

JULY, 1959

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New World

REVIEW

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Visit with the Dean of Canterbury

In Unknown Albania

China's Winged Horse

The Real Issue in Laos

Agriculture in East Germany

NEW WORLD REVIEW

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Our Roaming Correspondent
Editorial Consultants on Negro and Colonial Questions

Vol. 27, No. 7, July, 1959. Second Class postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscription \$2.50 per year. \$1.25 for 6 months (Canadian, \$3.00, foreign \$3.50 a year. Draw money orders or checks payable in New York.) Published monthly by the N.W.R. Publications, Inc., 34 West 15th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Indexed in Bulletin of the Public Affairs Information Service. Phone: CHelsea 3-0666.
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

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As a necessary economy to help us through the summer months, we must skip the August issue. The next NWR you receive will be dated September. All subscribers will receive an extra issue later to make up the full 12 for the year.

Our urgent summer appeal for funds is now in your hands. We are deeply grateful to those of you who have already responded. We beg *all* of you to give the appeal your attention and to contribute as quickly and generously as possible to make up our immediate summer sustaining fund of \$5,000.

Our letter has told you of exciting material in preparation for September and later. There's work to do during the summer to make sure there will be a Summit Conference to settle the world's pressing problems, to end atom tests, to sweep away the danger of war. Make it possible for us to do our part!

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People to People

Two exhibitions: New York - Moscow

ON June 30 the Soviet Exhibit of Science, Technology and Culture opens at the Coliseum in New York City with the First Vice-Chairman of the USSR Council of Ministers, Frol R. Kozlov, attending the ceremonies. On July 25 the American National Exhibit opens in the Sokolniki Park in Moscow with Vice-President Richard M. Nixon representing the United States.

These two exhibits are a part of the Cultural Exchange agreement between the two countries signed in January 1958, which in the course of the past year and a half has opened up a wide variety of interchanges in many fields.

Because of the complexity and scope of these two exhibitions they represent at this point a kind of "summit" in the Exchange Program. They also represent in this summer of the still delayed official "Summit Conference" a real coming together of peoples anxious to know and understand each other, an anxiety that moves impatiently outside the slow ritual of diplomatic procedure.

How do the Soviet people really live, what do they wear, eat, laugh at—what, after all, do they want with their 7-Year Plans, their vast housing projects, their educational program, their astonishing sputniks?

In turn the Russians ask what are the American people like? Do they, as *we* do, long for peace? How do they amuse themselves, how do they live, what are their deepest hopes for their children and their future?

These two exhibits propose to

answer these questions, at least in part. Like the rest of the Exchange Program they bring face to face the American and Soviet people so that direct communication will become possible between them, understanding grow, and the future appear less doubtful.

The Soviet exhibition, using two floors—some 161,460 square feet—of the Coliseum, will present in 9 sections a wide picture of the USSR, ranging from the geography and population of the country through its achievements in agriculture, industry, science and technology, education, public health, culture, to its economic and trade relations with other countries.

The visitor to the Soviet exhibit will step from the entrance into a segment of outer space curving above his head. Suspended in front of the segment he will see the full-scale models of the three famous Soviet sputniks complete with equipment and instrumentation. An interpreter will explain the display.

From this glimpse into outer space the visitor will proceed to a survey of the rest of the exhibit where Soviet advances in less spectacular but no less important fields will be awaiting him. He will see the results of the work of physicists in the fields of cosmic rays, nuclear reactors and semi-conductors. He will see a demonstration of the work being carried out in the field of complex automation and the telematics of industrial processes. The progress of the Soviet Union in research in bio-

chemistry, biophysics, and microbiology will be shown to him as well as the work of Soviet scientists in the Arctic and Antarctic areas. In the section on peaceful uses of atomic energy, the visitor will see models of various reactors, atomic power stations and a replica of the atomic powered icebreaker *Lenin*.

Demonstrating Soviet advances in the field of metallurgy will be a replica of a metallurgical combine with its blast furnaces, open-hearth furnaces, rolling mills and installations for the continuous pouring of the finished steel.

Advances in the coal mining industry will be shown by a working model of an automatic underground loading center with a replica of a coal mine using hydraulic methods of extraction. Also in the field of extraction will be displayed working models of sea and surface oil-fields, a screw oil pump, an electric drill and a small-size sectional turbodrill.

A model of a synthetic rubber plant will demonstrate Soviet advance in the field of modern chemistry.

A most interesting exhibit will be a model of one of the 200,000 kilowatt turbogenerators in use at the Stalingrad Power Station, one of the largest power stations in the USSR.

The visitor will be able to inspect the latest models of various Soviet automobiles—the Chaika, the ZIL-III and the Volga—as well as cutter loaders of the latest design, tractors and other agricultural machines. There will also be machine tools with program-control devices and automatic measuring instruments.

Of special interest will be the display

of medical instruments, particularly those used for rapid suturing of body tissues with tantalum staples which produce no irritation in the body. Replacing the tedious hand-sewing that surgeons now employ, they make possible a whole new field of medical advance. According to the *New York Times* for June 15, an American business man, Henry J. Rand, head of the Rand Development Corporation of Cleveland, has signed a contract in Moscow which will make possible the manufacturing in this country of these medical instruments. The *Times* quotes an American physician who had seen the instruments in operation and spoke enthusiastically of them at the same time expressing his hope that they would soon be manufactured in this country.

A scale model of the new Moscow University building will be the center of the section exhibiting the progress of the USSR in education. Among the other features of this section will be a model secondary classroom from a typical Soviet school and much graphically presented information about the organization and aims of the vast educational system.

The care and solicitude for the people will be the theme of those sections of the exhibit having to do with public health facilities and the huge new housing program where models, charts and maps will make clear the extent and future goal of every aspect of the Soviet welfare program.

Related to the subject of welfare will be the section devoted to the display of fabrics, footwear, ready-made clothes, furs, rugs, porcelains,

radios, TV sets, vacuum cleaners, refrigerators and washing machines available to the people in ever-increasing variety and amount. This section will also present an assortment of foods characteristic of what the Soviet housewife brings home in her shopping basket.

Soviet art will be generously displayed in the form of a large group of paintings and sculpture selected to acquaint the visitor with the highest achievements in these forms as well as a large exhibit of books, graphic illustrations and other creative forms in related fields.

From July 7th to 18th there is to be a Russian Dance and Music Festival held in Madison Square Garden. Some of the dancers from the Bolshoy Ballet finishing their triumphal tour in this country, are to be joined by members of the famous Leningrad Ballet Company as well as a large folk dance group, the well-known Pyatnitsky Choir and other singing groups. In all a cast of over 200 performers will make this an event of outstanding importance.

For the length of the exhibit in a large Broadway theater the Soviet wide-screen system, known as Cinè-Panorama, will show two films: "How Wide Is My Country" and "The Magic Mirror." Cinè-Panorama uses three projectors on a curved screen and nine sound tracks.

The possibilities of trade between the two countries will of course immediately strike business men and manufacturers visiting the Coliseum. Here is a still relatively untouched area of trade so far as we are concerned that is full of the richest potentials for export and import.

This article indicates only a part of the richness of the exhibit the visitor will find at the Coliseum. In the *New York Times* for June 17, Mr. Enver Mamedov, official spokesman for the exhibit, is quoted as follows: "An American can see more of Russia here than he would ever see on a trip to Russia, because it is all brought together in one place."

Whether a visit to the American exhibit in Moscow will be the same as a visit to the United States we have at this time no way of judging, but certainly the care and thought that seems to have been exerted on our exhibit would indicate that the Soviet visitor will in any case see much that should be of great interest to him in understanding a little more our country, its ways and its people.

Thus by means of these two exhibits the much needed "people to people" contacts will for a while this summer be established in two great cities of the USA and the USSR. Such contact is of course not a mere accident but grows inescapably out of the tensions of our time: the peoples of the world, weary of cold war and war scares and terrified of the military development of the great new source of energy—atomic power—increasingly demand that ways be found to lessen these tensions, these fears, these terrors.

And what surer way is there than by coming to understand directly through visits or exhibitions such as these the lives, hopes, dreams, and aspirations of all the other peoples with whom we share this always smaller and smaller planet?

M. Y.

Tea With the Dean of Canterbury

by MURRAY YOUNG

STAYING with friends in a small village near Canterbury, I heard that the Dean of Canterbury had just returned, like myself, from a visit to the Soviet Union. The Dean is an old friend of *New World Review*, and when I rang up the Deanery one morning I was told to call back later when he would be in.

When I called at the appointed time, the Dean himself answered and asked me at once to come to tea that afternoon as he was going next day to Manchester. "Our visit," he said, "will unfortunately have to be short for I must take part in the late afternoon service at the Cathedral."

Canterbury Cathedral is too well known to be described, but on the May afternoon I walked past it through the Close to the Deanery, it stood tall and magnificent in the soft English spring sunlight, the brutal scars of wartime bombing here and there visible on its ancient fabric—a glorious monument to man's creativeness.

Many visitors were entering or leaving by the great central doors or wandering peacefully in the flower-filled Close as they have done since the early Middle Ages. The choir was practicing in a side chapel, and in the moments when the singing stopped, the song of birds in the blossoming trees continued the music in less grave accents. Time and change seem never to have entered this lovely enclosure.

The Dean, himself, tall and smiling in his gaiters, opened the door

in the ancient Deanery near the Cathedral school. After a warm greeting, he seated me in the drawing room and went to get the tea tray. The room was large and handsome with tall windows looking on the school lawn across which students, released from classes, were strolling in their black and white straw hats and curiously formal black suits. One of the massive flying buttresses of the Cathedral could also be seen through the windows, rising superbly into the clear air.

On the walls of the room were portraits of former deans, going back to the 16th century, with the portrait of Dean Hewlett Johnson, as incumbent, having the place of honor over the fireplace. Books were everywhere and on several tables I saw beautiful Palekh boxes, obviously gifts from the Dean's many friends in the Soviet Union.

The Dean returned with a crowded tea tray and sitting before the quiet fire we settled down for an hour's talk before his duties called him away. He asked me about friends in the States and spoke most generously of NWR which he sees regularly.

Clearly delighted when I told him that I was just back from three weeks in the Soviet Union, he told me that his month's stay in Yalta where he had been invited by the Soviet Government to recuperate from a serious illness during the winter, had been, like all of his many visits, deeply renewing to his

spirit. "What generous care I received," he exclaimed, "and what wonderful new friends I made among the other patients—Red Army officers, factory workers—and the wonderfully thoughtful attendants."

Later the Dean talked with glowing enthusiasm of his ten weeks tour of People's China, on which he had been accompanied by his wife (who is one of the local magistrates in Canterbury) and their two young daughters. Traveling widely throughout the country, he had found among the Chinese people that sense of a shared community, of brotherhood, which seemed to him the greatest achievement of socialism. With gentle sadness he spoke of the fact that his book about China, written after his return in 1956, was still waiting for an English publisher.

I told him that everywhere I had been since my return from the USSR—Amsterdam, Paris, London, on trains, buses, planes—the moment people learned I had just come, as they usually said, "from Moscow," I was instantly besieged by a multitude of questions. They seemed particularly anxious to get the views of an American; indeed many of them were surprised to learn that the American Government granted passports to the USSR—a curious commentary on our reputation throughout the world.

Smiling, the Dean said, "Of course they asked a host of questions; of course they were profoundly interested.

"Ironically enough," he went on, "my visits are never the subject of talk or discussion with my fellow-clergymen—it is a closed subject of which obviously they are afraid for many reasons; but everybody else I

meet when I return—people in the local shops, visitors I encounter in the Cathedral Close, cannot ask me enough questions. The reason of course is that people everywhere are more and more sensing that the socialist countries have found solutions for the problems that in terms of capitalist society seem increasingly insoluble—and they sense this despite the terrible, wicked falsehoods about the Soviet Union and China that fill the press of the world.

"And this interest will steadily grow," he added, "as the contradictions rapidly mount in the capitalist countries. Of course the political leaders in the West know this perfectly well, but they are caught in their drive to keep production up by the threat of war and in desperation must continue the unholy campaign of lies, against all claims of reason."

But time, the Dean pointed out, was, of course, on the side of the socialist countries and he spoke with admiring warmth, based upon his engineer's training, of the great achievements in both the USSR and China in the field of building and construction.

"The new Seven-Year Plan," he said, "is already beyond its set quota in the report for the first quarter of the first year, and it will steadily increase its rate of development so that considerably before 1965 its results will be startling and impossible to hide from the whole world."

He spoke then of his deep admiration for Soviet education, which he felt was concerned with the whole human being, pointing to the universal effort made to give every child a month each summer close to nature so that his knowledge of the world

could be based upon direct relation with natural phenomena recorded by his own senses. And the culmination of this educative process, he said, was such an institution as the great new Moscow University to which the child, now a maturing young man or woman, passed on to absorb all the theoretical knowledge of mankind.

Our time was coming to an end and through the tall windows I could see people moving towards the Cathedral for the service. The Dean consulted his watch and then continued with even deeper feeling.

"Of course, to me the glory of the Soviet Union and People's China lies in the fact that they have proved the truth of what I have always believed to be the heart of Christian teaching: the recognition by all men of their brotherhood and the love that grows from such recognition. I had long observed the growth of this, to me, Christian attitude in the Soviet Union; therefore you can imagine my happiness when I went to China to find it was also the basic tie between the people of that great, new country. In these countries property does not divide men from one another nor distort their understanding of the world and society. They truly live as members of one another—Christian doctrine at last become a reality in the world."

