MASSES & MAINSTREAM

McCARTHYISM AND THE LIBERALS

HERBERT APTHEKER

FOUR LONG YEARS

PEGGY DENNIS

WHERE SCIENCE SERVES PEACE

J. D. BERNAL

THE WRITER AND HIS WORK

ILYA EHRENBURG

UPSURGE IN GUATEMALA

A. B. MAGIL

CHARLES WHITE, HOWARD FAST, HUGO GELLERT
HOWARD SELSAM, MARTIN CARTER, WALTER LOWENFELS

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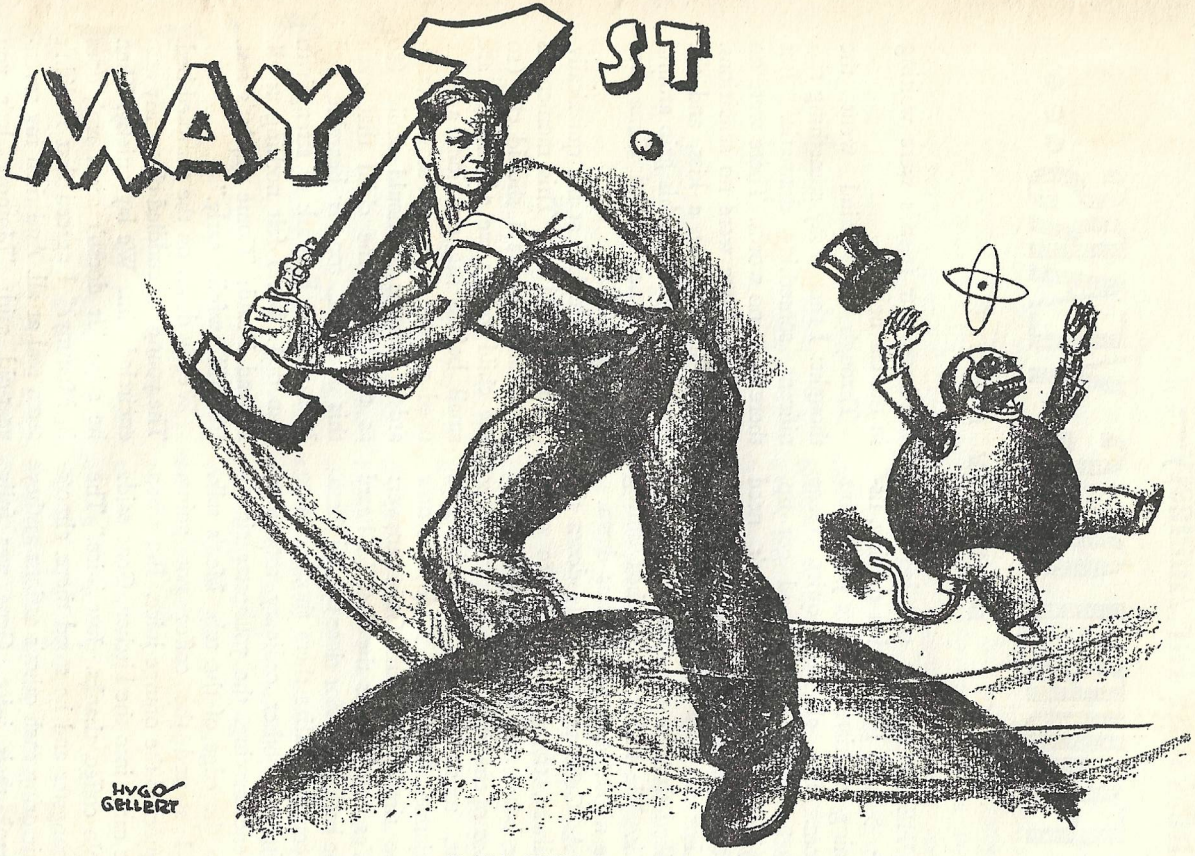

BAN THE H-BOMB!

The Fight for Amnesty—

FOUR LONG YEARS...

By PEGGY DENNIS

THE alarm clock sounded off at 5 A.M. I silenced it quickly, listening for stirrings in the youngster's room. But all was quiet. Gene reached for his robe and got up, saying: "I guess we didn't need the alarm, after all."

For we had not slept. We had talked through the night. Slow, soft talk. We had even laughed during the night. And now it was dawn.

As Gene walked softly down the hallway, trying as always to avoid the board that creaked, the bedroom door opened and the youngster came out, tousled, sleepy, in crumpled pajamas. "Is it time, Daddy? Is now the time?" I heard Gene answer: "Yes, son, now is the time." I heard the bathroom door close behind them. I could visualize them though, as so often on other ordinary mornings, Gene shaving, the youngster sitting on the edge of the tub. Men's talk.

I started the coffee pot going, squeezed the orange juice. But when he came into the kitchen, Gene said: "No coffee, thanks. Just juice." The youngster and he stood there, almost mirroring each other's actions as they drank their juice. Gene was fully dressed, as immaculately as always. The downstairs buzzer cut the air. We knew our friends were waiting in the car below.

Through my mind went the thought: I should say something significant, something dramatic. But there were no words. There were no thoughts. There were no sensations. Then—an embrace, a kiss, and the youngster tightening his grip around his father's neck. And Gene was gone.

The boy looked at me quizzically. My mind told me: This moment is important. Maybe I should cry (so the child knows we adults, too, are small before big emotions and he need not try to meet a stoic's standards). Maybe I should smile (so as to reassure the child that even this moment, too, is bearable and Mommy is a bulwark of strength to lean on). But I felt nothing at all. Instead I said: "Come on, let's rest. It's still awfully early."

We lay down on the rumpled bed. The youngster cuddled close. My arm encircled him. We lay quietly. Then he said: "It doesn't seem real, does it, Mommy?" I agreed that it didn't seem real at all. And then my seven-year-old said: "Mommy, let's you and me always pretend that Daddy has just gone away on a short trip

and that he will be home in a few days. That will help, won't it?"

Home in a few days. . . . That was four years ago. May 12, 1950.

THERE are some 18,000 men and women inmates in Federal prisons. I am sure the heartache and the loneliness and the "let's pretend" efforts, which started on that May morning for my son and me, are duplicated in the homes of many of those 18,000—regardless of the reason for their imprisonment.

With one important difference. My husband's four years in prison is not the personal story of the unjust conviction of one man. Nor is it the story of what that prison term has meant—and means—in the life of his wife and child.

It is the story of what has happened to America in the four years since Eugene Dennis, general secretary of the Communist Party, went to prison. For my husband is a political prisoner—living behind iron bars, locked in like a caged lion, guarded 24 hours a day like a dangerous criminal—because he has political ideas and has always lived and worked by those political beliefs, which cannot be tolerated by the Big Business depression-makers and warmakers.

Today the House Committee on Un-American Activities and its chairman, Representative Velde, have been discredited and denounced in all democratic circles. From Hollywood to Detroit to Chicago to Washington to Schenectady, auto and packinghouse and electrical workers, artists and teachers and ministers, have refused to aid the witchhunt expedition of this Committee.

But this was not always so. On March 28, 1947, Gene Dennis appeared before that Committee, at his own request and as spokesman for the Communist Party, to testify against pending legislation proposing the outlawing of that party. The Committee refused to hear his testimony, and instead gave forth with the now widely-condemned Velde-McCarthy inquisitorial tactics. Out of that session came a trial for "contempt of Congress" and a one-year jail term which Gene served in 1950-51.

Gene was preceded and followed before the Un-American Committee, in "contempt" trials, and to prison by Leon Josephson, the Hollywood Nine, Dr. Edward Barsky and his co-members of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee—all of whom chose prison with honor rather than "cooperate" with the witch-hunters. Gene's conviction was the first move against an official political party spokesman trying to be heard at a public hearing on important issues of the day—and ending up in prison for the effort.

OUR youngster was five that spring, 1947. He sat in the darkened movie house and watched his father on the newsreel screen trying to speak above the pounding gavel and the shouts, and saw two uniformed guards "escort" Gene out

of the hearing room. On the way home, the boy asked: "Why was everybody so excited? Why wouldn't they let Daddy talk?"

A new kind of "Why?" has invaded the American home. To the "whys" of our children regarding the wonders of nature and science, have been added the "whys" of the strange workings of a democracy which lead to prison cells for political belief.

In his statement to the court on July 8, 1947, Gene Dennis gave answer to his son's question, and gave sharp prophecy to the meaning of his conviction. He expressed the concern of his party for the mounting extra-legal activities and powers of the Un-American Committee. He said:

"I have sought to submit here evidence establishing it as a matter of fact that the House Committee on Un-American Activities is in contempt of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, that it is trying to establish a system of totalitarian thought-control through police inquisition and the hated Gestapo card-indexes and political blacklists; that it is an instrument of those who seek to impose a form of fascism in our America."

The facts of life have verified that warning. Congressional witchhunts have taken their toll in these past four years. Factory workers and labor organizers, artists, writers and teachers, clergymen, scientists and government employes, Communists and non-Communists, have been blacklisted out of jobs and professions. Framed "perjury" and "contempt" indictments and convictions have been meted out to many. Voices of opposition and protest have mounted. But so have the casualties.

IN JULY, 1948, came the Smith Act indictments culminating in five-year prison terms for the majority of the national committee of the Communist Party—terms which they started to serve nearly three years ago, on July 2, 1951. (Gene had been home three months after serving his year's "contempt" sentence when he went back to prison on the Smith Act verdict.)

Of that conviction, the general secretary of the Communist Party warned in the courtroom:

"Theories, ideas and political policies are not triable in any court of law. The principles and political activities of the eleven defendants of the Communist Party are placed outside the jurisdiction of courts and juries by the First Amendment to the Constitution which guarantees freedom of religion, freedom of speech, press and assemblage."

What was really at stake in that trial, Gene Dennis told the jury, was:

"Whether the Bill of Rights is sacred for all American people—Communists as well as non-Communists; whether the Bill of Rights shall be undermined by restricting it only to those who conform to the status quo, support the political party holding federal office, and bow to the vested monopoly interests which dominate our country."

When the Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of the Smith Act and thereby committed the national leadership of a political party to prison, Gene Dennis warned that

the Vinson decision "signalizes a profound constitutional crisis in our country and threatens to break down all the institutions of bourgeois democracy."

In these three years Americans of all political affiliations and of all walks of life, as well as millions of people and their governments abroad, have come to view with alarm this "breakdown of the institutions of bourgeois democracy" in the U.S.A. as exemplified in the growing power and influence of the forces of reaction whose spearhead is McCarthyism.

It started, as it did in Germany, with the Communists. Some misguided liberals hoped it would stop with the Communists. But it didn't, of course. It couldn't. It was never intended to stop there.

A second Foley Square trial followed the first in New York. Similar trials and convictions took place in Hawaii, California, Seattle, Detroit, Baltimore, Pittsburgh. Smith Act trials are now in progress in St. Louis and Philadelphia, and one is pending in Cleveland.

Over and over again in each of these trials FBI definitions of what the Communist Party believes and advocates are introduced as "evidence" by stoolpigeons who are paid by the prosecution for their "testimony."

These police-spy definitions—now "sanctified" by eight Smith Act trials and convictions—have become the built-in verdicts in Walter-McCarran deportation drives, McCarran Subversive Activities Board decisions, Taft-Hartley attacks on labor, and the McCarthy Big Smear of anyone who does not shout "Heil!" reverently enough.

FOUR years. And they are not yet over. One could measure these long years by the personal longing for that closely-attuned companionship of a twenty-five-year-old marriage. And one could weep a little. One could view those years from the experiences of a seven-year-old son grown to a husky pre-teenager who in the many "crises" of growing up has often said: "I need my Dad's viewpoint on this." And one could sigh a little. One could try to feel the essence of these mounting years from the viewpoint of each of the 15 Smith Act political prisoners as they live each moment so very slowly.

But the real significance of these years lies in none of these approaches. It does not lie in any of the personal stories of any of the 108 Smith Act defendants, political refugees, or prisoners and their families, wives, and more than 130 children.

The real significance of the Smith Act persecutions lies in the fact that it is the story of the threat of fascism to every American home, that its purpose is to strangle the democratic voice and protest of every American man, woman and child who needs peace—not H-bomb tests; who needs equal rights for the Negro people here at home—not aggression against the Asian and Latin American peoples abroad; who needs a working Bill of Rights for all—not blacklists

and jails for the political non-conformist.

If the children of the Smith Act political prisoners and political refugees have temporarily lost a father, and two of them a father and mother, in these past years—all American children have lost temporarily their heritage of a sane and democratic world.

For to win the freedom of the Smith Act political prisoners and all those convicted under the Smith Act, and to win the safe and unmolested return of the political refugees—means to stop short the evil fascist designs upon the democratic right of all American families to read what they please, hear what they please, believe as they please, and join the organizations they please.

One thing is becoming increasingly clear: McCarthyism and its threat to American democracy and world peace will become more menacing until the great forces of labor and all democratic-minded people convert their profound anti-McCarthy sentiments and expressions into effective united action to preserve the Bill of Rights for all Americans—Communists as well as non-Communists.

This is the meaning of the need to fight for the freedom of those imprisoned and victimized under the Smith Act.

Many, many hundreds have spoken out on this issue. They have signed statements and letters for amnesty to the President, expressing great concern over the constitutional violations inherent in the Smith Act convictions and imprisonments. But what is needed is a groundswell of post-cards, letters, resolutions, petitions from people and organizations, from shops and neighborhoods demanding that the prop and base of McCarthyism—the Smith Act convictions upholding "legally" the Big Lie of the fascist McCarthyites—be demolished once and for all.

It can be done. It must be done —not for the sake of the Smith Act children alone, but for the sake of America's children and their heritage and right to a peaceful, democratic world.

We strongly urge our readers to support the National Committee to Win Amnesty for the Smith Act Victims, 667 Madison Avenue, New York City. The committee will be glad to supply pamphlets, amnesty post cards, and general help in organizing activity in behalf of this most urgent cause. A mass meeting in New York City under the auspices of the committee will to be held on June 10 at Palm Gardens, 302 West 52nd Street.—THE EDITORS.

THE WRITER and his work: II

By ILYA EHRENBURG

This is the second and concluding instalment of a widely discussed article by the well-known Soviet writer, Ilya Ehrenburg. The article appeared in the No. 10, 1953 issue of the literary magazine Znamia (Banner), published in Moscow. This translation, the first part of which appeared in our April issue, is the first complete text in English.

THE writer is sometimes asked exactly whom he has portrayed under the fictitious name of the hero of his novel. Some readers think that the writer always describes people who really do exist and whom fate has brought together with him. It seems to me that only in extremely rare instances does the writer introduce people who really exist into his novels, and when he does, he changes everything in his depictions of them. When I met Maresyev I saw that Polevoi [in *The Story of a Real Man*] had changed not just one letter in his hero's name but several traits in his character, too.

Even in historical novels, in which people who really do exist are presented under their own names, the writer endows these characters with fictitious traits of one kind or another, depending on how he construes their role and how he interprets their actions. In his novel Alexei Tolstoy depicted Peter [the Great] differently from the way he did in his story, "Peter's Day," which he had written long before the novel; the author had changed and he had changed the figure of his hero. [Alexander Fadeyev's] *The Young Guard* is based on a true story, but the author changed much in this story.

The artist does not rival nature slavishly: he transforms it and he creates images that become real. If we were to take down in shorthand the dialogue of two people in love, it would seem not only less important but also more artificial than a similar dialogue written by a great writer who will have constructed it to conform with reality, leaving out some things, transforming other things and supplementing it with what the two people in love thought but did not say. A colored photograph, just as a painting that resembles a photograph, distorts the image of a person, showing only his

outward features or the chance expression of the moment. A real artist gives us a synthesis, reveals the individual.

In creating his characters the writer changes proportions, shifts his dimensions. The French artist Matisse once showed me two raging elephants carved out of ivory by Africans. One of the figures appealed to me very much. Matisse asked whether I did not notice something strange about it and I answered in the negative. Then Matisse pointed out that the elephant that had so delighted me had its tusks raised high together with its trunk; and this gave it its expressive quality. Matisse smiled to himself: "Some fool came and said tusks could not be raised high; the carver heeded and made this one. . . . See—here the tusks are in their proper place, but the art has died." And it is true, the second elephant was an inexpressive figurine.

