Mainstream

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"dig down"

WE HAVE witnessed a number of stirring events in the last year. Progressive forces spoke out loudly for peace and n end to the Cold War. Three capitalist satellites—Turkey, outh Korea, and Japan, moved further out of the orbit of Cold Var alliances. In Africa and Latin America, resistance to Wall treet domination has been dramatically heightened. In our own outhern states Negro students "sat in" at lunch counters in a ampaign to end discrimination.

No one can doubt that progressive forces made tremendous trides in 1960 and there is good reason to believe that 1961 will ee even more advances.

It is extremely important that *Mainstream* continue to publish rticles, stories and poems with a progressive point of view, for if ve don't who will? Often an author sends us a piece with a note vhich begins, "I am sending this to you because no other magazine vould be able to publish it even if they wanted to. . . ."

WE BEGIN a new decade confident that you, the readers of *Mainstream,* will continue to give it your support. It is only hrough your generosity that we will be able to meet the costs of ublishing which, like everything else, are constantly rising. The bsolute minimum which we require for the following year is 7,500. Continued publication requires sacrifices on everybody's art: editors who serve on the board without salary; authors who ontribute material without remuneration; and subscribers who ot only renew their subs faithfully but also dig down, at a time ke this, and send whatever they can by check, cash or money rder to keep America's last progressive cultural magazine on s feet.

—*The Editors.*

JAZZ: NATIONAL EXPRESSION OR INTERNATIONAL FOLK MUSIC?

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

Mr. Finkelstein is one of America's leading Marxist critics. He is author numerous books on the arts, the most recent of which is *Composer and Nati* (International Publishers, N. Y.).

IS JAZZ an American national musical expression in which a centr role is played by the American Negro people, or is it an internation music? Does it have creative possibilities in every land in which it studied and played? The question is an important one, not only here b in a good half of the world. For jazz has become by far the sing most important cultural influence of the United States on the wor scene. It is extensively used by the "Voice of America" to reach wor audiences that no other music or art can attract. In countries lik England, France, Italy, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Turkey, Japa Australia, its history is pored over, its classic creators are idolize A considerable body of youth accept it as their own music which th not only listen to but perform. It has followers in Poland, Czechoslovak and Yugoslavia. Has it become an international fad or an internation flowering?

This question has provoked one of the most thoughtful books c jazz to appear in recent years, *The Jazz Scene,** by the English critic f the *New Statesman and Nation,* Francis Newton. He admires jazz ar is deeply moved by it, but unlike many other writers on jazz, his music interests are not bounded by it. He is a man of broad artistic and cultur knowledge, who is concerned with the fact that jazz has become significant English cultural phenomenon. Home-grown bands play ja based on a faithful study of its various periods, styles and structures, sheaf of magazines devote themselves to the criticism and scholar documentation of jazz, and the formation of jazz and "skiffle" clu devoted to the Blues and to American folk music with a jazz beat, h become a nation-wide movement. What is there to the music th has aroused this fanatical attachment to it among peoples so differe in background, history, traditions and ways of life from those amo whom it originated?

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* Francis Newton, *The Jazz Scene,* Monthly Review Press, New York, $4.00.

Newton brings to his study of both the history and present state jazz a social mind. He discusses such matters as what sort of people ere the creators of jazz, what part of the society they came from, how ey lived, what were the conditions under which they worked, what they ot paid, what money was made in jazz and who got the lion's share, hat people formed the main public for jazz, and what they got out of the usic. He sees the jazz musician as not only a dedicated musician and many cases an inspired one, but as a working man who enters the ld primarily to make a living. The public to him is made up not of nnoisseurs of the arts but of ordinary people who go for the entertainent they need to the established social institutions that produce music a business. The sections of the book on the popular music industry a whole, on the "jazz business," and on the public are a valuable ntribution to jazz literature.

It is with Newton's answer to the main question of the book that is reviewer must pick a quarrel, although Newton argues from a mocratic, social and class-conscious viewpoint, and even in advancing s error—if error it is—his documentation offers some valuable illumina-on. Newton's thesis is that jazz is an "international folk music." s such it is, he says, a democratic, common people's and working ople's music, embodying a rebellion or protest against the cultural snobry of a social "elite" or upper class which regards the arts as its private ssession. "It is natural, and necessary, for those who have been kept der to resent this (class snobbery), and to demonstrate their equality doing what they have been regarded as incapable of doing."

This is a fine insight, but it is only half the truth. Missing from ewton's study is a grasp of the main thread of American history, political d cultural, as it involves the Negro people.

Thus Newton stresses in his discussion of the American Negro irituals, mainly a similar reflection of broad democratic movements.

> After 1800 religion—more especially the "great awakening" which swept the Southern and frontier poor, colored and white, into a frenzied egalitarian, democratic protest and sectarianism—provided the musical framework . . . But perhaps more important than the juicy harmonium chords (of the traditional hymns), which were thus later to be so strangely adapted to jazz, was the fact that the "great awakening" achieved the first systematic blending of European and African music in the U.S.A. outside of New Orleans. Moreover, since this was not the imposition and organization of orthodoxy from above, but a largely spontaneous mass conversion from below, the two were equally blended, the African component not being subordinated to the European . . . Culturally, the "great

awakening" was the counterpart to the American War of Independence; or perhaps more precisely, to the rise of Jacksonian frontier democracy. It ensured that religious music, white and colored, should remain a people's music, just as the defeat of Hamilton by Jefferson's ideals ensured that American secular music should remain a people's music. From our point of view the important thing about this was that even Negro music thus won its right to independent development.*

Again, Newton brings an interesting perspective to bear upon th period between the end of the Civil War and the First World Wa which produced the Blues, cakewalk, ragtime and the first rich folk-roote stages of jazz, by pointing out that this was a revolutionary period i most of the Western world. It inspired a popular, working class urba culture, and Newton cites the rise of the English music hall, the Spanis *flamenco* music, and the French working class and popular cabaret son appearing after the Commune. (We might add the Russian workin class and revolutionary songs of the period, and the great wave of Jewis working class and folk music in both Eastern Europe and America).

YET in tracing the general working-class and democratic movement Newton misses the other and equally important side of the pictur the particular national forms taken by these movements, and the struggl against national, colonial and racist oppression. Thus in respect to th quotation above on the early 1800's in the United States, the facts a that the "independent development" of Negro music was not a gi granted by any "egalitarian," democratic religious movement, or b Jacksonian democracy. It was a product of what made the Negro peop different from whites, the resistance to slavery and racism. There ha been in the 1780's a "great awakening" in the form of a religio movement that embraced Negro and white, and was against slaver But this was soon suppressed. The religious revival and evangelist mov ment that took place in the first part of the 19th century did n embrace Negro and white. Nor was it Jeffersonian. Rather, in contrast the rationalist spirit of Jefferson and the Declaration of Independenc the new religious wave corresponded to the frustrations arising fro the freshly born contradictions in the new republic. The small farme were aghast at the depredation of banks, speculators, land-grabbe

*Although in the passages quoted from Newton's book we have given the pro spelling of Negro, throughout his book the author spells the word with a small n. T does not mean that Newton fails to recognize racism and chauvinism as an uncivili backwardness. He should know, however, that American Negroes regard the use of small n as insulting. The word Negro in the United States today refers to a natio minority, and the capital letter is as right and necessary as it is in referring to Engli Irish, Scottish, Welsh, Jewish, French and other national groups. And it is a matter courtesy to use, in referring to a people, the form that they choose for themselves.

olitics, merchants, and at the rising machine industry. They could nd no practical solution, and some found a mystical one. A counterpart o this popular religious wave was the criticism of developing Amer-can capitalism in Northern intellectual circles, taking the form of philosophic-religious transcendentalism, and attacking what it called materialism."

IT MAY be true, as Newton points out, that religious expression in the South, among white and Negro, took a more popular, less organized nd dogmatic form, than religion in England. But what is important for ur purposes is the difference between the white and Negro religious xpression, rather than the similarity, although they drew upon the ame Bible and to some extent on the same hymn tunes. Southern eligion was more pro-slavery than against it. The Jacksonian democratic arty turned, by the 1840's, into the party for the extension of slavery. he psychology of white and Negro was different. The Negroes were aves, their children were torn from their parents, their lives could be aken away at a whim, and they took their lives in their hands to rebel gainst slavery or to escape from it. A different psychology engenders different cultural and artistic expression. If the content of the white eligious music was subjective and escapist, the content of the Negro usic was the opposite. The spirituals were a musical-poetic counterpart o the revolts led by Denmark Vesey and Nat Turner, and to The nderground Railroad. The expression of a people struggling for libera-on from slavery, and so a vital, new poetic-musical form took shape. his does not mean that we can find political symbols or a political onsciousness in the art form. It means that only a people fighting against r resisting oppression could have created an art body with this richness f heart, tragic depths and unquenchable hopes. "Freedom" meant free-om in this world, not the next.

THE fact that the spirituals created by the Negro people became a music loved and accepted all over the United States (in the space of half century or more), and today move people all over the world, does ot deny their national character, as a uniquely Negro creation and xpression, but tends to affirm it. For it is a commonly observed fact in ultural history that the more true and profound art is as a national xpression, the more affecting it becomes on the world-wide scene. Only us can it touch on the inmost springs that move all people. Thus ith the spirituals, we can say that an expression in poetry and music f human dignity, strength in adversity, and affirmation of freedom, nows no skin color. It corresponds to what all people need, however

confused they may be in mind as to how to get it. The acceptanc of this Negro-created music as a folk music of the American natio as a whole is only a counterpart to the political fact that the strugg against slavery, like the stuggle against racism today, was one for th health and continued existence of American democracy as a whol Of course many in the North saw this belatedly, during the anti-slaver movement, and many never saw it at all. The situation is simila although under vastly different social circumstances, with the struggle f Negro rights today. And if we can find this particular flame burning jazz, we can see how jazz can be a music in which Negro artists pla if not an exclusive, still a leading and necessary role, and yet an art th can move people over the entire nation and in many parts of the worl

The same one-sidedness is true when Newton treats of the latter 19 and early 20th century. There is no understanding of the "Reconstructio Era," and what followed. His book shows no consciousness of the hop raised among the slaves who fought so heroically for their freedo in the Civil War, for land, education and democratic rights, and then t overwhelming power raised against them; a power made up of t rehabilitated plantation aristocracy, a growing caste of small busine men and politicians, and the rapidly trustifying Northern capitalis which wanted anything but a democratic South. The terrible dra of how the Negro people were forced back step by step, while nev ceasing to fight, is of course distorted in or dropped from most "offici histories, but it is fully documented in the works of Woodson, Du Bo Allen, Aptheker, Foner and Frazier, to name a few. And Newton miss the importance of the rise of Imperialism at the close of the 19th centu In the United States, there was the seizure of Puerto Rico and t Philippines, and the economic grip of Cuba. And felt all over t world was the impact of the great monopolies rising in the West, with t intensified exploitation of colonies, the beginning preparations for war to redivide spheres of investment, the tightened reins placed eve where upon "subject peoples," and the bitter struggles rising agai this. It is with this that events among the Negro people must be link although within the special conditions existing in the United States.

Newton might get an insight into the artistic power of a natio liberation movement if he were to examine what happened in Irela in this period. This impoverished country, its people famine-starv and decimated, losing tens of thousands by forced emigration, produc some of the glories of world literature. From Synge and Yeats throu Shaw, Joyce, O'Casey and O'Flaherty, a magnificent poetry, prose a drama was produced, in English, and yet different from anything t

could be produced by an Englishman, however gifted. Every different kind of viewpoint was found in it, from the mysticism of Yeats and lonely subjectivism of Joyce to the Marxism of O'Casey. Some of it is proscribed by the Irish Free State today. Yet in all of it the flame of Irish national freedom is the central inspiration, or the original source for its critical view of "official society." What there is in such a national movement that generates so rich an artistic production, what the quality is that makes an artist touched by such a movement for a people's freedom seem to speak for all his people even when at times he thinks he is talking to himself, may be difficult to define, but it is one of the most potent forces in the arts in modern times. The presence of a communal language or idiom as a social possession, one already rich in cultural memories and aesthetic qualities before the individual artist takes it up, may have somthing to do with it. And the freedom movement, uniting people in a common cause, gives the oldest traditions a new significance.

To say that the Negro people in the United States form a national group or a national minority with its own special cultural contribution, does not mean that they are moving towards any kind of autonomy. The movement may rather be in the opposite direction. The fact that the national question among the Negro people takes a somewhat unique historic form, is only part of the truth that in the United States nation as a whole, the national question takes a somewhat unique form, with no exact parallels anywhere else. It is not only that from the start, a number of different nationalities took part in founding the nation. It is that with the rapid growth of capitalist industry, a succession of waves of different nationalities arrived, to fill the crying need for labor on railroads and in shops, mines and factories. Each found itself in turn relegated to the most menial and badly paid work, and subjected to discrimination, such as limitation of educational opportunity, being barred from preferred forms of livelihood, exclusion from certain communities, and the subjection to chauvinistic slander, insulting stereotypes, and racist jokes. Racism and chauvinism have played and play a destructive role in the economic, social and cultural life to an extent not found elsewhere. In no country does the struggle against all forms of racism and chauvinism take such a central place in the cause of the health and democratic progress of the nation itself, including its cultural and artistic life.