At this point a knock came on the door and a young clergyman entered to tell the Dean that they must go now to the Cathedral for the service.

Warmly shaking my hand and asking me to take greetings to his American friends, the Dean opened the door for me and I went out into the Close where people were now

moving more quickly towards the great doors of the Cathedral for the service that in a few moments would begin.

At the gates of the Cathedral Close my friends were waiting to drive me back to their village. Moving slowly through the ancient, narrow streets of the old city, it was plain to see how widely it had been shattered by German bombings. Already much of it had been rebuilt in a quiet, frankly modern style not inharmonious with the buildings left untouched.

The great Cathedral and the beautiful old city had after all survived the brutal barbarism of the last war, but what about the next? This was a thought never long absent from one's mind moving across Europe and certainly it is never absent from the minds of all decent people who live there.

It was comforting to know that everywhere there were men like the Dean who, against the most fearsome opposition, the most unceasing slander and calumny, have held firm to the belief that man's age-old longing for peace, security and justice can be realized "in this world, which is the world of all of us." And now these men have, in the new worlds being built in the heart of Europe and Asia, living proof that mankind's seemingly insoluble problems do have a solution and that this solution is based, in the end, on men's acceptance of the ancient teaching of their common brotherhood, one with another.

It is little wonder that such men are respected and loved throughout the world.

Talking to the Dean of Canterbury in this historic place where for

almost a thousand years men have centered their hopes and aspirations was a memorable conclusion to my European tour. The Dean's confidence in man's ability to solve his problems, clear in every word he

spoke, is a rare souvenir to bring back from the ancient world of Europe, poised now on the threshold of what in the socialist countries, at least, is thought to be the shining future.

WORLD PEACE COUNCIL CALLS FOR END OF COLD WAR AND ATOMIC WEAPONS BAN

A CAMPAIGN TO END THE COLD WAR and for the banning of atomic weapons was launched by the session of the World Peace Council held in Stockholm the end of May. Their main resolution opened with these words:

"The Tenth Anniversary Session of the World Council of Peace urgently calls upon all national peace movements, upon all peace forces, upon every man and woman, upon all people of goodwill throughout the earth, irrespective of their opinions or beliefs, to join in a great worldwide campaign for negotiations at the summit as a step towards ending the cold war and settling all international disputes by negotiation."

The resolution against atomic weapons read in part:

"To set humanity free from the atomic danger has been one of the principal aims of the Peace Movement since its creation. . . . Public opinion has at last succeeded in making the nuclear powers enter into negotiations. Their delegates meeting today in Geneva have already achieved important results towards the general and definite cessation of experimental nuclear explosions. Nevertheless, the atomic danger has gone on increasing. Whole armies are being equipped with tactical and strategic nuclear weapons. The threat is increased by the plans to deliver nuclear weapons, in Western Germany and Japan, to military circles responsible for aggression in World War II.

"The succession of atomic weapons tests has already led to an increasing pollution of the atmosphere. 'The unknown dangers' announced by the UN Scientific Commission on Radiation are becoming clear. The precipitation of Strontium 90, of Cesium 137, are revealed as twice as dense as was foreseen. The diffusion of Carbon 14 increases. . . . Scientists of all countries have shown the danger presented by this situation to the health of the present generation, and above all the danger to future generations for whom we are all responsible.

"The World Council of Peace appeals to all peoples to demand from the Governments an immediate conclusion, before it is too late, of a treaty for the cessation of all atomic tests—surface, subterranean or high altitudes—and that the project of equipping Federal Germany and Japan with atomic weapons should be abandoned. A first step would thus be made towards the general prohibition of nuclear weapons and towards the destruction of existing stocks, under effective international control.

"The World Council of Peace, convinced that it expresses the hope and the wishes of all humanity, considers this should be one of the principal tasks of the Summit Conference, which must be speedily summoned."

Khrushchev's Speech to Soviet Writers

The Third Congress of Soviet Writers met in Moscow for five days the last part of May. Writing of the Congress in the National Guardian, June 15, Wilfred Burchett characterized the speeches in general as "remarkably free from dogmas and labels." He said that all speculations that the Congress would turn into a "witch-hunt" against Pasternak proved completely unfounded, and that the writers with whom he spoke were inclined to consider Pasternak merely "a naive eccentric who belongs to another century." The Congress he said, was characterized by appeals for tolerance, and, he concluded, "All in all, this Congress has done a great deal to clear the air among writers here and given them the green light to plunge ahead in a fresh outburst of creative activity." One of the evidences of this, he said, was the election of Constantin Fedin as Secretary of the Soviet Writers' Union, replacing Alexei Surkov, whose report represented inflexible and dull attitudes of the past.

We publish below excerpts from the speech of Nikita Khrushchev on May 22, the final day of the Congress.

THE PARTY and the Soviet people esteem highly the work—important work, needed by our country—of our writers, composers, artists, film workers and other equally splendid groups of the Soviet creative intelligentsia.

Our writers live together with the people; they have done and are doing a great deal; their readers—the Soviet people—love them and wish them well.

But the deeds of the Soviet people are on such a large scale and so magnificent that if you, dear friends, had done many times more than you have done, it would still

be too little to portray the life of the Soviet people, in all its vast sweep, its constructive creation and many facets.

And this is understandable enough; life is always incomparably richer, more full-blooded, deeper than the best works of fiction. . . .

Victories, achievements, do not come of themselves; they have to be won by persistent, intense work, by struggle. We have everything we need for the successful fulfillment of our Seven-Year Plan, and our people are fully resolved to attain our great goal.

The writers' highest mission is to serve the people. Man has no greater happiness than to live and work in a collective, knowing that he is working for the good of his society, for the good of the people. . . .

Soviet writers have produced many good works truthfully portraying life, calling us to struggle. I think you will agree with me that even the writer himself, having written something which in his opinion is good, is not always satisfied with his work.

Far from all works of literature and art deserve a high evaluation from their readers. I have read some recent works, but rather few, unfortunately. And not because I do not have the urge or desire to read. Most likely, I read no less than you do, but I read Ambassadors' communications, and Foreign Ministers' Notes. I read what the President of

the United States says, what the Prime Ministers of various countries say. I read much more of such literature than of your works—not, of course, because I prefer that sort of literature to your books . . . but if I should fail to read some documents this may harm our country. . . .

When you read books, some stir you, give you pleasure; others evoke anger and indignation. . . . A third book puts you to sleep. You want to read it because comrades who have read it have told you about it, and you want to have your own opinion of it. But you read it with difficulty, your eyes close. . . . To read the book, nevertheless, you sometimes prick yourself with a pin to keep awake and get through the book! Now who is to blame? The author says—the reader. The reader says—the author. Who is to be the judge? The people are the best judge.

If I, or someone else, dislikes a book, that is only a small matter, for different people are bound to have different tastes and characters. But when most readers come to the same opinion about a book, that is already a judgment. . . .

It is obviously to be expected that there should be different views on one book or another. For if everyone wrote alike there would be neither bad books nor good ones. . . .

Comrades, in recent years the term "varnishers" has gained currency in some literary circles. An attempt is being made to pin this label on those writers who show the life-asserting power of the new, the communist way of things.

I believe there is no need for me to tell you how boldly we lay bare our shortcomings. Today, when several years have already passed since

we severely and ruthlessly criticized the negative phenomena of the past, few people remain who do not understand the need for sharp and ruthless criticism of all that was connected with the cult of personality. The Party and the people have vigorously condemned the intolerable phenomena and shortcomings of the past, so as to strike out yesterday's wrong actions and to say that there must be no return to such phenomena or deeds, either in the Party or in the country. . . . But not everyone correctly received the decisions of the 20th Party Congress. . . . And so, people appeared among the literary fraternity who wanted in some way to vilify writers who portray our life from a communist standpoint—that is, who portray our life from a communist way of things. . . .

Please comrades, understand me correctly. I do not in the least want to protect people who, in their works, describe phenomena in such a way as to become divorced from real life. . . . I do want, however, to take the side of those writers who, for some reason, have been called "varnishers" because they base their work on portraying positive characters. They see people as they really are in life, in struggle and work to affirm the new. And this is natural and right. The people must be educated by good examples, the trails into the future must be blazed by showing the positive phenomena. . . .

It may, of course, be asked, but what about satire? Satire . . . is one of the keenest weapons. By ridiculing defects, survivals and shortcomings, satire helps people to overcome shortcomings.

I am consequently, entirely on the

side of those writers who show the life-affirming power of the new, the triumph over the old. . . . Are they "varnishers?" Not at all; they are fighters for the triumph of the new. . . .

But if there are "varnishers," evidently there are also "non-varnishers." . . . Some of them allege that the chief task of literature is to seek out all kinds of defects and shortcomings, ignoring the great gains of Soviet society. Well, dear friends, if anyone discloses and lays bare shortcomings and defects and does it with a firm hand, it is the Party, it is its Central Committee.

Did anyone force us to make a report to the 20th Party Congress on the cult of personality and its consequences? . . . To prevent any repetition of the grave mistakes of the past it was necessary to lay bare completely the shortcomings that had existed, so that their musty smell should evoke disgust at what had outlived itself. The Party did all this so as to give free scope to the creative forces of the people. . . .

Some writers have understood the struggle against shortcomings to mean that they must launch attacks against the so-called "varnishers" and thereby, allegedly, help the Party which has laid bare the shortcomings. But what heroes have they taken up the cudgels for? How do they picture our society to themselves?

I have already had occasion to speak about Dudintsev and his much-talked-of novel *Not by Bread Alone*, of which some of our ill-wishers abroad said that it was all but the best work produced by Russian literature. . . . Who reads this book today, who needs it? . . .

Of course, not everything in it was badly put. I read the book and, I would add, read it without the use of a pin. There are some pages in it that deserve attention. . . . Yes, Dudintsev cleverly perceived some negative phenomena, but he presented them in an exaggerated, deliberately generalized way. I have said before, and think now, that Dudintsev has never been our enemy and has never been against the Soviet system. . . . In what does the failing of such literature consist? I am speaking not only of Dudintsev, but also of other writers. . . . They, clearly, also wanted to help the Party and their people to overcome negative phenomena, but when they painted a distorted, exaggerated picture it immediately drew the attention of enemies, not friends. . . .

Writers who affirm the truth of the new society, all people who are convinced of the injustice of such a distorted, false portrayal which claimed to depict life, were outraged and rightly rose up in arms against it. . . . With whom do we side in this struggle? Of course, with the writers and the trends that take positive phenomena as a basis and, with the help of these positive phenomena, bring out the enthusiasm of labor, fire the hearts of people, urge them to advance, indicate to them the way into the new world.

They, it may be said, generalize in the images of their positive heroes the finest traits and qualities of the people, counterposing negative characters to them, showing the struggle of the new against the old and the inevitable victory of the new. . . . I think that this approach in presenting life's phenomena is the correct one. . . .

The aftermath of the struggle which, not so long ago, was of a quite sharp nature, is still making itself felt among you. This was the ideological struggle of principle against the revisionists, who tried to attack the line of the Party. . . . Now this struggle is a past stage. The holders of revisionist views and sentiments suffered a total ideological defeat. The struggle is over and now, one might say, the angels of conciliation are already fluttering around. A process of healing the wounds . . . is going on at present. And the writers who wanted to examine our Soviet Society from their "knee high view" [an expression of Gorky's] now want to forget as quickly as possible that they made serious mistakes.

We should, in my opinion, make it easier for these comrades to go over from their wrong views to correct, principled positions. We should not speak badly of them, should not stress their past mistakes, should not be constantly pointing our finger at them. . . .

Where the interests of the working class, of the working people, their struggles against the exploiters are involved, one must not call for conciliation. In such a case, a call for conciliation is nothing else but surrender. . . . But there is a correct proverb: Don't hit a man when he is down. If, in an ideological struggle the enemy surrenders, if he admits defeat and expresses readiness to adopt correct positions, don't wave him aside. Understand him, give him a hand so that he can take his place in the same ranks, and work side by side with you.

I would like to say that in our socialist society, where there are no

antagonistic classes or groups, where the whole of life is built on the basis of the principles of comradeship and friendship, you must be more tactful towards people who have had the misfortune of "letting the devil confuse them." We believe that there are no incorrigible people. . . . In our conditions we must approach people tactfully, have faith in man. . . . We must educate and reform people. . . .

Here, citing the methods of Felix Dzerzhinsky and the great educator, Anton Makarenko, of providing opportunities for reform rather than punishment alone, Khrushchev tells the story of a man convicted four times of stealing, who had turned to him for help and who he believed he had helped put on the right track by placing confidence in him. He continued:

I have cited this fact to show that education and re-education of people are questions of prime importance. In our country, unfortunately, there are still both criminals and murderers. . . . We, however, do not at all claim that we have done away with all survivals of the past, have succeeded in re-educating all our people. But anyone who studies the life of Soviet society more closely will discover that it is the rapid growth of the consciousness of people, not the existence of criminals, that is characteristic of our society. Some might ask: Will there be criminals in communist society? . . . I cannot vouch that there will not be any. Crime is deviation from the generally recognized standards of behavior in society, frequently caused by mental disorder. Can there be mental disorders in a communist society? Clearly, there can be. . . .

