to work? First I fell asleep here, on the couch. All of a sudden I open my eyes. I give a look around. I don't know what time it is. This watch here, you know my watch? It's not running *eckurately*. So I ran out of the house. There's that fat lady in the hall, I ask her, and it's three o'clock. Alright, what do I do? I dress up, quick, a nice clean shirt. I put on the new hat, you know, in the hatbox. You didn't see the new hat yet; wait—you'll see that little new hat tomorrow. Well—I'm dressed. I shine the shoes, take a shave—you know, Davey, you got to look presentable. An' I go right straight up to the job. There they are, they're working. An' I walk up nice and slow. Davey, I don't know what you was talkin' about! What kind of a cemetery? This is a little park, that's all. You're dreaming. I'm telling you there's no graves there, no tombstones, nothing. How could this be a cemetery? Anyhow—what the hell is the *difference?* So listen. I go up to the shanty, you know. Sure enough, there sits the foreman, an' he looks up. Well, one-two-three, snappy, I says, 'Can you use a good bricklayer?' 'Where did you work before?' he wants to know. So —you're listening, Davey—I told him. 'I worked for Morelli,' I says, 'for eight years. I worked for Peterson,' I says, 'for ten years. I worked for Ryan,' I says, an' meanwhile you know, the foreman is lookin' me up and down, down an' up. A wonderful boy, that foreman. I mean it, sonny, that's a *foreman*. An' he sees the new hat I have on. Well, I says to myself, I made a hit. 'Mr. Foreman,' I says, 'I'm thirty-two years in the trade—a bricklayer.' An' we're talkin', ya know, like that, an' it looks like they can use a man. Well, sonny, to make the long story short, the foreman walks outside the shanty with me, and shows me the work. They're puttin up a brick wall, front brick, nice, beautiful work, slow. Nice. You know, Davey, how those little cemeteries are. No, I'm only joking. Anyhow, I t'row my eyes up, give one look at that brick wall, and so help me that son-of-a-gun is leaning over. 'Mr. Foreman,' I says, 'that wall there—you see that wall? That wall is not level.'

" 'What do you mean it's not level?' he says.

" 'Just what I mean It's not level,' I says.

"So he goes back to the shanty and comes back with a brand-new level and levels the wall and sure enough he gives a holler, his face is red an' he's cursing to beat the band. 'That goddamm block-head,' he's hollerin to one of the bricklayers. 'C'mere, *you!* You! You see this wall? Level it!' The bricklayer levels the wall and his face turns green—like the level. 'Tear that wall down,' the foreman hollers. 'You!' he says to me, 'Come with me.' He says, 'You got your tools?'

" 'Yep,' I says—snappy like, you know, Davey?—'yep! I got my tools.'

" 'You ready to work?'

" 'I'm ready.'

" 'The whistle blows at seven o'clock in the morning, the line goes up, an' we start to work—on the dot.'

" 'I'm ready, I says.

" 'Okay Pop,' the foreman hollers, 'you are *hired.*' "

Pop's voice sounded tired as he finished his story. I knew he was only telling me a dream he had just had, and I was right. He must have wished it was true; he must have believed it when he dreamed it. Maybe he even dreamed he was telling it to me. I don't know.

"Well, Davey?" he said, as though I was a judge.

"Well, Pop," I said, "for a dream like that you should get a gold medal."

"Holy macaroni! A gold medal I want. I'll take it to the pawnshop."

It was still again. The ceiling creaked, and we heard foot-slipper-steps from the apartment upstairs, and the sound of water running in pipes in the walls, and the toilet flushing for a long time. My eyes were wide open.

"You're not sleepy, sonny? Maybe you would like something? A glass of hot milk, maybe?"

Hot milk. Boy! What a guy!

I said, "What did you mean, Pop, you said we was once here in California? I don't remember that."

"Sure, sure. We was here once. How could you remember? How old was you? Lemme see. How old do you think you was?"

"How old was I? I don't know. How old was I? Was that when there was a mix-up on the trains? When we got switched into another train? And we lost her? We lost Mama? Didn't we? What happened? What happened there?"

"That's right. . . . We all got mixed up and lost one another. You was with me, see? You and me was on one train; and your Mama, may she rest in peace, she was on another train with Blossom, see? Your

sister was only a year old she was. Well, to make the long story—l-o-n-g-e-r—our train was coming here, to Cowlifornyah, her train was going the wrong way, back to New York. A mix-up! Can you beat it! Can you beat *that!*

"But what happened, Pop? How did we find her again?"

"Well, I'll be a son-of-a-gun but I don't remember. I don't know. The train *must* of come back. Somehow we found her, we found them again."

We could hear, from far away, the roaring of a train, and something rumbling, far away, and it made me very sleepy. I could hear him adjusting his blankets on that couch. Then he talked to someone in his sleep, I think. Then he snored again. Then he was up. He can fall asleep, and snore, and wake up again in the same second.