IF THE Negro people are thus one national minority among many others that together make up the nation, they also hold a special

place among them, for many reasons. One is that certain physic characteristics, notably skin color, enables them to be attacked by speci and added forms of racial chauvinism (although this is to some exte true also of other groups like the Spanish-speaking Americans of t Southwest, the American Indians, the Puerto Ricans, and the Chinese A second is that they have been here longer, with a history of connectio to the land extending further back than most. A third is that the form so great a national group, today about eighteen million people about a tenth of the nation. Fourth is that the attempt to keep the "in their place" (low pay, poor or no education, no rights) has bee fostered by brutal violence, legal chicanery and the abandonment even the bare formal procedures of democracy and justice, which hav had a corrupting effect not only upon the South but upon the enti country. Fifth is their common psychology. For although there necessari exists every type of personality among the Negro people, decisive shaping their mind and culture is the continuing struggle for almo two hundred years against first slavery and then against both violer and more subtle forms of oppression and discrimination. Thus rises t ironic fact that the culture of the people against whom the stronge barriers have been erected, shutting them off from the rest of t people, should have had so pervasive an influence on the culture of t entire country. When the popular music industry, discriminating again Negroes, made fortunes out of ragtime, blues and jazz styles lifted fro the Negroes, this was only a late manifestation of a process that h been going on for generations, whereby in the South, for exampl Negro dance, poetry, music and speech permeated the expression those asserting their "white superiority." For out of the factors mentione above comes the truth that the movement for freedom and rights of t Negro people is the focal point about which the entire democrat future and artistic growth of the nation as a whole hinges.

Newton's lack of knowledge of this crucial aspect of Americ history may be seen when, in discussing the spread of jazz in the 1920's, writes, "From about 1916 the Negroes who had hitherto been remar ably immobile, flooded north in extraordinary numbers." The fact first that there had been periodic waves of movement north befo 1916. But it is also an utterly fantastic idea that ten million Negroes mig have packed their bags and moved to a welcoming North. In the Sou they were forced into virtual peonage, with manacles hindering the movement, from the sheer fact of poverty to vagrancy arrests and cha gangs, using prisoners for impressed labor. A person who can buy train, boat or plane ticket whenever the whim strikes him cannot app

late the desperate condition of a people to whom any form of free movement is a hope and a dream, unless it is the travel from one work camp to another, or the forced break-up of families. A recurrent motif in the Blues is the yearning for the "open road" and the freedom symbol of the swift movement of the railroad, as well as the motif of the family split because of poverty and desperation. And the fact is also that the Negroes looked upon the Southern land as their own land, where they wanted to live, granted decent conditions. Furthermore there was no welcome mat rolled out in the North; rather no jobs, discrimination in education, slum and ghetto housing, and exclusion even from trade unions. In the period in which Newton says the Negro people were "remarkably immobile," there was seething activity among them throughout the South. There is the immobility of a stagnant pond and the immobility of a dammed-up torrent. The first doesn't produce it, the second does. And the movement North in "extraordinary numbers" after 1916 was a break-through that only an upheaval like the First World War could make possible. The sudden demand for labor power in factories made the abolition of existing barriers an economic necessity.

An oppressed and embattled people takes up and transforms whatever means of expression lie at hand. And so, without willing it or planning it, music became to a host of Negro people not merely a kind of "Saturday night entertainment" or Sunday morning church ritual but an important interchange of communal feelings. Not seeing the relation of the Negro liberation movement to the rise of and special qualities of the spirituals, Blues and jazz, Newton misses some basic qualities of jazz music itself. He writes eloquently about one central aspect of the music. It is that while jazz has always lived as an organic part of the commercial popular music industry, shaped by its economic laws and giving it periodic musical blood transfusions, its character is at the same time opposite to that of commercial manufactured song and dance music. Instead of the prevailing inflated sounds, sugar-coated instrumentation, hallow novelties, and melodic and harmonic platitudes, the melodic lines of jazz carry a genuine freight of feeling, the instrumentation has the urgency of a human voice raised in passion, and each phrase and chord is present because it has something to say. Newton writes:

> Stephen Foster's or George Gershwin's songs are pretty and enjoyable, but nobody would expect to get the emotion out of them that we draw from Schubert's *Erlkonig* or *In diesem Heil'gem Hallen.* But from Bessie Smith's *Young Woman's Blues* we *can* draw this emotion. Kreisler playing *Caprice Viennois* merely shows off a dazzling technique in a pleasant

> tune; but Louis Armstrong playing *It's Tight Like This* takes us into the emotional realm of Macbeth's soliloquies . . . Admittedly the relatively small scale on which jazz operates as an art limits its scope: after all, a single speech of *Phèdre,* which is quite within the compass of jazz, is not the whole tragedy, which is not (within the compass of jazz). But what there is of jazz at its best is heavy stuff; it is small but made of uranium.

Yet what Newton does not grasp about jazz music is equally importan This is that the Blues, ragtime and the jazz flowering out of the embody a semi-secret language.

Musically, this quality shows itself in the constant combination an interplay of a freely-moving, speech-inflected, declamatory melodic lin and its opposite of an unflagging rhythmic beat. Emotionally, it e presses a profound pathos under a protective shield of wit. As again the direct emotional expression of the great mass of spirituals an gospel songs, and indeed of the great body of traditional folk mus an overwhelming amount of genuinely creative jazz is a music of secreti comedy. It is the kind of comedy that may be linked to the traditio of Shakespeare's clowns, of Cervantes and Rabelais, of Goya's *Capricho* of *Huckleberry Finn,* of Picasso's cubist Harlequins. Like all such comed it demands an active audience that must play some creative part, n merely sit back and listen. The audience must reconstruct the "unsai from the "said." To change the image, the art presents an "upside dow picture and the audience gets the point by turning it right side u "Secret" is perhaps the wrong word. What is meant is that the poi of the communication rests on the existence of a common ground betwe musician and listener.

This dual quality in the music, this expression of wit-protected path the combination of free speech inflections with a beat that constant "catches" them up, lies at the heart of the Blues. The Blues in tu provide the material and style for the free improvisations of most jazz, even when the performance itself starts with a non-Blues popul ballad. It is because they miss this quality that both "art" composers a a host of non-Negro jazz players, for all their serious study and instr mental brilliance, and for all the acclaim they receive, produce a sti born music when they try to handle jazz. A number of white players course did capture this quality of pathos-wit, of free declamation a inexorable beat, of the expressive "breaks," of the poignant "blues note like, in the 1930's, Bix Biederbecke and "Pee Wee" Russell. But ma more who became quite famous never did. And this crucial quality

missing in all the "serious" jazz that this writer has heard coming from other countries.

It is not a quality that can be isolated and discovered by even the most rigorous analysts of jazz, when they write it down or try to pull it apart. But such a phenomenon is no novelty in the history of the arts. We can analyze Mozart's forms, harmonic systems and melodic shapes, but that will not help us one iota to create the tragic laughter of *Don Giovanni* or the dance-lilt and hidden heartbreak that closes the *D minor String Quartet.* The case is the same with language. The most intelligent linguist can analyze Irish speech, but he can't reproduce the tone of any random speech of O'Casey's, like:

> The crow is a common bird, flying almost in every sky and known to all who have a sky over them and a cliff or a tree to spare. He is a laddo that can't afford any gorgeousness in his feathers: all black, except for a better-off brother who decorates his plumage of brilliant black with snow-white bands—the magpie, the cleric of the Corvidae, a dignified chap, fond of chattering as a cleric is fond of preaching.

IN POINTING out that creative jazz is thus a particular and unique expression of the American Negro people, nothing racial is implied, and no absolute barrier to the playing of jazz by people of other backgrounds, let alone to its understanding. What is "national" is the common ground as the basis for the musical "allusions," the common possession of a socially created musical idiom and even of a spoken language at which the music sometimes hints. The special qualities of the art spring out of the character of the American Negro people and their struggle, with the constant resentment of injustice felt even by those who take no political or organizational path to a solution. Negro music has never been a music of self-pity. It has always been a music of strength. In spirituals and gospel songs, and in the defiant assertion of work and prison songs, it will counterpose to tragedy an open expression of joy and hope. In the Blues and Blues-based jazz, it is pathos shielded in the protection of laughter.

The semi-secretive humor with which jazz speaks is primarily responsible for the situation whereby jazz has baffled and even repelled as many people as it has interested and attracted. To thousands of people, over the country and in other lands, it has been a remarkable fascinating art, with its strangely complex emotional life, and its assertion of human presence, untrammeled expression and irrepressible freedom within an art form customarily straitjacketed. It pretends to obey the laws but constantly laughs at them. It defies the "boss man" in an industry

where the rule of the boss, the man with the check-book, the businessman producer, is most autocratic. And on the other hand, a host of peopl both in the United States and abroad, with all the willingness to lik jazz that they can summon up, find it puzzling and even annoying But this reminds us only of the fact that wit has always presented similia difficulties in the arts. There were, in fact, countless times in histor when the very reason that comedy had for being was to say somethin while appearing to be not saying anything.

Compounding the problem is the fact that a great mass of wha passes as "true" jazz is simply bad music; either an aimless repetitio of stock forms or a music entertaining and pretty but so superficial tha one wonders what all the excitement is about. It was inevitable that a soon as the discovery of "true" or "hot" jazz, in contrast to the "sweet music of the commercial dance bands, should capture the attentio of a considerable body of the public, a new commercial version o "true" jazz should develop. This was a music which took over the styl of creative jazz, but left out its creativity, namely the urgency an integrity of musical statement that had been present when jazz wa simply a way through which the musician spoke to his understandin listeners. Much "swing" music was uninspired, although the "swin era" did much for the recognition and jobs of Negro musicians. Toda the extensive prominence given to jazz as an art from, with festivals an streams of records, is good in the jobs they bring musicians, but als fosters a mass of jazz that has style but little to say. Publicity rules. Ther is a considerable number of commentators and "authorities" who make profession out of overpraising, often in seemingly learned and eve cryptic terms, a remarkable amount of repetitious, shallow and still-bo music. The very premises on which modern jazz proceeds, including composer's craft and a highly personal expression, demand an intensit if the music is to be successful, not consonant with commercial quanti production.

To Newton, the period in which jazz changed from what might might not have been an American Negro expression—he never qui comes to grips with this question as regards the older jazz—into "international folk music," came in the depression years of the ear 1930's.

> It is fortunate that by the time the Depression swept over America a few hundreds—they could hardly yet be counted in the thousands—of European jazz fans were ready. For the depression virtually killed authentic jazz in the States. Except among the Negroes, it had been played

> on sufferance anyway. In the lush period there had been gigs for everybody in the 60,000 bands which America then held, and clubs and dances willing to hire any one of the 200,000 musicians—12,000 of them in New York, however "loud" or "crude" their music; at least sometimes. Now the ball was over. White musicians took refuge in pop bands or in the staff orchestras of radio stations; colored ones, who had not this choice, went back to laboring, broken by occasional attempts to form temporary bands. Recording sessions were few and cheap . . . Europe could not provide a major market, but it could mitigate the disaster, e.g. by making it worthwhile for American record companies to produce authentic jazz records for which the American market in the black years from 1930 to 1934 was zero . . . American stars, long used to world-wide tours, discovered a refuge in Europe.

Of course, America was "triumphantly conquered" by jazz again in
ıe middle 1930's, Newton points out. But Europe had saved the art,
y taking it up. "By the middle 1950's, therefore, jazz had become a
orld idiom."

He reads too much into a few facts. It is true that the depression threw
host of musicians out of work, with the greatest catastrophe as always
lling on Negroes. The large record companies came close to bank-
ıptcy, and went through slow reorganization. Small record companies,
ıcluding many who had produced directly for the Negro communities,
ılded up. (Later their issues would be avidly hunted for by collectors.)
ut the rich folk earth and roots remained, out of which jazz had
own and would grow again. People still sang the Blues, both with
ıe human voice and with guitar, piano, harmonica, or whatever other
andy instrument was about. Negro musicians still played, if only for
ıe entertainment of small groups, with little remuneration. At the
ent parties," where friends came to help pay the rent of their host's
ooms, a product of the depression, Blues piano was heard, of the kind
ıat would produce classics of jazz invention. The historic "Spirituals
Swing" concerts of 1938 and 1939 organized by John Hammond (the
st of them sponsored by *New Masses*), revealed the line of develop-
ent from such folk roots to a highly knowledgeable and polished but
ill an urgently expressive, "speaking" jazz. The rich and new jazz of
ıe late 1930's, like that of the Basie band, with its wonderful group of
layers all steeped in Blues and gospel music, that of the Ellington band
ith its big imaginative conceptions still firmly grounded in the Blues
ıd Blues style, the experimental small groups frequently bringing
hite and Negro players together in defiance of discriminatory customs
ıd unwritten laws, of the recordings made by Billie Holiday with inspired

supporting players, all showed not an abandonment but deeper appreciation of the possibilities of this folk and national expression. And behind this development was the same nation-wide democratic awakening that brought the struggle of the Negro people for liberation to its highest peak since the Reconstruction days.

NEWTON bolsters his theory of jazz as an "international folk music" by describing the audiences for jazz, particularly in recent years

> Socially, ancient jazz was a music for Southerners or first-generation Negro migrants to the North, which was also adopted or listened to by minorities or whites. "Middle period" jazz was a music for Negroes acclimatized to big city life, and for a mass American white public of youngsters. Modern jazz was and is *avant-garde* music for musicians and a coterie public of white intellectuals and bohemians, though its public has grown, as its original revolutionary sounds became familiar and accepted, much as has happened to the Matisses and Picassos of our century . . . Oddly enough—thanks mainly to the whites, for the colored middle class failed to recognize them—the achievements of the jazz revolutionaries were speedily recognized.

THE trouble with this kind of social analysis is that it is not social or penetrating enough, to look behind statistics. As it happens, jazz is only one of many kinds of music of the American Negro people. It has too many limitations to serve as the musical expression of an entire nation, and it has never pretended to be such. All this review claims is that it is one form of national expression. But the public for jazz among the Negro people, past and present, is a great one, in proportion to its numbers. This public, however, has always looked on jazz as a current form of song, dance and affecting musical speech, not as something to be analyzed, studied, and written about, with its collection made into an all-encompassing occupation. The Negro people simply cannot afford such luxuries. One can draw an analogy to the French, English, American and German collectors and scholars of African, Middle Eastern and Asian art, who up to recent times have imagined that their "fine appreciation" makes this art more theirs than belonging to the people out of whose creative traditions it sprang. They forget that museums, scholarship and even the leisure to collect and study are the product of the historical accident of having behind them a highly rich and industrialized country. This lag is rapidly being conquered. So with jazz, it happens to cost money to flock to night clubs where it is played and most Negroes don't have it even if they were to be welcomed in these places. To build up a library of a few thousands records and to hunt for rare items takes money, time, leisure, and also a willingness

ometimes, to see music not as an important, necessary adjunct to the eal issues of life, but rather as a substitute for it. At the upper-class niversities where jazz clubs formed, there were very few Negroes, for bvious reasons. So it is with the publicists, critics, writers of magazine rticles, editors, occupied more or less with jazz. This is a white-collar rofession in which Negroes have won, and that only recently, a bare oothold. The same is true of the recording companies devoted to rue jazz," and their staffs. Very few Negroes are in a position to start record company, or are offered positions in them.

