

JULY
1950

Classes



MAINSTREAM

this Issue:

Gene Dennis

Howard Fast

John Josephson

H. Lawson

Albert Maltz

George Marshall

Carl Marzani

Osalee McGee

Villie McGee

Alton Trumbo

also

political
prisoners
issue

Abner Berry, Alice Citron, Shirley Graham, Samuel Sillen

For July 4, 1950 . . .

REFLECTIONS

by PHILIP FRENEAU

Left to himself, wherever man is found,
In peace he aims to walk life's little round;
In peace to sail, in peace to till the soil,
Nor force false grandeur from a brother's toil.
All but the base, designing, scheming few,
Who seize on nations with a robber's view,
With crowns and scepters awe his dazzled eye,
And priests that hold the artillery of the sky;
These, these, with armies, navies, potent grown,
Impoverish man and bid the nations groan.
These with pretended balances of states
Keep worlds at variance, breed eternal hates,
Make man the poor base slave of low design,
Degrade his nature to its last decline,
Shed hell's worst blots on his exalted race,
And make them poor and mean, to make them base.

Shall views like these assail our happy land,
Where embryo monarchs thirst for wide command,
Shall a whole nation's strength and fair renown
Be sacrific'd, to prop a tottering throne,
That, ages past, the world's great curse has stood,
Has throve on plunder, and been fed on blood?—
Americans! will you control such views?
Speak—for you must—you have no hour to lose.

masses & MAINSTREAM

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July, 1950

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SHIRLEY GRAHAM has recently been awarded two literary prizes by the National Institute of Arts and Letters and by the Anisfield-Wolf Award Committee.

LEON JOSEPHSON, who was an attorney in the Mooney and Gastonia cases, was sentenced for contempt of Congress and served a one year term in 1948. Earlier, in 1935, he was a political prisoner in Denmark as a consequence of having assisted the underground in Nazi Germany.

The four woodcuts in this issue are by artists who are members of the American Graphic Workshop. The woodcuts were done for the Civil Rights Congress in connection with a forthcoming portfolio.

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OUR TIME by Samuel Sillen

Their Fighting Spirit
Strength from the Past
Money on the Line

Their Fighting Spirit

ON WEDNESDAY, June 7, we saw Howard Fast off to jail. On Friday, June 9, we saw John Howard Lawson off to jail. In one week two contributing editors of this magazine—torn from their families, from their writing desks, from their work for peace. And with them Dr. Barsky and Dalton Trumbo, Lyman Bradley and Charlotte Stern, and seven others. And before them Eugene Dennis, George Marshall, Carl Marzani, Leon Josephson. . . .

And to follow?

To follow are many hundreds, many thousands of Americans who want peace and hate fascism, unless we can quickly arouse the people to defend the Constitution. The government itself has left no doubt as to the meaning of these mass imprisonments. Nobody in his right senses can have any illusion that this marks the end. The capitalist rulers of this country have a program that is irrational, and so they must silence the voices of reason. They are leading the country to destruction, and so they must bludgeon every citizen who wants to save the country. They do not enjoy the confidence of the people, and so they must terrorize the people and poison them with the anti-Communist lies of Hitler.

There is no easy turn from the road to fascism on which the rulers are driving the country. If the partisans of peace are to be free, then the people must be moved to act against the policy of war. If the lovers of liberty are to be free, then the people must be awakened to the reality of rule by a Gestapo. At the same time we need to understand that these mass imprisonments for political beliefs are opening men's eyes. These monstrous actions of the bi-partisan government can

be turned into an educative force. The President and his court have joined the Un-American Committee in teaching us that it can happen here. It is not too late to turn that lesson into a people's weapon to stop fascism.

We used to read with horror, and perhaps at first with disbelief, the reports of mass jailings in Germany of world-honored scientists, writers, leaders of the working class. We could not understand how a people allowed its heart and brain to be shattered by a regime that was clearly sending the country to destruction. And many of us silently pledged that never would we betray our country to fascism, never would we, whatever the personal cost, yield to those who might one day seek to murder the heritage, the honor, the security of our beloved America.

We are proud of those who are today in prison because they are keeping this unspoken pledge. What did those miserable employers of Parnell Thomas and Budenz think? Did they think that a Dr. Barsky who fought fascism in Spain would kowtow to fascism in his own country? Did they think that a Howard Fast whose novels celebrate the fighting patriotism of Washington, Paine, Altgeld, and the indomitable courage of the Negro people, would surrender to their tyrannies? Did they think that a John Howard Lawson who was arrested for protesting the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti would fear arrest when he saw his country threatened with execution?

Perhaps not even those lords of Wall Street and Washington who know little enough of principle, loyalty, courage—not even they could have expected that. But they do expect that others will be frightened. They do expect that with every anti-fascist in jail ten others will be silenced. And it is true that many Americans are frightened. But the reverse is also true and in the end more profoundly true. For every one of these prisoners there will be many who will find in themselves a store of wrath and resolve. We shall all work harder, and there will be many more of us. For not only are we proud of these men and women; we are inspired by their example.

It is in a fighting spirit that the political prisoners have contributed to this issue of *M&M*. Their words should pierce the conscience of America. They arouse new understanding and new courage. We call on our readers to strengthen their efforts to secure the immediate release of these victims of Un-American injustice. Let the President know how

angry thoughtful Americans are, how concerned about the meaning of these imprisonments. Let the President know that America is not free so long as these men and women are not free.

Strength from the Past

FURTHER notes on the tradition of our magazine. . . . The first great test of *The Masses* came in 1917, six years after its founding. With America's entrance

into the imperialist war, a number of liberal intellectuals associated with the magazine ran for cover. The weak-kneed were crisply described by the magazine's favorite artist, Art Young, who said: "To justify themselves for going to bed with the magnates of Wall Street, the munitions makers and the statesmen who eat blood-pudding for breakfast, these book-fed Socialists predict that the cause of democracy will advance as a result of this war of capitalists." John Spargo, William English Walling and other Social-Democrats denounced the magazine for "supporting the kaiser." The *New Republic* proclaimed that this was a holy war which the intellectuals had *willed*, while the newspapers reported that "The market . . . turned upward with a rush, advances ranging from 1 to 10 points amid a whirl of patriotic enthusiasm." Of the Phil Murray of 1917, John Reed observed: "Mr. Gompers is seeing it through, and we are beginning to see through Mr. Gompers." And the *Wall Street Journal* defined the democratic aims of the war which the *New Republic* was fighting: "We are now at war, and militant pacifists are earnestly reminded that there is no shortage of hemp or lamp-posts."

Of the writers who remained with the magazine during this period it is instructive to compare two opposites, Max Eastman and John Reed. Eastman, whose progress in political degeneracy was rapid, spoke of the war in terms of "men's hereditary instinctive reactions," a mystical concept just a little less stupid than his argument that "the main driving power towards international federation is international capital. . . . We ought to support and encourage the capitalistic governments in their new motion toward internationalism, because they will get there before we will." Such slippery appeals for support of imperialist reaction were typical of Eastman's politics.

Reed, on the other hand, like Randolph Bourne and Art Young,

spoke out clearly and forthrightly: "Whose war is this? Not mine. I know that hundreds of thousands of American working men employed by our great financial 'patriots' are not paid a living wage. I have seen poor men sent to jail for long terms without trial, and even without any charge. Peaceful strikers and their wives and children have been shot to death, burned to death, by private detectives and militiamen. . . . These toilers don't want war—not even civil war. But the speculators, the employers, the plutocracy—they want it, just as they did in Germany and in England. . . ."

This position Reed and others continued to advance despite the brutal persecution of Wilson's war administration. In the early months of the war, *The Masses* was suppressed under the Espionage Act, even though, as Judge Learned Hand argued in a famous decision, the government was clearly acting in violation of the Bill of Rights. *The Masses* came to symbolize resolute opposition to a war which the American people soon had cause to regret.

The suppressed magazine was reorganized as *The Liberator* on Lincoln's Birthday, 1918. The name itself suggested a rededication to the ideals for which Garrison and the Abolitionists had fought in the face of similar abuse by reactionary administrations. Out of the war's blood and chaos was emerging the first socialist state, and John Reed, witnessing in Petrograd the ten days that shook the world, reported in the pages of *The Liberator* that the dream could be and indeed was a reality. "The real revolution has begun," was the opening sentence of a historic series he wrote from Russia. "For the first time in history the working class has seized the power of the state, for its own purposes—and means to keep it." While the *New York Times* and the pro-war intellectuals denounced the "Russian betrayal" at Brest-Litovsk (the Soviet Union has been betraying the *Times* for thirty-three years), *The Liberator* campaigned for recognition of the U.S.S.R., from which Lincoln Steffens was to report: "I have seen the future, and it works!"

Money on the Line

THE Truman Administration is shelling out millions of taxpayers' dollars to *Reader's Digest*, *Time*, the Motion Picture Export Association and other "informational media" for operations earmarked Western Germany. The fat

handouts are made by the Economic Cooperation Administration. They are the cash tokens of that "spiritual mission" which is the Truman-Dulles label for renazification and war propaganda.

We are indebted to the *Congressional Record* for some interesting facts about this informational deal. The figures show that the bigger the publishing or film monopoly, the bigger the subsidy given by E.C.A. It follows that the size of the funds, officially called "guaranties," is in direct proportion to the reactionary content.

Applications for "guaranties" as of January 31 totaled over ten million dollars. Topping all magazine corporations is Henry Luce's Time, Inc., which up to the end of last year received a total of \$343,800. Second in the magazine field is The Reader's Digest Association, Inc., which has last year netted a quarter of a million.

The total layout as of last December was as follows: magazine projects, \$753,765; book projects, \$692,047; motion picture projects, \$1,163,539; newspapers and news agencies, \$213,940.

This year the stakes have been jacked up considerably. Book publishers are in on the deal, though so far most of them have collected peanuts as compared to the mass-circulation magazines. Knopf has received \$9,000; Viking, \$16,500; Harper & Bros. \$28,000. Pocket Books with \$100,000 has done better by itself, though it did not match the New York *Herald-Tribune's* subsidy of \$160,000 for circulation of its European edition in Germany.

The official explanation for the fact that 90 per cent of all projects are in Western Germany is the "large demand for American informational media." But the real reason, of course, is the concentration of imperialist policy on the building up of a neo-Nazi bastion to "save democracy."

During the last war the fascist propagandists cooked up a neat little scheme in the Italian campaign. While some of their big guns fired dum-dum bullets at our men, others occasionally hurled packages of *Reader's Digest* issues containing anti-Soviet articles by W. L. White, Max Eastman and other "roving editors" of the magazine. Now it is Washington that is buying up copies of the magazine for free distribution. It's not the product that has changed, but the peddlers.

John Howard Lawson:

DEADLINE FOR WRITERS

IN ENGLAND in the year 1615, a boy twelve or thirteen years of age attended the sessions of the Star Chamber, which was engaged in prosecuting "subversive activity" in a manner which suggests that the enemies of the people have learned nothing during three centuries. There were no Communist parties in 1615, and there was no Soviet Union. But there was unemployment in England, and grinding poverty, especially in the rural districts.

The boy who attended the Star Chamber was a protégé of Edward Coke, who made the first systematic study of the Common Law. The boy had become adept at shorthand, and he made a record of the proceedings which was extremely useful to Coke. The boy's name was Roger Williams. Coke's daughter wrote long afterward: "This Roger Williams when he was a youth would, in shorthand, take sermons and speeches in the Star Chamber and present them to my dear father."

Among the cases which Williams may have reported was that of an elderly clergyman, Edward Peacham. A raid on the minister's home netted a sheaf of papers, found on the desk in his study, notes for a work in progress which included criticism of the king and questions concerning the authority of ecclesiastical courts. Peacham was over sixty; he was tortured in an attempt to obtain a confession. Coke attempted to intervene in his favor. But he was condemned to death in August, 1615, and he died in prison before the sentence was carried out.

One can imagine the boy, Roger Williams, at the trial, taking down each unctuous, pettifogging word, yet thinking hard thoughts, wondering that these truth-hating men could be invested with the power of life and death over other men. We can hope that there are today young people like Williams, observing the antic barbarities of Congressional Committees as he once observed barbarities of the Star Chamber. We can hope that there are many who are stirred to anger by the ignoble

spectacle, determined to make no compromise with the venal politicians who shame their country and betray the spirit of man.

Williams' memories of the Star Chamber may have been in part responsible for his fight against the loyalty oath in New England. He preferred exile to the servile oath of conformity which was demanded by the rulers of Massachusetts.

It is well to remember that the Star Chamber and the loyalty oath were urgent political issues in the first years of English colonial history, and that the first great creative spirit in our history stands in embattled opposition to these methods of thought control.

HARRY TRUMAN wears no gilded crown. But his advisers are as stupid, and as bitter in their hatred and fear of the people, as the councillors of the Stuart kings. We can understand the class interest which motivates the men of Washington and Wall Street.

It is somewhat more difficult to understand the attitude of those scholars, writers and artists who accept the illiterate premises of the witch-hunt. These intellectuals, who are so ready to betray their heritage, are obviously affected by class pressures.

Fortunately, there is a growing recognition on the part of intellectuals that "total diplomacy" involves the total subordination of culture to the requirements of the cold war. The Supreme Court's refusal to hear the cases involving the Un-American Committee has made it clear that the majority of the nine judges (including such intimate political and personal friends of Truman as Chief Justice Vinson, Tom Clark and Sherman Minton) have simply abrogated the Bill of Rights. In upholding the unlimited right of any committee of Congress to exercise powers of censorship which are clearly forbidden by the First Amendment, they have prepared the way for new "investigations" of science, education and the arts.

This means that the author of a play, or the actors and director and producer, can be called before the Committee on Un-American Activities to clear themselves of any "subversive" intention in writing and speaking certain lines. The composer of a song or the painter of a picture can be asked to explain the thoughts in his mind at the time the work was created. He can be forced to implicate his friends, to answer questions concerning conversations that may have been held concerning the song or the painting. He can be blacklisted and driven

from his profession without even the formality of a trial; he can be prosecuted and imprisoned if he fails to answer questions which no decent citizen would answer.

The "subversive" material may not be in the work itself. The individual may be convicted, as in the case of George Marshall, on the ground that he has engaged in the "silent diffusion of ideas."

The seriousness of the censorship danger is stressed in the recent statement by the Authors' League of America in regard to the case of the Hollywood Ten, which points out that the suppression of a writer's work "is not on the basis of the content or artistic or literary value of the work itself, but because of the personal associations, politics, and opinions of the writer. This is censorship gone wild."

Yes, it is censorship gone wild. But it is not an accidental aberration. The war-makers have gone wild, because their plans are being exposed. It is becoming increasingly evident that American capitalism seeks world domination, and that the present policies of the government of the United States constitute the sole threat to peace. President Truman makes empty speeches about peace and democracy and "liberty-loving nations" while he supports anti-democratic and fascist movements in every part of the world. Truman's phrase-mongering becomes more cynical and absurd as the real aims of his administration become more evident. The muzzles of guns tear the shoddy fabric of words.

The imprisonment of the Hollywood Ten indicates the extreme difficulty which Washington is meeting in carrying forward the cold war program. Washington's perplexities are good news for the people. But the only answer which the administration can find to its problems is the answer that was attempted by Hitler. Our case should arouse the American people to the fact that fascism is no longer something that *might* happen in the United States. It *is* happening; it is planned in Washington, and the plan is being carried into effect.

THERE are many cases of the persecution of writers in past history. But it is difficult to find historical examples of the mass imprisonment of writers, with the exception of the recent history of Germany and Japan. We are accustomed to compare the present attack on freedom of thought and association with other dark periods of American history: the Alien and Sedition Laws were passed in 1798 in an at-

tempt to betray all the achievements of the Revolution; books attacking slavery were banned and burned in the South in the years preceding the Civil War; after the first world war, persons possessing or distributing pamphlets that opposed an attack on the Soviet Union were given savage sentences.

Comparison with these earlier crises in our history does not convey the urgency of the present situation. We often speak of Thoreau and his colloquy with Emerson during his brief imprisonment for refusing to pay his taxes as a protest against the government of the slaveholders. The story stirs us: it expresses the highest responsibility of the writer or artist. Today history makes even sterner demands upon us. If we retreat or attempt to compromise with the enemies of the American people, we share their *guilt*.

I would rather be convicted by the cynical politicians who are appointed as judges in our courts, than be convicted before the bar of history for sharing in the betrayal of my country's honor and tradition. I would rather bear the physical indignity of imprisonment than the sacrifice of my right to think and write as I please.

We can either have a government that is at least to some extent responsive to the people's will, or we can conform, dumbly and blindly, to the standards of "Americanism" imposed by Truman, J. Parnell Thomas, Herbert Hoover and Joseph R. McCarthy. It is not an accident that I associate the name of the President of the United States with these other, and more discredited names. J. Parnell Thomas is in prison for defrauding the government, but the Supreme Court has just upheld the legal right of this confessed thief to sit in judgment on writers, and has confirmed the findings of his "investigation" of Hollywood.

Few men in public life are as unpopular with the mass of the people as Herbert Hoover. Yet the man who ordered the army to fire on the veterans at Anacostia Flats, who met the worst depression in our history with callous indifference, is now the "elder statesman" who exerts a large influence on American foreign policy. Senator McCarthy disgraces the Congress of the United States with his red-baiting fantasies, yet the administration accepts McCarthy's standards of "loyalty" and tries to prove that it can accomplish the same ends with less noise and publicity.

The administration bears the main responsibility for the witch

hunt. It inaugurated the loyalty oath for government employees; it prosecuted the leaders of the Communist Party; it unquestionably had a hand in the Supreme Court's refusal to hear the cases of those victimized by the Un-American Committee.

There are people who deplore "McCarthyism," but who are nonetheless ready to accept the suppression of "Communism" provided it is all done "legally" and with due regard for niceties of form. These same people are likely to argue that the Hollywood Ten were not prosecuted as writers, but solely on the technical ground that they refused to answer a question concerning political affiliation. This viewpoint ignores all the realities connected with the Congressional Committee's hearings and the subsequent trial, and places the case in an imaginary and abstract setting. It ignores the fact that we were called to Washington solely for an investigation of our activity as writers, that J. Parnell Thomas, then chairman of the committee, repeatedly stated that the purpose of the hearing was to establish censorship and to penalize persons of whom the committee disapproved, and that this result was actually accomplished. Formalism is as reactionary and corrupt when applied to politics and law, as in the field of literature and art.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., recently wrote an article in which he criticized "excesses" in the treatment of federal employees suspected of "disloyalty." At the same time, Schlesinger praised Supreme Court Justice Jackson for finding that the Communist Party is "different in fact" from other parties, and thus showing that "a constitutional case can be made for action against the Communist Party."

The judgment of history will not draw these consoling distinctions between McCarthy's demand for a police state and the Supreme Court's hypocritical methods of carrying out the demand. It will recognize that the demand does not originate in the hysteria of individuals, but in the policies of American capitalism. Men who violate their trust and betray their country's best traditions cannot avoid their share of guilt, whether they are scholars or politicians, writers or judges.

AS I WRITE these lines, the time grows shorter. This is true in a personal sense, for I go to prison in forty-eight hours. But it is also true for us all.