In depicting the horrors of war, Goya paid no attention to the facts of anatomy, but he amazes us one hundred and fifty years later with the profound reality of what he portrayed. The war he depicted is much closer to reality than the canvases of the academic painters of battle-scenes of all times and all countries.

The characters of a novel are usually a fusion created after many encounters with many people; the writer invests them with his entire life experience. Close friends of the writer, to their surprise, find familiar events in altered form in his novels or short stories: their words have been put into the mouths of other people; the outer appearance of an old friend has been assigned to a person with quite another history.

IT IS difficult for us to gain an insight into the spiritual laboratory of contemporary writers: although they live right alongside us, we do not adequately understand their characters, their lives. But if we want to divine the secret of the origin of the heroes of the classics, we must acquaint ourselves with the letters of the writers, their diaries or notebooks, and the reminiscences of their contemporaries. Then we will see that the characters of a novel were usually born not of an encounter with one person who had especially struck the writer: the characters were born only after the writer had gained an understanding from many encounters.

An outstanding magistrate once related an incident to Tolstoy. As a consequence, it is said, the novel *Resurrection* was conceived. We know that the problems found in this book had troubled Tolstoy all his life. The magistrate's story was the detail that helped the writer determine the story line more exactly. The theme of the novel had been born long before this. (Tolstoy changed the story line too: the plot does not resemble the incident that had been related to him.)

Not mere observations, but a combination of observation and a sympathetic understanding of experiences observed which have been assimilated by the artist—this is what makes it possible for him to create profoundly

real characters who reflect the face of society and are typical.

An understanding of the typical has no connection with statistics: it cannot be said that if there are three million people like the hero in the novel, the author has succeeded in depicting the typical, but if there are only three thousand, he has failed. The writer lives the life of his society and depicts what is taking place in the very thick of life and not off on the sidelines; he shows the people and the nation in motion. Chatsky was not typical from the statistical point of view, but he did express the indignation and the vague hopes of progressive circles in Russia. Goncharov created Oblomov not because Oblomov was a strange curiosity but because Oblomovism* was a social calamity. Anna Karenina's love was exceptional in its intensity, but it is understandable to everyone.

WHY are the bourgeois writers of our time so unproductive? They withdraw from real life and portray in their works people who do not remind us of any other people. Such people do exist, of course, perhaps in even greater numbers than it might seem; but descriptions of them are not capable of moving the readers who seek in a novel a reflection of themselves and of their times.

I do not think that in the France of Stendhal's day you would have met a Julien Sorel or a Lucien Leuwen at any cross-road—such characters, it seems to me, are rare. But they do represent a concentration of the passions and tendencies indicative of their times and, in changed form, still exist today. That is why Stendhal is read and probably will continue to be read for a long time. The heroes of contemporary bourgeois novels are not clots of human passions but rarities, spiritual curiosities; they seem to be crying out to be put on exhibition in a waxworks show: a jealous homosexual, a mother saddened by the fact that she does not love her child, a man who commits suicide without any motive at all.

The accidental and at the same time unusual may strike the writer, but on thinking over the phenomenon he will not depict it either at once or later. A person or an event that will have struck him as it did others, but which has no human value, will not stick in his memory.

The characters of a novel are neither a collection of photographs, nor a folder of forms in a personnel department; they are people who have been invented but are nevertheless real, born of an artist who can perceive life and interpret it.

A writer populates the world with the characters he has created. Were there any people in Russia like Chatsky before Griboedov wrote *Woe from Wit?* Of course there were, but they had not fully realized themselves and the people around them did not see them clearly. Then people began to say of a person: "That's a Chatsky." Gogol introduced a

* Used as a synonym for sluggishness, apathy—as typified in Goncharov's Oblomov. (*Trans.*)

whole company of characters into the life of many generations; to this day you may hear a liar or a braggart called a Khlestakov or you will find reference to "Manilovism."* Adolescents and youths fall in love with Liza, Asya and Gemma as if they were young girls who really were alive. The heroine of Gorky's *Mother* seems to us a historical figure; for us she is no fiction but a living woman.

Did there exist a prince called Hamlet in Jutland in the fifth century? Or was he the invention of some Danish chronicler? This is of no interest to anyone now. In Denmark they show you Hamlet's grave, and tourists looking at the imaginary grave do not doubt that Hamlet existed—they see before them the character created by Shakespeare.

Giving birth to characters is the most important and most difficult aspect of a writer's work. This process is a complex one and cannot be handled as if it were some mechanical production.

IN OBSERVING people there is much the writer does not see; there are thoughts that are so concealed, feelings that are so repressed they could not be discovered by even the most experienced explorer of the human heart. Their thoughts and feelings reveal themselves now and then in exceptional moments; they are seen—or, more correctly, guessed at—by intimate friends. In creating characters for a novel, a writer leans not only upon his observations but on his experience and on his own feelings.

Ibsen's life was profoundly joyless, and all his many plays could be called long monologues of the author. In his late years Ibsen admitted: "The artist can create only that for which he has found the model in himself, if only in part and only for a short time." This, of course, does not mean that Ibsen did not know Norwegian society or that in his works he lived only his own life, his own experiences; we see many different characters in his plays, but they are all stamped with the author's own character.

For many years French literary critics argued over who served as a prototype for Emma Bovary. All the files of the Rouen police were rummaged through. If I am not mistaken, there were more than ten posthumous claimants. It may be that a brief item in a news column did catch Flaubert's attention, but I cannot picture this writer suddenly deciding to write a novel after reading some banal news item. He probably encountered many women who attracted his attention, and his book matured over a long period.

Another thing is more interesting: in a letter to a friend, Flaubert writes that he is working on a novel and explains: "Emma—that is I!" The assertion may seem absurd at first glance: what can there be in common between the querulous, elderly bachelor, a skeptic, a man of great esthetic culture, to whose opinions

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* Futile day-dreaming as personified in Manilov, a character in Gogol's *Dead Souls*. (*Trans.*)

Turgenev listened attentively, and the amorous, unbalanced provincial woman so lacking in taste? Nevertheless, Flaubert did put much of himself into Emma; his correspondence with friends published after his death attests to this. (As for lack of taste, Flaubert did have a weakness for the gaudy—not in life but in literature; his *Salammbo* fully matched the dreams of poor Madame Bovary.)

The reader may ask: in that case, how are the characters whom we usually call negative created? Is it enough for the artist to have sharp eyes to this end? It seems to me that in the creation of such characters too his own personal experience helps the writer. I have already said that it is not at all necessary for the author to experience everything the heroes of his books experience, but he must experience something that will help him understand the inner world of his characters. Of course, the writer does not have to be a hypocrite, an egotist or a coward to create characters plentifully endowed with these defects.

All people, including writers, educate themselves and are brought up in their own environment; they conquer within themselves those feelings or those embryonic feelings which seem base to them. A writer has a great inner memory and he remembers how, as a child, as an adolescent, or even as an adult, he restrained within himself whatever, if developed, could turn into hypocrisy, cowardice, or egotism. He especially hates those evil characteristics which he noticed in his close friends or which he at one time saw in himself.

Courage is usually the overcoming of fear; but if there exist people of rare nature who never and under no circumstances have ever experienced a moment of fear, then the writer endowed with such a nature can describe the conduct of a coward but not his inner state of being.

THE author of a satirical work is not afraid of exaggeration. Saltykov-Shchedrin wrote *The Golovlyov Family* in a different manner from *The Story of Glupov City*. Khlestakov makes us laugh or scares us with the excessiveness of his vice, but Gogol did not depict nor could he depict in *The Inspector General* a single positive hero with ordinary human experiences. In a work in which the author takes it into his head to present a deep-dyed villain side by side with real people, who sometimes err, but are spiritually honest, the former seems improbable to the reader.

The artist who is working on a drawing or an etching can create his effect by means of black and white. The painter never uses either black or white paints in their pure forms; he mixes other colors with them, because on canvas, next to a blue sky or verdure, black paint will create the impression of a hole, and white will seem like relief on a flat surface. In portraying society and depicting evil people side by side with good people, the writer tries to keep within certain limits and make all his char-

acters live. To do this he must find the keys to the hearts of all his characters.

DIFFERENT writers work on the construction of a novel and on the creation of its characters in different ways. The work of some of them reminds one of the work of an architect who checks up on his inspiration with compass and ruler. Other writers are more like the sculptor who gradually turns a lump of clay into a human face. There have been in the past and there are now writers who before beginning the first chapter of a novel work out an outline of it in all its detail. Others see the action develop as they write. Alexei Tolstoy once told me he did not know how the action of a novel would work out in the next chapter until he had finished the chapter on which he was then working.

But even if a writer works out the most detailed possible kind of outline for a book, in the course of writing he changes parts of such an outline. The first drafts of the writers of the classics attest to this, and many contemporary writers with whom I have discussed their works confirm this too. The changes come about mainly because the hero of an unwritten novel remains a shadow, has not yet become a real man, no matter how long the writer has been carrying him about inside himself. When this shadow takes on flesh and comes alive for the author himself, the latter perceives that he foresaw one or another act of his hero incorrectly and in his projected outline ascribed things to him he could not think, feel or do. It was for just this reason that Alexei Tolstoy said he did not see ahead into the development of the action—to do this he had to get to know his hero better.

The characters of a work of art cannot obey the plot as outlined by the author; they change it at every step; they resist the author's intentions. Let me remind you of the history of Chekhov's short story, "The Bride," about which I have already spoken. There are many such examples. If a writer forces his characters to do what is unnatural for them, he suffers failure, and the reader immediately senses the artistic falseness of such a book.

To every writer the characters of his books are real people and not pieces on a chessboard that the player moves around (and even in a chess game every piece has its own moves). I would say that the characters of a book to a certain extent are independent of the author's will: he must take their nature into account and may not dictate to them how they should conduct themselves. There are critics who blame the author for his characters' misdeeds. In the portrayal of living people who are honest, brave, noble, the writer cannot conceal their weaknesses, their blunders, or aberrations: he is trying to depict people, you know, and not skeletal outlines. Do the critics really think that writers are simpletons and political ignoramuses? People, society and life correct the mistakes of individuals, and the writer, in depicting blunders, helps the reader find his

true path. But the writer cannot straighten out the lives of his heroes the way a proof-reader corrects the galleys of a book.

Since the characters of a book are living people for an author, he loves them, rejoices with them, suffers with them. I do not know whether the story is fictitious or whether it is true that while he was writing about Père Goriot's death, Balzac fell ill and that some of his friends even wanted to call a doctor. If this is a legend, it conveys well Balzac's attitude to his heroes. Do you really think a writer can portray the death of a favorite character without having first imagined it in terms of himself? I take it upon myself to say that a writer suffers the death agony many times before he comes face to face with death itself. Balzac was of an expansive nature, and with him things burst to the surface that many other writers hide even from those closest to them.

When he has finished a novel, the writer, after a short period of the happiness associated with the completion of a long and difficult piece of work, has a hard time of it: it is as if he has been torn away from people with whom he had been living intimately. But even though he has separated himself from the characters of his past books, he never really does break away from them entirely; they surround him in an invisible throng.

Every mother knows what it means to give birth. Leo Tolstoy understood this and described it wonderfully. I do not know whether all our critics understand this. . . .

THE author of even the longest possible novel cannot portray the full life of his heroes: he selects whatever seems most essential to him. Sometimes he describes one day in the life of his hero in extraordinary detail and then says nothing about the next two years of his life. He may describe in detail the apartment where one of his characters lives, but not find it necessary to describe his wife's appearance; he may give a picture of a secondary character, tell what an autumn morning or a spring evening was like, but say nothing about the age of the person who in the morning or evening described went out to work or to keep an appointment.

Many writers speak with dissatisfaction of the staging or filming of their works, or even of the illustrations in their books: they had imagined their characters differently from the director, the actor or the artist. The author always knows more about his character than he tells the reader. He selects those events, those details of his life, those thoughts and feelings that illustrate the character of the person and explain his behavior. On finishing a book a reader should feel he has become acquainted with the characters of the story, has learned about their lives, has looked into their hearts. Chekhov's "The Darling" is a short story, but everyone who has read it sees the heroine, knows her as if he had lived close by her for years.

Soviet literature has given us not a few heroes whom the readers know and love—Roshchin and Levinson,

Gregory Melekhov and Davydov, Kirill Izvekov and the soldier Ignatiev. The list could be extended on and on. It would seem a poem is an unlikely genre for the realistic portrayal of a person, but we are well acquainted with Vasily Tyorkin and it seems to all of us that we have personally met him.

There are many, sometimes very many pages in the unsuccessful novels that so grieved our Leningrad engineer, but from them the reader learns almost nothing about the inner world of the characters and he cannot believe in their existence. To my mind this arises not from the author's lack of talent, but from the incorrect and false portrayal of the characters.

It is quite natural that the Soviet writer should try to portray the positive features of our people, the exploits, the thoughts, the feelings that are new and were impossible before the building of a socialist society. But these exploits are performed by real people; these thoughts and feelings are intermingled with others in a person—others that are sometimes quite humdrum and that sometimes have their source in notions out of the past.

Our contemporaries are not rough models of the ideal man of future centuries. Under the most difficult of circumstances they really do perform unparalleled deeds, but each of them has shortcomings and weaknesses, each of them lives in his own way, loves, experiences jealousy, has high hopes or feels depressed, is happy or sad. In portraying the hero in only one dimension, leaving out everything that might, as it were, "lower" him, in speaking only of his zeal and of his labor achievements, the author makes him unreal.

Sometimes the schematic quality of the characters springs from a desire to exert an influence on the reader come what may. The author forgets that a novel is not a newspaper article, and even the most successful poster cannot substitute for a painting. Sometimes an author, in showing a piece of real life and fearing that this segment will seem much too prosaic, covers it with an illusory ideal hero abounding in all the virtues. It also happens that an author is not sufficiently well acquainted with, does not understand, the man he is depicting: he limits himself to a description of his achievements in production because it is easier to understand how a machine runs than how a heart works.

WHEN we read novels by present day bourgeois writers of France, we see authors destroy their heroes: they portray them in only one dimension. I take as an example a love story which a writer who is inclined toward subtle psychological analysis decides to tell. Such a novel will have a hero, a heroine, and a third person. The author will describe in detail the feelings of the heroine on seeing the third person for the first time, and how the hero suffered over this. The heroine will go off to the third person, then return to the hero, then again want to see the third person. The third person will acciden-

tally make the acquaintance of the hero and the author will tell us what each of them felt at this meeting.

In one of the following chapters the heroine will have a dream and she will consider all day whether it is worth telling the hero about it. Then the author will show us the third person accidentally finding the heroine's glove in a desk-drawer. The third person will feel at one and the same time passion, repentance, a sense of gloating, and an inexplicable boredom.

At this point I shall break off. On coming to the glove the average reader will experience a fully explicable sense of boredom. He will throw away the book in a fit of temper. Not, of course, because the book is devoted to a love entanglement: the theme of conflicts of the heart has not grown old-fashioned, and jealousy cannot be called a feeling incomprehensible to us. It is not even a matter of excessively detailed analysis of the emotional suffering of the three characters. The French have an expression: "To split a hair in four parts," having to do with just such mental gymnastics. What is worst of all is that the author is splitting hairs off no one's head, since the reader does not believe in the existence of the hero or the heroine or the third person.

The author has said nothing about the environment in which these people live. He has described in detail the apartment in which the third person lives, the desk and the glove, but has not found it necessary to disclose the character's profession or to tell us how he occupies himself when he is not brooding over the glove. Who is he? A fashionable doctor, a stock broker, a Deputy? The author in passing mentions that the hero is a newspaperman, but we do not know where he works, what he writes about —is it about finding the corpse of an old woman murdered by her nephew, or is it about the generosity of America? What is the attitude of the heroine's parents to her conduct, and what is the heroine's attitude to her parents who, in the author's words, worship naphthaline, double-locks and virtue? The characters, not only torn out of society but out of their own lives, occupied exclusively with love-making, seem unreal; they are three wax dolls; the reader does not feel sorry for any of them, he just feels bored.