This is said not to discount the importance of scholarship, study, istory writing, criticism, library formation, but only to point out that ie great preponderance of non-Negroes in this field is not to be taken a proof of the fact that jazz has become an "international" music. The tuation is on the road to being remedied, thanks to the heroic battle eing waged not on the music field alone, but on the political, social id economic arena. And the fact is that in the realm of "difficult" odern jazz, as in every previous period, each new creative musician, egro and non-Negro, has been known, and his work followed, by a host young Negro people avidly interested in the art. And while they ven't yet produced an effective group of "public appreciators," critics, id collectors, for the reasons mentioned above, there is a saving grace this. The Negro audience for modern jazz is spared the conflict id torment which comes from listening to music that sounds rather ill, and hesitating to say so for fear of being derided by some other itic who has discovered some deep, revolutionary significance in these unds. For in modern jazz, while the creative flame still burns, there is ore confusion, pretentiousness, and novelty-clothed mediocrity—born it of its commercialization—than at any time in the past history of e art.

It is true that the turn taken by modern jazz seems to diminish eatly the folk, national and social character that jazz had up through e 1930's, when it spoke so movingly through a common language at had been a social creation of the Negro people and had been arned and loved by a multitude of other people. If the groundbreaking egro musicians now play a highly chromatic music, move through zzling modulations from key to key, use a more subtle and complex ythm, improvise with a feeling for complex harmonic patterns, throw e rhythm against another or one key against another, this is done r a number of reasons. One is a desire to break out of folk limitations, master the entire art. We can make the comparison to a Negro inter who moves into abstract or expressionistic forms because he

feels it is a realm of expression he wants to make his own. Anothe and more important reason, is that these harmonic patterns, with som parallel to the atonality and polytonality of contemporary compose music, express a state of mind similar to that found in genuine moder composition (where there also is a great amount of superficiality an pretentiousness as well). This is a deep subjectivity, a sense of lon liness and frustration, a feeling of having lost touch with the soci world, an introspectiveness which comes from not knowing any mo to whom one is speaking. It is a product of the very real crisis modern times, in which the hydrogen bomb and the "cold war" play not inconsiderable part.

YET THERE is in this jazz still an unbroken thread of nation feeling, speaking for a community of people with common problem of expressing a social unrest and not merely a private unrest. It is sti when it is genuinely creative and affecting, a music of protest, lament with a protective cover of wit, a music expressing the burnin desire for freedom, even if only in the form of turning standardize procedures upside down. In the mind of every Negro musician is th acute consciousness and resentment of racism, discrimination, of th constant, unceasing blows and wounds, reaching so white-hot a pit today because racism itself in the light of world events has taken on even more irrational and destructive aspect than it had ever befo It is for this reason that Negro musicians are still the leaders, althoug always willing to share their ideas with other musicians. Behind the is an unbroken tradition of music being used as one form of assertio of human presence, dignity and freedom, and of a language flexible an always able to be used to say this in ever new forms. Today th means of expression are narrow, for in jazz, as in composed "ar music, an addiction to chromatic and atonal patterns becomes not source of breadth but a restriction to subjectivity. What it conquers one realm of psychological expression is counterbalanced by its lo of the wide range of human emotion. But there are signs that th Negro musicians are beginning to broaden out, to survey the pa literature of jazz, to seek out wider means of social expression, to de even the restrictions of "modernism," and simply to use it when th feel like it.

To Newton, even the "protest" quality of jazz, which he accep in a general way, has no relation to the real life movement for freedo of the Negro people.

Few politically militant Negroes were genuine admirers of jazz, at

least until it had been born in upon them (often by the propoganda of white intellectuals) that this music was "an achievement of the race" of which Negroes should be proud . . . Very many American jazz musicians have expressed hatred and resentment of an unjust society, if only privately. Very few have been associated even with the active and organized fight against racial inequality in the way in which a good many prominent figures from more commercial popular entertainment—notably from Hollywood—have been.

But this only means that art and politics speak their mind in diverse ways. It would be good if, as Newton hopes, they would walk a little closer to one another, without of course trying to supplant one another. But still, in the England of Queen Elizabeth I, when the consciousness of nation was growing, there was "division of labor." Shakespeare wrote the nation's plays, Dowland wrote its songs, and Sir Francis Drake beat the Spanish Armada. In America in the mid-19th century, the spirituals expressed the dignity and humanity of a people in the face of derision and oppression, while a Frederick Douglass raised the political banner of abolition of slavery. In Russia near the close of the century, a Tchaikovsky gave the Russian people a musical voice with *Pique Dame* and the *Pathetique Symphony,* while Lenin was beginning to study the condition of the peasantry and working class. In Ireland, Yeats, even as a mystic, raised the national consciousness and dignity of the Irish people with his poems and plays, while Larkin organized trade unions. The political and social front is the decisive one, and it would help both art and the liberation movement on the social front to join forces. But one must also start by understanding what the art does say.

TO CALL jazz an "international folk music" is a misnomer to this writer, because a folk music implies an art that is flexible, drawing from tradition and yet reshaping itself to express the times, growing and responsive to the every changing conditions of life; a common musical language, rooted in people's psychology, the voice of the past and the voice of the present. It does not seem to the present writer that jazz has become this in other countries. Its widespread appeal is understandable, because of the lustiness of the music and the force within it, an assertion of freedom that people of every background can respond to. But the movements about it in other countries seem to this writer not to solve any problem; rather to reveal the presence of one. It is that the musical culture of those countries, both "popular" and "fine art"—the very distinction between these two being a sign of a sickness itself—has failed to give the mass of people what they want and need. In

this age, when everywheres there is a demand of the great masses of people to make all realms of cultural expression their own, a music is needed that will express what is in their heart and mind, and one in which they will play an active role, not simply that of passive spectators. This lack is felt in the United States as well, for jazz with all its power, cannot serve the full musical needs of the people. But here, at least, its appearance, growth and remarkable renewals of freshness, tell us something vital and central about our own nation, people and problems. Abroad, there are no signs that jazz has become this kind of creative, revelatory, and growing expression. It seems only to fill the vacuum that exists until what the people really need comes along. Perhaps, a study of jazz will help it to come. But what comes will be something very different from jazz.

THE LISTENERS

V. J. JEROME

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WHEN Horne was assigned to K Cellblock, his dejection was tempered with hope. In his first month at O Quarters he had made friends. They had given him points on adjustment to prison routine, and he had helped some with their letter writing. Yet here, alone in a cell, he would be spared the dormitory's turmoil; he could study and reflect in quiet. A faint light rimmed his prison cloud.

It was not being alone that he dreaded; it was the bars, the steel door, the concrete walls and floor, the stone-cage feeling. He began to build around him a world that would dissolve steel and stone. A coverless, time-beaten Bible left on the bare locker by a previous occupant, the vest-pocket *Hamlet* that had passed surly inspection at the Front Desk (plucky little standby during dragging hours of his trial), a wooden chess set with the Athletic Director's written permission, *Great Expectations* borrowed from a fellow-prisoner and thus subject to confiscation—these, with an Italian reader and Spinoza's *Ethics,* both from the prison library, as well as a writing pad and two pencils, went to build his unimprisoned world.

In the hours after work at the machine shop, he ordered his life in the cell around study, reading, and writing. This being winter, the men were let out for only brief midday yard periods on weekends. Going for showers and clothing change twice a week and standing in line for Commissary broke up three of his evenings. Occasional visits to the library helped his studies. At inside stockade he lifted weights, played some chess, talked with fellow-prisoners. But for the most part he spent the evenings in his cell. No longer, as at first, did he pace from window to door, five steps to window, five steps to door, straining against the bars, hoping that a sixth step would set him free. No longer did he stand at his door peering through the grille up and down the visible three yards of corridor gloom just to see an inmate going to or from his cell, to hear a footstep, to stay connected with life.

One day, while sitting on the edge of his bunk reading, he was distracted by a sound of whistling. It was a shrill, discordant noise,

lacerating to the tune of "She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain." It seemed to issue from a neighborhing cell; or so he thought, until it grew on him that the noise came from adjoining Cellblock L. He seemed to remember hearing such a sound the night before, and perhaps before that. He couldn't be sure. But now it was inescapable.

HE returned to his reading. He wouldn't allow such a trifling thing to break into his work. Surely a man with a will can insulate his ears against distracting noises. He deepened himself in the book on philosophy open on the wooden stool before him. They'd see who would prevail: Spinoza or the whistler? He began reading aloud:

"As for the terms *good* and *bad,* they indicate no positive quality in things considered in themselves,—"

She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes—

"but are merely modes of thought, or notions which we from from the comparison of things one with another—"

—She'll be comin' round the mountain,

She'll be comin' round the mountain—

"For one and the same thing can be at the same time good, bad and indiff—"

What was the use? The jagged rhythm grated on his nerves like a file on metal, like a squeaking door that never stops. He put his hands over his ears, began striding up and down, looking for a way out. But his cell had never been so locked and barred before.

Why didn't he sing, whoever he was— shout, shriek at the top of his lungs, tear down his cell— anything, anything but this sly, sadistic wheeze? Was it because singing and shouting tax your lungs and must end some time, while whistling takes no effort and can go on without let-up forever and ever and ever? What a cowardly sport! What a whining cowardly sport! He'd censor it out of existence, make a law to lock up whistlers in solitary!

Miserable, he flung himself upon his bunk.

Day after day, through the noon-hour break, and evening after evening, the sharp, high-pitched dissonance penetrated his cell and insinuated itself like some invisible air serpent into his defenseless ear. He slid shut the little plastic pane in his grille. He moved the steel locker and stood on it peering through the high window in the sloping wall, anxious to track the sound to its source. Finally, he slammed the wedged window and climbed down. Though he knew the radio channel was dead, he clamped on his earphones. But the rasping sound would not be kept out.

He must learn the identity of the whistler and ask him to stop. Even ill luck can do with some luck, he laughed wryly. Why wasn't it at least someone in his own cellblock, even on another floor, someone whose face he could see, someone he could run across or casually approach when the cells emptied for chow or recreation? He did know some inmates in L Cellblock. He would plan a little speech to soften the request. Whistling, he could hear the man say, helps me pull time, and I'm not whistling for anybody's pleasure, but the way I damn well like! Horne began writing down his speech, to memorize it: "I hope you won't mind my mentioning it—" All wrong! He made a fresh start: "What do you say, chief? Guess you know we're sort of neighbors. Don't know how you're taking it, but this stir gives me the creeps. Guess it's my nerves. All shot to hell ever since—"

He slashed his pencil across the lines, tore up the paper, and chucked it in disgust. What was he doing— playing with fire? Supposing the man had just been denied parole and felt like giving the world a shove over the brink? Supposing he had just got a Dear John letter and itched to slide a blade between someone's ribs? Horne thought of the blood he had seen mopped along the main corridor twice that month near the mess hall after stabbings.

He applied for a transfer to a dormitory. Better the general hubbub than aloneness with this single, piercing torture. The Assistant Warden turned down his request. He was Close Custody.

A friend in the machine shop made him a pair of rubber ear plugs. They were large, crudely shaped contraptions that wedged into his ears with effort. He wrapped them tenderly in a handkerchief, like two precious stones, to take to his cell. He offered a carton of cigarettes, but the friend insisted, "That's from me to you."

ALONE in his cell, after work, he tried the plugs again. They hurt his ears, and he laid them aside, planning to wear them a little longer each day. But the thin, wretched shrilling was more than he could bear. He pushed in the plugs and kept them tamped in despite the hurt. Wonderful was the hush. The unnerving whistle was stifled. Not a stir, not a sound. Not even the tranquil splashing of the rain outside. Silence in depth, infinitude of stillness. The cellblock was a sunken catacomb, the yard below a soundless desert. No rattling of cell doors, no mechanized announcements from the Control Center—.

He started. The count! He hadn't heard the call for the count! He dropped his book and, fast unplugging his ears, rushed to the grille to stand at attention. Not a moment too soon. The guard reached the door

in his quick-striding round up the corridor length of odd-numbered cells and back the length of the even-numbered. Horne stood at the bars *Present and accounted for.* He would have to be careful.

Wearing the discomforting ear plugs for his studies that evening be began to worry. How to keep the contraband plugs in his cell? They'd be confiscated by the guard at the next shakedown. He had it! Tuck them into an empty match-box, right among the stack purchased at Commissary. Let them snoop from now till Christmas! O whistler where is thy stab? O tormentor, where is thy rhapsody?

As though in answer, a faint shrill shound forced itself thinly through the plugs—

—round the mountain when she comes—

He shook it off as a weird fancy. But it was real. The whistling! It had burrowed and burrowed and dug its way deep into his catacomb. Was no depth too deep for it, no concealment too cavernous? It speared his sense. "Two-timing gadgets! In league with him, the sadist!" He wrenched the plugs from his ear-sockets and threw them to the floor.

One day soon after, at the noon-hour break, he heard through the open cell windows strains of a new whistling, from another direction. A new torment! The curse stuck in his throat, as the sounds poured in upon him. It was a different whistling—silvery, melodious, of a tone cool and flowing like a flute.

Love, oh love, oh careless love . . .

A favorite! Was it possible? Here? He found himself listening, wanting the sound to go on.

Oh it's love, oh love, oh careless love . . .