I have often written under the pressure of a deadline. But it has been a curious sensation, during the past weeks, to work with feverish concentration on the revision of my book on American History, with the knowledge that I cannot read the proofs or perform the usual tasks connected with publication.*

I have thought of Roger Williams and his denunciation of "the bloody tenet of persecution for cause of conscience." I have thought of the many others, in the United States and in other lands, who have written and spoken in defense of the free conscience—and in so doing have enlarged the horizons of human knowledge.

I have also thought a good deal about *Masses & Mainstream*, and the signal service that it is rendering to the American people and the cause of peace. I hope I shall be able to receive the magazine; it will be an inspiration to me as it is to all its readers.

In a sense, this is a deadline for all of us. If some voices are temporarily silenced, others must speak more boldly and clearly.

Last February, in a public meeting held in New York City under the auspices of M & M, Mr. V. J. Jerome delivered a paper on "The Negro in Hollywood Films." We are happy to call to the attention of our readers the fact that this paper, in further elaborated form, appears in the June, 1950, issue of *Political Affairs*.—
The Editors.

* Mr. Lawson's book, *The Hidden Heritage*, will be published this fall by Citadel Press.—Ed.

Dalton Trumbo:

POEMS ON PARTING

FOR NIKOLA, ELEVEN

Your great-great-grandfather was a proprietor of human beings:
He knew damned well that slaves could never be citizens,
And the Supreme Court, in rich judicial prose,
Agreed with him in the case of a man named Dred Scott.

Your great-great-grandfather oiled his gun, put on a gray uniform,
Mounted his horse, and rode with the armies of the Confederacy.
And with him rode the majority decision of the Supreme Court,
And when he was killed the Court's decision died with him.

He cherished a handful of judges more than the Constitution.
The honorable justices were snugly a-bed the night he died,
Not one of them stirred in his slumber, and no one ever asked
How it chanced that Court was defended exclusively by traitors.

From this your father concludes that if he must draw the gun,
It will not defend a Court in which the mere accident of death
Reverses the conscience of mankind—but rather the Constitution,
Which changes only by majority decision of the whole people.

FOR CHRISTOPHER, NINE

"Sing me a song," said my dreaming son,
"Of the heroes I shall meet;
Of the chivalrous and the clean of heart
Who shall guide my searching feet."

*Morgan and Truman and Johnson, I sang,
High Commissioner John J. McCloy
Of Cravath, deGersdorff, Swaine and Wood—
Heroes a-plenty for one little boy.*

"Sing me a song," said my dreaming son,
"Of the wise men I shall trust;
Of Ulysses and Merlin and brave Roland
And Lancelot pure of lust."

*General Draper of Dillon and Read,
Batton, Barton, Durstine and Fish,
J. Walter Thompson, Pierce, Fenner and Beane—
How many more, little son, could you wish?*

"Sing me a song," said my dreaming son,

"Of the brave days you have known;
And how it shall be for a boy like me
When the miracle comes—and I'm grown."

*American Cyanamid, Winchester Arms,
Remington Rand and Dow and du Pont;
Atlas, Monsanto, American Casket—
What more, little son, could a little boy want?*

FOR MELISSA

(too young to understand)

Not many people know of it
And not many people care—
But the sea is a place where the seamen shoe
The hooves of the wild sea mare.

Not many people have seen it,
Nor caught the faintest gleam
Of the ice green cave in the deep green sea
In the heart of the cold sea stream,
Where the sea mare hides her young sea colt
Wrapped in a shy sea dream.

But practically all of the people know
And can absolutely say
That the foam on the sea is a sign that you see
The mare and her colt at play:
That the sound of the sea on a sea-storm night
Is the sound of an ancient sea-borne fright,
When the waves from the caves of the sea turn wild
And the sea mare neighs to her lost sea child.

FOR A CONVICT'S WIFE

I.

Missourians are proud of their children.
They cherish the strength of their sons
And the innocence of their daughters.
They raise them up in places with solid-sounding names
Like Jerico Springs and Independence and Wappapello,
And even Kansas City.

Open then your heart to a Kansas City child,
Conceived in love, delivered in pain,
Arrived with knotted fist and lips already taking suck,
Bathed and beribboned, turning, sitting, standing,
Learning to walk, to talk, to spoon her mush,
Marching proudly to school in prim short skirts,
Brooding the awkward urgent childhood myth,
Nubile at last, and tenderly concerned with tears,
Dreaming and dreamed about, seeking and sought for,
Wishing on stars through warm Missouri nights . . .

Christ in Heaven what happened?
What led her down this hall
Into this stale and stabled room
Where the sheets are changed every half-hour
And the clean towels hung and the money paid?

No one knows what happened. She never said.
Perhaps she was just no good, or had no character.
But whatever it was, she gave far more than she received.
There were no thanks, no boutonnieres, no autographs,
Not even a polite little bread-and-butter note
To affirm that this abused Missouri child
Had moved like a goddess through the realm of history.

For out of her weary, ravaged, violated flesh
And the flesh of all her wounded sisterhood
They pressed enough cash to elect a county judge,
And then a senator, and then—and then—

He didn't know!

No?

He thought it came from gambling joints

Or bootleg whisky or insurance frauds.

Oh?

He thought it came from bookies, from the numbers game,

Or even from the ministerial association.

So?

Listen, my dear, to what the speaker says:

We are going to re-create the whole wide world

In the image of this smiling, innocent, unknowing man.

II.

The sentries have no peace in Gaul

Nor Bayern nor Ostmark nor in Tuscany

Nor on the hill of Pericles.

The night-watch turns upon silent signals,

To the stuttering spark of unseen beacon-fires.

There is the feel of static in this air,

Of dryness and the wind-faint smell of smoke,

Of stillness and the approach of thunder,

Of lightning hid in the stormy heart

Of every lonely garrison town

Up-thrust in the western march,

Marooned beside the western sea.

When even a rabbit stirs in the border hedge,

Or a nesting robin chides her chirping brood,

Or when a wanderer in search of food or love

Scuffles unwary foot against the shadowed road,

The sentries clatter onto their parapets

To bellow across the startled field of night

The ancient challenge of the conqueror:

Then listen with their faces into the wind

For Caesar's voice in the flat American tongue.

The sentries sigh with relief.
They open the gates to clanking steel.
They return to fitful reveries . . .

It wasn't the people after all.
It was only the new master of the house.
There still is left a little time
To feast on roasted carcasses and cream.
The alarm was false, the people sleep—
Or do they? Do they sleep, the bastards?
Is the master safe, is the sentry safe,
Is anyone safe in this most un-American continent
Now fatally infected with revolt?

III.

The judges will never believe
That no machine has been devised
Which can test thought or control it
Or force it to reveal itself
Or change it or bend it or hurt it
Or catch it or burn it or kill it.

The judges will never understand
That to imprison thought
Is to imprison air
Which is always free
Which ranges the world
Producing its most extreme turbulence
Whenever it is compressed beyond its requirements.

Each creature lives according to his need:
The swine approves all swill, once poured,
The judge approves all law, once verified:
There is no mixture festered enough
To drive either from his place at the trough.

And if tomorrow the Senate passed a law
 That pregnant females holding dangerous beliefs
 Should be split in half and roasted over coals
 Upon the altar of some clear and present danger,
 There would be no lack of learned jurists
 To enforce the law and pronounce its execution.

History has never been short-handed of such men
 Nor of their less courageous kind who turn away,
 Hoping with high silk hats to conceal their asses' ears.

The honorable little justice pads each day to work
 In vici-kid boots. (He is proud, but his feet hurt.)
 And there, black-robed as any monk, he sits
 In the classic splendor of a pagan shrine
 And practices the Delphic art of prophecy:
 Averts the cheek, twinkles the eye, makes little riddles,
 Sonorously declares: "I don't approve nor disapprove,
 I make no ruling, take no cognizance, and do not hear.
 I pronounce myself vapor and expect to be paid for this opinion."

He writes notes to complaining friends
 Saying, I don't always answer such letters, but—
 Saying, You do not understand, yet rest assured—
 Saying, The complexities of law, to a layman—

Then the honorable little justice pads home again:
 This is what he has been hired to do and he has done it.
 He likes the work.

IV.

Each man owes his country
 At least a little time in jail,
 So it cannot be a matter of surprise
 That I arrive at last before these gates
 Which have closed so many times on better men,
 And daily close upon my brothers.

I came this way not too willingly
And not very bravely,
Choosing it only above the more difficult path
Of repudiating every hope
That lay most easily upon my conscience.

Say then but this of me:
Preferring not to crawl on his knees
In freedom to a bowl of buttered slops
Set out for him by some contemptuous clown,
He walked to jail on his feet.

V.

There is something strange in this cell.
The air in this place turns agitated.
The foundation walls carry distant tremors
And we are suddenly engulfed in sounds.

Do you feel them, my dear?
Do you hear this enormous tumult?
Did you hear that great shout from the throat of Asia?
Can you hear the howled obscenities of the last slaver
Riveting handcuffs and judicial decrees
That will never fit the clean black fist of Africa?
Do you hear the uneasy murmur of the Americas saying

Is this what you meant?
Were these the promises?
Can you build a jail that big?

Lift your clear eyes from this place, my dear:
Can you see them there,
Moving in light above the great horizon's arch,
All the lovely generations,
Bathed in the dew of morning,
Fresh with the touch of kisses,
Proud in brotherhood and sisterhood,

Free at last of all but each other,
And singing?
Can you see them, the people of earth, as they work?

VI.

For a moment we were frightened.
For an instant we stood alone.
For a time the darkness descended
And perhaps we were afraid.

But here in this warm and friendly light,
Among these hearty peoples of our own,
In this kaleidoscope of color and of tongues,
We stand together as always we have stood,
Your gentle hand in mine, and mine in yours.

And being now together while apart,
Never again shall we be separate.
And a year will make no difference,
And a thousand years will make no difference,
And never seeing each other again will make no difference,
And dying will make no difference.

For as friends and lovers and equals
We have sealed our treaty against the past:
We have drunk wild sacramental wine
And our children rise from the earth like flowers
Lifting their faces for tomorrow's sun.

WE HAVE KEPT FAITH

NOW that the Board of Directors of the Joint Anti-fascist Refugee Committee have finally been committed to prison, it becomes most pertinent to review the events of the past four years which have led to this mass jailing. Not only have these facts a peculiar historical meaning for the times in which we live, but it is urgently necessary to state and restate the truth. For the monopoly press of America is wholly devoted to obscuring the truth, a devotion matched only by its vicious and unprincipled propaganda for war. Nor are these two matters unconnected, as you will see.

This case history begins shortly after the end of the war, when the Joint Anti-fascist Refugee Committee invited the late Harold J. Laski to be its guest speaker at a Madison Square Garden meeting. Speaking of Franco Spain, Mr. Laski made certain statements concerning the Vatican and its role during the Spanish War. As a result of this speech, the Catholic hierarchy in New York City brought pressure to bear on the House Committee on Un-American Activities—which pressure resulted in the subpoenaing of the Board of Directors of the Joint Anti-fascist Refugee Committee.

We were instructed to appear before the Un-American Committee with our books and records, and particularly with two lists. One was a list of Republican Spaniards to whom we had dispensed help, many of whom were then back in Spain and a part of the Spanish underground; the second was a list of some thirty-thousand Americans, who at one time or another had contributed to our work.

This was a request with which we could not comply. We had every reason to believe—from the former record of the Un-American Committee, from its composition, including thieves and racists, and from its general attitude toward decent people—that one of these lists would speedily find its way to Franco and that the other would be put at the

disposal of the Justice Department's secret police, not to mention the Un-American Committee itself. We held that American citizens could not be forced to become hangmen and informers, and therefore we were cited for contempt of Congress, and in time brought to trial in the Federal Court of the District of Columbia.

Our trial lasted three weeks. We were tried on two counts, contempt and conspiracy to commit contempt. As the trial progressed, the conspiracy count became so patently ridiculous and so obviously a frame-up, that the judge threw it out. But in spite of the fact that no evidence could be brought to show that we had been guilty of anything more than a profoundly logical contempt for a committee which has done more than any other body in our government to disgrace and defile our land, we were found guilty. We were not allowed to present to the jury any facts concerning our work, or the situation of the Spanish Republicans, or even the implications of the subpoenas served upon us. The jury, which found us guilty in forty-five minutes after a three week trial—a Washington pattern, by the way—could have learned about our case only from reading the papers.

Once we were found guilty, an even stranger factor emerged; for when we were brought before the judge to be sentenced, we were asked whether any of us desired to "purge"—that is, to express willingness to comply with the desires of the Un-American Committee.

Eleven of the sixteen members originally concerned refused to change their position in any way. The five who "purged" resigned from our board and were released. The eleven of us who remained were taken into custody and then released on bail, pending appeal before the higher reviewing courts.

On March 18, 1948, the United States Court of Appeals handed down its two-to-one decision, affirming the conviction. But Justice Edgerton, dissenting, stated clearly and unequivocally: "In my opinion the House Committee's investigation abridges freedom of speech and inflicts punishment without trial; and the statute appellants are convicted of violating provides no ascertainable standard of guilt. It follows that the conviction should be reversed on Constitutional grounds."

Even though the cold war had been in process for a number of years by now, the facts in our case were so obviously clear, the conviction so baldly unjust, that the Supreme Court—to whom we appealed for a hearing—played dead. For more than two years, our petition con-

fronted the Supreme Court before they decided to reject it and send us to prison.

That is an important fact, that even our present-day, far from liberal Supreme Court refused to hear argument in this case. It is easier to allow eleven men and women to go to prison on false charges than to have to do a legal handstand for the pages of history. So when the cold war had ripened sufficiently, when enough "spies" and "atom plots" had been dug up, and, especially, when Trygve Lie's trip to Moscow had increased the "danger" of peace, it was decided by the Truman-Acheson government to end all pretense of leading a democracy and to throw us, along with many others, into prison.

When you read this, in all likelihood, I and the other members of the Joint Anti-fascist Refugee Committee will be serving our prison terms. It is important that you know, not only why we are in prison, but what sort of people represent you there; for I cannot look upon it as anything but the most basic representation of the purest and best currents in our land. My own daughter made this point very simply and clearly, after I had explained to her why the father of her playmate, Riki Marzani, was serving a three year sentence in the Federal Penitentiary. I told her that he was in prison because he was a good man, because he fought for the rights of the poor, the oppressed, the Negro people and the working people.

Though she is a very little girl, she had no difficulty in comprehending this; what she could not comprehend was why, when Carl Marzani was in jail, her own father still had his freedom.

"Aren't you a good man?" she asked.

I TELL this only to underline the factor of representation. More truly than most of the miserable creatures in Congress does Carl Marzani represent the best in America; more truly than most of the miserable creatures in Congress do Gene Dennis and George Marshall and John Howard Lawson and Dalton Trumbo represent the best and firmest sections of our people; and more truly than those miserable men in Congress will the members of the Joint Anti-fascist Committee represent you. So you should know about them, for they are good, brave people of great quality.

There is first and foremost, Dr. Edward K. Barsky, a great surgeon, perhaps one of the greatest alive, a giant of a man, tempered of steel,

yet quiet and humble. Early in the Spanish war, he went to Spain, where he became the head of the International Medical Service. There, he perfected new techniques of operating under fire. The whole world paid tribute to his role in Spain. And since Spain, he has labored tirelessly and consistently in the cause of freedom and against fascism. A legion of men are alive today who owe their lives to Edward K. Barsky.

Fewer of you, perhaps, have heard of Ruth Leider, an immigration lawyer, a brave woman with two children, whose office is a rock for the terrorized, the oppressed, the frightened—for those who came here seeking freedom and got a taste of J. Edgar Hoover instead.

Let me tell you of two labor leaders, James Lustig and Charlotte Stern, the first from the United Electrical Workers, the second from the Hotel and Restaurant Workers. They sat on our board because the working class has an incalculable stake in the struggle against fascism. They were like two rocks through the trial. They never wavered, never doubted, never hesitated. They were a store of strength, and we had only to look at them to draw on it.

It is less easy to understand the strength of Marjorie Chodorov, a neat, pretty woman, the mother of two children, a very average American suburban housewife. Her life was comfortable, secure, in a sense aloof; but she did away with the aloofness. She reacted to the whole filthy frame-up as a competent housewife reacts to a new variety of household pest, and she had no more doubts about the nature and intentions of the men who comprise the Un-American Committee than she would have about an invasion of roaches. One does not remake one's life and tradition to the standards of a roach.

Manuel Mangana is a naturalized Spaniard, a small businessman, a quiet man who models in clay for relaxation. For years, he sat on our board, a Spaniard in Spain's struggle, an American in the struggle of all mankind. So did he take the trial and the sentence. These things come, they go with other forms of vileness; and in the end men will be free.

Professor Lyman R. Bradley you should know, a gentle scholar who has the kind of iron in him that Emerson and Thoreau had, and which is so notably lacking in so many of our scholars today. I will never forget the objective and scientific curiosity with which Professor Bradley observed the whole proceeding. The men of the Un-American Committee, the thieves, bigots and racists, the stupid evil men of reaction

and intolerance, were sitting in judgment on a scholar and a scientist; such is the history of fascism—and as always, the civilized man was beyond the understanding of the Rankins, the Woods, the Thomases. As with so many of our people, the inner strength was beyond the comprehension of cheap politicians and petty thieves.

Harry Justis, a lawyer, a small, round, solid man, another who labored in behalf of the immigrant, the hounded and the terrorized, an unruffled, humorous man, who shared the professor's scientific and somewhat zoölogical interest in "the company of beasts."

And two more physicians, Dr. Louis Miller and Dr. Jacob Auslander. There is much that I could say of these two men, and little enough space in which to say it. As a general thing, a physician who joins the people's movement is a wonderful man; for who knows better what plain folk suffer from the men who rule our society? And in that way, these two are a little more wonderful—or perhaps it is because I know them better. Neither of them is a young man in years, but they are young in heart and brave in spirit, and their youth is a part of the youth of the world—the youth of the new world, where there will be an end to injustice, to suffering and oppression.

So there is our Committee, and there is our story; and now you know a little bit about each. It is not a very unusual story in today's America; it is not too different from the story of Leon Josephson, of Gene Dennis, of George Marshall, of Lawson, Trumbo, Maltz, Biberman—and all the others of the Hollywood Ten. Nor is the blatant and unprincipled setting aside of the Bill of Rights and of due process of law a new thing in America. This is the "justice" which any member of the Negro people meets when he enters an American court; this is the "justice" which the working class knows of old. This is the "justice" which sent the Haymarket martyrs and Sacco and Vanzetti to the executioners. This is the "justice" which the eleven leaders of the Communist Party U.S.A. received at Foley Square.

But now something has been added. Today, we and others are being sent to prison primarily to help clear the ground for a new world war. You set your sights too short, if you see this only in terms of the men and women I have mentioned. Already, the Department of Justice has made plain its plan to try 12,000 new cases in 1951—and how many in 1952, no one knows. This is a new stage, a new level; this is, in all actuality, the last moment before fascism. The madmen who rule

America today are determined that the "danger" of peace must be met.

Then how can you help asking yourself a very simple question: so long as they are in jail, am I, myself, free? You must ask that question now, of yourself and of all those you know. There was a time when the people put their faith in the Supreme Court, but when our President appointed that cruel and bigoted man, Tom Clark, to the bench of the highest court in the land, we began to understand the role this court would play. And indeed it has played a role of incredible double-talk, intellectual acrobatics and sheer cowardice. The Supreme Court is still the bulwark of the trusts, but no longer is it even a slender reed for the people to lean upon.