But it is not by those psychopaths that communist society will be judged. . . .

I think there is hardly any need for me to go into an analysis of your work, I am no literary critic, you know. . . . There are some facts to indicate that even you yourselves are not too willing to criticize one another. And I don't think you would wish to burden me with that unpleasant task. It is you who do the writing, so it is for you to criticize writings.

Speaking of the need to develop new young talents among writers, Khrushchev then inveighed against using "hothouse" methods, artificially separating young worker and collective farm writers from their natural environment, transporting them to cities under the patronage of the Writers' Union, etc.

Why shouldn't a writer who wants to write about workers go where workers live and work. . . . Wouldn't it be better for him to live with them? Is that bad?

Comrades, naturally, I am not suggesting that writers from the capital be settled all over the Soviet Union at mines, factories and collective farms. That would be unreasonable. What I do want to say is that writers must invade life more deeply, study it, translate into artistic images all that is new in the land of Soviets, to depict man—the creator of all the material and spiritual values of our society—more profoundly.

Is it really of any help to wrest people from the environment—collective farm, factory or office—in which they have grown up and live and which nurtures them, transplanting them into artificial hot-

house conditions? If that is done, the ground can slip from under their feet, they will be deprived of their lifeblood and feel like a plant torn out of the ground. . . .

You might say: Criticize us, control us and if a work is erroneous, do not print it. But you know that it is not easy to tell offhand what should and what should not be printed. The easiest way is not to print anything at all: then there will be no mistakes and the man who forbids the printing of this or that work will be very wise; but that would be idiocy.

Therefore, comrades, do not burden the government with the solution of such matters, solve them yourselves, in a comradely way. Literary criticism, if genuine, is above kith and kin, and its main concern should be with the ideological and artistic merits of a work. . . .

Dear comrades, I am about to finish. Let me thank you for your attention, for having listened to me here. I hope you will forgive me if I have said anything wrong.

I must admit that I was rather worried and excited. At first I thought of reading a prepared text. But you know the sort of man I am. I don't like to read, I like to talk. . . .

Naturally, I am not insured from mispronouncements. So please don't be too strict a judge. . . .

Comrades, mirror in your works the great things that the people, the ordinary folk, are doing. We must get everyone to know about these people and see them better, so that they present a model for all who are struggling, under the Communist Party's leadership, to build a communist society.

H₃ Made Me Feel Younger

**An American Woman Describes Her Experience
At the Geriatrics Institute in Bucharest**

by ELLEN BRANDSTETTER

WAS PROFESSOR ASLAN'S famous new drug the same as 2 per cent novocain? If it were I could get it here in Chicago, but if not, I would go to Bucharest and get it there. I had need of it. Old age was fastening on me. The symptoms persisted. I could not shake them off. Many years ago, ill with a nervous and cardiac ailment, at about the age of sixty, doctors had helped me some. But they had also said, "What do you expect?" The implication, "at your age" was devastatingly clear.

Now, fifteen years later, I read reports (*National Guardian*, November 10, 1958; *Coronet Magazine*, December 1958) of the remarkable results of treatment with this new drug or vitamin H₃. Degenerative processes of old age were halted, even in some cases, after prolonged treatment, reversed. In one respect the reports were confusing; one said it had taken half a lifetime to produce H₃; another used the term H₃ interchangeably with 2 per cent novocain. Were they the same or weren't they? I wanted to find out. Though in general of a skeptical

nature, I bet on H₃ and went to Bucharest to consult Professor Aslan at the Geriatrics Institute.

One afternoon in February, I was met at the Bucharest airport by one of Professor Aslan's secretaries and a young woman doctor. I spent the night at a hotel. Next morning the secretary took me to the Institute, a large, white stately building, behind two long rows of trees.

Upstairs in her richly colored, spacious studio, Professor Aslan greeted me. She showed me photographs of before and after H₃ treatments. Then over small cups of Turkish coffee, we talked; of women and books and old age and other things. Professor Aslan is direct and unassuming; like most great people, she puts you at ease. She has charm and a warm friendliness; you sense also determination, strong personality, great vitality.

My room, in the hospital section, is cheerful. Its windows look out on a street where children play, women sweep the sidewalk and street in front of their homes and men and women begin to line up daily before 7:00 A.M. at the back gate of the Institute. These are the ambulatory or out-patients. They come to get their H₃ injections or see a doctor about an illness. The gate opens at 7:15 and people, mostly old, some middle-aged, keep coming in and going out until the gate is locked at four o'clock.

ELLEN BRANDSTETTER was a teacher for 35 years in the Chicago public Schools, from first grade through junior high, now retired. She had experience as a businesswoman for 11 years, and for many years has been a member of the Board of Directors of the Chicago Council for American-Soviet Friendship.

This Ambulatory or Out-Patient Section (the Institute has four sections) has doctors' offices on the ground floor. Here specialized physicians—gerontologists—give consultations. Patients choose their own doctor, sometimes paying a small fee, but in most cases consultation, examination and treatment are free.

The Laboratory Section, also on the ground floor, has laboratories for physiology, haematology, radiology and pharmacology. Research work includes experiments on aging of animals as related to the brain cortex. Here also are files containing the results of research and study and medical records of thousands of older people over a period of nine to ten years.

The Hospital Section with seventy beds is on the third floor. It admits patients over forty-five years old who show either signs of premature aging or various diseases typical of old age such as arterial hypertension, arteriosclerosis, diseases of the nervous system (cerebral sclerosis, pseudo-bulbar palsy, Parkinson's disease), disease of the locomotion apparatus, etc. The section also admits aged persons without "invalidities" presenting a so-called normal (physiological) aging process. It studies the effects of short term treatments.

Doctors in the Institute are among the best. Many have a background of French and German, as well as Rumanian medical training; several are collaborators of Professor Aslan in research. They have something else of highest value in a Geriatrics Institute. I first noticed it one day while waiting for a barium test; (patients are given a medical examination before get-

ting H₂ injections). An old man also waiting for his test, was too tired to sit up and lay down on a cot. Immediately a young doctor placed a blanket over him. I could not help noticing how carefully, even tenderly, it was done. Many times later, I saw other expressions of the same feeling of tender care. A doctor putting his arm gently and protectively around a little eighty- or ninety-year old woman, reassuring her in quiet tones or taking time to listen interestedly to her as if he really cared. I believe he did. She believed he did. She felt relieved and more secure, the world looked brighter.

As much freedom as possible was given the patients; to walk up and down the long corridor, to sit outside their rooms, or go downstairs to watch television, to visit in each other's rooms or to help one another. I saw two women patients sympathetically calming down a distracted, slightly senile woman who was always suspecting someone of stealing her poor little possessions. They soothed and reasoned with her and in a kindly way led her to her room, whose location she often forgot. I saw three patients helping a man who was trying to exercise his still partially paralyzed leg. In a row, each holding onto the one in front, they lifted their legs in unison with his, with a count of a-one and a-two and a-three and a-down and up and down, at least part way, went the paralyzed leg. The ill and the old help the ill and the old. A wonderful therapy.

On this corridor I became acquainted with Mrs. Muller (not her real name) an Austrian journalist, 74 years old. As the result of a

stroke she had been unable to enunciate words, had pain at times and weakness. She had spent two months in a famous German health resort and hospital with no improvement. This hospital advised H₃ injections at the Geriatrics Institute for her. At the time I arrived she had had two months of H₃ treatments. She could speak. Hesitatingly, often groping for a word, but again speaking coherently, she persisted and day by day her vocabulary increased. We conversed in German. Gradually she told me the story of her illness, ending with "I feel much better. The injections have helped me. I believe I am going to get well."

Three weeks later she was transferred to another hospital at which Professor Aslan also gave H₃ treatments. Professor Aslan told me "Mrs. Muller is well. She is leaving for home next Friday." The professor and I and several friends saw her off at the airport to take the plane to Vienna. She was entirely well, spoke fluently, was happy. "When I think of how I arrived here" she said, embracing Professor Aslan—"Ah, I am very happy!"

One day while I was talking with Professor Aslan, a tall, pleasant, independent looking young man, an out-patient, came to greet her. We were outdoors and he wore his hat. "Please take off your hat," she said. I was amazed. On his scalp, small bunches of thick black hair were sprouting. "He was born completely bald and remained so until he came here" said the professor. "He has had injections for about three months." The young man bent to kiss her hand (an old Rumanian custom). As he straightened up I

saw his eyes sparkle with joy and grow soft with gratitude as he looked at Professor Aslan.

In order to clarify the meaning and development of H₃ and the Institute of Geriatrics, I insert here quotations from an Aslan report (she has addressed many European Medical Societies and Congresses) which originally appeared in *Die Therapiewoche* (official organ of the Germany Therapy Congress) in 1956 and '57. Her reports have been translated from the German by the Consultants' Bureau of New York.*

"Professor C. I. Parhon initiated this kind of research 46 years ago by asserting on both experimental and clinical grounds that old age is a treatable disease.

"In 1951 the Institute of Geriatrics was founded to study the problems of gerontology and geriatrics. 189 institutionalized aged people were first examined according to clinical physiological, biochemical, hormonal and haematological criteria and then tested with tissue extracts (spleen, placenta) gland extracts (adrenal and pineal glands, thyroid) or vitamins (Vita E, liquid beer yeast). Other patients were treated with baths of bicarbonate of soda (method of Lepshinskaya). Every patient underwent one of these treatments. All had the same environmental conditions.

"Starting in May, 1951, twenty-five old people aged 60 to 92, all of whom suffered from serious degenerative joint disease, rheumatism, cirrhosis, etc. were also treated with novocain. The idea of prolonged treatment of the aging process with novocain occurred to me in the course of pharmacodynamic research which I had been conducting since 1946 in the clinic of my late teacher, Prof. D. Danielopolu and from 1947-1948 in my own clinic in Timisoara, where I ex-

*Mrs. Frances Coleman, Consultants' Bureau, 227 N. 17th St., New York, N. Y. Reports of Prof. Ana Aslan; Report of Prof. C. I. Parhon; Report of C. David, M.D.; Reports of Prof. C. M. C. M. Burger, M.D.; F. B. Shulz, M.D.; N. Kohler, M.D., and E. Mampel, M.D.; Three reports of Soviet Research on Novocain

tended the novocain therapy to asthma (in accordance with the method of Dos Chali) and to arteritis and limb embolisms (according to the method of Leroiohe).

"Since 1949 a number of old persons suffering from arthropathies have been treated. Here an increase in vitality and improvement in memory were observed; physical examinations also revealed a decrease in stiffness in Parkinsonism and increased muscle tonus. This, in turn, led us to investigate the effects of prolonged and periodic novocain treatment on the aging process.

"After various trials we chose a novocain solution with a p-H between 4.2 and 5. We have not experienced any difficulty on account of this.

"The injections were given intramuscularly, 5 ml. of 2 per cent solution (0.10g) three times a week in a series of 12 injections, with a ten day interval in between.

"At present 45 old people, aged 65 to 109, who live in the Old Age Home of the Institute, as well as all patients hospitalized in the Institute hospital, are under treatment. In addition, we also treat 2,500 out-patients. Of these, 1,020 are 45 to 60 years old and are being treated either for premature aging or prophylactically.

"In collaboration with Prof. C. I. Parhon, I reported in 1953 on the effect of novocain on the preservation of hair color and in 1954 on its entrophic and rejuvenating effects."

The Old People's Home, Section Four: For experimental purposes its members are divided into three groups. After previous experimental verification, the groups are given long-term treatment as follows: Group I, H₃ injections; Group II, Vitamin E; Group III, epiphysis, the pituitary gland extract.

The Old People's Home, with 110 beds, is on the second floor. Here the inmates live, eat and sleep. Since work therapy is considered beneficial, nearly all members do some work. A few go out to work, return-

ing at night, but 90 per cent work in the Institute itself. Among the different kinds of work—they make their own choice—are rug weaving on large looms, fancy sewing or lace making, making dolls, kitchen work, wood carving, outdoor work in the garden, or on the grounds. A former teacher of French in an academy gives French lessons. People come to her for lessons, some from within and some from outside the Institute. She is 94 years old; for several years she had a bad heart condition and was unable to work. Now she is much better and enjoys teaching again. The pay she receives remains her own, as with the other inmates. Her roommate, now 91 years old, also a former French teacher, had been very sick with bronchial asthma. She is now improved, but does no regular work. Both greatly enjoy reading. Their room is brightened with books and flowers and beautifully colored rugs and cushions. Inmates can, if they wish, arrange their rooms to their own taste, bringing some of their own furniture or prized possessions. No room was cluttered; all are clean, orderly and pleasant.

In addition to work there are lecture and discussion groups, chess, games of various kinds, television several evenings in the week or projects which the members themselves initiate. Weather permitting, they can walk about the Institute grounds or sit on benches in the garden among the trees and flowers. There a radio daily plays beautiful music or broadcasts brief news reports. Thursdays and Sundays are visiting days to make or receive visits from relatives and friends.

This Old People's Home—indeed

the entire Institute—is a non-profit institution owned and supported by the state, under the direction of the Ministry of Health and Social Welfare. Service in all sections or departments, with very rare and minor exceptions, are free to all Rumanian citizens.