After a while he said, "Gets cold here too, in Cowlifornyah."

I nodded in the dark.

He sighed.

"Well," he said, "good night, Davey."

"Well, good night, Pop."

NOTE

We regret having omitted the name of Raymond Lee as the translator of Bertolt Brecht's *Herr Keuner Stories* in the June issue.

YOU, MAN OF MY TIME

SALVATORE QUASIMODO

YOU, MAN OF MY TIME

You, man of my time, you stride the earth
Still bearing stone and slingshot. I have seen you
Cheering the cockfights, malignant flailings wings
And spurs. Watched you stand to watch the flaming
Heretics. I have heard your shouts
Beneath the gallows. Seen you at the pikes
On which the severed heads stood. Heard you laugh.
I saw you there. You with your skillful science,
Your careful manners, your cold indifference. You
Kill today as you always have. As your
Fathers did. The stench of blood yet fills
The air like summer heat. O sons of fathers,
Turn away from that glutted earth whence rise
The steaming blood mists! Leave your fathers' ways!
Their tombs shall settle beneath the sifting ashes.
And black birds and the wind urge us away.

SALVATORE QUASIMODO

(Adapted very freely by Raymond Lee from C. M. Bowra's literal translation)

THE ELDERS

LYDIA DRAPER

Everything seems silly to the elders
Who never remembered minutes, only years.
It was in the '30s when everyone starved,
And the children went hungry or cold.
But the moment of water makes no noise
In the abandoned memory of an old river.
There is an antiquity in memory
That never adjusts to the present.
The tears are for the old set of eyes
And the story for another sofa
That was eaten long ago by moths
On the trip to the Dnieper river.
Typhoid ate the ants also
By the stone wall that stopped bullets
And stoned a firing squad of years.

Yes, said the doctor
The pain in the left shoulder
Is only a symptom
Of the pain in the right.

In her memory she walks
On pencil roads, that never were erased

By penitent school children,
Carrying a bottle of vodka to a neighbor.
The armed guard was always evaded
By a cleverness of speech that she had,
A quick hand and a cold eye.
She was young—that's all she remembers
And all she can forget

Yes, said the doctor
The pain in the right shoulder
Is only a symptom
Of the pain in the left.

Now disease is collectively curable
And doctors are professional
On this side of the law.
There are ways now of carrying
A bottle without causing alarm.
The willows still hide the body
And the water, the barebacked tree.

Memory grows fat on such a diet
And the present goes real.
In the cold breath of autumn
We forgot the past at the last stop
Where it has caught a bus to Stalingrad
And asks for a mailbox.
It follows us like Zeno's arrow,
It moves
And we will not admit it
Into the hospital air of the present,
Into the patients of ward 22.
But it looks on like a sleepy child
And maps the future with its forehead,
Standing free and forgotten
Directing our armies and our personal grief.

LYDIA DRAPER

books in review

Oppression's Enemy

THE SURVEYOR by Truman Nelson, Doubleday & Company, Inc., $5.95.

IF A writer shows devotion and skill, conscience, endurance and even genius in the writing of a book—as Truman Nelson has done in this novel of John Brown in Kansas—one might think he had done his part and so he has, but with the manuscript out of his hands, so is its fate. All the years of his industry, the unflagging stretching of his capacities to their utmost, the pursuit of fact through hundreds of self-serving volumes and contradictory documents, the slow, evolving divination of truth through long years of study, the shaping and controlling of such a mammoth manuscript as *The Surveyor* —all of this becomes almost irrelevant when the manuscript is at last delivered. Then the writer can only wait while critics and others, who may know little of his subject or his feat, decide whether they will let it live a little, or lustily, or not at all.

This novel concerns a rock-like moral purpose, flawed by human frailty, but steadfast. More specifically, it concerns John Brown's part in the bitter and complicated frontier battle, in which political corruption, cold and hunger were opponents as well as men, to make of Kansas a free state at a time when if slavery triumphed there, it might everywhere gain such an accession of strength as to make it long invulnerable. But moral purpose and active struggle are not in high regard today when a book may fail of the wide acceptance it deserves not through its faults but through its virtues. When public taste has been sufficiently eroded to believe that moral purpose is embarrassing, self-sacrifice psychotic, and meaning, whether in past or present only a quaint delusion, then even such a powerful novel as this must swim against the stream.

In choosing John Brown as his subject, Truman Nelson has been both wise and brave; wise because John Brown's story is the root story of American history, going back as it does to the Declaration of Independence and forward to the latest day of injustice. The Declaration's statement that "all men are created equal," was the rock on which John Brown built his life more than a formality in that day of American slavery; and as for the latest day of injustice it was he who said "This question—this Negro question I mean—the end of that is not yet. And the end still is not yet.