In one of the unsuccessful Soviet novels to which I have already referred (it so happens, unpublished), the author tells us what the occupations of the hero and heroine are right off (there is, of course, no third person): they both work at a steel foundry. The heroine is spirited and the very soul of innovation. The hero is honest but hidebound. The heroine invents a new method in production which will bring about a six percent saving in time. The hero has no faith in it. The author describes the production conference in detail—the good-natured old foreman who hails the heroine's initiative, the skeptical engineer who doubts the wisdom of the new method, the arrival of the commission from the center, the regional committee conference, and fi-

nally the complete victory of the advanced idea.

The hero, amazed by what has happened, congratulates the heroine. The author points out that the heroine, blushing, answers the hero: "Grishka, now we must apply ourselves even more to our work. . . ." In the next chapter we learn first that the hero and the heroine have overfulfilled their quotas, and secondly that a son has been born to them. It turns out the hero and heroine were in love with one another and when their differences over the new method suggested by the heroine were settled, they got married.

The labor theme is a great theme and one of primary importance; in addition, it is a new theme. In capitalist society labor was looked on as a curse and writers of the past ventured no further than into hopes for a decrease in the number of hours of work. In our society labor is extolled and is considered creative. It is impossible to imagine a novel about our reality in which the hero does not do anything or else regards his work as an uninteresting detail of his life.

Then the mistake made by the author of the novel I am talking about was not in showing the factory, the new method and the controversies. It was quite necessary to describe all this. But the author tore the people away from their personal lives. We learn about the hero's love for the heroine just in passing and, to speak frankly, the cry of the newborn baby in one of the chapters leaves the reader a bit dumbfounded. The author thought he was elevating his heroes but he belittled them, deprived them of depth and complexity of feelings, of fullness of spiritual development. There are novels like this being published and even republished. There are plays in which the actors have to play the roles of mannequins discussing coal, steel or cotton cloth. When such plays are put on, the audience, even if it is sitting in the orchestra, looks down on the stage as if from above: the characters seem primitive to them.

In the thirty years the Soviet state has existed, our best writers have created a number of live heroes, fighters for the new society or its builders. Why is it then that we have had such an abundance of novels and short stories that depict our contemporaries as spiritually impoverished? It seems to me that a part of the blame falls on some (alas, a large number) of the critics, reviewers, editors, who to this day mistake simplification of the portrayal of the hero for elevation, and mistake deepening and broadening of the theme for disparagement.

For many years now our magazines have been printing virtually no love poems. Young men and women have grown up, fallen in love, suffered, found happiness, but our poetry neither reflected nor expressed this. I may be told that the heroics of the reconstruction of our country permits of no other themes. But Mayakovsky wrote his poem "About This" in days that were not so commonplace either; he showed us how lofty the love theme can be, how it is

connected with the dream of the future. It is worth noting that in these same years when our publishing houses and magazines were avoiding lyric poetry, our radio stations quite frequently broadcast love songs based on the poems not only of Pushkin and Lermontov but of A. K. Tolstoy, Fet, and even Ratgauz. Why should our lovers have had to find expression of their feelings in the verse of Ratgauz and not of contemporary poets?

I can continue asking these questions. Why is it that we so seldom find mention in our short stories of lovers' quarrels or family conflicts, of illness, of the death of dear ones, or even of bad weather? (The action usually takes place on "a fine summer day" or on "a fragrant May evening" or on "a clear, bracing autumn morning.") Some of our critics still hold to the naive notion that our philosophical optimism, the portrayal of the exploits of our people, is incompatible with descriptions of unrequited love or of the loss of a dear one.

A most difficult but noble task has fallen to us—to describe people of a new society, to depict real people and not sketchy outlines, people who live complex, great, full lives.

WHEN I speak of the work of the writer, I often refer to the writers of the past. What can we learn from them? People usually say: purity and richness of language, the composition of the novel, techniques.

Of course, all this may be learned from the classics. It is possible and necessary not to write in the impoverished language of the newspapers. Let us call to mind Tolstoy's skill in the portrayal of man, Turgenev's ability to incorporate a landscape into the action of a novel, the expressiveness inherent in Chekhov, the extraordinary rhythm of Gorky's lyric digressions, the combination of the poetic and the profoundly clear in Lermontov's prose, and much else.

To learn does not mean to imitate. It seems to me that new content has always generated new forms. The novel of the nineteenth century concerned itself principally with the individual or the family: the author grouped his characters around one or several heroes. Now the life of his society enters into the private life of a person to a greater extent; the novel, even the psychological novel, is unthinkable without a portrayal of the significant number of people with whom the hero or the heroine is in touch. This must inevitably reflect itself in the composition of a novel. The rhythm of life has changed too. It is difficult for me to imagine a contemporary novel where action is constantly being impeded by verbose descriptions of landscape. In Turgenev this was organic; today it would seem stylized.

But there is something else we can learn from the writers of the classics: their approach to the portrayal of people. The objection might be raised: but that's not possible—everything is different now.

True, the Soviet writer does not resemble the writers of the nineteenth century: his mental outlook is

different, there is much that he perceives differently. The people he depicts are not like the characters of the classics either; they do not reason like a Rudin or a Levin, they do not work like the Chekhovian Trofimov, nor do they love as did the heroines of Chekhov's play *The Three Sisters.*

The great writers of the nineteenth century did not limit themselves to describing what they saw: they tried to lift the veil of time and take a peep into the future. But they did not have the scientific theory of the development of society which is now in the possession of every beginning writer. They had to guess and they often made mistakes. Their philosophical and social ideals seem naive to us, limited, at times false. Soviet writers can determine the trend of the development of human relations; they know which feelings will develop and which are doomed to disappearance.

If, when speaking of the work of the writer, I so often cite our great predecessors, it is because they portrayed their contemporaries with such extraordinary penetration. We can learn artistic truthfulness from them, depth in understanding of man, skill in portraying him so that he comes alive.

In bourgeois society there existed and there still exists a split, a gulf between reality and art. When a bourgeois youth wants to marry a poor young girl or take up art instead of business, or perform some honest but unprofitable act, his father in irritation tells him: "Life is no novel."

Who protested against the immorality of Flaubert's novel *Madame Bovary?* The very same bourgeois who frequented brothels and considered it good taste to keep a mistress. Who in Italy recently demanded the removal of Boticelli's paintings on the claim that they corrupt the youth? Old libertines, subscribers to all the pornographic publications. Who in America was indignant over Chaplin's films, saying they were immoral? Thieves on the grand scale, gangsters, hiding behind their high positions, people who make millions out of dirty deals.

The bourgeois has a double-standard for his morals. He wants people who work to follow the Ten Commandments and an Eleventh presented to the world by the bourgeoisie: "Honor money." He reserves to himself the eleventh commandment; he may steal, lie, debauch, and murder.

In socialist society double standards in morals provoke general condemnation. Of course, we have thieves who shout out their honesty, petty tyrants who preach self-criticism, slanderers who claim they worship truth. But these are the exception and our society fights them. Not one section of our population, not one decent man has any need for a double-standard morality. No one is interested in an art to fool the people.

Our people consider that life is the novel and the novel is life. And when Soviet readers reproach writers because their characters do not resemble real people, it is worth stopping to think about it.

THE letter from the Leningrad engineer is not the first; readers write often (I know that other writers receive such letters too) concerning their desire to see a profound and truthful portrayal of our reality in our literature. Our readers want our writers to portray the plain people, who are really not quite so ordinary, in a more lively manner, more fully, with more sincerity, and show the difficulties associated with the spiritual growth of a person, the contradictions between a forward movement and the burden of the vestiges of the past. Readers want writers to depict the heroic ordinary everyday living and ordinary everyday heroism, and communicate the emotional content of an era and to do this without the pathos that is so atypical of our people, to portray the spiritual qualities of the Soviet peoples without ardor-dampening hyperbole, without confusing height with stilts and without substituting the bombast of high-flown words for the trembling of the heart.

Some critics consider that all of our writers should portray ideal people. We know that Soviet man stands immeasurably higher, is spiritually richer, more complex than the heroes of the contemporary bourgeois novel, who are refined on the surface but are inwardly inhuman, half-mystic and half-speculator, half-Hamlet and half-swindler. Indeed, if we show our reality in its true colors, these books will be about wonderful people! If you take the average Soviet person, he has both virtues and defects. And here is a society which seemed an unattainable ideal to the progressive minds of the past, being built not by ideal models but by living average people.

In the novels about which the Leningrad engineer wrote, the heroes are lacking in defects, they are spiritually spruced up, carefully combed, each of them has learned his role by heart and if he happens to forget a line the author will give him his proper cue in good time. Everything about these heroes is good. The only trouble is that the reader does not believe they really do exist.

These days you often hear it said: Show us negative characters. The same critics say this who want the positive characters to be ideal. Let us imagine the writer has portrayed a wonderful person lacking in any weaknesses or defects and right alongside of him you have a loafer or a swindler endowed with real human traits. Will not the bad person, outstanding in size and of real flesh, push into the background the ideal hero who is shown on one plane with his face all lit up but with no shadow cast by his figure? Shtolts, whom Goncharov wanted to make beyond reproach, seems unreal to us alongside the live Oblomov.

I will make bold to add that in some of my novels written a quarter of a century ago I suffered failure: the negative heroes in them are more real, more palpable than the positive heroes whom I endowed with every possible merit and virtue. And there are certain other contemporary authors who have suffered similar failures.

Soviet readers love our literature passionately, grieve over its failures, rejoice over its successes. Looking at our society's great and complex life, they find untruthfulness, oversimplification, conventionality, in some of our novels. They want to see their comrades, their contemporaries, themselves, in books not in the guise of models of spiritual perfection but as live people. From reading and rereading the classics they know how conscientiously, skilfully and penetratingly Tolstoy, Chekhov and Gorky portrayed the peoples of pre-revolutionary Russia, and they, ordinary readers, but always extraordinary spiritually, are insistently knocking at the door to the Soviet novel.

I KNOW that there are fine books full of romanticism, and I do not confuse these with those schematic, stiltedly virtuous, fat works about which I am speaking. Of course, I have in mind not the literary school that existed in the first half of the last century, but what is called "romanticism" in common parlance: spiritual elation.

There is an age when romance is just as necessary to a man's spirit as is phosphorus to his body. It is not by chance that young people are enthralled with Lermontov until Pushkin in all his depth is revealed. It is no accident that the favorite book of one of the young girl participants of *The Young Guard* was *The Demon.* It is no accident that the novel *The Gadfly* was read and continues to be read by the youth. It is no accident that Ostrovsky's novels, both here and far beyond the borders of our country, have helped more than one young soul find itself, to a greater extent than the books of many celebrated masters of the word.

Romantic writers attract not only young people. The esthetes buried Hugo long ago: for his verbosity, for the implausible situations in his novels, for his massed heaps of exaggeration. But when a year ago Hugo's jubilee was celebrated it turned out that to this day he is known and read everywhere. If we turn to old Russian literature we can name *Taras Bulba, The Portrait, Asya,* Gorky's early short stories. In our times readers of all different ages take a keen delight in the books of Kaverin, Paustovsky, Kazakevich. I know old people who wept over *The Young Guard.*

A romantic approach to his theme on the part of a writer permits him to portray a hero in whom are concentrated the brighter sides of man. The author's searchlight is turned on the traits of the hero he has selected and this changes the proportions most sharply. We believe in the reality of the existence of the characters of a romantic book, because the author who created them is not didactic but poetic; he does not exhort, he elevates, opens up vistas and heights of fancy.

The following topic tortures French school children at their graduation examinations year after year: "Compare Racine, who portrayed people just as they are, with Corneille, who portrayed them as they

should be." One pupil writes: "Racine is closer to us than Corneille because he portrays people agitated by passions and has done this truthfully." Another pupil closes his composition in a more sophisticated way with the words: "Corneille is indisputably greater than Racine; he portrayed people as they should be—virtuous, courageous, inspired by lofty feelings and conquering in themselves all inclinations that might debase them."

As we see, there were divergences in methods of portraying heroes long before the stormy declarations of the romantic poets, before the realists, the materialists, the surrealists and the neo-realists.

Arguments over dreams and reality in art continue to this day in the West. They can excite neither us nor our readers. Socialist realism is not a literary trend, it allows for a multiplicity of different artistic techniques. I like Antonov's short story "The Rains," written with an honesty and tenderness of which Chekhov would probably approve. But this does not prevent my liking Kazakevich's romantic *Star.* The heroes of *Two Captains* and *Harvest* are portrayed in different ways. Occasionally the same writer in different periods in his life makes use of different artistic methods. Fadeyev tried to present the characters of *The Rout* as modestly and truthfully as possible, but he illuminated the characters of *The Young Guard* with the light of romance; and he succeeded with both these books.

Racine created the passionate, depraved Phèdre; she lives in a different world from the rigorous old Horace, brought into being by Corneille. The romanticists of the nineteenth century carried their readers up onto the summits of mountains. The materialists wanted to cast their readers into the deep dungeons of life. The noble policeman Javert of *Les Misérables* and the good doctor Bovary could not exist in one world, although both these novels of which I speak were written almost at the same time. Hugo saw a man who did not exist and Flaubert did not want to see in his hero everything that there was in him.

In the Trenches of Stalingrad and *Star* are two works unlike one another. In what does their difference lie? Not in their themes; the battle of Stalingrad demanded the same heroism that reconnoitering in the enemy's rear did. Not in the spiritual scope of the characters: I can see the heroes of *Star* and the sappers of Nekrasov in the same dug-out; they understand one another very well, they have lived the same life. The writers portrayed them in different ways, and herein lies not a split into two worlds but just diversity in art.

I can remember certain critics condemning the romantic approach in the portrayal of characters: now, on the contrary, they demand that the writers portray ideal people. The critics, in making these demands, claim that only irreproachable heroes can serve the readers as models. Is this really so? Readers react to artis-

tic works in different ways. Much depends on one's age, on one's spiritual make-up. Some readers actually do attempt to imitate ideal heroes. To others such heroes seem quite removed, unattainable; they learn from the examples of people not lacking in weaknesses, from their mistakes and their successes. They do not want to learn how you can be born a hero but how you can become a hero.

Let us leave the argument over how people should be depicted to the young French pupils and the old critical pedants. We know that live people should be portrayed. To this end we need truthfulness, passion, humanity. These qualities are necessary equally to the realist and the romanticist. These qualities do not divide off one artistic method from another but literature from pot-boilers and literary trash.

ONE of our critics has written: "It is this coinciding of the ideal and the real, socialism, eliminating as it has the very causes that give rise to imperfections and the deformities in human nature, that is the soil on which the positive hero of Soviet literature springs up." If the critic is correct and the reality of 1948 (his article was written five years ago) was an ideal then, it is incomprehensible why our people fought and still fight for the further perfecting of our society and why we are speaking of the gradual transition from socialism to communism. I am afraid that some of our critics who are so generous with their political lessons for writers have themselves not fully mastered the fundamentals of Marxism.

Can it be claimed that in a socialist society all "the causes that give rise to the imperfections and the deformities in human nature" are eliminated? Socialist society is a transitional society: behind it is capitalism; ahead is communism. The October Revolution opened up a new era: the cult of money was replaced by the cult of creative labor. Many vices—greed, miserliness, laziness, for instance—were formerly not only permitted but at times held in respect. Now they are surrounded with contempt. They corrode the spirit less often but they have not yet disappeared. And there are other spiritual ulcers. It is enough to glance through a file of newspapers for one month to find articles and feuilletons exposing boastfulness, shifting of responsibility, fawning, sluggishness, petty tyranny, selfishness, and other "imperfections and deformities."

Many critics, readers in publishing houses, and editors consider that even if some imperfections have remained, the writer should not speak about this. Such editors are even more severe when it comes to the portrayal of the spiritual conflicts that often impede and darken the lives of good Soviet people.

The question arises here of the social role of the writer, of his duty and service to the people.