In the Old People's Home lives Parseh Margosian, a former Russian dock worker. He was brought to the Institute five years ago at the age of 106. The medical report reads: "The patient is depressed, slow to concentrate, can remember nothing, completely white hair, trembling hands, body stiff; unable to move without help." I met him in March, 1959, as he walked briskly into Professor Aslan's studio. He held himself very erect, kissed the ladies' hands, shook hands with the men and seated himself with our group. Throughout the conversation he seemed interested and alert. Several of us lifted the iron cane he insists on carrying; it was like a sledge hammer. I hear that he likes his daily sip of brandy and his pipe. Several times while walking in the neighborhood I have met him, carrying his iron cane, calmly surveying the scene. At 111, he is enjoying life again.

I have heard of other remarkable cases such as those described in Wilfred Burchett's excellent article in the May 4, 1959 *National Guardian* but did not get to see the persons named.

Despite these remarkable improvements and cures, it is best not to have too high expectations; also to remember that Professor Aslan always speaks of *prolonged* treatment for serious old age cases. It took five years to bring new life to

Perseh Margosian—he is still continuing treatment. It took nine years to do the same for Voina Voika (*Coronet*, December, 1958). There may be occasional quick recovery for some particular illness, but to arrest or reverse serious old-age degenerative processes seems to take many years. Sometimes, too, the degeneration has reached such a stage or particular form that it cannot be helped. As Professor Aslan says: "The treatments are not successful in all cases."

ONE of my first questions at the institute was to ask Professor Aslan whether H₃ was the same as 2 per cent novocain. Her reply was "Two per cent novocain is good, sometimes very good, but H₃ is different and better—it is based on 2 per cent novocain, but it contains an additional element, arranged in a particular pattern."

It was an interesting phenomenon that when I was given 16 injections in a row—12 is the standard treatment—they produced unpleasant feelings of over-excitement and anxiety. On reporting this, the injections were temporarily discontinued, whereupon the unpleasant reactions disappeared.

As regards my own treatment, results were favorable. Stimulation was a first effect of the injections. Recordings of blood pressure during this time, in which I received no anti-high blood pressure medication except H₃, were the same as at home, with medication. An old-age physiological weakness which I had had for some time, disappeared. It was explained that weak muscles had been strengthened. The frequent fatigue I had felt at home

was treated, in addition to H₃, simply with much rest, mostly bed rest, during my first two-weeks stay. In connection with this over-tiredness, Professor Aslan emphatically advised that, H₃ or no H₃, it is mandatory for older people to get sufficient rest; for this a full night's sleep is a prerequisite.

Mine was a short-term (two and a half months) case. Except for a not very serious high blood pressure, I was not ill; I was physically active, normally cheerful. This, despite the gloomy old-age symptoms surrounding me at the beginning of my story. Both statements are true. I also had the good fortune of going on a four-day-tour of Rumania. This was excellent therapy and I would advise any foreign patient to take a tour unless it were necessary for health reasons to remain at the Institute. Even a one or two-day trip is pleasant and relaxing and such trips could be taken during the ten-day interval between two series of injections.

Questions about H₃ arose in my mind. For example, in regard to members of the Old People's Home, how much was the improvement in their health (except in a physiological disease like rheumatism or a deformed limb etc.) due to H₃ and how much to the kind of life this Home gives them: a life of human dignity, with as much freedom as they could use, with some daily work, with expert medical attention, with congenial companionship and treated as valuable and desired persons, given affection and even love?

Another question: how much were my feelings of stimulation and cheerfulness due to H₃ and how

much to change of scene, to freedom from home responsibilities and anxieties, to being in a new and different country among interesting and friendly people?

I thought about these and other questions and—continued the treatments. Gradually I was experiencing new sensations. It was as though benign bodily processes were working within. Out of them came feelings of deep-seated new health, of stimulation, beneficently combined with relaxation and confidence. There was a toning up of the inner self. These were not simply psychological reactions based on imagination, suggestion or environment. They were based on the body, out of which the new spirit came. Some part of youth had again become part of me. It still remains so, steady and cheerful.

It seems to me that H₃ should get to many old people in many lands. It should reach America—American doctors should test H₃ and 2 per cent novocain and report the results of thousands of cases.

Life is far too short. We just begin to learn how beautiful life can be when we have to leave it. It may be that H₃ can bring to mankind a longer life span of vigorous health.

Doctors, medical research workers, gerontologists—please investigate!

Professor C. I. Parhon, for whom the Geriatrics Institute is named, began as early as 1912 to work on the idea that old age could be treated like any other disease. The Institute was built for him by the new government in 1951.

He now heads the Bucharest Academy of Endocrinology. Professor Aslan, who had worked with Professor Parhon for many years, is now the director of the Institute.

Address: Professor Ana Aslan, Parhon Institute of Geriatrics, Str. M. Caldarusani 9, Bucharest, Rumania.

The Truth about the Rumanian Jews

by LAZAR ZAIDMAN

TOWARDS THE END of last year the Government of the Rumanian People's Republic found it possible to permit some thousands of its Jewish inhabitants to leave the country and join their families, from whom they had been separated for a long time, in Israel and elsewhere.

This humanitarian action of the Rumanian Government was made the occasion for a vicious and slanderous attack in the press of many countries, presenting this humanitarian gesture as an action aimed at ridding the Rumanian People's Republic of its Jewish citizens.

For weeks on end Zionist and other circles published hysterical stories, originating primarily from Vienna, about the large numbers of Jews involved and the heartless manner in which these Jews were being sent out of the country. Scare stories circulated telling of the tens of thousands of Jews arriving in Israel and the hundreds of thousands being sent there. Actually, the official Israeli Government figures for October 1958 to February 1959, show that 13,697 immigrants arrived from all Eastern European coun-

tries! Allegations were made that pressure was being applied to force the Jews to leave Rumania; that they were subjected to all kinds of economic injustices; that the normal facilities allowed travelers for luggage and currency were denied to the Jewish emigrants; that special difficulties were raised to prevent them disposing of their effects in the country; etc. etc. . . .

These vicious and slanderous allegations caused great concern in Rumania. The leader of the Rumanian Jewish Communities, Israel Bacal, made a statement to the editor of the New York Yiddish daily newspaper, *Morning Freiheit*, explaining that only those Jews were leaving who wished to join their families in Israel and denied "reports" that 10,000 Jews recently left Rumania. Referring to the sensational press campaign against the Rumanian People's Republic he said:

When Rumanian Jews did not have the opportunity to leave the newspapers agitated against the Rumanian Government. Now when they can leave, this agitation is renewed.

This was followed soon by a statement from the Rumanian News Agency *Agerpress*. This official statement denounced the provocative campaign unleashed by the Israeli official personalities and a number of Western reactionary newspapers regarding the so-called emigration of Jews from the Rumanian

LAZAR ZAIDMAN, British-born of Rumanian parents, was jailed during 1921-24 for his political activities against the anti-Semitic Rumanian government of that period. After serving his time in Doftana prison, he was deported to England. In London he has contributed regularly to the progressive press and kept in close touch with Rumanian affairs.

People's Republic. This statement points out that during the Second World War, and as a result of the war, in Rumania—as in other countries—a great number of Jewish families became separated, and therefore—

Based on humanitarian considerations, the Rumanian authorities have permitted the emigration of those citizens who have relatives in Israel or in other countries and who have insistently manifested their desire to join their families.

The statement repeats that the Jews enjoy full equality of rights—political, economic and social—as all other citizens of Rumania, and that no national persecution or racial discrimination is permitted and is severely punished by law. During my visit to Rumania last year my own experiences with relatives and many Jewish acquaintances as well as visits to Jewish institutions fully confirmed this statement. Furthermore, said the statement:

The Rumanian state is in a position to ensure all its citizens the exercise of the right to work and decent living conditions. That is why the Government of the Rumanian People's Republic has no reason to encourage the emigration of these categories of citizens; on the contrary, those who apply for emigration were and still are advised to give up the idea.

It is indeed deplorable that a humanitarian gesture, which resulted in bringing together many separated families, should have been used by Zionist leaders and others for arousing feeling against Rumania.

Instead of welcoming the action of the Rumanian Government, it was presented to the supporters and followers of the Zionist movement as a threat. In fact, Zionist organizations used these allegations about

the persecution of Jews in Rumania and the need to finance their immigration to and settlement in Israel as a means of collecting tens of millions of dollars.

A no less harmful result of these allegations about large numbers of immigrants into Israel was the effect on neighboring Arab states. Their concern was particularly enhanced when Shiman Peres, the director general of the Israel Ministry of Defense, speaking on the emigration from Rumanian said:

The greater the population of Israel, the greater will be her army. A million soldiers will safeguard the State of Israel against any attack.

At the moment, it appears that the campaign of slander has boomeranged. Not able to provide evidence of persecution and increased emigration, the Zionist leaders have dropped the campaign—with a great loss of face before their own followers and to the disappointment of the cold-war instigators.

Unfortunately, the cold-war mongers will not rest. All lovers of peace must be on their guard. It is a great tragedy that sections of Jewry should permit themselves to be purveyors of cold-war propaganda, which, moreover, places in jeopardy the existence of many Jews, particularly those of Israel itself.

(When the number of Jews emigrating from Rumania to Israel was reduced, most of those wishing to rejoin relatives in Israel having already done so, a new campaign was started charging that the Rumanian Government was now refusing all further exit visas to Jews. According to a dispatch in the New York Times, May 24, some Jews have continued to get exit permits. Ed.)

In Unknown Albania

by J. N. F. NEWALL

This article by the Secretary of the British Albania Society, published in the first issue (November, 1958) of their newsletter Albania, provides information about the history of the country as well as facts about its development since its liberation in 1944.

The United States has not had diplomatic relations with Albania since 1946. In 1957 the State Department began to allow persons with "compelling reasons" to visit the country for limited periods. To date, however, the amount of information available about this smallest of the socialist countries has been of the slightest.

We are indebted to Mr. Newall and the British Albania Society for their permission to reprint the article.

ALBANIA—what picture does the name bring to mind? Memories of some exciting book, seen on a second-hand book stall, telling of a remote and exciting land—"the Land of the Eagles". Memories of tales heard about a wild and independent people, their lives tragically beset by blood feuds—a people who, though living in a state of near feudalism, were renowned for their courtesy and hospitality to strangers. The courtesy and hospitality remain, but the blood feuds are gone, settled in a national pacification campaign twelve years ago. Books on pre-war Albania, accurately describing what was then one of the most backward countries of Europe, describe a land which is quite unrecognizable to the present day visitor to Albania. This land is inhabited by one of the oldest races of Europe, once known as the Illyrians, and preserving their own separate language and culture. It is

a sad fact that there have been far too few visitors to post-war Albania, and there is, in consequence, practically no literature on her remarkable recovery from near destitution at the end of the Italian occupation, and her development into a thriving People's Democracy.

Albania's geographical position, isolated as she is from the other People's Democracies, has been responsible for her post-war inaccessibility, which has made it almost harder to reach her than in pre-war times. Until a few years ago, the only route was by boat from the Black Sea ports, or occasionally from Italy or Trieste. Yet when one reached Albania, one would find an efficient transport system, such as never existed before the war, with regular services on the new railway, opened in 1947, and frequent buses running along the modern road system. At the moment there are 50 bus lines connecting towns in the different parts of the country, with an average of 60 buses in use daily. This, as well as the city transport system, is a service developed entirely since the war. The volume of transport in 15 days is now equivalent to the volume for the whole of 1938, and the national transport system carries 22 times more goods, and 40 times more passengers than in that year.

The main roads are asphalted, and excellently maintained, and transport as a whole is pleasantly cheap. Rail tickets, for example,

work out at about 1 lek (1 cent) per kilometer. The near 100 kilometers of railway which connect Durrës the main port, to Tirana and Elbasan, are an entirely post-war achievement, of which Albania is rightly proud. Skilled railway workers receive about £8 (about \$25.00) weekly in wages, in addition to many other benefits which place them on an equal footing with our best paid workers. The rolling stock was obtained from Poland, and delivered by sea to Durrës which has been developed into a busy modern port.

Like any other port, Durrës has an international character, and one sees sailors of various nationalities strolling in the streets. A regular sea connection with Italy is soon to begin, as the trade agreement between the two countries is to be implemented, and there is already a direct connection with the ports in the People's Democracies. There is also a fortnightly service to Rijeka in Yugoslavia, and, by Soviet steamer, with Athens, Albania herself has no diplomatic relations with Greece, despite the fact that the Albanian Government is eager to have friendly and equal relations with all states. Although the Greek Government has never renounced its territorial claim to southern Albania, efforts to improve relations have been made, and have already borne fruit in the agreement signed earlier this year for the joint clearance of mines (a relic of the war) from the Corfu Channel. This work has already been completed, and will be a most important advantage to shipping in the area.

But today there are easier ways of reaching Albania than by boat, and

there are direct air links with most of the capitals of Eastern Europe. The modern airfield at Tirana is equipped to receive the TU-104 jet airliners that come from Moscow, and in the summer there is a constant stream of planes from Prague and Berlin, bringing tourists. It scarcely seemed possible, yet on my return from Albania, I had breakfast in Tirana before leaving, and I was in London for dinner the same evening.

Tirana itself is rapidly developing into a beautiful modern city, with broad tree-lined avenues, lovely parks and gardens, and open air restaurants or places for dancing. It is fortunate in its natural setting, backed by a high range of hills, and Mount "Dajti," which gives its name to the comfortable modern hotel on the main boulevard.

