MASSES & MAINSTREAM

GUATEMALA: RESTLESS PARADISE

LUIS CARDOZA Y ARAGON

A YIDDISH POET SPEAKS

DORA TEITELBOIM

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We Will Mourn Our Dead

By DORA TEITELBOIM

The following is a commentary on the admission in the Yiddish Communist newspaper, Folk-Shtimme, *April* 14, *that the leading Yiddish cultural figures of the Soviet Union had fallen victim to a criminal conspiracy violating the principles of Socialist justice. Dora Teitelboim is a leading Yiddish poet whose books are well known to Jewish readers in many countries.*—The Editors.

DREADFUL days. Bleak tidings—. Events which have no parallel in the history of socialism—. A fresh calamity has fallen upon us, lying heavily upon us, searing. . . .

Heroic fighters on the fronts in the great war against fascism, pillars of Soviet Yiddish literature, have been torn down.

And the wheels of history turn

"and her unnumbered mouths are open
and swallow up
and vomit out. . . ."

And they, the hardened enemies of peace and the Soviet Union, blow up the fires and stir their venomous brew over our anguished hearts. They pick with long beaks at our wounds. They anoint themselves with our blood.

And our eyes and ears are fixed upon the scene of those dread events, and we wait. . . .

The clock of time rotates, tapping out its signals on an expanse of newspapers. . . . And we search . . . we search . . . in anger and in grief.

The flames of crematoria have consumed our tears. The ashes of Maidanek have filled up our throats.

How shall we mourn the new martyrs?

With what shall we sound this great anguish?

Upon which mountain shall we stand and lament so that the whole world will hear?

We are a generation that has lost its tears.

With what requiem shall we weep the perishing of our Yiddish writers who have raised up, inspired and enriched the Jewish masses everywhere on this earth; lifted our literature to the loftiest heights; who poured courage into the Yiddish poet and creative worker in the countries where he is humiliated, trodden underfoot—writers who filled us with faith in the future; who endowed us with the capacity to see the light of the dawning . . . to be able to see in the very deepest darkness —who taught us to draw strength from the people in the most difficult times?

WITH WHAT joy and eagerness we followed each new creation of the Soviet Yiddish writer, that not only mirrored life but showed us how to change life, how to build life.

Through them and their work we saw so clearly. We recognized and followed step by step the great contest between two worlds; the yesterdays and the tomorrows—the civil war in all its phases; the building of socialism; later, the partisan battles in the war against fascism—the uprising in the ghettos; the concentration camps—the devastation, the inconceivable suffering that the fascist beast visited upon the Soviet people, including the Jews.

With what pride did we mark the scores of Yiddish writers who volunteered, taking their places in the Red Army, pen in one hand and gun in the other, who went to the battlefield. Some, like Viner, Rosin, Olevsky, Godiner, Zeldin and others, heroically gave their lives in the defense of Kursk, of Tula, Rostov and Stalingrad. In contemporary Soviet literature such Jewish figures abound: heroes—simple workers and intellectuals, who showed immense courage and self-sacrifice in the defense of their socialist homeland.

In Soviet Yiddish literature there was an outpouring of sublime war ballads, novels, stories, epic poetry—works which revealed for us the profound humanism of Soviet patriotism; works whose events their authors had lived through, suffered through; works filled with rich realism, towering truth.

In these works we found new content, new forms; new rhythm and imagery; a literature permeated with the immediacy of burning battlefields, with the struggle between the human and the beast—works written in the most harrowing times, yet with no trace of despair, frustration or futility. Every page of Itzik Feffer, of Peretz Markish is woven through with love for the people, inseparability with the people, with oneness of deed and thought, and with the morality and ethics of the new Soviet individual.

STANDING before my bookshelves, I leaf through the works of the heroic fighters against fascism, the masters of Soviet-Yiddish literature, heroes who fell by the hand of the same enemy as did their colleagues on the fronts . . . the hand with a thousand fingers that for over thirty-eight years has manipulated the nooses with which to strangle socialism and its creations.

David Hofstein wrote:

"O great world
I have won.
All my fate
Was at stake.
I know
Countless pains
Still are lurking to ambush my children.
In every corner, at all the gates of the world . . .
O great world
I have won . . .
I have won.
My being is confirmed,
And among the most beautiful things of the world
Will be deathless.

David Bergelson, following the Nazi attack, issued a call to the Jewish people:

"The craven has challenged the noble, and the noble shall conquer."

Leib Kvitko wrote:

"The wind laughs in the corn:
Who has wings ascends.

None can enslave him."

Itzik Feffer, in his *Shadows of the Warsaw Ghetto,* wrote:

"The shadows, proud shadows of Warsaw's ghetto,
They live in us with disaster, with pain,
And not like the mists of calm days of snow,
And not like the lightning in harvest leaves,
Nor like sphinxes hacked out of stone.
They live like the footprints of goodness and manhood,
Like sparks that will never be quenched,
Like armor compounded of courage and tears."

O MY brothers! With your glowing works the death-marked, tormented Jews in concentration camps and bunkers, in ghettos and forests, nourished themselves as with morsels of bread, frugally measured out, to be able to endure the great tortures, to be able to survive until the day of liberation.

O Peretz Markish! prophet of my generation, Beethoven of our Yiddish literature! From you I learned how to write the first lines of my songs. To you I came in the terrible days for renewal of confidence, inspiration, strength.

You kindled poets and readers the world over. Who can forget your heroic figures of the Jewish people: the Margolises, the Goor-Aryes, the Daudis, who fought alongside the Vasilis, Rakitis and the Sadovskis in the awesome battles near Moscow and Stalingrad, until the victorious march on Berlin.

Your tragic verses of contemporary Jewish history, incandescent with your hatred against all that seeks to debase and besmirch the people, woven through with pathos, with deep love of the Yiddish cultural heritage, with socialist patriotism, with the just struggle of the Soviet peoples, will inspire generations. Your songs of the brotherhood and friendship of all peoples will be treasured forever by mankind.

You are the tall green mountain to which all poets of today and of tomorrow will ever look.

One needs the mighty force of your pen to be able to roar out our wrath for your fate and that of your colleagues—.

I RECALL the fateful days when the fascist hordes tramped over Europe, overrunning one country after another, and hurled themselves against the frontiers of the Soviet Union.

To our shores there came, with the cry of the Soviet-Jewish people, Feffer and Mikhoels, the representatives of the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee, their hands outstretched for unity.

The aura of battlefields came with them. In their eyes there still smouldered the ruins of Soviet cities.

Their first utterance: "Brothers!" pierced through walls constructed by Soviet haters over the years. Hundreds of thousands of Jewish-Americans responded to the call of the Soviet Jews and joined in the common struggle.

What a worthy chapter was then written in the history of American Jews! Thousands of workers, until late in the night, sat in shops at machines and sewed clothing for Red Army men. Mothers and grandmothers knitted for the Soviet front. Jewish sons and daughters enlisted in the U.S. Army and went to the fronts of war. Our people were ennobled by this brotherhood.

But unhappily there were some Jews who spurned this brotherhood of their own people, forged in the limitless sufferings wrought by Hitler's criminals. I think especially of the *Jewish Daily Forward* and other such organs and their writers who today in the face of our tragedy mix crocodile tears with cries of hate. Let no one think they acted differently before. When the emissaries of the Jews of the Soviet Union called upon the Jews of America to join hands with them, these specialists in anti-Sovieteering stuck their hands in their pockets. They would not even permit Feffer and Mikhoels to address the Jewish PEN club and its membership of writers.

I remember walking through the streets of New York with Feffer and Mikhoels. Bewildered, they kept asking why these Jewish writers would not even speak to them. Why they attacked a country which was defending the interests of all humanity? I tried to explain what hatred of Socialism had done to these people, and Feffer remarked: "But they will change, the people's victory over fascism will cure them."

Now Feffer is dead and Mikhoel's fate is a mystery. It is dreadful to think that the enemies of the Soviet Union were able to destroy them in

the midst of their own people. They were my friends, not the friends of those who now pretend horror at their deaths but who dreamt day and night of the destruction of Jewish culture so long as it flourished under Socialism. They were not the friends of such characters as the eminent *Forward* contributor, N. Chanin, who in the midst of war, in 1944, cried: "It is for the United States to fire the last shot in the direction of the Soviet Union."

As for Mr. Chanin's colleague, the journalist, R. Abramovitch, does he not remember and is he not proud that in 1945 he had the foresight to urge the United States to drop the A bomb on Soviet cities? Perhaps he had in mind a selective bomb that would spare Jewish homes?

To such disseminators of hatred and doom I say, "Do not desecrate our martyrs, done to death by conspirators who stabbed Socialism when they stabbed them."

A great tragedy befell the Jewish people of the Soviet Union. A calamity, however, that affected all the Soviet peoples. That evil men could deceive the Soviet people and many of their leaders, that there could be in some circles a lack of vigilance against anti-Semitism, that deadly and classic weapon of reaction, are harsh lessons. But the anguish of the Soviet peoples and their losses are certainly as great as ours. For it is they who toiled and bled to create the edifice of Socialism.

We reject the accusation of the enemies of Socialism that Yiddish writers were struck down by Socialist society. It was the aim of the perpetrators of these crimes, to make people think so. They would smear with the ordure of Capitalism—a system in whose fabric is woven crime, degradation and oppression of peoples—a system that has lifted millions out of darkness and servitude to unprecedented levels of culture and humanism.

Identify anti-Semitism with a country that saved millions of Jews from the Nazi gas chambers?

The Soviet Union which has abolished the barriers and hatreds which separate peoples under capitalism knows of no discrimination on the basis of race or color. Millions of Jews are represented in industry in public office and in all branches of culture and science.

It is a matter of record that in the most critical days of the war the Soviet commanders were ordered to put all trains, all means of transpor-

tation at the service of the Jewish masses threatened by the Nazi advance, as a matter of priority. It is a matter of record that Soviet citizens took in more than a million Jewish refugees, shared with them their bit of bread, welcomed them into community life, and entrusted them with important posts.

I say to my Jewish brothers and sisters: we must not permit those guilty of the crimes in the Soviet Union to gain their ends. We know what these are: to make us cynical and embittered, to sap our fight for peace and democracy.

Our faith in Socialism and human advance, cannot be diminished by mistakes or by the crimes committed in the course of its development. The new society growing out of the old still bears some of the evils of the old order, of greed and brutishness. The dying, as we have learned in bitterness, still lingers and has potency.

But the socialist peoples are fearlessly correcting their errors of the past. They are unmasking the crimes done by men they entrusted with power. The social system with the moral stamina to admit the worst about itself will not betray our hopes and expectations. Distortions of socialist teachings in regard to Yiddish culture are being corrected. The great legacy of David Bergelson, Peretz Markish, and Itzik Feffer, and the other martyrs is being gathered up for publication. Steps are being taken for Yiddish literature to assume its rightful place among those of the other nationalities of the USSR.

It is for us to renew our faith in culture, democracy and Socialism. We shall honor the memory of our fallen brothers by continuing the struggle for brotherhood and friendship with all those who want a world of peace. In that struggle the Jewish people through the depth of their suffering can bring their strength.

——*Translated from the Yiddish by Martha Millet*

Restless Paradise

By LUIS CARDOZA Y ARAGON

South of the United States lies "Darkest America," its heart mostly unknown to us. Two years ago, June 1954, *the shock of a crass armed intervention against the young democratic republic of Guatemala awoke the world again to the painful drama of these countries seeking freedom. Louis Cardoza y Aragon, poet, critic, and political ambassador from Guatemala to France, the USSR, Norway, Sweden and Chile, has written two profound and tender books on the fate of his country. We are happy to reprint excerpts from these volumes which speak of a struggle in which we too are deeply involved. The first two excerpts are from* Guatemala—Las Lineas de Su Mano, *the last from* La Revolución Guatemalteca—*The Editors.*

MOUTH OF POLLEN

THE REVOLUTION that was transforming Guatemala exploded on the 20th of October, 1944. On the 22nd I crossed the border. The plane left us in Tapachula, Mexico. The pilot wanted to warn us without frightening us. He was concerned. I think he must have taken up the paper the next day, certain that he would find some tragic story involving us. When he said goodbye, the simplicity of the man in typical Mexican fashion found just the right words. Baldly and affectionately he said, "When you get to the other side, try to see that they don't get you. . . ."

We went on from there to Tuxtla Chico, right on the dividing line, to have our papers stamped.

In a few seconds, in Mexico City, I had decided on this sudden move. With baggage that consisted of a few things hastily thrown together, I left years of my life behind. A few months before, together with some new-found friends who had recently arrived as exiles from Guatemala, I had made certain preparations in expectation of happenings there. With

these friends and a rifle in my hand, I returned to my country. News about the situation was confused. The troops at the border did nothing to prevent us from entering.

WE RENTED an automobile, settled ourselves inside, and with the fear of a possible ambush weighing over us, started for Malacatan. On the roads armed groups stopped us, pointing their shotguns through the window. We identified ourselves and they sent us along with best wishes. The peoples' movement had spread throughout the country, and the little military garrisons that hadn't already gone over to their side remained on the alert. Malacatan was noisy with happiness, in arms, and tense with enthusiasm and determination. We stopped there a couple of hours for supper and then continued on to San Marcos and Quetzaltenango.

