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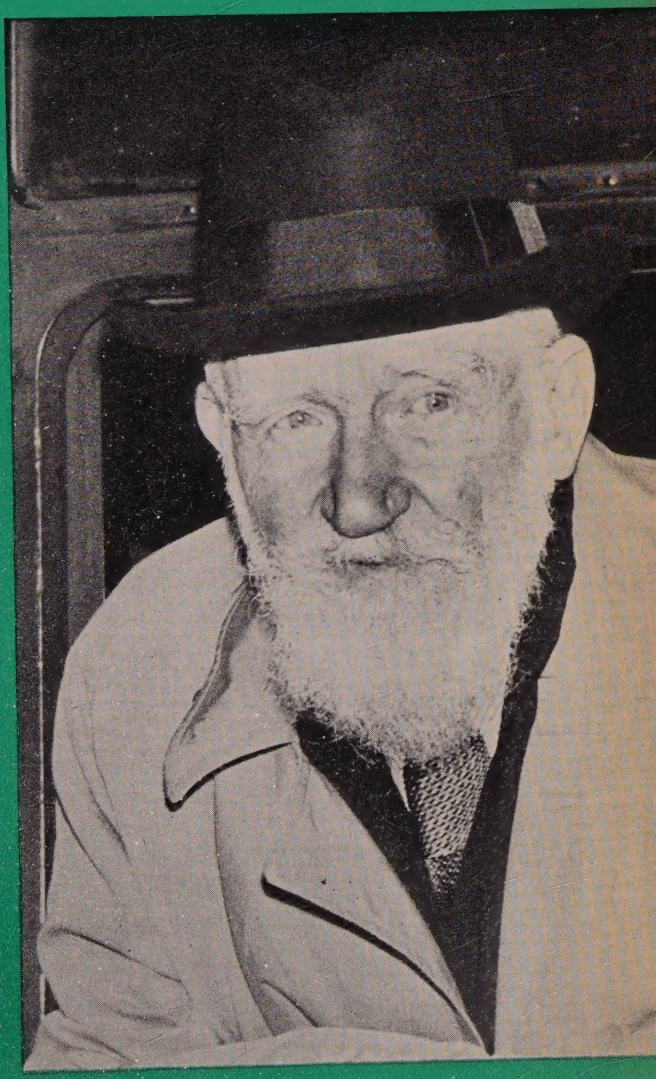

The Glory Train—*A story by* **LLOYD L. BROWN**

1951 Coming Up

Season's greetings!

And a toast to all our readers who've pitched into the good fight for peace and freedom during a tough year.

Thanks to you, *M&M* has held its own against the mind-maulers.

We want to do better than that in 1951.

Here's how we can do it:

This is the season for exchanging gifts. We can offer harder work to make this a better magazine. You can send us the check or bill that we need to keep the magazine at its present size.

We shall be forced—immediately—to cut back to 80 pages unless we get your help in raising the $7,500 needed to carry us through 1951.

First returns to our fund appeal of last month have been coming in. The returns are good, but not good enough. We urge you to give now, and to give generously.

We have no "angels." We have only the rank-and-file reader who knows that every dollar counts. *M&M* has only one Santa Claus. You!

Don't let the magazine down.

THE EDITORS

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AMONG THE CONTRIBUTORS

THE WOODCUTS on pages 18 to 21 are from a pamphlet recently issued by Taller de Grafica Popular in Mexico. The pamphlet was sold in the streets for twenty centavos apiece during a nation-wide mobilization for signatures to the Stockholm Peace Appeal. Leopoldo Mendez, Ignacio Aguirre, Marina Yampolsky and other artists of the Taller took part in the work and also helped collect signatures.

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COVER: The photograph of George Bernard Shaw is by Wide World, Inc.

All manuscripts should be addressed to The Editors of MASSES & MAINSTREAM, *832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y., and be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope for return. Payments is made on publication.*

OUR TIME by Samuel Sillen

G.B.S.
"Life Is a Trap"
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Self-Made Hero

G.B.S.

THE obituary salutes to George Bernard Shaw in the millionaire press reminded me of something Shaw once told Winston Churchill. "Please," he said, "do not try to fill my belly with east wind." How the windbags blew! "Brilliant mountebank," "uproarious vaudeville show," "sardonic vegetarian"—the stale phrases echoed a half-century campaign by the bourgeois critics to gut Shaw of his real meaning. And the vulgar carnival was fittingly crowned by the drama expert of the New York *Times*. "There was no longer any specific purpose in his life," wrote Brooks Atkinson. "Since he was the foremost man of letters in our age, we can hardly avoid mourning him, but we can let him go with the comfort that he no longer wanted to stay."

Others, no doubt, found some comfort in Shaw's passing; but that was because his purpose in life, far from getting dull, grew keener with the years. Shaw at ninety-four had not tottered into a cowardly acceptance of capitalist oppression. To the end he scorned the greed, cruelty, hypocrisy and plain stupidity of a social system that tries to organize its decay through fascism and wars of conquest. His early faith in socialism, though it retained Fabian elements, was revived and deepened by the Soviet Union, "this wonderful new power in the world," which he saw setting an example for the progress of humanity. He recently answered the anti-Soviet warmakers with these simple words: "Stalin is the greatest champion of peace."

Peace, freedom, socialism—despite all the inconsistencies one may find in the awe-inspiring span of his life, G.B.S. was consistently de-

voted to these aims. His intellectual energy and brilliance cannot easily be paralleled in the modern literary world. His versatility is expressed in the magnificent music criticism he wrote as a young man, the acute analyses of drama which remain a landmark in theater criticism, the five novels which the Victorian publishers sniffed at. Karl Marx, he said, "made a man of me." Having read Marx, whom he then and ever since understood very imperfectly, Shaw was active in the British socialist movement of the 1880's and 1890's as pamphleteer and street orator. And near the turn of the century began to appear those plays that marked a profound revival of serious drama on the English-speaking stage.

The fertility of the playwright who dared to champion Ibsen was extraordinary. Year after year, in Shakespearean profusion, came the plays which have become classics: *Arms and the Man, Candida, Widower's House, Mrs. Warren's Profession, The Devil's Disciple, Caesar and Cleopatra*—all before 1900. That these plays had their shortcomings is true, and they have been pointed out in the highly stimulating Marxist study by Alick West, *George Bernard Shaw: A Good Man Fallen Among Fabians* (International Publishers). The critic notes the "unresolved dissonance" in the plays:

> "On the one hand, there is the dreamer, the saint, the rebel; but the realist says that the saint is a sentimentalist and the rebel a romantic. On the other hand, there is the realist; but the saint, the rebel and the dreamer say that his realism is that of Bismarck's 'Realpolitik.' They debate with one another without conclusion.
>
> "It is a common criticism, and a just one, though less just than it is common, that a Shaw play is like a debate. It becomes so because the dramatic conflict is not fought with naked weapons. In a way it is a sham fight, for Shaw disarms his rebels. He never equips them with his own knowledge, and he imposes on the action the solution which his Fabianism demands."

Nevertheless, the plays are art, not debates. I believe that Alick West, in his keen analysis of the contradictions between the "good man" and the "Fabian" in Shaw's work, fails to do sufficient justice to Shaw's contribution. Here at the turn of the century was a British playwright who—after how many years—regarded the theatre as more than a palace of polite diversion, who used it as a forum to challenge

and prod and smite the philistinism of bourgeois society. And he had to fight against heavy odds; he had to revolutionize taste. For he was not always, let us remember, *the* Bernard Shaw whom the ruling class has had to pretend to forgive or to turn into a court jester. He was jeered at, censored, imprisoned.

As the plays became known in this country, our own feeble theatre was given a shot in the arm. The author of *Major Barbara, Man and Superman, Pygmalion* became a kind of battle-cry for the American intelligentsia seeking to break through the crust of gentility in American letters. Some of the writers, like H. L. Mencken, emphasized the false notes in Shaw—the mystical "Life Force" philosophy, the superficial appearance of cynicism, the nose-thumbing attitude; they seized on his petty-bourgeois poses and inconsistencies. But other writers were influenced toward socialist ideas by the deeper side of Shaw. His satire gave some intellectuals the illusion of superiority over the plain people; but others it spurred to a desire for action to change the world.

He never wallowed in the "modernistic" muck of formalism and obscurantism in art. He was essentially in the tradition of the great rationalists. He abhorred intellectual timidity and flunkeyism. He was a world removed from the T. S. Eliots and Evelyn Waughs.

Of the many examples he set, one especially wishes that American intellectuals could learn from his refusal to retreat in the face of Red-baiting. Though not a Communist he helped sustain the London *Daily Worker.* And one of his last acts was to send a stinging message of rebuke to the reactionary bigots in the United States who are trying to outlaw the Communist Party and jail its leaders.

He remains one of the great moral and cultural forces of the century. His words will endure.

"Life Is A Trap"

THE best summary of the cheerless *Prize Stories of 1950* is contributed by Hamilton Basso, one of the three judges who picked the winners. "The stories share a common theme," writes Mr. Basso, "namely, the trap that it is to be alive." That is the long and short of it. Typical is the story of a man who gives his imbecile son a loaded gun in the hope he will kill himself. The younger writers in the volume show all the zest for tomorrow you would expect from the signers of a suicide pact.

The judges, of course, could have done better were they not them selves enamored of life-is-a-trap literature. One member of the ju dicial triumvirate was Sterling North, who considers Howard Fa a traitor because he has enthusiasm, conscience and purpose. H wouldn't touch a story in this magazine if it were written by a Chekhc of our time.

But the point is that so far as bourgeois literature goes there precious little but pessimism and pornography to choose from. I hav just read Tennessee Williams' new novel, *The Roman Spring of Mr Stone* (New Directions). I agree for once with the judgment of O ville Prescott: "It is only an erotic and depressing study of the crach up of a brittle and shallow character. Its subject is distasteful; i atmosphere is drenched from beginning to end in sexual decadence It is the story of a famous American actress, now a faded beauty ar wealthy widow, who comes to Rome, is jilted by a gigolo and finall afraid of "drifting," waves her handkerchief to a dim character wh throughout the book seeks to attract her attention by urinating i public.

With Williams writing about a middle-aged American actre expiring in the arms of teen-age gigolos in Rome, and with Hemin way writing about middle-aged American generals dying in the arm of teen-age Contessas in Venice, we have something of a trend. L us hope that Sinclair Lewis' forthcoming novel, which also takes pla in Italy, will not make it a stampede. It's bad enough that these leadin American writers contribute to the decay of literary values in our ow country. Why d they have to move in with the Marshall Plan ar degrade the Italian people in their books? From Tennessee William book you would gather that Italy consisted of male prostitutes ar female pimps. I don't recognize in Hemingway's Venice or William Rome the cities I visited last year. But there is no reason why thes writers should acknowledge the existence of decent, healthy workin people abroad when they ignore them at home.