The rising tremulous reed-notes of the maid's lament—what beauty in their breathing—so welcome, so strangely sudden, here! Was it someone in the yard returning from work? The whistler wasn't passing but seemed to be standing in a fixed place below. And now—

U-na furtiva la-grima . . .

How many years since he had heard that impassioned lyrical outpouring—Caruso at the Met! And now, in this castaway place, a startling wind-thin echo. He felt lifted. Whistle on—and never stop! But too soon, the sound melted away.

Again from the cellblock across the way, like a cruel gust, came the harsh shrilling. He blessed the loudspeaker's blare "K Cellblock!", the guard's holler "Chow!", and the corridor-long clicking of cell doors opening to the switch of the control lever.

The next day, at the same time, the new whistler was again beneath the window.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled . . .

Through the rich woodwind of the whistling he heard the clear, continuous tones flare in the defiant banners of Bruce at Bannockburn—and he joined in with the embattled words, to the avenging beat of his fist—

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow! . . .

Presently the yard was still. Silvery after-sounds stirred the air. Again he had not looked out to see him. Did he really want to?

Day after day the whistler came, piping music over the desert air. Arias, Lieder, folksongs—he unsealed a magic song-source and gave forth rhythms and melodies that drew stone and steel to listen. The other whistler was forgotten. Sometimes the sounds surged upward sunlit and spiraling, rising higher than the prison wall, higher than the gun-turrets where the guards stood watch.

ONE DAY the music maker did not come. Horne decided to forego the mid-day meal at the mess hall; instead he sat on his narrow steel bunk, waiting. But through the open window only scraps of conversation broke in on him. Suddenly there was an inrush of the jarring whistle-wails! He leaped up, tense with anger, ready to smash the steel bars that admitted the piercing intrusion. But at that moment the sound broke off. From the yard below, clear as a fife, had come the other whistling—*his* whistling!

Täglich ging die wunderschöne Sultans Tochter . . .

The strains of "Der Asra" rose vibrant. *And the tormentor had stopped to hear!* Horne felt the other's listening, with his own—each in his cell, listening.

täglich stand der junge Sklave . . .

and in the repeating of

. . . bleich und bleicher—

low deep tones of mournful beauty.

Who was this sorcerer? Whence came his wellspring of song? Horne could see the young captive in "Der Asra" standing each evening by the fountain's white-flung waters where the sultan's daughter strolled, but he could not see the face which grew daily *pale and paler* for the love never to be his.

Music fluted into the prison air. In all the times of his listening he had not hung on such beauty. Sadness came over him, as of a tide unsurging.

The siren sounded for the afternoon work-shift. The music was gone.

As he trudged back to the machine shop, Horne thought of the jarring whistler, who had stopped to hear "Der Asra." And all the other times—the truth dawned—he had listened: *listened in his cell as I did, waited for him as I waited.*

Walking that evening in the long blue-denim chow line to the mess hall, he searched the faces of his fellow-prisoners from L Cellblock—the pale, the downheld, the still-lighted. That one, the repeater just shipped here from Terre Haute—hurt, hurting, face locked in sullen stone. The two behind him, kitchen workers—larking, bold-front faces. The escapee caught in his third try—boyish. mutinous, eyes burning with the get-even dream . . . Which face might be *his?* Who was he that could give out shrills so forbidding, yet listen to such beauty?

The whistler didn't come the next day, or the next. Had he fallen ill—been sent to the Hole? Had he been released—transferred to another prison? He could have been on that last bus load for Atlanta. Horne could get no clue. He inquired of the cellblock orderly and of other inmates, but they hadn't heard the whistling. Only the unknown disturber of his peace—only he had shared the secret . . .

That night, as he sat down to work, it came again—*She'll be comin' round the mountain*—in a weird, mutilated air. *O God, there it is!*—but he stopped, ashamed. He covered his eyes and listened. The whistling didn't sound the same. It wasn't quite so unsettling. He didn't feel the old anger. It doesn't matter, he spoke through the concrete and the steel. Brother, it doesn't matter. If only you could—you'd be whistling like him. I know you would. *I can almost hear you.*

* * * *

EMERGENCE OF THE AFRICAN PERSONALITY

SHIRLEY GRAHAM

Shirley Graham is a member of *Mainstream's* Editorial Board. She recently returned from a trip to Africa and Europe.

Grand Spirits of Ghana's Ancestors,
Drink!
Harken, grand Sires,
That God may know
That Ghana is up
To greet
And thank Him.
Great, Dependable God of our
Ancestors.

Creator of all, the secret
Of whose design no one can tell;
Whose origin inquisitive
Humanity has since creation
Sought without success to know,
Because no one can know.

Grandfather, Ever-beckoning
Grandfather,
To whom the young and old do call,
In joy we call upon Thee this
morning;
We crave in humility for grace;
We crave in humility for progress;
We crave in humility for good
fortune;
We crave in humility for long life.

Thou art the thumb
Without which no one can
Make a knot,

Ghana went into consultation,
We went and consulted the Old Lady;
And what did she say?
She bade us tell the world
Progress follows after change,
And Ghana must change
From incomplete independence
To become a fully-fledged Republic.

Whereupon the sons of Ghana
Went in search of a leader.
And when to the base
Of the Stool of Prosperit
We directed our staffs,
We were told
That good son Kwame Nkrumah
Is the courageous one
Who with humility
And the fear of God
And the nature of wisdom
Should come to rule the Republic.

First Son of a distant past
That had no creator,
If the Head of State has any power
Then it is the people's will
That has given it to him;
The same people's will can reclaim.

Our Great Ancestor,
A climber that climbs a good tree
Deserves our aid.
We pray Thee
Be the protector and guide
Of this our Head of State.
If we should wish him anything
We wish him long life;
If we should leave him anything
We leave him a stately walk.
Kwame, go gently!
Grant Spirits of our Ancestors,

Drink!
Give life to the sons of Ghana,
Give life to the Ghana-Guinea union,
Give life to the union of Africa!

With this chant, spoken in a language old when Homer wrote, the first President of the Republic of Ghana poured out fresh water from the river before the closed doors of Ghana's first assembled Parliament. As the drums carried these words out to the throng, the oldest and paramount Chief on the West Coast of Africa signaled his trumpeters. They lifted the curved horns to their lips and blew. The wide doors of the Chamber of Parliament swung open; the assemblage rose and the President walked slowly to his place. There was a hush as he stood before the Golden Chair of State and raised his hand. Then the governing body of the Republic of Ghana began its work.

Thus, a modern State, newly born from the pain and travail of a ravished land, paused on the threshold of its new estate and proclaimed itself Africa. Only a few years ago the many and diverse peoples of this continent refered to themselves as "Ashanti," "Nigerians," "Ethiopians," "Egyptians," "Algerians," "Zulu," etc. etc. etc. Today, even though nations must maintain themselves on a national basis, leaders everywhere throughout the continent are calling on their peoples to THINK AFRICA —SPEAK AFRICA—BE AFRICAN! This is the idea behind the startling facts which confront the world. In spite of frantic efforts being made by European and American press to confuse readers about what is happening in Africa, in spite of the sneers, innuendoes and barefaced lies broadcast concerning Premier Lumumba, President Nkrumah, Toure, Nasser and other African leaders, the world must be aware that the suddenness of simultaneous events transpiring all over the continent indicate some unprecedented and unified motivation. The emergence of the African Personality is that motivation.

The New Man of Africa does not think of himself as "young." Though he is alert to new ideas, is willing to accept new methods, new techniques of modern industrialization, is open to new concepts of human society, he nevertheless weighs everything in a scale of ancient standards and demands that every innovation be suitable for the needs of Africa, must be adapted to the ideals of Africa.

African unity is a major principle of the new constitution of the Republic of Ghana. Parliament is entrusted with the right, at any time that a union of African States becomes possible, to surrender the sovereignty of Ghana in whole or in part so that Ghana can merge with such

a union. A woman educator from Cairo, speaking at Accra's Cultura Centre listed the common problems which were facing all African state and emphasized that they could only be solved if all Africans are unite "The African Personality can be projected best through hard work, hig productivity, and solidarity."

Europeans brought a bastard civilization to West Africa. Names o places and peoples were obliterated. The ancient land of Ghana wa called "Elmina" (The Mine) by the Portuguese because of limitles amounts of gold found here. (This was before Columbus "discovered America). The Dutch drove away the Portuguese and called the regio the "Gold Coast" while other Dutch conquerors and emigrants seized an settled land farther south and took upon themselves the name "Africans (Afrikaans). Italy, France, Germany, Holland and always Great Britai cut out great slabs of Africa for themselves. Entire native peoples wer annihilated, decimated and driven into jungles and mountains; thos few allowed to remain were virtually enslaved and "westernized." Chris tian missionaries preceeding or accompanying gold and diamond hunte robbed the people of the last vestiges of self-respect. The religions o their fathers, customs of decent tribal life such as reverence for elder obedience to mothers, training of children and care for aged—all wa mocked and desecrated. Defeated, broken, subdued—children were shame into hiding their little bodies from the health-giving sun.

That's what the "natives" of the Belgian Congo were two short year ago, when at the World's Fair in Brussels Belgium displayed the craf of her "happy," and "contented" blacks!

In December, 1958 at the All African Peoples Conference the Africa Personality was launched! Slogans were raised: "African thought mu be respected!" "Keep our African names!" "United we stand, divide we fall!" "Africa unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains."

Today, in every walk of life evidences of this new stirring, of th new thought may be seen. It was Kwame Nkrumah who first dramaticall proclaimed the rise of the African Personality. Ghana is once mor Ghana. The white wigs and British-styled black robes and cravets hav disappeared from Ghana's governing assemblage and from Ghana's soci life. The President, members of Parliament and officials now wear ken cloth such as their fathers wore a thousand years ago. I can imagine n more beautiful garb then these brilliantly colored kente togas draped a fashion which was copied by the senators of ancient Greece. The tog is now worn throughout Ghana for all "dress" occasions. The folds o the toga hampers free movement for the manual worker. Therefore th man at work will wear a European style open shirt and slacks. But whe

Ghanian dresses for going out or receiving guests he dons the toga. Women also have adopted the garb formerly despised as being "native" and the brightly colored cottons are cut and worn with a flair which I predict will soon influence fashions in Paris and New York. One of the proposals put forward at the Conference of African Women which met in Accra in July, was that a certain cloth made from the bark of a tree in a small Nigeria village be widely recommended for making children's clothes. "It is extremely soft, wears well, washes beautifully and children love to wear it," explained one woman. Others told how the making of this cloth was a handicraft of this village handed down for many generations. It is a craft now almost disappeared since people are dressing their children in "store bought" materials. "But if we women organize we can encourage the women of this village to make the cloth in large quantities. Machines can be secured. The village will prosper and our children will wear their clothes proudly."

Here is the key: A resurgence of Pride! One senses this pride in the new architecture: buildings with perforated walls, tiers of glass, outdoor balconies with delicate spiral iron staircases, all open to the air and sun of Africa. Much of the construction would be classified as very "modern" yet it seems uterly indigenous to the surroundings.

I think of Ghana's National Museum which suggests the large circular compound, center of every African village, large enough for all to gather round the Chief and hear his counsel. But the circular roof of the Museum is not thatched. Through its glass center light floods the interior where encircling balconies are reached by wrought-iron staircases and extensions seem to merge with the green of foliage and shrubbery outside. The College of Technology in Kumasi, with its astonishingly well equipped laboratories, is laid out with a simplicity and understanding which satisfies the most esthetic taste and yet does not create a "foreign" atmosphere for the student who comes from the interior.

Education in Ghana under colonialism was primarily in the hands of churches or outside philanthropists such as founded and carried on Achimota, a very good secondary school. Later the University of London set up a college on the outskirts of Accra. The buildings are imposing. The central compound is a replice of Oxford with its gray granite towers, Gothic type windows and dark paneled halls. The story is told that when the college opened twenty years ago there were ninety professors (all Europeans) and nine (African) students!

Education is now being completely overhauled and organized by the Government of Ghana. School buildings are going up in every town crossroads. Yet there will not soon be enough schools and certainly

not enough teachers. The Minister of Education, Mr. J. Dowuona Hammond announced that the most important item in the country's educational program was the expansion of its secondary school system. Also, with the country entering the era of industrialization it was essential to ensure that sufficient technologists be available to meet future demands. "Hitherto technical teaching training has only been available overseas but from September this year training will be available in the Kumasi Technical Institute." Other points raised by the Minister included: The opening of an Institute of Languages in September, the establishment of a vocational guidance and selection service to guide boys and girls in middle school, the establishment of a rural science training centre which would include the teaching of agriculture. Several hundred students are being sent by the Government to medical colleges in Europe and America this September.

Shortly before we left Ghana the President announced the setting up of a committee to advise the Government on the future development of University Education in Ghana. Among the members of this Advisory Committee are Dr. Davidson Nicol, University College of Sierra-Leone, Dr. Horace Bond, Atlanta University, U.S.A., Professor J. D. Bernal, British Scientist, Professor Thomas Hodgkin, Institute of Islamic Studies and Professor N. S. Torocheshnikov of the Moscow Mendeleev Chemical Technical Institute.

The Convention People's Party which successfully brought the Republic of Ghana into being is a socialist party. Its anounced goal is complete socialism, its members are referred to as "Comrades." Speaking at the opening of the Hall of Trade Unions which took place July 10th the President of Ghana, who is Head of the CPP, said, "The Convention People's Party under whose protective wing is organized the Trade Union Congress the United Ghana Farmers' Council and the National Co-operative Council, is committed to fight for a social order in which man is freed from economic exploitation . . . Only when a just society worthy of man is built will our social order be so organized that men are freed from economic dangers and want, their lives guaranteed and the enjoyment of a full life opened up to them."

But the word "communalism" is used in Ghana rather than "communism" because socalism is explained as having its base in the old communal society of West Africa. The concept of private ownership of land or any of the wealth of the land is a concept brought into West Africa by European invaders. Capitalism is shown up as being something alien, foreign and imperialistic. "The land belongs to the people" is a slogan easily understood anywhere in Africa.