The Malacatan garrison remained indecisive and the people were about to attack it. Its commander, a young officer, had barricaded himself in with his men. They were well-armed and had plenty of ammunition. Our coming avoided the bloodshed. Carrying a white flag we went to confer with the officer. We explained the situation to him, telling him that the whole country was behind the revolution. It was not easy to convince him. He did not trust our information, but we managed to persuade him within the time limit agreed upon. If we hadn't succeeded, the leaders of the village would have attacked, poorly armed and disunited as they were. We had to take care of the officer inside the barracks. Who knows what might have happened? We left the building with the good news and a group of volunteers took over the new garrison. The officer was not molested and he went off to his house.

WE RETURNED to our lodgings where the people had supper waiting for us. The enthusiasm was tremendous. The peasants hugged us and bought us drinks. A marimba began to play Guatemalan dances. Fireworks, gunshots, shouts of joy mixed with the clanging of church bells! Suddenly I couldn't stand it any more. My country, bred into my bones, rose up into my eyes and I began to weep and sob. What heartrending happiness, what excruciating and joyous tenderness! The boys and girls, the old people and the children, the women—all called to the little

marimba player for the national anthem. It was years, many years, since I had last heard it. I sang it with my people on that unforgettable occasion. I am not a sentimentalist nor a professional patriot; it was simply that I realized once more how final are the effects of one's childhood and the dominance of the earth.

Two hours later, now night, we started the climb to San Marcos. According to what they told us in Malacatan, the garrison there was with us. We took four soldiers in uniform along from there. Since we were not sure whether they were really on our side or not, we gave them the guns that were in the worst condition and were very careful as to how we seated them in the car. At San Marcos another car carrying two officers and soldiers joined us and we went on together to Quetzaltenango, second largest city of the republic, also in the hands of the people's revolution. The roads were heavily patrolled and we were stopped every few miles for our papers to be checked.

We reached Quetzaltenango at dawn. During the night of the following day we arrived at the capital. When we passed through Patzicia we found the village overcome by terror because of an uprising of the landless peasants. Somebody belonging to the defeated side had stirred them up with false promises of land. There were rumors of a movement by the Indians against the *ladinos,* the Europeanized upper-classes. This bloody outburst was brutally repressed. The Red Cross of Antigua and Guatemala City and armed soldiers from these cities and Chimaltenango were patrolling the village.

WE ROLLED along the dusty road joking and laughing to distract ourselves from worrying. I rode along silent and fascinated, my heart and my brain racing. I could feel the drive of the people within myself and was rediscovering villages and fields that I had ridden through so many times on horseback as a youth.

At a turn in the road, the volcano Agua suddenly rose up in the distance. I had not seen it in twenty-five years. It was my childhood, my young parents, Antigua. I caressed the volcano with my eyes while I squeezed the 30-30 between my hands, unconscious of what my friends were saying. It was as if I had found a young son who had been lost forever. The car raced along opening landscapes that for me were unique in the world and reawakening memories that were unique in the world.

There at the foot of the volcano Agua was Antigua and my parents' house where I would have liked to live all my life and die. My mother, now a widow, in the big old house, listening to the eternal song of the green-black water in the fountain of the garden, gay with flowers and vines. The shadow of my father along the halls, of the children, my brothers, and my shadow, playing and shouting. I heard the song of my mother's keys tied to her waist, and saw her hands working the earth of the begonias and rose bushes. I would reach them tomorrow, my mother and my village. Now we were on our way to the capital.

MY MOTHER lived in constant anguish that I would come back to political violence. She suffered when I was present, and when I was absent. She was very old now and bent with the years and very active, her alert face framed by white hair.

In the afternoon I took the bus to Antigua. I remembered every turn and rise in this road that I had traveled on foot, on horseback, by bicycle, wagon and automobile, every gorge and village; every tree grove and patch of flowers. Towards dusk, the bus drew close to my town, to the Matasano bridge over the non-existent river, Pensativo. The first vivid colored lime-painted houses appeared, their tile roofs stained with fungi, the cobbled street, the fountain of La Concepción, the convent and the church in ruins. On the other side of the street, its door ajar so I could see into the garden, the house of my grandparents where as a child, with unforgettable companions, I used to race and play circus as my lovely cousins looked on and applauded our prowess.

When I got out at the corner closest to my house, I recognized the stones worn by my shoes, the silence, the stains on the cathedral walls, the water pipes, the windows. I remembered exactly the design on the cement of the sidewalk in front of my house. And, before the door which I had not opened in so many years, I remembered the key, short and round, and how it had to be turned just so, the hand of the knocker, the letterbox, the wood, the string for pulling open the latch so it wouldn't be necessary to knock. At the foot of the street, the perfect triangle of the Volcano Agua, enormous, serene and blue, as always, a cloud adorning the peak, colored gold by the afternoon sun. I pulled the string, pushed open the door, and with my heart in my mouth, entered.

A little dog, very, very old, announced my arrival and approached to

stop me, tired and determined. Silently, my brother Raphael appeared. We embraced saying nothing to each other. I, after the first two steps beyond the threshold into my house, was overcome by tears. It was too much. My mother appeared in the hall, pausing, bent, almost blind. She already knew that it couldn't be anyone but me. She was sobbing with happiness, with worry, with who knows how many things, just as I was sobbing. It was the sweetest embrace of my life, a moment worth dying for, worth living for. She felt smothered, and there was nothing we could say to one another.

With our arms around each other I led her a few steps further so we could sit on the ancient convent bench of the hall, facing the garden tended by her hands. I was a little boy again next to my mother, in the old house of my childhood. I stretched out full length on the bench and put my head on her knees. She drew me to her lap and I don't know how long we stayed that way, mute, our eyes motionless on the vines and geraniums, her hand, resting on my head, caressing me very slowly, every now and then. I still feel her hand, just as I did then, and its caress, the most intense and tranquil caress of infinite tenderness.

If I had not experienced those indescribable moments of Antigua, in my parent's house, I would have missed the best moment of my entire life.

THE SONG SHARED

THE LINES of whose hand am I reading? Look at the map of the continent, its two great masses joined by a delicate waist—Central America, called Goathemala during the colonial rule, beaten on two coastlines by the Atlantic and the Pacific. Sometimes the waistline is so slim that the seas seem to meet.

Guatemala lies in the center of the continent, bounded by Mexico, Honduras and El Salvador. The other republics of Central America were provinces of the Kingdom of Goathemala or the Captaincy-General of Guatemala, responsible to the Viceroyship of New Spain. When we freed ourselves from Spain, we brought a large nation into being, which was chopped into sections in the nineteenth century; the five federated provinces separated into what are the present little republics.

The Mayas and other related groups of this historic culture made up

the population of Guatemala. The territory occupied by them took in a much greater area than that of the present republic—the Mexican states of Tabasco, Campeche, Veracruz, Yucatan, Chiapas and the territory of Quintana Roo; Belice, seized by the English; part of the Republics of Honduras, fabulous Copán; and El Salvador.

The natives of Guatemala are classified according to language into two families—Maya and Náhuatl. The Maya includes various little nationalities—Quichés, Cakchiqueles, Tzutuhiles, Mames, Kekchies, Poconchies, Pocomanes, Itzas, Chortis. The two most important at the time the *Conquistadores* arrived were the Quiché and Cakchiqueles. The Náhuatl family had been living along the southeast coast of Guatemala and in the west of El Salvador. Their principal tribe—the Pipiles. The Mexicans who came with Pedro de Alvarado, lieutenant of Cortés, in 1524 had no need of interpreters to reach an understanding.

What happened in Mexico was repeated on our soil. Divided by old quarrels, the Quichés resisted heroically while the Cakchiqueles, for a while, lent themselves to the purposes of the invader. Our peoples fell, one by one. The book of the Popul Vuh, sacred book of the Maya, was closed, and the Catechism opened.

THE BASIC features of Latin America spring from a common root, the Spanish tradition—eternal Mediterranean lesson—and its development and domination, with the modifications imposed by the environment and the aboriginal peoples. These modifications can be the basis for differentiation that, at the same time, does not break the unity of destiny. This way, national character is born.

There is a tendency to point up deep differences among the peoples of the new world. We refer, of course, to those whose language is Spanish and who have similar *mestizo* origins, that is mixed Spanish and Indian. Nevertheless, such exaggerated dissimilarities seem to us somewhat artificial. The effect of the stream of blood, language and religion, when joined to the heritage of all that is significant politically, socially and culturally, cannot be minimized. The Renaissance currents encountered different native cultures, some more advanced than others, with unique plastic expressions equal to the most highly praised among primitive civilizations. The indigenous cultures gave American color to the Latin traditions. And it is important to note that a high percentage are Catholic, but in their

own way, that is, pagan, and that much of their Asian and Polynesian blood remains. Don Justo Sierra, nineteenth century educator declared that the Indians have never been Christians.

For want of a sounder orientation, as a natural course, it is possible to end up on the narrow path of nationalism. Hispano-America has strained after basic differentiation among the nationalities, in which case we should have to speak of "Guatemalanism." The result is sterile if the greatest care is not taken.

We created great works in the first centuries of our era. Today we are a semi-feudal, semi-colonial people with great economic inequalities, and with a certain special psychology resulting from the very prolonged colonial twilight that still casts its shadow over us, the decades under despotisms of incredible imbecility, and imperialist oppression. The mixture of colonial exploitation and *mestizo* tyranny has reached the point of creating a collective idiosyncrasy. Other examples of national character, or what are taken as such, in reality scarcely exist.

There is constant confusion between the appearance and what lies beneath. Making capital of the tropics, whether exaggeratedly or within measure, of places, plants, animals or fruits, or delight in describing the surface and the poor and clumsy Spanish of the natives, has created a condition which causes some people to consider this *"jicarismo"* or the absorption in the picturesque, the source of unique, profound, and transcendental values. The anecdotal continues to be anecdotal in that "poetry," as well as in those novels without third dimension, where the substance of life lies hidden in the wings of superficiality. Such works, encouraged by the commercial success of "exotic" background and language, are assured of plaudits if they cater to the facile, decorative tastes of those who can only grasp something of their people when their eyes are dazzled by the colors of the *guacamayo parakeet* and tropical metaphors. As in the imitation-Japanese poems of our local Japanese, or in the music of the braying wooden poetry that appeals to the asses' ears of those who read it.

IN LOOKING within ourselves, we want to describe the happiness, the anguish, the general problems of man. We do not think of the national, with its derivatives, as a special, isolated, and isolating category, or as a unique and special refuge, but as the way itself, instinctive, casual, unsub-

missive and independent, in order best to reach all that is human. As equals and contemporaries, but with certain features of our own, we want to go beyond the picturesque. For a long time, the exotic has been only the chatter that draws nothing from either the inner or basic drama of a people to relate it to the universal.

Falseness, excessive sentimental literature, has arisen around the aboriginal world. Exaltation, like any excess, proves that the fusion is not perfect. Attempts are made to conquer inferiority complexes, demonstrating aggravated pride in order to achieve balance. Or the other hand, we find extreme inclination towards the leadership of the Mediterranean, of the white and Christian. Raised to the same height in our heart, are the banners of both worlds. Neither one dominates the other. We affirm our destiny with the naturalness with which the indigenous and the Western take root to sing from the branches of the same tree.

I LOOK with sympathy, but without enthusiasm, at those who seek to reconstitute the Indians with descriptive "nativistic" but not genuinely indigenous literature. The latter, they will write themselves. We discover ourselves through universal paths, in literature, and in all the order of life. No "nativistic" literature in itself has touched me, or indigenous themes in themselves. It is quite another thing to fight with the pen, or without it, for the social, political and economic betterment of the native peoples. To idealize the Indian, to make of him a personality apart, is absurd and false.

The Guatemalan is not merely an elemental and picturesque personality, but something much more complex and of infinitely greater importance—he represents a people and its great millenial legacy. Of the Quiché and Cakchiquel, of the indigenous Guatemalan majesty, there survives the Indian himself, the Indian of today, shipwrecked without memory, his historic process of development arrested, but preserving unity in spite of the discrimination of centuries.

The popular traditions of pre-Columbian art show their influence even in "civilized" latter-day expressions. This fecundation of America can be clearly seen in contemporary Mexican painting, in the music of the Mexican, Silvestre Revueltas, and the Brazilian, Hector Villalobos, in a few works of the Guatemalans, Jesús and Ricardo Castillo, and in the influence of African music in the United States, the Caribbean countries

and Brazil. In Guatemala also, the stream of the most ancient popular tradition can be found in the painting of Carlos Mérida, and in the literary works of Miguel Angel Asturias. Pre-Columbian art has given letters, painting, sculpture, decoration and other applied arts a treasure and an admirable lesson, provided its explosive power of invention, its tiger's smile, are used to create new life and not mere archeological expressions.