In this connection one should note that John Steinbeck's latest wor *Burning Bright* (Viking), has been hailed by Norman Cousins *The Saturday Review of Literature* as "a vital corrective to the ne Hemingway book." It couldn't have been better timed, says M Cousins, because it gives us an affirmative image of life, touches th human heart, shows that all men are brothers, and so on. Mr. Cousin a State Department scout for books and films that can be shown abro

without embarrassment, is grasping at straws. A reviewer in his own paper, Maxwell Geismar, correctly pointed out that *Burning Bright* is mystical fudge, adolescent in its thinking, essentially cold and anti-human.

Steinbeck's play-novelette develops the theme of a sterile man anxious to reproduce his own image; his wife, out of ardent love for him, goes to bed with a bruiser; and the husband becomes reconciled to being the father of the other man's child because the important thing is that "the race" must go on. The argument that this is a profound "affirmation" is based on the theory that Steinbeck is here repudiating self-perpetuating egoism. Actually he is affirming the same biological mysticism that he harped on in a previous book on marine species. His real view of people is in the climactic conversion-speech, wholly unmotivated, by the way: "It is the race, the species that must go staggering on. Mordeen, our ugly little species, weak and ugly, torn with insanities, violent and quarrelsome, sensing evil—the only species that knows evil and practices it—the only one that senses cleanness and is dirty, that knows about cruelty and is unbearably cruel."

There is the "vital corrective to the new Hemingway"! The only basis for belief in the human species is that despite its congenital cruelty, ugliness, "self-murdering instinct," there is somewhere in us "a shining." As for society, history, the real relations of actual people, that is all outside the ken of this book, which is written in an embarrassingly pretentious pseudo-poetry. "Faceless—only a voice and a white facelessness," says Mordeen to Joe Saul. It is sound literary criticism.

Thinking Behind Bars

WITH the United States government officially in the thought-control business, as Mr. Truman admitted when the McCarran Law was passed, many liberals will be forced to reconsider their position sooner than they may have thought. The illusion that repression could be limited, that somewhere left-of-center a safety zone could be roped off, is being punctured every day by the facts of life. Plainly it is not the Communists who are being effectively beaten into silence and submission—they never can be—but the "moderates" themselves.

An instructive example is provided by the recent election cam-

paign. James Reston of the New York *Times* toured the count and reported that the "Intellectual Left" (which he defines as t "philosophical mentors of the New and Fair Deals") was "strange quiet in this election, and even a little frightened." The "mark timidity" of former Roosevelt supporters became even more appare as Reston moved westward. College professors were "extremely cautio even in their private conversations with visiting reporters." In th Los Angeles area film people were afraid to contribute to the Sen torial campaign of Helen Gahagan Douglas against Un-America Committeeman Nixon.

Mr. Reston reported:

> "In defense of their comparative neutrality in this campaig the liberal intellectuals say something like this:
>
> "'In the present atmosphere of suspicion, no liberal can get u and pronounce his views with any vigor without being smeared as fellow-traveler, and without causing embarrassment to the candida he supports and the institution he represents.
>
> "'Too many men have been attacked in the last year with impunit The defense, no matter how persuasive or complete, never qui gets as much display or attention as the charges and never qui catches up with the accusations. Therefore participation in th campaign now would merely damage our reputations without helpin the candidates we support'."

In short, many a "moderate liberal" dared not take part in the ele tion campaign except in support of the most reactionary candidat Ironically, Reston's star example of "caution on the left" is the Amer cans for Democratic Action, whose leaders had sought to win a pla for the "non-Communist Left" by Red-baiting the Progressive Part The members of the A.D.A., it is clear, are suffering from the politic atmosphere which their Schlesingers helped whip up.

Further evidence of the disastrous effect of the witchhunt on liber intellectuals is to be found in Walter Gellhorn's recent study, *Securit Loyalty, and Science* (Cornell University Press). Professor Gellhorn researches have led him to conclude that "Effectively, if unintentionall the focus upon opinion as a measure of loyalty tends to discoura the holding of any opinion at all." Of course there is nothing "uninter tional" about the bi-partisan drive to quash ideas; it is a necessa

component of imperialism's war policy. But even though Gellhorn fails to examine the roots and purposes of the thought-control program, he does document some of its effects with such force that he is himself convinced that "Perhaps the time has come to consider whether the Loyalty Order deserves to be expunged," a suggestion that is today tantamount to high treason.

Gellhorn describes a talk he had with the chairman of a government loyalty board. This "amiable and devoted public servant" told him: "Of course, the fact that a person believes in racial equality doesn't *prove* that he's a Communist, but it certainly makes you look twice, doesn't it? You can't get away from the fact that racial equality is part of the Communist line." A member of the same loyalty board asked a scientist's supervisor: "Have you had conversations with him that would lead you to believe he is rather advanced in his thinking on racial matters?—discrimination, non-segregation of races, greater rights for Negroes and so forth?" It is not hard to imagine how this pressure encourages the scientific investigation of racist myths, let alone the employment of Negro scientists!

Science is being strangled by the "loyalty" program of the Federal government which today spends more than a billion dollars a year on well over 50 percent of the country's scientific research. This money, of course, is earmarked for war purposes. As Professor Gellhorn notes, "the old picture of science as the universal benefactor has become somewhat eclipsed by a less lovely picture of science as an armory of devices for waging war more efficiently than any enemy." The keeper of this armory of military devices calls the tune. Interchange of ideas between scientists is cut off. Work is done in compartments. The limits of scientific knowledge are frozen. Teachers fear to teach. Professor Fermi, speaking of his course in nuclear physics at the University of Chicago, put it this way:

> "I would have liked to give my students a certain background to the work in atomic energy. I have a fair notion of what is classified and what is not classified, but still the feeling that I would have had to weigh my words very carefully—I could have been asked embarrassing questions, and I would have been faced with the choice of either telling a student in the open classroom, 'I am sorry, my boy, but this is something that I am not allowed to answer.' And just this uneasiness drove me to stay off the subject. Now, I do not think my

lectures would have been extremely effective, but there you ha some fifty boys or so who have lost that chance to acquire traini in atomic energy problems."

The result is the suppression of discoveries, of publications, the su ordination of civil to military authority, the threatening breakdo of scientific progress. Actually, as Gellhorn shows, most of the t about "scientific secrets" is sheer hokum, and "Americans must cc stantly remind themselves that the scientific brains of the unive are not providentially concentrated in this country." No wonder Ge horn is haunted by the horrible example of Nazi Germany. As Va nevar Bush pointed out last year in *Modern Arms and Free Men,* t insane rape of the German universities, the *ja*-saying, suspicion, i trigue and rule of incompetents resulted in the cutting down of Ge man scientific efficiency even from a narrow military point of view.

I strongly disagree with Gellhorn's uninformed references to Sov science, but the important thing about his book is that it points up t danger to the whole American people of the loyalty program and sec rity procedures here. And his conclusion is an interesting symptom o more sober estimate of reality on the part of some liberals, even if th do not see that the basic war policy of the government is at the rc of the evil:

"In times like the present it is not comfortable to advise t alteration of programs that have as their declared goal the conf sion of the nation's enemies. But in the field of science, as the chapters have sought to show, the loyalty and security progra have made only small and highly debatable advances toward t goal. Such as those advances were, they have been gained too dear It will require a high degree of personal and political courage f public figures to acknowledge the facts and now propose fund mentally remedial steps. Those who insist that shaky procedur and speculative findings, injustice and hardship, are not the too with which to build security, are likely to be misrepresented a denounced. Courageous men have, however, acknowledged error in t past. Courageous men will do so in the future."

Walter Gellhorn's book was written before the McCarran La Now more than ever is the time for courageous men to speak u

in behalf of the freedom to think and create. A united fight for the repeal of the McCarran Law is the immediate condition of such freedom.

Self-Made Hero

MACARTHUR: MAN OF ACTION is published by Doubleday and blurbed as "the warm, intimate biography of a great general." The authors are two newspapermen who have been attached to MacArthur's headquarters—Frank Kelley of the New York *Herald Tribune* and Cornelius Ryan of *Newsweek*. Their book is a quickie chauvinistic build-up for "The Old Man" timed for a war-minded market. Here are some of the facts it records:

In his Tokyo home MacArthur's lunch is "served by eight Japanese servants who wear chocolate-brown kimonos with the United States seal emblazoned on them."

MacArthur believes he has an edge over Napoleon. He has said: "Napoleon failed only because he was tired—the drive that kept him going was wearing out."

The general's wife, a Daughter of the Confederacy, "occasionally, humorously" calls him "Sir Boss."

A famous Marine poem ended with this verse:

And while possibly a rumor now,
Someday it will be fact
That the Lord will hear a deep voice say,
Move over God, it's Mac.

MacArthur is fond of reminiscing: "My first recollection is that of a bugle call."

He has not been in this country since 1937: "If I returned for only a few weeks, word would spread through the Pacific that the United States is abandoning the Orient."

In the Russo-Japanese war of 1905 MacArthur, whose father was an observer for Theodore Roosevelt, went into combat on the Japanese side: "Six times he watched the Japanese charge a Russian-held hill; six times they were driven off. MacArthur couldn't stand it. He dashed across country, spurred on the Japanese troops, and took them up the hill to victory."

In the 1914 "trouble with Mexico" he was helped by a young officia of the German Legation named Franz von Papen.

He has been called by various troops in various wars "Dugou Doug," "God's Cousin," "Fighting Dude," "Beau Brummel of th 42nd," "the polished popinjay." He is also a poet, and the gymnasiur at West Point has a plaque bearing these lines of his:

Upon the fields of friendly strife,
Are sown the seed that,
Upon other fields on other days,
Will bear the fruits of victory.

He is also a philosopher, and in 1935, at a reunion of his old Rain bow Division, summed up his outlook with this quotation from an ancient writer: "It is a law of nature, common to all mankind which time shall neither annul nor destroy, that those that have greate strength and power shall bear rule over those who have less." He also believes "our frontier lies here in Asia where more than half the world's population lives . . . we haven't begun to realize its vast po tentialities."

And he is, according to the press, the Supreme Commander of the United Nations forces in Korea.

The Dreiser I Knew

by MICHAEL GOLD

This month marks the fifth anniversary of Theodore Dreiser's death on December 28, 1945. On this occasion we are happy to present the following personal memoir by Michael Gold.—The Editors.