Now just a few words in summing up: *we are not criminals*. That must be underlined now and again and again. We have broken no law. Quite the contrary, we have obeyed the simple injunction of American democracy—to keep faith with those fighters for freedom who trusted us. I know full well that we did not do a very extraordinary or difficult thing. In other times, it would be a thing taken for granted and hardly worth mentioning; but in today's America, where all virtues is being put on sale, where such wicked and immoral men as Louis Budenz are held up as standards for our youth to emulate, the things we did become a very proud matter indeed. And as we are proud, we want you to be proud.

We leave our Committee in the best of hands, in the hands of Helen Bryan and Ernestina Fleishman, indomitable fighters for freedom—facing jail themselves in the near future—and in the hands of the people who work with them. The anti-Franco cause will not go by the wayside; rather will the work of our Committee increase and flourish, and no threat, no action by the Truman-Acheson government can force us to give up that work. Even as the peace forces of the whole world grow, so do the days of these frightened apostles of fascism shorten.

The McGee Family:

MESSAGES from MISSISSIPPI

As we go to press word comes that the State of Mississippi has set July 27 as the date for the execution of Willie McGee. We urge our readers to ask Governor Fielding Wright, Jackson, Miss., to grant executive clemency. Willie McGee must not die.—The Editors.

The following are the remarks made by Mrs. Rosalee McGee at a Civil Rights Congress Dinner held in New York, May 22, 1950.

I AM HERE tonight to make a speech. I never made a speech before. But I am speaking not for myself, but for my husband and four children.

Down in Mississippi, you never have a chance to make a speech. And my husband, Willie McGee, has been down in jail for four years and seven months.

I hardly know what to say but I am here to do and say in my own words as best as I can.

On last Wednesday, I went to see Willie. And as I went into jail the warden and others laughed and said, "What are you going to do now?"

I went back and I said to Willie, "I made up my mind to go North."

He said, "Where?"

I said, "To see what I can do."

And he said, "Rosalee, go to see what you can do."

On the way out, a white preacher said, "Did you read the paper?"

And I said, "Yes."

He said, "That's it." — like he enjoyed it.

I never said any thing to him.

He said, "Don't feel bad. Here's a quarter, Go buy yourself something."

And this quarter I want to present to Mr. George Marshall of the Civil Rights Congress, the man who started the fight to save my husband's life.



Stanley Edelson

C.R.C. continued the fight—not for the life of Willie McGee, but for all Negroes of America.

The following is a letter sent to the Civil Rights Congress by the four children of Willie and Rosalee McGee.

Laurel, Miss., May 28, 1950

Is my mother there? We are worried about her.

When can my daddy come home? Mother wrote she was going to see when he could come home.

We need daddy. He been gone so long. Since my momma been gone people tell me my daddy will die on hot seat. That what a man told me at the store.

Ask my mother what is a hot seat. Bring my momma home so she could get my daddy before they sit him in that seat. Come help her please. Momma said the Civil Right Congress would help her. Please folk, folk, help my daddy. My mother have to work so hard, people don't like her, and my grandmother is old. Please help my daddy till my momma come home. We ain't got a daddy to help us. I love my daddy and we need him. We ain't seen him in so long. Don't let him die.

Della Ree
Grace Lee
Willie Earl
Mary Lee

When the U. S. Supreme Court rejected Mr. Willie McGee's appeal for a review of his death sentence, Mr. William L. Patterson, executive secretary of the Civil Rights Congress, wrote him that everything possible in the way of judicial attempts and mass action would be done to save his life. Below is the condemned man's reply:

Hinds County Jail
Jackson, Miss.
June 3, 1950

Dear Sir:

Your letter was received and glad was I to hear from you. I am

glad that my wife has been of great service and I want to say that I don't give up one bit.

My faith now in you all. And do believe that after while that things will come my way through your help which have stood by me all the way.

I want to say that I know you will do all that can be done for me. I am glad that Rosalee is able to go forward as long as it is necessary.

I have the courage and the faith. I don't give up. I hold fast and trust with all my heart that some day things will come our way.

Very glad to hear from you, sir and with best wishes hoping to some day see you.

Yours truly,
Willie McGee
Hinds County Jail
Jackson, Miss.

Albert Maltz:

Circus Come to Town

AT SEVEN-FORTY-FIVE in the morning the two brothers reached the circus grounds to discover that the circus had not yet arrived. The immense, grassy field was barren of tents, of ladies in spangled tights, of elephants and freaks and all else that town lore associated with a circus. Alan, aged seven, permitted himself a frank wail of disappointment, "Maybe it isn't gonna come!"

Eddie, who was twelve, replied calmly, "The posters said Saturday, didn't they? Don't be a goof." He added after a moment's reflection, "It's good we're early, we'll be sure to get hired, see? First come, first hired."

"They'll hire *me*, won't they, Eddie?"

Eddie yearned to reply, "How many times you gonna ask me that, you goof? How do I know?" Instead, since he was himself acutely worried by the same problem, he answered, "I'll get you a job. You just let me do the askin'."

"You sure there'll be clowns?"

"There's always clowns."

"How do you know?"

"I know, that's all." Eddie took his boy scout knife from his pocket, opened a blade. "Let's play mumble-peg. It'll kill time."

"The clowns I wanna see most," Alan murmured. "Them and the cannon that shoots people. It'll be awful if it don't come."

They sat cross-legged on the grass and began to play. The day was windy but fine; the sun was already warm, the air fragrant with the spring odors of turned soil, first hay cuttings and wild flowers.

Except for a difference in height and weight the two brothers were much alike in appearance. Both were tow-heads, fair of skin and blue-eyed, with lean, delicately boned faces; both were slender, wiry and thin of body. Their family resemblance was further accented by their

clothes: the same faded, worn and patched denim trousers; the sleeveless, cotton shirts of identical cut, although different hue; the sneakers scuffed at the sides and patched with adhesive tape. They played their game and chattered about the circus—and secretly worried. Eddie had never seen a large circus and Alan had not seen any circus at all and there was great question in their minds whether they would see this one today.

They lived in a small Indiana hamlet in the center of a farming area. It was a "play-date" considered by circus people to be worth a visit only once in several years. When the posters that advertised the one-day, gigantic spectacle had first appeared, the boys had rushed to their mother with the news. She had listened to them as she always did and replied, as she so often did, "I'm sorry, kids, but two tickets cost a dollar twenty cents and I just don't have it for circuses." There had been no argument from the boys. Since the day, three years before, their father had deserted his family, the words "no" and "I'm sorry" had come to live with them and be accepted.

But shortly after this conversation Eddie had learned something momentous from an older boy. If you came early, if you carried water or helped set up seats or did other work, you were given a free pass. And so here they were at seven-forty-five, the two Campbell brothers with two peanut butter sandwiches in a paper bag, both of them passionately eager to go to work. But their work had not yet arrived and they had reason to be worried. With Alan it was the dark, gnawing question of whether a seven-year-old would be hired at all; but for Eddie it was something else. On days when their mother was away at work he was responsible for his brother. She had permitted this expedition on the sole condition that he would not separate himself from the younger boy. He had promised—but he had an ugly premonition: that he alone would be hired and would therefore have to choose between the circus and his duty. To forego the circus was unthinkable; but to let Alan manage himself for the day and walk the mile home alone would mean a licking and bed without supper. And so Eddie was playing mumble-peg with a sense that no matter what he decided some sort of disaster was lying in wait for him.

EIGHT o'clock became eight-thirty, became nine. More and more boys appeared at the field. The Campbells stopped playing their game and circulated like spies in an enemy land. Each newcomer

was asked whether he was buying a circus ticket or working to get in. And each new rival for employment, of whom there were a good many, was estimated as to age, strength and potential competition on the labor market.

Finally at ten-thirty the first heralds of glory arrived, a line of trailers pulled by roaring tractors. The huge trailers were painted red and had "Berry Bros. Circus" inscribed in white on their sides. A great, ecstatic shout burst from the throats of all the waiting boys and they raced down the length of the field yelling, "I'll work . . . hire me . . . I'm strong." No one hired them and no one paid any attention to them beyond shouting occasionally, "Look out there . . . watch out now . . . stand back." More and more trailers arrived and were dispersed to separate portions of the field. Then several station wagons appeared and from them issued a swarm of men in overalls and jeans who leaped into feverish activity. Some lowered the sides of the trailers, disclosing great bundles of canvas and immense, vari-colored poles; others climbed upon the tractors to operate lifting winches and mechanical stake drivers.

The Campbell boys, like the others, scurried from one spot of activity to the other and called eagerly, in thin, boy voices, "You want some help? . . . will you hire me? . . . you want some kids?" They were waved away or shouted away by men who were not unfriendly but who were behind schedule and furiously pre-occupied. And as more trailers appeared and more men—and then a fantastic, lumbering line of fourteen trotting elephants, each holding with its trunk the tail of the elephant ahead—and as the canvas was unrolled and spread on the ground, with even a few of the elephants put to work at pulling and hauling—despair gripped the brothers. Alan cried, "They ain't gonna hire us, you'll see, it's just a fakey story." Eddie, wanting to reassure him, needed reassurance himself and could offer his brother no comfort. It seemed to both of them unaccountable and malicious that useful boys were not hired when there was so much activity on the field and so much work to be done.

And still the tractors roared off and returned with more trailers and more men. Presently the field became a dangerous place for small boys. They were warned loudly and repeatedly to beat it. In gloomy silence they wandered down to a quiet corner where the non-working elephants had been lined up, side by side. There they found other boys and compared notes and learned that no one at all had been

hired. They sat down and watched the elephants and watched the activity on the field and became increasingly gloomy.

I TOLD you," Alan muttered after a while. "They don't want kids. Let's go home."

"Home? What for? This is more fun than home."

"No it ain't. Not if we can't see the circus."

"We're seein' elephants, ain't we? Why don't you look at the elephants?"

"I'm tired of the elephants. I wanna see the clowns. If I can't see the clowns, I don't wanna stay."

"Well you can't go home! I'll give you a bat on the ear if you go home."

Alan's voice turned shrill. "You don't dare hit me, I'll tell ma."

"Aw, listen, don't be a baby. I'm not gonna hit you. But what do you wanna go home for? It's better here. There's still time to get hired, ain't there?"

"I wanna see the clowns," Alan muttered.

It turned eleven o'clock. Their paper bag was opened, and the two peanut butter sandwiches were devoured. By now there were many more boys sitting with them on the edge of the field and a sprinkling of adults also. Rumors passed along the line: the circus had arrived late and for this reason there would be no afternoon show and no boys would be hired. And following this a story exactly the opposite: in order to make the afternoon performance extra help was needed. Every boy who wanted to work would be hired at twelve o'clock and would be paid a dollar in addition to his free ticket. "You see," Eddie cried triumphantly, "I told you to wait." Alan was cheered by this but when twelve o'clock came and no one was hired he began again to mutter about going home.

Presently a good-sized tent was raised at one corner of the field and word passed that it was the cookhouse for the circus people and that boys would be needed to set up tables and benches. But no one came to hire them and when several of the older boys walked out on the field to inquire, they were waved off immediately. The menagerie tent went up, the walls billowing in the wind, and then the side-show tent and then, at one o'clock, the immense big-top was raised and a shout went up from the spectators, because it was an exciting sight—but there was no work for the Campbells or for any other boy. There

was only the grim spectacle of several circus workers who came to drive stakes into the ground at intervals all along the edge of the field. They hammered the stakes and looped them with rope and walked away.

The brothers sat on the ground, close together, silent. For three weeks they had drenched their hearts in the glory and drama of this day. It had turned very sour. And when, after another half hour of waiting, a boy sitting near them rose to his feet, announcing loudly that he thought he'd see if the side show was open for ticket buyers, they turned and looked upon his departing back as upon a personal enemy, and then turned and gazed at one another in bleak misery, each one comprehending for the first time in his young life the full and terrible power of money.

And then they were hired. Suddenly, standing before them was a big, cheerful looking man in a soiled, blue-serge suit, his gay tie flapping a little in the wind, his straw Panama hat pushed back on his balding head. He whistled shrilly with two fingers in his mouth, laughed as the line of boys started in surprise and bawled loudly, "Any you kids wanna see the circus?" Some eighty boys from five to sixteen jumped to their feet, all screaming "yes" at the same time. The man laughed, whistled piercingly again to bring silence and then said, "I kinda thought so. Come around close." The boys ducked under the rope and thronged about him. He pointed suddenly at Alan. "You, sonny—how old are you?"

Alan stammered, quickly slipped into a lie, "Eight."

"That's good. I just wanted to be sure you were over two; we don't hire no kids under two."

A gale of appreciative laughter came from the boys. The man laughed with them, then abruptly sobered and whistled quickly for silence. He gazed at them with a measure of severity now but with a lingering grin at the corners of his wide, thin mouth. "Listen to me careful, boys. No more joking." He held up a purple card. "When show time comes, I'm gonna give every one of you boys one of these tickets. That'll get you in free. All you gonna do for me is help pull a few ropes, 'cause it's a windy day, an' then set up some seats. You'll work maybe an hour, hour an' a half." He pointed at Alan again. "Now nobody expects you to be as strong as a big boy. If you were all big boys it'd be better for me, but you ain't. But so long as you do your share you'll get a ticket."

"I'll do it," Alan cried passionately.

"I'll do it," a five-year-old echoed.

"Okay. Now you boys are lucky today, awful lucky. Some days we make good train connections an' we set up early an' we only have work for twenty or thirty. But today we're late an' we're gonna use every-one of you." He paused while the boys cheered. "But you listen to me. Square is square. I know all the tricks. I been sixteen years with the circus and I been pushing boys for nine. That's my name, Pusher. You want to know anything, yell for Pusher. Now there's some boys who'll work twenty minutes an' then duck under a tent flap. They come back later wanting a ticket but they don't get it. There's other boys haven't got no fair play an' they wanna quit before show time. They don't get a ticket neither. There's still other boys who ain't even here but they'll show up two hours from now an' claim they worked like you did. Only they don't know me. Square is square. I don't give free tickets for nothing. An' you know why I'm the Pusher? Because I remember faces. I been studying every one of your faces an' there isn't no boy gonna claim he was here unless I see him with my own two eyes right now. You got that?"

The boys shouted that they understood and were ready.

"COME on then." Grinning a little he started off at a dog trot for the menagerie tent. The Campbell brothers, eyes shining with glory and delight, kept close together in the swarm of running boys. When they reached the tent, a distance of forty yards or so, Pusher's chest was heaving and the sweat was rolling from his temples down the sides of his meaty face. He said with a cheerful laugh, "I sure can't run . . . like you boys . . . can. But you got it now . . . we're awful late. Bad rain last night. . . ." He wagged a stubby forefinger at them and suddenly roared: "You get it? No show this afternoon unless you work hard and fast. I wanna see you go at the double." He thrust two fingers into his mouth, whistled piercingly and yelled, "Larry, where the hell are you on the guy ropes, Larry?"

A youngish man, unshaven, hair tousled, in dirty, khaki coveralls, came running out of the menagerie tent. Pusher pointed accusingly at the flapping canvas and asked with anger, "You want it to blow down? I told you to start pulling ropes."

"Can't do everything," the other replied sullenly. "Joe said to spread hay for the antelopes."

"What's the matter with that Joe is he married to one of those antelopes? I wouldn't be surprised. Tight those ropes up before she blows away, goddamit. You kids here"—he gestured with both arms to a group of six boys that included the Campbells—"you stick with my friend Larry. Do what he tells you."

"Wait a minute, how about some heft here?" Larry asked sullenly. There was a husky fifteen-year-old boy in the group but the others were all younger. "How about some beef?"

"This ain't the only tent an' I gotta start those chairs in. You think five thousand chairs move in by themselves?" He turned to the boys. "When you get finished here, come over to the big top. I'll give you your tickets . . . c'mon kids." Pusher ran off, the other boys dog-trotting behind him.

"Oh boy, oh boy," Alan whispered to his brother with swollen pride, "I told you I wouldn't be too little."

"Work hard now," Eddie advised. "We gotta keep on the good side of 'em."

LARRY said with mingled acidity and humor, "All right, you day laborers, three on each side of that guy rope, smallest boys close to me." The group of boys took position and eagerly grasped the heavy rope. Larry bent over the low stake, deftly slipped the knot by which the rope, running from stake to tent wall, was fastened. He snagged the loose end in a hitch around the stake, held it with both hands. "All right, hit it!" The boys pulled hard and Larry jerked. "Hit it!" They pulled again, watching the tent wall become tauter. "Hit it hard! Hold it!" Quickly he looped the rope around the stake, tied it off. He moved to the next stake. As they waited for him to slip the knot, Alan whispered excitedly to Eddie, who was alongside of him, "Ask him if there's trained dogs in the show."

"Sh! We don't wanna bother him."

The command came, "Hit it!" They pulled. "Hit it . . . Hit it hard . . . Hold!"

They moved from the second stake to the third, to a fourth, a fifth. And rather quickly, for both brothers, the pleasure departed from what they were doing. It was work, hard work to pull down mightily on a thick, manila rope with the tent wall snapping away in the wind. This was rope that had been weathered and beaten by sun and rain and time. Hempen barbs pricked and scratched their flesh and their soft

boy palms began to be chafed. Alan's arms commenced to feel heavy, his fingers to ache. The double line of stakes around the large tent seemed endless and Larry's command kept up without pause: "Hit it! Hit it! Hit it hard!"

"My hands hurt," Alan burst out suddenly.

"Spit on 'em," Larry advised. "Don't let 'em get hot."

The boys all spat on their palms and went back to work with a heightened morale that did not last long. There was no magic in spitting on one's palms, they found. The flesh continued to redden and became increasingly sore and they were pulling a little less hard and taking a bit longer with each rope. "C'mon, lean on it," Larry was beginning to say. "Hit it, will ya?"

They became lost in a jungle of ropes and stakes. Breathing became labored and lids blinked as salt sweat trickled into the corners of their eyes; thighs trembled with strain; soft young bodies, accustomed to hard play but not to sustained work, yearned for rest. "Hit it! Hit it hard!"

Eddie Campbell, panting and weary, began to worry. Knowing his own fatigue, he was afraid for his brother. If Alan stopped work, he would be fired. And if that happened, what would he do? Suddenly, although he was afraid of Larry, he asked boldly, "Mista, can't we stop for a minute?"

Larry straightened up, laughed a little, not unsympathetically, and said, "Only half around, kids."

The oldest boy amongst them, who was fifteen, spat on his square hands and said boastfully, "I'm not tired."

"Well, if you're not, I am," Larry told him. "Sure, take a breather." He threw back his head and stared up at the serene blue of the sky and said with a laugh, "Anybody works in a circus oughta have his head examined. I sure hate a windy day, rather have rain than wind."

"How you doin'?" Eddie whispered anxiously to his brother.

"I'm awful tired," the latter confessed.

"I'm tired, too, but you're not gonna stop workin', are you?"

"Oh no, I wanna see the clowns."

"That's the boy."

"Do *your* hands hurt, Eddie? Mine hurt awful. I'm gettin' blisters, look."

"Mine hurt too, but you won't stop workin', will you? We done half already."

"Oh no, I won't stop."

One of the other boys asked, "Mista, you know what time it is?"

"A little past two about. Let's go, kids."

