

Sol's contemporaries of the '29 class became cynical and turned not only against poetry but against the working class movement. Funaroff remained devoted to both. He retained his faith that "The transition from the eclectic art of coteries and private enterprise, represented by the little magazines and the egocentric figure of the bohemian outcast, to an art serving the public need and represented by the artist of the republic will be resolved."

**R**ETAINING this faith, he must nevertheless have felt pretty much alone in the last year of his life, his health declining, his finances hardly sufficient for a square meal many a day, his various cooperative-publishing projects for poetry bashed in by indifference. And it is this which points accusingly. It points to the fact that in our society literature still retains the essential features of a business in which the writer is esteemed as a creator

of profits. But that is an old story. What I for one feel is a sense of accusation, and just accusation, against those of us writers who, despite our progressive intentions, have failed to band together against the brutal indifference and calculating competitiveness that may overwhelm a sensitive, reticent, commercially "unsuccessful" writer like Sol Funaroff. There is no cause for bitterness, and Sol was not bitter. But the fact is—and he knew it and therefore worked so hard for others—that unless writers become a lot more conscious of their responsibility to other writers, the tragedy of unfulfilled and inadequately appreciated talent will be repeated again and again. Particularly is this true on the left, where so many writers are penalized by the Dies mentality, unfortunately mirrored in however changed a form by too many reviewers and publishers.

Sol Funaroff was at work on a Stalingrad

poem during his last days. It is a poem that might have been completed with the right sort of help and the right sort of encouragement. But the big problem for this young man with a heart that was failing was not only to find a way of writing about the war against fascism, in which the meaning of his life was wrapped, but to find the medical care that would keep him alive. At the sanitarium he was rejected because he was "too ill." And at the hospital he was rejected because he was "not ill enough." It is maddening to think of him wandering between these precise alternatives, losing strength with every step.

Heine asked that not a wreath but a sword should be placed on his tomb, for he was a soldier in the liberation war of mankind. For Sol Funaroff a sword, in memory of his courage and devotion, a pledge that we shall carry on his fight for that better and more beautiful life to which his art was dedicated.

## Poems by Sol Funaroff

*The poems below are from Sol Funaroff's book "The Spider and the Clock," issued by International Publishers.*

### Thinking Upon a Time When We Are Dead and the Earth is Cold

Voices in the air and in the earth,  
the voices of men,  
workers, scientists, philosophers and poets,  
their life, work and thought,  
truths and beauties discovered, fought for,  
and built,  
for ourselves and for those after us,  
the voices of trees;  
voices that leaf by leaf gather volume;  
now the thunderclap of histories;  
and then the swirling of wind and the dust,  
rain and the seasons;  
and the brown leaves, like letters, vanish in  
the snow.

We shook our fists at the sun.  
We dug our heels into the mountains.

### Workman, Workman

Workman, workman,  
idling in the park on Sunday,  
idle hands amused with idle toil.  
On the blue lake clouds are floating;  
you are musing, you are dreaming  
and the world's at rest and peaceful.

Boats of bark in muddy eddies  
drift along the lake shore  
and your restless hands pulse

with the throb of motors,  
as you gaze upon the rowers and whistle a  
tune.

The landscape moves around the lake,  
the sun spots the lake with silver,  
swanboats glide in a pool of glass,  
oars dip and rise, jeweled with water.

Happy in the sunlit air,  
a freed people rest from labor.  
Sounds of laughter, voices singing,  
mingle with the summer breezes  
and the murmuring of leaves and lovers.

But your idle hands are restless;  
whittling bark from rotted branches,  
you fashion ships and ends from driftwood.

Workman, workman,  
idling in the park on Sunday,  
you are musing, you are dreaming  
and the world's at rest and peaceful  
in a world's unrest and terror.

### From "Dusk of the Gods"

Of my deep hunger  
great dreams grew,  
and I made of my ideal  
my bread.

I stopped my tears  
and god's wells ran dry,  
of my disbelief  
a desert bloomed.

I made of the truth  
my sword of need,  
I made of my anger  
a battlefield;

and in my need  
I knew no fear:  
I swung my hammer,  
their structures fell.

I stopped my labor,  
machines were still,  
and I made of their laws  
a broken staff.

I drove the lender  
from the land.  
I gave the tiller  
back his soil.  
I gave the toiler  
back his toil.

My field of war  
was a growing field  
where all my victories  
were sown,  
and I made of my joy  
a harvest's yield.  
My joy, it rose,  
a new found land.