In our *mestizaje,* in the mixture of European and Indian strains, I have felt inclined towards the trunk upon which the later Spanish branch was grafted because injustice pains me, and because I saw with the uncompromising eyes of childhood the same natural world which the Indians dominate, and because the landscapes into which we were born—myth, legend, history—are common to us both. Those shared springs of emotion are a heritage of deep significance. The Spanish Conqueror Bernal Diaz de Castillo, I feel to be my own, even though he murdered my native forefathers who still sob in my heart. He lived surrounded by our world, fought it in his way, and on many mornings of his life, as in mine, was on his way to drink his breakfast chocolate, as I my black coffee in the patios of Antigua Guatemala, where the Water Volcano received our good-mornings.

THE REALITY of Guatemala, as among all peoples, is that of its prehistory and its history, and the fluid consciousness of both. Before the Conquest, the lives of the tribes of our present-day nation were already complex and changing. After the Conquest, in the minds of the dominant minority, a consciousness was created that expresses itself in denying, disparaging, denigrating, or simply forgetting the indigenous world, destroying it in the name of the pretended universality of Western Culture, or affirming it colonially—to justify the Conquest and the predominance of a class.

Indigenous and Iberian blood, and all the others that entered our crucible, aged like wine, and now show unity and drive in national creativity and in the anti-imperialist fight to win the second emancipation. We are the equilibrium between the indigenous and the Spanish, the fusion of two rivers. I defend no blood, only reason. The stream bed was cut as the two bloods mixed their opposing strengths and were directed into a new favorable path. Nationality grew through consciousness of the past, native myths and common creation and aspiration. Conquest

and founding of cities, language and religion until arriving at the *mestizo*, the mingling. I do not speak of the Quiché, the Cakchiquel and the Spaniard as strangers, but as my ancestors. Both are my countrymen and I am, and want to be, only a Guatemalan.

We are a community, historically formed within a common territory but without solid economic and cultural links. There are immense majorities that live according to an almost neolithic economy, which because of their number and deep-rootedness, give us features that express peculiarities of what we might call national culture.

This situation does not admit, properly speaking, of a real shared national culture, because the dominant one is that of a very small semi-feudal minority that owns the land, with roots and aims different from those of the great colonially exploited majorities. This antagonism is a national characteristic. The prolonging of this infamy has been shaken by the desire of the anti-feudal petit bourgeoisie to develop their markets and by the incipient proletariat who have their own banners, or are inspired by those of bourgeois nationalism. These are followed by the tide of peasants whose misery cannot even be imagined by those who do not know our countries.

The marrow of our contemporary life—economic, political and social—is the land, its possession and exploitation, within the North American orbit. Without appreciating these concrete historic conditions, against which we are fighting, there can be no clear understanding of Guatemala and her problems.

THE Discovery and Conquest are unique and universal feats. Spain, and all that its tide brought us, will remain in our bones forever. It joined us to the world, to universal consciousness. It opened wide the gates so that we might enter history. When the hosts of the Conquest arrived, we were divided into little rival kingdoms and—decadence. The Conquest used its immense superiority in technique and arms with such skill that it is almost the truth that the natives conquered America, and the Spaniards and *criollos,* the children of the Spaniards born in America, achieved independence.

During the colonial period, the aboriginal world escaped, mixing itself into religious cults. The *Conquistadores* wished to smash the pagan celebrations—which persisted—and for this purpose established Catholic

ones, which were not only permitted but imposed, into which the natives interpolated their own traditions and rites. The subjugation in Guatemala was inhuman, and only weak influences of the buried civilization survived in colonial architecture, sculpture and painting. The native culture bursts out in the popular arts, and sings the glory of its color—what refined and measured richness!—and shows its lines and forms with matchless grace.

The land was torn away from under their feet. And their heaven was taken away, too. They were compelled to consider as sinful what had always been the fountainhead of their creative expression. Cities and gods, altars and their writing were wiped out. Kings and priests were burned in the holocaust sacrifices to the gods of the Spanish, the bearded men. The tools of the arts and trades were torn out of their hands, and for centuries they were prohibited from taking them up. From creators they were turned into slaves.

THE FALL of the Aztecs placed our peoples in a hopeless situation. Nevertheless, they fought fiercely. The Spanish sword slashed the naked innocent flesh of my forefathers. It buried itself like a razor in a chunk of butter. The Spanish leader was a hyena among doves. The clash between a neolithic civilization and one of the Renaissance, represented by Spain at the height of its power, was like that of a bull against a house of cards.

Bolívar wrote, "We are not Europeans, nor Indians either, but an intermediate species between the aborigines and the Spaniards. Americans by birth, Europeans by right . . . thus, our case is most extraordinary and most complicated."

Colony, republic, bloody internecine strife, despotisms. The Guatemalan Indian, yellowish and malarial, tiny and delicate, covers the mountain path with an immense marimba on his back, hanging from the headband across his forehead, like a great lizard. How much was smothered by the Church beneath the weight of its black night! Archbishops, generals, Yankee proconsuls! Bells and bells! Endless time without dates. In a paradise, we have lived a nightmare. Guatemala, a little girl dressed as a bride, follows a coffin as it rains torrentially. Guatemala, a vaporous blue and white song with a stone inside.

Such is our history. I have told it in broad strokes, not to interpret my people, but above all to help in transforming them. My country is sweet, candid, and sombre. She has forgotten how to laugh, even how to smile. And her song sticks in her throat. ——

OUR STRUGGLE BEGINS

OUR STRUGGLE begins. The Guatemalan people of today are not the people of before 1944—because of the revolution. That is what he tells me in his muteness, that Guatemalan, tiny and confident—made diminutive through centuries of hunger and exploitation—simple and good like the breath of the grass, like a bee, like a cornstalk, hardly as tall as the short carbines that are going to kill him.

Without his knowing why, they gave him land to plant his corn. And without his knowing why, they gave him land at last, on which to rest.

He is the people of Guatemala, barefooted, straw hat in hand, impassive as though made of obsidian, solid and tiny, erect without pride and without modesty, just erect, his legs covered by cotton britches which flutter in the dawn breeze, and his torso covered by a short threadbare jacket.

In front of him, stand other boys, tiny and confident, the color of earth, dressed in khaki, impassive as if made of obsidian; they let themselves be used to sacrifice their brother. He remembers his family, the stream, the hill and the little dog, the young corn growing in the earth. The officer's voice brings a faint smile to his lips, and inside he feels, but can't say it, that he forgives them. His brothers don't know either why they are giving him earth in which to rest. His brothers feel inside, but don't say it, that they want to ask him to forgive them. A dark pain, formless and sharp, moans, and screams in his guts to each of them who is going to shoot at the heart of his people. The guns look at him with the blind eyes of the murdered one. Butterflies appear on his shirt, and the blood mixes with his earth that becomes the color of his inert peasant flesh. The straw hat remains in his warm and calloused hand. The sun, appearing over the mountains reflects a new dawn into the depths of his dead eyes.

The day breaks.

ART BY ARTURO GARCIA BUSTOS AND ANTON REFREGIER


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STANDARD
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FRUIT Co
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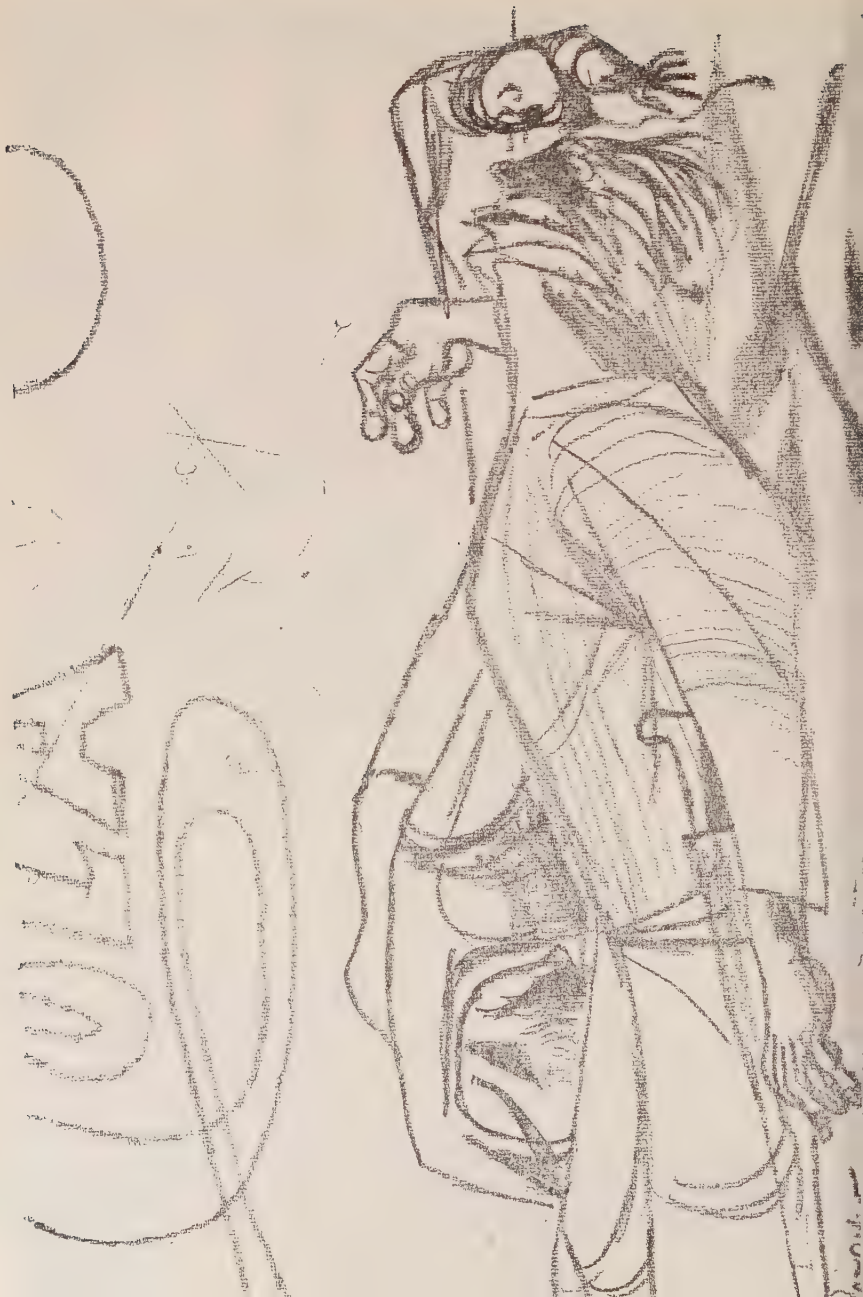

Five Poems

By EVE MERRIAM

WALKING IN WINTER

As Yesterday lies in a sterile bed
Without Today to wake and wed;
So Tomorrow's a shivering orphan boy
With no Today as parent care and joy.

So the Present must link and span;
So knows any Everyman . . .

But, having been addicted in our time to Doomsday,
It is hard to herald dawn.
For so long we could not see beyond
That old cold McCarthy Mountain:
Wouldn't it always be there blacking out the sky?
What's that you see?
Stars, moon, the warming sun?
What an imagination!

In the dark, in the cold, the four-footed ones still move,
Their tails tucked into gray flannel suits.
True, they are on their last legs,
But the problem remains to complain:
How much longer will they last?

Oh, they are kind to their make-believe wives
And comic-stripped children.
At Christmas, a blue ribbon for the cook,
A bonus for the dog.
Commuting between commercials,
Their portable seats fit stock exchange, altar and senate—
With side-car for peeping tom.

Knowing only their own kind,
Of course they mistrust the world—
And mean to keep it in the dusty dustproof vault forever.

Be prodigal! we tell them,
Go out and open doors;
Don't keep under lock and key,
Pressed down under glass,
You'll break——!
Poor slivering souls,
They can't afford fresh air . . .

Ah well, their days are numbered.
—But who's an adding machine?

My love, my land, my landlord,
I do not love your tenancy.
I would swing over the cold mountain,
Take a bridge keen and quick into the future,
Or a tunnel drilling deep.
Impassable.
The winter is long and cold;
The cables snap, the ground is hard as rock.
So I must bide the winter
With frozen fingers, with breath crackling in the black air.
There is no swinging with a clean skirt
Onto the other side, into the bluebell air.

I am selfish.
It is not enough that my children and their children
Shall inhabit,
I mean to travel there myself.
So runaway, so hide as stowaway?
So no way but abide, so no way but to stay.
So cold with standing still,
So no way but to walk.
So pound the icy pavement,
Rounding another corner
(That looks so like the other)
And round and slightly round
And slightly warmer—

And is it our eyes smarting in the wind,
Or is it the sun dazzling
As the subways open out into the street,
The buses, the buildings, the schools, the baby carriages
Tumbling, falling unfalling to our feet
And pounding faster, surer,
As the mountain heaves,
as the pavement flowers,
As we walk clear through?

Look, behind us——
There in the dim, dusty distance——
That small, pale, ant-hill of a hill!