A TITAN of the novel, Dreiser looked like a lop-sided giant in the flesh. Around his massive head there rested an aura of profound brooding. This was Dreiser's most obvious feature, and many artists who sketched or painted him always seized on it. I remember one symbolic portrait that showed Dreiser against the crowded background of a tenement street. The huge figure seems brooding over the poverty, observing and understanding like a lonely conscience all the crumbling houses, dirty, packed streets and swarms of pale kids. Would any artist sketch one of our literary successes today in such an attitude of pity and love? No, it is unthinkable.

I saw him first around 1916 at the Provincetown Playhouse, where a remarkable group wrote and produced four one-act plays each month. They were a wonderful gathering of young genius such as America had probably not seen since Concord. George Cram Cook, a former professor in Iowa, a Socialist and Dostoevskian mystic, was the theatre's burning soul and full-time manager. Cook wanted an art of the people, something opposed to the lies and gentility that ruled our letters. He sought for a poetic realism that could ennoble the common man and his daily problems. This theatre served as nursery for what promised to be a renaissance of truth and realism in American literature.

John Reed, Floyd Dell, Susan Glaspell, Mary Heaton Vorse and other writers and artists from the old *Masses* were in the group. Robert Edmond Jones commenced his scene designing here; Edna St. Vincent Millay was a playwright and actress here, so young, pert, graceful and

already famous. Alfred Kreymborg, Harry Kemp, Bella Spewack, are some others I recall—and, of course, Eugene O'Neill, who first produced in this free theatre.

Theodore Dreiser, like others in the Village, often came here—the theare was quite a center. Dreiser was respected by the avant-garde for his *Sister Carrie,* which the puritans had suppressed for many years. He had formerly attained an American success as an executive; he had been the highly-paid editor of an enormous slickie, the *Delineator.* He quit this success in mid-career to starve in the Village and write truthful novels. The "genteel tradition" was the main enemy then, the pastel-shaded culture of the industrial pirates who needed a mask of refinement for their crimes. They and their literary office-boys ranted whenever a new book by Dreiser appeared. They accused him of pornography, of clumsy and amateurish craftsmanship, of slander against the pillars of society.

They prevented his books from selling, yet the man grew into a national figure. He persisted. Year after year he turned out his powerful novels, his portraits of oppressed womanhood, his studies of the rapacious American financier, or the shabby tragedies of the lower middle class.

Like everyone else in the Village, I admired the brooding giant, and felt honored to meet him at the Provincetown. I was then a youthful driver's helper, working for the Adams Express, and I had made my first stab at writing, in the form of a one-act play of the tenements that Bella Spewack and Harry Kemp appeared in and Cook directed.

Dreiser told me he liked the play, and that he himself had long wanted to write an East Side play, but felt unsure of the milieu. Could I take him around the East Side some evening? I was glad to do so, of course; and on a Friday night Dreiser ate at our home in the Chrystie Street tenement, a block from the Bowery. He watched my mother bless the candles and mutter prayers of welcome to the Sabbath that is compared by orthodox Jews to a bride in white. Then we ate one of my mother's big, beautifully-cooked Hungarian suppers.

My mother read no English and had never heard of Dreiser. But she talked wisely about life to this Mr. Dreiser and asked him many personal questions. He asked her questions about her own experiences in life. It was all simple and friendly, and you could tell Dreiser was a good human being, with no snobbism or phony intellectualism. Then

we went for a tour of the dirt, the heartbreak and "picturesque" misery known to immigrant Jews and their American children.

His play, *The Hand of the Potter,* proved to be a study in morbid psychology and social tragedy. It is the tale of a sex-pervert born into an East Side family who finally murders a little girl. His agony, as he recognizes his own monstrous impulses, and the helplessness of his family torn between love for him and horror at his crime, made an unforgettable plea for understanding of the mentally sick.

What I marvelled at, what made me respect Dreiser even more than ever, was to see how well he'd grasped the character of Jewish immigrant life. He, a Gentile and non-East Sider, created a group of real tenement people such as I lived among. Only a true artist, and a man open to all humanity, could have entered so deeply into my own special world.

As Dreiser relates in his autobiographical volumes, he was the son of German immigrants, who suffered like our Jews the shock of being transplanted and the disillusionment of poverty in this new world. He loved his toil-worn peasant mother, pitied his bewildered father and the sister who turned prostitute out of misery. Dreiser never forgot the bitter taste of that childhood poverty.

WHAT were his politics at that time? Well, vaguely socialist and humanitarian like the politics of most of the other artists and writers. Everything was scrambled together, unassorted and subjective. Dreiser contributed some work to the *Masses;* but most of his political pieces went to a little anarchist paper named *Revolt.*

Dreiser's "anarchist" essays, as I now remember them, were blended in equal parts of social indignation and cosmic pessimism. He denounced the crimes of capitalism, yet offered no hope to humanity. The world's misery, he said, was organic, and was the result of chemical forces. The universe was a senseless machine, and man could not change its working. How he ever escaped from such a gloomy grave of mechanical determinism is a mystery of heroism.

His development was never facile or superficial; it was true spiritual struggle, not the memorization of Marxist slogans, the quick conversion and equally rapid renegadism of the police-informing "intelligentsia" of the moment.

Maxim Gorky, in his novel *Klim Samgin,* condemns such an oppor-

tunistic intellectual in the following words: "Without love for human beings, you can never be a Communist. The thing is not in you; you will never be able to fight and suffer for justice, or even to understand Marxism." Dreiser always had this love of the oppressed, the exploited people and sick failures and victims of the cruel money-system.

One morning in the Village I met Dreiser hurrying somewhere. There was a boyish glow on his face, the happiness of a child sitting on the lap of Santa Claus in a department store.

"My book is a best seller!" he exulted, naively. "I'm over fifty and this is my first best seller! It's a wonderful feeling."

I shook his hand warmly and congratulated him. His novel, *An American Tragedy,* had just appeared and was sweeping the country. Based on a murder trial in upper New York, it was the tale of a young man who is corrupted working as a bellboy in a big luxury hotel. He gets to want big money, too, all the snob success and luxuries he sees around him. But he ends by murdering his sweetheart, who is pregnant. She represents to him a life of toil and poverty. This victim of the American creed of big money dies in the electric chair.

Dreiser's novel was a tremendous Tolystoyan sermon against capitalism; yet its success brought a fortune to Dreiser.

I was invited to a party at his new suite in a ritzy apartment-hotel near Park Avenue. I took with me, for moral support, a rugged furrier friend, one of Ben Gold's young militants. We were amazed at the red plush luxury, the fake antiques, the enormous carved chairs and refectory tables, all the Hollywood gothic of this expensive suite.

It was all too lavish and not a little vulgar. It was probably what Dreiser had dreamed about when he was a poor boy in Indiana. I feared that I was attending the funeral of a great people's artist. But I was wrong about Dreiser; as wrong as everyone else had generally been. Though American capitalism corrupted so many other writers, it did not succeed with Dreiser. He just couldn't be bought or dehumanized. When the great depression arrived, throwing twenty million Americans and their families into the streets and hoovervilles, Dreiser ended his brief fling at red plush and caviar as completely as he had the phase of mechanical materialism and pessimism.

He was soon found in the vanguard of writers who defended the unemployed. His reportage was bitter as Jeremiah. His need for action brought him close to the Communists who were organizing the unemployed and struggling to unite the working class.

The years that followed demonstrated how deep were the roots of Dreiser's humanity. From then on, this great novelist became prominent as the venerated leader of America's progressive intellectuals—our Maxim Gorky, our Romain Rolland. He made mistakes; his philosophy fluctuated, and crackpots and Iagos could still confuse him. But the heart was sound. His life-long sensitivity as an honest artist took political reality at last.

On July 20, 1945, while the Wall Street wolves were again howling for war against the Soviet Union which he deeply admired, Theodore Dreiser said in a famous letter to William Z. Foster: "It seems to me that faith in the people is the one simple and profound reality . . . the logic of my life and work leads me to apply for membership in the Communist Party."

The decadence of capitalist culture becomes painfully clearer every day in America. There is a sterility of heart and mind in the works of the T. S. Eliots and Hemingways that should frighten a cautious conservative. Such lack of love as dominates our literature is surely a sign that a society is rotting at the core. Without cement you cannot build a house; without human solidarity you cannot have a social order. It is the Marquis de Sades, it is the Nietzsches who dominate the spirit of America's modern authors. But it is love like Tolstoy's and Rolland's that was present in Theodore Dreiser, a warm and fruitful love that is bountiful as Mother Nature, that can heal and save, and explore the stars and create a new and better humanity.

"WE CHOOSE TO LIVE!"

FOUR WOODCUTS

The Mexican Peace Committee greets the Second World Congress of the Defenders of Peace.

Starvation Threatens Us . . .

We Want Bread!

Total Destruction Menaces Us . . .

We Want Peace!

The Glory Train

A Chapter from a Novel by LLOYD L. BROWN

HE JERKED erect at the sound, not believing what he had heard. No!—there it is again, louder and longer this time: the distant shunting of a switch-engine making up a train of box-cars. Now it was unmistakably clear: first the muffled crash as it jolted into the string of empties, and then the reverberating *boom boom boom boom* as the shock rolled down the line and faded away into the distance. Now the driver would be staring out of his cab, waiting to see the brakeman's lantern bobbing up and down like a tiny dancing star in the blackness; and then the snubnosed yard engine would brace itself against the drag, snuffling and snorting as it strained backwards, and the long grumbling line of cars would begin to roll . . . then faster, clicking lightly on the rails, no longer stubborn against the bossy little engine now chuffing along so scornful-like and bragging with its bell.

But these sounds did not come, of course, and Zach smiled at his own foolishness. Lying there in the darkness of the Hole, he had thought that by now it was late night, but the far-away rumbling showed that the time was only six o'clock when the thousand cells of the Monongahela County Jail were slammed shut at lock-up. Only five hours had passed since the guards had brought him here: it was hard to believe. Morning would be a long time coming.

In the morning, they told him, he would go before the Warden and the Warden would give him ten days in solitary and that will teach you not to threaten an officer you black bastard you. Their faces were hard and angry as though he had actually done what they accused him of, and tomorrow the Warden would scowl as though he did not know it was a petty frame-up, just as the judge, who had sentenced Isaac Zachary and his comrades in the mass trial of Com-

munists that spring of 1941, had pretended a stern belief that the defendants had really conspired to overthrow the Commonwealth by force and violence.