The author's decision to write about John Brown is brave because this man who gave his life that the Negro people

night be free has become in the eyes of many the chief villain of American history—and by that fact we may perhaps be able to judge where we have arrived after long travel. Be that as it may, Truman Nelson has chosen a subject against whom the American people have been conditioned. Not a school text but dismisses John Brown as insane, judging the giving of his life in the fight against Negro slavery to be sufficient evidence thereof, and scarcely a modern historian but who makes of him only a cruel and merciless fanatic.

But it was not always so. When John Brown was executed for treason to the State of Virginia on December 2, 1859 after his foray into that state for the purpose of attacking slavery, Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Alcott, Parker, Wendell Phillips, Whittier, Frederick Douglass, William Dean Howells, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Herman Melville and thousands of the wise and generous praised John Brown as one of the greatest of Americans. But in the reaction following the Civil War, it became popular and almost general to describe John Brown as a bloodthirsty bandit. A contest developed between his ageing contemporaries who still called him saint and a later generation who believed him a barbaric fanatic.

So hot was the controversy over the years that not until this fine novel of Truman Nelson has the self-evident been voiced—that Brown was not a saint and not a devil but that rather he was both and neither; a living human, as we, ourselves, are human, a battlefield of advance and regression, a truly Dostoyevskian Yankee Puritan, both bright and dark, whose glory was that he struggled through to a triumph that helped save his country from death by helping rid it of slavery.

It is one of Truman Nelson's accomplishments that he is one of the few to portray convincingly John Brown as a three dimensional character. It is of no interest when eternal purity remains pure or eternal heroism is again heroic. Bright intelligence, never failing but moving in a straight line to assured success, is not as appealing nor as true, as the faltering human will, betrayed into darkness, but preserving to a triumph, dubious, human and sure. So Nelson here shows every weakness of his protagonist, every stumbling error, every human vanity, but he also shows his steadfastness, his willingness to endure hardness for his country's sake. In this combination of strength and weakness a character is born—a true one, I believe—whom the reader can love and love the more because he is human.

The crucial height of Nelson's book, as it was a climax of John Brown's life, concerns the Pottawatomie executions on the night of June 24, 1856 when John Brown ordered and directed the summary execution of five pro-slavery settlers during the bloody Kansas Civil War. It is this event which has been the crux of the Brown controversy, his detractors, always growing in number, declaring that a man who could do this was completely evil, his admirers attempting to deny for a time that he had any part in the killings. Both sides had one similarity in that both saw Brown and humanity not dialectically but as a single good or a single evil.

Truman Nelson perceives that Brown's sacrifice of his own life in Virginia, his demeanor as he died for others becoming a battlecry of freedom in the North, proceeds from the same principle which ordered the execution of the five. In both instances the deed

was a principled act against slavery, the first in Kansas undertaken when it seemed that without such an act that territory might be lost as a free state.

It is easy long years after the event to condemn it, but one must remember that it was widely believed everywhere in 1856 that as Kansas went on the issue of slavery so might the nation. It is easy to forget that an issue embracing the fate of the country itself was involved; that those favoring slavery had themselves assassinated five free-state settlers, had sacked Lawrence, the free-state capital, had stolen elections, had illegally fastened a slave legislature, a slave code and slave courts upon the people of Kansas in which it was a crime to even speak against slavery. Everywhere freedom was fleeing, was in retreat, when John Brown, feeling that the life of the nation was at stake, determined to strike his terrible blow against slavery at Pottawatomie.

And Nelson shows it in all its revolting bloodiness, the executioners themselves, sick and vomiting at the terrible business, Brown's own sons, particularly the timid Jason, with his crumpled, withdrawn face, condemning him. But he shows, too, that this terrible act had its genesis in the fight for freedom and an old man's fierce passion for it. It is not Brown's violence that impels Nelson to write this novel but rather something more precious and more urgently needed by Americans now. It is Brown's sense of commitment, his willingness to act on the principle that *all* men *everywhere* are of crucial concern, his urgent apprehension that the sufferings of those most remote and distant are vital to all of us—this vision and this commitment, I venture to say, are the forces from which this novel was born.

When one reads this book he engages in experience and enters reality, feeling the hot fury, the baffling complexity of that crucial fight in 1856. Seldom has a novel had so wide a spectrum of reality, the hot prairie sun, the Arctic-like blasts of winter, the mouldy weather-exposed life of the almost naked settlers, the beauty of the last sunlight flooding the prairie, but it is great above all because of the human beings that move across its pages. If Truman Nelson writes of heroes when he writes of the Brown family, of the Old Man, John Brown, himself: of John, his eldest son, a giant Hamlet, and Wealthy, his lovely wife; of the other Brown sons, Jason, Owen, Frederick, Salmon, and Oliver, he also shows them in all their sweat and indecision, in all their pain and sickness, succeeding at last, almost without knowing it, in transforming defeat into victory. He gives unforgettable pictures of the eldest son John, insane from the unbearable pressures of the struggle, tortured by federal troops who held him for his father's act in which he had no part.