"The show starts at two-thirty, don't it?"

"Never has so far this season. My guess is today it'll start about four."

"You think maybe we can see the side show then, the freaks 'n everything?" Alan asked eagerly. "Does the ticket give us that, too?"

"I don't know, I ain't running this damn circus," Larry answered tartly. "C'mon hit it! Hit it! Hit it hard!"

THEY worked and Alan's weariness turned into fatigue, fatigue into aching exhaustion. He heard Eddie's whispered, panting encouragement, "C'mon, kid, only a few more, kid," but he began to lose all power of response. Pride and desire, he found, could no longer weigh against burning hands and leaden arms. He stopped work.

"Oh, c'mon," Eddie pleaded fiercely, "*please*."

"I can't."

"You might as well sit down," Larry told him sullenly. "You ain't doin' no good anyway."

"You'll lose your ticket, Alan," his brother cried despairingly. "Let him keep working, Mister, *please*."

"Oh, shoot, if that's what you're worried about, forget it," said Larry. "You think I'm gonna report you or something? What do you take me for?" He added to Alan, "You move along with us so Pusher don't spot you, that's all. C'mon, hit it, kids."

"Jeez, thanks," Eddie cried.

"Hit it! Hit it hard!"

The big tent was circled finally, all ropes snagged tight, the canvas secure against the wind. "Amen," said Larry, "finished, wrapped up." He chuckled softly as he looked at the boys. The fifteen-year-old had borne the work well but the others were almost as dead beat as Alan; all of them, including Eddie, had blisters on their hands. "Pooped out, yeah?" Larry said with his wry grin. "Okay, hop over to Pusher an' get your tickets. I hope it was worth it."

"I ain't tired," the fifteen-year-old said boastfully. "I'm used to hard work."

"Well good for you, sonny."

"Thanks, Mista," Eddie murmured. "About my brother, I mean."

Larry reached out and poked him in the ribs. "You do the same thing for me some day."

Alan asked, "Can we get some water someplace? I'm so thirsty."

"See over there, by that small tent? There's a water bag. If you find any beer in it, whistle for me." Larry grinned and went back into the menagerie tent.

Slowly, but feeling the triumph of their accomplishment, the boys made their way across the field. They compared blisters, and lied to each other that they were only a little tired. Alan whispered to his brother, "I did good, didn't I?"

"Sure you did."

"I wouldna stopped but my hands hurt so much."

"You did swell. You did great."

"Are *you* tired?"

"Yeah, a little."

The water was warm and tasted of the canvas bag but they gulped it with pleasure and relief. And then, somewhat revived, they started off at a quicker pace for the big top.

"I wished you'd asked him about the dogs," Alan said. "Next to the clowns I wanna see dogs climb ladders an' things. I hope they have dogs."

"I'll ask Pusher," Eddie replied. "He'll know."

They found Pusher near the big top. He was standing before a trailer directing a line of scurrying boys who were carrying chairs. They went up to him in a group, the fifteen-year-old boy in the lead. He said, "Pusher, here we are. We fixed the ropes. You got our tickets for us?"

"'Course I have," Pusher replied cheerily. "Just grab some chairs now an' run 'em in, two boys to a team."

Eddie said in a faint voice, "You mean we gotta work some *more*?"

"We gotta run those seats in, don't we?" Pusher answered jovially. "Can't have a show without seats. Only half in yet. Let's go now, they ain't heavy."

"You said we'd get our tickets," the fifteen-year-old charged resentfully, "why don't you give 'em to us?"

"Now look here," said Pusher with the smile vanishing from his face. "don't you tell me my business. My job's to get those seats in. I can't help it if there's a wind blows up an' we hafta pull ropes, too. A little double duty won't hurt you. My job is seats. Whatsamatter, you too lazy to run a few chairs in? Well, yes or no—yes or no?"

"Okay," the boy muttered.

"Well, grab a partner an' get in line. C'mon, you tow-heads. Brothers, ain't you? Get busy."

"We're tired," Eddie said. "Awful tired."

Pusher ruffled his hair. "Won't hurt you to get a little tired. You're a workingman, ain't you?" He gave them both a little shove, pushing them into line before the trailer. "Circus gonna start in fifteen, twenty minutes."

Alan said to his brother in a wailing voice, "I can't do any more, Eddie, I'm too tired, my hands hurt too much."

"But it's only fifteen minutes. He said the chairs aren't heavy."

"I can't do *anything*, Eddie."

"Well listen," Eddie whispered desperately, "you can make believe, can't you? I'll carry them by myself but you hold one end, you make believe."

"Well . . . maybe I can do that."

"Let's go," Pusher bawled cheerfully, "hustle 'em in. Got crowds of people outside waitin' to see the show."

THE chairs were stacked in flat piles in the trailer. They were wooden folding chairs attached in braces of three. A sweating circus worker stood inside the trailer and handed them down one at a time, rapidly, to a brawny sixteen-year-old. He in turn passed them to the teams of boys. Each team, with Pusher's cheerful tongue to whip it on, then ran on the double quick to the big top some twenty yards away.

"Let's get a little speed on. Awful late today. Wouldn't wanna miss the show altogether, would you, kids? Come on brothers, your turn, grab a chair."

Eddie seized the chair-flat in both arms and Alan lifted one end as high as his exhausted muscles could manage and they both ran at a dog-trot with Pusher's voice lacing their backs. Fanning they made the interior of the big top. It was an immense confusion of moving figures, contraptions being hoisted to the roof, men yelling, seats banging, and a uniformed band on a platform blowing discordant notes in tune-up. A voice called, "Well don't stand there—move those seats, you kids." They followed the pointing arm of an assistant pusher to a rising tier of boards. They climbed the boards almost to the top where men were setting up seats. They delivered their burden and scrambled back down, dodging other teams going up, ducking away from a

tractor. Eddie said, "Walk slow, we'll rest goin' back." They slowed down and the voice of the assistant pusher cracked a whip over them. "Hey, you kids, you workin' or loafin'? No loafers here." They began again to run.

There had been a jungle of ropes and stakes and now there was mountain of chair-flats. The trailer was emptied but another trailer was ready by its side. The work was not physically as wearing as the rope had been and they could always rest a little on the return trip, yet they sustained it less well because they were more fatigued. Alan kept saying that he just had to sit down for a while, he had to—and Eddie kept pleading with him. "You'll get fired if you sit down. Look, I'm doin' all the carryin'. You wanna see the funny clowns, don't you? Don't you, Alan?" But he himself was rapidly becoming as exhausted as his brother. The faces of both of them were milky white with fatigue, their taffy hair was sodden.

It was Pusher who carried them through. They hated him bitterly and that helped; they could not shut their ears to him and that also helped. "You see that feller? Wants a ticket for nothin'. He's tired, he says. Well ain't that too bad? Wants to work but don't want to get a little tired. Well beat it, sonny. Just follow your nose an' beat it. You don't get no ticket from me. Now listen, you kids, the circus is gonna begin in another ten, fifteen, twenty mintes. If you want those nice little passes, you hustle them chairs. Only half a truck of chairs left now. Won't hurt you to work a little. It's good training, in fact, ha-ha. You hustle an' I push, ha-ha, that's the way the world is. Move it, kids."

Eddie prayed. He prayed to dear God that Alan would not quit, that he himself would be able to hold out. He prayed that after all this hard work nothing, nothing would prevent them from seeing the circus.

When the last trailer was emptied and the last chair-flat set up, it was five minutes past four o'clock. Inside the big top the sawdust rings had been cleared and the band was playing. The boys stood in line before Pusher waiting for their passes, and the bigger ones crowded wearily. "Guess we did a little work today, huh? . . . I'd sure like to travel with this circus." The younger boys stood in speechless fatigue, yet in firm pride and triumph, while Pusher said in his cheery voice, "Any you kids wanna come back tonight at ten thirty an' move those chairs on again we'll give you a handful of change, a whole big handful of change."

Well here you are kids, just like I said, go right in an' have a good time; you've never seen a circus like it!"

As in a dream the two brothers moved into the big top. The assistant pusher said, "Working boys, over there." They reached their section and found their seats and sat side by side, huddled, with glassy eyes. The tent was filling up, the band was playing with noisy verve, the spot lights glared down on the sawdust rings. Alan murmured, "The clowns, 'n' dogs, 'n' cannon, that's what I wanna see."

"The trapeze," Eddie muttered in reply.

They didn't talk more because they were beyond talk. They blinked their eyes against the lights and relaxed their spent bodies in the warmth of the sun-bathed tent. Presently the band began to play softly and an announcer's voice smote them from a microphone but neither boy made much sense out of what he said. The band became brassy again and some Hindu dancing girls ran out from the wings. For what seemed a long time they whirled around before them and moved their arms to and fro like weaving snakes. The elephants came out and did things that they tried hard to watch but they had seen the elephants already and the activity in all three rings was confusing. And presently, heads sagging on limp necks, the two brothers leaned against each other and fell asleep.

PUSHER said, "Look at 'em. It never fails. I bet there's five kids up there sound asleep an' ten more don't know what they're seein'."

The assistant pusher said, "Well you pushed 'em hard today, we were late."

"I pushed 'em? I didn't blow up that wind. I got my job to do, don't I? They wanna see the circus so bad they just beg you to work."

"What the hell, we got the matinee on; didn't think we'd make it. Pretty good house, too."

"Look at 'em," Pusher said, "the poor kids."

They awakened at the cannon shot, with a terrible start, to see as in a nightmare the masked figure of a man sail out from a gun muzzle high, high in the tent and plummet down in a somersault into a net. There was a burst of applause and then on all sides the spectators stood up. The audience began to go home.

Since there was no more to the show, the Campbell boys also went home. They cried so very quietly that no one at all could have noticed.

Eugene Dennis:

THE UN-AMERICANS

Early in 1947 the Un-American Committee demanded the appearance before it of Eugene Dennis, General Secretary of the Communist Party. Mr. Dennis refused to appear and in doing this first public challenge the constitutionality of the Committee. Below appears a portion of the letter he wrote on April 8, 1947, to the subsequently convicted thief, J. Parnell Thomas, then chairman of the Un-American Committee, explaining the reasons for his action. It is as a result of this historic challenge that Eugene Dennis was sentenced to a year's imprisonment. He has been in jail since May 12, 1950.

THIS IS to inform you that I shall not attend the meeting of your committee on April 9, 1947.

I wish to make it clear that I have no intention thereby to ignore the authority of any lawful congressional body.

For the reasons here set forth it is my opinion that the Committee on Un-American Activities is not a lawful congressional committee and therefore is not a body which may lawfully subpoena witnesses. This opinion is based upon the advice of legal counsel whom I have consulted, to whom I have stated all pertinent information in my possession, and upon whose advice I am relying.

From its very inception the Committee on Un-American Activities has acted with a wanton disregard for the Constitution and laws of the country and the American traditions of fairness and decency. As a result it has drawn the condemnation of outstanding citizens and caused the late President Roosevelt to characterize its behavior as "sordid." The illegality of its acts has become a scandal so notorious as to create a public duty not only to challenge those acts individually but to establish through due process of law and public opinion the

fundamental illegality of the existence of the so-called committee.

I do now challenge the legality of that committee for the following reasons:

First, the resolution under which the committee claims its authority is so vague as to fail to conform to the legal principle that delegated authority must be exactly defined. The committee has no authority from the House of Representatives because it has been given no *limitation* of authority. By its acts it has remained within no limits appropriate to a committee of the House, but has arrogated to itself the arbitrary power of a Star Chamber in violation of the Constitution of the United States. The term "un-American" appears in no statute or other legislation. It appears in no executive or administrative regulation. It has been defined by no judicial decision, and is unknown to the law. But if it has no legal meaning, the term "un-American" in the everyday language of the people could mean only something opposed to the liberties of the people and the spirit of the Bill of Rights of our Constitution. But your committee forbids such an interpretation by being itself the violator of the Constitution.

The Communist Party of the United States is a purely American political party. It is the party of the American working class. It is more American than the political parties that serve the narrow interests of wealthier classes. Our American trade unions also were once denounced as of European origin and foreign to America, but they are native organizations serving the interests of 60,000,000 American wage workers, and the backbone of our American democracy. So also the American Communist Party is native to this country and necessary to its democratic life, as measured by the only real test, which is loyalty to our country and its people.

Secondly, having abandoned the field of legislative inquiry in which alone Congress could delegate power, this committee has taken upon itself a police authority. And, at that, it is a police authority alien to the American concept of democracy, a lawless police authority, the prohibition of which is the very soul of the Bill of Rights of the Constitution. The so-called committee assumes the functions and prerogatives of a grand jury while in doing so it surpasses all restrictions placed by law upon a grand jury. Claiming an authority not strictly defined, it acts as a grand jury would if it had no obligation of due process. It assumes much of the function of a criminal court without



GAGGING THE LAWYERS. by Walter Hargraves

the obligation to be just or to grant equal protection of the law, smearing and ruining the characters of men and women without according them even the right to confront and cross-examine witnesses or to make a statement in their own defense against defamation.

Thirdly, this committee does not devote itself to any purposes which Congress could delegate, but arrogantly asserts and pursues purposes and objectives having nothing to do with the legislative functions of Congress, in violation of the laws of the United States.

The committee of which you have long been a member and are now chairman, has for many years habitually and purposefully violated the laws of the United States and its Constitution. It has done so to accomplish purposes which are not and could not be legitimate purposes of Congress in forming and delegating authority to a committee. . . .

FOURTHLY, the composition of this committee is contrary to law, in that it does not consist solely of persons lawfully holding membership in the House of Representatives of the United States. At least one person is acting as a member of the committee who is not duly and lawfully seated as a member of the House of Representatives. It is an established principle of law that a taint of illegality in a body vested with public authority, even if long tolerated, becomes intolerable and of great importance when by its actions the rights and liberties of men and women are placed in jeopardy.

When a body, tainted with illegality in its origin, invokes criminal law to inflict penalties upon men and women for failure to comply with arbitrary commands, unlawful searches and seizures, bodily kidnapping, libel and property damage, solely under the cloak of authority purportedly derived from Congress, then the victims have the right and the public authority has the duty to scrutinize with cold logic the claims of authority of such a committee.

On this ground, too, I challenge this committee's authority. I deny its claim to be a lawfully constituted committee of the House of Representatives of the United States. I challenge its right to call and question witnesses or to perform any of the functions of a lawfully constituted committee of the House of Representatives. John E. Rankin, acting as a member of your committee, is not a lawfully

elected, nor duly seated member of the House of Representatives of the United States. He holds his seat in Congress in violation of the Constitution and beyond the power of the House under Article I, Section 5, of the Constitution to "be the judge of the election, returns, and qualifications of its own members." Congress has unquestioned authority to be the judge of those matters under Article I, Section 5, of the Constitution. But it has no right to qualify as representatives from a State a larger number of persons than apportioned to that State under other provisions of the Constitution.

Section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment of the United States Constitution says:

*"But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial officers of a State, or the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the . . . * inhabitants of such State, being 21 years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion, or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such . . . * citizens shall bear to the whole number of . . . * citizens 21 years of age in such State."*

I dispute the lawfulness of the tenure of a seat in Congress and therefore membership in this committee by John E. Rankin.

At the opening of the 80th Congress, the House of Representatives had authority to seat whatever person or persons it might itself judge to be duly elected and qualified as a representative from Mississippi. It has such authority independently of the judgment of any other authority, *provided* only that the *number* seated should not exceed the limitation fixed by Section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment.

The House of Representatives went beyond its authority in seating *seven* persons as representatives of the State of Mississippi.

The total number of inhabitants of Mississippi "21 years of age, and citizens of the United States," at the time of the election of November, 1946, was in excess of the number 1,195,079 which was the number found by the Census of 1940. Allowance being made for

* The word "male" was eliminated by the Woman Suffrage amendment.

voluntary abstentions from voting, no less than 750,000 would be the normal number of citizens of Mississippi who would actually cast their votes in an election in which the right to vote was neither "denied" nor "in any way abridged." But only 46,493 votes were cast in Mississippi in that election. Thus, well above 700,000 citizens of Mississippi of voting age failed to vote for reasons that cannot be assumed to be voluntary. . . .

I speak as a Communist in defending the Constitution against you who are subverting it.

But I think I am expressing here the point of view of all of those who defend the rights guaranteed to the American people by the United States Constitution. It is the point of view of those who, in these dangerous times in which we live, wish to preserve our civil liberties as a means of solving the grave problems of our Nation in accord with its great progressive traditions, its Constitution and its democratic institutions.

Yes, we, the American Communists, together with a legion of other patriotic Americans, will carry this fight to the people as a struggle to preserve the character of this nation as a democratic Republic. We will carry on this fight in the spirit of the American Constitution.

We are confident that we will win this fight, and that the Gestapo which you seek to implant in the American system in place of our constitutional liberties will go down as an ugly memory along with the Alien and Sedition Laws which once menaced Jefferson with arrest, and threatened the party he founded with suppression as a "foreign agent."

Your un-American assaults upon the Constitution will be rejected by the American people as were the similar deeds of A. Mitchell Palmer and his assistant, J. Edgar Hoover, who, after the first world war, tried as you do to destroy the great American trade unions and the political rights of labor, the farmers and the Negro people.

Carl Marzani:

THOUGHTS BEHIND BARS

FEDERAL CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTE
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

DEAR EDITH:*

It's a little after midnight, Xmas 1949—a time of reminiscence. Xmas 1936 I was on the Aragon front in Spain; 1937 we were together in Reit-im-Winkle, Bavaria, and I got you the Alpine hat from Munich, remember? Xmas 1938 we were in Allahabad, India, you in the hospital and me having dinner with Nehru. Remember the little Xmas tree I got you in a little pot? . . . Xmas 1944 I was in London, Xmas 1945 was peace and back in Washington, just transferring to State Department from OSS . . . Xmas 1947 out on bail to the Court of Appeals, Xmas 1948 the first in our new house in New York and waiting for the Supreme Court's second decision, Xmas 1949—that's now. Crowded years—and not too bad, were they my sweet?

I think of my childhood. My father often gave me a puppet theatre at this time, a new one (and bigger one) every year. We used to make models of the Bethlehem Nativity, the stable, the Holy Family, angels on top, shepherds and sheep in the countryside, the Magi on the horizon. We had a beautiful song to the child Jesus: "You come down from the stars, Oh King of Heaven; And come here to suffer in cold and freezing; Oh Divine little one, how much you must love us."

And today, grown up, I think with thousands of others, how much it costs to love Peace and progress and the brotherhood of man.

The story of the Nativity has always seemed to me the most beautiful and heart-warming of the Christian tradition; if the Churches would only live up to their ideals of peace, nothing in the world could possibly start another war.

* Excerpts from the letters of Carl Marzani to his wife are printed with the permission of Mrs. Marzani—*Eds.*

The best we get is the Pope saying to other religions, join us. As the Archbishop of Canterbury said yesterday, "If what he means is that we should become Catholics—that's an old story." And President Truman uses the occasion to make a speech on the cold war in Arlington Cemetery and will broadcast another one to the Eastern European countries. So Xmas has become another ad for the cold war; our hucksters stop at nothing.