For a long time after they had locked him into the darkness Zach had stood there, leaning against the narrow steel door, exultant that it had been so easy. All along the way they had led him—down the cell-block stairs and through the arched passage in the basement that ended at the row of solitary confinement cells—he had told himself that he must not let them provoke him. He had repeated it in his mind, over and over, insistent, pleading: Isaac Zachary, don't you be no fool. No matter what—don't you be no fool. But he knew what he would do if they laid hands on him and when they only cussed him it was all he could do to keep from laughing out loud. Laughing like that Abed-nego in the story old Deacon Ransom used to tell in Sunday school. . . .

> Now, way back in them days—way before slavery it was—that old Nebuchadnezzar was the King of Babylon and he had no use for the children of Israel. No use at all. That was the time they went and put them three boys in the fiery furnace. Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego. Good mannerly boys they was, like you-all *ought* to be but ain't, but he threw them in just the same cause he was poison mean and wicked and he had the power. He fetched all the coal-oil he could find and poured it on the fire. Hot? *Whoooeee!* Hotter than a two-dollar pistol on the Fourth of *Ju*ly! But them boys wasn't studying about them Babylonians nor the king neither. Just sat around a-spitting and a-talking till they opened up the door and turned 'em loose. Shradach he said, shucks, didn't even scorch my collar, and Meshach he said, I do declare, seems to be turning mighty *cool* around here. But Abed-nego—now he was really something, that boy. Didn't say nothing. Just looked round at all them white folks and *laughed!*

THE people called it the Goin' Straight to Glory, though the right name for the railroad which lurched and rattled across that part of the state was Great Southwestern & Gulf. The people said that in fun, but to Isaac it was the glory train for real, and long before he ever saw it. Because he was the youngest of Tom Zachary's nine boys, he was fourteen and near man-grown before he was allowed to

accompany his father on the seven-mile buggy ride to Laurelton where the train came through. He saw it then, and it was a shining day in the years of his dream—the dream that had first called, plaintive and urgent, mocking and far away, to a small black boy on a Mississippi farm.

Every day at noon the whistle had come, hooting and laughing like a crazy jaybird. The boy would haul back hard on the reins and say: "Hear that, Dan'l?—and you, Queenie? Oh, I'm going to drive that devil one a these days. I will. *I will.* Drive him straight and hard, straight and hard and *fast.* Clear acrost to Georgia I'll drive him, maybe far as Atlanta even—you'll see. Just you wait and see. Now *git!* you no 'count rascals—don't you-all be laughing at me too." And at night he would lie awake until it came again, crying low like something lost in the swamps, rising and falling. . . . Then he would scrounch down into the hollow of the corn-shuck mattress to dream about the railroad until he fell asleep.

There were other things too besides the noon and midnight whistles. There was the calendar picture pasted on the wall behind the parlor stove, with the great locomotive roaring head-on at you, real as life, and the smoke racing back and forming into letters against the blue blue sky—*Gulf Gets Your Freight There Faster!* And on Sundays there were the songs they sang down at the New Hope Baptist Church. Yes, get on board little children—and all you grownups too, but you better hurry cause Isaac Lee Zachary is sitting right up here in the engine and he sure aint going to wait for no stragglers. Yes'm, this is the Glory Train and you better climb on fast lessen you want to get left behind with all my no 'count brothers. That's right, I aint taking a one of them excepting maybe Benjamin—he's the one next to me—but none a them others not even if they gets down on their knees and *begs.* No! Don't come crying to me now, specially you Jacob and you neither Levi—always signifying and poking fun and saying I aint never going to drive nothing more'n some ol' jug-haid mule. I been warning you-all and now it's too late. Says I'm going to leave you right back at the station with all the hypocrites, back-sliders and sinners what aint allowed on.

This train is bound for glory, this train
This train is bound for glory, this train

This train is bound for glory
Everybody ride it don't has to worry
Cause this train is the through train, this train!

I said this train don't carry no jokers, this train
This train don't carry no jokers, this train
This train don't carry no jokers
No moonshine-drinkers or cigar-smokers
Cause this train is the glory train, this train!

And no pimps or whores or gamblers, no tobacco-chewers or midnight ramblers—like the song says—not on my train. And none of you other boys except Benjamin and he can ride right alongside me in the engine . . . Ring that bell! Choo! Choo! Get off that track cause we're coming through—just a-reeling and a-racking, just a-reeling and a-racking, reeling and a-racking . . . *Whoooooooo whoooooooo,* great Godamighty—I'm a-rolling through!

BUT Jacob and Levi and the others were mostly right, for Isaac never did get to be an engine-driver in all the years he worked for the railroad. He started as a call boy when he was sixteen, at Locust Grove which was a division point on the G.S.&G.'s main line. There were few telephones in those days and it was the call boy's job to find the crew-men who were posted for duty and when he had found them, in boarding house, barbershop or saloon, he must make sure the order was read and signed for in the book. The hours were better than on the farm, only from six to six; and the pay was big, $12 a month; and best of all Isaac was a railroad man at last. Back and forth he ran, from station to all corners of the town and back again, call-book tight under arm, flying legs gray in the swirling dust, just a-reeling and a-racking, reeling and a-rackin, *whooo whooo,* chug chug STOP! The Lucky Horseshoe, and I know Mr. Colby just *got* to be here cause it's only four days after payday. . . .

Two years passed before the day he was called to the Big Office. I aint done nothing bad, he told himself; but still he twisted his cap in nervous alarm while he stood there waiting outside the wooden railing. They aint got no cause to fault me—no, but white folks is queer; can't never tell about them.

Mr. Greer, the super, was talking to Mr. Folsom, who was foreman at the roundhouse. They talked for a long time while he waited there, uneasy, shifting his weight from one leg to the other. It was mostly about the elections.

"I'm telling you, Jim, I felt real funny voting Republican—danged if I didn't. Never thought I'd live to see the day. Still you got to say this for Taft, he's a good man for the railroads, yes sir you got to give him credit for that. And as for that damned anarchist Bryan—he never was a real Democrat noway."

Mr. Folsom had agreed with Mr. Greer on that; he nodded so heartily the steel-rimmed glasses slid far down on his thin bony nose, causing Isaac to worry lest they fall off and break. There was more talk about tariffs and shipping rates and things like that before they noticed the broad-shouldered young Negro waiting quietly at the other end.

"That's the one I was telling you about," said the super, jerking a thumb toward Isaac. "He's a right good boy, but you can have him."

That was another great day, for now he would be an engine wiper and he would have a brass badge and a number; and even better than that—he could now learn all about the mighty locomotives he would some day drive.

The roundhouse crew were all Negroes—the wipers and tenders and hostlers, and even the mechanics, though these were called helpers because they drew a helper's pay. All of these were black men's jobs and it had been like that since way back. The brakemen on the G.S.&G. were all Negroes too and so were most of the firemen. There was a time in Mississippi when no white man would lay a hand to the fireman's shovel, but that was before the panics of '93 and '07 when jobs got so scarce a man had to take anything. But of course no Negro was ever promoted to engineer; not in Mississippi, not anywhere in the South—no, not even up North the men told him. Never did and never will, so you can stop that foolish talk right here and now. Course, if you get to be a hostler you can drive a engine here in the yards, just moving them around and into the roundhouse, but not out there on the high iron, not on no regular run. Never, no son, not so long as your skin is black. And just remember this as long as you're black and live in Mississippi: there's three main things Cap'n Charlie won't 'low you to do, and that's mess with his women, vote in the elections or drive a railroad train.

Perhaps those were the main rules, but there were many other things to know about being black in Mississippi and young Zach learned them all while working in the roundhouse. Back home on the farm there had never been much talk about white folks one way or the other, but here with the roundhouse gang it was the constant topic of conversation. Even if the talk started on something else it had to get around to the same old thing—Cap'n Charlie and what he's up to now, and how poor ol' Ned is still catching hell.

For the most part they spoke of these bitter things in a jesting way, for otherwise a man is liable to get to feeling mean and acting bad, and first thing he knew he would find hisself dead. And when a man started to talk that way, the others would caution him, saying: "Look out now, brother, else when the flag comes down you'll go up!" For it was the custom that each morning Old Glory was hauled to the top of the tall white flag-pole that was set in the star-shaped bed of flowers on the lawn in front of the Big Office, and at sundown it was lowered. Every evening when the gang went off they could see the knotted loop at the bottom of the halyard slowly rising on one side of the towering mast as the flag came down in solemn majesty on the other. Never did they watch the descending banner of freedom; their eyes stayed fixed on the inexorable, jerking rise of the rope on the other side. And thus each working day of their lives the railroad's patriotic ceremony came to remind them of the supreme law for the black majority of Mississippi's people.

YOUNG Zach listened in wondering silence to all their talk, his eyes now smiling shyly, now near tears, but always brightest when they re-told the old-time legends of the railroad men: tales of reckless rides, thundering wrecks, washed-out bridges and narrow escapes; of Railroad Bill the baddest Negro there ever was, so bad that when he blew into town the birds grew quiet and the people all rushed inside to bolt their doors and slam their shutters, the sheriff locking himself into his own jail for safety; and of course about John Luther Jones, the one everybody called Casey, who was the whistle-blowingest, fastest-drivingest engineer that ever hit the high iron. That was the brightest legend of them all for the famous wreck of the Cannonball Express had happened only eight years before, in 1900, and the little town of Vaughan, Mississippi, where Casey drove to glory on the Illinois Central was only a whoop and a holler from Locust Grove.

Young Zach was a good worker and so he was well liked by the other men despite his peculiar ways—never drinking, smoking, gambling or cussing like a regular railroad man should, and always calling the older workers "mister" the way his father had trained him, and always pestering them with more questions about the engines than any man could rightly answer. From the first they had joshed him about being a country boy, though nearly all of them had come from the country too; but after a while they ceased to scoff at his crazy ambition to be an engineer. There was something in the quiet way he said it, something so terribly deep and strong and fierce, that it touched even the hardest of them: it made them afraid and sad too, and somehow, at the same time, strangely proud.

In later years, whenever he remembered his schooling, Zach would not think of the white-washed one-room shack they called a school at home; he would recall instead the five hard-working years in the Locust Grove roundhouse where he had learned about engines and, even more important, about people. Things he could never have come to know about in the cut-off and isolated life in a back-country community. Back home he could only know his folks and their few neighbors; here he got to know his people. Here he became drawn into a greater family, the rough brotherhood of workingmen, no longer tied to the soil, talking and thinking of more than crops and weather, birthing and burying, boll-weevil and Bible; linked now, however remotely, with the turbulent, surging currents of industry that vibrated down to the Deep South through the slender shining rails. Here were men who could tell of life in far-away places, of Birmingham, Atlanta, St. Louis and even Chicago. Footloose men, many of them were, boomers as they were called, who worked on one line for a while and then were gone along their restless way. Other men came to take their places, strangers with strange new thoughts and ways of speaking, with new things to talk about. Men from Alabama and Georgia, Louisiana men and West Virginians. It was a boomer from Florida who told them about the union the men had started there and how badly it had scared the company before it was smashed. A union for black workers!—surely that was a thing of wonder to hear about, for none of the regular Brotherhoods, of course, would admit Negroes to membership.