This novel, almost unique in that kind of completeness which makes a time live again, is a political novel and the tension in some of the scenes in which ethics and principle are argued by the Old Man's sons, John and Frederick, is almost painful. Frederick, handsome, dissolute, a kind of holy fool destined for death at the hands of pro-slavery forces, has the wild, inspired eloquence of one who is at one and the same time brilliant and mentally maimed. Nowhere does Truman Nelson show his quality so well as he does in this matter of mental sickness, common in some degree to us all, and perhaps to be desired when fools accomplish the necessary which wise men shun.

Perhaps a word should be said about

e method employed in *The Surveyor* this is the historical novel at its st and this is an historical novel that e can trust. The quotations, particuly those of John Brown are often ken from the historical record, from ters, speeches, and the testimony of rsonal witnesses, and used most eftively in the fabric of development, ving the authentic rhythm and beat of hn Brown's speech. But more than at, this novel is, I believe, truer than ich formal history in which any fact sometimes acceptable if only it can decorated with the devices of olarship, if only it can be attributed what someone has said or written in past, a system occasionally used, with the utmost of propriety, for perpetuation of original error. But s novel derives from that long nurng of all the evidence which finally ives at decision and sometimes at a re perfect truth than that attested footnotes.

This book is a sinewy book, the t of two volumes, the second of ich will complete the story, and it nands a reader of some stature. The ter has given greatly and if the der will give only a little of his best quality not often demanded of him vadays—he will feel in himself an retion of knowledge and experience nd perhaps even some of the heartak and toil necessary for advance.

RICHARD O. BOYER

ndmark of Liberty

E AMERICAN REVOLUTION, 763-1783, by Herbert Aptheker. Inernational Publishers. $3.50.

ODAY, a sure sense of the *direction* in which world history is moving has become a necessity for all who want not only to keep their sanity but to live and act as intelligent citizens. Our ability to cope with a future that so swiftly becomes the present depends to quite an extent on our understanding of a past that is closer than we sometimes think.

It's in this sense that Herbert Aptheker's *American Revolution* possesses—with much else—a striking quality of "actuality." The book—the second volume of *A History of the American People: An Interpretation*—demonstrates and richly documents the truth stated in its concluding lines: "In the continuing struggle for the creation of a social order wherein the people as a whole direct their own destinies, in all spheres of human existence, the American Revolution stands as a momentous landmark."

Faced with the looming prospect of the achievement of such a social order, the academic henchmen of monopoly seek to exorcise the future by falsifying the past from which it springs. They construct whole edifices of argumentation in the effort to prove that the American Revolution was "really" a historic affirmation of the Conservative spirit; or that it was all one big tragic misunderstanding, such as wiser heads might have averted; or again—in a frenetic flight of historical mysticism—that in truth it never happened, there *was* no Revolution. . . . Aptheker does a massive and telling job of demolition of the serried ramparts of reactionary argument.

This polemic with bourgeois historians is a valuable and major component of the book. It is an indispensable part of the asserting of the positions of Marxism in face of the ponderous pressures of the official

learning" in the United States. Personally, I found the author's handling of the polemic both fascinating and illuminating. But it is just possible that other readers, less inured to historiography, might have a bit of difficulty with the very profusion of it. (The opening chapter deals with the specific theses of some eighteen apologists of capital; and the battle is resumed in several later chapters).

Assuredly, the vigorous polemic helps us to gain an insight into some of the fundamental questions of the revolutionary era: class structure and class divisions, the growth of revolutionary organization and institutions, the role of the Negro people, political trends, military and diplomatic leadership, the handling of the Revolution... To all these questions, presented with vivid documentation from contempory sources, the author brings fresh insights.

Not the least of the ways in which history has relevance for the present is in its revealing of the action of the people themselves, shaping decisive events. This is something that bourgeois historians ignore—or misrepresent. Aptheker, as a Marxist historian, places it in the foreground, where it belongs. In a chapter entitled "Was the Revolution a Majority Movement?" he effectively refutes the claim that "the majority of the population was passive" in the revolution, or that the revolution was "imposed" on the people "by an organized and determined minority" (p. 52). The extraordinary breadth and rich diversity of forms of popular mass action stand out clearly, as in the chapter on "The Development of Revolutionary Institutions." Particularly memorable are such instances as the strike of New York maritime workers who in 1768 refused to unload British transports, or the widespread growth of Mechanics' Parties and Associations ar Committees "representing the Left i the American revolutionary coalition and pioneering in raising the issue Independence.

Aptheker's book provides a thorough going, lucid analysis of *all* the main a pects of the Revolution, their inte relatedness, their unity and diversit Its "lesson for the present", it seem to me, is in its depicting of the a tive and courageous part played b the working people, Negro and Whit in deciding, at a time of supreme crisi the course of their own history. It li also in the contest between the aim popular sovereignty, the revolutionar democratic ideals inscribed in the Decla ation of Independence, and the minorit class character of the capitalist rule th the Revolution ushered in. That persis ing contradiction, in the new conditio of today, is a crucial fact of America life: as is the revolutionary-democrat tradition itself.