THE LADDER OR, ASCENT AT THIRTY-NINE

Have never climbed this tall a ladder before.
My life is at the midway:
Should I be giddying such heights?
Rather, not check and balance on a plateau,
Settle down to current landscape
As a graceful accepting decline?

I stand and stretch,
Marvel at my matter-of-fact heavenward approach . . .
My hand reaches up as a sunflower to the scarlet blaze of day.
The soles of my feet take each rung soft and certain as rain.

Upward to the solid rafters of the skies,
The beams of heaven bracing;
Workman's hammer thrust into the sweet steadying support.

From this fabled view,
Exult at the meeting of east and west,
Of round and spiral and infinite.

Confidence has kissed the coward in me;
And love can never be undone,
Only rebegun.
Born at every moment, every contact,
Vega, the morning star, I am borne by your embrace.
I dare and do.

THE SEASONS OF LOVE

My blazing summer, my startle and steady beat
of all-day noon,
When will this fiery sun now flecked, flicked
constantly anew
Down dampen?

Never.
        Surge, rage
With autumnal splendor,
Leaves spill upward sparks
        spelling
Amber, topaze, tumult of
        trumpet-shouting flame

        Flicker, unfail
Winter's glowing embers
        breath
Nourishing the smallest radiance

Cupping, cradling, bearing within
Spring's kindle candle thrusting beam

        So ever summer stays
        For my life
        For my love
To bless burn bliss and blaze
Through all hope's heat and heartbeat days.

CARRIAGE-PUSHING SONG

Climb the Springtime tree, my darling,
I shall be the ground
So that when you tumble
I can catch you sound.

Ride the summer ocean, love,
Over my lap of land,
For every wave that goes away
Flows back upon the sand.

So they say

So one day

When you're grown and gone, my own,
I'll scale the autumn tree
And homing birds will fly far past
As I blink out to sea.

SPEAKING OF MARRIAGE

I possess neither the patience of Penelope
nor her time-wearying tolerance.
That weaving, weaving endlessly,
and at day's end all to begin again like dustmop——
housekeeper classic, frustrate
mousewife scurrying gray to golden warrior's bidding.

Nor claim I Circe:
camouflaging soul with pendant spangles,
all-teasing temptress, lavish larder of promise
and fulfilment meager scraps;
cheapjewel flashing emerald on the green-laved rocks.
—All play and no work makes for dull joy.

While you, Ulysses, how do you dream of home?
As a clean, cool-sheeted castle,
Where violins and lilacs ply the air
rather than frying smells in the kitchen . . . ?
—The children's flesh unquarreling smooth;
no buttons missing, not a frayed collar in a disordered drawer?
No such island looms on land or sea.

I will not be taken in by logic's sum of long addiction
that I must dwell in wedlock with bolted door,
or accept the furtive passkey to back street.

Can not promise and fulfilment balance equally:
as makers, prepare and share continuing marriage meal?

Ah, neither Penelope nor Circe would I be:
yet Circe remain, cradling, cooing, caroling the unwrinkled glossy sea;
and Penelope pleading —aging— return earthbound to me . . .

Oh bring you home, my darling,
but only
by the freest roving will:

to hand-warming hearth and pulsing breath
of homely familiar things——
all that we understand and hold common copper dear——

contented wonderment to the wanderer
(and wanderer may I also be
with you forever to return to as my key)

bread and bath and shared bed for the tired travailler,
shared fruit of wine for the gleaning reveler:

come, tread the dusty city blocks with me
and greenplunge out to sea!

Wrest moonglow from any ordinary hour
and moon grow brighter,
fuse into morning's clarifying light.

The Tiger and the Lark

By ROBERT MacAUSLAND

THE BROADWAY season now coming to a close has been the most exciting in years. Ever since October, as play after play has opened, the critics have been rushing to wherever they rush when they must find fresh superlatives to express their enthusiasm, while audiences have been even more appreciative, attending and applauding plays about which the critics were divided or apathetic. There were a number of plays that never should have been produced (it seems there always will be these), and there were several extravagantly over-praised, but they could not destroy the general level of achievement. Once again we have been given proof of something always true about the theatre: when it is ready to present compelling ideas and emotions the excitement continues long after the last curtain falls.

Why this sudden bounty? Is it wholly chance, or does it represent the beginning of a renaissance in our theatre? I believe it to be mostly chance. For when I think of those plays from which I have derived the most pleasure I realize they were written by European playwrights years ago and it is coincidence that has brought them to us this season; or they were adaptations of foreign material by American playwrights; or they were revivals of classics. In comparison, the work of American playwrights dealing with American themes has seemed parochial. The serious American plays, even when successful at the box-office, lacked style or were poorly thought out; the less serious were innocuous when they were not downright vulgar.

Several of our critics have felt that this dichotomy simply reveals the theatre's diversity. I wonder. It seems to me there is another explanation. Playwrights, critics and audience are quite willing to consider a serious theme as long as it comes from abroad or belongs to the past. They are not, however, ready to do the same thing when it comes to the American scene. This they seem to find too baffling or painful. And finding it so, they cannot agree on the meaning of symbols. Such agreement is important in all art forms, but nowhere so much as in the theatre where

there is the need for immediate contact. And because of this lack of agreement, values become debased. The wisecrack passes for wit; sensationalism is substituted for analysis; and instead of any real conflict between characters we are given paste-board figures carrying sparklers, or we are asked to applaud the marvel of seeing a real fire aglow on stage.

The purpose of this piece will be to show the difference between those plays dealing with American themes, and those plays where the themes have come to us from abroad. Let us begin with the second category.

THERE WERE two British importations during the season. The first was *A Day by the Sea* by N. C. Hunter. It was a fragile play, demanding expert playing. It did not get it and closed after a brief run. The second was *The Chalk Garden* by Enid Bagnold. It received mixed notices, never quite did "smash" business, and closed after five months. A five month run is certainly no disgrace, but it would not have done this well had not those who liked it, liked it very much and returned to see it two and three times. I was among those who went to see it twice, for I consider it one of the best plays I have ever seen, certainly the best play to come to us from an English author in the last quarter of a century.

This last, I know, is not saying as much as it might seem to. In recent years the English plays sent to us have been by Terence Rattigan, Noel Coward, Agatha Christie, J. B. Priestley and Christopher Fry. (I except the excellent play *Daphne Laurola* by James Bridie; after all, Bridie was a Scotsman.) With the exception of Mr. Fry, the English plays have been pretty routine fare. There are those who feel that Mr. Fry's gifts make up for most of the deficiencies of his compatriots. I do not share this estimation of his work. Mr. Fry frequently deals with important themes; his language is wonderfully inventive and often dazzles; and he has humor. But his characters are constantly dissolving before you; absorbed in their contradictions, he never gives them a point of view or a program sufficiently strong to make them commandingly vivid. Thus, his themes evade him, and despite his seriousness and his skill, his talent italicizes rather than alleviates the sterility of English playwriting. It has fallen to Miss Bagnold to change this state of affairs by giving us *The Chalk Garden*.

THE STORY of *The Chalk Garden* is that of a governess who is hired as a companion to a sixteen year old girl. The girl is an upper-class

delinquent whose outrageous behavior is encouraged by an indulgent grandmother. During the course of the play, which takes place in a house in Sussex, the governess is able to alter the outlook of the child so that at the end of it we are given some hope as to the child's future. This is the outline of the play, but it is no more the play than Madame Renevskaya's loss of the cherry orchard is Chekhov's play. For like Chekhov, Miss Bagnold is interested in much more than a single situation; like Chekhov she uses it simply as a means to say something more. That something more is the stifling hold of tradition; for as the play unfolds, and we learn about each character, Miss Bagnold comes back again and again to saying this: flowers cannot grow in calcified ground; neither can people bound by a respect for outworn customs and habits of thought. Soil that is sterile stunts the growing of roses and tulips; a society which is sterile does something much worse—it embitters and thwarts the lives of people.

Because Miss Bagnold has said all this with great style—always approaching her dramatic material obliquely and accompanying it with magnificent wit—the profundity of what she has to say has been ignored or minimized. Almost perversely the fact has been disregarded that her main target is that most venerable of British institutions: the law. Many have seen only what is eccentric in her characters, not bothering to consider that which motivates them. I do not think a conscientous objector a figure of fun, and if he behaves erratically I sympathize with his behavior because I have some idea what made him that way. I do not regard as entirely comic an elderly woman who, to express her individuality, is ready to maim her grand-daughter permanently. And most emphatically I do not believe a woman peculiar or mad who might have murdered her sister. Like everything else in life, there are reasons for murder, and though murder is not something to recommend as a program, it isn't something which is dealt with adequately by punishing blindly.

As I write this, the newspapers report that *The Chalk Garden* has opened in London and was given an ovation. This is good news, especially when we realize that every management in London turned down the play originally. But the reception of the play is no surprise. Miss Bagnold's theme has been a preoccupation of English fiction for a long time. Murder, too, is a much more serious business with the British than it is with us. Not since Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* have we been ready to consider its social meaning. At the present time there is much agitation in England to abolish capital punishment. I cannot help feel that in its own way

The Chalk Garden will contribute to the campaign. I'm sure Miss Bagnold did not think of this when she began to write her play; and perhaps if she had, she might not have written the play she did. But because she has been concerned with the taking of life as well as the meaning of life, and because she has done what she has so brilliantly, it must inevitably touch British hearts and minds. In the meantime, I am sorry for those who did not see Irene Mayer Selznick's superb production when it was in New York.

AMONG those plays which came to us from France during the season there are two worth discussing. One was *The Lark,* the play by Jean Anouilh as adapted by Lillian Hellman. The other was *Tiger at the Gates* which was translated by Christopher Fry.

Anouilh, perhaps France's most prolific playwright at the moment, has received a number of first-class productions in New York. His plays, however, have always failed. It is said his themes are too French, his wit too mordant, his point of view too cynical. When plans for *The Lark* were announced, it was believed it would receive the same reception. The opposite turned out to be true. The play got smash notices, and Julie Harris, its star, the most extravagant praise I have ever read. After seeing the play and the star, I was bewildered. I found the play pretentious. Miss Harris' performance reminded me of an exceptional high school effort; indeed, after the last curtain fell, I kept waiting for a young man to appear and tell us there would be dancing in the gym.

It seems to me there is only one reason to write another play about Joan: because she means something deeply personal to the author. Perhaps she did to Miss Hellman; perhaps she did to Anouilh; if so, I could not make it out from what I saw at the Longacre Theatre. There are those who claim this is Joan as a lark. I'm sorry to say I found nothing larkish in her character (certainly not after the scene that begins with the eating of an onion), though I do admit Miss Harris did a lot of jumping about. All I heard was a great deal of rhetoric, much of it repeated, delivered by one-dimensional characters. I found Cauchon a sentimental fool who apparently didn't want to execute Joan because he, too, was about to die. Warwick, from all I could gather, admired Joan because she rode a horse so well. The Inquisitor had so many theological grievances against her I could not make out which heresy Joan was expected to admit to, to save her life.

It is hard to account for Miss Hellman's name in connection with the

play. Perhaps our best playwright, her greatest attribute is her unmistakable clarity. One knows exactly what she is saying, and admires her for saying it so well. When she goes off, (as happened in the last acts of both *Another Part of the Forest* and *The Autumn Garden*), it is because she has great difficulty dealing with complex material. And as I say, Miss Harris did not help matters. Every actress has her conception of the Maid, but whoever thought of Peter Pan? And I don't believe for a moment Miss Harris heard voices. She couldn't have, not the way she was screaming.

TIGER AT THE GATES was quite another matter. Giraudoux was one of the three great playwrights of our time. Like Shaw and O'Casey, he had an enormous fund of ideas on almost every contemporary subject; like them, he brought great humor as well as great passion to the theater; and like them he had a profound distaste for capitalism. Indeed, I can think of no play which is a more eloquent and direct indictment of capitalism than Giraudoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot.* Others have commented on one aspect or another of the system, but in *The Madwoman* Giraudoux demolished the entire structure.

Giraudoux was a philosophical anarchist. We know the short-comings of anarchism; we also know that when it comes to creating a political program for ridding society of capitalism it is impracticable. Still, being an anarchist, Giraudoux had one advantage over his contemporaries: hating capitalism, he was not taken in by any of its myths. I mention all this because there are a number of people on the Left who believe *Tiger at the Gates* to be a defeatist play with a cynical end. I do not share this feeling, and think those who do not only misunderstand the play but the nature of Giraudoux's genius.

GIRAUDOUX wrote *Tiger at the Gates* in 1938. Hitler was already on the march, and the world war that was to come seemed inevitable to the majority of mankind. Yet Giraudoux, like most of us, still hoped for peace. It was this hope which led him to write the play. And that is what the play is about: a struggle for peace. It begins the moment the first line is uttered and continues brilliantly for two and half hours.