The great writers of the nineteenth century took the sufferings of their heroes to heart. The novels

of Hugo, Dickens, Balzac, Stendhal and Flaubert exposed a world of self-interest and falsehood. The Russian writers of the last century showed with even greater depth and humanity the trampling of the weak by the strong, of the poor by the rich, of the workers by the parasites. The great novelists of the past, however, seldom took part directly in the fight for the abolition of the social order that was crippling and killing their characters. And certain of them, for example Balzac and Gogol, contradicting themselves, in life defended what they were exposing in their works.

Every Soviet writer participates in the cause to which our people have dedicated themselves: the building of a Communist society. It is not a matter of our writers being involved in social activity in addition to their literary work. We look on our work as writers as a most responsible social activity: we know that books change people, change life.

Literature educates the reader, helps him to live better, refines his feelings, makes him more attentive to his dear ones, to his comrades, to all people. Novels, short stories, poetry—these are the emotional cement of society.

There is still another side to our work: the writer must show inner conflicts and contradictions; he must bring out all the symptoms of spiritual adversity, he must illuminate the conflict between the light and the dark, concealed in the depths of man's heart.

If the agronomist sees that one or another method of cultivation does not justify itself, he speaks of this. If the engineer notices unsatisfactory results in one or another means of factory production, he does not conceal this. It is the duty of the writer not only to portray the conflicts that have already been revealed and the solution to which has been found; the writer must show the emotional disturbance about which nothing has yet been written in either books or newspapers. If the writer can make out man's inner life more clearly and more fully than his readers, then how can he fail to show those phenomena which have as yet not become obvious to everyone? The writer's place is not in the supply train; he is more like an advance scout than a staff clerk. He does not draw up lists or write out accounts; he discovers.

Following Makarenko's book there was much that changed in our schools; *Seeds of Tomorrow* eased the way for the transition of the village to the new order; *The Front* helped our army.

Are there not enough contradictions in the personal lives of our readers? Are there not in our people vestiges of the past which must be fought? Are the conflicts between man's magnificent social activity and his attitude of negligence in his personal life really so uncommon? There are many themes seeking authors.

In showing the spiritual downfall

of their heroes the great novelists of the nineteenth century saw no way out. Many of them understood the social causes of human dramas but had no faith in the possibility of changing society. They sometimes tried to find reasons for their helplessness in religious and philosophical conceptions. The epigraph to *Anna Karenina* is cruel: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." As an epigraph to *Thérèse Raquin* Zola used Taine's aphorism: "Vices and virtues are as much inevitable consequences of social life as vitriol and sugar are results of chemical processes."

For the Soviet writer vices are not birthmarks and suffering is not an inevitable fate. We live in a rational and vital society. The dream of writers of all ages has been the defense of man. For us this dream has become a reality: our country is governed by persons placed in their posts by the people, and they esteem the people. History has never known such opportunities for writers and we must justify the mission entrusted to us by the people.

I DECIDED to publish these notes on the work of the writer only after a long period of considering the question, with many doubts in my mind. Certainly there is much here that is debatable: from the start I said I wanted to share my personal experience with my readers. Other writers may have something else to say, perhaps more noteworthy. I was in doubt not because these notes bear the stamp of the author. Novels too are marked with the likes and dislikes of the writer. I asked myself: Is this the time to raise questions associated with the work of the writer? It seems to me that it is.

After the war I visited many countries in Western Europe and America and met various writers. Everywhere I heard these bitter words: "This is not the time for literature." The writers spoke to me of the profound confusion of people who do not know in the evening what will happen to them the next morning. Rumors of a new war, immense social shocks, hardships in living that grow with every day—all these interfere not only with a person's meditating over a book, but even with his picking one up. Writers in various countries in the West told me everything had dropped—the level of artistic works, book circulation and readers' concern with literature. They said reflectively: "It is easy for the military, the diplomats, the politicians—they know what they have to do. But no one needs writers. This is no time for literature."

It seems to me that in our country the time is growing ripe for great literature.

The reader will perhaps be amazed: Is it possible you think that up to now our writers did not have excellent conditions set up for them? Did they not write splendid books? Do we not have novels that have circulations of many millions in our country, and have not tens, perhaps hundreds, of Soviet novels been translated into various languages?

That is all so. It is impossible to compare the conditions arranged for Soviet writers and the difficult and at times dangerous life of any honest writer of the West. It is impossible to compare the circulation of our novels with the circulation of artistic works in any bourgeois country. It is impossible to compare the interest shown in our literature by readers no matter where they may be living and the interest in the contemporary literature of France and England.

Then why do I say that now the time is getting ripe for great literature?

Of course, our best writers have created fine books. If you compare them with contemporary bourgeois novels it will be clear which society inspires the artist and which society mutilates him. Great writers never develop in a void: if what you want are honest average writers, we have them too; their books are of high quality and truly better than many of the celebrated newly published books of the West. But I do not see why we should compare our books with the agonies of a moribund world.

Critics in every period in the life of our state have invariably spoken of the flowering of our literature. But you do not build a house from the roof down but from the foundation up. If we take an example from economics, we can note that the creation of a heavy industry preceded the possibility of a flourishing light industry. The first foundation ditches in Kuznetsk-Magnitogorsk were excavated long before the question arose of the possibility of an abundance of consumers' goods.

Soviet literature has done much in its thirty-five years. It has helped readers perceive the essence of our society. We have described the events, the exploits, the unusual deeds of our people. We showed them at work and on the field of battle when the fascists invaded our country. Our literature has built and it has fought.

Books of Soviet writers, translated into almost all the languages of the world, have carried good news to readers: a new world is born. These books, quite varied in their artistic worth, have all shown the merits of our society, and every period of our stormy history sticks in the memories of our friends abroad, associated with the novels of Soviet writers: the beginning of industrialization—with *Cement;* collectivization—with *Seeds of Tomorrow;* the war years—with the novels *And Not To Die, Days and Nights, The People Immortal;* the reconstruction of the country—with *Happiness* and *Harvest* (of course this list is not at all full; I just wanted to emphasize the role our books play abroad).

I have said that it has been much harder for us than it was for the writers of the nineteenth century to understand and picture our contemporaries. Our society is just in its beginnings. The war was our test by fire. The people came out of it spiritually strengthened, steeled.

When enemies brandish their weapons now, our people preserve their calm. They know their strength. Human sadness sometimes darkens the face of a mother bent over the fourth page* of a newspaper. She has gone through much, this Soviet woman. But she knows well that our people are invincible and, pushing sorrows away, she smiles at her first-born.

Never before has our society been so strong. The new features of man have become more outstanding and more expressive. The new house has become a home. The new people are more distinctly visible. The writers of my generation worked in an epoch difficult for literature. It is easier for writers now to present a true and profound reflection of the Soviet people and of the Soviet society that has taken form.

Enemies of justice and humanism hated the Soviet state from its first days. They were afraid that this society, when it became strong, would become a dangerous example for the workers of the whole world. Now they fear not our future but our present. They see how our life has changed, and statistics frighten them now more than all arguments and slogans.

The time of maturity is approaching for Soviet literature. It was strong mainly in the deeds it portrayed. It must become a strong portrayal of the people who perform these deeds.

Never before in history have there been such readers as ours. It is enough to attend a readers' conference, spend an evening in a factory library, glance through the letters the writers receive, to see the depth, the sympathetic responsiveness, the enthusiasm of our readers.

And who are they? Not circles of connoisseurs, not the thin layer of the pre-revolutionary intelligentsia; no, our readers are the people. We should compare our works not with the salon and detective novels of the West but with our readers, and then everyone will say: the people are superior to the literary representations of them.

It is with hope that I look to tomorrow. The Leningrad engineer and tens of millions of readers will yet read splendid books. They cannot be ordered and planned. But the lofty position of our society, its solidity, its spiritual strength affirm the fact that the time is growing ripe for a literature as great as our people.

(*Translated from the Russian by Bernard Koten.*)

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* In Soviet papers the fourth page carries all the foreign news.

Where Science Serves *PEACE*

By J. D. BERNAL

London

IT HAS taken the hydrogen bomb to break down the blanket of distortion and suppression that has covered the scientific and technical progress of the Soviet Union. In a speech to the American Legion at Indianapolis on October 12, 1953, Mr. Sterling Cole, a member of the House of Representatives and Chairman of the Joint Atomic Energy Commitee, discussed the significance of the Soviet explosion of a hydrogen weapon only nine months after the first United States test at Eniwetok. He expressed himself most disturbed over the evidence of Russian progress and refused to minimize it.

"So let us acknowledge the fact plainly: we still seem to underestimate the Soviets—just as in 1949 we were caught by surprise by Stalin's first atomic bomb . . . yet we shall only delude ourselves if we conclude that the Soviet achievements have been due exclusively, or even primarily, to the revelations of traitors. An atomic program such as the Soviets had in being represents a tremendous undertaking. On behalf of its atomic effort the Kremlin has mobilized the talents of the ablest scientists, engineers and administrators in the Soviet Union. There are more people working in the Russian atomic program than we now have in ours. Primarily, in other words, Moscow has mastered the intricacies of atomic and hydrogen energy so quickly because Soviet scientists and technicians are very good. . . . I say most solemnly: If our own hydrogen effort falters, as it must not and need not, the Soviets have it in their capacity to outstrip us and outstrip us decisively—within a relatively short period of time."

This cry of alarm from American big business is well founded, but it is not one that need distress anyone else. What is horrifying is the insane determination of the rulers of America in the face of such knowledge to rush blindly on with accelerated productions of weapons, one of which would destroy the whole of London, and not to seek agreement on their abolition offered time and again by the Soviet Union.

The shock of the announcement of the Soviet hydrogen explosion may have at least one good effect in drawing attention to a development in the Soviet Union which is much more important than any weapon. That is the degree of success already achieved there in bringing out and using the resources of the intelligence of the people through the teaching and application of science. The great, initial technical start that world capitalism, and particularly

American capitalism, had over Russia is being rapidly wiped out and that despite the tragic losses of three wars. This is something that can only be done in a socialist country and will bring home, increasingly as the years go on, the practical and intellectual superiority of the socialist mode of production.

In a modern, industrial state, high productivity is not a matter of working harder and accepting wage freezes; it depends on the rapid turnover of the results of scientific research into new tools and instruments. It is a matter of doing and making things better, faster and with less materials. For it is not the countries where wages are lowest that have the lowest cost. Quite the contrary. There is nothing so expensive as poverty, ill-health and ignorance.

NOW, to achieve technical pre-eminence requires a supply of trained scientists and engineers on a scale far greater than the quarter of one per cent of the labor force that prevails in this country, or even of the one per cent in the United States. It also requires workers able to appreciate, to use and to initiate the applications of science to their own jobs. For all the talk in productivity team reports, the latter conditions can never be fully met under capitalism. Here the worker is not put in a position to understand the scientific basis of his work, the rewards for any improvement he makes in it are derisory and more often than not such improvements will, if accepted, only worsen his conditions of work and chance of employment.

On both these counts a socialist economy has an incontestable advantage. Under socialism higher education is no carefully guarded privilege for an elite: there is not need for guaranteeing the education of the rich through public schools and providing a second-class education for just enough of the poor not to challenge their authority. At the same time the workers have every opportunity and incentive to take an active part in the improvement of production.

These advantages are not just theoretical deductions; they are actually being reaped today in the Soviet Union where the educational system is now turning out an ever-increasing stream of scientifically and technically trained young men and women. Because of the time it takes to train teachers and students, it is only in the last few years that we are beginning to see the full fruits of the plan of higher technical and scientific education, but the results are plain enough.

The adjoining table shows plainly how for the last fifteen years the Soviet scientific and technical effort has surpassed our own proportionally and absolutely and how proportionally it is now passing the United States as well.

This evident fact is just beginning to be noticed in the United States. In *Chemical and Engineering News* for June 22, 1953, we find:

"Soviet Russia is gaining rapidly on the United States in turning out scien-

Students of science and technology including medicine and agriculture at institutes of higher education.

	U.K. *Number*	*% of age group*	*U.S.A.* *Number*	*% of age group*	*U.S.S.R.* *Number*	*% of age group*
1938	28,000	1.0	360,000	3.7	390,000	3.2
1947	43,000	1.6	650,000	7.4	710,000	4.7
1952	49,000	1.9	560,000	6.4	960,000	6.2

tists and engineers; output of Russian technical schools is an estimated 35,000 a year compared with United States average of 25,000. Figures given at a recent meeting in Washington of the Committee on Human Resources show the Russian total to be 400,000, United States 650,000."

The figures are not directly comparable with those in the table as these contain doctors and agriculturalists as well as scientists and engineers. Nevertheless, whatever figures are taken one thing is evident, Soviet science is growing at an accelerating rate. In twenty years, unless a radical change has taken place in the capitalist educational system, there will be no comparison. The practical result will be not only a vastly higher standard of material and cultural life, but also a secure hope of further progress.

AND this is only the part of the story that can be told in figures. Not only in quantity but also in quality, the scientific man and woman power is likely to make itself felt. Already some 6.2 per cent of the children of the Soviet Union as a whole and a larger proportion in the towns get higher education. This means not just the three-year scramble of the British university or American college, but a solid five-year course, reaching the level of our M.Sc. degree. In the Soviet Union, the universities as such account only for a small proportion, about one-tenth, of the higher education. The rest is more specialized; there are medical and agricultural colleges, polytechnics and engineering schools, as well as dramatic and art academies and the conservatories of music. All however, have the same long course and all exact the same high standard.

How is it possible for the Soviet Union to find such a mass of varied talent when we are told here that already, with only 3.1 per cent of the proportion of our young men and only 0.6 per cent of our young women in higher education, we have scraped the barrel of talent? There are two obvious explanations; firstly, that over there the figures have been practically doubled by admitting women in the same proportions as men, and, secondly, that the disastrous call-up that robs our young students of at least two of the most valuable years of their educational life, does not apply to university or equivalent students there. All they

have to do is to take some basic training in the college and go to camp once a year.

The major reason, however, goes deeper than these: it is the acceptance of the fundamental socialist belief that all men and women are educable, and that the building of communism requires, and requires soon, as Stalin said, that everyone should have a higher education. It is difficult to prove that people are ineducable but easy to deprive 96 per cent of the young men and women of higher education in our own land by a restriction of facilities and the application of intelligence tests. In a socialist country it is possible to prove that at least 10 per cent are fully educable by the simple device of giving them the chance of a higher education and using their talents afterwards in the building of the new economy.

The responsibility for education is transferred to society and the teachers, and its success has exploded the theory of inherited mental inferiority of the mass of the population, which is the basis of our educational system. I have seen the system working in the Soviet Union, not only in Russia, but in the formerly backward and oppressed Georgia. The University of Tiflis has, for example, a physics course equipped in a way that would rouse the envy of most British physics departments, and taught with a thoroughness and enthusiasm that we would find hard to match. And there are 500 men and 350 women taking that five-year course, taught in their own language from Georgian textbooks. This is more men than are studying physics in London University and more than five times the number of women. All this for a country with a population as small as Wales, which thirty years ago was largely illiterate and which had no industry.

WHY so many physicists? They are matched by even larger numbers of engineers, chemists, agriculturalists, doctors—all needed, all with jobs in prospect in building the industries and the agriculture of their own country.

What is being proved in the Soviet Union is that science makes socialism possible and that when society demands and can use science they can always get it. And the lesson holds not for the Soviet Union alone. In China, in the New Democracies, it is the same story. I have seen in Vestprem, in the depths of the Hungarian countryside, a university so new that half the buildings are still in scaffolding, where hundreds of young students, boys and girls fresh from the farms, are learning chemical technology to enable them to run and improve the new coke ovens, oil refineries and aluminum plants that are growing up all round the country.

What has been discovered in the socialist third of the world is the means of releasing and developing the greatest of all natural resources, the unbounded capacity and ingenuity of the human mind. It is this

that is beginning to give to their science and technology the lead over capitalist countries that has just been brought home in the field of atomic energy.

For it is not only in education that the new character of socialist science is showing itself, but also in research and development. A new kind of higher scientific organization has grown up and been tested in practice. It is a vigorous graft on an old stock—the academies of science that were formed in the first flush of bourgeois enthusiasm over science in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and had since subsided into highly honorific but quite ineffective societies of the learned. They have now found a new lease of life by being given for the first time in two hundred years something important and practical to do. The Soviet All-Union Academy is the heir to the old Academy of Peter the Great, and it would delight his mind to see it today. It has become a well-knit group of institutes, concentrated in Moscow and Leningrad, but covering the whole country and employing 32,000 scientists. It does not stand alone but is backed by the smaller academies of twelve republics of the Union and by the work of the more specialized academies of agriculture and medicine.