One question that might possibl warrant further consideration and di cussion is dealt with in the concludin chapter. It concerns the relationship b tween the revolutionary victory and sub sequent capitalist development in th United States. The author sums up th economic impact of the Revolution "a notable stimulus for the developme of capitalism", which "helped" Amer can capitalism "emerge from infancy childhood" (pp. 273-5).

Assuredly, as the opening chapt emphasizes, this was a colonial revol tion, "the first successful colonial rev lution in history," but one that "did n have the profoundly transforming qua ity that more basically social on have..." (pp. 22-3). Nevertheless, might be thought that the Revolution triumph over the attempt of the imperi

etropolis to throttle industrial devel-
ment in the colonies was *decisive* for
e rise of U. S. capitalism. This aspect
ems to me to be somewhat under-
ated.

However, the question of the rela-
onship between the English bourgeois
volution and capitalist development in
e North American colonies is by no
eans a simple one. Exchanges of opin-
n among British, American and Cana-
an Marxists on problems such as this
ight serve as a fruitful stimulus to
rther co-operation; while similar dis-
ssions with Marxist historians of the
cialist world would assuredly be mutal-
of great value.

Certainly, as a Canadian working on
me problems of our own history, I
eeply appreciate the contribution made
this and the preceding volume of
erbert Aptheker's *History of the Amer-
an People.* (His treatment of the role
the Canadian people in the American
evolutionary period can serve to
engthen the democratic solidarity of
ir peoples in their present common
ruggle: a point that may well grow
importance.)

The book as whole is a superb piece
work, enriching Marxist historical
holarship and deepening our under-
anding of the driving forces of change
North America.

STANLEY B. RYERSON

Resist or Die

WE ARE THE MAKERS OF DREAMS, by William Blake. Simon and Schuster. $3.95.

THE historical novel, when successful, is a marvellous device for stirring the imagination, for letting the reader enter directly into an epoch as if living in it. Usually an author chooses to recreate some remote time through a combination of arduous scholarship and sympathetic insight. But William Blake, in his novel *We Are the Makers of Dreams,* has taken the most newly-born history to write about, the Thirties and early Forties in France. By doing this, he portrays the turbulent and complex period in Europe leading into the Second World War, not from research but from his own experience. The sense of immediacy which he conveys and his command of revealing detail come from his direct knowledge.

Such is the dazzling pace of the twentieth century, with its amazing scientific and social developments, that a period ending less than twenty years ago can be a different epoch. It is pre-Atomic. This is the Europe which is the chief character in Blake's novel.

Blake has used the literary device of having René Joliet, a Parisian bookbinder, tell his own story and that of his friends. Happily for the novel, René, besides being a master bookinder, is also a master of history, both social and economic, a connoisseur of music and art, a man conversant with literature and philosophy, skilled in finance, and aware of the class structure of society. Blake was fortunate in finding a narrator so much like himself.

The scale of the novel, which includes characters and events in France, England, Germany, Spain, and the United States, is so large that no one individual holds the main interest. It is the interrelation of the people and the events through which they are living which recreates the sense of a society under the stress of social change. The lives of the people are obviously affected by national events, but some of them are trying to do their share to affect national

events, to be the makers of dreams.

On such a large canvas it is inevitable that the individuals should not dominate as in a psychological novel. It is a little like the difference between the work of Breughel and Rembrandt. Both are the best, but Breughel uses groups of individuals to make the pattern of his paintings and the pattern of their world. Rembrandt portrays one man to reveal humanity.

Considering the number of characters and the variety of their experiences, the novel is not long. René alone, in addition to his ordinary work as a bookbinder, went to Spain and was wounded in the Civil War; he became a political prisoner in France, escaped by sea, recovered in England, and returned to France to run an underground printing press. This does not include his relations with friends and family in Paris, with Antoinette, to whom he gave the utmost devotion as a husband and who repaid him by always being more fond of her son Jacques, and later with Peggy, who returned his love.

The story is in the first person, after the event. The narrator is thus free to cut the action at any point, meditate on the meaning of events, and relate them to later ones. Along with this technique of stepping back to look, Blake uses the close-up to give us the feel of the moment. For example, this is how René learns that Hitler has come to power:

> On a nasty night just as I had finished the finest shagreen binding I had ever done, stippled over an incised set of floral designs that were so harmonious that they danced in the mirror before me as I shaved, Antoinette came in, her mackintosh wet and her face as harassed as though her father and mother had died simultaneously. "That cream-eater, that cake-stuffer, is dictator of Germany."
>
> I turned about, cleaned the lather of my face and kissed her, I smelling o Pinaud's Lilac and terribly pleased with my book. "A Junker trick," I laughed

The great flux of events in the Eu rope of the thirties Blake manages to convey partly through happenings in the lives of his characters, partly through their conversations (and they are great talkers) and partly by his own explanations. Occasionally someone talks quite over his own literary head, like the wealthy, fat, and drunk Dutch lover of Solange. Speaking of what in fancy he may say to Antoinette in reproof of her son Jacques, he says, "Woman, go and be wise, for your son is the gate of death. Follow either queue, from Du barry to Camille or from Hypatia to Mme. Curie . . . but remember that your womb, like your brain, is capable of error." I don't think that even Dutch alcohol could sustain such a literary engine.