Giraudoux, however, is not an innocent. He knows that just as peace has a powerful attraction for men, so does war. He knows that if one is looking for them, as many reasons can be found for going into combat as for staying at home. His hero is Hector, and as the play progresses he

introduces those with whom Hector must contend if peace is to be maintained: the poet, the international legal expert, the mathematician, and finally, the enemy. Hector stands up to them all, and as he does, Giraudoux exposes the false position of each. For example, there is the scene with the international legal expert. Can we find anywhere in contemporary dramatic literature a better illustration of Lenin's contention that there is no such thing as an unbiased legal opinion? Or the role played by the "poet." How many writers do we know in our own time who have placed their talents in the service of darkness?

It is Giraudoux's consideration of both the objective and subjective factors that go into the struggle for peace that provides the play with its over-all design. And as he passes back and forth from one to the other, we realize there is not an emotion or a social institution about which he does not have an attitude, and that attitude comes from a profound love of life. Thus at the end of the play, we must say what he too says of war: yes, a country goes to war for markets; yes, war is the result of social contradictions. But there is also the human element, or rather the inhuman one. For despite all our cerebration we are still of the animal kingdom; there is violence in all of us, and until we understand that violence and channel it into a concern for the useful and good we will be victims of all that is wasteful and destructive.

THEN THERE were two plays by Irish playwrights. *The Righteous Are Bold* by Frank Carney received indifferent notices but because it set forth a number of ideas which the Church could support an organized effort was made to keep it going and it ran for ten weeks. The other play was *Red Roses for Me* by Sean O'Casey. It received mixed notices. However, it was not indifference that did it in, but the anarchic Broadway booking situation. For the last week of its three week run it was playing to standing room only.

Red Roses for Me is perhaps the best of O'Casey later plays; certainly the most ambitious. In my opinion, it does not rank with the early masterpieces when O'Casey was working in the completely realistic traditions; nor does it match *The Silver Tassie* or *Within the Gates,* those plays of O'Casey middle period when he had begun his search for new dramatic forms. But because it is O'Casey, it is still better than the best of most other playwrights.

It has always seemed to me that when O'Casey wrote *Red Roses for Me* he must have had Joyce's *Ulysses* very much in mind; and I don't mean

only in terms of language, (though O'Casey has acknowledged that debt). Like Joyce, O'Casey went back to an earlier Dublin for his setting; and like Joyce he wanted to make the city as vivid as the characters that inhabit it. At the same time, he wanted to say something very much different; maybe, in a way, to answer Joyce. Joyce saw the middle class family as something fixed; he also regarded history as something static, his novel, for all its greatness, is an epitaph. O'Casey, on the other hand, sees history as struggle; he does not believe the family relationships are fixed; and his play, whatever its defects, is an attempt to show the working class and the role it is destined to play in history—indeed is already playing over a great part of the world.

In *Red Roses for Me,* the central character is a young transport worker and the story it tells is of his role in the famous transport strike in Dublin before World War I. Fond of all the good things of life: music, poetry, dancing, good talk and a drink with friends, he is in love with a young girl who fears the struggle to which he is committed. Confronted with a cruel choice: to renounce her or his allegiance to the working class, he is forced to an equally cruel decision. He rejects her, accepts his larger responsibility, and dies in fulfilling it.

Only then does she, faced with the inescapable fact of his death, turn with horror from the man who had offered her the security she thought so precious, the police lieutenant through whose word her lover was murdered.

AGAIN, however, we have a play which is much more than the story of its central character. Like Miss Bagnold and Giraudoux, O'Casey is concerned not only with the fate of the individual, but also with society. So that as the story moves forward a number of conflicts are presented: the poor against the rich, materialism against mysticism, the organized working class against entrenched power. And to give all these conflicts their fullest treatment, O'Casey uses all that the theatre has to offer: dance, song, pageantry. Sometimes the ideas are too crowded, and sometimes the poetry seems self-conscious. I also wished the production had been a better one. The third act, which is the finest in the play, was completely spoiled because one caught no more than every fifth word uttered by the three Dublin women. Still, to have it at all was a fine thing.

THE SEASON also offered two dramatizations of material that appeared originally in another form. One was *The Diary of Anne Frank* by Francis Goodrich and Albert Hackett. The other was *Mr. Johnson,* a dramatization of Joyce Cary's novel by Norman Rosten.

The Diary of Anne Frank opened early in the season, received excellent notices and eventually won the New York Critic's Award for the best American play of the year. Of all the so-called serious plays, it has done better than any other. Indeed, it has aroused such strong feelings that an attempt is being made to arrange a revival every year. Such a revival, it is felt, would help keep alive the meaning of Hitlerism for those with fragile memories.

As everyone knows by now, the play concerns a group of Jews forced to hide out in an Amsterdam garret during the Nazi occupation. Confronting the group are two enemies: the ever present Nazis outside; and inside all those frictions that must develop when a number of people are forced to live together under the most difficult conditions. And to meet these twin enemies, two types of bravery are required: for the Nazis, craft and silence; for each other, understanding and a fierce patience. The authors were faced with getting these qualities on stage and they did it admirably. The details chosen to build the tensions were carefully selected; the way in which they were able to relieve the tensions with humor is a further tribute to their skill and the feeling they had for the material. Though much of the struggle is a muted one, the play is infinitely more eloquent than any number in which all the stops are out.

However, I do have a reservation about the play and it stems from this: the authors were a little too faithful to their original material. Much of the drama is touching because it is seen from the point of view of the young girl; this unfortunately, becomes its limitation, so that the play instead of developing and expanding seems to diminish. What was affecting in the first act, tends to cuteness in the second. There is no real exploration on the part of the characters as to why they must suffer this terrible confinement. Indeed, the only time the question is raised the answer is deflected by the young girl who says that despite everything "people are good at heart." This well-meaning platitude is no more helpful than its more fashionable opposite.

MR. JOHNSON, the play by Norman Rosten adapted from the novel by Joyce Cary, is the story of a young African who works for the

British as a government clerk and finds himself caught between the two cultures. It is played as well as it could be played by Earl Hyman, but that is the only good thing that can be said about it. I regard its production the most deplorable event of the theatrical season.

The theme, of course, is a valid one. However, one thing is absolutely required of the author who undertakes to develop or to dramatize it: a thorough understanding of those ideas and forces which separate a people who are oppressed from those who oppress them. Cary's novel did not have this understanding, nor does Rosten's play. There are villains on both sides, but these remain discreetly in the background. The British, for the most part, are presented as benevolent and democratic, while the Africans are presented as simple-minded, superstitious and irresponsible. Nothing seems to divide the two cultures but the fact that one is efficient and dedicated to the building of roads, while the other is impracticable and given to outbursts of paganism. At the end of the play, as the result of this falsely defined conflict, Mr. Johnson's British friend is obliged to shoot Mr. Johnson and the audience is asked to feel sorry not only for Mr. Johnson but also for the Britisher. It is as if the Britisher owned a horse, which horse broke his leg, and there was no other choice for him but to shoot it. There is only one thing wrong with such a point of view. The play is supposed to be about a man, not an animal.

What is absolutely impossible to understand is why Rosten undertook to adapt Cary's novel; or once having decided to do it, he didn't at least try to change it. Perhaps, originally, the novel had some validity in fact; it was written years ago, and the colonial attitudes it reflects were formed when the situation within the Empire was a much different thing than it is today. In the last decade, thousands of Mau-Maus have been killed by the British; the Mau-Maus in turn have made very clear their feeling for the British in particular and the white man generally. Africa, as a continent, is aflame, but you'd never know it from Rosten's play. The play is tasteless in its stage business, reactionary in content, and absurdly out of date.

(*The second part of Mr. MacAusland's article will appear in the July issue*).

ATTENTION: SOVIET PUBLISHERS

AN OPEN LETTER

By ALBERT MALTZ

DEAR PROFESSOR ALEXANDER ANIKST:

The March issue of the American magazine, *New World Review,* printed an article by you describing the extensive publication of American books in the U.S.S.R. It is well known, of course, that your country has an immense publishing program and I, as an American author, can only salute the fact that more copies of Jack London and Mark Twain have been issued in the U.S.S.R. than even in our own country. Cultural interchange is one of the vital paths by which people of different nations can learn to know and respect each other. Moreover, in a world longing for peace, mutual knowledge and respect are indispensable cornerstones for coexistence.

Yet there is one area of the relationship between cultural institutions in your country and American writers, (and perhaps with all foreign writers), that remains highly unsatisfactory. I am referring to the fact that in general your publishers issue books, your theatres produce plays, and your literary journals print stories, without entering into normal, accepted relations with the authors of those works.

I want to call to your attention that this practice is resented by not a few American writers. More than one individual has tried to take up this matter with one or another of your cultural institutions—but without result. It is for this reason that it seems to me due time to raise the matter in a friendly, but public, way.

I WONDER if you are aware that when a book by an American author is published in England or Czechoslovakia, in Holland or Poland, in Denmark or in the German Democratic Republic, a procedure generally is followed that is rather universally recognized as just? This procedure

involves the following steps: 1) The publisher advises the author of his desire to issue a certain book in translation, and offers terms. 2) If these terms are agreeable to the author, a contract is signed by both parties. 3) Copies of the work are forwarded to the author upon publication. 4) If the author requests it, reviews are sent to him. 5) Statements of sales, and royalty payments, are made to the author at the regular intervals specified in the contract. 6) Letters sent by the author to the publisher are answered in a reasonable period of time.

This procedure, as I say, is universally accepted as just. It is based upon the obvious principle that an author owns his own work and that others may not make use of it without his permission, or in a manner not agreeable to him—such as abridging a book, etc. Moreover, the essence of the principle can still be observed even when economic conditions in a given country make it impossible for it to pay royalties in foreign currency for a given period of time. The payment of royalties is an important part, but not the only part, of the principle of respect for an author's work.

I AM aware that the U.S.S.R., even in its most difficult, early years, always kept scrupulous account of the royalties due foreign authors, retained these royalties in a special account, and put them at the disposal of any such author who visited the U.S.S.R. I know also that on some occasions royalties have been transferred to authors in their own currency. And finally, I know from the New York Times of the announcement made in September, 1955 by Mr. Chuvikov, director of the Publishing House For Foreign Literature, that henceforth any foreign author could apply for, and would receive, royalties due him.

Nevertheless, to my best knowledge, your cultural institutions, (publishers, theatres, magazines), do not follow in many major respects the procedures of other countries. They do not ask permission to publish, or enter into contracts, or generally inform the author that his work has been issued, or send him copies of the work. They do not supply statements of sales, and they follow no regular procedure of transmitting royalties. Not the least, letters of inquiry by an author sent to one of your cultural institutions are usually answered only after many months or, all too frequently, not at all. The art of *not* writing letters seems to be highly cultivated by many in your cultural field.

In short, the results of these arbitrary procedures is that the rights of foreign authors are being disregarded by your cultural institutions

while their works are issued, valued and praised—even made the subject of articles like your own. In all friendliness I ask whether the time has not come to change this?

LET ME say now that I know very well why the U.S.S.R. was more or less forced into arbitrary procedures in the cultural field during the first years of its existence. When it was the only socialist country in the world, when it was under invasion by fourteen foreign nations, and when later it remained without diplomatic recognition by many countries, it was natural that its cultural relations with those nations should also be irregular. Therefore, it is simple to understand why, in those years, a publishing house in the U.S.S.R. might issue the book of an American author without consulting him.

However, a different situation exists in world affairs today, and the position of the U.S.S.R. is certainly different. Do you not think the time has come—indeed, is overdue—when the U.S.S.R. might regularize its relations with foreign authors?

For instance, in your article you mention living American authors whose works, at this very time, are being published or produced in your country, or being prepared for publication. Was permission to use their work asked of any of them? Were contracts arranged? Were the rights of the author to his own work recognized? And if not, would it not be in point to suggest that cultural institutions in the U.S.S.R. are following an ossified and outworn procedure because it is easy and comfortable for them to do so—although it is not just, and although its effect upon the outside world is unfavorable to their country?

This failure to follow correct procedure with foreign authors is the more startling, I believe, when one weighs it against the fact that Soviet authors are represented in the U.S. by a literary agency that carefully guards all of their rights, and sees to it that no publisher issues a book without the proper conditions being met.

It seems to me that a concern for improved cultural relations, and of friendly coexistence among nations—as well as a concern for simple justice—would indicate that the time has come for cultural institutions in the U.S.S.R. to establish more normal relations with foreign authors, and to effect a thorough-going change in their procedures.

I would welcome your comment on all of this.

books in review

A PANORAMIC NOVEL

OUT OF THE DUST, by Lars Lawrence. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.

IT IS certainly dangerous business to review a book on the basis of having read only a part of it, but when dealing with a trilogy only two-thirds of which has been published there is no other way to operate. In the case of Lars Lawrence's trilogy, *The Seed,* we now have the second volume, *Out of the Dust,* and so perhaps enough of the work to get a feel of the whole design and to make some tentative judgments. (The publisher is distributing both volumes together for the price of this one.)