Within party gatherings or printed in Accra's "Evening News" the daily paper which is usually considered the official spokesman for the CPP, Ghana's Head of State is called Comrade Nkrumah. But the official title of President is Osagyefo Kwame Nkrumah. This is an African designation which is far more significant than "Your Excellency." It is not at all obsequious. It might be translated as "God-Sent," "Liberator" or "Redeemer." For ten years now Kwame Nkrumah has been the tireless leader of the masses of people in this country. His way has not been easy, but at his insistance and under his direction roads have been opened up, villages and towns united by water pipes and electric wires, new housing areas have been built, beautiful public buildings have been erected. The people have been given hope and vision for their children's future. As you see this man walk among his people you understand why they call him "Osagyefo." Even the Ashanti chiefs, once his bitterest foes, now give counsel, "Follow Osagyefo! He leads you well."

Here is the personification of the African Personality—resolute, strong, courageous, intelligent; a mind open and alert, a tongue which does not boast, a man who walks with dignity.

If we should wish him anything, We wish him long life;
If we should leave him anything, we leave him a stately walk.
Kwame, go gently!

SOLEMN CHANT FOR MANOLIS GLEZOS

HUBERT JUIN

The subject of this poem is a political prisoner in Greece. He is one of a growing number of progressives and Communists who have been exiled or jailed by the Greek government.

Great ships, silent at the gateway to the islands! Athens:
a ship with slackened sails,
the gods have deserted the byways of Delos, the roots of the
olive trees, the tufts of thyme,
All is at last silence!

(There are the shadows cast by a silent sun.)

The ring of rocks makes light and shadow of the sunlight,
and man tries out his heart's wings,
that flutter, then widen out as they soar into powerful flight,
scaling mountains, caressing the sea.

Manolis,
who walked through the abandoned thyme dreamed of gods only to
take issue with them,
thought of nothing but the bloody stains of broken pledges which
he found again on those thorny paths.
The ring of rocks are the exit and entrance of all space: within
that space man claws out his bitter fury,
in a cry as harsh as the leaden sky . . . and the birds cry out, too.

Manolis,
who came to the city covered with snow, in a luminous robe
that covered over an eagle, a whip, the lightning.
Manolis, the wonderful friend!

II

Oh Athens! Athens! Athens!
There's no beginning or end to this night made of your very bones,
nothing in all this raging wind that lays the sea bare,
nothing but the anguish of your oppressed red citizens. Your blood,
Athens,
has the strange color of a great abandoned bird.

Yes, we live in this shattered time when the leaf fights against
he tree, the darkness betrays the night, and there is nothing overhead
ut an iron sky which no longer can tolerate a man who stands on his
eet. These banners that bark in the hills at night are surely the curses
f the gods; they destroy men more surely than a hundred swords, a
housand needles. At the hour when the Halcyon chooses to seek
eath in the hollow of the waves, the iron gates turn on their hinges
nd man scratches the earth for sustenance for his hunger. Dawn no
onger exposes herself on these marble altars. The clouds make their
ests at the exact point where the sky is purest blue, and women's smiles
ade away among the anemones on the quays. Let us ring down silence on
his time—complete silence!

FIRST VOICE

n this country of stones turned upside down and of long,
sun-ripened thoughts,
he tree broods over its fruits, unmoving, a heavy-winged kite
frozen onto the rock of Aphrodite.

SECOND VOICE

And here come the ants carrying their forests of straws, the
first shavings of summer.
There are green hearts left here when the sea ebbs away. Theseus
again does combat.
n the twilight, look upon
ason going off in his red felucca, in pursuit of the sun. To believe
in Jason! Jason,
s a falcon of hope, the bloodstained gap that keeps the sky open
under the savage assaults of the night.
rom there, will come the man with his shoulders draped in purple.

FIRST VOICE

o we spent our subservient days. Aristides himself had
departed from Greece.
The rotted promises went mouldly in our barns, until one day,
a man,

THIRD VOICE

ason?

FIRST VOICE

No, a man like us, with his hands stained by work in the
fields and in the boats.

SECOND VOICE

He scaled the ramparts, borne on wings. A magnificent takeoff,
like a great bird, the length of this wall;
And there, with his fingernails caught in the melting stone,
he flung away the standard of darkness and brought
sunlight to the edges of the world.

THIRD VOICE

They came back.
They were silent.
And on that day, there was a long lament for the Athenians.

SECOND VOICE

But he clung to hope. The clouds and the rosebushes were no longe
visited by memories of the gibbet; the day of the whip was ended
the discarded standard floated on the sea and the dark blood
washed out of it,
as it fastened itself to the trident of the god of waters.
It was a gage, a promise!

FIRST VOICE

That was a day of glory for the Greeks who wept.

III

This is not the first time, oh people, that you have looked upon hop
It is not the first time, oh people, that you search the earth for hop
For hope in you is like the flock of sheep coming down the mountai
to quench the flames,
For hope in you is like the torrent that bursts the dams and wate
the planted grain
Hope is your very name, oh people, as familiar as a Sunday spent i
the country under the trees.

IV

Now the sea signals to me, with its merchant ships and its ships of
war and its furled sails slowly beating their wings,
The sea welcomes me with its incoming, with its lazy, unceasing
caress, so cruel, so tricked out in delusive raiment, in
so many disguises borrowed from the gods (after man had
subdued them).
For in the city squares, the hovels, the arsenals, the alleys in this town,
hope persists where the danger of death once built a dike, a rampart.

The priests are blind and make their prophecies from chickens' entrails
and from broken stones tossed up from the depths of the sea,
they say he is going to die, Glazos, that he is going to die.

But the gods of Greece have changed their aspect. The gods are the men
of today.
Borne by the sun, do you see, do you see Jason coming to the Hesperides!

Translated from the French by Lillian Lowenfels

SONG OF PEACE

WALTER LOWENFELS

Mr. Lowenfels' poems have been translated into many languages. This fall Knopf will publish a book on Whitman and the Civil War edited by Mr. Lowenfels.

For people to live long
for farmers to have plenty of milk
for fish never to dry up in the river
in my village or yours
I sing a song of peace

From the Sioux

Across the mountains and the beaches
I hear the cries of the children
laughing
leaping
running
They climb the sun ladder
they clean the clouds of danger
They make the earth
cleaner than it ever was.
In their multitudes
each one is a star
creating a world that can love.

For your child not to go pale
at seeing the Big Birds
nor tremble before soldiers
anytime it does something naughty
I sing a song of peace.

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* (Author's acknowledgements: The verses which form the refrain are from "A Song of Peace" by the Czech poet Vitêslaw Nezval (adapted from a literal translation by A. Krchmarek). Authors of poems translated directly from the originals are: Nicolàs Guillen, Cuba; Horace, Latin; Gabriel Mistral, Chile; Paul Eluard, France; "From the Sioux" is my own re-expression from "Amerindian Songs" by Mary Austin; Nazim Hikmet's poem from the Turkish is adapted from a French translation by Charles Dobzinsky; Lukonin's poem from the Russian is adapted from Jack Lindsay's translation; Tu Fu's poem is adapted from various versions in French, German and English; Itzik Fefer's Yiddish poem is adapted from a translation by Aaron Kurtz. The complete text is a re-arrangement from the limited edition of SONG OF PEACE, copyright 1959 by Walter Lowenfels and Anton Refregier.

From Nazim Hikmet

It's me knocking at your door—me
here just like before at all your doors.
If you can't see me don't get upset—
no one can. I'm a little girl that's dead.
I was here a dozen years back—remember?
I ran into death at Hiroshima.
I'm only a baby—just seven years old
but dead children don't grow any further.
First it was my hair that took fire.
My hands got all burned just like my eyes.
My body got turned into a handful of ash.
The wind blew me into a cloud in the sky.
I really don't want anything from you
for myself, nobody can sing me to sleep.
The baby that got burned up like a sheet of paper
won't be able to taste your candy, mister.
I'm knocking at your door—please hear me—
and promise to give me just one gift—
that you won't kill any more babies
who come knocking for candy at your door.

That the lilac of the sky
shouldn't change into
a parachute of the assassin—
I sing a song of peace

From Nicholas Guillen

Me too I'm crying
The hard salt crystals
my tears make
dissolve in my blood.
That way nobody sees me cry.
When my throat lets out a sigh
my little sigh of a philosophic animal
I bite my lips and my teeth.
I keep my mouth shut.
That way nobody can hear me.

Me too I am like you
o egoists o useless us.
Me too I am like you
flowing over with hate
filled with waves of venom.
But I'm afraid
it isn't possible
to start my song
with the salt from my tears
the rice from my napkin
the balance of my loss and gains
the cyanide they drop in my glass
I am not alone. There are others
they are there too. I come
from where there are others.
I go I come from
a land of sugar cane
and rifles
a land of nitrates
and rifles
a land of oil
and rifles
a land of slave drivers
and rifles
a land of coal
and rifles
a land of speeches
and rifles
a land of rifles
and rifles
The others are down there—far away.
I go. I come.
And when those who pass by question me
and ask me
tell us about your love for the girl
who threw you a flower
I answer those who pass by and tell them
Come along too
hurry—come along with me
because I hear the axe
falling on love.

For lovers to dance
and to love
and a mother to rock her child
in a cradle of her own,
I sing a song of peace.

From Tu Fu (Soldier's Love Letters)

SHE I'm humming our song for you
but I don't hear you join in.
I wish we were like birds
and could fly to each other.

Your ring warms my finger
but you have gone
to the neighborhood
of death.

I'm wiping the powder from my face—
the lipstick from my lips.
When will we go to the shore together again
and watch the tears dry on each other's cheeks?

HE I have your picture pinned up in my mind.
You smile just like you used to.
I wish we could be together
but you stay just a minute.
You don't have wings—
how do you fly off that way?
To marry a girl to a soldier
is a laugh—you might as well drown her

SHE I'm getting old just thinking about you.
Why do you have to prune roses in Kashgar?
Why don't you let the mothers of Nan Shan
pick their own plum trees?

How many years of bad news are ahead—
our men scattered to the winds?
What's left but to stay
inside our own four corners?

HE March, march and march again—
separated by 10,000 miles,
Will we ever be together again?
My shoes are hungry for our own streets.

A lead penny or a pebble
outlasts any of us.
What does anybody own but a decent name?
We're all brothers and sisters
each a branch of the same tree
borne from the same roots . . .

That Paris, Prague, Rome
shouldn't be chilled
by a wind from Bikini
into a Pompei, and New York
not rise in flight to the mountains
I sing a song of peace

From Horace

Don't you see, Pyrrhus, how dangerous
it is to try and steal
her cubs from the African lion?
It won't be long before you'll have to
pull out your broken spears
from this ten to one match.
All the time she is chewing up your young men
and your brass hats are claiming the prize
saying Nearchus belongs not to her but to them—
all the time you are shooting your steel bows
she is sharpening her teeth and when you scorn her
and get careless and think it's in the bag
she leaps at your throat and, Pyrrhus, that's it.

For the fisherman's adventure
for the bright berries of children's eyes
for the magic mirror of unexpected birds
and swallows chirping in the eaves
I sing a song of peace

From Gabriela Mistral

It costs us women nothing to decide in favor of peace.

our mouths were shaped for it, for it alone.
We cannot be either the Furies or the Gorgon.
We must day by day care for the young—
tomorrow's scientists, inventors and artists.
nead is an epoch rich in creation and happiness. We build for
today and for all the days to come. Let everyone be the
faithful child of Peace—Our Divine Mother.

For Geneva with her eyes over the lake
that she won't be overdressed
like a pawnbroker's wife with pawned
clothes
I sing a song of peace

om Horace

O brothers
e my scars, my sins, my shame!
(Horace said it 2,000 years ago . . .)
nave cause to fear the regions of the dawn
and the red blood of eastern shores
Vhat have I done to keep our young men at home?
Vhat steel comes from what new forges
to teach us not to blunt our swords
against the Arabs and the Asians?
nd you, Elders of Washington, what Arabian
treasurers do you eye?
Vhat chains are you preparing for the Egyptians?
Among the native girls of the Islands
nich one will serve you
after you have machine-gunned her sweetheart
become conquerors of the world?
O Pioneers
no held promises of better things.

For the fiery freshness of Rhine wines
for the blue wave of the waltz
for the people singing in Vienna
where the city smiles
from her umbrella of cherry blossoms
I sing a song of peace

From M. Lukonin

In the hospital we lay still
staring at the floor boards
"What day's today?"
"Saturday. Why?"
"It's twenty days then
since I went blind."
Nurses brought our dinner
held spoons
We were fed.

"Listen, my friend,
be happy about her.
Your love won't end."
I sat up, pillow-propped, quietly,
while the soup-drop chilled on the blanketed bed
The eyeless tankman who envied me
talked of his sight
twenty days gone
and talked of his girl,
talked on and on
"If only you could write her for me."
"I?"
"Well, haven't you hands?"
"But I can't."
"That's not so."
"The words won't be right."
"I'll tell them."
"I've never yet loved . . ."
"Then it's time:
I'll tell you what to say. Now write."
I took up the pen
and he told me, "My own."
I wrote it. He added
"Consider me dead."
"I'm alive," I wrote, and he said
"Don't expect me."
And I, in the cause of the whole truth, wrote down,
"Expect me, my darling, directly."
He said, "I'll never return."

I wrote, "I'm coming soon."
Ier letters answered, He sang and he wept.
Ie held her letters to eyes with no light.
Now the whole ward kept pleading with me:
"Write!"
You can see: why not do it?"
Write . . .
Write so everyone can see and read."
"I can't."
"But you can."
"What words will tell it?"
Live, live—the word is—live!
"What else do you need?"