Hugo, in *Les Miserables*, faced the same literary problem that Blake has to portray people in the midst of real events and to suggest an economic and political analysis. Hugo solved this problem by putting occasional political essays between appropriate chapters. This method has the great disadvantage of encouraging readers anxious to know what happens next to skip the analytical chapters altogether. Blake just lets his people talk about everything—and since a lot of it is Blake, that is all to the good.

As narrator, René speaks as a bookbinder and a worker. But he seems to lack roots. His associations are with foreign floaters and adventurers in the boulevard cafes. The need of the novel to reveal international intrigue accounts for a number of the narrator's friends

For this reason there are not many lovble people in the novel. One surprise s the development of Jacques from an nsufferable boy to a young man who, or one moment at least, cares more bout France than himself.

The cumulative effect of the novel s something like that of a medieval athedral: there is an overall plan, but he parts are built up almost with an ir of brilliant improvisation. The people re illuminated with whatever is most pt in art, literature, music, history, nd sociology.

We Are The Makers Of Dreams is nquestionably an important novel. Blake shows, not just the surface of soiey, but its machinery. The vast web f intriguers on an international level, he connivers for personal profit at the xpense of the national interest, the ank and file of people buffeted by vents seemingly too large to control—ll these remind us unhappily of our wn day. But there is also the basic ptimism that people, when they see heir common cause, have the final and ecisive power to make their own hisory. Blake does well to remind us of his, for today we must have a common ision, or all dreams will cease.

ALICE DUNHAM

Man Uprooted

THE ALIENATION OF MODERN MAN: AN INTERPRETATION BASED ON MARX AND TOENNIES, by Fritz Pappenheim. Monthly Review Press. $4.00.

THE theme of alienation has become one of the main preoccupations of ntellectuals today. A spate of books and rticles have been published on it since he early Forties. It is a central theme, implicitly or explictly, of such widely-discussed writers as Erich Fromm, David Riesman, William H. Whyte, Jr. and, most important, C. Wright Mills. What, then, is it? Alienation is the complex problem of the isolation of man from man and the fragmentation and depersonalization of the individual that has become so pronounced in the post-World War II period that it can no longer be avoided. It is the dehumanization of society as men lack control of their own lives and of their destinies. Although alienation has occurred in all previous societies, its ravages have cut more deeply and pervasively into bourgeois society. The problem received its most important statement in the writings of Karl Marx. Whatever has been written since is commentary or application to more recent developments of capitalist society.

Pappenheim's book attempts to present the status of the problem today and to indicate briefly some of the main sociological and philosophical formulations of the question, especially those by Karl Marx and Ferdinand Toennies. Although, as he points out, the problem has always existed in some form, his aim is to show that it "predominates in our era" and can only be grasped as it is related "to the social structure of our period." He discusses the approach of some non-Marxists like Georg Simmel and the existentialists to the question but he does not go deeply into their arguments nor does he polemicize decisively with them. He takes up briefly the arguments of those who believe the source of the problem is in the mechanizing influence of technology and concludes that the effects of the machine are not necessarily injurious to consciousness. The effect depends on whether the machine is used for "destructive" or "constructive" ends. He then discusses the

alienation of the citizen from politics, the passive political attitudes of the citizenry, "the dangerous decline of civic mindedness" and the "decay of our public life," and he looks for the causes in the social structure itself.

The longest chapter of the book connects alienation with social structure as dealt with in Toennies' *Gemeinschaft und Gesellschaft* (*Community and Society*), published in 1887, and relevant works of Marx. Toennies, he explains, acknowledged his indebtedness to Marx and focused on "society as a historical process." Toennies distinguished two types of association: *Gesellschaft* (society) is a grouping based on deliberate participation in order to further some specific and limited aim and therefore involves an aspect only of life and personality; *Gemeinschaft* (community) is a grouping not consciously entered into, like the family, but one into which people "naturally" fall and are involved as "whole persons rather than fragmented individuals." Since the industrial revolution, Toennies held, the former type of association has encroached more and more and has become predominant, with the result that alienation has become more severe than ever.

The rest of the chapter briefly expounds Marx' theory of alienation. Pappenheim makes clear that Marx did not regard alienation as unique to capitalist society. But, he says, Marx did consider "the history of capitalism as the history of the alienation of man." For alienation is an essential feature of capitalism. In its bourgeois forms alienation is a consequence of commodity exchange, the universal mechanism of capitalist economic life. The drastic overwhelming form of alienation under capitalism stems from the fact that labor power itself is a commodity and the individual becomes a dehumanized thing on t market. As *The Communist Manifes* says, the cash-nexus invades all hum relationships, barring none, and all h man values are perverted.