Readers will remember *Morning, Noon and Night,* the first volume of the work, as a panoramic novel done on the grand scale, a type of the "classical" proletarian novel with some of the strengths and weaknesses of the genre. That book had as its setting a mining town in the Southwest and its central action concerned a "riot" which occurs when a body of blacklisted miners, mostly Mexican-American, demonstrate against being evicted from their homes. There is shooting; a sheriff and a miner are killed and several others wounded; mass arrests, vigilanteism and a reign of terror follow. Subsequently the miners and the left-wingers begin to organize for their defense and vindication; the mine bosses and politicos and various interested bourgeois types begin to jockey for position to see how best to use the situation each to his own advantage; the town generally comes to a boil. In the process of telling this part of the story, Lawrence introduces an enormous cast which ranges from mine bosses to politicians, to various sheriffs and deputies, to a huge gallery of miners and their wives, to the Communists. Along the way he finds time for a wide variety of townspeople of less definite categories. A mighty big swath.

The first novel ends with the last arrest of the day. *Out of the Dust* picks up the story on the following morning. This second novel has for its center two conflicting lines of action: on the one hand, the painful,

halting efforts by the leftwing to put together an organization for the defense of their jailed comrades; on the other, the attempts by the bourgeois principals to use the "riot" as a means of extending an attack against labor and the Left, or to turn it to their own private uses. Stated in this abstract way, the book illustrates a dictum of Engels to the effect that while man wills his history, what emerges from the conflict is something that no man has willed.

In the course of this struggle of wills, the major events are few: the release of some of those arrested, the imprisonment of others in the state penitentiary to wait trial for murder, and the burial of one of the murdered miners which turns ironically into the demonstration which the Communists have wanted but been unable to organize. These major events take place as a result of a great number of private actions, some of them closely related to the events, some of them peripheral, most of them involving some kind of *learning*. Thus Ham Turner, the CP organizer learns something of the power of spirit; Trank de Vaca, a Communist miner takes a step toward his fuller development as a leader; Frank Hogarth, a labor defense lawyer, learns that anti-labor violence in a Southwest company town cannot be countered with legalism by itself; a young boy learns (or thinks he learns) something about revolution as an analogue of love.

IT WOULD take several pages simply to list the great variety of incidents in this book, incidents almost any of which might make a book in itself. The "riot" is like a stone dropped into a pond—it sends out endless ripples through the city. That seems to me as it should be. Any large social action shakes the whole fabric of a community or a nation. But it is just here, I believe, that the book gets into some trouble, and its execution tends to come into conflict with the conception.

What has happened, I think, is that the main shape of the book begins to be fogged over by the massive detail, the chief "events" to be submerged in the proliferation of episodes and incidents, and in spite of the violence and the variety (all of it legitimate in its own right), a certain static quality comes into the middle sections of the novel. This is the result, I believe, of the kind of narrative technique which the book uses.

Lawrence has chosen to tell his story (in this novel) in the form of a series of short scenes or episodes—an understandable strategy when one considers the great amount of ground he sets out to cover. But as a result of this "atomization" it becomes very difficult for the author to make the

book move in crescendos toward major climaxes. We are offered a series of little climaxes instead—incidents involving bits of insight on the part of the characters—and then shunted swiftly on to others. As a result there isn't enough development. We aren't left with a character or scene long enough to have a real hold exerted on us. What is worse, I think, is that these episodes are presented, in many cases, in the form of modified interior monologues. The interior monologue is, of course, a perfectly possible way to tell a story, but it is perhaps better adapted to the psychological than to the social novel. What we might expect here, I think, is more "immediate scene": dialogue, argument, the clash of character—*action*. Instead we have probably too much "interior" action: little explosions of anxiety or insight within the consciousness of this character or that, and the resultant reduction of the big central objective conflict.

Other difficulties arise from this over-generous use of the interior monologue. In the first place, the method makes the writer a prisoner to the kind of *language* his character thinks in, and this in turn can lead to crudity, vulgarity—worse; repetitiveness. I believe that Lawrence has been at pains to avoid the priggishness which passes with many Left writers here and abroad as a highly rafeened sensibility; but his method allows a good deal of the functionless unpleasant to come into the book. A book is "also" (or perhaps "finally") the words it is told in; and the words of some of the characters here are not good enough for the story they are trying to tell.

THE SECOND difficulty with the method of the interior monologue is akin to the first: the writer is a prisoner of the point of view, attitudes, etc. of each character he uses as a telling agent. This is, of course, a way of giving the feel of opposite points of view. But there is this problem involved, that a bad man will seldom think of himself as bad, and so Lawrence, who is strongly partisan, sometimes corrupts the thinking and language of a character, or forces a character to self-parody, or to a recognition of personal evil which he would never get to without the author twisting his arm.

Here is an example: Elmer Parsons, a reporter with some good instincts is about to write a story of the "riot." He hopes to sell it to the AP and use it to get a better job and/or money and in essence his problem is how to be both sensational *and* honest. He is thinking:

> By the same token he couldn't risk having his story turned into gobledygook like yesterday's, or they'd turn the silk purse back into a sow's ear. A good reporter reported the facts fercrysakes. He took his stand on that hoary axiom or else he got whory another way, just a god-

> dam typewritin' whore, and the AP could buy them a dime a dozen anywhere.

The point here is not *what* Parsons might think and feel but *how* he might think and feel it. It is hard to suppose that he would put it *to himself* this coarsely. What has happened, I believe, is that the author in his partisanship has forced his character into self-parody. When this occurs we have a feeling that the cards have been stacked and some of the reality drains out of the book at that point.

THE EARLIER novel was criticized on the grounds that Ham Turner, the CP organizer was simple, inept, "unlifelike." I am no authority on how inept an organizer can be, but I don't think that bungling necessarily constitutes unlife-likeness. I *would* like to know how the author feels about this character and how he expects me to take him. I know he sympathizes with him, and I am sure that he feels that Turner is simply a fallible human being caught in a large and terrible situation, one which, *at this point in the trilogy,* Turner cannot control, no one could control. But does he also think that Turner is also a bit of a fool? The leftwingers in the book, in spite of present evidence, have a high opinion of him. Turner himself is aware of many weaknesses. He tends to think in terms of cliches, as if he had discovered Marxism only yesterday —as do many of the leftwingers here. There is no way to make a final judgment on him at this point: the method of the book will not allow the author to speak out directly and the character is in any case unfinished until we have the last book of the trilogy. I prefer to wait and see what he becomes.

I think that this question with regard to Turner is the result of an effort on the part of Lawrence to avoid the over-simple characters who populate so many Left novels. He wants his characters to have the complexity of the living. At his best this creates (so far, at least for me) a character like Burns Bolling, the acting sheriff —simple but full of contradiction, believable. At worst it results in discovering in a minor character some hidden opposite which cannot be exploited dramatically—a "little climax" as mentioned above. This kind of discovery sometimes gets in the way of the main line of the story. Anyway a novel is *not* life and walk-on characters *shouldn't* be complex. Given too many of this sort, we're apt to feel that Reata town is simply the capital of Neurosis and that all the trouble could be ended with a large shipment of Miltown.

THESE weaknesses, if that is what they are, seem to me to be strongest in the middle sections of the book where Lawrence, if I

read him rightly, is trying to dramatize the confusion following the shooting and the arrests. The last part of the book picks up greatly, the tempo is faster, there is more "immediate scene," etc. The climax is a real piece of daring, imaginative and highly ironical. The authorities have decided that a dead miner is to be buried at once, in semi-secrecy, to forestall any demonstration. But a Brahminical, rather mad, old lady learns of it and prepares to preach a sermon. Word gets out and the workers go to the cemetery where they hear the old woman's apocalyptic and revolutionary speech—so the demonstration which Turner has wanted and been unable to create takes place anyway.

In some quarters, this will seem like the palpable absurd, and it would not be surprising if Lawrence got called an Existentialist for it. I think, though, that most readers will feel that this scene, though it is broken up and somewhat marred by intrusions of the thoughts of various characters who interpret its meaning, has just the shock and surprise that reality often provides; and they will find it the high point of the two books.

Lawrence's trilogy is an ambitious work—probably the biggest canvas attempted by a Left writer. Final judgment on its overall worth will have to await publication of the third book.

A final caution, though. In our reviews, we have often been unable or unwilling to make any distinction whatsoever between perhaps questionable, but still strictly literary qualities or defects, and ideological or even moral defects. To avoid having this happen in the reader's mind, I want to emphasize Lawrence's sense of close identification with his working class characters, especially the Negro and Mexican-American, as well as his strong feeling for places and all kinds of people.

THOMAS MCGRATH

LEAVE IT TO THE BRITISH

THE QUIET AMERICAN, by Graham Greene. Viking Press, $3.50.

THEY don't love Graham like they used to, the American reviewers who called him "great" and made him popular. They are, finally, the victims of their own bad taste.

Not only the weekly book reviewers but the critics in their sober journals have devoted articles to Greene and named him England's

greatest living novelist—sometimes adding a modest, academic "perhaps" and always with the pious proviso: "—except, of course, for E. M. Forster." Then they go on, rattling the bones of the new criticism to call up symbols that are not there, levels of meaning Greene's novels never held, and compulsive inner rhythms the world knows nothing of. A kind of honesty—or perhaps it is only the nagging memory of it, the twinge of an old wound—compels some to say that no *single* novel by Graham Greene can truly be called great. No, it is his novels *in the aggregate* that are great.

In their frantic search for *western* cultural heroes, the critics have to make the best of what they've got, which means making what they've got into something it can never hope to be. It results in such laughable displays as Harvey Breit's recent offer in the literary section of *The Times* to put up "our" Budd Schulberg against "their" Bert Brecht in what, I suppose, would be a kind of intellectual wrestling match.

Mr. Greene, like Schulberg, did not volunteer; he was drafted for his role by the literary politicians and reputation-makers. Wrapped now in his ill-fitting storebought mantle, his plastic laurel wreath, Greene utters his simple insights in a portentous, sepulchral voice, as if it were the manner of greatness.

Greene from his first novel to this most recent—there are, so far, eight novels and six "entertainments"—has shown little intellectual growth. It is as if he had made a pact with himself at the very beginning of his career, a facing-up to his limitations and a vow not to try those limits, never to make the soul-wrenching effort that all great artists make and occasionally achieve: to write better than they are, to see deeper than they know.

It is an effort our critics ought to make, too. They mistake fashion for style and boost to best sellerdom only the mediocre (Wouk and Irwin Shaw and John O'Hara and *Auntie Mame*), while novels of some value go unnoticed and often unpublished because they question conformity or the Korean War or the Bomb; or simply because they are not written in the fashion and therefore lack the current patents without which the critic today cannot recognize "his kind" of novel. These champions of mediocrity are, of course, the same men who accuse the Left of bad taste and like to give the impression that, where literature is concerned, Communism and Philistinism are one and the same and invariably so.

BUT what has happened now to cause a rift between the man who is (perhaps) England's greatest (except of course for you-know-who) novelist and his staunch supporters his worst friends and best critics?

They take a dim view of his new novel; they speak of it more in sorrow than in anger. They say, in effect: Graham, how could you do this to us? After all, we made you what you are.

Greene has bit the hand that fed him: he has written what the reviewers call an anti-American novel. And, indeed, it is. But it is also something more than that. There is the condescending tone—our innocence, our food, our childish earnestness and enthusiasm—the sort of thing the British have been writing about us for the last 150 years.

But the condescension here has given way to hatred and fear. Mr. Greene hates us and is fearful of what we may do, innocent and stupid as we are, with so much power in our hands. The quiet American of the title is a young Harvard graduate, working for the State Department in Saigon. It is his mission to create a Third Force, something to fill the vacuum between French colonialism and Ho Chi Minh.

In spite of the outraged cries of the reviewers, this was American policy in Viet Nam; and it did result in Our Man becoming president. Greene's mistake is in considering the young American as the perpetrator of a vicious and stupid foreign policy; he does not see that this hapless boy was as much a victim of that policy as those hundreds of thousands Indochinese who were "saved" from Communism by being transported on our gunboats to homelessness and starvation in the "free" area.

GREENE'S politics are as superficial and limited as his understanding of human behavior. What he seems to want in place of American "innocence" is British knowingness. The English newspaperman (who speaks in Greene's world-weary voice) says to the American: "We are the old colonial peoples, Pyle, but we've learned a bit of reality, we've learned not to play with matches. This Third Force—it comes out of a book, that's all."

Leave it in the hands of the professionals, says Greene. You amateur imperialists make such a mess of things. Look how well the professionals are doing in Cyprus and Kenya and Algeria and Morocco. Recall what a good job they did in India, China, the Middle East, Africa, the Pacific islands, Latin America. (Have I forgotten a continent?) Let's keep out these bungling new-comers; they only sit around the Club in shirtsleeves, they drink, fornicate, moralize and, in general, lower the tone. Real estate values are declining everywhere.

It seems hardly necessary to go further. Greene's novel warrants serious consideration only by those who take Greene seriously. It is, therefore, not *my* problem; though I suspect the reviewers thought we might

have made it ours. They feared it was the kind of book that would lend aid and comfort to the Left. Be at ease, gentlemen: Mr. Greene is still yours.

JOHN BOTHWELL

BANDUNG REPORT

The Color Curtain, A Report on the Bandung Conference, by Richard Wright, Foreword by Gunnar Myrdal. The World Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio. 221 pp., $3.75.