The workplace was his home and these men were his brothers but

when Zach got the chance to be brakeman, he left them just as earlier he had left his kin back home: a man must make his own way and brakeman was the next rung up the ladder.

It was lonesome work for him after the years with the roundhouse gang but with him always for company and comfort was the glowing certainty that one great day he would be on the other end of the lantern's signals. It was dangerous work too, for the freight-cars were still equipped with the outlawed link-and-pin instead of automatic couplers. To couple two cars the brakeman had to stand between them and with his hands guide the link on one car into a slot on the other, and then drop in the iron pin which held them together.

Hardly a week went by in the Locust Grove yards without accident to one of the shacks, as the brakemen were called. If the man was fortunate, it would only be a finger or two missing, but often it was a hand and in the two and a half years Zach worked at this job the link-and-pin claimed the lives of eight of his fellow shacks. Perhaps because of his exceptional agility Zach escaped injury, but maybe it was just luck; and as the gambling men said, there's only one thing sure about luck—it changes. They said that about Georgia Skin, their favorite payday game; but it must be true, Zach figured, about human skin as well. But in one way the dreaded link-and-pin helped Zach: in a safer yard it would have taken him much longer to accumulate the necessary seniority to be promoted to fireman, but here, with the high turnover caused by accidents and men leaving the job, he soon got to the top of the list and then it was only a matter of waiting for a fireman to quit or be fired.

HIS first regular run as a fireman was 120 miles northward to Ellamar, the next division; and he was to stay on that run for thirteen years.

The first years were the best—before the war and during the war, before the trouble started. The engineers with whom he worked were friendly, though, of course, he never got to know them except in the cab. Most of them would freely answer his many questions about the rules and regulations of their trade, though he could not miss their secret smiles of amusement that a black man should want to learn all about a white man's job. But he was a skillful worker and a good man to have along on the upgrade pull to Ellamar; and there was

warmth in their Good evening, Zach, to his Good evening, Mr. Bonner, or Mr. Chadwick, or Mr. McDonald or any of the others to whom he reported for duty. The famous Rule G for railroadmen all over the country that prohibited the use of strong drink while on duty was seldom observed by either the white or black men on the G.S.&G., and though the engine drivers would often bait Zach about his strait-laced ways they came to respect him for it: he was punctual, alert, energetic and they could testify that he was a man of good moral character, though they would not have used those words. But even a "good nigger" could never be their Brother, for the constitution of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen provides that for a man to be eligible he must be "white born, of good moral character." The white-born requirement comes first.

Young Zach could not know it then, but his working with the engineers was to be one of the main signals that lighted his way along the road he would travel. For the relationship between white engineer and black fireman was significantly different from that of other white men and Negroes in the South. Here black worker and white worker worked side by side; not as equals, of course, but nevertheless together. There was much master-and-man in the partnership, but they were fellow workers too and each had his part to play in making the run. In the long miles of pounding the rails there were even fleeting moments when the engineer, glancing across the cab, might see in the flashing light of the opened firedoor a fellow man and not remember that he was black. And sometimes a close attachment, even an unacknowledged friendship, grew between engineer and fireman, the white man taking the other along with him whenever he changed runs or was transferred to another division.

Once, during his first year, Mr. Chadwick asked him to go along with him on a different run, but Zach declined: he had already met Annie Mae Bolton, a member of the family that kept a boardinghouse for the Negro railroaders who laid over at Ellamar; and because she was as shy as he was, Zach stayed on that run for three years before they got married.

O Annie Mae, Annie Mae . . . eight more minutes to Renfrew, and then it's East Point, Chickasaw, Acropolis, Seminola, Alcorn, Sharpsville and Ellamar—one hour and thirty-two minutes and I'll be home! O honey lamb!—the whistle spilled his happiness over the jack-pine

forest, flashing blue in the moonlight, and the pounding of the drivers was his heart just a-reeling, was his heart just a-racking, was his blood just a-racing . . . *whoooooo whoooooooo,* I'm a-coming through and home to Annie Mae!

A man needed a woman like Annie Mae: a steady-going woman for a steady-going man. She was a small, gentle, brown-skinned woman, but strong with the strength of John Henry's people, beaten strong by the sun and wind and sorrow, leathered by the lash, steeled by the very chains that bound them. And the women strong as the men.

John Henry had a little woman,
Her name was Polly Ann,
John Henry took sick an' couldn't get to work,
Polly Ann drove steel like a man,
Lawd, Lawd, Polly Ann drove steel like a man.

But she was woman-soft, too, and tender in her quiet love; he would never be lonely again. Her eyes would shine with the knowing when Zach spoke of that great day when he would come driving up to Ellamar, easing the big engine into the station and swing down from the cab and wave good night to his fireman, all careless-like to hide his terrible pride. And Annie Mae would be waiting there and he would kiss her lightly and they would walk together homeward through the sleeping town, hand in hand like children, solemn silent with the wonder and the glory of their triumph. Sometimes, however, her eyes would glisten brighter with the unshed tears of sorrow and longing for a child to mother. The sadness too was a bond that drew them together, though the want of a child was harder on Annie Mae, alone when Zach was gone on the road. For that reason more than any other Zach was determined not to change his run; she had her parents in Ellamar, though they lived near the yards on the other side of town, and she dreaded the thought of moving to another city where she would have no one when he was away. But Zach was not transferred, and through the years he became as much a part of the Locust Grove-Ellamar run as the rails that connected the two divisions. A steady-going man, and it got to be said by the old-timers that even if you tore up all the track and signals too Isaac Zachary could still fire a locomotive on through to Ellamar and tell you exactly where you were every minute of the way. Wouldn't need no engineer neither—

though it was only the Negroes who would add that, and only among themselves.

But he did not get to be an engineer. And somehow, slowly and against his will, against all the strength and passion of his dream, he came to see that he would never drive an engine until—no, not like the roundhouse gang had said: as long as you're black and live in Mississippi—for his skin would always be black and he did not intend to ever leave the place that was his home. No, that was not right: he would never believe that. But this he came to know: no one man could make it by himself. No matter how much he knew, no matter how hard he worked. He, Isaac Zachary, would never drive an engine until Negroes had the right to drive engines. A simple, easy truth; but it came hard. Later he would wonder why it had taken him so long to learn such a simple thing, forgetting how he had shut his ears against the jeers of his brothers and the doubts of his fellows, forgetting how the very brightness of his goal had blinded his eyes. He knew all the rules in the company's book, but this was a rule so big and plain that no one had ever bothered to write it down. Once he had asked Mr. Bonner about it: he was a tiny, silver-haired man, soft-spoken and friendly; he had given Zach a ten-dollar gold piece for a wedding present. But even with him Zach did not dare to speak directly. The old engineer had been talking that day about all the changes he had seen in his life on the road, going way back to the time of wood-burning engines and tallow lamps, and wondering about the marvels that were still to come.

"Mr. Bonner," Zach said, "I aint thinking about our time of course, but do you reckon there'll come a day when a colored man will drive an engine?"

The old man had studied his face, as Zach knew he would; then he shook his head slowly. "Zach, look here. Don't you ever be thinking or talking about nothing like that. I'm your friend, Zach, and I sure would hate to see you getting in trouble. But seeing as you asked me, I can tell you this: that day will never come. Wouldn't allow it. Company wouldn't allow it and the Brotherhood neither. Never."

"Thank you, Mr. Bonner. I'll remember what you said."

I'll remember what you said, but remembering aint believing. So far as the company is concerned—well, maybe they won't allow it. But they wouldn't allow you-all to have the eight-hour day, but here

you just got through telling me how you beat the company down on that, and on a lot of other things too. The company wouldn't allow no union—but they signed the contract just the same. And the Brotherhood could beat them down on this thing too, but as you say the Brotherhood would never allow it either. . . .

One track leads into another, and learning goes along the same way. One Negro could not make it alone, no, and the black workers could never make it without the white. As long as the Brotherhood said never—well there would be no driving through. That was as plain as a headlight coming head-on at you, as plain and as fearful. But what power could change the hearts of the white railroaders and bring them into a unity of will with the black men with whom they shared the unity of work? No man could tell him, and as hard as he figured and as long as he figured Zach could not find the answer. You live and learn, the old folks used to tell him, and that was right for most things; but not for this. Here was something that must be found; but what could guide a man in his quest? Where now was the pillar of fire by night and the cloud by day that had led the Children through the wilderness of Sinai?

BUT the times of trouble came after the war was over, times when a man would forget what he was looking for. Folks had said that after Kaiser Bill got whipped things would be better for everybody, but that wasn't right either. Not for the railroaders. Hundreds of men were laid off—from the roundhouse and shops, maintenance of way and train crews too. White men and black men without work, pinching and borrowing and going broke, scratching and scrambling and getting hungry. That was all bad, but it was not yet the trouble. Not the bad trouble that was to come when the God-given advantage of being white wasn't worth a damn against the man-made rule of seniority. Nothing was more precious to the Brotherhood men than seniority: no gain had been harder won, more jealously guarded; it was the sure ladder to the top. But now everything was going down and the man with the longest service could bump the man off the next rung down and take his place. That was the rule and it was fair enough until a terrible thing was noticed: more white men were being laid off than Negroes! A black fireman could never be promoted to engineer and as a result most of them, like Isaac Zachary, had more seniority than the

white firemen and more than many of the engineers; and because of that, too, the black brakemen under them had a firmer grip on their places than the shacks who were white. The law of the land—North and South and East and West—decreed that Negro workingmen be last hired and first fired, yet here—in Mississippi!—the law was being nullified. Surely nothing so evil had happened since the days of Black Reconstruction; and now there arose a muttering and a murmuring and then a roaring outcry so loud and dreadful that its rumblings could even be heard far north in Chicago where the board of directors of the Great Southwestern & Gulf held their quarterly meetings.