These academies between them look after the basic science of the Union, and are closely linked through the many institutes depending on the different ministries with the industrial and agricultural drive of the country. They are also effectively responsible for post-graduate training to the level of our Ph.D. and D.Sc.

I HAD seen something of the work of the academy institutes in the past; indeed, I had followed the progress of some of them for more than twenty years, but I was amazed, in my recent visit, at the rapid progress in scale and quality of the last few years. What I have seen there is scientific research carried out as all good scientists would like it to be, regardless of expense and at the same time without the need for conspicuous extravagance. Much more important is the achievement of a living balance between individual initiative and imagination and group planning. The strategy of science, that can never be fitted into the conflicting requirements of capitalism, is there fully developed. The reports of the academy on science in the successive five-year plans show how year after year the practical appreciation of what science can do has grown.

In the latest report the president of the Academy, Professor Nesmeyanov, sums up the strategy of scientific advance in a socialist society in these words:

"Primarily, our task is to make a very great improvement in the quality of the work of our scientific institutions and scientists and to increase the productivity of their labor. Scientific staffs must be directed towards solving the main problems of science and defining these main problems exactly and precisely. By bringing science in every way closer to the

practice of building communism, to industry and to production, by absorbing the experience of industry and of the innovators in production, we must solve the most important theoretical problems of science."

In the program he outlines, the emphasis is on the ways in which science can lessen the drudgery of the workers by automatization and telemechanics, through the use of radiotechnics including ultra-short waves and other electronic developments. At the same time there is a full realization of the need to press forward vigorously on the most promising growing points of science, such as the studies of the origin of the earth and of life, which are not seen as academic exercises but as a means of finding and using the resources of our planet.

Among these resources, besides the coal, the oil and the water power, lies the energy of the atomic nucleus which Nesmeyanov describes as a "vigorous field of growth in science and technology." It is certain that in the Soviet Union atomic energy is being used not only for power but for chemical transformations in a coordinated way unhampered by the restrictions imposed by power companies. It is this prospect indeed that most frightens the makers of atomic weapons.

Congressman Cole in another speech makes this crystal clear:

"To my way of thinking nothing would be more devastating to our national prestige than an announcement by the Kremlin that the Soviets had developed peacetime atomic power and were prepared to share that development with their friends and allies.

"Such an action by the Kremlin would strike at the very roots of the unity of the free world."

Sad as it is to find the unity of the free world resting on such insecure foundation, it is comforting to think that at last even Americans realize that there is something better to do with the atom bomb than to devastate the world. This knowledge as it spreads should give rise to an ever more urgent demand that science should everywhere be turned from the service of war to that of peace.

Vivre

Adapted from the French of Paul Eluard

By WALTER LOWENFELS

My epoch gave me forever
new reasons to live in others,
to have in my heart, other heart's blood.
My living is present in each living hand.
The only death is to be alone.
From passion to fury, from delight to clarity,
I build myself through all other beings.
I pass through ages, through suns, clouds,
through all seasons, always young,
strong in the strength of having loved.
My heart mounts above its ruined yesterdays.
We have our hands, to grow into each other.
Nothing better to make us live
than roots in each other,
giving back earth to sky, sky to night,
night that begins never-ending day.

Poster by the Mexican artist, Alberto Beltran

ON RECEIVING THE STALIN PEACE AWARD

By HOWARD FAST

This is the text of Mr. Fast's speech accepting the Stalin Peace Prize for 1953, which was presented to him at a reception on April 22 at the Hotel McAlpin in New York. The presentation was made by Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, acting on behalf of the international jury which made the selection. As Dr. Du Bois stated, the jury wished to present the prize to Fast in person, but the U.S. State Department had refused the writer a visa. About 1,000 persons attended the presentation ceremony. Rev. William Howard Melish was chairman, and Paul Robeson, winner of the Stalin Peace Prize for 1952, took part in the proceedings.

THE things one says at a moment like this can never be as meaningful as the occasion itself—and the far deeper implications it contains. I have been given a prize for contributing toward peace among the nations on this earth, and I am grateful, deeply moved, and very proud.

Yet it is the concept of the prize which is important, so much more important than the person who wins it. This prize is called the Stalin International Peace Award; and I would depart from all reality if I were to maintain, even here before so many friends, that either the prize or the name it bears is greatly honored by the men who govern my country. Quite the contrary is true, as you so well know; but I think you also know this—that peace is honored and beloved of millions of the American people, indeed, of almost all of them.

And thereby, the importance here in this land of the prize which I have just received. It is a peace prize; nothing can ever change that, and nothing will—and when, even for a moment, the tissue of lies and slanders erected between this land of ours and the Soviet Union, is parted, is brushed aside, we see beyond this prize a monumental force for the peace of mankind.

I think this is such a moment, here at least, and I think that we here in this room can part that tissue, if only for a little while. I call it a tissue deliberately; for it is no iron curtain, no mighty stone wall, no impenetrable barrier that separates our world

from the world of socialism. The time is past when such a separation can be made anywhere on this earth, and less than ever can it be made between the two great forces of this earth.

There have been some people, all too many, who have been crying out that we stand at the brink of the destruction of mankind and of the rich and beautiful civilization which mankind has created; and still others say that this destruction is inevitable. I do not deny that these are grim and frightening times; but I cannot say that without adding that these are bright and splendid times. If we stand at the brink of destruction, we also stand at the brink of something else, at the brink of a new dawn, in which the human race, in all of its complex and fascinating difference, will come to the conclusion that it must live in a peaceful brotherhood that will include this multitude of difference. And it is my thought that we will choose to live together rather than to die together—my hope and the hope of all of mankind.

I AM not here today to argue these questions, to formulate foreign policy, to criticize foreign policy. I am here simply to receive a prize which is a peace prize. This prize, awarded to me and to many others by an international jury, originates in the Soviet Union. If I had no other cause for honoring the Soviet Union, I would honor it greatly and profoundly for giving prizes for peace.

I do not understand those people who say that a prize for peace is not a prize for peace. For such people, there is no beginning; and where there is no beginning, how can there be a conclusion in understanding? Yet we must have understanding. The burning question of the times in which we live is peaceful coexistence between our world and the socialist world, and that coexistence, if it is to be at all, must be based on understanding.

And there is ground for such coexistence—much ground. For all the threat implicit in atomic power, there is also implicit in it the realization that we have hardly scraped at the riches of our planet. There is not only enough for all; there is enough for untold thousands of generations to come. And what a power, what an incredible and mighty power these two separate worlds of ours would be if they were joined together in peaceful intercourse among the nations.

Yes, there would be wars to be fought, but wars that we would win, that mankind would win. We would war against disease, and wipe it from the face of the earth. We would war against old age and hunger and poverty. We would war against the desert and turn it into a garden. Yes, and we would war against time and space itself, for we are on the threshold of that ancient dream of man—that he will go out among the stars and touch them with his own hands.

We are not fools, we people, whatever land we live in; and I have never known people who were not

in their great majority good and honest and hard-working. For a hundred generations, we have dreamed a great and beautiful dream—and now we are on the threshold of its realization. Of course, it is hard; but could anything so splendid, so large, yes, so heroic, not be hard?

We are people with children, and concerned for our children, for human life owes as great a debt to the future as it does to the past. Shall we tell our children that because the way toward peace was hard, we gave up the struggle and left them ashes for their inheritance?

I think not. I think we will fight for peace, and I think we will win peace—because when we win peace, we win all that mankind ever longed for.

NOR is this simply a dream. I know that there are evil men here in America who plan war and who plot war—and who leave no stone unturned in their efforts to keep the world in a state of crisis. But these evil men have set their faces against the lives and hopes of all mankind; and to them, not only the people of other lands, but the people of my own land, have said again and again,

"No! We do not want a war! We will live in peace!"

This is such a time, and for that reason, the presentation of this peace prize here in America has added significance. It means to us, who are Americans, that a challenge for peace has been made. We must accept that challenge, and either show that the millions of peace-loving Americans are of more consequence in this land than the atom-warlords—or else go against the hopes of all mankind and accept a burden of shame and horror as our lot for untold generations to come.

I do not think that we will accept such a burden of shame and horror; rather do I think that the American people will stand with the people of all the earth—against war and for peace.

McCarthyism and the Liberals

By HERBERT APTHEKER

THE OPPOSITION to McCarthy is mounting. Attacks upon him are becoming more and more numerous, and are issuing from ever new individuals and groups. The opposition is beginning, also, in some cases, to take on an added dimension; it is beginning to attack not only McCarthy, but (especially in trade-union circles) McCarthyism, as an ultra-reactionary system—as fascism.

How can the defeat of McCarthyism be accomplished? A major contribution towards answering this question has been presented by the Communist Party in its new Draft Program. This Draft Program, submitted for the widest public discussion, states that "the first task of the hour" is to smash McCarthyism and "to safeguard the democratic rights and precious liberties of the American people."

The Draft stresses that McCarthyism, American fascism, can be defeated only if it is met by the broadest unity and the sharpest clarity among the American people. In the spirit of this Draft Program, I shall examine in this article four current books by influential authors who oppose McCarthy from what may be somewhat loosely defined as a liberal viewpoint. I propose to examine these volumes as a means of analyzing the strengths and weaknesses of this viewpoint and, it is hoped, of helping to gain clarity and forge unity in the struggle against McCarthyism.

The four volumes are: *The Urge to Persecute,* by A. Powell Davies, a nationally-known Unitarian minister in Washington; *On Education and Freedom* by Harold Taylor, President of Sarah Lawrence College; *But We Were Born Free* by Elmer Davis, director of the Office of War Information, 1942-1945, and chief news analyst for the American Broadcasting Corporation from 1945 to the present; and *Freedom, Loyalty, Dissent* by Henry Steele Commager, professor of American history at Columbia University.*

The merits of these volumes are uneven, but their positive aspects are manifold and weighty. Present in all is a passionately expressed abhorrence for the repressive character of McCarthyism and the vulgarity, not to say, brutality, of its namesake. All

* Publication data on these four volumes, respectively, are: Beacon Press, $2.75; Abelard-Schuman, $3.50; Bobbs-Merrill, $2.75; Oxford Univ. Press, $2.50.

the books convey a more or less complete (Mr. Davies' is the least complete, Mr. Commager's the most) dedication to the principles of the Bill of Rights.

Generally, the volumes are in the humanist, rational tradition of the Enlightenment, though here, too, Mr. Davies' preoccupation with psychoanalytical jargon and with the allegedly evil nature of man give his own work a certain kinship with the "new conservatism." The four authors are nauseated with the spectacle whereby an individual desiring—to quote Mr. Davies—"to feel really safe in his job should not only conform to the most orthodox of opinions but should also adopt the most reactionary of prejudices."

Our authors defend reason, intelligence, science. Elmer Davis is appalled at a Naval Security Officer's concern upon learning that a prospective employee was a highly intelligent woman. "These intelligent people," said the luckily moronic official, "are very likely to be attracted to Communism." Harold Taylor condemns the "scorn for intellectual activity" and the "dislike of science" so widespread nowadays in the college world and, in a notable passage, attacks the nihilism which holds that scientific and philosophic pursuits must be divorced from value judgment:

"The primary subject matter of each teacher lies in the values he holds. . . . The separation of knowledge into accumulation of fact and the interpretation of fact, as if they were two separate processes, makes philosophic studies empty and scientific studies barren."

Mr. Commager, too, in the scintillating style so characteristic of his prose, feels compelled to warn: "The greatest danger that threatens us is neither heterodox thought nor orthodox thought, but the absence of thought." Striking is the image he evokes with this sentence: "Even in American Legion halls it is probably a bust of Socrates that stands in the niche—Socrates who was condemned because he was a corruptor of youth—rather than of those forgotten members of the tribunal who put him to death."

Our authors react to the present-day desecrators of learning, the Philistines, the eager conformists, the bullies—to Senator McCarthy and the vermin he naturally assembles about himself—with the same almost instinctual contempt the late Charles Beard expressed for William Randolph Hearst, that he "would not touch him with a ten-foot pole." They detest the informer, renegade and stoolpigeon, as decent folk always have, and find especially evil the concept of guilt by association, so fundamental to the present reign of witch-hunting. On this Mr. Commager is particularly convincing and eloquent. In a truly memorable passage, he writes:

"The doctrine of guilt by association, then, is deeply immoral. It rests on a low view of human nature. It panders to spiritual pride and arrogance. It confesses a lack of faith in truth and in virtue. It dries up all our decent and generous instincts. . . . It is a device for subverting our constitutional principles and practices, for destroying our constitutional guarantees, and for corrupting our faith in ourselves and in our fellow men."

So strong is Harold Taylor's opposition to the guilt-by-association doctrine that he applies it, quite courageously for these days, even to Communists. He says: "In the end, the only test of political or moral integrity, for Communists or for anyone else, lies in the ideas, acts, and expressed opinions of the individual." And he insists that a teacher who "genuinely believes in the validity of Marxist philosophy" could be "helpful to the education of college students since it is a point of view which they seldom hear discussed."

To a limited degree—and the limits will be analyzed later—these authors see the demagogic quality of the Red-baiting technique. Elmer Davis, for instance, in a passage reflective of the thinking of the others, says that the attack on the Communist Party "provides them ["many of our public men"] with a cover for attacks on liberalism and progressive reforms—attacks which might have less hope of success if they had to be made honestly . . . and, quite as important, it enables them in denouncing Communism to find the road to publicity and power."

It is certain, too, that Messrs. Davis, Taylor and Davies would agree with the definition of Americanism offered by Professor Commager: "It is a realization that America was born of revolt, flourished on dissent, became great through experimentation." They would subscribe to these sharp words from the same pen: "We should not forget that our tradition is one of protest and revolt, and it is stultifying to celebrate the rebels of the past—Jefferson and Paine, Emerson and Thoreau—while we silence the rebels of the present."

THAT distinguished Americans are now writing such books and that thousands of Americans are eagerly buying them (Elmer Davis' book was in its tenth printing and heading the non-fiction best-seller list at the time these words were written) are very encouraging evidences of a developing resistance to reaction.

Yet there are omissions and erroneous views, as I see things, in the arguments of the liberal authors. These failings are of great consequence because they are characteristic of the failings in major sections of the anti-McCarthy movement and serve to weaken seriously its effectiveness.

Where criticism is made—and the authors themselves insist that freedom of criticism is essential to the abandonment of error—it is made in an effort to assist in accomplishing the defeat of McCarthyism. It is necessary to make this quite explicit, for each of the four writers affirms that Communists really welcome McCarthyism, despite vigorous protestations to the contrary. They welcome it, the story goes, because it damages the United States and because it throttles freedom and it is for these purposes that Communists exist, and so when they say they are against it they are really for it because—they *must* be for it!

That the most persistent opponents of McCarthyism and McCarthyism's first victims really welcome McCar-

thyism—that despite all the realities of day-to-day life, the Communists "must" be for McCarthy—to think in this fashion really brings one into the never-never land of unreason. And were the stakes but an abstract argument, one might be tempted to throw up one's hands, but since the stakes are democratic liberties versus fascist enslavement, human annihilation versus fruitful creativity, withdrawal from discussion is impossible. So, in the name of sanity, let this criticism, from a Communist, be evaluated in the spirit in which it is offered—constructively, openly, honestly.

We find, then, the liberal argument against McCarthyism defective for three central reasons:

First: It accepts the fundamental assumption and premise of McCarthyism.

Second: It offers no adequate explanation of the origins, nor a satisfactory analysis of the nature of McCarthyism.

Third: It offers no effective way of smashing McCarthyism, and no realistic program of its own, no inspiring bill of particulars which will answer the pressing needs and fulfill the deep aspirations of the American people.

I

THE fundamental assumption and premise of McCarthyism may be stated—not at all coincidentally—in the exact words of Hitler: "The Communist Party is a section of a political movement which has its headquarters abroad and is directed from abroad." And: "We look on Communism as a world peril for which there must be no toleration. . . . Communism is the most frightful barbarism of all times."