Can alienation be overcome? Pappe heim differs with the existentialist vie that alienation is inherent in "the h man condition," that it derives from t nature of man and of the world and therefore ineradicable. He rather fo lows Marx' view that alienation can dealt with when men guide their ov destinies through a common control production. Only when the basic cau of alienation, the system of commodi exchange, is abolished will a start made toward overcoming it. But th will not happen in the short run: the contrary, the process will be lo and painful. Pappenheim writes: "On fools will expect that the emergence a social order which is not any long based on commodity structure can pr duce its contribution to the fight agair man's alienation without subjecting hi to long periods of agony and pain."

The book is written in an admirab clear and simple style, which is pa ticularly helpful in a topic of such co plexity. It should prove useful, esp cially to those who need an introdu tory statement of the problem. Ho ever, the book is academic to a fau and lacks polemical vigor. The bo brings the reader to the threshold conflicting views but does not carry t refutation very far. Pappenheim is occasion uncritical of writers on t subject, as when he unqualifiedly sta that Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd* is "important contribution" to the subje He fails to point out that Toenni proposed solution in the co-operati movement does not cope with the ba problem. The book is in some respe

iously neutral in its approach to so gent a problem as alienation. But if is read critically, it can be useful. e notes and bibliography will help ders who wish to dig more deeply o the problem.

LOUIS HARAP

ears of Quandary

HRU: THE YEARS OF POWER, by Vincent Sheean. Random House. $5.00.

BIOGRAPHER who writes of Jawaharlal Nehru, attempting to centrate on his "years of power" as me Minister, must treat him as an bodiment of contradictions. Nehru's emmas are many: belief in socialism, simultaneous acceptance of cap- ism; enthusiasm for popular demo- tic rule, and autocratic dismissal of elected government of Kerala; non- lence in principle, and the brutal pression of peasant demonstrations; n-alignment in world affairs, and mbership in the British Common- lth; five-year planning, and eco- nic anarchy; Soviet help in building ain industrial projects, and the wing dominance, in general, of erican investors.

Nehru's inability to resolve such con- lictions in his own mind was fore- dowed in his *Autobiography* (1936), tten in prison when the British still ed India as a colony. He tells how joined the League Against Imperial- , and why he sympathized with the rd International; he relates how prised he was at Gandhi's "de- se . . . of the big zamindari (land- l) system," and praises Marx's "ex- rdinary degree of insight into social phenomena." But in the end he confines himself to inconclusive pro-and-con speculation.

In a recent essay, "The Basic Approach," Nehru's indecision is articulated in a policy statement. He says that an "integrated national plan" must be evolved "on socialistic lines," which nevertheless "should encourage private enterprise in many fields." Nehru's economic thinking reflects the confused economic conditions of India and the mixture of socialist and capitalist notions of development which have intensified the Indian economic crisis. How ineffective such eclectic theories are when carried into practice may be judged by contrasting the halting steps of the Indian economy with the giant socialist strides made by China, which achieved its freedom in 1949, two years after Indian independence.

In the book under review, *Nehru: The Years of Power,* Vincent Sheean has attempted an analysis of Nehru his work and his problems. What are Sheean's qualifications for this difficult task? He is a journalist with an observant eye and a pleasing style. These qualities, plus an earlier spirit of revolt and hatred of injustice, served him well in writing *Personal History* (1934) and *Not Peace But a Sword* (1939). But today his spirit of revolt has been displaced by cold war philosophy. The shallowness of his social understanding becomes apparent in this book. He is unable to do the job that needs to be done.

What we get in *The Years of Power* is a dispersed and superficial treatment of the main topics and issues. The conflict between India and Pakistan over Kashmir is unexplained, though we learn much of the beauty of the "enchanted valley." The discussion of the Five Year

Plans takes the form of a mere travelogue to some of the mills, factories, and dams, with no effort to analyze the type of socialism Nehru is trying to set up, in which the "private sector" is more and more over-balancing the planned structure. Sheean either evades or isn't aware of the slow progress of land reform, hampered by the continued dominance of the big land-owners and the continued existence of hoarders and profiteers, and the resulting chronic food crisis. He mentions how "precarious" the food supply is (pp. 64ff), but blames it on the monsoons and bad luck. He does not mention the recommendations of the All-Indian Kisan Sabha (Peasant Congress), held April 29-May 3, 1959, which called for prompt and effective agrarian reform.

Sheean's discussion of the Tibetan question and of the Sino-Indian border dispute is not essentially different from the cold war propaganda parroted by the bulk of American newspapers. No note is taken of the feudal conditions in Tibet, described for American readers in the dispatches of Anna Louise Strong. No effort is made to explain historically the *undefined* nature of the boundary between India and China. The plentiful use of such expressions as "the expansive megalomania of the Communist Chinese" (p. 186) indicates the intellectual level of the handling of this question.