For the little ants of London
gay as the market fair
to sing out in Hyde Park
"London Bridge is falling down."
For trumpets and parades
and for a different victor
changing rivers
making old centuries travel
faster than they ever did
I sing a song of peace.

rom Itzik Fefer

o Death, said the enemy
nd we said, *To Life!*
Iew life stirred in us
new pride.
o Death beat his bullets,
echayim, earth cried
ter the holocaust—
ursting in bloom.
o Life, greetings fly
field salutes field
echayim, my brother, heroes gather
nd fraternize.
he sun fills up
e earth's green cup
echayim! Lechayim!
To Life!

For the Sunday Gardener
planting bulbs in December—
for the courtyard of the new co-op
where human shoulders carted
hundreds and thousands of loads
I sing a song of peace.

From Paul Eluard

on my school desk on treetops
I write your name.
On all pages
anyone ever read
on all white pages
made of stone
blood
paper
or cinders
I write your name.
On jungles
on deserts
on eagle's nests
on echoes of my childhood
I write your name.

On the marvels of night
on the day's white bread
on seasons that love each other
I write your name.
On my faded-blue rags
on the musty pool of the sun
on the living lake of the moon
I write your name.

On fields across the horizon
on wings of birds
On shadows behind the mill
I write your name.
On every puff of dawn
on the sea on ships
On crazy mountain tops
I write your name.
On the beaten-up eggwhite of clouds

on the sweat of storms
on the washed-out spurts of the rain
I write your name.

each bright shape
on bells full of colors
on truth's own flesh
I write your name.

footpaths that wake up
on highways that branch out
on public squares that are flowing over
I write your name.

the newly lighted lamp
on the burnt-out lamp
on every house I ever lived in
I write your name.

that fruit cut in half
my bedroom mirror and my bedroom
on the empty shell of my bed
I write your name.

my greedy and affectionate dog
on his perked-up ears
and his limp awkward paw
I write your name.

the springboard of my door
on every common object
on the top flame of the fire
I write your name.

on my friends' foreheads
each body I love
on every outstretched hand
I write your name.

the window pane we never expected
on lips that wait
way above silence

I write your name.

On absence without loving
on loneliness behind bars
on the stairway to death
I write your name.

On health won back
on danger passed
on baseless hope
I write your name.
And by the weight of one word
I start my life over again
I was born to know you
and call you by your name
P E A C E !

From Water Lowenfels
Beyond the eagle wing an eagle flies
above the mountain crag a mountain thrusts,
beyond the tree line and the snow that dusts
in whirligigs we race into the skies,
hit out in spurts, jet for the endless rise
beyond the mand-made orbits under us,
sweep outward where tomorrow's rockets rush
to meet the suns and moons men organize . . .
in rows and rows of unborn from the earth.
I thought I saw them clear of strontium.
I thought I heard them, children of all lands
pleading with us, the lovers, for their birth
I thought I saw them—children of this sun—
or was it dreaming? lifting up their hands

for the flower that a woman
bends into her hair
for the yellow gosling to toddle
into the road
for old men to sun themselves
for tomorrow's children
who see further than all
the seers dreamed—
I sing a song of peace.

A READER WRITES . . .

October 1960

Dear Friends,

I've been telling everyone how much I've enjoyed the September issue of *Mainstream.* One friend said, why don't you write and let them know. A sensible idea.

For the first time in too, too long, I've felt a real deep satisfaction, and pride, in reading our magazine. It's on my level, it's humane, related to people and material that has real meaning for me.

It gives me something to chew over, and something I can talk about in my office, with people who are affected by and have to deal with the problems and situations the articles deal with.

I'm looking forward to the next issue.

Sincerely,

A FRIEND

Readers are invited to write to *Mainstream* to let us know what in the gazine they like or don't like and why. Readers are also urged to tell their nds about *Mainstream.* We need your support to make it an even better gazine.

INTERVIEW WITH PABLO NERUDA

JOHN PITTMAN

Mr. Pittman is Moscow correspondent for *The Worker.*

PABLO NERUDA sat beside the big desk in his Hotel National sui and looked out across Menage Square toward the Kremlin walls. Th morning sun was unusually warm for the middle of May, and mar Muscovites hurried along the streets in shirt-sleeves.

The poet seemed completely relaxed. Perhaps it was the let-dov after long hours spent, as an active member of the International Len Prize Committee, in choosing the five individuals in all the world wh did most to promote peace in 1959. His manner, cordial and easy, wi but a slight trace of reserve, invited conversation.

"What news of my work?" He folded his hands across a knee. have just finished a new book—*Peoples of the Caribbean.* It is about th struggle against dictatorship and imperialism. It will be published Cuba this month or in June."

For more than a decade the Chilean poet whom millions of Lat Americans revere as a champion of their cause, and whom tens of m lions of readers throughout the world consider to be the greatest livi poet writing in the Spanish language, found only one publisher in th United States!*

"I may say," he continued, "that during this entire period my rel tions with the public and readers in the United States have been goo I have received many letters from students and others."

Neruda contends that in the past the poet has been forced to diss ciate himself from the struggles of the people. This was true in gener but of course there were exceptions. He named Brecht, Aragon, Alber and Hikmet—"all political poets, not simply lyrical"—and Walt Wh man, "the traditional rebel."

"But capitalism's pressure dictated that poets should keep away fr ideas about man's fate. And in a certain way it has succeeded. Anti-ratio poetry has been the result.

"At the root of the problem is the same thing that occurs in oth arts, in society, and in matter itself. It is the dispute between reason a non-reason, between future and past. Poetry has not escaped this fa

* *Let the Rail Splitter Awake and Other Poems,* Mainstream Publishers, 832 Broadway, N

"Yet, concern for the people is a duty of the poet."

Neruda is 56 and balding. A slight paunch enhances the solidity f his stocky figure. But the years since the fascist intervention in Spain ave not dulled his hatred and contempt for rulers who betray and rob heir people, nor lessened his personal identification with those who ght treachery and exploitation.

"The most important thing for us in Latin America is to overthrow ertain dictatorships," he declared. "And for that reason the Cuban evolution is the most significant development in half a century.

"The usual thing was that when a dictator fell, the militarists took ver. But in Cuba, Fidel Castro did quite another thing. Castro's move- ient has set itself the task of land reform.

"This reform of lands and wages are very elemental needs for all ie countries of Latin America. And most governments, in order to win lections, promise reform, but as soon as they are elected they change.

"The systematic spread of calumnies against Fidel Castro by the ionopolists reveals their great fear of these reforms and the influence f their example for other Latin American states. They hope to swallow astro, beard and all."

Neruda had risen while saying this, and had started pacing back and orth across the room. From time to time he lapsed into Spanish, but uickly repeated himself in English.

"Will it happen in Cuba as it happened in Guatemala?" he said. Everyone is asking that question. I do not think so. I am very optimistic bout this. I think the Guatemalan incident was a tremendous blunder n the part of the interventionists.

"I don't think they will dare intervene in Cuba. The reaction of all atin Americans will be very great."

All these ideas, Neruda believes, are subject-matter for the poet. He eclares that Latin Americans are "very sensitive" to poetry, just as other eoples are sensitive to other forms of art.

"In my country I am always reading my poems to people. I can say iere is not one important town in Chile where I have not read my oems. I have been in mines, factories and farms. The people are also ery sensitive to international events. When I finish telling them about hat is happening in the world, they stay, asking to hear poems. And ven though I am very tired, they ask for more. On my last birthday, fteen thousand people listened for three hours."

One may believe Neruda can also hold an audience with an analysis world events. For years he was a member of his country's diplomatic rps, serving in India, the former Dutch East Indies that are now

Indonesia, Spain, France, Argentina and Mexico. During the Popul Front period in Chile, he was elected and served in that country's Senat

He has wide knowledge and great interest in the literature of t United States, and real respect for a number of United States writers.

"You have many good novelists," he said. "And the last generatio of your poets is very busy with the problems of all mankind. They hav returned to the great tradition of grappling with the question of man fate."

For S. Vincent Benet and Edgar Lee Masters he has high esteem He says Langston Hughes is very well known in Latin America. He con siders Carl Sandburg "a great poet."

"Yes, I knew Mike Gold at a writer's congress in Paris when Barbuss was alive. I am happy that his friends in California are giving a testimoni event for him. Send him many, many greetings from me, and say tha I hope to see him again in a writers' congress as large as that one."

Neruda hopes the cold war will end soon and that "I will be abl to come to New York and see my old friends." During World War I in 1943, he read his poem, "Stalingrad," at the Pan-American Union i Washington.

Later, when he sought a visa, the State Department asked him i anyone in Latin America knew him! Other Latin Americans seekin visas have been told by the State Department, "You have been seen at reception with Neruda," or "Your car has been seen twice at the door o Neruda's house."

"What is the meaning of that?" Neruda asks. "Even my sister, wh has no political activities whatsoever, was refused a visa. I am a patrio of the three Americas, and the thought that I cannot even apply for visa to the United States is preposterous.

"I would like to meet North American writers—all of them, not t pass resolutions, but to talk about our problems. Perhaps in Cuba, i Mexico. But why not in New York?"

It is a rhetorical question to which Neruda has the answer. He i confident a time will come when artists and intellectuals will be able t meet and talk things over. But this can not take place until internationa tensions are relaxed and the Cold War atmosphere in America dispelle

Right Face

ut of Season

Brig. Gen. John Ondrick, United States civil administrator, expressed rofound regret" over the fatal shooting of a 55-year-old Okinawan oman by a United States Marine sergeant who mistook her for a wild ar.—*UPI* dispatch.

lf-Defense

A 68-year-old former Nazi officer told a court that he ordered 300 ws in the Ukraine shot in 1942 because he feared reprisals against him-f and his family.

Alois Huelsduenker, chief of the security police outpost at Berdichev the Ukraine, said he had been ordered to liquidate the Jews in the np. He is charged with murdering them.

"It was terrible for me," he told the court. "I knew I was participat-g in a crime, but in my anguish I thought of my wife and six children home.

"If I had refused to execute the order, I would have been put before pecial court myself and sentenced to death by shooting."—*Reuters* dis-ch.

evlon Slide Rule

Ninth grade youths of today are as mature as eleventh and twelfth ders of twenty years ago, as measured by lipstick.

This facet of modern life was disclosed at the twenty-fifth anniversary eting of the Society for Research in Child Development by Dr. Mary ver Jones, Professor of Education, University of California at Berkeley. The *New York Times.*

fety in Numbers

The entire village of Byans-sur-Doubs, France, is under suspicion in murder of Henri Jeanneret, owner of the local aluminum factory, ac-ding to Le Progres of Lyons, as reported by NANA.

All citizens have acknowledged to detectives that they despised the n. When Jeanneret insisted on running for the Municipal Council, received only eight votes out of 253.—The *New York Times.*

Turn About

A complaint about the city's housekeeping was voiced yesterday i Housing Court by Mrs. Auguste Redman, frequently convicted owner numerous dilapidated tenements. She said she had been bitten by be bugs and terrified by rats in the Women's House of Detention while ser ing a sentence for building violations last May.

Rather than return there, Mrs. Redman paid $300 in fines for viol tions in a tenement she owns at 127 East 123rd Street. Previous convi tions were for, among other things, permitting rat infestation and unsan tary and overcrowded conditions in her buildings.—The *New York Time*

Give to the Mainstream
Fund Drive

books in review

rave and Honest

IE FEAR MAKERS, by Wilfrid Schilling. Doubleday, New York. 1960. $3.95.

HIS is a brave and honest novel by an anti-Nazi German who has n driven out of West Germany be-se of the rising tide of Nazi power l influence there. Wilfrid Schilling tes of Alfred Link, a German jour-ist who worked in the German lerground assisting the French in nding up key Nazis after the war. k suddenly finds himself in 1956, ven years later, arrested and put in son, having been charged with rob-y and assault. These charges have n lodged against him by the Nazis t he'd helped to apprehend; one them, a former S.S. officer, accuses n of stealing his gold watch and ting him up in 1945; another, a centration camp "doctor" blames k for the loss of his accordion, two ewriters and other precious belong-s at that time. The charges are pre-ed to him in legal language, for, Schilling writes:

> They wish they could go faster, they still have to watch their step it. Just wait, though, till they can ly do what they want, that'll be the . They're now the legal represen-ves of a sovereign and independent nocratic' Germany, their external nies have their eyes on other things either don't notice what's going or will tolerate anything in their allies. After all the Nazis have plenty of experience in the under-ing of democracies . . .

As Link sits isolated in his prison cell, he thinks back to the years when the men who are now back in power were on the run. The French occupation forces had come, and with the help of Link, had found the S.S. officer hidden on the top stairs of his house. The French officers all pounced on him, whirling him about and hitting him. Link watches but does not take part. He turns away in repulsion: "I'd feel contaminated if I merely touched his body, his skin; still, I hate this man as much as they do." The novel is permeated with this understanding of *righteous* violence in regard to the treatment of the Germans, in contrast to some of the contemporary novels (Del Castilio's "A Child of our Time") and films ("The Young Lions") which treat fascists with an ambivalent attitude comprised of both hate and pseudo understanding. Another aspect of Schilling's attitude, as depicted through Link, is brought out through these flashback sequences. It is his hatred of moral compromise at any time, of sacrificing means to ends. This is shown in his relationship to the French officer Perrier, a fighter in the International Brigade in Spain who was wounded there and later, in 1940 captured by the Germans. Marked for special attention in the concentration camp as a Jew, he suffered a broken arm, broken ribs and poor health, and the loss of his teeth. Perrier picks up the wife of a Nazi party secretary and has relations with her in the room he shares with Link. Link is filled with anger and

disgust with this. In a furious exchange with Perrier the next morning, he says: "I tell you, Antoine, the bed is the Nazis last great weapon, their secret weapon; and they'll make good use of it. We'll see that one day when they'll all wriggle back into politics through bedroom doors . . . You're a good soldier, but too dim to grasp this sort of thing."