### From "The Bellbuoy"

I am that exile  
from a future time,  
from shores of freedom  
I may never know,  
who hears, sounding in the surf,  
tidings from the lips of waves  
that meet and kiss  
in submarine gardens  
of a new Atlantis  
where gold-colored fishes  
paint the green gloom.

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## BOOKS IN REVIEW

### Hemingway Chooses

MEN AT WAR. Edited with an introduction by Ernest Hemingway. Crown. \$3.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY has collected a 1,072 page anthology that comprises some of the best war stories that have ever been written. Ranging chronologically from Caesar's *Commentaries* through an Associated Press correspondent's account of the Battle of Midway, *Men at War* attempts to bring within the compass of a single volume representative writing—fiction and non-fiction—that relates to its central theme: the thoughts, the physical experiences, and the emotional reactions of men at war, the nature and employment of weapons of destruction and tactical maneuver throughout recorded time.

In this long and fascinating volume you will find Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* reprinted in full; you will find excerpts from Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, from Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, from the works of Sir Thomas Malory, Xenophon, Lawrence Stallings, The Bible, Jean de Joinville, Livy, T. E. Lawrence, Alden Brooks, Guy de Maupassant, Stendhal, Dorothy Parker, and Virgil. Straight reporting and fiction narrative, personal documentation and historical research—all are collected and (more or less) arbitrarily arranged under various rubrics taken from von Clausewitz: "War is part of the intercourse of the human race"; "War is the province of danger . . ."; "War is the province of physical exertion and suffering," etc.

It is only to be expected that any literate reader, leafing through the anthology and rating his own selections, would disagree with many of Mr. Hemingway's inclusions and wonder about his omissions. Taste plays a part here; but more importantly, historical perspective as well. There are relatively few accounts of danger, suffering, historical fact, or personal experience that one would have excluded on the grounds of triviality; but there are many, many omissions that are difficult to understand.

It is possible to wonder why, in a volume that ranges the very present moment as well as classical expressions of humanity at war, there is not included so much as a single example of Soviet writing—about the revolution, the civil war, the war of intervention, or the present gigantic conflict. Under the names of Sholokhov, Ehrenbourg, Fadaev, Petrov, Avdyenko, Polyakov, A. Tolstoy, or Kataeyev, Hemingway might have found many pieces of genuine literature on his subject.

You will not find a single example of Henri Barbusse's work. (Hemingway feels *Under Fire* cannot stand up these days and describes it as "screaming.") You will find none of the magnificent sketches published in 1918 by Andreas Latzko under the similar title, *Men in War*. You will find no example of the lasting work of Remarque, Arnold

Zweig, Thomas Boyd, John Reed, Malraux (Hemingway has "come to doubt his accuracy"), Ludwig Renn or T'ien Chun; or any description of the French Revolution or the Paris Commune (both Marx and Lenin wrote pretty well about this last).

It is strange to find the Spanish people's war of national liberation represented by two poor short stories (one by Hemingway, one by Dorothy Parker), a section from *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (El Sordo's hilltop battle, a section which is, incidentally, viciously slanderous in spots), and a brief piece about the battle of Guadalajara by a non-political American pilot, F. G. Tinker, Jr. Certainly it would have been possible to find something viable (that would incidentally have stated the issues of that conflict) in the works of such disparate political and creative writers as Malraux, Blankfort, Jose Bergamin, Constanca de la Mora, Elliot Paul—and especially in *The Book of the XVth Brigade* and the various language editions of *Volunteer for Liberty* that contain rank-and-file writing that will live as long as copies are to be found on anybody's shelves.

But if Mr. Hemingway's omissions are open to serious question, his introduction to the collection is positively hair-raising. In criticizing some of Tolstoy's admittedly curious political ideas, Hemingway says, "I learned from him to distrust my own Thinking with a capital T and to try to write as truly, as straightly, as objectively, and as humbly as possible." If this is true—and one might readily argue the validity of a writer's trying not to think—one wonders how Hemingway can blandly tell us that:

"This war is only a continuation of the last war. . . ."

"France was not beaten in 1940. France was beaten in 1917. . . ."

"Once a nation has entered into a policy of foreign wars, there is no withdrawing. If you do not go to them, then they will come to you. It was April 1917 that ended our isolation—it was not Pearl Harbor."

These are both dangerous and misleading statements, for Hemingway is here not really engaged in political Thinking (with a capital T) but in sloppy and figurative double-talk. For he knows as well as anybody else that this war is *not* a continuation of the last (and strictly imperialistic) war; he knows