As one leaves the hotel, one looks past several fine new buildings towards the University—Albania's first, opened only last year. It is flanked by the Archaeological and Ethnological Museums, the large modern stadium, and the excellent new Opera House, where all the most famous operas are produced, as well as operas and stage works by Albania's present day authors. Here, and at the theater, one can see many familiar works—productions of Shakespeare translated by Fan Noli, a great scholar, and one-time bishop of Korçë. His Shakespeare translations, and others, are on sale in bookshops all over Albania, and so are the Albanian editions of *Oliver Twist*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Major Barbara*, and many other works by British and American authors. Among other foreign authors, many Greek classical writers are available,

and all these can be borrowed from libraries throughout the country. One of the largest libraries is attached to the new university, and houses over 300,000 volumes.

Achievements in education are among the most impressive of post-war Albania, and, in this field, the opening of the University is naturally the greatest triumph so far. Elementary education is compulsory and universal throughout the country, and additionally a network of training courses and professional schools has been set up. Over four-fifths of the population was illiterate prior to 1944, yet by 1955, only 11 years later, illiteracy no longer existed in people of under 40 years of age. An agricultural college was founded some years ago, and there are fourteen other technical education institutions. While in pre-war Albania there was not a single college, let alone a University, by 1960 the country will have 25,000 specialists with a university degree or college education.

The University itself has six faculties, and fifteen specialized courses. Of over 3,300 students, about 40 per cent are girls, showing the complete equality of status women have reached in their 14 years of emancipation. All students are exempted from fees, and 90 per cent are benefited by state scholarships. They are able to study the History of Language and Literature, Law, Economics, Engineering, Natural Science and Medicine.

The Tirana Medical College has in fact been in existence since 1952, and the first group of 60 students graduated in 1956-7, a startling figure when one considers that in all pre-war Albania there were

only 102 doctors. Today there are hospitals in every town in the country—even in such once remote places as Theth, in the north Albanian Alps, and Gjinokastro far away in the south. Five further hospitals have been established in the smaller villages, to serve the remoter parts of the country. Naturally at present the staff of these hospitals is largely trained abroad, in the Soviet Union or the People's Democracies, but they are soon to be joined by more and more Albanian trained doctors.

A visit to the Tirana Maternity Hospital showed something of the work that is being done in this field. Before the war it had a staff of two doctors and a mere 50 beds. Today there is a staff of 50 nurses, working under the supervision of ten doctors. In addition this hospital runs a system of Polyambulance units, which takes care of emergency cases and has a staff of 30 doctors. Schools are run for midwifery and pre- and post-natal care, and every baby in Tirana (a town of some 80,000 inhabitants) is now born in the hospital. A new wing, with 100 beds, is to be opened soon.

Mothers spend the usual period in hospital during childbirth, having beforehand had five weeks paid leave from work. After childbirth they have a further six weeks holiday, and then, subject to the opinion of a doctor, are generally considered able to return to light work. Hospital and medical treatment is free for everyone in the country, regardless of whether they are state employed, and it is thanks to these excellent facilities, as well as the hard work put in by the medical profession, that Albania's population is so rapidly increasing. We met some

doctors on holiday, and we felt that they must have well earned their month's vacation.

A few years ago any map of the racial distribution in the Balkans showed as many Albanians living outside their country as within. This was due to the artificial frontiers drawn for Albania by the great powers, and confirmed after the 1914-18 war. Probably 900,000 Albanians live in the Kosmet region and Macedonia, under Yugoslav rule, and 100,000 or more live in Tchamouria under Greek rule. This totals over a million, a figure which would probably be greater, but for ruthless persecution and mass deportations through the years—a contrast to the treatment of minorities in present day Albania, such as the Greeks who have their own schools, newspaper and cultural activities.

Formerly one used to think of Albania itself as a country of some million inhabitants, but the enormous improvement in health facilities, living conditions and the standard of living generally have now brought the figure to nearly 1.5 million. This despite the fact that Albania lost 28,000 killed in her struggle for liberation, as well as 12,600 wounded and 44,500 imprisoned or deported. This means that in killed alone she lost about 2.5 per cent of her population, and of these 11,000 were Partisan fighters in the National Army of Liberation.

It was Mane Nishova, President of the Albanian Red Cross, a veteran of the Partisans and the Spanish Civil War, who told me something of the work being done to improve living conditions. He took us to visit the Karl Marx Hydroelectric Project, opened in January of this

year, and only one of several such schemes in Albania which have enabled the output of electricity in the first six months of the year to exceed that for the whole of 1951-52 by 45 per cent. The project was completed as part of Albania's second five-year plan, and, as a consequence, the price of electricity has been reduced by 22 per cent. The five-year plan has already had to be revised, as many of the targets have been reached two or three years ahead of schedule—in the oil industry, for example, where 80 per cent of the total production of petrol for 1951-52 was delivered in the first six months alone of this year, and 140,000 tons more oil was produced last year than was laid down in the plan for 1960.

To reach the hydroelectric scheme one travels far into the mountains along one of the "Roads of Youth," built by volunteers from among the young people of Albania. Albanian youth gave similar invaluable voluntary work on many of the new construction projects, building a section of the railway, and other "Roads of Youth," such as that through the once almost inaccessible country between Kukës and Peshkopija.

Our road—asphalted all the way—took us up a winding valley beside the river Mat. We met a constant stream of Soviet and Czech-built lorries carrying loads of ore from the nickel mines at Pichkach, still farther away in the mountains. Albania is wealthy in minerals, formerly almost unexploited, but now, with Soviet aid and advice, playing their part in helping the modernization of the country. The Albanians are grateful for the assistance

given them by the Soviet Union, without which the rapid development of their country would have been impossible. As a most practical gesture of goodwill, the Soviet government has now waived the repayment of all credits granted to Albania up to the end of 1955—totaling 122 million rubles—and has granted further credits of 160 million rubles, over and above those already allowed for in the second five-year plan, so that Albania can still further develop her agriculture and industry, and exploit her mineral wealth.

Mining is naturally regarded as an industry of great importance, Albania being a major chrome-producing country, and having also a developing coal mining industry. The quantity of chrome produced in the first six months of this year equalled the output for the whole of 1951-52, and the amount of coal mined in the same two years was exceeded by very nearly a quarter during the first half of this year. Workers in the mines receive advantages such as very high wages and more than usually generous pension schemes. After 15 years of work, they receive a bonus equal to 20 per cent of their wage, and after 20 years they are due to receive their pension, which consists of 60 per cent of their average earnings.

Eventually we reached the Hydroelectric project, and the new dam towered above us. The output of the project, we were told, is 120 million kilowatt hours annually. It feeds into a high tension network, 150 kilometers in length, passing through Tirana, where it augments the supply already coming from the Lenin Hydroelectric Scheme nearby,

and going on through Cerrik (where the oil refinery is situated), to the new oil city of Stalin, and then to Patos and Selenica.

The workers who operate the project live in a new town called Ulze, with its own shops, cinema-club, school, nursery and kindergarten. There are similar facilities throughout Albania, and we visited an excellent kindergarten. When we saw these happy, smiling children, in their attractive, airy nursery, with the best attention and pretty toys and decorations, and then considered the squalor and poverty in which these children would formerly have been raised, we felt an even greater admiration for all that has been done in Albania. Every mother can send her children to a kindergarten, where they are looked after, taught and fed, free of charge, while she is at work. They receive three meals daily, and have an afternoon rest in a well equipped dormitory provided for the purpose.

Each factory has a nursery, where mothers can tend their babies in the intervals between work, and leave them in the meantime in the care of an expert staff. We visited several new factories—indeed one need hardly use the word “new”, as there were practically no factories in pre-war Albania. A few small enterprises which existed, such as a cigarette factory, or the brewery at Korçë, have been superseded, or vastly improved. The brewery, for example, has increased its output by nine times; and a new brewery and liquor factory are already under construction to increase supplies still further. The beer at present produced is excellent, and a wide variety of liqueurs are manufactured, includ-

ing such well known names as Strega, Fernet, Ouzo and Creme de Menthe. The new factory will enable these to be offered for export, in addition to products of the food industry which already go abroad, such as sardines from the cannery at Vlora, and jams from the factory at Korçë. I have seen Albanian wines in Prague, as well as the fiery national drink called Raki—a change from the days when the only wine in the Tirana shops was imported from Italy, something incredible in a country almost ideal for wine growing. Yet the entire development of the wine industry has been post-war.

One can still satisfy a taste for Italian cooking with delicious cassata, now made with Albanian produced chocolate, or with macaroni from an Albanian factory. Rice, too, is being grown in Albania nowadays, and is processed in a factory at Vlora. Restaurants are equipped with shiny expresso coffee machines,

but more typical is the sweet Turkish coffee—sweetened today with Albanian sugar. Enough sugar is now produced in the refinery at Maliq to fulfill the needs of the country. Much of the beet for this refinery is grown on rich farmlands near Korçë. This land, formerly under water, is now drained, and enables Albania to be a sugar producing country, instead of, as before, importing her entire requirement. The amount of beet grown last year was up by 59 per cent on 1956, and the factory was able to increase its output, as well as providing other valuable services. For example the surplus output of electricity from its modern Swedish generator is fed into the grid system at Korçë, and the generator works even in the seasons when the factory is unable to produce sugar. Korçë, like most other Albanian towns, also has its own generating plant.

(Continued in the following issue)

AN ATOM-FREE ZONE IN BALKANS NEW ISSUE FOR THE PEACE FORCES

ON HIS RECENT visit to Albania, Nikita Khrushchev proposed that the Balkans be made a zone free of missiles and nuclear weapons, suggesting that otherwise the question of missile bases in Albania and other Warsaw Pact countries might have to be considered. This was in response to the recent designation of Greece by NATO as a base for intermediate-range ballistic missiles. On June 11 President Eisenhower advised Congress that the United States planned to send Greece special equipment and restricted information for training its armed forces in atomic weapons. Let the peace forces of America speak out against spreading the zones of war danger!

The demand for an atom-free zone in the Balkans, in the Scandinavian countries should be added to the demand for such a zone in Central Europe.

Best of all would be atom-free and missile-free zones everywhere!

Modern Farming Comes to East Germany

by GEORGE LOHR

THERE IS A LOT of building going on in the war-ravaged cities of the German Democratic Republic, and visiting newsmen are usually first of all shown a model of the city, with an explanation by the planners of what has already been constructed and what the future projects are. But not until I visited the 6,500-acre farm cooperative "Red Banner" the other day was I shown a model demonstrating the socialist transformation of the countryside.

The model, built with painstaking care on a large table that takes up a whole room in the farm's house of culture, shows the four villages that make up the co-op. They are located way up north, near the shores of the Baltic, and the air has that tangy, exhilarating smell of the sea. Driving up, we had seen parts of one village, and now we saw the location of the others on the model. They were all alike. One hut after another, where the serfs had dwelled in feudal times, and then their descendants who had worked on the estate of the matter until 1945, when the land was divided and they all became small peasants themselves. By 1953 all of them had joined the co-op, and while many of them still live in the huts (they've been improved some), the plan is

to keep only one or two, somewhat like museum pieces. The emphasis is on modern housing for the 512 members of "Red Banner."

We had visited one of the 73 individual houses that are already up and inhabited. The model showed the location where the other settlements were being constructed. Each family is entitled to the equivalent of a \$5,000 building loan which pays the cost of a house with three and a half rooms, kitchen and bath. The loan is amortized at \$75 per year. In addition, there is a central dormitory building for the single folks, two in a room and all the modern conveniences. These workers, mainly tractor drivers and white collar, are co-op members like everybody else, which means they share in the profits according to work units performed.

Many of the building plans either already realized or projected in the model, originated in the head of Kurt Dehne, the bundle of energy who explained the model to us and also guided us over part of the central area of the vast farm. City bred, he came to "Red Banner" in 1954 to go over the books. The members took a shine to him, asked him to stay as chief bookkeeper, and he did. Now he is second in command to the co-op chairman. He has studied up on agriculture, and has the advantage of not being saddled with traditions of "handkerchief" farming, as are the former peasants. Dehne has his mind on big projects,

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on mechanization, and he has an objective respect for American big farm efficiency.

For instance, he showed us the pasture land on the model where the co-op's 1,500 head of cattle, including 800 cows, spend the summer. Milking this summer will still be by hand, but next year machinery moves in. "We are going to put our first central electric milking station right there in the center of the pasture," Dehne explained, "and then we can milk 450 cows in three and a half hours." This will save labor power and toil. In the central stables, milking is already done by machines, of course, but the milk still flows into individual metal cans. Therefore pipes will soon be laid in the stables, whereby the milk will be sucked directly from the milking machine into large tank trucks. More labor saved, and therefore higher earnings for the members.

There is a central machine park now, but it is going to be enlarged. Incidentally, "Red Banner" is one of the first co-ops in this country no longer serviced by a separate machine and tractor station. The members decided some months back that it is more efficient and cheaper to buy the machines and operate them themselves. New machinery is being acquired all the time, and members of the co-op—men who 15 years ago owned no land, much less a machine—now are delegated to visit industrial fairs at Leipzig and elsewhere, and place orders.