Now, gentlemen, we are not unmindful of your ah—sensibilities, and we can appreciate how you men and the other good people of Mississippi feel about this unfortunate situation. But surely you must see that our hands are tied and—well, we hesitate to bring up old scores, but it was you who forced this rule upon us. . . . Of course no one knew better than the company men that rules can be broken, but involved here was something infinitely greater—the Highest Law, more sacred even than White Supremacy which is subordinate and auxiliary to the law of profit. For the black railroaders were lower paid; and no wail from down the river could be as loud as the silent sound of dividends piling ever higher. . . . Furthermore, gentlemen—and we would not mention this had you not brought it up—but isn't it on record that the differential in pay was something you wanted too?

But there came a day when the directors of the G.S.&G. would cease to smirk at the delegation of Brotherhood chieftains. Now it was an ultimatum: the strike vote had been taken, the date was set. And this time, thank God, the whole state is with us—even the biggest planters are backing the unions this time: here are the editorials, the speeches in the *Congressional Record*—strong words and dire threats. Race war it would be, and nothing like that little old riot you-all had up there in Chicago last year. There was no strike: and finally out of the conferences of Labor and Management and Government came an equitable agreement—the Fifty-Fifty Rule as it came to be called. After the formalities of signatures and seal, the new order was posted on all bulletin boards and it was there that Isaac Zachary and his fellows first learned of it.

Nowhere in the long columns of fine print was the word Negro

mentioned: but to the black railroaders reading it every word was doom. Effective in thirty days not more than fifty per cent of the employees in any Operating Department could be other than Brotherhood members. That was disaster, but there was more, and worse. All subsequent vacancies were to be filled by members in good standing of recognized railroad labor organizations. There was much more to be read, of course—*pursuant to . . . and under the provisions of . . .* but all the big words meant nothing more or less than this: nearly half of the Negro firemen and brakemen were now to be fired; and after that, whenever a Negro quit, was retired or disabled, his place would be taken by a white man. Fifty-fifty now—all and nothing soon. . . .

THERE was no hope for those on whom the axe had fallen, but after the first stunning shock the older men who remained came to believe that something might still be saved; if the company could be made to recognize a black workers' union along with the others, then Negro replacements might be provided under the Fifty-Fifty rule. It was desperate hope rather than true belief, but when the organizer came down from Atlanta they joined the Grand Alliance of Firemen, Hostlers and Brakemen which had already been formed among Negro trainmen in Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas.

Isaac Zachary was a charter member of the Ellamar lodge and vice-president too, though he was one of the youngest of those who were left; and now his dream to become an engineer was lost in the struggle to stay a fireman. The struggle like the dream must be kept secret from the white men: more secret, for many men and their families were now involved. Even among themselves the members never spoke of their union outside of meetings and the Ladies' Auxiliary, in which Annie Mae was active, had no other name than that. Nor was there need for any of the lodge members to reveal themselves: no bargaining was possible in Mississippi; only the Alliance representatives up North could speak for them to company officials—if they could get in to see them. But still there was a great deal that had to be done locally: every man that was left was precious and when a man got sick or was injured his bills must be paid, his family supported until he could return; women from the Auxiliary must nurse those who had no women-folk to tend them. For a man gone was a job

gone—forever. Only when the Alliance was recognized would there be hope of Negro replacements, and that was slow in coming. All through the years of Coolidge prosperity they worked and prayed for Recognition, and tended their sick and bolstered the weary and scrimped and scuffled to keep something in the treasury.

But if Recognition did not come the Great Depression did and with it the most terrible trouble of all. It had been an uneasy peace for the beleaguered black railroaders: now it would be war. For again there were Negroes working while white men were jobless. Fewer, of course, this time for the decade under Fifty-Fifty had taken its toll even before the layoffs started: death and dismissals had thinned the ranks of the black firemen and no nursing can return a brakeman who has lost an arm or leg. There were hardly any jobs for anyone, but still there were some black men at work; and if one of these were gone, a job would be open for a white man. Threats, not even in Mississippi, were enough to scare the Negroes into quitting: they had fought too long and too desperately for spoken hints or anonymous letters signed K.K.K. to move them now.

It became a shooting war. A strange war, secret and implacable, that raged throughout Mississippi on all the railroads from 1931 to 1934. The newspapers never heard of it, the companies were indifferent, the Brotherhood chiefs disclaimed any responsibility and the law knew nothing about it either, but shot-guns roared in the night at McComb and Durant and Aberdeen Junction and Vicksburg and Natchez and Brookhaven and Canton and Water Valley—and black men fell. Twenty-two Negro firemen and brakemen were killed or wounded or shot at; and of the ten who were killed two had been previously wounded. For the black workers there was only one way to fight back—to stay on the job. A man quitting now was more than a job gone: it was a battle lost, a betrayal of those who had fallen. They did not quit.

Two brakemen had been shot at in the Locust Grove yards and old John Givens, the senior Negro fireman on the division, had been killed the year before, but in the spring of 1932 Isaac Zachary was still firing on the run to Ellamar. It was not so bad when he was on the day run, but recently he had been put back to nights though the super must surely have known that night was most dangerous. Zach did not worry much for himself, but for Annie Mae, waiting at home,

these were nights of terror. He knew it even though she never said a word: he would have known it even if he did not see the look in her eyes each time he got home. Her mother and father had died long ago—the Flu that had taken away so many after the war; and now she had only Zach.

It could happen to him anywhere—on a side-track when the red ball freight roared through, or at any one of the lonely places where they took on water, or when inching along up a steep grade where the black man in the cab would be silhouetted against the firedoor's glare, or from behind a board fence as he made his way home through the unlighted streets of the Negro quarter. Or at the very moment he opened his front door to the lamp-lit parlor where Annie Mae was waiting up in her rocking chair, facing the black marble clock he had given her on their wedding anniversary.

The blast came from behind the flowering lilac bush planted beside the porch, and the big man crashed to the floor, half way through the doorway, and by the time Annie Mae reached him the carpet was thick with his blood. Had it come squarely into his back the buckshot would surely have killed him; but it was a grievous wound. No ambulance could be called for there was no colored hospital in that county to which he might be taken; and Isaac Zachary was near to death from the bleeding when the company doctor, for whom the neighbors ran, finally came many hours later.

A steady-going man, a strong man: somehow he lived. And with him, through the long tunnel of pain and darkness that was the seventy days and seventy nights he lay helpless in the brass-knobbed bed, was Annie Mae, nursing him now as she had nursed so many others whom the railroads had laid low. Now you are only mine, she thought, and after you be all well again they can never have you back. O Isaac, they tried to kill you dead and you're all I got and I love you so, I love you so. Don't have nobody but you, nobody but you. . . . But she knew in the bursting flood of her tears—the mother-tears so long unshed that came so quickly now—that he would go back. She saw it in the look on his face when his union brothers came, awkward and ill at ease in their Sunday serge, to sit in silence beside his bed. She saw it too by the yellow glow of the kerosene lamp when the midnight whistle of Old 44 trumpeted from far away that Zach's train was pulling in. *Hear that Dan'l?—and you Queenie? Oh, I'm going to drive that devil*

one a these days. I will. I will. Drive him straight and hard, straight and hard and fast. . .

And with the dream that returned so urgent and compelling to Isaac Zachary the forgotten question came back too. But now more than ever the answer was lost in the dark swirling fog of hatred that was lighted only by the stabbing flash of shotguns. What power could change their hearts? What force could bring the day when the men in overalls, the white and the black, would truly clasp hands in brotherhood and grand alliance? No one who came could tell. But it was something to think about in the long dragging hours while his torn muscles were slowly healing. All men are created equal—yes, the wise men said that long ago and *they* were white. All men are brothers—yes, the Good Book says that and it must be in theirs as it is in ours. But there is something more a man must know and though his mind may trace through all the turnings as his eye follows the pattern, twisting and twining, on the bedroom wall, there is no path he can find from the maze.

There are many things a man can't figure out, but this he knows: a man must work and a man must fight. And so, on the first day he could walk from the house, Isaac Zachary reported back for duty.

But now there was no work for him: no cotton and corn for the trains to haul, for who could buy it? Above the cloud of strife and hate and hunger that covered the Magnolia State was the greater pall still spreading across the Land of Plenty. Root, hog or die—but what could a jobless workingman do? What could a black fireman do when the great engines, lined up on the rusting rails, stood patient and still like elephants trunk to tail. Back to the farm, some of them said as they packed up to leave; back to the farm—at least you can always eat. But Zach could not go back: there were already too many mouths to feed on Tom Zachary's farm and even through the good years he had had to help out from his pay. Many were heading North and while people said things were better up there, Zach did not want to go where a Negro could never get a job as brakeman or fireman.

But he had to go, for there was nothing here at all. His brother Benjamin, who had worked since the war in the steel mill up in Kanesport, wrote that Isaac and his wife could stay with him while Isaac looked for a job. That was in August of 1932 and along the way they could see through the grimy windows of the Jim-Crow car the

billboards with the pictures of the two men America must choose between: one fat-faced and grim in his high choking collar, the other lean and smiling at his coming victory.

The voting was something for white folks to study about and there was too much for Zach and Annie Mae to see and learn in the northern city for them to think about it one way or the other. Kanesport was the largest place they had ever seen, its population of 75,000 surpassed even the greatest city in Mississippi; but Benjamin laughed at the marvelling greenhorns—Kanesport ain't nothing but a big old company town, wait until you see Iron City down the river a ways; more than a million people there. And with all the wonders of streetcars and tall buildings there was much that was like down home, especially in the Goat Hill section where the colored people lived. Most of their houses, perched along the steep-rising banks of the Monongahela, were no better than down home and some of them, Annie Mae noted with triumphant scorn, were worse than any in Ellamar. Course we got outhouses like these, she told Benjamin who always acted like he had never seen the South, but Lord, not so many people has to use the same one!

Isaac was lucky and got a job in the tin plate mill where his brother worked; and though that was a wondrous thing these days Benjamin was strangely unimpressed. For—and he never did tell Isaac about it—he had fixed it up with Mr. Wills, the Negro Service Representative for the steel company. Later, when Herbert T. Wills left the company to become Industrial Secretary of the Negro Improvement League and folks said he was still on the McGregor payroll, Benjamin would only sniff and say to himself: Don't know nothing about that but I won't never forget how that rascal got a month's pay from me!

In the hard days of work and new ways of life where a man must learn how to live while being black in the great Commonwealth of coal and steel, the same and yet different too from Mississippi, his old dream and the search for the way were buried in the slag-pile of the past, with only an occasional wisp of smoke rising to tell of the long-gone fire. Not even the whistles of the speeding trains could recall it: their thin shrill pipings were lost in the roaring rumble of the mill and the imperious big-voiced blast that called the men to work.