The most moving of these sequences deal with the reactions of Link and the French officer, Delcassé, on the day that an exhumation squad of German prisoners is brought to a concentration camp. It is raining heavily and the day is gray:

Alfred passed his hand incredulously over his eyes; there was a hand sticking out of the earth, emaciated, crusted over with soil, clenched into a fist. The man this had belonged to had died in a gesture of hatred against his murderers. Delcassé turned his head towards ex-*Kreisleiter* Reischach, gazed at him with sorrowful eyes, and said in a low voice: 'C'est a cause de vous, ca?' . . . Alfred felt his knees beginning to sag, a sour nausea coming over his whole body, but he could not take his eyes off the clay-encrusted hand. He would have liked to get a cigarette out and light it, but found himself incapable of the necessary movements. It was as if his limbs were paralysed, and he wondered when he would drop to the ground . . .

These are the reactions of deeply feeling human beings. Hemingway, in his description of war, conveyed much of the same feeling in a more terse and beautifully stylized way. But I prefer Schilling's way: it is the way of a man who wants to come to grips with his feelings, so that he can continue to function in the world in behalf of what he loves and against what he hates. He wants it all out in the open, the ugliness revealed; a Hemingway stifles it within himself, unable to contend with it.

Again and again, as he sits in his cell trying to understand what has h pened, Link thinks of the steady de of West Germany underneath the d ocratic facade that has been erected. sees ants—"quietly and busily nibbl away"—at the existing democratic titutions. And he asks: "Do peo outside Germany have any inkling ab the activities of the greedy ants? T don't, and they're not meant to . . He agrees with a fellow-prisoner w describes Germany as a "tie-up betw reactionaries, profiteers and hum throat-killers who get the blessing the Church." He constantly descri the arrogance of the Germans, th righteous nationalism, their inability see themselves in the wrong. There always others to blame and first on list are the Jews: " . . . the stri pullers in the new republic have v different views, their anti-Semitism is refined sort, but it's strong as e or even stronger, because Jews blamed for Germany's defeat . . .'

In 1956 the French and the Engl were in Egypt, and the uprising taking place in Hungary. In an astou ing passage Schilling describes the G man expectation of war, and th adoption to it. In its unreality tow the finality of nuclear war, in its gre self-centeredness, could not this pass describe the American attitude as w

(The warder Grimm has sent wife to buy ten pounds of butter hoard.)

An iron ration of ten pounds rendered-down butter will stand in cellar and never be touched by th who put it there. Even the rats w get it because they'll be vaporised and so will the butter. For the mom I sit here in my peaceful cell, wh outside Meier and Muller and Schu and their wives are dancing around golden calf, waiting for war—and pounds of butter. They no longer m love. At nights they sit in bed listen

the radio, waiting for the bulletin
ey know is bound to come one day:
t two-fifty this morning a hydrogen
mb was dropped on X by a plane of
known nationality. Be prepared to
ke shelter, take all possible precau-
ns against radioactive dust . . .

A fine sequence in the novel comes
ar the end, when Link is lying in
s cell, desparing of hope. He experi-
ces a dream in which he is being
ased by the public prosecutor, and
en by black birds. He runs toward
e station, and the train is moving
ay. He tries to catch it but fails. This
rt of the dream is common among
ugees who fear they will not return
their own country again before they
. Throughout the book there are
k's wistful thoughts and yearning
go to Switzerland, where he feels he
ll find real democracy. And it is
leed true: Link is a refugee in his
n country, a democrat in an author-
ian society where the lone honest
ce is considered the voice of a fool.
the train moves away, a figure calls
him from the window of the train
Perrier, who shouts: ". . . You've
the plague here, you'll always have
plague here . . ." He walks through
station and sees a beautiful red-
red woman with painted mouth who
les at him. He starts to walk away,
hears the clattering of high-heeled
es behind him. The redhead follows
, and he turns to see her walking
suously toward him. She comes up
him, smiling, and tells him there
no plague here. He replies, "Even
I'd like to get away, get away . . ."
invites him in her car, and they
e away. He says:

What's the town called?

Don't you know, my sweet? Sodom.

he remarks on how amazing it is
it was almost destroyed and is now
pletely reconstructed. She is mar-
ried, to a rich barrister who became wealthy by tricking a Jew. She tries to seduce him, and he opens the door of the car to get out, dropping onto the pavement.

When he awakens, Link analyzes the dream. He decides that it is quite possibly Miss Germany 1956 he has been dreaming about, and writes to himself: "One must look the enemy in the eyes even if he has a thousand eyes."

While the ending of the book is not entirely negative, Schilling clearly holds little hope for West Germany. He is strongly anti-Communist, although one of the characters in the book, a prisoner, does say: "I'm a capitalist, so you may be surprised to hear me praising a Communist government, but at least the Nazis can't get going again in East Germany."

His political views do not seem to entirely stem from actual experience, but seem based more on his own philosophical and religious attitude (Link is a Catholic). There is some weakness in characterization—some of the prisoners emerge as shadowy representations of human beings, and Link's wife is depicted sentimentally and without objectivity.

But there is no doubt about Schilling's experiences with a renazified West Germany. In his depiction of them, he has produced a novel of considerable political significance and artistic integrity.

DAVID EVANIER

Indispensable Artist

PHILIP EVERGOOD, by John I. H. Bauer. Frederick A. Prager, New York. $7.50.

THE retrospective exhibition of Philip Evergood's paintings, presented at

the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York during April-May, 1960, was reviewed extensively by Alice Dunham in Mainstream last June. But Evergood's stature as an artist justifies the addition of some comments to Alice Dunham's perceptive and appreciative account, and the occasion for this comes with the publication as a hard-cover book of the exhibition catalogue. It includes ninety-one reproductions, of which sixteen are in full color, and an essay by John I. H. Bauer which quotes copiously from the artist on his life and work. And so it helps round out the exhibition, which at the Whitney had seventy-two paintings, and in its travels to various museums over the country has fifty. Even what the book reproduces however is only a part of Evergood's work, and still valuable is the book prepared by the ACA Gallery in 1946, which has some of the artist's powerful anti-fascist paintings not included here, with an excellent essay by Oliver Larkin.

Both the exhibition and the book have special importance because, in affirming Evergood's greatness, they also confirm some basic principles of art that are not very popular today in either painting or critical circles. Never, in the course of his career, has Evergood concerned himself with the clamor of theories protesting that this or that kind of subject matter is improper for painting, or that art must confine itself to certain arbitrary principles of decorative design, or that in order to "express himself" the artist must dig a hole and pull its walls in after him. Never has he been concerned with the fact that his searching critical examination of American society would be derisively termed "propoganda" by the aesthetes, and would also excite antipathy among the powerful social strata interested i hushing up the very matters he mad public; strata that exercises a conside able influence on the sales and exhibi of an artist's work. In contradiction t the proclamation so widely repeated i art circles today that a painter shoul properly be interested only in th "act of painting," to Evergood the a has value only in that it enables hi to speak everything in his heart an mind. And so a truth is reaffirme which the whole history of art reveal One half of it is that the artist "e presses himself". The other half is th the art grows in stature precisely the "self" of the artist grows to e compass the trials and fortunes of h fellow men, and the recognition of th conflicts that make him one with them

Evergood stands with the few ve best American painters of our time n because he has intrinsic gifts superi to most others, but because of the u he has made of these gifts. Nobody h been so deeply involved as he, bo as human being and painter, with th great storms and crises at the center the nation's history for more tha thirty years. His sweep of subject ma ter embraces the hardships of mill an mine workers, the police brutaliti with which corporations crush th workers' trade unions (as in the pain ing *American Tragedy* depicting th massacre on Memorial Day, 1937), th despair of the jobless and homeless, th world struggles against fascism, the ho rors of war and the yearning for peac Satirized are the war mongers, t militarists, and all who profit fro others' misery. Of course a host of oth themes, personal, satiric, gentle a whimsical, enter his art. But the b social statements are the strong pilla of his work, about which the oth

emes drape themselves. They represent e greatest challenges, and almost ways he has risen to them with his tistic powers, found his imagination ndled by them, and produced an tistic triumph.

It is a commonplace today to say that an artist takes up such social themes, must do so "artistically"; that is, rough the plastic use of the tools his art, like line, color harmonies, atial arrangement, and rhythm. But e modern exaltation of this aspect of tends to make it into a restriction on the artist, as if these special qual-es of the tools of the trade formed kind of mold into which real-life bject matter could only be forced th difficulty. Properly seen—and this disclosed by the varied production of in 10,000 years of history—these eans of expression are not a restric-n but a liberation. Their possibilities limitless. They are the means through ich the artist, reacting to the outer rld, involves himself with what he rtrays as an observing, thinking and eling human being, and also lays nds upon his audience, evoking its n innumerable experiences and mem-es. Alice Dunham's review showed th great insight how differently are expressive means that Evergood s, as varied themes occupy his mind. That John I. H. Bauer, in his cat-gue essay, suffers from this putting the technical cart before the horse, y be seen in his comments on the nting of the Memorial Day 1937 ssacre, *American Tragedy*:

"The defiant worker protecting his gnant wife, the fragile straw bonnet ut to be trodden in the dust, the tal faces of the police, the pathetic s of the fallen strikers, push the picture perilously close to the boundary between art and propoganda. It is saved not only by the quality of the painting —the strong, harsh drawing, the vibrating design—but also, paradoxically, by the very violence of the conception, which raises the picture to a symbol of tragic social strife rather than a comment on a specific instance of it. Nevertheless, there is still an artistic danger involved in a symbolism that deals so exclusively in black and white values. Like *East Lynne* and other morality plays of a past era, it must face the prospect of a different reception when the passions which inspired it have cooled and the social problem it dealt with has changed."

It would, I think, raise Mr. Bauer's stature as a critic if along with his understanding of technical matters he would as an American show some concern over the fact that such terrible things happened in the life of his country. I am not saying that Mr. Bauer lacks this concern; I am only protesting the hideous atmosphere which practically forces a critic to inspect an art work, shaped out of a crisis of his country's history, as if he were a museum curator examining a piece of jewelry dug out of an antique tomb. As a result, crucial qualities of art itself are forgotten; the fact for example that great art does not merely reflect the world, but through the illumination it brings to people's minds, also changes the world. When, as Bauer says, the "social problem has changed," it will be recognized that Evergood's work, along with that of other American writers and artists, helped bring about the change. Far from then becoming a faded painting, the probability is that *American Tragedy* will be the more honored. Instead of bringing up the sentimental melodrama *East Lynne,*

which never had the courage and fierce truth to life of the Evergood painting, Bauer might have thought of Goya's great painting, *The Firing Squad —May 3, 1808.* Here too the painting is inspired by a specific event, and the moral contrast of the contending forces is made absolutely sharp, because the event—the shooting of Spanish guerillas by the French invaders—did not admit of any ifs and buts to one who prized humanity. And the painting has lasted a long time. But the result of Bauer's point of view is that although he writes with warm, discerning appreciation of Evergood, he misses a central aspect of Evergood's greatness. It is that while a host of painters are doing work that is a precious adornment of American life, Evergood is one of the few about whom it can be said that they are absolutely indispensable to America.

No one could properly say that Evergood's way is the only way for an artist, and that his style should be followed and taken up by others. In our time, as many different styles rub elbows with one another as may be found in the entire succession of changes in the history of art, and important contributions can come from quite different approaches. Certainly largely missing from Evergood's art is the heritage of the opening up of the senses in direct response to nature. Missing is also what may be called the "classic" tradition, stemming from the ancient Greeks and the Italian Renaissance painters, and taken up by a series of great artists since, which treated the human body with such monumentality, sweetness and strength, disclosing its grand and unlimited potentialities. Yet we must also add that behind such "classic" art, there was generally a social situation which affirmed in real life this opening up of grand possibilities growth and freedom.

The tradition which Evergood dra upon has also played a powerful r in cultural history. It is for examp that of the sculpture which appeared a time when European medieval was reaching a crisis, and the ea 16th century painting like that of M thias Grunewald and Hans Baldu Grun in Germany, Hieronymus Bos in Flanders. These artists are unspari in their disclosure of the horrors of time. The human bodies they depict shrunken, marked and scarred by blows of life. They use distortion the intensified emotional impact brings. They renounce the delights nature and turn to symbol and fanta And in this art there also appear deep subjective anguish, and a fie protest against the oppressive forces social life, as in the painting, *The H Wagon* by Bosch, which shows kin popes, ministers and aristocrats be dragged off to Hell.

Evergood has found this tradit congenial to him, not in any backw looking sense, but because it correspo to the sensitivity he feels to our o times, with the laceration of body a spirit they have brought. One of keenest of observers of contempor life, he is also a subjective artist w takes the images wrenched from into the inner world of his own mi twisting and turning them to con the hot emotions boiling within h But what stirs these emotions is the flagging consciousness of the forces humanity at war with those of self ness, cruelty and destruction. It is alm superfluous to add the fact that he "partisan," for once the issues are s what choice is there?

SIDNEY FINKELST

nachronism

HE DECLINE OF AMERICAN COMMUNISM, by David A. Shannon. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1959.

MR. Shannon's thesis may be summarized briefly: The CP, strong d powerful in 1945, declined to pol-cal insignificance by 1959 because it s not Left, but East. The Party, a lling instrument of Soviet foreign licy, alienated itself from groups which uld have given it potential support. e source of its isolation was the sic Communist decision to follow viet policy after the Grand Alliance solved in late 1945.

The charge is a familiar one, long roted by American reactionaries. But ofessor Shannon presents a new twist. purports to write as a liberal and ti-reactionary thinker. He gives the pression that he is presenting an jective evaluation of the development American communism since 1945. amined cursorily, his work appears succeed in using the tools of the torical profession.

The fallacy in Shannon's thesis is, wever, derived from his ideological look. Shannon starts his narrative by luating the expulsion of Earl Browder m the American CP. Shannon sees s decision as a move by the Party form itself in the image of Moscow's v line. The Communist Party's step k to a Marxist policy, repudiating ss collaboration and recognizing the lity of American imperialism, is for nnon a turn to Soviet interests as the nerican people went in the other ection. Because he believes that nerican imperialism was (and is) a ment of the Party's imagination, nnon treats all policies of the CP U.S.A. as synthetic attempts to prove a conspiracy of capitalism against the Soviet Union. What Shannon actually does, however, is to apply the conspiracy theory of history to the Communist movement in the United States.