Such was the view of Hitler. Such is the view of McCarthy. McCarthyism—fascism—is based on that Big Lie. McCarthyism seeks to ride into power here—as fascism did wherever it came into power—on the basis of employing that Big Lie as a club wherewith to beat into submission all who question the objective of the wielder of the club. And that objective is—as was Hitler's anti-Communism and anti-Comintern pact—fascism and world war. "To take this country through a depression and into a war," says the Draft Program of the Communist Party, "the ruling class needs fascist conformity, apathy, terrorized and submissive Americans. This is the meaning of McCarthyism."

Now, it is certain that the liberal does not agree with this analysis and he may then hold that, since it is erroneous, it is irrelevant to any effective criticism of his own ideas on McCarthyism. However, the liberal must face the fact that anti-Communism is central to McCarthyism, that McCarthy's definition of "Communism" is exactly that of Hitler's and that the liberal himself (specifically Commager, Davis, Taylor and Davies) accepts this fascist conception of "Communism" and makes it central to his thinking and his program. He thus accepts McCarthy's basic assumption (expressing difference,

when he does, only as to the immediacy of the "Communist menace") and so vitiates the effectiveness of his opposition to McCarthy.

One finds in these four volumes uncritical acceptance and tiresome repetition of all the clichés against Communists—they "poison minds," "plot destruction," are "as evil as possible," are "alien conspirators," etc.

Now, this is not the place to enter into a disquisition as to the nature of Communism, except to offer (yet again—how many times since 1848!) a blanket denial as to the accuracy of the policeman's caricature and the tyrant's slander. But we would suggest certain thoughts in the hope that they may give pause to the liberal authors as to the wisdom of their present position on this question:

1) When reading the above red-baiting clichés, words written more than half a century ago take on sudden freshness:

> "As I write, I take up the first book on Communism which lies at my hand, and, opening it, find Communists spoken of as 'a hideous fraternity of conspirators.' I turn over a few pages and read this: 'Today there is not in our language, a more hateful word than Communism.' Of a sentence uttered by a Socialist, this writer says, 'more pestilent words were never spoken.' . . . Such words do more than excite the anger of Socialists. They arouse the indignation of every lover of fair play. . . ."

Such was the observation* of the late Professor Richard T. Ely, to whose "notable scholarly contributions" Mr. Commager paid deserved tribute in his *The American Mind.* If such ignorant diatribes aroused indignation fifty years ago, might they not provoke disgust—rather than imitation—today?

2) The authors equate McCarthyism with deceitfulness and ignorance and yet find McCarthyism is truthful and informed as to Communism. Is this not remarkable? Would your reply be merely that a deceitful person need not always lie, and so finding McCarthyism truthful in this particular is not a telling contradiction? But it is; it is because this caricature of Communism—this Hitlerian fabrication—is *central* to the whole deceit known as McCarthyism—or Hitlerism.

We are not here asking a liar for the time of day and expressing amazement that one believes him. No, McCarthy might tell you the right time; but McCarthyism is not the trade-name of a time-piece. It is the name of an ultra-reactionary, a fascist, political movement whose main stock-in-trade is anti-Communism and whose picture of "Communism" is false from beginning to end.

This is the heart in McCarthyism's deceit. Therefore, accepting McCarthy's version of Communism and of Socialism and his view of that third of the world which is Socialist is to accept the heart of McCarthyism and to make effective refutation of it impossible. One need not accept the Communist's position to battle McCarthyism effectively; but one can-

* It occurs in Ely's *French and German Socialism in Modern Times* (Harper, N. Y., 1903), p. 16.

not accept McCarthy's position and fight McCarthyism effectively.

3) An extension of this last thought is applicable to the liberal author's handling of the informer and stoolpigeon. He hates them, distrusts them—and yet builds much of his analysis and program upon their testimony. And he deals with this testimony in a double-standard manner that violates all canons of scholarship.

Thus, Elmer Davis notes the "discrepancies in testimony" characteristic of the performance by Budenz, Bentley and Kornfeder. He finds them possessed of "inventive imaginations" and "self-refreshing recollections." Similarly, Harold Taylor comments on the manifest dishonesty of the professional "anti-Communist" witnesses, and says that he knows their testimony is false so far as it pertains to American colleges.

Both men comment adversely on their technique of excerpting paragraphs or sentences from books, articles, or letters and attempting to extract from such bleeding phrases the desired meaning, inference or suggestion. Davis is appalled, too, at the fact that in one document two sentences separated in the original by eleven pages were put together and that in another instance a man was accused on the basis of a single line torn from a letter written fifteen years ago.

Such vile practices arouse the indignation and scorn of our authors, and they treat such testimony with the contempt it deserves—when that testimony is offered against non-Communists. But when it is offered against Communists, when it is offered against the world outlook of Marxism-Leninism, then it is to be believed, then it is not only to be believed, but is sufficient to send men and women to prison for years!

The same witnesses, for the same fees, do the same things, and worse—lines excerpted out of writings not fifteen years old, but a hundred and fifteen years old, passages misquoted, others ground up, chopped up and otherwise massacred, words uttered in Tiflis in 1905 used to send Steve Nelson to jail for twenty years in Pittsburgh fifty years later—but all this miraculously is to be believed and approved, or at least condoned, because now the liars are talking of Communists and of Marxism-Leninism.* And all this quite aside from the greater crime—jailing people not for what they did, nor even for what they allegedly plotted to do, nor even for what they said, but rather for having allegedly conspired to advocate something sometime that then would challenge the stability of the American government!

4) Our authors, accepting the McCarthyite version of Communism, also accept the whole "duped fellow-travelers" concoction. That is, they denounce the "unscrupulous tactics" of Communists who "perfidiously announce worthy aims" in order "to serve their own conspiratorial ends" or who "distorted the policies of pro-

* For a documented exposé of the character of these informers and some insights into the fantastic nature of their testimony (on which Smith Act convictions are based) see the anonymous articles, "The Trouble with Informers" in *The Nation*, April 8, 15, 1950, and especially Frank Donner's "The Informer" in *The Nation*, April 10, 1954.

gressive movements with the intention of bringing discredit upon them" (the quotations are from Taylor and Davis).

SO, THE fair means of the Communists are used to gain foul ends (as testified to by informers who lie about everything else in the world except this) and therefore one is to fight shy of any association with the Communists (even though guilt by association is abominable) so as not to strengthen them in their nefarious purposes. But how, then, shall guilt remain personal? How, then, shall we apply Mr. Taylor's own admirable test, "the only test of political and moral integrity," *i.e.,* "the ideas, acts, and expressed opinions of the individual"? How, then, shall we ever rid ourselves of absolute dependence on the testimony of hired informers, provocateurs and stool-pigeons, who alone, in their magical way, can swear to the real intentions of noble-acting villains? Are none but J. Edgar Hoover, the Honorable Joseph R. McCarthy and Professor Louis Budenz immune to becoming dupes? Had we all then not better act upon the advice of Congressman Martin Dies: "Never participate in anything in the future without consulting the American Legion or the local Chamber of Commerce"?

Further: our authors find the government's witnesses detestable and their methods abominable (at least when employed against non-Communists) but here they insist that foul means are meant to serve fair ends. Their concern is to tidy up the means the better to serve the ends, but is it not extraordinary that they find no difficulty in believing that fair means are serving foul ends, and foul means are serving fair ends, and all this at the same time and in the same place?

Is it not more logical to believe that he who uses foul means—fascist means—seeks a foul end—seeks fascism? Is the logical quality of this not enhanced by the devastation to science and reason and culture which the foul means have already produced as attested to by our authors themselves?

Shall we, on fundamentals, unite with Joe McCarthy, Elizabeth Dilling and George Schuyler, and approve of the jailing of William Z. Foster, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Benjamin J. Davis? Is this how we shall preserve culture and the Bill of Rights and peace, which we are sure our authors really do want to preserve?

There is another final area of analysis in which the liberal authors fall into agreement with the McCarthyite approach, and this also tends to weaken the effectiveness of their rejection of that approach. This is in accepting the reality of what Mussolini's Foreign Minister first called "totalitarianism." That is, our authors accept the demagogic, Hearstian concept, "Red Fascism," and find Communism and Fascism alike in their "totalitarianism."

This appears most clearly in Commager's and Taylor's expressed adherence to pragmatism whose special virtue, in their view, is its open quality, its experimental, tentative nature and its rejection of the idea of ob-

jective truth. To Commager and Taylor it is the *search* for truth (itself indefinable) which is freedom, and he who announces he has found it, and feels it is definable, announces thereby the loss of his soul, the relinquishment of freedom.

Fascism and Communism are, then, we are told, alike basically for they are closed; they insist on having found truth; they are, therefore, "totalitarian." It is rejection of finality, rejection of the idea of *knowing* the truth, rather than seeking it; it is the elasticity and experimentalism that come with this which, Commager says, is at the heart of the finest American tradition, is the essence of true radicalism. Therefore, the Communist is not within the mainstream of *American* rebels and fighters for freedom but rather is akin to the fascists.

This, objectively, waters down the liberals' concern for the McCarthyite "anti-Communism" program and restricts their vigorous opposition to it.

I think this view is wrong. Communism does not hold that it has found the Truth. It does hold to the objective reality of truth, to which knowledge, as it is accumulated, affords closer and closer approximations. Communism does hold, also, to the truthfulness of certain very significant observations and conclusions and fights hard to vindicate them and to have them prevail.

But is this contrary to the finest traditions of our country? Is this contrary to American radicalism? Does not our revolutionary birth certificate begin with certain "self-evident truths"?

Mr. Commager evokes the spirit of Jefferson and Paine and Garrison and Thoreau (why not Douglass and Debs?). Did they not hold certain things true and others false? Were they not vigorous and forthright and militant in the expression of these views? Did they not struggle to vindicate them and do we not—does not Mr. Commager—honor them not only for the selflessness and energy they displayed but also because of the lasting truthfulness of the causes they espoused—of equality, fraternity, liberty? Can we not decide, in terms of truth and falsehood, between Garrison's opposition to slavery and Calhoun's defense of slavery?

Mr. Commager, in arguing against what he views as closed systems, points to the fatal error of the slave South in forbidding criticism of its system. But was *that* the *fatal* error? No—slavery was the fatal error, and it was that system which required the banning of criticism, the curbing of everyone's freedom. Is this not the *truth* of the matter? It is the content, not the form which is decisive.

Actually, Mr. Commager himself suggests this in a significant slip. He writes that it "is no accident that the nations dedicated to freedom" emerged victorious in the late great war and "those committed to totalitarianism went under." See the impossible results even so astute an historian arrives at when he starts with an obscurantist and unreal premise. He is arguing the "totalitarian" nature of the U.S.S.R. in one place

and in another—when it comes to life, to actual history—he places the U.S.S.R. where he must place it, with "the nations dedicated to freedom." For of course a Commager would not deny that the Soviet Union played some small part in the defeat of the Fascist Axis.

The glaring contradiction is resolved by facing the fact that it is, indeed, no accident that the Land of Socialism and the lands of bourgeois democracy could unite and did unite to smash Fascist regimes. Exactly. And in the past, here inside our own country, those dedicated to Socialism and those not so dedicated, but devoted, at least, to the Bill of Rights and to decency in human relationships, could unite and did unite to bring forth the best that the New Deal period bestowed upon our country—exactly McCarthy's "years of treason." What has been done domestically and in foreign affairs, in the recent past, can be done, in both arenas, again, now and here. We, the Communist and the liberal can—and for the sake of our country, must—unite against the fascist foe, in his current guise of McCarthyism.

II

IN JANUARY, 1946, Eugene Dennis, General Secretary of the Communist Party and presently a Smith-Act prisoner in Atlanta Penitentiary, declared: "History has established that anti-Communism, if it is not combated and overcome in time, can ravage and destroy the most powerful of modern nations." Here is indicated the point, which history certainly has established, that the tactic of anti-Communism is resorted to as a means of introducing fascism—of ravaging and destroying a nation.

This is McCarthyism's origin and function. McCarthyism is the creation of America's giant monopolists just as Hitlerism was the creation of Germany's giant monopolists. The racism, obscurantism, expansionism, sabre-rattling and anti-Communism of the one is identical with the other because these are the characteristics of fascism, and McCarthyism is American fascism.

Our liberal authors disagree with this analysis, but they offer little alternative for one who is anxious to understand McCarthyism — how it came into being, the source of its strength and the quality of the thing —the better to be able to combat it.

As to this, what do our authors tell us? Mr. Davis' explanation is a quip: "I do not think he [McCarthy] is a fascist; I do not even think he is a Communist . . . he is a McCarthyist." Mr. Commager does not find it necessary to consider the question; he describes some of the manifestations of a momentarily and inexplicably dominant wave of reaction and asserts his antagonism to the manifestations. Mr. Taylor thinks the phenomenon represents overzealous reaction to an overseas threat, but is puzzled and distressed that in opposing what he takes to be tyrannical aggressiveness, "the world continues to find us confused, disintegrated, uncertain, and reactionary" and even more puzzled and distressed to be forced to conclude that "the world" is just about right.

Concerning this explanation—"Communist aggression"—I would simply say, in this place, that the danger of "Communist aggression" was a hoax—the essence of the Big Lie—when Hitler cited it to justify *his* aggression; it is a hoax now when Wall Street's government cites it to justify *its* multitudinous air and naval bases, and its military forces in every country of the "free world."

Not knowing what McCarthyism is, nor whence it comes, the liberal authors are in effect compelled to ascribe its "excesses" to Mr. Davies' "urge to persecute" or, with Professor Robert MacIver, to throw up their hands and say the "excesses" simply exist—"for whatever purposes" (N. Y. *Times Magazine,* April 12, 1953).

Not knowing the cause of malaria prevents an effective anti-malaria campaign; not knowing the cause of McCarthyism prevents an effective anti-McCarthy campaign. True, the uninformed in the first case may know how to treat the disease's symptoms and all must and should join them in this; but he who knows the source of the infection must point it out and must urge not only the treatment of the symptoms, but also an attack upon the parasites and their breeding grounds from whence the disease comes.

III

OUR four authors lament the existence of the McCarthyite terror but, telling us little of its origin and nature, they offer very little as to how to overcome it and how to smash McCarthyism. The regrets are healthy and noble, but we want freedom and peace and security, not regrets. And to get freedom, peace and security, McCarthyism must be smashed.

Mr. Commager evokes, to a somewhat limited extent, the democratic and humanist features of the American past and bids us hold fast to these values. Messrs. Davis and Davies urge reasonableness in pursuit of an effective anti-Communist policy at home and abroad which, as we have tried to show, is, no matter what the motives, like choosing a stiletto rather than a bludgeon with which to slaughter liberty. Mr. Taylor does speak of the negative and self-defeating character of an exclusively anti-Soviet orientation, but withdraws the effectiveness of this point by confessing the reality of "Soviet aggression" and affirming that this explains the militarization programs of Truman and Eisenhower, programs which were and are, therefore, "necessary."

It must, then, be said that the question of how to crush McCarthyism is hardly posed, let alone answered.

Added to this, and related to it, is the very unreal picture of America today which our authors present. They say not a word about unemployment and speed-up and mounting "recession," nor about slums and mounting prices. They say not a word about the trusts and the intensively increasing monopolistic character of the American economy. They say almost nothing (Mr. Taylor is an exception here) concerning the abomination of Jim Crow. They say

nothing of the laws and rulings and impending bills attacking trade unions. They say nothing as to the repeal of the Smith and McCarran Acts, the disbanding of the committees of inquisition, the release of political prisoners. They say not nearly enough as to the physical needs of the American people in terms of education and health and social security. And concerning the actual horror of war today, the danger of war, the militarization of our society (here, again, Mr. Taylor is a partial exception) there is practically nothing in the thousand pages of these four volumes.

Yet it is through these living issues, in which the American people are vitally interested, that the smashing of McCarthyism can be accomplished. It is to avoid coming to grips with these life-and-death problems, it is to exacerbate them, that McCarthyism focuses upon a mythical "Communist conspiracy." The jailing of every Communist—and of every liberal—will most certainly not eliminate one out of the five millions today unemployed. On the contrary, such jailing and policies logically leading to such jailings are contrived for the purpose, among other things, of making impossible struggle against unemployment and by the unemployed.