I came to work early so that one of the boys could go to midnight mass. There's a lot of cynicism here about religion—boys going to church because the parole board is meeting. One of the officers asked whether I wanted to go, and I said I didn't think so. I felt like telling him Monsieur Verdoux's famous line, "I'm at peace with God, let men make their peace with me." The officers who have come in contact with me are all very friendly. They don't agree with my opinions but they seem to have some respect for my ideas. Anyway one said he would say a prayer for me and I was very touched. I thanked him. . . .

Happy New Year—Ricky and Tony and Mommy!

I'VE READ a wonderful article by Commager in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. He writes on the theme of safe ideas with the same eloquence and penetrating insight of the *Harper* article. Here he brushes aside the discussion based on the "legality" of the government's operation and says, what kind of a society is resulting from those actions. It is of course the question that torments me here—what's happening to our country; where will all this end?

He also writes, "Freedom is the basic foundation of true loyalty. Loyalty in turn enhances freedom." It is so profoundly true and so important. The very way the government has treated me has in some degree turned all who have known me against the government and raised doubts. The more the treatment I receive is vengeful and ruthless the more the government weakens itself. . . . I sit here and think and wonder. Representative Thomas pleads *nolo contendere* at petty swindling and gets \$1,000 bail. Congressman May is found guilty of bribery and gets eight months to two years. It seems cheaper to be a thief and betray public trust than to have unpopular ideas. . . .

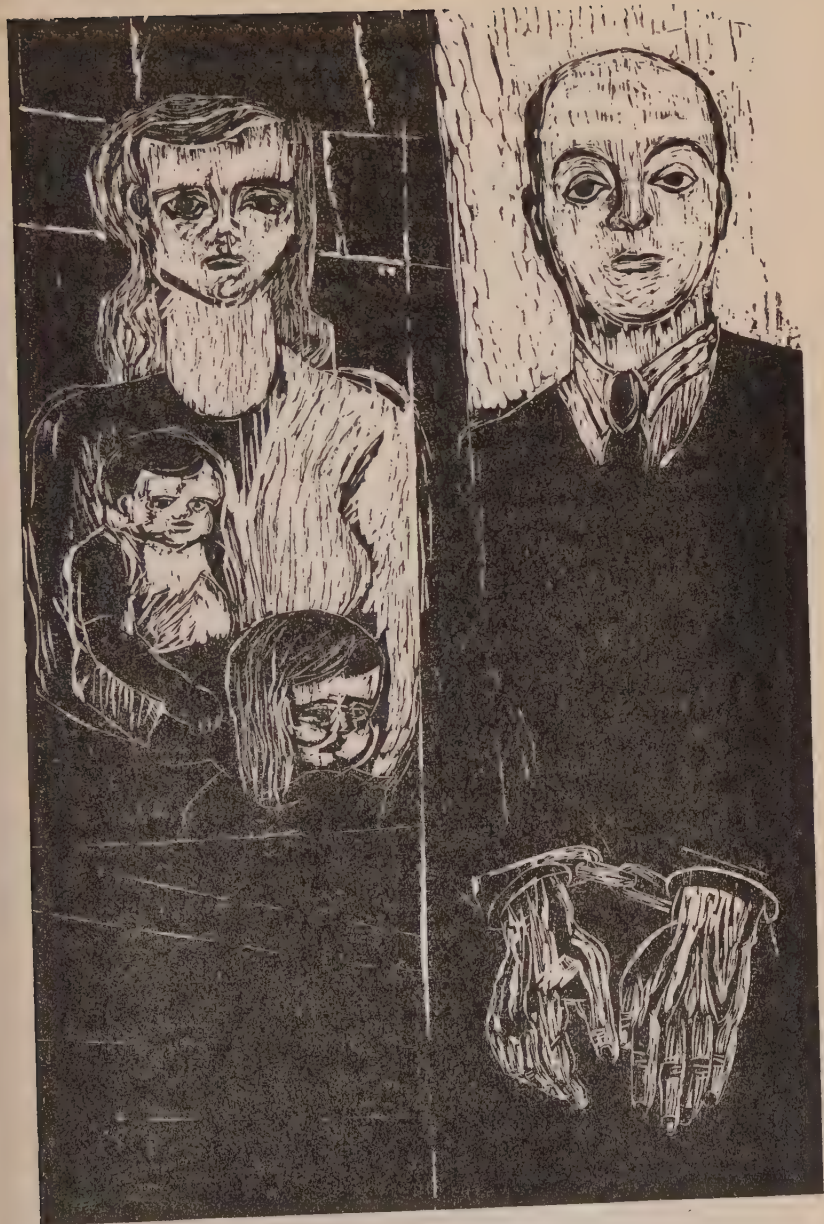
I SAW the weekly film last night, "Red Danube" with Walter Pidgeon. It's a calculated propaganda job to show what monsters the Russians are, as contrasted to a saintly Mother Superior (Ethel Barrymore)

whose tolerance, wisdom, understanding, kindness, compassion and so on win over the heart and mind of an agnostic British colonel. The movie makes you hate the Russians and gives more than a hint that war may be necessary, since they don't understand anything else but force. Fortunately it was not too good a job; it rambled and stretched out and towards the end people were restless. But from all comments people accepted as facts whatever was said about the Russians. . . .

IT'S OUR job as film makers, I think, to keep on developing the medium, and particularly to hold on to the primary purpose of explaining to the American people what is going on around them. For there is very little doubt in my mind that if the American people were aware of the degree to which "free enterprise" is monopoly control and "cold war" a cover up for our developing militarism that they wouldn't stand for a moment for the present dangerous policies of the Administration.

Films are the greatest educational medium available and they must be utilized in the struggle for a progressive and democratic America. I look at the people here at jail, many of them poorly educated, and I am amazed at how similarly their minds and prejudices run with those of my friends who have been college trained but who are nevertheless politically naive; in both cases they reflect much more the mentality and ideas of *Time*, *Life* and so on than they do their educational background. . . .

I GOT the pictures of the kids; they're awfully touching. I spend the night in my little kingdom of dials, walking a narrow concrete path between pumps with the delicate scent of ammonia to stimulate me, and I think and talk to myself and look at the kids, Tony so charming, holding the kitten, so very innocent and eatable, and Rica, with her big sparkling eyes, no longer so innocent looking but so eager and alert—I love them both and think of you and am grateful that in our own family there is strength and security. And I think of all our friends, known and unknown, whose regular small donations are making it possible for you to carry on and I am filled with resolution that there shall come about a world where human dignity and decency shall prevail and the hypocritical, money-grubbing powers that be will have their claws clipped.



THE MARZANIS, *by Del*

Leon Josephson:

American Political Prisoners

THE LIST OF POLITICAL prisoners keeps growing steadily. More and more of those who speak and work for love and life, for justice and peace go to jail. A vindictive justice has entombed them as "object lessons" so that fear may be instilled in all non-conforming, dissident and peace-loving men and women. There in the same cells, where yesterday slept the felon, the assassin and the dope-seller, lie our brothers and sisters.

Just before the eleven Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee members and the Hollywood Ten commenced their prison terms, I listened to these "political criminals" reaffirm their faith. The Thomases, the Rankins, the Tom Clarks sought to make them beg and cringe and wear the "semblance of repentant guilt." I saw them stand unbroken and cry, "Bring on your new spies to swear our lives away, new laws to trap us, new courts to lynch. What we think and do is higher and nobler than any McGohey or Medina can feel or understand."

Our government tries to make it appear that our political prisoners are not prosecuted for exercising their beliefs and opinions. The convictions are always based on the pretense of the violation of some statute. Law (the statutes, the judges, the jailers) is one of the principal means whereby a ruling class gives concrete effect to its rule.

Law is not an isolated system of values and norms, but an instrument of social life. Law is formulated in terms of abstract principles. Formal equality is presented as *real* equality. Generality is presented as impartiality. As Engels said, "a code of law that is the blunt, unmitigated, unaltered expression of the domination of a class—this in itself would already offend the conception of Justice." Every tyrant in history has always given his actions a "legal basis." The statutes give the texts and the judges write the commentary in letters of blood.

In relatively stable periods, an exploiting ruling class can afford to pay lip-service to the pretenses of democracy. In such times even the courts may render favorable decisions upholding constitutional rights.

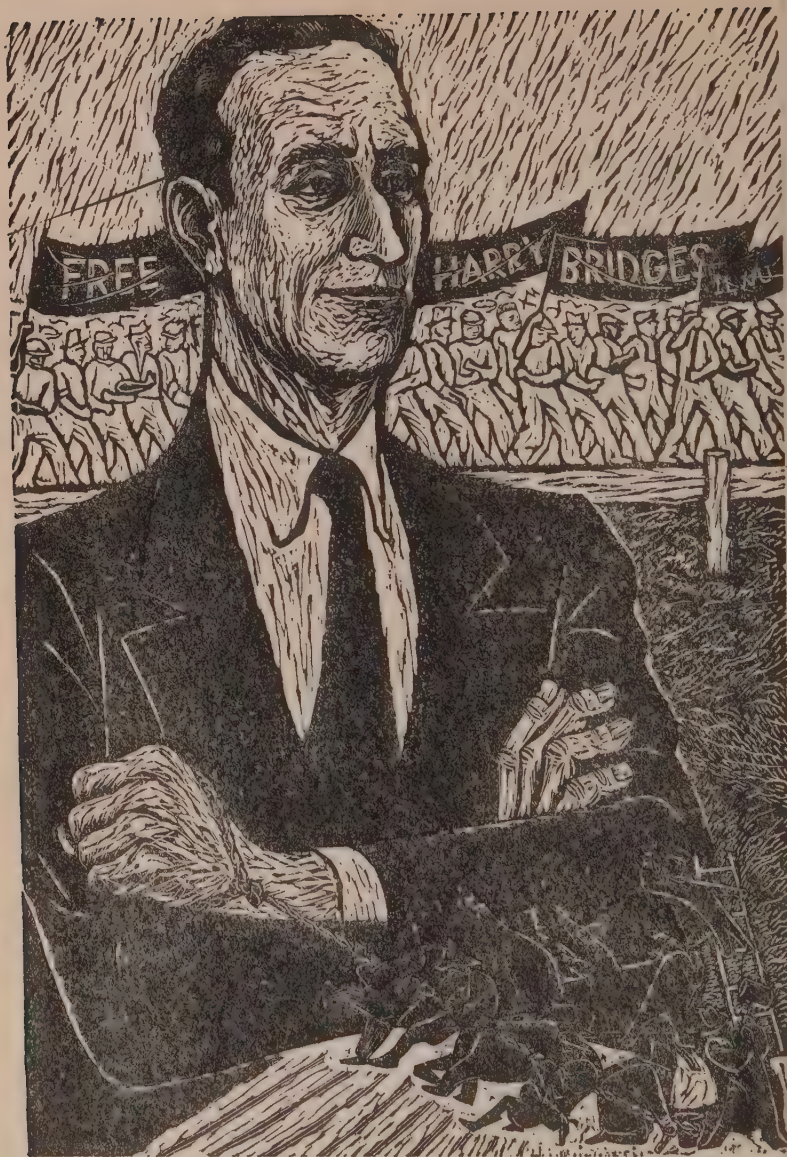
But when the ruling class feels its rule shaken, it strikes out blindly. The Alien and Sedition laws of 1798 followed the scare caused by the French Revolution. The Criminal Syndicalist, Red Flag, Sedition and Teachers' Oaths laws and the Palmer raids followed the fear generated by the Russian Revolution after the first world war. The present anti-Communist legislation, the trial of the Communist leaders for violation of the Smith Act, the jailing of the Board of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee for contempt, the jailing of the Hollywood Ten and Gene Dennis and George Marshall for contempt and Carl Marzani for "fraud" follow the fear instilled in our ruling class by the world-wide liberation march of the oppressed.

HISTORICALLY, the struggles against tyranny took the form of struggles for free speech, free press and free assembly. The people knew then as they know today, that these rights were the indispensable weapons with which to resist tyranny and promote progress. The people look with distrust on any and all political persecution no matter what the legal excuse. In most of the European countries, the governments have been compelled to take heed of this fact and soften the people's reaction by establishing the special status of "Political Prisoners."

Even in Czarist Russia, the most autocratic government of its time, the status of political prisoner was recognized. The Czar knew that the people knew that those who worked and sacrificed their lives for their betterment were not criminals.

In fact the American government does make special provision for certain prisoners, for "political prisoners" of a particular type. We refer to the grafting public official charged with crimes against the "public order." Ex-Congressmen May and Thomas were given eight and six month sentences while their victims were given as much as twelve month sentences for "contempt of Congress." They received minimum sentences, while the defenders of democracy received the maximum.

And what special treatment they receive in prison! They are confined in private rooms in the prison hospitals, given special hospital food, sleep on comfortable hospital beds and are spared the countless indignities heaped on the ordinary prisoner.



Stanley Kaplan

Criminal law deals mainly with two types of violations. First, crimes against the person which violate the established property relationships—*theft, embezzlement, fraud, etc.* Secondly, crimes against the established order—*treason, sedition, graft, etc.* But every crime involves the commission of some overt act and an intent to commit the crime. And against all of our political prisoners no crime involving an intent or overt act was charged or proved. Instead fraud statutes covering false statements made by government contractors (not the crime of perjury) were used against Carl Marzani. The subpoena gimmick was used against the Joint Anti-Fascist Eleven and the Hollywood Ten, and Dennis and Marshall and others. The Smith Act and the theory of conspiracy drawn to its most legally absurd limits were used against the eleven Communist leaders.

The incitement and prosecution of all non-conforming progressive elements in our country is part of our government's preparation for war. Our political prisoners are Cold War prisoners.

Under International Law war prisoners enjoy a special status. This is based upon the fact that the patriotic motives governing the actions of soldiers, who, right or wrong, fight for their fatherland, is not culpable. Under the international conventions it was agreed that war prisoners shall not be abused, that they shall be properly fed and housed, that they shall not be confined in jails with common criminals. In essence there is little difference between war prisoners and political prisoners. In both cases there is the absence of culpability.

The demand for recognition of the status of political prisoners is not based upon any desire for special favors. It is first of all the assertion that prisoners subject to the power and the force and violence of the ruling class are not criminals. And the demand for treatment as political prisoners is at the same time a protest against the kind of treatment forced on all prisoners. We demand the recognition of the political status of our class war prisoners to save them from the terrible conditions existing in our Federal jails.

THE TERM "modern penology" in the United States is a cruel mockery. The theory upon which our Federal prisons are run is that if you subject a prisoner to repeated indignities, you break his will and spirit and he becomes less of a behavior problem. Coercion and suppression have been lifted to the level of institution principles.

Beneath the apparent dull passivity thus established smolders a secret enmity and hatred. Hidden by the veil of discipline, the rancor and hatreds thus generated are carried over against society as a whole. In the prison intricate conspiracies are woven—intrigue and counter-plot, homosexuality and violence are rampant. Stoolpigeons vie with each other for favors from the officials. Food and clothing, denied to the prisoners because of graft and a desire to establish records by saving on each year's budget, are stolen and bartered.

The guards are recruited from low police-minded elements. Their pay is but a little over \$200 a month. Advancement to the next higher paying categories depends on a "good record." The guards who report prisoners for every little infraction of the rules, find favor with the Warden as good disciplinarians. The system of promotion constitutes a direct incitement to brutality. Thus the most unscrupulous sadists rise to the top of our prison system.

The prison administration, in spite of all the waste involved because of graft, tries to make a showing with Washington by running the prison below the budget. And the prisoners are caught in a vicious vise. On the one hand, as much work as possible is squeezed out of them, and on the other, the cost of running the prison is cut by feeding the men slop and clothing them in rags. (In Milan, Michigan, for example, there was no issue of socks for six months although there were plenty in the warehouse which the prisoners stole.)

Under such corrupting, demoralizing conditions, the idea of rehabilitation is a cruel joke. Is it any wonder that our criminals bounce from one prison to another? Is it any wonder that the FBI reports it has 16,700,000 finger prints of persons convicted of crime in its files.

One out of every 9 persons in the United States (including children) has a criminal record! What a sad commentary on the boastful American way of life! Crime for a large section of our population does not involve the straying from the normal ways of life—it has become the only means of life open to them.

In the "fallen men," "outcasts," "pariahs of society," brutalized by the conditions of capitalist society, perverted, demoralized, helplessly struggling for life, in these men there are still sparks of the good and the beautiful. These signs of goodness are manifested in different ways. But they are stifled and destroyed by our society.

In a special way, the prison authorities recognize political prisoners.

They recognize our fearless devotion to the cause of all humanity, our deep feeling and understanding for the under-dog, the oppressed. And they know, too, and have respect for our organizing ability. They know their own handiwork and how easily the prisoners could be stirred to just action. What to do with a political prisoner becomes for them, therefore, a very special and important problem.

They are afraid that a political prisoner working in the library might engage in "propaganda." They are afraid that if he is assigned to work as a clerk in the administration offices, he might see too much. Even assignment to a dormitory might afford an opportunity for "agitation." Their problem becomes a problem of isolation—to find a job on which the prisoner will work alone (as a clerk in the Boiler Room), to isolate him in a cell block, to send him to a prison like that in Milan, Michigan, where because of the large number of dope-sellers, supervision is extra close, and where the inmates are deemed to be less "corruptible" to a political prisoner's propaganda.

The prisoners, too, recognize the political prisoner. They sense his sincerity and feel the all pervading love which progressives have for the oppressed, the downtrodden, the unfortunate. They joke over the fact that the political prisoner is incarcerated because "you tried to do good." They admonish other prisoners if they fail to show respect. They address you as "Mister," come to you with their troubles, offer to share with you the food and articles of clothing they have stolen without asking for cigarettes (the medium of exchange) in return. They even complain to the authorities when they see an abusive guard inflict some indignity on the political prisoner. And of all the prisoners, the Negro prisoner responds the most readily to the political prisoner.

If it was possible to force the autocratic Czar to acknowledge the status of political prisoners, it is possible also to force the American war-inciting government to recognize the special status of men and women jailed for their beliefs. This effort to force recognition of the status of political prisoners is part of the effort to free them, to ensure that the necessity for such a status in our country will disappear.

George Marshall:

SALEM, 1950

I HAVE been re-reading some of the evidence in the trials of the Salem witches of 1692 and am again impressed by the fact that men and women were convicted by "spectral evidence" on the say-so, or the "crying out," of the seventeenth century Rankins, Clarks and McCarthys. In those days this function was performed by hysterical adolescent girls. One could not prove by tangible, rational evidence that one was not out last Wednesday night at a witches' Sabbath or that one was not suspended at the end of that beam of light, because one's "Spectral Shape" *could* have been there.

It is not a far cry from this reasoning to that of the opinion of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals in my Un-American Committee Contempt Case. The Court could not find that any so-called propaganda of the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties was "un-American" or "subversive"; but Martin Dies had "cried out" against us four years previously and the court concluded that we might have been engaged in the "silent diffusion of subversive doctrine." Thus, "spectral shapes" were substituted for facts.

In refusing to review my case and, in effect, ratifying my going to jail, the Supreme Court would seem to have put its stamp of approval on the substitution of phantoms for reason.

If time permitted, I should like to discuss at length this rejuvenated judicial trend of deciding cases on preconceived theories and of keeping from the record the basic facts on which alone a just decision can be made. I shall only mention by way of illustration the McGee case and the various loyalty review cases.

During these last few days I have been trying to figure out why I shall be going to jail. What is it that men in their fears are trying to cover up by such phrases as "un-American" and "subversive," "silent diffusion" or "contempt of Congress"?