But though a great dream may die it can rise again like Lazarus and walk the earth once more to claim its own. And so, one night, the dream came back to Isaac Zachary and with it, this time, the long-

sought answer. It came as such a dream must come to a company town ruled by the Coal and Iron Police—under cover of darkness, secretly, slipping under doors locked against the hostile streets of law and order.

It was still pitch black outside when Zach got up that morning to make the three to eleven shift and saw the corner of the folded paper peeping from under the front door. BUY NOW it would say, BUY NOW AND PAY LATER! Washing machines or three-way lamps or used car bargains or genuine simulated gold watches or Paris fashions CHEAP at Hoffman's Big Downtown Store. He had no mind for such foolishness and no money either, and he would have tossed away the handbill had he not seen the pictures of the two men. He had no time to read it then, but he folded the paper into his mackinaw pocket until he got back home from work when he and Annie Mae could study it together.

The photographs of the two men running for office were printed side by side: the white man and the Negro, William Z. Foster and James W. Ford, for President and Vice-President of the whole United States. To the man and woman but a few short months up from Mississippi, this was something that belonged to the world of fantasy they could enter for fifteen cents and see Douglas Fairbanks with a towel wrapped around his head and wearing Bible garments ride through the clouds on his magic rug—a thing of wonder and nice to see, but make-believe and something serious-minded folks wouldn't study about for a minute once they emerged into the hard sunlight outside the Bijou.

The revelation was in the tiny printed words beneath each picture. First they read about the Negro: born in the South . . . grandfather lynched . . . worked in the Birmingham mills . . . came North . . . then a union leader. The other was also a workingman and—here was something that had to be read slowly and carefully, and read again and still another time until the words were lost in the blinding flash of glory, in the burning rush of tears—he had been a brakeman and a fireman! *A white railroader side by side with a black man!* For unity, it said, for equal rights, for brotherhood for all. Not hating each other, not killing each other—what man could believe that day would come? But Zach had believed it, had always believed it, and here was the way. Here was the Way and the Truth and the Light, as it was written long ago.

Here was the through train for real, and now that Isaac and Annie Mae had found it they would ride it all the way. Through everything—through good times and hard times and times of trouble, through towering granite walls and through the deepest Hole, through darkness and danger, through side-tracks and crossings, on and on . . . to the great day a-coming when all people shall stand together, hand in hand like Zach and Annie Mae, with clean hearts and seeing eyes and loving one another—O Shining Day when all America shall ride that Glory Train, just a-reeling and a-racking, just a-reeling and a-racking, reeling and a-racking . . . *whooooo whooooo,* goin' straight to glory—Zach a-driving on through!

A SOVIET DISCOVERY IN BIOLOGY

by G. KRUSHCHEV

THE victory of the Michurin trend in the Soviet Union has opened to biology boundless possibilities for the study of living nature, and has placed in man's hands a powerful weapon for the alteration of plant and animal organisms.

But reactionary Weismannism, against which Michurinism waged a relentless fight,* left traces of its influence in a number of important branches of biology that deal with the very basis of life and development of living beings, among them on *cytology*—the science that studies the cell.

One of the greatest discoveries in biology was made in the first half of the nineteenth century—that the cell constitutes one of the basic forms of structure of living matter, that it lies at the basis of development, variability and life activity of organisms. Engels placed the cell theory on the same level with such great discoveries as the law of the conservation of energy and Darwin's laws of the historical development of the organic world. It was one of the factors which revolutionized natural science.

However, during the second half of the century the idea of development was completely banished from this theory. It was transformed into a code of metaphysical dogmas. For almost a hundred years, up to recent times, biology was dominated by the cell theory as distorted by the German pathologist Virchow. According to this theory, which served as a foundation for reactionary Weismannism, the cell and all its parts are supposed to arise only from other cells by means of divi-

* See *The Situation in Biological Science*, by T. D. Lysenko and others. International Publishers, 1949. [Ed.]

sion. It further claimed that there could be no life outside the cell, that any complex organism is nothing but a sum total of cells, and so on.

For many years Virchow's theory impeded the progress of scientific research in connection with a number of vitally important biological problems; it actually urged scientists to reject all attempts to elucidate the causes of the appearance of new kinds of cell, to reject attempts to understand, and in the long run gain control over, the intricate mechanism of the formation of species.

It was necessary to do away with Virchow's dogmas. This was done by Soviet biology.

It is to the efforts of the Soviet biologist O. B. Lepeshinskaya that we chiefly owe the unmasking of Virchow's pseudo-scientific theory. Since 1933 she has been working on the problem of the origin and the development of cells and waging a relentless fight against Virchow's postulations. The work carried on by Lepeshinskaya for many years has brought important results and provided incontestable experimental proof of the fallacy of Virchow's dogmas. These results are published in her remarkable work *The Origin of Cells from Living Substance and the Role It Plays in the Organism,* for which the Council of Ministers of the U.S.S.R. awarded the author a Stalin Prize First Class.

Lepeshinskaya has proved experimentally that cells may arise not only through the division of already existing cells but also by development from non-cellular living substance.

Sound theoretical premises guaranteed the proper choice of objects for research. These were, first of all, the early stages of development of some of the higher animals, the adult forms of simpler organisms, and also the regenerative processes in the tissues.

Lepeshinskaya was the first to discover that the blood cells of tadpoles develop from the so-called "yolk globules" which lack cell structure and which were usually regarded merely as nutritive material for the developing organism.

Numerous experiments were also undertaken on the development of cells from "yolk globules" in the eggs of birds. These eggs are very rich in yolk which was formerly regarded as lifeless nutritive material. It has been believed that the embryo developed as the result of the divisions that occur in a small section of the protoplasm containing the cell nucleus. It was assumed that this division led to a continu-

ous increase in the number of cells from which the embryo and, subsequently, the full-grown organism are formed.

Thus, the entire development of the organism, the great diversity of qualitatively differing tissues, was reduced to a simple quantitative accumulation of cells obtained as a result of their division; the appearance of cells *de novo* was excluded.

Lepeshinskaya proved that the yolk is as much a living part of the egg, as much endowed with the capacity for development, as the egg taken as a whole. She demonstrated that the "yolk globules" emerging from the mass of yolk as the egg develops are living units despite the fact that they are non-cellular.

Like any other living substance, under favorable conditions they are capable of developing. In the course of this development they are transformed into cells which, in their turn, possess the capacity of further development and reproduction. The cells that arise in this way then become a part of the embryo and participate in its development.

A study of the behavior of "yolk globules" in the living egg, and microscopic filming of the material, gave Lepeshinskaya final proof of the soundness of her conceptions. With the aid of microscopic filming she was able to follow step by step the entire process of cell-formation from the non-cellular living mass of yolk globules and to trace the subsequent development of these cells. Analogous and very convincing results were obtained from the developing eggs of fish.

Of extremely great interest are Lepeshinskaya's studies of the development of cells at the later stages of embryonic growth—at the stages when some of the cells have been already formed. In her book she shows that at this period certain specialized cells, for example, blood cells and cells of blood vessels, may develop from the non-cellular yolk globules.

The next series of researches deals with the development of cells from the living substance obtained from organisms of a simpler structure, such as the fresh-water hydra. A liquid living substance devoid of cells, or even bits of structured cells, was extracted from these organisms.

Under favorable conditions (in an environment containing nutritive substances) cells begin to develop from the living liquid. These cells then proceed to divide and begin to undergo the initial stages of the development of a hydra.

In her researches Lepeshinskaya likewise demonstrated that adult higher animals also possess a living substance capable of developing into cells. This was shown on the healing of wounds in mammals. It was found that new cells appear on the wound surface (the main process in the healing) not only as the result of the division of cells in tissues around the wound, but also in consequence of the development of cells from the structureless living substance that appears as the result of the bleeding and the destruction of cells.

On the basis of a detailed study of cell development, Lepeshinskaya formed an altogether new conception of the initial form of organic development of the process of cell division. In her researches on the early stages of development of multi-cellular organisms, to which the first chapters of her book are devoted, the author shows that development in fact begins from a simpler non-cellular structure and not from the cell.

THESE data introduce a new concept into biology; they show that in the ontogenesis of an organism not only the cellular, but also the pre-cellular period in the development of living matter is repeated in an altered form.

Lepeshinskaya further shows that not only are similar cells produced in the process of cell division, but that new cells are formed from the living substance of the old ones. These data throw entirely new light on the cycle of cell development (on the so-called ontogenesis of the cell) and explain the origin of qualitatively differing cells in the organism.

Such is the remarkably novel and highly significant factual material that constitutes the experimental part of Lepeshinskaya's work. All the theoretical constructions in the book are founded on these experimental data.

Lepeshinskaya has decisively refuted every one of Virchow's postulations, such as "a cell arises only from a cell," "there is nothing living outside a cell," "the cell is the ultimate unit of life," "an organism is a sum total of cells—a cellular state," etc.

She has clearly proved that in the organism it is not only the cells that possess the properties of life, but that these properties are also to be found in the non-cellular living substance. Much of what was formerly considered lifeless in the organism, merely because it lacked

cell structure, is actually a living substance capable of developing into cells. Cells arise not only from division, but also by developing anew from the living substance.

All these data are of extreme importance for a deeper dialectical materialist understanding of the development of organic forms. Virchow's false conception of organic development as of a continuous chain of cell divisions, on which Weismann's teaching about the continuity and the immutability of germ plasm is based, has been completely refuted by Lepeshinskaya's researches, which clearly demonstrate that there exist structural breaks in development. Her data gives a key to the understanding of, and the control over, the processes of formation *de novo* both in individual development and in the origin of new species.

The results of Lepeshinskaya's works broaden the scientific foundation of the materialistic world outlook.

It is hard to over-estimate the significance of Lepeshinskaya's work for many branches of biology and medicine. The problem of the origin and the development of tumors, of inflammation, of the development of intercellular structures and substances, of the development and transmutations of morbific and useful microbes and many other problems acquire new significance in the light of Lepeshinskaya's researches and await their proper solution.

Lepeshinskaya's scientific achievements have dealt a shattering blow to Weismann's and Virchow's conceptions in the cell theory. They are an eloquent proof of the mighty development of Soviet science.

SCIENCE IN NEW CHINA

by COCHING CHU

MODERN science was introduced into China only within the past forty years. The first scientific research institution, the Geological Survey of China, was founded by the Peking government's Ministry of Industry in 1916. Six years later, the Science Society of China established a biological institute in Nanking. About the time of the May Fourth Movement in 1919, the National University of Peking took the lead in appealing for the nationwide promotion of science. Gradually scientific research gained a footing in the universities. Associations devoted to various branches of science, such as the Chinese Geological Society, the Chinese Physical Society, etc., were founded one after another. The Academia Sinica was established in 1928, and the National Academy of Peking in 1929.