It is most certainly of the greatest consequence when the liberal, or anyone else, speaks out, in any form and to any degree, against McCarthy and his ism. Let increasing numbers join our four authors in any manner they will or can at this time.

But let increasing numbers see, too, that it is by resisting each and every encroachment of McCarthyism —whether from the Senator personally or from Dulles, Brownell or McCarran—that the fascist and war danger will be repelled. Let increasing numbers see, too, that it is by *struggle* on living, specific issues with which the people—especially the great mass of people in the labor movement and in the trade unions, in the Negro organizations, in the farmers' associations — are directly concerned, that McCarthyism will be beaten. And let increasing numbers see that insisting on our differences as reasons for disunity helps only McCarthy. We must expend our energies in united struggle against McCarthyism, not in bitter, fratricidal warfare.

Walt Whitman wrote: "I say there can be no safety for these states without free tongues and ears willing to hear the tongues." All who agree with this must unite under its banner and insist that the honest issues of the day, the real problems of the American people, their earnest aspirations, be placed on the political agenda: Peace, Freedom, Equality, Security.

Certainly the vast majority of the American people agree with their poet, and want these things. "A coming together of all progressive and democratic forces," in the words of the Communist Party's Draft Program, will guarantee that the American people get them, and in the getting of them, they will bury McCarthyism.

Two Poems

By MARTIN CARTER

I AM NO SOLDIER

Wherever you fall comrade I shall arise
Wherever and whenever the sun vanishes into an arctic night
there will I come.
I am no soldier with a cold gun on my shoulder
no hunter of men, no human dog of death.
I am my poem, I come to you in particular gladness
In this hopeful dawn of earth I rise with you dear friend.

O comrade unknown to me falling somewhere in blood.
In the insurgent geography of my life
the latitudes of anguish
pass through the poles of my frozen agonies, my regions of grief.
O my heart is a magnet
electrified by passion emitting sparks of love
Swinging in me around the burning compass of to-morrow
and pointing at my grandfather's continent, unhappy Africa
unhappy lake of sunlight
moon of terror. . . .

But now the huge noise of night surrounds me for a moment
I clutch the iron bars of my nocturnal cell
peeping at daylight.
There is a dark island in a dark river
O forest of torture
O current of pain and channel of endurance
The nausea of a deep sorrow hardens in my bowels
And the sky's black paint cracks falling into fragments
Cold rain is mist! is air, is all my breath!

There is a nightmare bandaged on my brow
A long hempen pendulum marks the hour of courage
Swinging over the bloody dust of a comrade

one minute and one hour and one year
O life's mapmaker chart me now an ocean
Vast ship go sailing, keel and metal rudder.

It began when the sun was younger, when the moon was dull
But wherever you fall comrade I shall arise.
If it is in Malaya where new barbarians eat your flesh, like beasts
I shall arise.
If it is in Kenya, where your skin is dark with the stain of famine
I shall arise.
If it is in Korea of my tears where land is desolate
I shall wipe my eyes and see you
Comrade unknown to me. . . .

I will come to the brave when they dream of the red and
yellow flowers blooming in the tall mountains of their
nobility. . . .
I will come to each and to every comrade led by my heart
Led by thy magnet of freedom which draws me far and wide
over the sun's acres of children and of mornings. . . .

O wherever you fall comrade I shall arise.
In the whirling cosmos of my soul there are galaxies of happiness
Stalin's people and the brothers of Mao Tse-tung
And Accabreh's breed, my mother's powerful loin
And my father's song and my people's deathless drum.
O come astronomer of freedom
Come comrade stargazer
Look at the sky I told you I had seen
The glittering seeds that germinate in darkness
And the planet in my hand's revolving wheel
and the planet in my breast and in my head
and in my dream and in my furious blood.
Let me rise up wherever he may fall
I am no soldier hunting in a jungle
I am this poem like a sacrifice.

LETTER FROM PRISON

This is what they do with me
Put me in prison, hide me away

cut off the world, cut out the sun
darken the land, blacken the flower
Stifle my breath and hope that I die!

But I laugh at them—
I laugh because I know they cannot kill me
nor kill my thoughts, nor murder what I write.
I am a man living among my people
Proud as the tree the axeman cannot tumble—
So if my people live I too must live
And they will live, I tell you they will live!
But these . . .
I laugh at them
I do not know what thoughts pass through their minds
Perhaps they do not know to think at all—
tigers don't think, nor toads nor rooting swine
but only man, just listen and you know.

In Kenya to-day they drink the blood of black women.
In Malaya the hero is hunted and shot like a dog.
Here, they watch us and lick their tongues like beasts
who crouch to prey upon some little child.

But I tell you
Like a tide from the heart of things
Inexorably and inevitably
A day will come.

If I do not live to see that day
My son will see it.
If he does not see that day
His son will see it.
And it will come circling the world like fire
It will come to this land and every land
and when it comes I'll come alive again
and laugh again and walk out of this prison.

Martin Carter is an executive committee member of the People's Progressive Party of British Guiana and secretary of that country's Peace Committee. Together with other democratic leaders, he has been arrested by the Churchill government. Another group of poems by the 27-year-old Negro poet appeared in our December, 1953, issue—THE EDITORS.

Upsurge in GUATEMALA

By A. B. MAGIL

Guatemala City

ON THE road to Escuintla, where I was going to get a picture of Guatemala's agrarian reform, I kept thinking of my first trip to this country three years ago. Then I visited Chichicastenango, colorful, tourist-haunted, and filled with the heartbreak of centuries of poverty, ignorance and oppression. I had seen hundreds of Indian peasant men and women returning from the market, plodding for miles with huge loads of unsold goods strapped to their backs. Three years ago I visited Guatemala's past. Now I was visiting its future. A future torn and bleeding in the battle for life and still with the pain of the past upon it—but unmistakably the future.

We came to Concepción. This is a *finca* (big farm) that before the agrarian reform was part of Fincas Nacionales, lands which during World War II were expropriated from their German owners and then operated by the government until the reform. Conditions on the government *fincas* were not much better than on those privately owned: only a couple of years ago the farm-hands of Concepción had to strike in order to win a minimum wage of 80 cents a day.

Last July the land distribution began at Concepción. There were some who said: we dont like the looks of it. Their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers had been farm-hands or maybe ordinary serfs. Now they were offered land of their own; they were being asked to become—masters. Agents of the United Fruit Company and certain Catholic priests whispered: "It's a Communist trick. The Communists want to take your homes away—true, they're only wretched huts; they want to nationalize your women and destroy your church."

Of some 6,000 on this *finca,* fully half said no. Meetings were called; agrarian inspectors and representatives of the General Confederation of Workers of Guatemala (CGTG) explained the agrarian reform. There was heated discussion. Finally the vast majority were convinced. Only a diehard handful refused to accept land. Some of these took jobs in the *ingenio,* the sugar mill on the grounds of Concepción. Others went to work as farm-hands—for the ex-

farm-hands who are now little landowners.

Those who accepted land have had no reason to regret it. In less than a year the former 80-cents-a-day farm-hands, now small independent peasants, have raised their net income so that in some cases it is running at the rate of $2,500-$3,000 a year. In his office in the administration building tall, youthful Mario Moreno Moncada, who once lived in New Orleans and now supervises the industrial operations of Concepción, showed us the figures. There is Maria Morales, for example, a widow who used to be a cook for a rich family. (Who ever heard in the past of a poor widowed peasant woman becoming a landowner?) She is now clearing $2,200 on her sugar crop.

And in addition to this extraordinary rise in family income at Concepción, the agrarian reform has meant increased production. The output of coffee and sugar, the two chief crops, has nearly doubled.

Concepción is admittedly exceptional, though by no means the only case of its kind.

At another farm we visited that day, La Montañita No. 1, we happened to arrive just as representatives of the National Agrarian Bank were distributing $12,000 in credit among the sixty-one peasants. This farm was formerly part of a *finca* that belonged to two army officers who are secretaries of President Jacobo Arbenz. The agrarian reform plays no favorites: the President himself has had 1,700 acres expropriated, and Foreign Minister Guillermo Toriello has lost 1,200 acres. (All expropriations are paid for in long-term, interest-bearing government bonds.)

And so the vast reform program launched in June, 1952 rolls along—not without detours and breakdowns, at times more slowly than it should, but still moving ahead. In a few years 80 per cent of Guatemala's 3,000,000 people are leaping across an epoch: from semi-feudalism to capitalism. In a country in which nearly two-thirds of the people are barefoot, this means for hundreds of thousands of peasant families more food, better clothes, radios, watches, refrigerators. For the country it means too that farm production has already increased to the point where Guatemala is exporting items it formerly imported. And the reform is pumping new life into the arteries of trade and industry.

THE revolution in the countryside is changing not only economic statistics but people. The peasantry of Guatemala has been more backward, more isolated from the economy of the cities and from their social and political currents than was the peasantry of tsarist Russia. The landowner ran his *finca* like a penal colony and each *finca* had its own jail. (At Concepción the former jail is now used to recharge batteries for the fifteen tractors on the farm!) But when Rigoberto Vicente, who was born in Concepción and used to earn 25 cents a day under the Ger-

mans, recently bought himself a refrigerator, this represented a profound revolutionary change in human terms.

Vicente is secretary of the Agrarian Committee of Concepción, elected to this post by his fellow-farmers. Over bottles of beer we sat talking in the Casa del Pueblo (House of the People). The very existence of such an institution here where only yesterday peonage and darkness prevailed, is a profound symbol of the new and of the human changes it is bringing. The Casa del Pueblo consists of a large roofed platform, in the rear of which is a one-story wooden structure divided into several rooms: offices of the Agrarian Committee, the trade union local and the assistant mayor, and a room for the library. No books yet, and the majority of the adults are still illiterate, but the books will come and the illiteracy—it is still over 70 percent throughout Guatemala — is being tackled.

There is still another change that is part of the new human being in the making. The peasantry is beginning to awaken politically. This is one of the most important fruits of the agrarian reform. And its import is not merely Guatemalan but continental and even global.

Ex-President Lázaro Cárdenas of Mexico is reported to have once remarked that the Guatemalan revolution of October 1944, which overthrew one of the more odious of the Washington - backed dictatorships, was an urban revolution in an agrarian country. That was its great weakness. The peasantry and the semi-feudal servitude in the countryside remained untouched.

The revolution changed Guatemala from a concentration camp, in which the very words *sindicato* (trade union) and *obrero* (worker) were outlawed, into a beehive of democratic life. Over night, political parties, trade unions, associations of all kinds sprang up. Young Guatemalans in their twenties and thirties were formulating government policy, leading political parties, organizing trade unions.

But all this was confined to the cities. In the countryside, where the vast majority of the population lived, everything remained pretty much as before. This meant that the peasantry, without a tangible economic stake in the new Guatemala, remained politically a great inert mass, manipulated by reactionary big landowners, United Fruit agents and the Church hierarchy.

Thus, apart from economic and social considerations, the agrarian reform is a life and death question for Guatemala politically. Only with a politically awakened peasantry, allied with the working class, is it possible for the democratic government to survive, for national independence to live and grow in the teeth of the formidable foreign efforts to destroy them.

And in this respect too the agrarian reform is already producing results. "Instead of oppression," Julio Situn García, president of the Agrar-

ian Committee at La Montañita No. 1, told me, "we are getting more of the necessities of life. To help the nation the President has helped us too."

And so the peasants are helping the President by giving him their support. The internal enemies of the regime, who have adopted the name "anti-Communists" and thereby made it synonymous with "reactionaries," have lost considerable ground and are now divided and demoralized. Without the financial blood-transfusions from Washington and Boston (headquarters of United Fruit), without the armed conspiratorial groups in the neighboring dictatorships, and without the powerful political props supplied by the State Department, these relics of a vicious past would be completely lost.

AN INTEGRAL part of this picture—and one of my strongest impressions after an absence of three years—is the upsurge of democratic and patriotic activity in various forms. The initial impulse was given by the 1944 revolution, but it is the new anti-feudal and anti-imperialist revolution that has given it real vigor and nationwide scope.

In part this upsurge is expressed in numerical terms in the growth of the trade unions, the peasants' federations, the four democratic political parties, the peace and women's movements, the cultural and sports organizations. In part it is expressed in the nature, quality and intensity of this public activity. The return of Foreign Minister Guillermo Toriello from the Inter-American Conference at Caracas, Venezuela, touched off a patriotic demonstration in Guatemala City such as the country had never seen before. Guatemalans are proud of the role their delegation played at Caracas. They are proud too of their champion long-distance runner, Mateo Flores, who won new glory at the recent Central American Games in Mexico City.

And when some 200,000 Guatemalans, nearly 7 per cent of the population, signed a petition calling for the defense of national sovereignty and the settlement of differences among the great powers through peaceful negotiation — thousands of these "signatures" were thumb-prints —it meant that new currents were flowing into the remote Indian communities, bringing new thoughts, new hopes, new strength.

Not the least of the changes are in the field of culture. If you travel in Guatemala, you will encounter from time to time a strange phenomenon: the slender white columns of what seems like a Greek temple. I recall Luis Cardoza y Aragón, distinguished Guatemalan poet, editor and diplomat, explaining the meaning of these unusual structures when we took a trip together three years ago. "Those were built by the dictator Estrada Cabrera, who ruled Guatemala for twenty-two years, from 1898 to 1920," he said. "The dictator didn't build schools, but in all sorts of out-of-the-way places he built these temples to Minerva."

It was Estrada Cabrera's version of the old Roman formula of "bread and circuses"—except that he omitted the bread. Today Guatemala is building schools instead of Greek temples. It chose as its first democratic President a noted educator, Dr. Juan José Arévalo (1945-51). And the government spends more on education than on defense.

The arts in the Guatemala of Estrada Cabrera and his successor, General Jorge Ubico, were also of the Greek temple variety: formal, rootless, divorced from the life of the people. Of the writers under the Ubico dictatorship Erna Fergusson said in her book, *Guatemala,* published in 1937: "Ideas being taboo, they dally with whimsy and fancy."

TODAY the literary dalliers are very few and are decidedly out of step. A new vital group of young writers and artists called Saker-Ti,* founded at the end of 1946, is drawing from the people of Guatemala and their problems the material for novels, stories, poems, essays, paintings, wood-cuts, etc. The group issues a monthly magazine, publishes books and pamphlets, organizes art shows and concerts. At the end of last October it held its first national convention.

More recently, in 1952, a new organization — perhaps "institution" would be a more accurate term—has come into being: the House of Guatemalan Culture. It has various affiliated sections: literature, plastic arts, theatre, films, etc. All four democratic parties—the Revolutionary Action Party (PAR), the Party of the Guatemalan Revolution (PRG), the National Renovation Party (RN), and the Workers' (Communist) Party—participate in the work of the House of Culture.

The president of the House of Culture is a well known liberal lawyer, Alfonso Orantes. Its general secretary is twenty-six-year-old Huberto Alvarado, poet, critic and managing editor of *Tribuna Popular,* Communist daily. Alvarado works mornings at the House of Culture and afternoons and nights at *Tribuna Popular.* In the office of the paper we talked about Guatemala's new democratic cultural movement.

"Many of our writers and artists were at first strongly influenced by the abstractionists, surrealists and existentialists," Alvarado said. "But now the path that most are seeking is that of realism. At the national convention of Saker-Ti [Alvarado gave the main report at this gathering] we raised the slogan of a culture that is national, scientific and democratic and an art that is national, democratic and realistic."

Last fall the House of Guatemalan Culture organized a successful book fair in Guatemala City. This July the House of Culture is sponsoring a national music festival; in October there will be an exposition of popular arts, and in December a plastic arts competition.

Guatemala is also preparing in September a Festival of Friendship of Central American and Caribbean

* Saker-Ti is the Cachiquel Indian term for "good morning."

youth, at which songs, dances and sports will be prominent features.