It so happens that our enemies have given us the answer. Dies, in his omnibus smearing speech of 1942, condemned the N.F.C.L. for including in our program a demand for:

- the maintenance of the Bill of Rights
- the preservation of the Wagner Act
- the end of the persecution of labor unions and aliens
- the repeal of the poll tax
- the defense of the constitutional rights of Communists
- the end of the Gestapo activities of the F.B.I.
- the abolition of the Un-American Committee.

Yes, we stood for this program ten years ago—and still do!

The Un-American Committee's objective was to destroy the N.F.C.L. and the militant fight to defend and extend constitutional liberties.

The Committee's major tactic was to demand the names of those who supported our program so that it could add them to its blacklist. Through this means the Committee hoped to terrorize defenders of civil rights into silence.

The Committee, with the support of the courts, has held that a man must choose between being a "stool-pigeon" or a "jail-bird." I still do not believe that our Bill of Rights says this.

Some day Congress and the Courts will recognize what Tacitus knew two thousand years ago—"Informers [are] a class of men invented to be the public ruin."

I wish there were time to speak on each of the "Hundred Cases" and relate their occurrence at this time to the current drive toward war and fascism. The fight in behalf of each and all of them must be intensified and better organized than ever before. We must find ways of reaching ever-wider sections of the American people on the fundamental issues involved. We can only win when the great mass of the American people speak out and condemn the growing destruction of their constitutional liberties.

Speaking for the Civil Rights Congress and myself—we are proud of the fact that we have won the enmity of Rankin and the poll-taxers and of the white-supremacists. The Civil Rights Congress and its thousands of Negro and white members will continue to fight Jim Crow and all its manifestations until the Negro people have won full civil and human rights. They will not stop us!

And I assure you that going to jail will not stop me!

Teachers in Battle

by ALICE CITRON

MAY 3, 1950, was a sunny day. A teacher in Harlem was planning a trip to the Botanical Gardens with her 11-year-old boys and girls. They were hoping it wouldn't rain. "Teacher, I've never been up there. I'm glad you're taking us." A supervisor walked into the room. "You're wanted in the office." Those words called a halt to an eighteen-year career.

In seven other rooms that same day—"You're wanted in the office." The cold war had struck and eight members of the Teachers Union were summarily suspended by New York's Superintendent of Schools Jansen for refusing to answer questions concerning their "alleged association with the Communist Party." Less than a month later, on June 1, the Board of Education, in a 7-to-1 vote, instructed school officials to have no dealings with the Teachers Union. The resolution to ban the Teachers Union was introduced by George A. Timone, whose appointment by Mayor O'Dwyer in 1946 had been hailed by Gerald L. K. Smith as a victory for the "Christian Nationalists." Under the screen of eliminating political "heresy," the Christian Front and its allies are trying to eliminate a powerful force struggling for better salaries and working conditions for teachers and higher educational standards.

Abraham Lederman, president of the Teachers Union, has been a teacher for twenty-three years. Junior High School pupils are studying mathematics under the syllabus he helped to devise. Ironically, on the day of his suspension he was to meet with the Junior High School Mathematics Committee at the Board of Education. In sworn testimony before a Congressional Committee in September, 1948, Superintendent Jansen called Lederman's work "very satisfactory." Dr. Jansen was also asked, "Have you ever had any suspicion that they (officers of the Union) were teaching leftist doctrines to the children?" He replied,

"None of the officers, no." After Lederman's suspension a Puerto Rican student sent him a letter: "I write to you these few lines to let you know that all of the class is sorry to know you had to go out of school. I think I shall never be able to forget you. I hope you will come back to school." She was writing for all of Lederman's pupils. Lederman's "misconduct" as a teacher was his staunch leadership in the teachers' salary fight and against thought control.

The Board of Education recently praised itself for having Hebrew classes in the High Schools. The Board left out a significant fact. It was Celia Lewis Zitron, Secretary of the Teachers Union, who introduced the study of Hebrew to the New York City schools. It took the Superintendent of Schools twenty-seven years to discover that Mrs. Zitron should be suspended for "insubordination."

Louis Jaffee is a recognized scholar in the field of educational theory; his latest article appeared in the *Harvard Educational Review*. He has been subjected to a whole series of inquisitions because he has declared himself against the turning of the classroom into an instrument for war propaganda. As Dr. Frederick Kershner, Dean of the School of Religion at Butler University, wrote in the *Christian Evangelist*: "It would seem that the New York school authorities want to compel their teachers to deny all possibilities of avoiding World War III, and to instruct their pupils that we must engage in armed conflict with Russia. Instead of being persecuted, Mr. Jaffee should be commended by the school board for his intelligent and courageous effort to maintain world peace." It took the Superintendent only nineteen years to discover Mr. Jaffee was "unfit."

During the war a soldier in Italy wrote: "With victory we shall have destroyed those who would have enslaved the world. Our sacrifices have been great but we have won the opportunity to emerge from the animal kingdom and enter the kingdom of man." But all the enslavers were not destroyed, and Isidore Rubin, who wrote these words, also was suspended on May 3. His essay, "What Victory Means To Me," won first prize in a widely publicized soldiers' contest. Walter Huston broadcast it nationally; the American Jewish Congress reprinted it as a pamphlet; the New York *Times* called it the best expression of the hopes of our fighting forces. Isidore Rubin expressed himself too well! The Board of Education couldn't tolerate such a teacher! In 1948, Rubin had already learned that there were elements

in our country who did not share his aims in fighting fascism. He participated in a picket line of a brother union and was brought up on charges of "conduct unbecoming a teacher."

David Friedman, former chairman of the English Department at P.S. 64, has been praised by his colleagues for "inspiring in his students the finest standards of brotherhood and democracy." But Mr. Jansen does not esteem such a criterion of educational judgment, as still another teacher, Abraham Feingold, found out after twenty-eight years of service. Feingold is a teacher loved and remembered by his students for his kindness, patience and complete devotion to them. And there is Mark Friedlander, chairman of the Teachers Union for Political Action, who served with distinction as an officer in the air corps. He, too, is loved by pupils and colleagues. He, too, is suspended.

Alice Citron, teacher in Harlem, has won a citywide reputation for her fight against Jim Crow. The Harlem community knows and loves her because she has never deserted the fight against bigotry, no matter what form it took. Her colleagues wrote: "Not only is she an outstanding teacher, but a particularly gifted one. We are deeply concerned when people of this calibre can be asked to prove their fitness to teach."

So it is clear that the Board of Education is not persecuting these teachers because there is any question whatsoever of their fitness to teach. Nor are they being persecuted because they have "indoctrinated" their pupils. Nor is the Board of Education interested in eliminating teachers truly unfit to teach. Because if the Board were, it long ago would have heeded the call for the ouster of the Christian Front's May Quinn. Fondly, the Superintendent of Schools shields this preacher of hatred against Negroes and Jews. And a teacher named Gladys Mann shouted at a Puerto Rican child, "You dirty Puerto Rican, why don't you go back where you came from?" She assaulted a Puerto Rican youngster. Her fitness to teach does not disturb our school officials. Recently, Agnes Driscoll went into a tantrum because a few of her children played some Paul Robeson records. She is, at least, not tone deaf, for she had liked the songs and the singer until she heard his name.

These incidents do not disturb the \$32,500 Superintendent of Schools. Moreover, the school officials have resisted every effort to eliminate chauvinistic text books. Many of these texts are written by principals and superintendents paid by the tax payers who include

the groups they slander! Dr. Jansen, in a series of widely used geography texts, has made his great contribution to the theory of the "white man's burden." On Africa he writes: "Because the native people of Africa, most of whom belong to the Negro race, are very backward, the greater part of the continent has come under the control of European nations since its opening up began." His texts are very kind to the "benign" European imperialists who have brought so much good to the Africans! The New York City school system has in effect suppressed any knowledge of the contributions of the Negro people to world civilization.

THE BOARD of Education has developed tin ears and will not listen to demands of parents and teachers. It didn't matter that thousands of teachers signed their names to petitions against the Timone resolution to cripple the Teachers Union. So frenzied is the desire of the city administration to destroy the one teachers' organization which has brought to light their failure to provide adequate school facilities and their capitulation on issue after issue to the fascism of Franco-lover George Timone, that they didn't hesitate to shame the entire teaching staff. For they have now told the teachers they are not grown up enough to choose an organization.

The passage of the Timone resolution against the Teachers Union is a filthy and immoral attempt to cripple the defense of the eight teachers the Board would dismiss. As Professor John De Boer said recently: "When men must go to prison because they adhere to their convictions, making their appeal to the most solemn commitments of the builders of American freedom, America is no longer America. When teachers who defend the right of privacy with respect to political affiliation are not permitted to teach, America is no longer America. When teachers are not permitted to choose freely the organizations which will represent them with their employers, America is no longer the America of the people's dream."

The eight teachers believe in the "America of the people's dream" and as a matter of burning principle refuse to participate in Dr. Jansen's extra-curricular inquiries. The eight realize that there can't be a "tiny" witch-hunt these days. They know that if Dr. Jansen got the go ahead signal the whole school system would be engulfed in a bog of intolerance.

There is an official document of the Board of Education, known as

the Bucci brief, which declares: "It is not only membership in the Communist Party that is incompatible with the obligations of a public school teacher. The same reasoning can and should be applied to Communists who for strategic reasons never hold a party-membership card, and the so-called fellow-travelers who follow the Communist-dictated party line." No reader of this magazine needs any enlightenment as to what the Timones call the "party-line." In the same brief is an endorsement of the Mundt-Nixon Bill, and this: "We cannot and must not ignore the plain fact that we are in a state of 'cold war.'" This is a clear call to indoctrinate children with war-inciting propaganda.

Submission to the Superintendent of School's private little inquisition would have meant making a mockery of the democracy the eight teachers had taught. It would have meant the further spread of fear and terror throughout the school system. The atmosphere is already so charged with intimidation and repression that many teachers are censoring themselves. Rose Russell, Legislative Representative of the Union, put it plainly: "If we allow the hysteria, the suspensions, the intimidations of teachers to continue, teachers will not dare to think; but the children—the children will not even learn how to think. Already their minds are closing to ideas, and just as Hitler's youth accepted the malicious stereotypes of Negroes, Jews and Communists so our youngsters are being fed malicious stereotypes of Negroes, Jews and Communists in place of facts."

The type of mentality involved is illustrated in the following incident. The Superintendent of Schools asked a Brooklyn principal to investigate an anonymous communication accusing a teacher of distributing Communist literature. The principal then discovered a terrible fact. She told the teacher, "You gave copies of Langston Hughes' 'Freedom Train' to your class." In her analysis to Dr. Jansen she stated that the teacher involved was competent but too concerned with the problems of the oppressed. She hoped that as the young teacher matured she would develop a more balanced view!

Children are even being taught to hate their parents. A member of the American Labor Party tells of his youngster who came home and said, "My teacher said that the worst man in the United States is Vito Marcantonio. You mustn't vote for such a man." A mother tearfully declares that her son avoids her when she comes to school.

because his Christian Front teacher informed the class that John's mother is too interested in school conditions and she ought to stay home and take care of the house. A Jewish mother relates how her nine-year-old daughter had to get down on her knees to pray for Cardinal Mindszenty. One of the suspended teachers scheduled to address an outdoor meeting in the Bronx arrived in time to see 100 organized hoodlums in operation. The anti-Semitic vulgarities shouted at the speaker were of a pattern with the political pornography that periodically comes to the Teachers Union.

With every brazen effort to intimidate and destroy the Teachers Union, the membership and wide sections of the people have surged forth to fight back. To thousands of teachers and parents the Teachers Union has been the lighthouse in a dark, murky educational picture. Touching evidence of solidarity with the union has come from many places. A cable from France by Paul Delanoue, General Secretary, World Federation of Teachers Unions, assures the support of the 3,000,000 members of the organization. A mother in Harlem writes to her daughter's high school teacher: "The Board of Education has found it necessary to suspend eight teachers of the Teachers Union. One of them was Miss Alice Citron, who is a teacher beloved by the neighborhood for eighteen years and one for whom the Parent-Teachers Association of 184 has formed a committee in protest against her suspension. Since it is necessary to always be in readiness for any strategic move the school board may make, the P.T.A. met at 9 A.M. Monday to have a picture taken and to meet a reporter. As a member of the P.T.A., I have resolved to do my utmost. Part of our duty is to be on call at anytime that we are needed. I am sorry that this happened to be the instance that caused Florence's tardiness but I feel like the rest do that there is no sacrifice too great for us to make to try to keep Alive Citron and all teachers of her calibre in Harlem."

In Harlem, Flatbush, the Eastside, Bronx, the people of New York have formed committees to reinstate the eight. For without the strongest protest our schools will become schools for barbarians. The eight have joined the freedom fighters in our land. They will not surrender to the plotters of war. They will not sell out democracy. ,

Reply to Ehrenburg

by SHIRLEY GRAHAM

Ilya Ehrenburg's "Open Letter to Writers of the West" appeared in the June M & M. In his letter Ehrenburg called on writers to support the Stockholm Peace Pledge: "We demand the unconditional prohibition of the atomic weapon as an instrument of aggression and mass extermination of human beings, and the institution of strict international control to enforce this decision. We shall regard as guilty of war crimes the government that is first to use the atomic weapon against any country. We call upon men and women of good will throughout the world to sign this call."

We are glad to publish the following reply. Others will appear in future issues.

I AM A CRAFTSMAN who works with words. I am not one of the renowned "writers of the west." It is well known that I use whatever skills I have for peace. I was a delegate to the World Peace Congress which set up the Permanent Committee which has drawn up the simple Peace Pledge for the signatures of all "honest men and women . . . who really desire the resumption of peaceful relations among the nations." You therefore know, dear Ilya Ehrenburg, that I heartily endorse your eloquent appeal to writers.

Why then do I address myself to you? It is because I believe I have a special contribution to make to this symposium which we hope will reach all American writers. I am a Negro woman. I came to writing by a long and devious path—a path which every English and American writer can imagine without specific details. But I learned something while I struggled along that hard road. I learned it first from my father, then from all the other Negroes in the many and shifting communities in which we lived. The whole world learned about this ghetto product at Warsaw!

Yes, bit by bit, I saw the broken pieces of what fused together at Warsaw. I learned that vile names applied to me did not make me

vile; that mud flung on me washes off, that even the bite of a cur soon heals. I learned that cowards often ran when I came straight on! Summed up I learned to stand upright, to walk like a human being, to think for myself. There is a three letter word that says it: I developed *guts!*

Writers who today know facts and yet will not join in a call to prevent mass destruction of humanity simply lack guts. Intelligent men and women who in the past acted in an enlightened and constructive manner to defeat fascism, who worked with Franklin Delano Roosevelt for a constructive peace and who now tremble and crawl before illiterate bigots simply lack guts. My father, a simple, sweet-faced preacher did not cringe or run when a mob came after him. He faced them with his head up!

May I, therefore, an American Negro writer, join you, Ilya Ehrenburg, towering giant of the Soviet Union, in calling upon western writers to stand up like men, to step forth under the waving banners of Walt Whitman and John Milton, to remember the humanism of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Charles Dickens and Balzac, the courage of Thomas Paine, and William Godwin, and Victor Hugo, the warm humanity of Theodore Dreiser and Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

Writers, with brains, and hearts and souls, join the illustrious ranks of those who pointed the way to a world of Peace and Brotherhood. *Let us have peace now!*

I Write For a *NEW WORLD*

by JERZY ANDRZEJEWSKI

IN LOOKING over my notes of last year, I found the following fragment, dated March:

Spent evening with R. and Stefan M. Stefan, as a rule so reluctant to discuss his personal affairs, was for once quite talkative and did not even try to pretend that what he said did not concern him personally. I got the impression that for some time past he must have been going through a severe inner crisis, and that he was incapable of disentangling himself from—and far less cutting through—an intricately woven net of his own doubts. In cases of this kind, one is always tempted to ask oneself whether such doubts are not piled up to postpone a necessary solution to the far distant future. Many intellectuals feel instinctively that a load of doubts, hesitancy and unanswered questions is still easier to carry than the obligations resulting from clear-cut decisions. Even the intellectual who is most awkward in practical life, is quite skilful when dealing with his inner conflicts. He usually has a way of manipulating them so that they show him in the best light.

Stefan argued that a writer—both as a human being and as a creative artist—can identify himself with Marxist ideology only in a political situation where the Communist Party is either illegal or is in legal opposition to the existing system of government. Thus, Aragon or Eluard in France, Past in the United States and writers in exile, such as Neruda or Jorge Amado, retain the full freedom of expressing themselves with integrity, because they fight for the highest ideals of humanity without being compelled to identify themselves with all the evil sides which must exist in every regime. But a writer who identifies himself with the Party when it is in power must necessarily come into conflict with his conscience which protests against any form of compulsion imposed upon men. What man? Any man.

I expected R. to react immediately and show Stefan, point by point, the fallacy of his arguments. But he remained silent for a long while, drumming on the table with his thick fingers. At last, he raised his head and asked: "Did you ever, before the war, carry all your earthly goods tied up in a single bundle?"

Stefan moved uneasily. "No," he replied, hesitantly.

"Ever go hungry?"

"No."

"Ever get beaten up by the cops?"

"Never."

I am quoting this bit of dialogue verbatim not because I have the least intention of adding any commentary to Stefan's silly doubts and scruples, but because R's approach struck me as the essential thing. For he aimed at the very core of an individual experience and, at the same time, hit the vital spot of a much vaster problem.

Today, the majority of our most active and most creative writers decidedly take Marxist positions, or, at least, sympathize with Marxism and are drawing closer to it. This shows that our contemporary writers have a keener understanding of the history of our time and of their own part in history. Yet Marxism is for most of our Polish creative writers an acquisition of very recent date. It crystallized in their consciousness under the impact of the major political, social and economic changes of the past five years. In the last year, in particular, we have seen a considerable development of political awareness among writers, and an ever more marked trend toward breaking away, at least in theoretical statement, from the encumbrance of bourgeois ideology.

This process will certainly continue and bring forth works of literature more fully representative of socialist realism and more numerous than our postwar progressive writers have been able to produce to date. I see great possibilities of developing our prose, poetry and drama. Yet this optimism can be justified fully and quickly only if our writers endeavor to become socialist writers and, more important, if they keep a constant check on their thinking processes; if they recognize their shortcomings, straighten out old and new deviations; and if they always remember that, compared to the activists of the proletariat, they are not only Johnnies-come-lately, but that they are poorer, for they lack that consciousness of class struggle which is matured in the course of many years of hard experience and sacrifice.

I believe that one should not gloss over the fact that the roads toward Marxism along which the majority of our writers have been travelling since the war, are safe and easy roads, free of obstacles. None of us has had to pay for his convictions with the loss of his personal liberty, and no author has risked his life by being a Marxist. On the contrary, the state has done a great deal to guarantee writers a good standard of living. We have not grown toward Marxism in prison cells nor in the kind of struggle which demands utmost self-denial and molds the character of a socialist. No, we got there while buying antiques and silk neckties; for one dinner we often spent a sum almost equal to the monthly salary of a teacher; many of us have reaped honors and awards for our work.