About kings there is little talk at "Red Banner," but all the more about cabbages, because this co-op is the biggest cabbage producer of the whole GDR. Much of this cabbage now has to survive part of the

winter, covered up, in the fields before it is shipped to market. Therefore one of the next projects is the construction of a large, air-conditioned cabbage storage house.

Also projected in the model is a modern central restaurant where farmer Fritz can take the wife and kids of an evening and dine in style, and at prices that make eating at home no longer an economy. Pressure for the restaurant and also for a noon-day, cafeteria-like canteen, understandably enough comes especially from the women, because the average German man, even though he belongs to a socialist co-op, still takes a dim view of helping in the kitchen.

Meanwhile the beer-soaked village inn is gradually losing the competition with the house of culture. The latter has a large central hall, done in excellent modern style with indirect lighting and paneled with rows of flower boxes. There is something doing every Saturday night, masquerades and the like, folk dancing once a week, and all kinds of other activity virtually every night. A full-time cultural director is in charge, 31 year-old Wolfgang Ratsch, college graduate and clearly not a country lad. "Why did you come here to take over this activity?" I asked him. An embarrassed, shy smile spread over his face. "What sold me finally," he said, "was the fact that there are five ponies for the kindergarten." Let me explain. The co-op somehow got hold of six Shetland ponies. One they gave to Anastas Mikoyan when he visited "Red Banner" in 1957. As for the other five, it was decided that they should earn their oats or whatever ponies eat, and so they put them to

work hauling the kids to the kindergarten every morning from their homes, with little carriages as vehicles. In the summer time, the ponies spend their day on a lawn right next to the kindergarten, where the human small fry play with them.

But the older kids and teen-agers also get their share of attention. There is a central school, of course, and in addition there is an expanding movement, something like our 4-H Clubs. Already the Pioneer park, just started, boasts of a dove-cot, a Jersey cow, a poultry house, and a pond is now being finished for geese, ducks and fish. Soon the Jersey will have her own stable and electric milking machine, and all the livestock to be added in the park will be in direct charge of the youngsters.

Another construction job projected in the model is a house plus medical facilities for a doctor. There is now a nurse in residence, and the doctor comes once a week. He'll take up his permanent abode at the co-op as soon as his living quarters are finished. Medical service, medicines and so forth are of course free, and the co-op pays every member 50 per cent of his income in case of illness, in addition to the state sickness insurance every citizen of the country is entitled to. For the old folks, there is the state old age insurance paid to both man and wife, plus \$30 a month each from the co-op, plus the livestock and crops they still raise on their own plot of land, plus the house which they own, and for which the amortization payment is a \$60.00 per month.

Right in the center of this new farming community is also the "Red Banner" Savings Bank, and it is

doing a land office business. Deposits now total \$500,000, or about \$1,000 for each co-op member. If a family has three members—father, mother and son—that means \$3,000. Not bad, I submit, for former landless farm workers who 15 years ago had at most a few dollars hidden away in an old sock. Now the average couple has an annual cash income of \$3,500, in addition to the food they raise themselves.

One project not visible on the model is that of a vacation resort, and that is because the co-op leadership wants the members to broaden their horizon by spending their leave elsewhere. Each year, five members are elected to spend their vacations in other socialist lands, all expenses paid by the co-op. Other members spend the 12-days leave they are entitled to with relatives in the city, or in one of the many resort places maintained by trade unions or other social organizations. Pay goes on during the vacation period, with the work units for that period figured on the yearly average. But up to last year, some members refused to take their vacations, being afraid that somehow they might get short-changed in this deal. So now there is a new twist, as per decision of the membership: any member who doesn't take his vacation also doesn't get his pay for that period. Very likely, this is the only place in the world where you take your paid vacation, or else.

Giving one last look at the model, we saw the projected modern road linking together all the various settlements and farm units. "It's high time," I said to Dehne, "that you do something about that road. I nearly broke my axle coming out here, and

at ten miles per hour." He then explained that gravel for road building was hard to come by in this coast area.

"This country road," he said, has been the same as far back as anybody can remember, and the former estate owner never would spend the money to have gravel shipped from elsewhere. He had his mansion somewhere else anyway, and he figured this road was good enough for workers with ox carts." But now something was being done about it, not only to serve the many tractors of the co-op, but also the growing number of private cars of the members. "Since manpower in the quarries of the Republic is in short supply," he said, "our collective has decided to send a number of members every

year to quarry for a certain period. That's the way we'll get the gravel for our new road."

The countryside of the German Democratic Republic is changing. The old feudal village, with its huts, hand water pump and filthy inns, is being wiped off the map, and in its place the modern, mechanized, farming community is arising. They will be factories in the fields, with all the advantages of large-scale production, but they will be socialist factories where the welfare of man comes first. Collective effort and collective thinking is doing it, and just as the gravel is being obtained by collective work, so the changing mentality is digging away in the quarry of old ways of doing things, of prejudice and selfishness.

NEARINGS' PASSPORTS REVOKED

HELEN AND SCOTT NEARING, American citizens, have had their passports revoked for visiting China and for writing a book on their travels, *THE BRAVE NEW WORLD*.

The charges are not for breaking any law, but for having travelled in violation of the restrictions printed on the passports and in contravention of the foreign policy of the present party in power.

A hearing in the Passport Office in Washington, D. C. on April 14, resulted in a letter dated May 29, signed by Frances G. Knight, Director of the Passport Office, cancelling their passports and refusing "further passport facilities under the Provisions of Section 51.136 of the Passport Regulations."

Section 51.136 reads: "In order to promote and safeguard the interests of the United States, passport facilities, except for direct and immediate return to the United States, will be refused to a person when it appears to the satisfaction of the Secretary of State that the person's activities abroad would: (1) violate the laws of the United States; (2) be prejudicial to the orderly conduct of foreign relations or (3) otherwise be prejudicial to the interests of the United States."

The Nearings' rights under the UN Declaration of Human Rights have clearly been abrogated. They are immediately applying for new passports. "What is involved here," (*New York Times* editorial on "Reporters and Red China," May 20, 1959), "is the principle that the American people have the right to be informed through firsthand observation by American citizens of what is going on all over the world, including such an important area as Communist China."

From SOCIAL SCIENCE INSTITUTE
Harborside, Mane

The Real Issue in Laos

by EDGAR P. YOUNG

THE RECENT "FLARE-UP" over events in the Kingdom of Laos may prove a blessing in disguise if it serves to draw attention to the general situation in the Indo-China peninsula, which has been boiling up almost ever since hostilities there were brought to a close by the Geneva Agreements of July 21, 1954.

The immediate issue in Laos arises out of the Geneva Agreements, to which were appended two Declarations by the Royal Government of Laos, to which attention was specifically drawn by Mr. (as he then still was) Anthony Eden, in his closing speech as Co-Chairman of the Geneva Conference. These Declarations stated that the Royal Government of Laos—

(a) declares itself resolved to take the necessary measures to integrate all citizens, without discrimination, into the national community and to guarantee them the enjoyment of the rights and freedoms for which the Constitution of the Kingdom provides;

(b) is resolved never to pursue a policy of aggression and will never permit the territory of Laos to be used in the furtherance of such a policy;

(c) will never join in any agreement with other States if this agreement includes the obligation for it to participate in a military alliance not in conformity with the principles of the Charter of the

United Nations or with the principles of the agreement on the cessation of hostilities or, unless its security is threatened, in the obligation to establish bases on Laotian territory for military forces of foreign Powers;

(d) *During the period between the cessation of hostilities in Vietnam and the final settlement of that country's political problems*, it will not request foreign aid, whether in war materiel, in personnel, or instructors, except for the purpose of its effective defense and to the extent defined by the agreement on the cessation of hostilities. (Italics added)

Point (a) above was extended in 1956, as the result of discussions between the Royal Government of Laos and Pathet Lao and the movement of Laotian national revolt which, with the aid of the People's Liberation Army of Vietnam, liberated Laos at the end of 1953, to cover the "integration" of some of the armed forces of Pathet Lao into the Laotian Army.

Every single one of those undertakings has been broken by the Laotian Government, yet the British Foreign Office still maintains that that Government "has consistently acted in accordance with the Geneva agreement." What is tragic is that the Foreign Office is "technically" justified in the maintenance of that opinion, for it has never been formally notified of any breach of the Geneva agreements in Laos by the International Commission for Supervision and Control appointed by the Geneva Conference, whose

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illegitimate decision to "adjourn *sine die*" last July might "formally" be accepted as indication that there was nothing wrong in Laos. The cat is well out of the bag now, however, and the Foreign Office has merely made itself ridiculous by arguing against the proposals made by the Governments of China, the USSR and the Democratic Republic of Vietnam that the International Commission should forthwith be reconvened, to investigate and report on events in Laos, claiming this would be in infringement of "the sovereignty and independence" of Laos—which were accorded to her and guaranteed by the very Geneva agreements which she now proposes to repudiate *unilaterally*. Persistence in this attitude, besides being ridiculous, is dishonest—it is also dangerous, for China has reminded us that Laos is on her doorstep, and we would do well to recall, in time, what happened when America crossed the 38th Parallel to China's doorstep in North Korea.

The fact that things have come to a head now in Laos makes it the more urgent that steps should be taken to prevent the same thing happening elsewhere, as, for instance, in Vietnam south of the 17th parallel, established under the Geneva agreements as a "provisional military demarcation line, not in any way to be interpreted as constituting any political or territorial boundary." South of that parallel, too, the United States moved in, even before the French had moved out, and has been spending hundreds of millions of dollars on the development of a "springboard" against "neutralist" Cambodia, the socialist Democratic Republic of

Vietnam, and the People's Republic of China. In so doing, the Americans have caused the ruin of the economy of South Vietnam, have established and are maintaining a puppet regime which is persecuting the people, and have prevented the peaceful reunification of Vietnam, as provided for by the Geneva agreements. About this our Foreign Office cannot pretend ignorance, though the refusal of the South Vietnamese "government", in defiance of the Geneva agreements, to allow the International Commission to fulfill its functions south of the 17th parallel, denies us "official" knowledge of what is going on there.

There is quite enough to go on, however, in the latest 9th Interim Report of that Commission, dated March 10, and presented to Parliament as a White Paper in May of this year. In it hope is expressed that the Co-Chairmen and the Geneva Powers will take such measures as will enable the International Commission to discharge its duties, and to resolve the problems of the reunification of Vietnam, in relation to which the decisions of the Geneva Conference are simply "vetoed" by the "government" of South Vietnam—and by the U.S. State Department which sneers at that Conference as "the 'extra-curricular' body that attempted to find a formula to put an end to bloodshed in Indo-China." The best answer is to re-convene the Geneva Conference to consider the situation, after five years during which its "formula" has failed to achieve all its ultimate objectives. The first essential is that the Americans must go home.

WALT WHITMAN IN RUSSIA

by Y. ZASURSKY

Docent of Moscow University

MAY 31 was the 140th anniversary of the birth of the great American poet Walt Whitman, whose works are very popular in the Soviet Union. Soviet readers have always admired Whitman for his fervent love of life, irresistible optimism, and extraordinary freshness of perception.

Whitman was greatly interested in Russia and Russian literature. When he learned in 1881 that a translation of *Leaves of Grass* was being planned, he wrote, "How happy I should be to get the ear and emotional contact of the great Russian peoples!" For the preface he wrote: "You Russians and we Americans! Our countries so distant, so unlike at first glance—such a difference in social and political conditions, and in our respective methods of moral and practical development the last hundred years; and yet in certain features so resembling each other. . . ."

Both Tolstoy and Turgenev took a lively interest in Whitman's work. In 1890 Tolstoy advised the well-known translator Lev Nikiforov to give his attention to the works of "the most original and daring poet, Walt Whitman." Turgenev in 1872 had attempted to translate some of Whitman's poetry and was only prevented from doing so by his illness.

In 1882, P. A. Lavrov in the magazine *Otechestvenniye Zapiski* (Notes of the Fatherland), published by Mikhail Saltykov-Shchedrin, reviewed the work of the great American poet, comparing him with Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, then popular in Russia. Lavrov criticized Longfellow for his indecisive stand on slavery, setting him the example of Whitman with his sympathy for the workers.

Maxim Gorky held Whitman in high esteem and in an article written in

1906, "The Destruction of the Personality," expressed his delight in the American poet's work.

The great Soviet poet Vladimir Mayakovsky was also a great admirer of Whitman's poetry, particularly of the poem *Song of Myself*.

Kornei Chukovsky, well-known writer, critic and translator, who has given more than fifty years to the Russian translation of *Leaves of Grass*, said at the recent Writers' Congress, "For over half a century I have been an admirer of the powerful literature of the British and American people. In my time I have worked enthusiastically to translate into Russian Shakespeare, Wycherley, Mark Twain, O. Henry and Walt Whitman. Walt Whitman colored my whole youth. I do not doubt that if he were alive today he would call upon his people as he had always done: 'Enough of war! Away with war!'"

Several Soviet literary researchers have devoted themselves to Whitman. The most notable is the monograph by Morris Mendelson, *Walt Whitman, a Critical Biographic Review*. The present writers' pamphlet on Whitman prepared for the centenary of *Leaves of Grass* was published in an edition of 84,000.

On the occasion of this 140th Anniversary exhibitions were opened in the State Library of Foreign Literature and the Lenin State Library in Moscow. In other libraries and schools throughout the Soviet Union similar exhibitions have been opened and many literary evenings devoted to Whitman's poetry are being held including one at the new Friendship House in Moscow.