THE fact that a Communist occupies a leading post in an institution as broadly based as the House of Culture is not exceptional in Guatemala. Communists also hold similar positions in the trade unions, the peace movement and other democratic organizations. Anti-Communism is decidedly unpopular in Guatemala; it was associated with the hated dictatorship overthrown by the 1944 revolution. Today it is the banner of the agents of U.S. imperialism, the plotters against the country's independence and would-be restorers of the old regime.

Though there are anti-Communist tendencies in the democratic capitalist parties and among certain government officials, Red-baiting is so discredited and so identified with treason (the traitors themselves have seen to this) that such tendencies are for the most part hidden. In general there is no political discrimination in public life, and Communists who prove their devotion to the people's interests have just as much chance of being elected to posts of influence as non-Communists.

In Guatemala it is difficult even for its enemies to deny that Communism is an indigenous phenomenon. It is just as much a product of the democratic revolution as the trade unions and the capitalist parties. In fact, Communism emerged, as did the Communism of Marx and Engels more than a century earlier, from the left wing of bourgeois democracy as a result of a political and ideological struggle.

The founders of the Guatemalan Communist organization were intellectuals who were at one time leading members of the country's largest capitalist party, the Revolutionary Action Party. José Manuel Fortuny, general secretary of the Workers' Party, is a former writer and radio broadcaster who first learned about socialism in 1942 when he read the Dean of Canterbury's *The Soviet Power*. He participated in the 1944 revolution, was elected to the constituent assembly that wrote the new Guatemalan constitution, became a leader of the Revolutionary Action Party and for a time served as its general secretary.

Books helped make a Marxist of Fortuny, but not books alone. The experience of public life, which revealed the basic limitations of the programs and social outlook of the democratic capitalist parties; the reactionary role in Latin America and in the world of the imperialist ruling class of the United States, in contrast to the positive, peaceful role and remarkable social achievements of the Soviet Union and the people's democracies; the emergence of the Guatemalan working class as an organized force with its vast potentialities for constructive leadership of the nation —all these helped convince Fortuny and a number of his colleagues that the defense of national independence and the whole future of the country required the organization of a Communist party.

In May 1950 these men issued an

open letter to the Revolutionary Action Party, stating their reasons for resigning from that organization and announcing their intention to organize the party of the working class, based on the principles of Marxism-Leninism. At the same time they declared that they would remain allies of the party they were leaving and would work to promote the broadest unity in the struggle against imperialism and reaction and for peace.

At the time this letter was written, Fortuny was a member of the Political Commission of the Revolutionary Action Party; Mario Silva Jonama was secretary of education and propaganda, a post he now holds in the Workers' Party; Bernardo Alvarado Monzón, now organization secretary of the Workers' Party, was then secretary of youth affairs for the capitalist party; Alfredo Guerra Borges, today editor of *Tribuna Popular,* and a member of the Workers' Party secretariat, was managing editor of the official government daily. They are young men still in their twenties and thirties, as are most of Guatemala's public figures.

But a group of intellectuals, however capable, does not constitute a Communist party. By the time they took this step these men and others associated with them had already found their way to the trade unions. Through its program and its leadership of the people's struggles the Communist Party attracted the most advanced workers and peasants.

Today most of the Workers' Party members are peasants; about 30 percent are workers, and the rest are intellectuals, professionals, students, small business men, etc. In the fifteen months from its second congress in December 1952 to the last plenary session of its Central Committee in March 1954 the party membership increased more than five-fold. The Workers' Party has four deputies in Congress and has considerable influence in the trade unions and other mass organizations. It has formed a political alliance with the three capitalist parties and is seeking to transform this alliance into a National Democratic Front based on the organization and activity of the rank and file in all parts of the country.

Let no one imagine that Guatemala is some kind of utopia, or that the situation there is at all similar to that in the people's democracies where the working class is in power. It is the nascent, still feebly developed capitalist class and the urban middle classes that hold political power in Guatemala. On the other hand, the fact that the working class is not in opposition to the capitalist government, but cooperates with it for common democratic and national objectives gives the situation certain unique features that have implications far beyond that country's borders. Democracy, peace and freedom have a big stake in Guatemala. It is the stake of those above the Rio Grande no less than of those below. It is up to us to make it clear that United Fruit is not the U.S.A.

books in review

Humanist Art

THE BEST UNTOLD: A BOOK OF PAINTINGS, by Edward Biberman. *The Blue Heron Press, Inc.* $3.00.

IN RECOGNIZING that art is a social force, Edward Biberman guides his works by high esthetic principles. He speaks simply and effectively of life and man's noblest aspirations, the fulfillment of his struggle to enjoy the riches of life in a world of peace and freedom.

Biberman seeks to serve mankind with an art that reflects the inner, most significant feelings and ideas which enrich the heart of his struggle. He searches the healthy world of the people for inspiration to celebrate their needs and accomplishments . . . the hands that toil in the earth, the factory . . . the hands that soothe and caress a crying child . . . the faces that reveal pain, anguish, hope, and courage . . . the joys of living in unity, Negro and white arm-in-arm, singing the praises of their common goals.

These are the thematic symbols that give dramatic substance and creative expression to his works. His is not an art sunk in a world of introspection, but rather strives for the most positive and esthetically valuable realm of ideas, the life of the common people.

In choosing this course he faces a monumental challenge—one that must be met with truth, profound richness, and clarity of form—the same challenge met by Rembrandt, Goya, Daumier, Repin, Eakins, Kollwitz, etc. How heartening, then, when obscurity and anti-Humanism prevail in so much of American art, to encounter an artist who meets this challenge.

The paintings in this book are somewhat in the nature of a retrospective collection since they cover almost two decades. To evaluate Biberman's work properly would necessitate seeing them in color and in chronological order. However, one does get a sense of their technical and pictorial values. The quality of the black and white reproductions is excellent.

The works that stand out most positively are those in which the contours and forms are more softly and simply delineated, and in which the power of the human body is allowed to penetrate the outer garments. For example, a young boy, arm linked with that of a Negro woman clasping a banner, marches forward with determination and courage. The penetrating look in the boy's eyes, the impact of the Negro woman's body contrasted with that of the child's, are related to significant and truthful experience. The simplicity of the technique and the compactness of the design make this a monumental painting.

I am particularly impressed with Biberman's portrayal of Negro people. He emphasizes not only the common human denominators between black and white, brothers and sisters, but expresses the particular social role the Negro plays in the struggle for the fruits of labor—love and human dignity. In a painting portraying a group of workers having lunch, the Negro speaks while his white brethren listen attentively. In another painting a Negro seated at a table holding a book symbolizes the spirit of leadership and confidence in the bright future.

The importance of these elements in his work must be underscored; for they reveal a clearer and deeper vision of the Negro people than is ordinarily found in American art. Rising above the level of the liberal social-genre treatment to a more vital, searching social analysis, he approaches his subject with humility and profound respect.

There is a lesson here for the progressive American artist in terms of the complex task of truthful portrayal of the Negro people. What challenges and inspires the artist is not so much the recording of various physical types but rather the revealing of inner traits and particular elements which point up the specific national character of the oppressed Negro people. These specific features are manifested in the newer and more developed character of the Negro Liberation Movement. The Negro has to be portrayed not only as a symbolic figure related to other national groups, or in terms of class identification, but also in his *particular* social, cultural and political role.

Setting such a course of artistic exploration will lead to the development of newer and more vital human qualities. Biberman adds significantly to such an approach, but shares with other artists the responsibility of ceaselessly strengthening these efforts. More careful study of Negro culture, particularly poetry and Negro gospel music, will aid in exploring a wider scope of meaningful creative imagery.

In several of Mr. Biberman's paintings I feel the dramatic impact of the content would be strengthened if there were fuller development of the individual characters. A case in point is the portrayal of a group of workers having an after-lunch discussion. The Negro figure comes to life because of the artist's sensitive

regard for his individual physical characteristics, while the other figures convey a definite personality only in their facial expressions and not in their bodies. There is a certain sameness in the portrayal of the white figures. In addition to rendering the particular types of people convincingly enough for the observer to relate to, the realist must penetrate into the larger tangible substances which define human emotions and feelings.

Our primary task as artists is to meet the high standards of truth and beauty set by the people. We deal with ideas. Therefore, we share a great responsibility for influencing the advance of the people's movement. We will come closer to making art fulfill its noble function when we achieve a collective realistic approach to life.

Edward Biberman's works are rich with potent ideas and deep-felt emotions. He makes a contribution to the realistic art of America that we can take pride in and learn from. The Blue Heron Press is to be congratulated for adding this work to our cultural treasury.

CHARLES WHITE

Marxism vs. Pragmatism

PRAGMATISM: PHILOSOPHY OF IMPERIALISM, by Harry K. Wells. *International,* 1954. Paper $1.50; Cloth $2.75.

A BOOK-LENGTH Marxist critique of pragmatism has been long over-due. Pragmatism is the distinctive and dominant philosophical expression of the big bourgeoisie of the United States. European thinkers have recognized, for at least two generations, the special relevance of pragmatism to the prevailing attitudes and policies of this country. Only a Marxist analysis, however, can cut behind this general view to the class relationships at work.

Dr. Wells has performed an invaluable service in laying bare the nature, method and meaning of pragmatism in various fields of thought. It is safe to predict that this work will be read, studied and discussed by thousands of people. It is equally safe to affirm that this very process will contribute immensely to raising the whole philosophical level of American Marxists and of the American "left" generally.

The job Dr. Wells tackled is a formidable one. First, he had to unravel a great deal of difficult technical philosophy, as in James' psychology or Dewey's theories of experience and nature. Second, he had to develop a special method of analysis because it is of the very essence of pragmatism, as Wells effectively reveals, not to mean just what it says and not to say just what it means. Third, he had to uncover the class character of pragmatism, as it appears in the labor movement, in social democracy, as well as in the top circles of the imperialists. Fourth, he had to dispel deep-rooted illusions that pragmatism is essentially progressive and is really a "scientific" philosophy.

Having recognized all these problems, Dr. Wells has tried to solve them. It is too early to assess exactly how successful he has been on all counts. But battle has been joined, a long-awaited task has been undertaken. Controversy can rage, and there should be plenty of it, but it can now take place on a higher theoretical level than before, and in a broader social and historical context.

A tremendous amount of scholarly work has gone into this study, even though scarcely a reader will not wish that one or another aspect of it had been developed further. Pragmatism in art theory, for example, is missing. It is perhaps strange that in a Marxist work there is no mention of pragmatism in economic theory, as in Thorstein Veblen, for example. Discussion of Dewey's educational theory, certainly as controversial an area of pragmatism as there is anywhere, is limited to an analysis of his *The School and Society* of 1899, even though he wrote volumes of material on education since that time. The way in which pragmatism has provided the philosophical base of social-democracy in the U.S. is just touched upon as, too, is its role in the whole labor movement in our century.

These gaps, however, are not so much shortcomings of this work as they are indications of tasks yet to be performed. This is primarily a book on the philosophy of pragmatism by a professionally trained philosopher. Students of education, of the law, of economics, the labor movement, anthropology, and other specialized fields can now, using Dr. Wells' work as the starting point, proceed to develop the nature and meaning of pragmatism in their respective fields.

Some readers will be troubled by Dr. Wells' didactic method of presentation. Even more, many will at first find that the author seems to read things into quotations from Pierce, James, Dewey or others, which simply are not there. There do appear to be unwarranted interpretations and overly blunt formulations. A careful study of the book, however, will reveal that Wells himself, painstakingly and repeatedly, shows that this difficulty stems from the nature of pragmatism itself and not solely from a particular method of exposition.

One thing the reader must keep in mind throughout is that there is scarcely a specific criticism of pragmatism Wells makes that has not been made many times over in the vast body of literature on the subject. But all this criticism, except that made by Marxists, was made either from the standpoint of the very orthodoxy pragmatism attacks or was made as if what was criticized was merely an *error* or *confusion* that James, Dewey, or someone else accidentally fell into. Wells is the first to show systematically and in detail that (1) the leading pragmatists have thrived and flourished precisely on criticism from the "right" and (2) that they didn't make "mistakes" and are not "confused."

Dewey was not "confused," for example, when in a graduate seminar in

logical theory the present reviewer had with him at Columbia University in 1929, he stubbornly defended for an hour his thesis that "truth is what we believe." And when students pointed to things once believed to be true but not so believed now, Dewey's answer was that they were true then and are not true now. Similarly, if Wells' analysis of Dewey's theory of "instincts" seems too big a dose to take, let one recall the phrase from an essay of Dewey's on China in the nineteen-twenties: "The Chinese have bodies naturally apt for agriculture."

The central key, without which this over-all critique of pragmatism would not have been possible, and which the reader must grasp to understand it, is what Dr. Wells develops as the "three-step argument." First appearing on pages 42-43 as the indispensable instrument for the analysis of pragmatism, Wells repeats it throughout to show the unity of the manifestations of pragmatism in various fields. This "three-step argument" rests on his thesis that "the primary task of the pragmatists in all fields was to construct a new and more effective apologetics for the system and the class," at the point when, through developments in both society and in the sciences, the old justification was becoming inadequate and losing its hold on the more advanced intellectuals. Traditional religious orthodoxy, fixed species in the biological world and forms in the social, an eternal natural law in jurisprudence, an immaterial and immortal soul, education by rote and of a purely classical type, truth that we somehow had as absolute and all finished with—these were among the ideas that were proving indefensible.

The pragmatists, Wells says, worked in the following three-step way: "First, they carried on a super-militant struggle against the absolute idealist or theological forms of apologetics in their respective fields. Under the cover of this 'struggle' they in fact cut the ground from under materialism and science. The first step thus prepares the way for the second, which is the substitution of the pragmatic method for the method of science. Once science and materialism have been 'eliminated' the road is clear for expedience to take the place of truth. The final step is the reinstatement of the content, if not the precise form, of the previous theological type of apologetics."

This is Wells' central idea. It is stated here in its simplest and most highly generalized form. As the story unfolds it becomes more subtle and concrete, until the reader himself is able to see how pragmatists have used this technique in one field after another. Once this is understood, it is easy to see why pragmatism has been such an insidious and formidable enemy of progress. It is of its very nature to *appear* to be sweeping away the old and ushering in the new, to *appear* to be radical and iconoclastic, to *appear* to be on the side of reason and science against prejudice

and superstitution. Pragmatism has used thousands of pages in slaying dead dogs but presents itself as a St. George who has slain the dragon of un-reason. No one previously has so cut through the demagogy of pragmatism and exposed its intellectual nakedness.

We can be confident of one thing. Intellectuals in Latin America, Europe, Asia and Africa will have little trouble understanding and accepting this work. Certain of the crasser features of pragmatism have long been better recognized abroad than at home, even in non-Marxist circles. As Wells so forcefully shows, few in the United States have been free from its influence. We all need to go through a process of de-contamination. The quotation from the then General Eisenhower on the very first page of Wells' text concerning our government's use of atom bombs should be a warning to all. If the reader asks no other question than this upon finishing the reading of *Pragmatism,* it will have been well worth while: "Is there a possible significance in the fact that the country that developed pragmatism is the country that threatens all mankind with destruction by hydrogen bombs?"

Wells' work is marred by one flaw that Marxists especially should avoid. That is the confusion of objective meaning and subjective intent. This crops up a number of times implicitly in the whole discussion of Peirce and more explicitly in the chapter on Dewey's educational theory (see, for example, p. 81). It also pervades much of the otherwise profound analysis of Oliver Wendell Holmes. The very fact that it raises in the reader's mind the question: "was Holmes sincere?" might lead some readers to reject the content of Wells' analysis because of their objection to its form.

Clearly, the import of Wells' analysis is on another level. On his own objective scientific class analysis it matters not one whit whether a given thinker intended this or that particular consequence. In fact, the real question is not "was Dewey sincere?" but how possibly well-meaning people (with no commitment about Dewey) could be trapped by class society and its apologetic requirements into such positions as those presented here.

This is an exciting book. Once started it is hard to put down, in spite of the tremendous difficulty of organizing and analyzing such material for popular presentation. The chapters are neat and clearly defined. Yet they lead logically from one to the other and form an integrated whole, culminating in Wells' analysis of the pragmatic method in its contrast with dialectical materialism.

The struggle of progressives against the opportunism of pragmatism should now move forward to a higher level.

HOWARD SELSAM