Let us examine how Professor Shannon's bias prohibits a realistic examination of the merit or lack of merit of particular CP policies, in this case, the Negro question. Shannon starts by informing his readers of the achievements made in the Negro's fight for equality since 1945, and he states incorrectly that the Communists ". . . contributed almost nothing to the winning of these achievements." Mr. Shannon does not mention the limited nature of the gains, token integration since the 1954 court decision, the lack of an effective Congressional civil rights bill, the many counties of Negro majority where still not one Negro may vote. Nevertheless, Shannon contradicts himself and notes that ". . . the party fought vigorously when too many Americans sat complacently on their hands and clucked disapproval."

Dr. Shannon sees only a noxious influence played by the Party. Thus, the Party's concern for Negro freedom is made to "capitalize on tragedy," to inflate injustice and thus attack America while gaining Negro support. Hence the Party ". . . made difficult the resolution of cases by its very presence and thereby added the 'Red issue' to the Negro's burden . . ." In one sentence Dr. Shannon claims that violations of civil rights would have been undetected had the Party not fought. In the following sentence he continues to say that this very fight hurt the resolution of these cases. Dr. Shannon says, in effect, that the Party did a good job but had no right to do it. And who, may we

ask, adds the "Red-issue"? Not the Communist Party. The Red issue is used solely as a means to obstruct the fight for freedom and equality, as Eastland uses it today. No amount of red-baiting by liberals has stopped reactionaries from accusing them of Communism. In many southern states, it is both the NAACP and the Communist Party which are on state "subversive lists." Reverend Shuttlesworth was correct when he advised Americans not to ". . . let super-patriots who are so abjectly biased and stupid point out whom we should work with, talk with, associate with." (*National Guardian*, March 21, 1960) That Dr. Shannon does not yet understand this is evidence of the backward nature of American "liberal" ideology.

Dr. Shannon's faith in the progressive nature of capitalist justice blinds his examination of the Cold War "espionage" cases. "There is," he states, "overwhelming evidence of espionage or sabotage in the service of the Soviet Union." Alger Hiss, the Rosenbergs and others were all Soviet agents. The evidence? Shannon writes that the FBI cannot reveal all it knows, or its sources would be jeopardized. But, he continues, J. Edgar Hoover has said such espionage is increasing. Thus, according to Shannon, the Communist Party is obviously a recruiting agency for espionage. "Whittaker Chambers and the Rosenbergs went into espionage work directly from the party." Dr. Shannon sums up his "liberal" outlook in one revealing paragraph. "There is," he writes, "no documentation in the public record of a direct connection between the party and espionage in the postwar period, but such a connection may well have existed. In view of the party's ideological commitment to the Soviet Union . . . those responsible for the internal security of the United States are wise to keep a vigilant eye on Communist activities."

Dr. Shannon thus reveals the core of the failure of American liberals during the post-war era—their inability to discard the basic assumptions of the witch-hunters while they viewed disparagingly the results of the thought control drive. Dr. Shannon disapproves of what in terms McCarthyite "shotgun anti-communism," which strikes out at liberals with the Red cry. Yet, he himself accepts the lies and evaluation of communism preached by the witch-hunters. He wishes that Americans not accept the myth that all radicals are Communists but agrees that all Communists are spies. Dr. Shannon has thus failed to examine the American liberal's tragic response to McCarthyism—which helped it last so long and which assures its influence today.

When examining the Rosenberg case Dr. Shannon's approach so blinds him to study that the distortions become shameful. He wishes to show that only Communists wanted to wage a campaign in defense of the Rosenbergs, because they wished to attack American justice when nothing was actually unjust. Thus he omits mention of the many non-Communist and anti-Communist authorities who, after examining the trial record, concluded that the Government's prosecution was a frame-up.

To Dr. Shannon, the fight to save the Rosenberg's lives was just a means to indoctrinate non-Communists friendly to the Rosenbergs. The case appealed to minority groups who were scared of the threat of fascism, and successfully brought them into action. Why? Because "There had been cases of injustice in the courts and discri

tion again minorities [in the past]." e conspiracy theory has been applied: e Party fabricates injustice where it s not exist, dupes the many distinshed scientists, religious and political ires who called for clemency, and s upon the "sins of the past." One ld see Shannon writing a history at time of the Sacco-Vanzetti case—ining that the accused were obviously lty, but that the Left had proclaimed were innocent in order to wage ropoganda campaign.

Dr. Shannon similarly fails to exne successfully the Smith Act trials the Progressive Party. The Progres- Party was formed he says, upon call of Soviet official Zhadonov in 7. It could have been truly Left annon means anti-Communist such ADA, Social-Democratic Federation,) had it red-baited, criticized the iet Union, and got rid of the Comists in its membership. In effect, he only criticized the Progressive Party not taking the anti-Communist posihe wishes it had. Dr. Shannon has ed succeeded in proving that the gressive Party was a tool of Soviet ign policy, if one adheres to the e assumption that to have followed her path besides that of ADA and CIO was to enact a Soviet maneuver. Shannon fails to understand how -Communists could oppose the State artment plans and insist upon workto achieve friendship with the Soviet on, and maintain working relations with the CP in the fight for gress at home.

dealing with the Smith Act trials, Shannon claims that the Communist tion was "not well calculated to ct non-Communists and anti-Comists to the defense of free speech Communists . . ." He claims that the Party was interested only in its own skin, and not in civil liberties. Thus the fact that few realized that the rights of Communists had to be protected if the rights of all were not infringed, is put on the shoulders of the CP itself.

Dr. Shannon's own study shows the fallacy of this charge. Nowhere does he study the nature of the Smith Act trials and the charcter of the Government witnesses, nor does he refer to the studies of civil libertarians who steadfastly fought for the Smith Act victims' freedom. There is no mention of the like of Harvey Matusow and the other self-confessed liars. Rather, Shannon quotes throughout from John Lautner, Louis Budenz and other government stoolpigeons to provide "factual" evidence on CP policy. One would get the idea from Shannon's book that the Smith Act trials were justified, if not necessary. Thus, he repeats as gospel truth John Lautner's vivid imagination of a meeting where knife and gun-toting Communist Party leaders tried to kill him. Above all, he shows no understanding of the relationship between the "anti-Communist" hoax and the Cold War foreign policy.

The non-Communist "Left" which Dr. Shannon emulates, red-baited (and continue to red-bait) when their activities should have lain in the opposite direction. Dr. Shannon contributes to this red-baiting himself. He acknowledges that the Smith Act decision by the Supreme Court represented an ". . . unprecedented judicial approval for restrictions of speech," and that under the act CP leaders were arrested not for any overt act, but for conspiracy to teach and advocate. Yet Dr. Shannon seems to suggest that this restriction on speech is necessary in order to pro-

tect democracy. For he talks about the Communist threat to national security, which he regards as "a police and military matter." We ask Dr. Shannon, if there was such a problem, why did the Government make their arrests under the Smith Act, which Dr. Shannon himself says is unjust? If the act itself is a violation of justice, how can the stories of paid witnesses, who provided the "evidence" for the arrests, be accepted as honest? Dr. Shannon's failure to explain these contradictions in his approach are the failure of the anti-Communist "Left" he associates himself with.

In summary, Shannon says the CP could have been a group of "genuine rebels . . . American radicals, rather than Russian weather vanes." But his criterion of radical is acceptance of the structure of U.S. imperialism, and support of its most reactionary foreign and domestic policies. In this modern era of integration, co-existence and the march to socialism, the corporate policy of anti-Communism will be discarded by the labor movement and its allies. Liberals of Dr. Shannon's stripe will find themselves as non-participants in the coming era. Thus, Dr. Shannon's "history" is an anachronism. Examined closely, it tells more about the conservatism of U.S. "liberalism" than it does about the supposed demise of the American Communist Party.

JAMES BREESE

Filling the Gap

THE NINE GUARDIANS by Rosario Castellanos. Translated by Irene Nicholson. Vanguard. $3.95.

ONE of the cultural mysteries of our time used to be that the great Mexican renaissance in painting had inspir no similar awakening in literature. Fi indigenous music had come from Ch vez, Revueltas and other compose the acting of Cantínflas, Dolores Rio, Pedro Armendariz, Rosario Re ueltas (remembered for her hea warming performance in *Salt of t Earth,* but now blacklisted) and oth Mexican players had received recog tion here and abroad, though the filı in which they appeared seemed oft unworthy of them.

As for poetry, plays and novels, t absence of talent at all comparable the genius lavished on acres of wa by Rivera, Orozco, Siqueiros and Chá Morado, left an unexplained gap in t cultural picture.

Since World War II, however, group of writers has arisen that bidding to fill the gap, among th Jorge López Paez, Emilio Carballi Guadalupe Dueñas, Carlos Fuentes a Rosario Castellanos. Most of them very young—Carballido, for instan won a drama prize at the age of twen one, and another of his plays is bei produced this fall—and they are almo unknown here. A few of them w briefly presented in translation in t Spring, 1959, issue of the Texas Qua erly which was devoted entirely to t Mexican arts. In the same year Va guard brought out Miss Castellano novel, *Balún-Canán,* under the title *The Nine Guardians.*

As Indian themes dominate the w creations of the muralists, so the Indi looms as the hero of the new writi from Mexico. While we in the no continue to sweep the First Americ under the cutural rug, Mexicans m and more proudly celebrate their Ind heritage. Significantly, Miss Castella uses as the epigraph to her volu

se lines from the ancient Mayan
k of Counsel:

We shall whisper the origin. We shall
whisper the story and the tale, and
that is all.
One thing only we do, and that is
to return; we have fulfilled our
task, and our days are done.
Think of us, blot us not from your
memory, consign us not to oblivion.

his is by no means a flawless novel.
re are curious awkwardnesses in
struction and an unsatisfying resolu-
; the most interesting character, that
he hacendado with his strong and
r and outer conflicts, tends to fade
y toward the end; but the body of
story—an uprising of oppressed
ans on an hacienda in Chiapas in
Cárdenas era—is continuously ab-
ing, the writing impressive, poetic,
n achieving high eloquence. The
and smell and mystery of the jungle
its native inhabitants are communi-
d vividly, as is the feckless grappling
he decadent landowner class with
es it can no longer control.
his book is strongly recommended
all readers interested in Mexican
as a sample of its young awakening
ature.

L. L.

mpelling

MARINE Z-1, by Lon Chanukoff.
itadel Press, New York. $4.00.

ON Chanukoff belonged to that
intellectually vigorous generation
Yiddish writers who emigrated here
n Russia and Poland in the years
re World War I and subsequently
uced so rich a body of literature on
American scene. Originally published
Yiddish in 1932, this vehement out-
against war's criminal idiocy, told
in the form of a melodramatic sea-story, has now been translated into English by Max Rosenfeld and posthumously published, abridged, by Citadel Press. A Russian translation also appeared in the early thirties.

This is a novel of ideas and ideologies developed in the frame of a suspense story that unfolds with the vivid action of a scenario. His handful of characters represent the human race, which the author sees as betrayed by incompetent leaders, trapped by its own advanced technology and sacrificed to the impersonal greed of powerful hidden forces.

The story concerns a peace-time atrocity: six men are imprisoned in a foundered submarine. How they came there is a tale of bureaucratic error and personal ambition on the part of the captain, Lieutenant Commander Calvin Parker, a typical martinet. For ironically, the *Z-1* was not sunk in battle engagement. The time was during the "long armistice" between the two world wars. For political reasons, top Navy brass had decided to make a show of strength somewhere in the Middle East and the *Z-1* was under orders to join the squadron at an appointed place and time. Because the captain was out to break records and climb higher in rank, he risked his men and his ship in a raging storm hurrying to the rendevous. Thus the irony of the tragedy is heightened by the fact that the men were war's victims, yet there was not even a war.

For several years the author worked in shipyards, and there amassed the material for the background of this story. The intricate details of the workings of a submarine at sea are faithfully and vividly rendered. From an ominous beginning to its bitter climax the nar-

rative grows in intensity like a wrathful storm.

Most of the story concerns the plight of the six who remain alive trapped in a sealed compartment after an explosion wrecks the submarine, drowns the crew and sends its helpless hulk to the sea-bottom. There, 440 feet down, the six survivors realize they are too deep for rescuing divers. This company of the doomed includes Machinist Tom Newberg, a man who has knocked about the world a bit and is known to the captain as "a trouble maker," and the captain himself whom the remnant of his crew now mortally despise as the murderer of them all.

Awaiting the rescue that never comes, the men act out the drama of their last hours. They have about four day's supply of electricity and air, but neither fod nor drink. The psychological struggle of each man—with himself, his shipmates and his inevitable fate—becomes absorbingly intensified as the action unfolds. There are stark scenes: shall they eat the dead to prolong their own lives? Was the captain really guilty, or himself another kind of victim? Were the sounds they heard rescuers at work, or only hallucinations? Should they let in the sea and use the last bit of air for a wild, impossible chance at escape?

Trapped in their own sea-coffin, surrounded by everlasting cold and darkness deeper than night, the men do n lose their humanity. When nothi remains but memory, they share th memories with one another. They gr to know one another, before they d as intimately as if they shared blo ties.

Over and over, they try to fath the significance of their senseless fa Whose victims were they? Who s them there to die? At the end th reach understanding. Dying, they p mise one another that if any get alive they will devote their lives to great struggle." But all must die, ev the two who eventually manage a sp tacular escape from the submarine, sin they could not survive the journ from the depths.

"There will come a generation wh will even up the accounts." This is t author's message. And as the air th and the lights dim and go out f ever in the *Z-1,* the humanity of l crew and the compassion of man man shine all the brighter.

Lon Chanukoff has written a pow ful and compelling story. For sheer s pense, the reader will not easily put down. But he has gone far beyond well-told tale in the urgency and an of his theme, which is that manki must make war on war, and there not a moment to be lost.

OLGA CABR