WHEN Richard Wright read press reports that twenty-nine Asian and African countries with more than a billion inhabitants were to meet in Bandung, Indonesia, in April 1955, he forthwith decided that it was worth traveling half way around the world to witness such a gathering.

His experience as an American Negro served him well in the recognition of the importance of the Bandung conference at a time when the United States government looked upon it with a mixture of scorn and apprehension. And unlike certain American observers, he went to Bandung to see and understand, not to defend and explain the rate of progress towards equality in America, which had little to do with the conference.

Such a receptive mind, coupled with considerable literary skill, should have produced a very fine contribution toward a better appreciation in the West of the forces that made the Bandung conference. It is because knowledge and understanding of the role of the new Asian and African powers are so largely lacking even among Western liberals and progressives that Wright's failure to make the greatest possible contribution is most regrettable.

FOR WHILE Wright went to Bandung to watch and learn, he was unable to shed a highly personal and subjective, preconceived viewpoint. This shows in the very organization of his book. More than half of it is taken up with his own experiences and the reactions of generally unrepresentative Westernized Asians he met.

In a way, the book reveals more about Richard Wright than about the Bandung conference. ". . . I've had a burden of race consciousness. . . . I worked in my youth as a common laborer, and I've a class consciousness. . . . I grew up in the Methodist

ıd Seventh Day Adventist churches
ıd I saw and observed religion in
y childhood. . . . I was a member
the Communist Party for twelve
ears and I know something of the
olitics and psychology of rebellion."
ıus Wright details his qualifica-
ons for reporting on Bandung. But
e sees and is able to apply only one
pect of these qualifications. "They
e emotions . . . I'm conscious of
em as emotions."

This is Wright's weakness. On the
sitive side, his emotional reactions
ıpelled him to go to Bandung.
ıey made him want to identify
mself with the upsurge of the colo-
al and colored peoples of the world.
ıt they did not equip him to anal-
e fully and objectively the facts
Bandung. Indeed, they hindered
n. Class consciousness, after all,
much more than emotion. It is
cognition, reason, reality.

Like a tourist who tries to stuff
many souvenirs into the small
itcase he brought with him, Wright
ks to push the many and com-
cated facts he gathered at Bandung
o his own limited framework of
ling. This he does by forcibly
npressing the real meaning of
ıdung into two dimensions—race
l religion.

Again and again, Wright imposes
own *non sequitur* generalizations
on his account of Bandung events.
us he cites at length from the opening address of Indonesia's President Sukarno, ending with the quotation, "Almost all of us have ties to common experience, the experience of colonialism." Then Wright: "Sukarno was appealing to race and religion; they were the only realities in the lives of the men before him that he could appeal to. . . ."

BANDUNG did concern itself with racism, particularly its existence in Africa. This was one of the most important issues on which all conference participants agreed. Bandung's opposition to racism is overshadowed in Wright's book, however, by his own concern with what he terms "racism in reverse," namely, discrimination and hostility by colored peoples against whites. There is no doubt that there was such an undercurrent because of the continuing efforts of "white" powers to keep the newly independent countries of Asia and Africa under some form of control.

But basically, Bandung strove to effect the abolition of racism of all kinds. Racism was seen as an instrument and product of imperialism. This is the crux of the matter that Wright misses in emphasizing, explaining, and almost defending "racism in reverse."

In stressing the religious content of the freedom movement of Asia and Africa, Wright again seems to

impute to others some of his own outlook. Certainly the prime movers of Bandung—Nehru, Sukarno, Chou, etc.—are very secular leaders. Nor do references to Asia as the continent where all major religions originated necessarily mean that the speakers are religious. They are recalling the ancient glory of their lands in answer to Western slanders of the civilization of Asia.

Wright's estimate of Chou En-lai's role at the conference bears the marks of both his own anti-communism and of the influence of Western propaganda. Wright is surprised and suspicious that Chou did not fulfill the expectations of American commentators by attacking the United States and trying to spread communism at Bandung. But the conference had been called to achieve agreement on issues where agreement was possible, notwithstanding the substantial differences in policies and ideologies among the participants. Chou conducted himself in accordance with the ground rules laid down for the conference and refused to be diverted by Western-oriented delegates who tried to disrupt the gathering with controversial issues. By declining provocations, by concluding a dual nationality treaty with Indonesia, by approaching the delegates of Thailand, Cambodia, Laos and the Philippines with proposals for improving relations, and by suggesting direct talks with the United States on the Formosa situation, Chou in fact contributed greatly to the relaxation of tension in Asia.

WRIGHT'S inability to assess the actions of Chou En-lai is perhaps connected with a graver failure. He correctly appreciates Bandung's united demonstration of opposition to colonialism. But he says hardly a word about the main question of our time and one of the most significant aspects of the conference. The architects of Bandung see its contribution to peace as one of its greatest achievements. Bandung, they say, led to the Geneva summit conference. Bandung reduced tensions which were most acute at the time. Bandung broke the iron curtain in Asia.

In short, Bandung was a test of co-existence. As Wright says, it was "beyond left and right." There were most profound issues—like colonialism, racialism and peace—on which both left and right could and did agree. That is a lesson for the world.

Because he does not fully estimate these achievements, Wright sees fear as a motivation for the conference. Further, he believes that the representatives of the non-Communist Asian governments gathered at Bandung did not know what to do with the power they had seized in their countries. Neither assertion is true. One

most suspects that it is Wright ho, though welcoming the new ower of the colonial peoples, shrinks efore the consequences. The con-rence was a success just because ie principal non-Communist lead-s had learned how to exert their rength for peace, had overcome any of their fears of the imperialist owers, and were not afraid to sit own to talk with Communists. If ything, it was confidence that in-ired Bandung.

The West has sought, since the nference, to foment disunity in the ea by such devices as the Baghdad ct. It cannot succeed. As the recent wnfall of Sir John Kotelawala in eylon shows, the shakiest regimes Asia are those which pay lip ser-ce to Bandung but remain subser-ent to alien powers. (Incidentally, right is mistaken in saying that Communists and Trotskyists supported Sir John's government.)

With all this, Wright's book has something to say to Western readers: *". . . for centuries Asian and African nations had watched in helpless silence while white powers had gathered, discussed and disposed of the destinies of Asian and African peoples—gatherings in which no Asian or African had ever had any say."*

To these peoples Bandung marked an earth-shaking change: *"Imperialism was dead here; and, as long as they could maintain their unity, organize and conduct international conferences, there would be no return of imperialism."*

In bringing this message to the United States, Wright has performed an important service.

CHARLES WISLEY

ARTIST IN CONFLICT

ROZCO, by Alma Reed. Oxford University Press. $6.00.

ROZCO is an artist whose complexity challenges the most inious of critics. He is an artist ose simplicity puts the ingenious shame.

One could, if one wished, see him th narrow, negative eyes. True, re are corners of his outlook so disturbing that I have heard friends of his deny their existence while they were looking straight at the painting or graphic work which expressed them. Overtly ugly, reactionary motifs, beside which the backwardness of Tolstoy appears naive. (One has to look afield, to another art, for comparison.) Aspects closer to the "prophetic" elements in Dostoyevsky which seemed so useful to

the Red-baiters and enemies of socialism.

It is no answer to those who delight in the worst to call attention to another part of the forest, to some other painting in which the massive imagination stands squarely for the best in mankind. Orozco can be understood only if one absorbs his total production and accepts the larger context of meaning, lacking which the interpretation of any specific figure or symbol has trivial significance. To adopt any stiff political judgment of him is to lose him to those bewailers of humanity who want to get him in their grasp. (Just as they had Dostoyevsky, for a while.)

Is this to abjure politics altogether? One need hardly be so self-abnegating. What is essential, though, is that political thinking adapt itself to the nature of its subject, and that the artist not be viewed as a candidate for assemblyman. Pablo Neruda understood this when Orozco died in the fall of 1949, during the peace conference in Mexico City. He said of him: "Jose Clemente Orozco was the artist incarnate of his land and people. His gigantic works will live as long as our America lives. . . . The somber greatness of his works will surprise generations to come. The blood and suffering of America are in his works; in them too are the seeds of insurrection of the past and of the future."

SURELY, there is enough in Orozco to give us pause, to make us want to look for a key here, a word there, that will reveal something that his drawing, composition and color do not altogether tell us. (A work of art is not always self-evident.) And so, knowing the perils of ad hominem arguments, one still scratches for clues in the quicksand of anecdote and personal recollection. Books such as Alma Reed's prove that this yielding ground may reward us.

Her *Orozco* is not critical enough for one who is looking for technical discussion. For example, she mentions the painter's use of dynamic symmetry in his composition, but is unconcerned to describe the theory or to account for Orozco's use of it. One must look elsewhere for an analysis of this and other strictly formal components of his work. The omission is regrettable because of his never relaxing discipline and interest in the so-called abstract qualities of art. Alma Reed herself has made his admiration for certain phases of Picasso's work a matter of record.

There is also considerable repetition of biographical information already available, some in English and some from the informal autobiography, as yet untranslated. But apart for this, what remains is invaluable as a report of Orozco's various visits to the United States beginning with

hat in the summer of 1929 when e met Mrs. Reed, whose devotion o his work and well-being were to ave such important consequences or the development of art in this ountry. For it is unlikely that, with-ut her efforts, Orozco would have een commissioned to paint the New chool of Social Research frescoes, the omona *Prometheus,* or the great anels at Dartmouth. And the Mexi-an mural would sooner or later have ome to influence American paint-rs, but not with the rapidity with hich its spirit swept the great public rt movement under the auspices of he Works Project Administration n the Thirties.

THE conservative and avant-garde opposition to Orozco's work akes for instructive reading, unit-ng as it did such diverse individ-als as California fruit growers and New York *Times* art critic, col-ge benefactors and a certain modern useum director. One is reminded hat the shameful mutilation of his reparatory School murals in Mex-o City by adherents of reactionary atholic groups was duplicated by e craven veiling of the New School anels under the pressure of Cold Var devotees. Equally interesting is e support and sometimes active chnical assistance Orozco got from e students of the institutions in hich he labored.

But even more valuable are the insights the book offers into Orozco's reasons for depicting as he did social contradictions and the objects he used to symbolize them, historical movements and their protagonists, class struggles and their participants, a defeated continent and its conquerors. Any facile version of his intention must be weighed against the interpretation of his meaning offered by the woman to whom Orozco confided his intellectual friendship for many years.

A simple instance is provided by Mrs. Reed's remarks on a canvas called *Eighth Avenue.* It is often assumed that Orozco's paintings reveal a romantic hostility to the Machine as such, and that he was bitterly skeptical of any social system which could be either slave *or* master of it. Now here is Mrs. Reed's description:

> *". . . a note of impending disaster is struck in the form of a giant crane silhouetted against the evening dusk. Like a scaffold it rises above the yawning pit of a West Side excavation. In the background, huge buildings of varying heights and contours define the symmetric skyline that evoked Claude Bragdon's famous analogy: 'A jaw with some teeth whole, some broken, some rotten and some gone*—a symbol of our unkempt and irresponsible individ-

ualism.'" (My emphasis).

See how the easy sense has dropped away and the core of bourgeois existence is exposed. For Orozco, the crane is no witness either to modern creativity or to its supposedly inherent tyranny over the individual; it is the mark of destructive spiritual alienation in the midst of mechanical triumph. The metaphor may shock us by its unexpectedness, but we can no longer misconceive it.

FOR every apparent meaning of Orozco's images, one learns to consider the possibility of its opposite. When he depicts the symbols of liberty and justice, along with those of oppression, tossed on the junk-pile of history, or held as lures before a queue of half-starved dupes, does this imply a belief that liberty and justice are illusions? If so, could he have said: "Justice—whatever the cost?" No, it is rather the sight of liberty and justice betrayed—"the leader, the rebel . . . sacrificed in the struggle, falling in the battlefield or murdered by reactionaries"* that has lit his holy rage, an anger so intense that it scorches the timid deplorer of wrongdoing.

All of Orozco's work reflects his consciousness of the ties of painting to poetry. If we must "read" him twice, that is because his images, like those of the great poets, though never perversely ambiguous, nevertheless follow his thought from the shallows to the depths of the world.

A word about Alma Reed. Some sophisticates may find her old-fashioned, and the account of her Delphic circle simply amusing. Orozco did not. It is true, there is a kind of innocent nobility about her which to some may smack of the past. But the present mode of iciness will melt before we forget such anachronistic passion for light.

* Orozco's own words, written in English for Alma Reed.

CHARLES HUMBOLDT

Communication:

Dogma and Revival

By JAMES S. ALLEN

IN HIS comment on my article "Democratic Revival and the Marxists" (*Masses & Mainstream,* October, 1955), which called for a self-critical examination of the position of the Left, J. Brandreth* seeks to defend, in essence, the dogmatic and sectarian approaches which have contributed so heavily to the isolation of the Marxists.

He claims that he favors a deep rooting out of sectarianism and defeatism, but, unfortunately, the main weight of his argument is thrown the other way.