In all there have been fifteen editions of Whitman's poetry published in the Soviet Union, each numbering tens of thousands. There has also been an English edition of *Leaves of Grass*.

China's Winged Horse

The Cultural Leap Forward in China

by ABE CEPAK

THE APPEARANCE of Peking's streets has been changing radically. Most of the houses in the older part of Peking, the area within the city wall, are built in courtyards with walls around them. The vast areas of these walls have been taken over by the city's artists and art students who have painted hundreds of outdoor murals on them. The artistic quality of these paintings varies greatly. But the collective effort of the artists to make their own contribution to the beautification of the city and the themes depicted are symptomatic of the national mood.

Two motifs recur frequently: the winged horse (a symbol of speed in China, not to be confused with the Greek Pegasus) and the flying dragon. These two figures drawn from mythology have emerged everywhere as symbols of the new reality in China in 1958. In Chinese it is called *da yue jin*—the big leap forward—and it is the overwhelming fact in every phase of life in the country. The economic base, the political superstructure, patterns of work and daily life, cultural patterns, are all in the throes of profound and rapid change. All of China is a crucible and everything is being molten and reforged anew in the flames of the all-out, socialist push to industrialize and modernize, to wipe out the

legacy of economic and cultural backwardness in a hurry, to create new forms of life now looking ahead to the practical transition from socialism to communism.

Conservative approaches, all tendencies to be satisfied with making a little progress slowly, have been swept aside. The final blow has been dealt to the schools of thought which argued that the poverty, technical backwardness, illiteracy and low level of development of modern science and culture inherited by People's China, were factors seriously militating against any rapid transformation of China into a powerful socialist country with modern industry, modern agriculture, modern science and culture. Mao Tse-tung has long battled against the timid and slow approach to the building of socialism in China which would doom the bulk of the people to long years of poverty and backwardness.

The spirit of "hard battle" to transform China in a major and sustained assault is the dominant feature of the country today. It permeates work relations, human relations, education, cultural life. Everything today must serve the goal of transforming China into an industrially, agriculturally, scientifically and culturally advanced socialist country in the shortest possible time. Everything is harnessed to this national goal, which elevates the economic and cultural level of the great mass of China's millions.

ABE CEPAK is an American engaged on research in U.S. culture in the Czechoslovak Academy of Science. He is at present visiting China.

Everybody is considered a soldier in this "hard battle," leadership and rank and file alike, intellectual, worker and peasant. This is the mood of China today and it is the key to understanding all phases of development, including the cultural front.

It is difficult for the journalist to keep pace with the day to day sweep of development, let alone the novelist, playwright and film writer. Everywhere there is a feeling that things that weren't accomplished in thousands of years of Chinese history are now being done in a matter of months. In classical Chinese imagery, the saying you often hear is that things are moving like "ten thousand horses galloping ahead." Another phrase you frequently hear is "emancipation of the mind" which stands for getting rid of superstitions, out-moded conventions, cringing before authority, old ways of thinking and doing things, and doctrinaire preconceptions which have not passed the acid test of reality.

What has happened until now is only a beginning. The emphasis in China is on "uninterrupted revolution." The road ahead, as charted by the recent Congress of the Communist Party, calls for a technical revolution and a cultural revolution. The two are inter-related. The mass assimilation of modern science and modern technology is inconceivable without cultural and educational advances on a mass scale. The wiping out of China's long heritage of illiteracy quite naturally tops the list of tasks of the cultural revolution.

For generations the mastery of the thousands of characters that make up the written Chinese lan-

guage was the badge of an elite divorced from production and manual labor, an avenue to officialdom and some sort of position in the privileged classes.

In old China eighty per cent of the people were illiterate or, as the Chinese say, suffered from "letter blindness." From its inception People's China tackled the herculean task of wiping out illiteracy. In its first eight years, 30 million people who were illiterate were taught how to read and write. Impressive as this figure may be it represents too slow a rate for China's present needs. The "big leap forward" has been effected in this field too. In the first six months of 1958 alone more than 100 million people had learned to read and write. For the first time in China's history, universal, compulsory primary school education is nearing reality. As the national Exhibition on Integration of Education with Productive Labor, which was opened in Peking shows, facilities for primary school education have by now been made available to all school-age children in the greater part of China and enrolment in secondary schools and schools of higher learning had jumped from 7,524,000 to 15,790,000 during the 1958 school year.

The remarkable thing is that in the midst of the country's greatest exertion and greatest output on the industrial and agricultural fronts, a cultural revolution has been launched, the greatest number of schools have been established (over one-third of a million primary schools have been set up within a few months period), the greatest successes have been scored in the battle against illiteracy and the greatest

movement of mass adult education has developed. A new directive of the Communist Party and Government outlines a program for the wiping out of illiteracy and the completion of compulsory, universal primary school education for the first time in China's history within three to five years; the rapid development of middle school education and, within fifteen years, the opportunity for every person who so desires to get a college education.

Work and study, education and productive labor, are being organically combined in China. The policy is to have everybody who studies also work, participate directly in production and develop the outlook of a laboring member of society. That is one side of the coin. The other is the effort to have everybody who works also study, to bridge the historic gap between manual work and brain work, to transform the intellectuals into workers too, and to develop the workers and peasants into intellectuals as well.

This is bound to produce profound changes, the full impact of which cannot yet be envisaged, on Chinese culture. With everybody, from the top government leaders down, devoting part of their time to physical labor on the production front, the intellectuals trained in the old society are coming to grips with new realities and areas of experience, with the mass of the people and day to day life, as no previous generation of Chinese intellectuals ever has. This adds one new dimension to the present Chinese cultural picture.

On the other hand, millions of former illiterates, workers and peasants, are becoming literate and arti-

culate. One of the distinct currents of the unfolding cultural revolution is a mass phenomenon of creative self-expression. Literally millions of new rhymes, songs, ballads, work-chants and various verse forms sung to the accompaniment of bamboo clappers or a drum have been created by the peasants and workers. This new folk poetry is being collected everywhere, published and studied by the poets and literary critics. It is already a new influence operating on Chinese poetry. It adds freshness of imagination and imagery, vividness of language and the direct expression of the thoughts and feelings of the working people. It counteracts one tendency which developed in modern Chinese poetry, the artificial adaptation of western poetic forms in Chinese, by the example of how the people express the new content of their lives in Chinese forms that proceed creatively from national Chinese traditions.

In all parts of the country schools for workers and peasants have been sprouting. The primary emphasis is on courses that will help improve production and Marxist-Leninist political study, especially the writings of Mao Tse-tung. But the popularization of art and culture is proceeding simultaneously on an unprecedented scale.

The newly formed people's communes, which now embrace the overwhelming majority of peasants are establishing all sorts of schools and part-work, part-study educational facilities for their members, are setting up art, music and literature schools. In one county in Honan province, for example, each of the 22 new communes, has already opened an art school. In one

county in Shansi province 20,000 workers and peasants have joined classes in creative writing, literature and poetry.

The entire cultural base in China is widening and deepening to an extent never dreamed of before. This means that new strata of talent are being tapped, that new writers, painters and musicians rooted deep in Chinese life and socialist reality are emerging. It is an infusion of new blood into China's old culture. I have already seen in Peking a very interesting first exhibition of paintings by peasant artists, examples of the work of village artists who are literally covering the walls of entire villages with murals in various parts of the country. Workers in a factory in Kirin province have started their own poetry magazine. This cultural outburst from the depths of the people is the newest trend in Chinese cultural life.

All this is the budding stage of a new phase of development of Chinese culture, the first steps of the present cultural revolution.

•

Lin Yi-fang in China Reconstructs, Nov. 1958, adds further details.

LAST spring the students of the Chekiang Art Academy in Hangchow went to the countryside to live and work as farmers for several months. In the past when they had gone out for a day or two of sketching they would bring back rather conventional scenes or portraits which began to be dubbed the "girl-holding-a-goose" style. While working at the co-op they offered to do some pictures for the farmers and asked the chairman to suggest a sub-

ject. "Since your school is on the shores of West Lake, paint some of its famous scenery," he replied politely. Another student drew some flowers. But when a third student produced a painting with cars and carts shuttling to and fro amid scenes of socialist construction which he said represented trade between the town and country, the chairman immediately got excited and said he liked that best. Other co-op members asked for paintings depicting outstanding deeds of members of their work teams.

When he returned, one of the students wrote about his experience: "Laboring alongside the farmers in the fields, for the first time we came to feel deeply what a joy it was to have our drawings liked by them and to know that our works were making their life richer and inspiring them to produce more."

The above anecdote is a capsule of what is happening to art and artists as more and more of them are leaving their desks and studios and going among the working people to take part in production as well as paint. Drawing inspiration from the thick of life and making art serve the people have always been the aims of new China's artists, but now concrete steps are being taken to put it into practice on a much wider scale than before.

Among a number of Peking's artists who have gone to make their homes in the countryside of eastern Hopei province are 30 staying in hilly Tsunhua county. They became as enthusiastic as the peasants about raising crop yields. In their spare time they turned the mud walls of the village into a virtual open-air art gallery, with murals in gay col-

ors and bold designs picturing bountiful harvests, fat pigs and cows, and the farm folks going to the fields or studying together. On the mountainsides they painted in characters as tall as six people, slogans about remaking nature and bringing electricity to the farms. Getting all kinds of ideas from the folks who came to watch them paint and spurred by their own new enthusiasm, they found that in only a matter of days they could finish work that they used to allow months for in the studio.

The farm folks proved eager models, encouraging admirers and hearty, outspoken critics. They stressed that they liked a thing to look "as if it was alive" and were particular about details like distinguishing wheat from rice and placing the cow's udder in the proper position.

The artists concluded that working as peasants and really sharing their feelings gave their own art work a much broader appeal. They reached a deeper understanding of one of the fundamental tenets of all creative art in new China — that artistic standards can be raised only when art is rooted in a broad popular appreciation by workers and peasants.

Hundreds of other art workers are doing the same thing as this group. In Fengjen county, elsewhere in Hopei, they cooperated with amateur painters in co-op clubs and painted a total of 52,125 murals. Artists are also teaching the rural young people their techniques, serving as advisers of co-op art clubs and enlivening village cultural life through their sets for operas, and many other means.

In the cities, art has moved out

of the galleries and studios to meet the people on the streets.

Artists and writers in Canton got together and organized a "Street-corner Poetry and Painting Exhibition."

At the planning sessions a poet would read one of his works and an artist inspired by it would volunteer to do a painting to accompany it, or vice versa. Within a few days, more than a hundred "poetry-paintings" had been assembled and were touring the streets. Subject matter touched upon every facet of Canton's everyday life, including the digging of an artificial lake and new reservoirs, the campaign against the "four pests" and the tree-planting activities.

In Shanghai a new page is being written in the history of Chinese traditional painting. Its artists, whose work has often been considered divorced from reality, and who themselves once looked down upon any art serving a practical purpose, are now working in the industrial arts fields. Working together with the craftsmen, their aim is to use the principles of fine design inherent in their tradition to improve the decorative motifs for porcelain, pottery, enamelware, embroidery and indigo prints. Already 11 well-known painters have left their posts at the Shanghai Academy of Chinese Painting to work in the enamelware factories. Every morning they don overalls and learn to make wash-basins and drinking mugs. In the afternoon they work at the drawing board creating new designs for their decoration, and on some evenings they teach classes in Chinese painting to young workers in the factory.

"Diary for Anne Frank"

by ELEANOR WHEELER

WHEN CZECHOSLOVAKS express their anxiety over West German rearmament, they are not tossing all Germans into one bag. A proof of this can be seen in the mere existence of the German Democratic Republic's Information Center in Prague, and even further in its popularity. It sells German books, records, art reproductions, ceramics, a few specially interesting toys and other handicrafts, and is always crowded. Once or twice a week it has cultural and educational programs.

The real content of these programs is the earnest that German-Czechoslovak friendship can be on a common anti-fascist basis.

In April the program was fairly typical. Starting on April 3 with the opening of the exhibit "Medicine and Natural Science," there was a lecture for invited guests only. On April 7 we joined a packed-in audience to hear Lin Jaldati sing Berthold Brecht (to Hans Eisler tunes), Jewish folk songs and others. After the intermission there was a showing of the new Defa documentary "Diary for Anne Frank." Professor Walter Bartel of the Historical Institute in Berlin told on April 14 about organized resistance in Hitler's concentration camps. A Defa feature film, a doctor from

Dresden talking on new methods of treating cancer, Gerhard Eisler (now vice-chairman of the State Radio Committee of the GDR) lecturing on the proposals for making West Berlin a free, demilitarized city, and, finally, a closed session for language teachers on new methods of teaching foreign languages used at Humboldt University and the German Central Institute for Teaching Aids, made up the balance of the April offerings.

Let me tell something about the Lin Jaldati—"Diary for Anne Frank" evening. Like the evening in March which presented Rosa Thaelmann talking about the life of her husband Ernst Thaelmann, there were many in the audience who had been in concentration camps with Germans. This accounts for the maturity one finds among Czechoslovaks: they not only suffered *from* the Germans, they also suffered *with* the Germans. And they welcomed the singing by Lin Jaldati of German International Brigade songs, or more modern songs by Brecht and Louis Furnberg, most of them set to Eisler music. More a diseuse than a singer, Miss Jaldati had performed with Paul Robeson in Prague once before, in 1949.