I should not like anyone to mistake this reference to material matters as a lack of appreciation of intellectual labor. Any responsible mental effort is to be highly esteemed, provided it is made in the right direction. But men whose talent enables them to express their relationship to life predominantly through intellectual and artistic means, are all too prone to draw a dividing line between the manifestations of their creative genius and their behavior in everyday life. What happens then? One's private life is bound to influence the mental process: it blunts alertness and self-criticism; it fosters selfishness, false ambition, sometimes even cynicism and very often petty bourgeois ideals. How much easier it is to straighten out thoughts than to correct acts! Yet, Marxism is more than a world outlook: it is a world outlook applied in life.

I do not, by any means, exempt myself from the general rule. What struck me so profoundly in R.'s questions was the sudden realization that whoever did not acquire the socialist outlook on life through struggle must fill the gaps by sharper and more uncompromising brain work.

RECOGNITION of one's own mistakes is, in itself, progress of a sort, but to overcome and eliminate these mistakes one must lay bare their roots and trace their development within a specific class of society; a common denominator of social experience must be found for individual experiences, and the subjective approach must be replaced by the objective one.

It was clear to me, even before the war, that I was obsessed by words like night, dusk, darkness, abyss, fog, shadows, lights, echo,

whisper, loneliness, anxiety, desires, faithfulness, purity, fervor, end, guilt, punishment, deaf, blind. . . . These words, or rather the magic formulas I created around them, were the basis of my youthful work *The Orderly Heart*. The same trend of imagination affected my war stories *The Trial* and *Roll Call* to a marked degree, and certain of its elements were still evident in *The Holy Week* and, later on, in *Ashes and the Diamond*.

It took no special literary insight on my part to realize, quite early, that the images of night and darkness were maniacally recurrent in my writings. Soon enough I understood that the charm of "nightfall," which had dimmed my critical sense in the beginning, threatened to become monotonously repetitious. Yet I have to admit that this correct, artistic self-criticism proved totally inadequate when I tried to solve my "night complex," for I assumed that all I had to do was to change the backdrop, the scenery, and obtain automatically an entirely new artistic expression.

How many defeats I had to suffer because of this illusion! The bitter taste of those hours will surely be appreciated by any one who has ever suddenly realized that something is wrong in his work, no matter what kind of work, and was unable to put his finger on the origin or cause of his error. I felt the threatening danger of *mannerism*; yet every time I set pen to paper, *mannerism* blurred my work. I wanted to depict real people and their problems in glaring bright daylight. But every situation conceived in my imagination, every gesture made by a barely sketched character, every scrap of dialogue—in brief, that enrapturing world which contained the embryo of new ideas—dragged behind it, like a shadow, the old, gloomy scenery of night, the same dreary landscape hostile to every action of the lost, lonely human being.

I would destroy those pages and flee from my defeats just as one cowardly runs away from the wrongs one has done other people, or from unpleasant memories. I would spend long months of inaction, tortured by a thousand real and imaginary conflicts. Utter despair of my intelligence and talent was a device to justify the waste of time. Eventually, as despair wore thin, I would yield to flashes of hope and return to my writing, only to find that fear of a new failure paralyzed my imagination, and that my pen was a dry reed.

Who knows how many harrowing conflicts I could have avoided had I only grasped sooner the fact that no writer can straighten out the crooked lines of his artistic activity unless he fully understands and

finally breaks away from the erroneous intellectual premises which govern it. How could I ever have imagined that it was possible to change the *scenery* of my writings without revising and changing—from the bottom up—my whole approach to reality? Wallowing in the myth of my own abandonment and loneliness in this world, nursing my hazy moral conflicts, anxieties and contradictory desires, could I find anything to my liking outside the familiar round?

Today, I recall with regret that I was nothing but a passive subject of history during the best years of my youth. I dramatized world events only as reflected in my personal fortunes, and I overlooked the fact that on the eve of World War II a gigantic drama was taking place right next to me—so near, indeed, that I could have touched it had I only extended my hand—and that men who knew the importance of fighting fascism took an active part in it. At the time I thought of myself as a moralist. As if mere interest in moral problems, or the mere enunciation of phrases sounding a moral note were sufficient to lay claim to so noble a title! What a gross mistake! I failed to understand then that to be a moralist one must be a fighter; that one must take an active part in the struggle for the progressive values in history. I failed to realize that everything else was only moral stammering: the cry of lost souls, the muttering of masked enemies and the screams of open foes.

It took a long time and many an experience before I understood that by considering my approach to life as something individual and unique, I not only complicated matters but made it quite impossible for myself to get an objective view of my past mistakes and of the road I would have to follow in order to see the world in its correct proportions and be able to write about the needs and aspirations of progressive mankind. My petty criticism—the subjective evaluation of events by a socially isolated individual—condemned me to rely on my instincts rather than on co-ordinated rational thinking in this search for the right road. It made me set up new standards behind whose façades the whole rubbish pile of bourgeois-intellectual prejudices remained intact. Petty subjective criticism did sweep away many illusions, but there was one it could neither expose nor dispose of, namely, the illusion that one could catch up with the march of history all by oneself, without joining the working masses.

Marxism manipulated by an intellectual individualist resembles a horse ridden by a poor rider. I am reminded of the *Pickwick Papers*

and Mr. Snodgrass' attempt to make his horse go straight ahead by pulling it round in circles and backward. I was in exactly the same situation at the time I wrote *Ashes and the Diamond*.^{*} I was writing this novel like a left-hander who had not learned to use his right hand; as a matter of fact, I did write with my right hand, but the old bad habits forced me to switch hands again and again.

This is why individual events are depicted faithfully, while the overall picture of the objective conditions which prevailed at that time is completely wrong. This is also why the naturalistic descriptions contained in the novel had a suggestive quality, while I was utterly incapable of describing the basic elements of historical changes which have their roots in the class struggle. With my right hand, which was neither too steady nor too precise, I described the "diamond"; with the left, well-trained in cultivating gloomy nightmares, chaos and anguish, I described the "ashes." Anyway, the essential flaw in *Ashes and the Diamond* is, to my mind, the discrepancy between the partial perceptions and the overall evaluation. It became clear to me that a piece of literature may, in its individual parts, be accurate and yet distort the whole picture of the objective reality by a false alignment of the component elements or by the omission of other vital elements.

When *Ashes and the Diamond* was widely greeted and reprinted, its author found himself in a situation similar to the final result of Mr. Snodgrass' equestrian exploits. There was but one difference: the horse from which he fell was certainly higher than the mount of Mr. Pickwick's friend.

And then, what happened? The pen that had written *Ashes and the Diamond* turned once more into a dry reed, while the hapless rider racked his brain for a way to mount the horse again and not to go round in circles and backward. The horse seemed to him terrifyingly difficult to break in, because he had no clear conception of what a horse really was. Finally, after many months had passed and his knowledge of horses remained as scant as before, the author came to the conclusion that he should leave the horse alone, for the time being, and study the rider instead.

Common sense then demanded that the rider get out of the narrow circle of riders resembling him, and that he look for experience among people who were living a more real, a more difficult and a

^{*} *Ashes and the Diamond* reflects in fictional terms the complex political and moral problems of the first period after Poland's liberation.—Eds.

more responsible life than the little fraternity of writers. This he did. He entered a new environment, met new people, took up some minor but novel tasks, tried to make a more serious effort to understand the nature of the changes going on in the world. The mere process of drawing nearer to life, though certainly incomplete and still weak in many respects, inevitably brought him closer to the Party which helped him and showed confidence in him, and which ultimately became his own Party.

I believe that only a man who understands that his own past is not something outside of history, but an integral part of history, can render useful service to mankind today. When I ceased looking upon my changes as some unusual, personal, spiritual adventure, I discovered that they were subject to the same laws which governed the decomposition of the bourgeois intelligentsia. At a given moment, those laws compel each threatened individual to determine on what side he wants to stand in the class struggle. He can choose either the illusion and the lies which history will destroy, or the truth which will, of course, not render his life particularly easy, but which will give him back his human dignity, relieve him of the burden of loneliness and guide him in the struggle toward the common goal of all progressive people.

AND NOW another note. One of the many errors we inherited from the eclecticism of bourgeois art is our readiness to believe that every favorable comment is genuine praise.

I was often greatly pleased by favorable criticism of my creative work expressed by people whose convictions were different from mine and who were sometimes even hostile. I do not think this attitude can be explained by mere vanity or by misguided ambition alone, though these feelings cannot be altogether discounted. The reasons for this brand of opportunism must be sought deeper. They seem to be the following:

Artists who do not identify themselves with any concrete political struggle, insofar as their creative work is concerned, seem to be particularly sensitive to praise and success.

An artist who describes his own experiences as though they were unrelated to the objective world, who creates a mock world out of the elements of personal conflicts, unappeased desires and unsatisfied appetites, and who tries to distort the very concept of art by giving

it a content divorced from real life, reminds one of Conrad's Lord Jim trying to find in other people confirmation for his fuzzy ravings about himself. What other people? That's none of Jim's concern. Anyone will do, provided he shares Jim's belief that Jim is courageous and that he has all the makings of a hero. By the same token, the non-co-operative, lonesome artist does not care—it does not at all matter to him—what person in what ideological camp approves one or another of his works.

An artist who is powerless to cope with reality will usually display an astounding amount of energy to justify his weakness. When insecurity assails him, he will have his heroes carry the baggage of insecurity. Again, if all he can find within himself is doubt and despair, he will readily discover that doubt and despair are the two immutable elements of our existence. Even the mystic worshippers of loneliness, unable to bear the idea that they alone are lonely, will inflate their affliction until it reaches the proportions of a cosmic principle. What a superb sublimation! The weaker, the more disgruntled an artist, the more eloquent will be the partner he chooses. Most frequently, his partner will be the universe. A tragic world, a grotesque world, a futile world, a nightmarish world—such are the imaginary partners of morally bankrupt artists. This is clear. And just as clear and obvious are the reasons why, during the period when bourgeois culture disintegrated, an artist who took no part in the struggle did not want to analyze, and did not have to analyze, by whom and why his works were praised.

Today, this problem takes on a new meaning. The class enemy likes to stress the concept of objectivism. But what does he mean by an "objective approach"? He invariably means looking at reality to see whether it coincides partially or entirely with his personal, reactionary relationship to life. And in this respect again, my own experience sounded the warning signal, when I discovered what the praise expressed by readers of my novel, whose outlook differed from mine, really meant.

Youngsters with the mentality of pre-war fascists complimented me on my objectivity and honesty. People sitting on the fence, no less than cowardly intellectuals feeding on the lies spread by the "Voice of America" and Radio Madrid, congratulated me on being objective and honest.

The greater the defeats suffered by the enemy, the more untenable

the positions into which he has been pushed, the more eagerly will he grasp every occasion to find among the ranks of progressives some sort of toe-hold, no matter how small, which will keep up his hope that it may, some day, become a bridge-head for future action. Art is certainly not immune to enemy penetration.

A dialectically thinking writer who would accept at face value such declarations by an enemy as "I like your work because it is objective and honest," or "I like your work, because you understand mankind," or "I like your work because you look at things impartially"—such a writer gives up his ideological weapons and loses his alertness. If he fails to realize that his opponents like him only because he has certain points in common with them, if he does not expose his own mistakes soon enough, he will slowly get used to the idea that he must write in just such a manner, in order to be admitted and accepted by the (ideologically speaking) broadest possible circle of readers. And if this idea is supported by a conviction that he is thus fulfilling an important propaganda role, because he attracts and wins over the unwilling and the resistant, so much the worse for the writer. By all means convince, attract, win them over, but never at the cost of compromise and half-truths. Convincing an opponent should be done not on his level but on one's own level, for every attempt at assimilating his arguments means capitulation and defeat. And I think that if our books are to become a really important factor in the struggle, the dividing line between classes should be as clear-cut, where our readers are concerned, as it is in other sectors of life.

On more than one occasion, I have stressed the fact that the maturing of political and social consciousness is a long-term process. I still think so, and yet this kind of formulation presents a danger. For the thesis of the long-term transformation of ideas, which is correct in principle, may in many instances be used as a convenient shield. I could then say: don't demand too much of me, don't ask me to go too fast in my effort, give every artist and intellectual, including myself, as much time as he needs to think over everything thoroughly. Do not impatiently accelerate the thinking processes, and also, take care not to pour out the baby with the bath water.

Speaking in this way, I used to score on two counts. I would indicate how greatly I appreciated the fact that changes are imperative; and, at the same time, by avoiding the responsibility of making a

maximum effort, I would leave a back door open for all forms of indolence, opportunism, cowardice and self-indulgence.

To explain how this happened I have to go back somewhat. I would define the philosophical position where my ideological changes began even before the war, as lay Catholicism. I recognize that the road which finally brought me to Marxism-Leninism was neither short nor easy. But now I know for certain that I would have gotten there sooner had I not so often hypnotized myself and others with the assertion that ideological changes are long-term processes. For I repeatedly stopped and even retreated because I had made up my mind beforehand that it would have to be a long road.

Last year, in the course of a very lively literary discussion, I advanced the following thesis. I maintained that under present conditions—taking into account the ideological deficiencies and distorted outlook inherited from the past two decades—a contemporary writer should have the right to commit errors, and that this right should be recognized and respected. It is quite evident that by defending a certain writer, I was in reality defending myself. I was fighting to obtain a sanction for my own errors, both those committed in the past and those that I might make in the future.

I now realize to what dead-ends this trend of reasoning can lead. Surely every person makes mistakes in his professional life. Every person may err ideologically. But no one is entitled to demand the right to commit ideological and professional errors. To demand the right to commit errors is to approve of them.

That is why I would today rather say to the political leaders: don't be too lenient with the intellectuals and artists. They have a tendency toward being so lenient with themselves that you can well refrain from supporting them in this respect. On the contrary, expose them, if they are incapable of doing it themselves. Spur them on, if they are unwilling or unable to accelerate their pace.

Translated from the Polish by Ilona Rolf Sues.

right face

ELITE

"Q. Is it better to make fast rather than slow decisions?"

A. Yes. Decide the moment you have sufficient evidence to make an intelligent decision. Numerous studies of leaders—including gangsters, executives, politicians, etc., show their most outstanding trait is speed and finality of decision."—Dr. Albert E. Wiggam "Explores Your Mind," in the *Chicago Daily News*.

HOW LITTLE IS LITTLE?

"At a university club in an up-state New York city Paul Robeson at the peak of his fame, was forced to ride in the freight elevator . . . in Boston one rainy night Robeson, sick with cold and fatigue, was shunted from hotel to hotel . . . in New York, Robeson, as a celebrity was permitted to dine at a restaurant, but his son could not join him. All little things, to be sure, but added together they tell a story of how the seeds of communism may be sown in America."—Earl S. Miers, director of Rutgers University Press, in *The Nation*.

CALAMITY

"The white man is really laboring to raise the living standards of the African natives. Ironically in one section the results have been on the tragic side. When the colonials cleaned up the country and wiped out the tsetse fly, the native population increased fifteen times."—Richard Carlson, Hollywood actor, tells Hedda Hopper about his trip to Africa—*Los Angeles Times*.

ARTISTS IN UNDERSHIRTS

"There was a scene where Clark Gable removed his shirt . . . and his torso remained bare. No undershirt. Well, it wasn't long before we heard the screams of the underwear manufacturers . . . Let me assure you, gentlemen, particularly those who may be associated with the manufacture of undershirts, Mr. Gable has kept his on ever since."—Mr. Louis B. Mayer speaks at the *Brand Names Day Luncheon*.

books in review

American Dachau

SCOTTSBORO BOY, by Haywood Patterson and Earl Conrad. *Double-day*. \$3.00.

THOUGH NEGROES are outnumbered ten to one in the United States, two Negroes are executed for capital crimes for each white man so dealt with. And the one charge which helps swell the number of Negroes killed by state law is that of rape. In fact, so well have the white supremacists connected the appellation "Negro" with the four-letter name of a form of criminal sexuality, that the latest figures show that judges and juries have reserved the death sentence for rape to accused Negroes. In the census figures for 1946, for example, 21 Negroes were executed for the crime of rape, although they represented a minority of those so charged.

Haywood Patterson's first-person story of the eight Scottsboro Boys and their struggle for freedom against a rape frame-up which began in March, 1931, and still continues, explains the statistics. The Scottsboro case began with a fight on a freight train between a group of young Negroes, ranging in age from 13 to 19, and a group

of white boys. The Negroes bested the white boys in the fight, they were "uppity." And, just as in innumerable cases before and after, white supremacy answered this militancy with the one charge that fires mobs, influences judge and jury, swings the entire weight of the state onto the side of an aggrieved white—rape.

Whether by the force and will of mob or state the penalty meted to the accused Negro is death.

Haywood Patterson and Earl Conrad, in tracing the anatomy of the frame-up at Scottsboro, Alabama, have given us a picture which challenges the conscience of progressive America.

Patterson's spoken story is so well written by Conrad that the reader is given the feeling of actually listening to the Scottsboro victim's speech. Faithfully and sensitively, Conrad has caught the imagery, idiom and strength of Patterson's folk speech, all of which adds to the power of this indictment drawn against the white rulers and their state-organized terror and robbery of the Negro people.

"Color sure is important in Southern courts," Patterson writes, and then he goes on to explain why: "And what is back of it?

They just want to work us for nothing. They do this perfect to us in prison.

"What happened in the Scottsboro case wasn't unusual. What was unusual was that the world heard about it."

Patterson could have added that, having heard, the world acted.

The Scottsboro Boys beat the death sentence. Four of them were freed outright in 1937. Another four have been in and out of prison. Patterson, the most famous and most hated by his jailers, spent seventeen years behind bars where the state of Alabama tried to take the life which the mass campaign to free the Scottsboro boys had denied it.

Patterson proved himself as hardy as his people. He survived the barbarous whippings which left his backside a raw mass of flesh. Stabbings by prisoners who were egged on by the jailers were overcome; the effects of the inhuman toil, supervised by men chosen for their similarity to brutes, was withstood.

But above all, Patterson retained an active mind and a sense of humanity as his tormentors drove him and the others to desperate and degrading acts. And in 1948, in his second try at escape (he had tried first in April, 1943) he outwitted the state of Alabama by escaping from Kilby Prison near Montgomery and eluding one of the greatest manhunts in Southern history.

Because he was successful, we have this factual story of prison horror that rates with much of the literature which came out of the Nazi torture camps. But this is about prison camps and forced labor in the United States. Young prisoners forced into homosexuality; prisoners "paroled" to employers who then hold the men in virtual slavery; prisoners working in factories, mass-producing articles for private enterprise; sadistic supervisors paying prisoners to accept whippings; murders, planned by the guards and executed by the prisoners for small favors — the whole rotten, racist fruit of white supremacy is here.

From the inside of Atmore and Kilby Prisons, *Scottsboro Boy* reveals not so much a picture of "man's inhumanity to man," but more important, it exposes the complete inhumanity of capitalism. For the prisons of Alabama reflect only an intensification of the jungle law which operates outside. In the story of one survivor of this brutal jungle — a Negro—we understand more intimately the line-up of industry, courts, governors, prisons and police in the special oppression of the Negro people. Behind what appears to be senseless torture of prisoners is the very "sensible" factor of capitalist profit. The black laborers, because of the universally enforced white supremacy system, could be worked to death — for profit — without

any thought of their innocence or guilt.