Nehru's relations with the Communist Party of India, and his suppression of the elected Communist government of Kerala, are described in a similar fashion. To be sure, Sheean admits that the Education Reform Law of the Kerala Communists, would not seem objectionable to Americans. He insists, however, that the Communists of India "obey external directives." Where he thinks these "directives" originate clear from another passage: "The an tions of Czarist Russia, as rephrased Lenin, have at last become possil Through racialism, anticolonialism anti-imperialism it is at last conceiva that the Russians might rule the en earth" (p. 130).

This book contains much in the v of local color and anecdote, often structive, sometimes moving, but it far from satisfying.

OAKLEY C. JOHNS

Books Received

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE EN LISH NOVEL, by Arnold Ket Harper Torchbooks. 2 Vols., $1 each.

TO attempt an adequate critical view of Dr. Kettle's book and be brief as well is an impossibility; must suffice unreservedly to recomme *An Introduction to the English No* to everyone interested in literat which, presumbly, includes all *M stream* readers. For Dr. Kettle's two s volumes, just issued in America in pa back at the combined price of $2.50, one of the most important Marxist c tributions to cultural analysis in a l time.

There is first the scope of this sur Without attempting to be compreh sive, Dr. Kettle nevertheless adequa suggests the development of the Eng novel from the middle ages to present day. But his primary aim is discuss about two dozen specific nov by as many authors, ranging from De to Henry Green and in the transit tou ing upon such works as *Emma, Ol Twist, Wuthering Heights, To Lighthouse, The Rainbow, Ulysses, The Heart of the Matter.* Each stud

mpact, pointed, deeply concerned with nd aware of both matter and form.

In fact, one of the outstanding qual-ies of this work is Dr. Kettle's alertness) the interrelationships of these two tributes of art; and the impossibility compartmentalizing them. The reader constantly aware that the author is ot making the problems of literature sier for himself by oversimpliying nem. Character shades imperceptibly in-) plot, life into pattern, romance into ealism.

At one point in his very valuable the-retical introduction, Dr. Kettle remarks, explaining the deadliness of alegorical ction, that it is extremely dangerous) impose a static conception upon life, vhich ever changes. The truth of this tatement is confirmed in the author's wn practice. Because he refuses to dog-natize, preferring to begin and to end vith the literary work itself, to treat it as n organic whole and to begin his in-erences from the work rather than from reconceptions, and also because Dr. Kettle is clearly both learned and lively tone, this work is, in scope and accom-lishment, doubtless one of the best Marxist literary studies in the English anguage.

HE MIND AND SPIRIT OF JOHN PETER ALTGELD, edited by Henry M. Christmas. University of Illinois Press. $4.00.

THE EAGLE is not Forgotten—in part because Vachel Lindsay said hat he was—but it is good to have in his volume not only those memorable nes but a rich collection of writings nd speeches discussing issues that are ill current and presenting arguments nmatched today for cogent reasoning nd for the vigor and precision of their ormulation.

John Peter Altgeld was an American of his time. He was an immigrant who grew up in poverty, learned to know the land by working on it, mastered the law in letter, technique and spirit. He accumulated wealth by his own astute rapport with the growth of Chicago, and gained political power and respect by forthright adherence to Jeffersonian principles.

These products of his incisive thought, careful investigation and fearless decision run in time from 1889 when, as judge of the Cook County superior court, he published his evaluation of the administration of justice in Chicago, to 1897 when he retired as Governor of Illinois, defeated in a campaign of villification and not allowed by his successor even to speak the generous words he had prepared for the inauguration. The selected articles and speeches deal in convincing detail with the need of a program for rehabilitating criminals, with the problems of working men and women and with labor organization, with police violence, with prejudice and pressure in the courts, with the basic conflicts of industrial capitalism, with the gold standard and the bankers' growing control of the economy and of the minds of men. Here you have the Haymarket riot and trial and the Pullman strike, seen through the eyes of a public servant whose objectivity was extraordinary but who did not shrink from taking a stand, once he had determined where justice lay.

For each selection the editor has provided helpful historical background. The volume invites and rewards the reader's perusal. It closes with a memorial address by Clarence Darrow at the time of Altgeld's death in 1902.

TWO SPRING TITLES

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION: 1763-1783

By Herbert Aptheker **Price $3.50**

This second book in Dr. Aptheker's History of the American People answers such questions as: Was the American Revolution really a REVOLUTION? What were its sources? Did class divisions within the colonies determine its nature? Did the majority of American people support it? How did the Committees of Correspondence and the Continental Congress come into being? How were Tories and traitors treated by the military? What was the role of the Negro people, free and slave? What was the relation of slavery to the independence struggle? These and many other questions are answered in a Marxist analysis that makes this book indispensable. An International title.

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