Like many of the German self-critical, "this-is-how-fascism-started" films (such as the Thorndikes' "Operation Teutonic Sword" which was also shown at the Center), the documentary, "Diary for Anne Frank," is a shaking experience. It

ELEANOR WHEELER, a frequent contributor to *New World Review*, has lived in Czechoslovakia since 1947 with her husband and four children.

opens with the young actress, who is assigned the role of Anne Frank at the Deutsches Theater in Berlin, rushing out to tell her mother that the part is hers. Then follows a painstaking study of Anne Frank's life, which is the life of hundreds of thousands of Jews in the Nazi period. It is at the same time a pledge of young, anti-fascist Germans like the Deutsches Theater actress to fight to prevent a recurrence of the events she studied.

Anne Frank was German-born (Frankfurter-am-Main, June 12, 1929), but fled with her family to Holland when she was eight years old. German troops invaded Holland in 1940 and with them came the yellow star marked "Jude." Among the documents listed in the film is that of Dr. Hans Globke (now State Secretary in the Bundeschancellor's office), stating that Jews who are forbidden to wear the colors of the Reich are "permitted to show the Jewish colors. The exercise of the permission is defended by law." Nazi humor does not sound funny over the distance of twenty years, when the film shows the collection of Jews in miserable barbed-wire enclosures, piles of little children's shoes, and, finally, road scrapers heaping up the emaciated bodies of concentration camp victims.

On her thirteenth birthday, June 12, 1942, Anne Frank began her diary. It is too well known to summarize, this eager, perceptive document, showing the spirit that made Anne Frank say to Lin Jaldati in Birkenau, "We have a lot to learn." The film shows, not what Anne put in her diary, but what lay behind it, for the makers of the film say (in

the person of the young actress who plays Anne):

I am to present you, Anne Frank, for many people—about the way you might have been . . . And so I must ask about what you could not have known . . . So I shall ask, to make my Anne Frank a means for telling the truth.

The people of Prague could go from the Information Center presentation of a penitent section of the German nation, to an exhibition of the current ravings of those who regret only its defeat. The exhibition in the Klement Gottwald museum, is called, "Not Just a Question of Berlin."

There are displayed the revisionist journals, calling for the occupation of "old German towns"—such as Prague, Bratislava or Levoča in east Slovakia. In the exhibition we read that Johan Barnick says in his *Deutsche Triumphe*, (a new-day *Mein Kampf*): "A Czech is a typical Eastern German, except he doesn't speak German." For Barnick and his like, says the exhibition, the Munich Agreement is still valid.

The film about Anne Frank shows American and British soldiers liberating Bergen-Belsen, shows them tenderly helping the ragged, emaciated survivors, shows the rage and pity on their faces. The exhibition pictures the Allies at the end of the war swearing that "German militarism and nationalism will be destroyed."

It is up to the Americans to ask themselves what has happened since then.

BOOKS

Let Us Sing For Peace

a review by ROCKWELL KENT

Song of Peace, edited by Walter Lowenfels, blockprints by Anton Refregier, introduction by Linus Pauling. Roving Eye Press, 37 W. 8th Street, New York City. \$5.00 cloth, \$1.35 paperback.

IT IS NOT TRUE, Gibbon informs us, that Nero fiddled while Rome burned. Nero, for all his faults, was not that bad. But what about the fiddle players of America, today? Of our musicians? Of our painters and sculptors?? What about our playwrights, novelists and poets? All art is born of the love of life: when life—all life on earth—is threatened as it is today, where are the voices of its lovers? Who can love Life and not its corollary, Peace? Who can love Peace and not in all he does *proclaim* that love! "What scientist," writes C. Wright Mills, "can claim to be a part of the legacy of science and yet remain a hired technician of the military machine? . . . What Western scholar can claim to be a part of the big discourse of reason and yet retreat to formal trivialities and exact nonsense in a world in which reason and freedom are being allowed to fade out of the human tradition? . . . What man of God . . . can sanction the insensibility, the spiritual irresponsibility of the Caesars of our time?"

"The great tradition in English literature," writes Annette T. Rubinstein in her distinguished book of that title, "is the tradition of the writers who know and are concerned with the vital current which moves steadily beneath the innumerable eddies and confusing cross-currents of life's surface." Of this tradi-

tion—far less importantly through *cultural* inheritance than by virtue of his innate, passionate humanity—is the poet, Walter Lowenfels, who in the *Song of Peace* appears before us as the inspired translator and arranger of an integrated program of the songs of others, as the sensitive conductor of their recital, and as, with disappointing modesty, himself the singer of but one short sonnet "song." Who in the arts today, we ask, stands up and speaks out of his mind and heart and soul for brotherhood and peace? Here, in this book, eleven poets and an artist answer us.*

A Song Of Peace: It is the title of a poem by Vitezlav Nezval; and the verses of that poem, heard one by one as a refrain or chorus to the others, give the work the unity of great design. And now the curtain lifts. A Sioux is singing and in his song we hear—

*the cries of children
laughing
leaping
running;*

the sounds of happiness that can create a world of love. And now, contrasted to this hope, the other poets speak in turn. We hear the anguish of the cindered child of Hiroshima; the embittered weeping of the child of exploitation; the hopeless tears of lovers "separated by 10,000 miles"; the prayers of mothers for a world of peace for the unborn generations. "And

* Poets included are a Sioux, Paul Eluard, Nicolas Guillen, Horace M. Lukenin, Gabriela Mistral, Vitezlav Nezval, Tu Fu, Nazim Hikmet, Itzik Feffer and Walter Lowenfels.

you, Elders of Washington," asks another, "what Arabian treasures do you eye?" What do you want, "you conquerors of the world?" We hear the maimed and blinded prisoner's last cry to his beloved: "Live!" To Death? No, *Life*: this is the whole work's synthesis. Then, in a moving *Coda*, Walter Lowenfels brings us the voices of the unborn children of all lands, "pleading with us, the lovers, for their birth."

It is at this point in the book that, as though to relieve accumulated emotional tension, there are introduced nine striking block prints by Anton Refregier, expressing in appropriately childlike simplicity his faith—and ours—in Peace. "Be," they would say to us, "like children in your faith, for otherwise ye may not enter the kingdom of Heaven."

Anguished, we have been, and calmed. And now—on the threshold, as it were, of returning to the world—what shall be done? In *Peace*, the longest poem of the book, Paul Eluard tells us. Write it on paper, carve it in stone; spread its gospel on sea and land, in jungles and on mountain tops. Speak it, write it, sing it, live it, fight for it.

*And by the might of one word
I start my life over again
I was born to know you
and call you by your name*

PEACE

"Let us raise our voices," writes Linus Pauling, raise them "with Walter Lowenfels and Anton Refregier, in a song of peace that will be heard around the world! We know—we artists and poets, mechanics, physicists, chemists, biologists, farmers, cattlemen, preparers of food, physicians, philosophers, priests, rabbis, preachers, politicians, mothers—we all know that we are not going to find death in nuclear war and radio-activity; we know that we, the people of the whole world, shall succeed in our struggle for peace, for justice, for happiness, for rationality. Let us sing for peace—and work for peace!"

Landmark in Russian Thought

A Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow, by Aleksander N. Radishchev. Translated by Leo Weiner and edited by R. P. Thaler. Harvard University Press. 1958. 279 pages. \$6.00.

THIS is the first English edition of a book that had a profound influence on liberal thought in Tsarist Russia. *The Journey* appeared in 1790 and was immediately burned. The author was first sentenced to death but was later exiled to Siberia. The book was never again published until after the 1905 revolution.

Catherine II read the book with horror. The lengthy notations on the copy she read are reprinted in this scholarly edition and give an interesting insight into the effect of the French Revolution upon a monarch who up until 1789 had considered herself a leader of the 18th century Enlightenment.

Pushkin said he would be remembered "because following in the steps of Radishchev, I sang the praises of liberty." All the early 19th century progressive writers in Russia joined Pushkin in admiration for Radishchev.

One of the first attacks upon serfdom, it has been called the Russian *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Radishchev also spoke out in his book for freedom of the press, religious toleration and public jury trials.

There is a long and helpful introduction, giving Radishchev's life, the political atmosphere of Russia when his book was published, and its influence on later intellectuals.

Students of Russia will be grateful to Harvard University Press for making this landmark in Russian thought available for the first time in English and in such a handsome example of book making.

M. Y.

Going to the Soviet Theater

a review by MURRAY YOUNG

Broadway USSR, by Faubion Bowers.
Thomas Nelson & Sons. New York.
1959. 215 pages. \$5.00.

MR. BOWERS spent three industrious months in the Soviet Union during the fall of 1957 going to the theater, talking to actors, dancers, directors, musicians and to ordinary Soviet citizens who make up the vast audiences of serious, devoted theater-goers.

The author of three important books on the theater in Asia, Mr. Bowers brought to his theater going a working knowledge of the language and a scholarly understanding of the theater in many parts of the world.

Fortunately Mr. Bowers has no particular "theories" about the Soviet theater. For the most part he is content to record what he saw and to make assessments on a purely personal basis. Frankly stating the limits of his taste and his frequent bewilderment at many theater practices in the USSR, his book nevertheless provides many interesting observations and much useful information.

Mr. Bowers has much that is critical to say about what he feels are the real drawbacks of a state-operated theater; at the same time he stresses the impressive qualities it also makes possible. He was especially impressed by the constant production not only of Russian classics but by the production as well of the classic dramas of almost every country in the world. The scrupulous efforts to present these plays in terms of the period in which they were written he found one of the most surprising and impressive facts about the theater. At the same time he felt that there was generally too much rigidity, too little inventiveness in much that he saw.

Recalling the vigorously experimental Soviet theater of the 20's and 30's, Mr. Bowers believes that the years since with their concentration on the older theatrical methods and forms has produced a kind of perfection that is wonderful to see at first but which in time became for him, at least, monotonous and stultifying. Nevertheless he points out that the high professional skill and great authority this concentration has given the Soviet theater is unmatched in the world. Those who saw the Bolshoy Ballet on its tour would agree.

Mr. Bowers found his opinion changing constantly as his experience of the Soviet theater broadened and his contacts with theatrical people became more widespread. This shifting and changing of his opinions was of course inseparable from his increasing experience of what he considers the bewildering phenomena of Soviet life. "Theater anywhere," he writes, "closely reflects the national life of a people in one way or another. This is a fact even under the involvements and pressures of a country like the USSR."

Cautious in the conclusions he draws, he ends his book by saying, "To the foreigner in Russia, a far clearer picture of Russian life, ways of thinking and inner problems emerges from a study of entertainments than from an inquiring into politics—by meeting artists and talking about theater rather than by interviewing officials."

However true this may be, the really important contribution of *Broadway USSR* arises from Mr. Bowers' ability to convey to the reader the excitement, delight, awe and frequent puzzlement he experienced as an avid theater goer during the fall of 1957 in many cities of the USSR.

"People's Capitalism"

People's Capitalism: Stock Ownership and Production, by J. M. Budish in collaboration with Labor Research Association. International Publishers. New York. 1958. 64 pages. 50 cents.

IN this very illuminating booklet Mr. Budish effectively exposes the myth that contemporary American capitalism has by some strange metamorphosis transformed itself into a "people's capitalism." Tracing the history of this illusion, he shows that it was deliberately fostered by the advertising industry in collaboration with certain segments of big business for the purpose of selling capitalism to the world.

Mr. Budish discusses in detail the two main arguments advanced by the purveyors of "people's capitalism." The first, claiming widespread ownership of industry by the people, gives the impression that most Americans participate in the ownership and operation of the corporations. This, Mr. Budish decisively refutes by citing numerous government and private studies which show that "the ownership and control" of American industry lies in the hands of a small minority which represents "less than one-fifth of 1 per cent of the total adult population of the United States."

The second—and more sophisticated—argument, while admitting that the participation of the American people in industry is minimal, claims that the distinctive feature of U.S. capitalism lies in its ability to grow at an accelerated rate and, therefore, to raise the living standards of all. This rise in the standard of living is supposed to be the essence of "people's capitalism."

Relying essentially on government data, Mr. Budish disproves this thesis by demonstrating that (1) today's rate of growth is considerably below that of former years, and (2) the rate of growth

of the U.S. economy is much slower than of the Soviet Union.

Mr. Budish concludes by stating that "the package misleadingly labeled People's Capitalism is proved to be nothing but the advanced stage of monopoly capitalism."

This is a scholarly, well-written booklet and all people interested in current economic developments should read it.

ED SEARS

ANNOUNCEMENT

Murray Young, Managing Editor of NWR, just returned from a tour of the USSR, is available for talks on his trip. For arrangements call: CHelsea 3-0666.

A New Novel By Constantin Simonov

Constantin Simonov, one of the foremost Soviet novelist, has just produced a novel, "*The Living and the Dead*," dealing with World War II. The first installment was published in *Znamya* (The Banner), for April 1959. The remainder of the work will appear in the second half of this year.

The story begins with the Hitler attack in June 1941 and describes this frightful period of the war in the Soviet Union with utmost candor.

Judging by this first part of the work, the book promises to rank with the best in Russian literature. Simonov is a master craftsman, his characterization and style are of a high order.

A. A. H.

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