Patterson makes an observation which every Southerner, Negro and white, knows to be true:

"The prison farms of Alabama, there are a half dozen going all the time, that is the business the state of Alabama is in. Many a guy on those prison road camps, he is there because some Alabama county put up a sign during harvest time. The sign said that vagrants without money must work on a prison farm or road for thirty or sixty days. These guys they arrested and stamped a crime on the fact they were broke, and put them to working.

"... The prison farms of Alabama, that is the part of the old slavery that still stands down there. Today, like in the olden days, they feed a man enough to keep him alive and work him all day. Long time ago, old master, he got the take from that. Today the state of Alabama, it gets the take direct, through its prisons and the officials who run them."

For seventeen years Haywood Patterson was a penned slave, marked for murder. His crime was the fact that he came from a people whose labor formed the base of a rotting imperialist structure. The slave pens are still full. William Patterson (not related to the author), secretary of the Civil Rights Congress, has pointed out that a recent trip to the seven "rape"-condemned Negroes in the death house in Richmond, Virginia, revealed that of the 16 occupants awaiting execution—16 were Negroes!

There are at present in the various state courts cases involving a score of young Negroes who have

been railroaded to the death houses. This is—to speak plainly—white supremacy mass murder. There are uncounted thousands of innocent Negroes being worked and whipped and degraded under conditions described by Patterson and Conrad.

After nineteen years one of the Scottsboro boys, Andy Wright, has just been released from Kilby. A warrant is out for the arrest of another, Clarence Norris. Olen Montgomery, Eugene Williams, Roy Wright and Willie Roberson were freed outright in 1937. Ozie Powell was paroled in 1946 and now lives in Georgia. Charlie Weems was paroled in 1944.

Haywood Patterson is now a man in the shadows, a "fugitive from justice." But what is justice? Can an innocent man be a fugitive from it? He can from the Alabama variety unless—

But Patterson, himself, puts it:

"Sometimes as I lay out here in the North in my little room waiting either for the law or freedom to come and take me, I think of my people down South. Then I want to go there, be among them, live there. I think of a small town maybe where I might settle, and have a home and a family, maybe a business or a small piece of land. It's what a man needs. What my people need. Land. The land they live on, have worked so much and owned so little.

"But I won't have that unless the people say so. The people must bring an end to the Scottsboro case once and for all."

And if, after all these years,

there is need to convince anyone that the Scottsboro defendants are innocent, there is an appendix of documents in the book which serves as Haywood Patterson's credentials of innocence. They help to point up the enormity of the crime against him and his people.

Americans were angered and horrified by the stories of Nazi brutality. Europeans reading this book are sure to duplicate those emotions. The world asked then about the situation in Germany: "What are German workers and liberals doing about these unspeakable horrors?"

This book sounds a note of warning to the citizens of an America arming for conquest behind the slogans of peace and democracy. The prison-pits dug for the Negro by the white supremacists are yawning for the nation which complacently tolerates them.

ABNER W. BERRY

Business of Betrayal

HIGH TREASON: THE PLOT AGAINST THE PEOPLE, by Albert E. Kahn (with the assistance of Arthur Kahn). *Lear Publishers*. Cloth edition, \$3.00; paper edition, \$1.00.

ALBERT KAHN'S new book is a catalogue of infamy, extending from the Palmer Raids of 1919 to the Peekskill Riots of 1949 and including the sordid story of how the American people

have been betrayed and plundered by those who have reaped gargantuan profits behind the smoke screen of a Red Scare. The stakes in this business of betrayal for profit are higher now—no less than the peace of the world and the life of humanity—but the technique of the Red Scare, Mr. Kahn abundantly proves, has been consistently used since the twenties. It has been the common property of Scarface Al Capone and J. Edgar Hoover, of Franco Cardinal Spellman and Pearl Bergoff, the King of the Strikebreakers, of Adolph Hitler and President Truman. These gentlemen may have had differences of viewpoint on some matters, Kahn points out, but they were as one in believing the Red Scare a basic necessity for successful operation.

It is good these days to find a book that takes the offensive and slashes away at the real traitors who are selling peace and the country down the river. The book names names, be they high or low, gives facts, dates, places, and crimes and it is a story that the American people will overlook at their peril.

As the author himself says in his foreword the story does not make for pleasant reading. And yet it has a grisly fascination, the macabre attraction of an exciting recital of crime. It has too its moments of cheer, of the people fighting back, of the immense forward thrust that was the building of the

C.I.O., and while it details the immense, traditional, institutionalized violence against the Negro people, it also shows their ever increasing militance. The author lets the facts speak for themselves, chapter and verse being given for each instance in what is essentially a case history of American capitalism at work since the end of World War I: Strikes broken, spies hired, assassinations procured, laws negated, people framed, prisoners tortured, bribes offered, bonds floated, lobbies financed—and much more of standard American corporate practice.

Here, too, is a diagnosis of the cold war that reveals it as a source of enormous profits. Not only does Mr. Kahn's volume prove the Truman bi-partisan administration the creature of Wall Street, but it also calls attention to that little known testimony before a congressional committee in 1934 in which it was alleged that Louis Johnson, Truman's Secretary of Defense, revealed interest in a plot to overthrow the United States government by a fascist putsch. Moreover, considerable attention is given to the fact that J. Edgar Hoover was the operating head of the Palmer raids which were described by twelve eminent jurists, including Felix Frankfurter, as both illegal and unconstitutional. The intimate dealings between Nazi cartels and the law firm of John Foster Dulles, Truman's Republican adviser on foreign af-

**My name
is Haywood**



Patterson. I am living in hiding somewhere among you. I stand convicted of rape. I have served 17 years in Alabama prison farms and jails. I am not guilty. Read my story of my "crime" and my punishment. Know the living hell I have endured — and escaped...in the pages of

SCOTTSBORO BOY

By Haywood Patterson & Earl Conrad. \$3, Doubleday

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fairs, are traced, as well as the secret anti-labor machinations of Cyrus S. Ching whom President Truman chose to be his "impartial" labor mediator. In between all this is the story of the Un-American Committee, Truman's loyalty probe, the trial of the Communist leaders, as well as many other segments of the vast plot against the American people, democracy and peace.

The scope of this history, ranging as it does from Gaston B. Means, the little House on K Street and the mysterious death of President Harding to the depression, the New Deal, the war, and the return of Herbert Hoover to influence under President Truman, is unusually broad. Its somewhat disparate events, however, attain real unity under the author's definition of treason. "The greatest treason," he writes in a foreword, "is not treason against governments but against human beings. Treason against the people is committed in many diverse ways. Oppression through violence, terror and inquisition; the exploitation, despoilment and impoverishment of millions of men and women; despotic laws and the use of the courts as instruments of repression; fraudulent propaganda and the artificial pitting of one section of the public against another;

the making of wars and the monstrous alchemy of converting man's blood into gold: all these are forms of treason against the people."

It is this huge theme that Mr. Kahn documents with more than a measure of success. Whatever flaws the volume contains stem in the opinion of this reader, from the very structure of the story to the very nature of the theme. Case after case after case of torture, graft and violence may discourage the reader unless the people's victories are adequately presented. This the author has attempted to do, especially in his chapters on The New Deal and World War II, and yet I should have liked it if this aspect had been even more emphasized. I should have enjoyed more specific and extended presentation of the militant actions of progressive Americans. I also think the story would have gained if the world-wide swing towards progress and peace had been more thoroughly integrated into the general theme. And yet no book can do everything and the scope of this one is assuredly sufficiently broad. And it ends with the fact: "The people won the war. The people will win the peace."

RICHARD O. BOYER

New Barbarians

MUST WE PERISH?, by Hershel D. Meyer. *New Century Publishers.* \$2.00.

DR. HERSEL MEYER'S volume represents a remarkable achievement. Within a book of only 166 pages the author has managed to delineate many of the major political developments in the world during the last three decades, and to define succinctly the most significant social forces operating during this period. Approaching these events and forces from the viewpoint of a Marxist historian, Dr. Meyer has produced a brilliant and vital analysis of the nature and workings of imperialism, which is aptly characterized by him as "20th Century Barbarism."

Dr. Meyer is obviously an author who believes that books are written to be read. With his thorough, scholarly documentation the author combines a colorful style which not only heightens the reader's interest but does much to vivify the points he makes.

Another notable feature of *Must We Perish?* is the skillful manner in which events of the past are constantly interwoven with and related to those of the present. No mere chronology of historical episodes, Dr. Meyer's book has a structure designed to make clear the fact that history is not simply a conglomeration of isolated,

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chance happenings but rather the expression of inter-connected developments within society and the product of fiercely contending social forces.

Must We Perish? opens with a summary of the profound dilemma facing international reaction in the years immediately following World War I, and an account of the desperate course pursued by European and American imperialism in an effort to solve this dilemma. Against the background of the mounting world crisis of capitalism during the post-war years, Dr. Meyer describes the ruthless measures employed by the Churchills and Hoovers to suppress the revolt of the millions against the suffering of war and to crush the democratic upsurge of the peoples of Europe, Africa and Asia demanding peace, bread and land. Here is depicted the war of intervention to destroy the infant Soviet Republic; the deliberate resurrection of German imperialism as a "bulwark against Bolshevism"; the pouring of millions of dollars into Europe through the Dawes and Young Plans (prototypes of the Marshall Plan) to prop up White Guard dictatorships; the secret international agreements between American finance-capitalists and German, British and Japanese cartelists; and the fervent "anti-Communist" crusade through which Hitler was brought to power, not only with the enthusiastic backing of German big business-

men but French, English and American financiers as well.

Dr. Meyer then proceeds to portray the tragic era of the Thirties during which, with the capitalist world wracked by an economic crisis of unprecedented severity, the Japanese warlords sought a "way out" in the invasion of China, and Nazi Germany made feverish preparations for the military conquest and enslavement of all mankind. Here the author makes clear the extent of the involvement of British and American imperialism in Italy's rape of Ethiopia, the invasion and annexation of Austria by Hitler, the sacrifice of Spain and the infamy of Munich. And Dr. Meyer describes the steadfast efforts of the Soviet Union to dam the rising tide of world fascism, effect a policy of collective security and preserve peace in the world.

Of equal significance is the author's treatment of World War II in which is shown the decisive role of the Soviet Union in the defeat of the Axis, and the conflicting interests involved in the U.S. war effort with the main concern of American big businessmen being to harvest immense profits and emerge from the war as masters of the world market. The final section of the book contains a comprehensive account of the genesis and nature of the World War, a war which—as Dr. Meyer makes clear—is being waged by American finance-capital not only

against the peoples of other lands
it also against the people of the
United States.

Dr. Meyer's book, however, is
by no means limited to a vivid por-
trayal of an epoch of fascist ter-
ror, or to an incisive analysis of
the death throes of world capital-
ism. It also graphically depicts the
unfetterable rise of the forces of
world democracy and peace, the
growing strength of the Soviet
Union, the accomplishments of
the peoples' democracies of East-
ern Europe, the historic victory of
the Chinese Communists and the
liberation movement sweeping
like a great tidal wave through the
colonial world. And the author
leaves no doubt that victory in-
evitably belongs to those forces
which symbolize peace not war,
life not death.

Must We Perish? is a book to
keep close at hand, a trenchant
weapon in the battle for peace and
better life.

ALBERT E. KAHN

Dying Empire

BRITAIN'S CRISIS OF EMPIRE, by R.
Palme Dutt. *International*. \$1.25

IN THIS work a leading British
Communist writer exposes the
putrescence of England's dying
empire. The special service of
Dutt's book to American readers
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perialism on Wall Street; of the emergence of United States imperialism as the sole remaining point of strength of the entire imperialist system, as the would-be inheritor of the British and other senile colonial empires:

"Britain continues nominally to hold its empire. But it holds it by permission of the American overlord. As President Truman's Point Four has clearly indicated, Britain becomes the caretaker-policeman on behalf of the American investor."

The Churchill-Bevin bi-partisan foreign policy so well exposed by Dutt is dominated by the Truman-Dulles bi-partisan foreign policy. The exploitation of the peoples of Africa and Asia by British trusts backed by British armaments is matched by the exploitation of the Negro people and of the peoples of Latin America, Africa, Asia and Europe by Wall Street trusts backed by the atomic bomb.

Dutt shows how British imperialism is attempting to sustain its life by intensifying the exploitation of Africa and by changing its form in India. Mercilessly he exposes the Labor imperialists of the present British government as purveyors of starvation and disease, of war against the rising national liberation movements, as the most valiant defenders of corporate super-profits.

The British have a "Colonial Development Scheme" similar to

Truman's Point Four Program. Dutt shows that the amount actually paid out in nine years is "only equivalent to *one twenty-fourth part* of the sterling balances owing to the colonies for goods received and not yet paid for." He applies to "development" schemes two criteria: "What kind of development? *For whose interests?*"

The kind of "development" in the British plan is indicated by the fact that less than two per cent of the money approved for various "Ten Year Development Plans" provides for power or industrial development. The rest is for typical colonial raw materials and foodstuffs. The interests served are exposed by the 100 per cent dividend of the Rhokana Copper Corporation, the 25,000,000 pounds sterling profits of the United Africa Company and the record trading profit of more than 50,000,000 pounds sterling of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company—as in 1948 under a "Labor" government.

Dutt contrasts these profits with the costs to the British people of war expenditures and the Marshall Plan. Britain's "dollar gap" is revealed as consisting in essence of the need of United States financial backing for colonial wars. In return for this backing the British people pay in ever-growing concessions. As ordered by the Marshall Plan, "The nation obediently pulled in its belt, worked hard and

increased production. During the two years from the summer of 1947 to the summer of 1949 . . . production increased by seventeen per cent (and profits and interest rose by twenty-four per cent). Real wages went down by three per cent."

Then the new financial crisis of 1949, the devaluation dictated by Washington with the assurance of still further sacrifices by the British people—there is no end in sight.

Dutt shows that the British people have one road of escape from dollar dependence and military occupation by American atom-bombardiers. That is the overthrow of imperialism, in alliance with the national liberation movement of the peoples exploited by that imperialism.

Pointing out how and why imperialism drives to war, Dutt connects wars against Malaya, Viet Nam, China, the repression of the African people, with the Anglo-American alliance of the Atlantic Pact; with the betrayal of Britain's national interests in favor of plans for assault on the Soviet Union. Without the backing of United States finance-capital the war-making world imperialist system would collapse. And, as Dutt shows, the resources of American imperialism are quite insufficient to shore up permanently this corroded structure.

The entire analysis is backed by incisive research. It is presented



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simply and on a broad canvas. Palme Dutt's book provides essential ammunition for American peace advocates. Their struggles will help determine whether United States imperialism will plunge the world into a catastrophe or whether a new anti-imperialist America will arise to play a leading role in creating a world of peace and plenty.

VICTOR PERLO

On Being Human

ON BEING HUMAN, by Ashley Montagu. Henry Schuman. \$1.95.

Ashley Montagu, Chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Rutgers University, has written a powerful indictment of the social relations in capitalist society from the standpoint of a biologist, despite the fact that he does not always seem to be aware of the full implications of what he has done.

The widespread fallacy that biology is a "pure science" and not subject to the influence of class interests is dealt with first. "It is commonly believed," writes Montagu, "that much of the social thought of the nineteenth century was determined by the biological thought of the day. This belief is probably only partially true. It is, however, an open question whether it was not equally true

that the social thought of the day determined the form of the biological thought."

Montagu then points out that the Malthusian-Darwinian concept of "struggle for existence" and "survival of the fittest" became a fundamental aspect of biological thought because, "Not only do biologists now have a compass to steer by, but social philosophers and, particularly, enterprising industrialists and galloping imperialists, could now justify the exploitation of their workers, the maintenance of a permanent pool of unemployed labor, and the exploitation and exploitation of 'inferior races'."

To this biological justification of capitalism in its imperialist stage, Montagu gives a clear and unequivocal answer, "*This view of life is completely false.*"

The most interesting part of the book is that which describes, in simple terms, a series of experiments performed by outstanding biologists leading to the conclusion that cooperation is the primary relationship among animals. Of particular importance is the work of Allee who demonstrates that the tendency of organisms to aggregate or form groups significantly increases their chances of survival. In Allee's words, "After much consideration, it is my mature conclusion, contrary to Herbert Spencer, that the cooperative forces are biologically more important and vital."

passing, it is interesting to note that in 1943 when he offered this conclusion, Allee found it necessary to protect himself with the following statement, ". . . I am, as much as is possible, speaking in my private capacity as an American citizen with generations of American ancestors. I am both a nature biologist and a working member of a religious organization."

A similar avowal of the principle of biological cooperation was made by T. D. Lysenko in his famous report to the Soviet Agricultural Academy in 1948, ". . . after a thorough and comprehensive investigation I have come to the conclusion that there exist no intraspecific struggle and mutual assistance among individuals within a species, and that there does exist interspecific struggle and also mutual assistance between different species."

Unfortunately neither Montagu nor Allee seems to have appreciated the necessity of comparing competition and cooperation within a species with that going on between different species. Had this been done, they would have avoided a lot of confusion as to just how much to attribute to competition within a species, a point with which Montagu never really comes to grips. As it stands, however, his study is an important confirmation of Lysenko's denial of a struggle for existence within

species, although Lysenko's contribution is never mentioned.

The latter half of the book is unfortunately marred by the acknowledged influence of psychoanalytic theory leading to a failure to grasp political realities. The cooperative drive in human society is traced to the physiological relationship between mother and child. Reproduction is emphasized at the expense of production as the determining influence on human behavior. The primary role of social relations is not recognized. Montagu failed to draw the proper conclusions because he attempted to apply the laws of the animal world to human society. As a result he arrives at the misleading conclusion that, "What man needs is a changed attitude of mind." This is to be achieved by the education of the young who will then establish the proper framework for cooperation through "social engineering," whatever that may be.

Montagu's psychoanalytic tendency prevents him from understanding that the changed attitudes of mind will follow when the competition of capitalism is replaced by the cooperation of socialism and that it is to this end that we must educate today. To avoid his pitfalls reference should be made to Christopher Caudwell's brilliant essay on *Love in Studies in a Dying Culture*.

BERNARD FRIEDMAN

letters

MEMBER OF THE WEDDING

To M & M:

HAVING SEEN *Member of the Wedding*, I feel there are serious shortcomings in the review by Isidor Schneider which appeared in M & M in April.

Miss Ethel Waters portrays the central character, the traditional Negro domestic worker, whose life is bound up with the care of a white child. Whatever occasional flashes of dignity are revealed in the role are due only to Miss Waters' fine acting. The conception is perpetuated, however, that Negro women prefer and find true happiness in the care of a white man's family. It also attempts to give substance to the lie that Negro women are indiscriminate in their love, Berenice having had

four husbands—three, she says "just scraps."

Her foster brother, the only character who revolts against the conditions inflicted on him as a Negro, is portrayed as a drug addict who habitually wields a razor and refuses to work. He feels "free" when he murders a white man, and finally kills himself. The typical Dixiecrat version of a "bad" Negro "justifies" the disgusting abuse by the white masses of the house of all the Negroes in the play.

To review such a play from the viewpoint only of its acting and the portrayal of the adolescent is to ignore its vicious content, content closely connected with the present political atmosphere.

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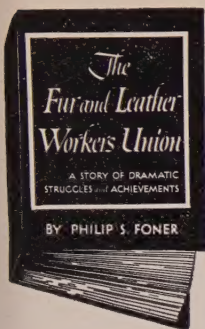
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If enough people fight together for peace, they will never again fight each other in war.

THE EDITORS