In the broad concept of labor and democratic alliance, which stresses the national interest and the democratic tradition, he sees only the potential dangers of opportunism, while failing to appreciate the real and dynamic significance of the coalition policy for the revival of the mass progressive movement. Paralysis out of fear of possible opportunist mistakes can be the biggest mistake of all, for it would leave us alone in our present isolation, prisoners of dogmatic ways.

Of course, it is not a matter of choosing between "Leftist" and "Rightist" mistakes, finding the lesser evil, so to speak. Nor is it a question of finding the exact "middle" between the two, in the hope that perchance this may prove to be a correct position. In fact, Marxists have suffered too much from this kind of pattern-cutting, instead of seeking a correct position that corresponds to the objective reality and the needs of the period, and working out policies and tactics that are natural to the modes and the setting of the popular movements in our own country. In essence, this is the problem involved in finding "our own road to socialism," in accordance with our characteristic traditions and in terms of our

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"The National Interest and Popular Struggle," Masses & Mainstream, May, 1956.

national interest. A significant beginning in this direction was made during the labor and popular upsurge of the 1930's, which Brandreth seems reluctant to acknowledge, only to be cut short in the postwar decade of reaction, which my critic appears only too willing to overlook.

BRANDRETH begins by challenging my interpretation of the trend in world affairs in favor of enduring peace. He says I failed to stress "sufficiently" the continuing war danger. Certainly, the war danger exists, and it will continue to exist just as long as we have monopoly capitalism and imperialism in the world. But merely to keep repeating this, as if it were some magic formula that clarifies everything, tells us exactly nothing about the shape and scope of the war danger or how to fight it.

The most important thing, the central point for us to grasp, is that the forces making for war have been so seriously checked and rebuffed by the world socialist and peace camp that the opportunity is at hand to prevent war altogether.

This is confirmed on all sides since the Geneva Summit Conference of last July. To continue to talk as if we were still at the height of the "cold war" is to be as obtuse as Dulles, who is chided all around for the rigidity of American foreign policy, for its failure to meet the new challenges of competitive coexistence. To force such a turn of policy upon the government is today the central national issue. To fail to see this, is to lose sight of the great opportunity now presented for the marshalling of the people's forces to fight, with great prospects of success, for a policy of peace and of democracy at home.

Brandreth objects that I place too much emphasis upon world pressures, and fail to give due credit to the peace forces at home, which he holds were decisive in ending the Korean war and in forcing the United States to back down in Indochina and Formosa. If the last were true, the story of the past decade would have been quite different, for that would have required a powerful popular upsurge reaching a high political level. Indeed, the deep peace sentiment among the American people played a role, as was shown by Eisenhower's success in exploiting that sentiment to win the Presidency in 1952.

But the fact remains that both major parties were equally devoted to the "cold war" and to the hot colonial wars, and the trade unions supported them, while wide circles of the former democratic camp went along with the anti-Communist justification of the war policy. The fact is that

the decisive rebuff to imperialist aggression was given by the Socialist and colonial liberation forces in Korea, Indochina and Formosa, thereby halting the march toward world domination, forcing divisions within the war camp itself, hastening the breakup of the colonial empires, and bringing about the turn in world affairs. To see it otherwise, is to miss or obscure the reality.

This turn was also the prime reason for the setback suffered by McCarthy in the Army hearings and in the elections of 1954. True, he overdid the fascist-like drive, with slogans like "twenty years of treason" and the other claptrap, which threatened the positions of many and varied forces in political life. These forces administered his defeat, but only when the wind had been taken out of the sails of the war drive by sharp rebuffs abroad, only when wide circles here realized that the war policy could no longer be pursued with impunity.

IT SEEMS to me undeniable that the postwar decade in this country was a period of dominant reaction, spearheaded by McCarthyism, utilizing anti-Communism as the main slogan of the "cold war." Brandreth says that I paint too sombre a picture, failing to give due credit to the fight of the progressive forces which, according to him, were not so drastically isolated and decimated. Certainly, all the courageous struggles of the Communists and the progressives against the Smith Act, the Rosenberg frameup and other repressions played and still play a positive role, keeping alive the fight against reaction. But the truth is that these battles were lost because perforce they were fought in ever growing isolation, the broader democratic camp including the trade union movement, with a few honorable exceptions, having been cowed or taken in by the anti-Communist big lie. The Left contributed its share of mistakes, mostly sectarian, to this outcome.

This does not mean to say that positions have been lost beyond hope of recovery. But, above all, it is imperative for the Left to see the scope of the recovery that has to be made, without blinders, with a full understanding of the damage done by reaction which now has to be repaired. And this can only be done if the Left understands the depth and nature of its own crisis so that in overcoming it the mass progressive movement can again be set into full course.

We have powerful elements of this reversal all around us—in the merged AFL-CIO, in stubborn strike struggles, in the great upsurge of

the Negro rights struggle, in the budding farm revolt, in a certain stirring among liberal political forces, in the way the fight for peace is intruding into the national elections.

Naturally, these do not come as "gifts from abroad," as Brandreth says I put it, nor do they appear out of a vacuum. They have their roots in the preceding period, and are now beginning to emerge into the open, precisely because the great turn in world affairs has weakened the reactionary position at home and immeasurably improved the real and potential conditions for a democratic revival.

BUT reaction will continue to dominate the domestic scene, despite all the separate struggles that may develop, unless the central weakness is overcome. These movements are developing without the consequential participation of the Left, which is necessary to inspire the active role of labor and other progressive forces. The pivot of a resurgent mass progressive movement must be the restoration of unity between Center and Left, which was destroyed during the period of reaction, especially in the trade unions. But this does not depend on the Center alone. The Left has to come out of its isolation and correct its narrow policies which have been both an outcome and a contribution of its own to isolation. That is the root of its present crisis, which the Left can overcome only by proceeding with a serious self-critical examination of its entire position. That is what my article called for last October.

Brandreth agrees that such a self-critical assessment is needed to overcome isolation and self-isolation, and I agree with him when he says that the examination has to include methods of work and types of activity as well as policy. Nor can I possibly have any objection to his advice to Marxists to get into the popular struggle. The problem is just that—how? And particularly how to root out sectarianism and defeatism, the principal inner obstacles of the Left at this time. But I fear that Brandreth fails to understand what is involved in uprooting these diseases.

First, there is a matter of diagnosis, and for a fuller discussion of this I can only refer the reader to my original article.

When I ascribe the long step backwards of the Left during the past decade from the advanced position of the Thirties to its own neglect of the necessary identification of socialism with the democratic tradition and the national interest, Brandreth says this is a "superficial explanation" which "could hinder rather than assist the mass integration of the Left."

But this seems to me the central point, if the Left is to revive and mature the perspective of our own road to socialism, which has no meaning whatsoever unless it is seen in terms of our own rich democratic tradition, built up over decades of mass struggle, and on the basis of our national interest, which I define in my first article as the need for peace.

IT SEEMS that Brandreth's real, most serious objections are to these very concepts. According to him, they have no relation to the "basic dynamic of social antagonism," by which, I presume, he means the class struggle. He holds that the ideas of the democratic tradition and the national interest as developed in the Thirties "were *in essence* a falsification of Marxism and led to a serious weakening of the progressive movement." He finds that these concepts led to the identification of the "national interest," (these are his quotes), with the interests of monopoly capital, and the national tradition with the "bourgeois democratic tradition." He believes that the revival of these concepts today would have the same result.

There is some truth in this, unless we differentiate clearly between the validity of the concepts and their misuse. In the Thirties the development of these concepts by the Marxists was an integral part of their broad popular coalition policies, and their full participation in the struggles of the time. Toward the end of the war, due to the utopian and opportunist postwar perspectives developed by Browder, these concepts as well as other Marxist positions were distorted and misused to justify his policy.

But we should not throw out the baby with the bath water. Keeping in mind the propensity of the American Marxists to swing alternately to Rightist and Leftist extremes, as the Browder experience and its aftermath show, today it is necessary to guard against uninhibited flights into the stratosphere of utopianism, while efforts are necessarily concentrated upon breaking out of the restrictions of dogma and sectarianism. But out of fear of possible opportunist mistakes, are we to stay clear of our democratic tradition and fail to identify the immediate program of the Left and its socialist objective with the national interest?

To fail to do precisely that is to remain sectarian and dogmatic, to lose not only socialist perspective but also to cut ourselves off from the developing mass movements. And there could be nothing more un-Marxist than that.

As I pointed out in my article, the fulfilment of the national interest for peace depends upon a mass democratic revival, sparked by a resurgent

labor movement, because monopoly is betraying the national interest with its "cold war" policies. And if important sectors of the bourgeoisie are thereby forced to seek peace (after all, the bourgeoisie still rules the country) does this mean that the national interest is identified with the interest of monopoly? Nonsense!

Who today upholds the "bourgeois democratic traditions"—the Bill of Rights, the Constitution, the many hard-won popular liberties—if not the basic forces of the people, with which the Marxists are identified? The monopolists have long since betrayed these traditions, just as they have deserted the national interest. Our road to socialism is paved with these democratic gains and it is our business to see that they are not crushed by the steamroller of reaction.

Brandreth's position, I am afraid, reflects the kind of thinking that must be overcome if the Marxists are to overcome their internal crisis, and project themselves fully into the mainstream of American life and mass struggle.

JAMES S. ALLEN

We'll make this short. As you know, we started our drive last month to meet a deficit of $7,500. We have so far received $600, which means that at this rate we would require an entire year to accomplish what we thought was possible in two months.

We thank all those friends who heeded our appeal and even sent us letters of encouragement. But to the rest of our readers we can only repeat what we said before: Is it too much to ask of you the equivalent of the price of one movie, four bottles of beer, a good meal outside, or one LP record? Even one dollar from each of you would help us no end. Is it so difficult to find the time to answer us? *Think, one dollar from each of you will do the trick!*

Letter:

Editors, M & M:

When George Marion died in October 955, it was a blow to me, for here was man who had gone to the Soviet Union, ad met Lysenko, and who had dared say that he had not liked Lysenko's ersonality and attitudes. I, who have ever come closer to a study of the soil an a gardening course and active gar-ening, could not make an evaluation Lysenko's theories. But, and here is a ery important "but," and one "but" hereby I differed from many around me -I could be swayed by the non-commit-l attitude of the *scientist* Haldane, and frightfully annoyed by the rhapsodic terance in behalf of the Lysenko theo-es by a fine *poet,* Louis Aragon!

Why bring this up now? It is a worth-hile example of the American Commu-st's extreme tendency to endorse whole-e whatever comes out of the Soviet nion. I believe it is fortunate for me at I read the *New York Times* every y. Don't misunderstand—I loathe their itorial policies, I know they inject in-endoes and distortions, but there is h full news coverage, that a progres-e who reads M & M, the *National ardian,* the *Nation,* I. F. Stone, *Jewish e,* etc., can reach a fairly accurate con-sion. I remember full well that many ominent Soviet scientists just rode along ile Lysenko was being officially boosted l groomed. I myself believe we shall rn soon enough that scientists were in-idated by the display of official back-, and afraid to contradict Lysenkian ories.

Another shock, was to read "Opin- and Reality" by George Marion, nted after his death in M&M, and note t your article ended where the *Na-al Guardian* "In Memoriam" (Stand-Brand ad) article began. This won-ful article of Marion's goes on to say "The democratic essence *is* good; the free-dom of personal movement, freedom of communication, freedom of expression that remain the SPIRIT of American life even in these times of fascist-like re-pression, are not to be matched anywhere else in the world."

I cut the article out at that time because it seemed to me he was saying something that was quite different, and I fully be-lieved *then* and believe now that he was trying to show us indirectly that not all was well in the Socialist area of the world. Whatever the FBI has done in amassing dossiers on several millions of people, nevertheless the numbers of those who have been imprisoned is very small; the "security camps" that have been built re-main unoccupied to this day. The fact re-mains inescapable that the American peo-ple's loss of traditional liberties has come about not through mass force and vio-lence and repression, but in part because of a lack of moral and intellectual integ-rity. Was M&M's omission intentional? I daresay had Marion lived, he would have been criticized by many. . . .

I believe we will find that we were and are wrong not to condemn the Soviet sale of arms to Israel. I despise the Zionist point of view; but I feel that Israel ini-tially required the financial aid of Ameri-can Jewry; but I also feel that Israel's complete orientation toward the West, in-stead of being concerned with Middle East integration and becoming a neutral in the same sense that India is, is dangerous for Israel and the world. If I have written repeatedly to my own representatives and deplored and condemned shipments of arms both to Israel and to the Arabs, can I suddenly feel that weapons that kill and maim and can start a major con-flagration are any less wrong because they are made by the Soviet Union? I take an international point of view here . . . arms

should not go to the Middle East at all, from any source.

I believe that the raids on the *Worker* offices flow logically from Edgar Hoover's statement that we have been more outspoken and active in recent months, and that they fear our activity and the clarity we give to the American people as they question and seek to find a better path for America to travel in the years ahead.

Yours very truly,

A Friend