In the thirty-one years since the May Fourth Movement, China has produced a few talented scientists who have made individual contributions to the study of science and are now internationally known. But, generally speaking, a survey of how much they have promoted the people's welfare, or what contributions they have made toward the advancement of science in general, would reveal relatively slender results.

The reason why past scientific research in China reaped only a meager harvest can be traced to political and economic factors. The reactionary Kuomintang government never gave science much encouragement, and regarded science as something having merely a decorative function. Scientific research could hardly make any headway in view of the fact that government grants for research institutes were barely sufficient to cover the living expenses of the scientists. After 1937, the Japanese imperialist invasion compelled universities and research institutions to abandon their original locations and seek refuge

in the interior of China. Many of their valuable instruments and libraries were either destroyed or scattered in the course of successive Japanese air raids.

However, a part of the blame must be laid at the door of the scientific institutes themselves. Many contradictions and shortcomings existed within scientific circles. Among the most glaring were the sectarianism which prevailed inside scientific organizations and the confused ideology of science for its own sake that was professed by most scientific workers. And since Chinese scientists had received their education from the capitalist countries, most of them made a cult of individualism. They considered the quest for abstract truth to be the sole purpose of their work. They felt that they had completely fulfilled their duty as scientists if they selected a subject in their own field of learning and studied it to the best of their ability. This meant, in the end, that everyone could do exactly what he liked and no one was responsible for anything. They never realized the simple fact that, in the last analysis, they relied entirely upon the peasants and workers for their research funds, nor did they feel under the least obligation to the laboring masses.

However, the People's government has stressed the importance of advancing learning in general, and of developing scientific research in particular. Although Taiwan is yet to be liberated and we are still facing economic difficulties, our government's budget covering expenditures in scientific research has already doubled the Kuomintang government's pre-war allocations for scientific research.

The government formed a new Academia Sinica in October, 1949, by combining and further expanding the old Academia Sinica in Nanking and the National Academy of Peking. In the period since then, the twenty-four national research institutes under those two academies have been reorganized and amalgamated into sixteen research institutes. Each institute now has its own individual sphere of responsibility and has been assigned its role in the nation's overall construction program.

In physics, for example, the two former institutes, one in Peking and the other in Nanking, had never in the past differentiated their work. Now they have been combined and reorganized into two new institutes. One is called the Institute of Modern Physics, specializing in the study of such broad, fundamental subjects as atomic energy and cosmic rays. The second, the Institute of Applied Physics, will

mainly devote its energy to optical research. It has already manufactured optical parts for 500 microscopes and 200 theodolites. It maintains a department for designing and grinding optical lenses. In the future, it will co-operate closely with optical lens manufacturers in order to ensure an adequate national supply of optical instruments. The Institute of Applied Physics has also devised a new method for making quartz piezo-electric crystals for frequency stabilization in radio broadcasting.

Similar readjustments have been made in the field of biological research, in order to eradicate former duplication and arrive at an efficient division of labor. Shanghai and Peking used to have five different biological institutes which worked independently in their separate but overlapping fields. Now these five organizations have been amalgamated into three institutes, each with its own clearly-defined sphere of responsibility. The first is the Institute of Experimental Biology in Shanghai assigned to studying embryology, cytology and physiology by means of physical and chemical principles. The second is the Institute of Hydro-Biology, also in Shanghai, specializing in the study of fish and other aquatic life. This Institute recently established two experimental stations: one at Tsingtao to study marine biology, and the other at Wusih, on the Taihu Lake in Kiangsu province, to study freshwater fish. The third of the new biological organizations is the Institute of Systematic Botany, located in Peking, which will co-ordinate the work of Chinese plant taxonomists who are engaged in the study of China's flora. Special emphasis will be placed on the study of economic plants, such as medical herbs, pasture grass and plants which yield latex for making rubber. Two scientists from this Institute have been sent to Mukden and Harbin to help the northeast provinces to set up their botanical institutes.

The other research institutes are also adapting their programs to the agricultural, industrial and medical needs of the country. The Institute of Organic Chemistry in Shanghai, for example, has helped the East China Bureau of Agriculture and Water Conservation in the preparation of an organic mercuric fungicide which will destroy spores that attack cotton and wheat. The Institute of Pharmaceutical Chemistry, located also in Shanghai, helped the People's Medical Company to develop a process for crystallizing heat-resistant penicillin. The Institute of Geology at Nanking has sent field teams to Northeast China and

West Hupeh to prospect for iron and coal. The Peking Institute of Geo-Physics is giving a short, half-year, post-graduate course to train a staff of experts who will later go to Northeast China to search for new mineral deposits.

SCIENCE in China is no longer something detached and standing aloof from the general public. It has been harnessed for the benefit of the farmlands and factories—thus linking theory with practice, even though the fundamental aspect of research is never forgotten in the planning.

To show how effectively theory and practice may work together, we will cite an example. The southern part of Hopei province and the northern part of Honan province, which are now incorporated into the newly-formed Pingyuan province, comprise one of the most important cotton-producing areas of China. For some years, an estimated 1,500,000 acres of cotton land in this region has been heavily infested with cotton aphis (*aphis gossypii glover*), known as the melon aphis in America and Europe. This pest reduced crop yields by about one-third. In the past, entomologists believed that this cotton aphis lived above the ground on some host plant throughout the year.

After Peking's liberation, the North China People's government invited Dr. Chu Hung-fu, of the Institute of Zoölogy, and his assistant to go to the infested district to make a study of these parasites. After some months of travel and research in both Honan and Hopei provinces, they discovered that although the cotton aphis can exist on more than 120 kinds of host plants in north China, it generally lives during the winter on a kind of weed called *Ixeris Chinensis Versicolor.*

In winter, the aphis does not live above ground, but clings to roots five or six inches below the earth. It is only in March or April that the aphis comes out of the soil and migrates to the young cotton plant at the first opportunity. Now that the life-cycle of this parasite is known, the possibilities of exterminating the cotton aphis become greatly enhanced. The Academia Sinica, in co-operation with the Ministry of Agriculture, has launched a fierce campaign against this pest. Prevention measures are tested in the Hopei-Honan area, and if found successful, will be later tried in other parts of China.

But Academia Sinica and its component institutes are incapable of advancing science in China by themselves alone. Only through the co-

ordinated efforts of all ministries, universities and other scientific institutions, acting under the guidance of a systematic long-range plan, can this aim be achieved.

The Central People's government is now devoting great energy to the task of organizing Chinese scientists. In July, 1949, the government convened a preparatory meeting in Peking to lay plans for an All-China Conference of Scientific Workers. Since December, 1949, many ministries of the new government have held national conferences to discuss such subjects as food production, steel production, soil conservation, fuel, fisheries, etc. Specialists from all sections of the country met at these conferences to draw up detailed plans for their future work.

When the Kuomintang government was in power, such meetings of scientists and other specialists merely resulted in a batch of resolutions that were never executed. The situation is entirely different today. Now these conferences are not convened until careful preparatory work has been completed. Only proposals that can be put into effect are placed on the agenda. After the meeting, its resolutions and decisions are quickly and efficiently carried out. For instance, at the end of last February, a group of geologists was called to Peking. It required only two weeks to map out the 1950 program and allocate responsibility for the field work for various regions to different scientific units. Within one month and a half after the meeting closed, eighty geologists were en route to Northeast, Northwest and Central China to study the geological structure of these areas and to prospect for iron, coal, oil and non-ferrous minerals.

IN ADDITION to encouraging the systematic and collective advancement of science, the People's government is doing much to popularize scientific knowledge among the masses. The Bureau of Popular Science, under the Ministry of Cultural Affairs, staged a large popular science exhibition in Peking during the lunar New Year holidays which attracted an attendance of more than 100,000 in twelve days. The government has mobilized scientific workers to launch many new technical journals, to give lectures and broadcasts popularizing science and to go to the factories and the countryside to learn first-hand about the practical problems that need solution.

The advancement of science in China presents us with still another

urgent task—the training of scientific cadres. For instance, the reconstruction of Northeast China is well under way now, only a year and a half after its complete liberation. But in every field we are confronted with a shortage of well-trained scientific workers as well as technicians and engineers. There is hardly one specialist with a medium or high level of technical training to every 200 ordinary workers. Even though the Northeastern People's government is trying to remedy this situation by securing the services of specialists from all parts of China, the shortage cannot be entirely overcome in view of the limited number of such experts in China.

Therefore, the Central People's government is drawing up plans to establish many new educational centers in the near future, and it lays great stress on the need to expand the scientific departments in our existing universities and colleges. The government also plans to set up extensive educational facilities in the field of popular science. In addition, many workers' and peasants' schools are being opened, offering short courses in science and technology.

As the Common Program of the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference declared, the love of science is one of the five virtues which every patriotic Chinese should cultivate. Science in China is like a transplanted fruit tree. It languished in the unfavorable climate of the past. But now the climate has changed for the better and the soil has become fertile. Therefore, it will soon strike deep roots, and in due time it will burst into beautiful blossom and bear magnificent fruits.

Reply to Critics

by HOWARD FAST

WHEN a reviewer presumes to charge me—as Mr. Sterling North did in the New York *World Telegram and Sun*—with treasonable distortion of fact, I think he and all of his fraternity deserve to be answered.

The question of who falsifies history is an important one, for this is an era of many historical novels, few of them good, and very few indeed which have more than a nodding acquaintance with fact. A tolerant attitude is adopted toward most historical novels—an attitude so tolerant, indeed, that the charge of historical manipulation comes as something of a shock; and the singular quality of it makes one wonder whether those who charge falsification are not far more disturbed by certain elements of truth.

As a matter of fact, the only novels published in America over the past decade which have been challenged as to historical content are my own. Most bitterly resented was and is my partisan position—in defense of the working class and the oppressed people of America. This is the position I have chosen—and on this ground I stand.

The strange and little-known narrative* I have told through the person of one Jamie Stuart, soldier in the Continental Army, would be neither justified nor tolerable if it were an invention. In the freest of literary worlds an author has no right to invent such happenings; and within our present literary surroundings, such a narrative inevitably must do battle with facts as well as fancy. If the background to Jamie Stuart's adventures were known widely, as it should be, an offer of proof would not be necessary. If the times were different, a few reference notes would do the job. As it is, a fuller explanation is needed.

* *The Proud and the Free.* This novel was reviewed in *Masses & Mainstream* last month.

Let me give a specific example of what I mean. John Hyde Preston's *Revolution 1776* was enthusiastically reviewed when it appeared in 1933. Here is how it treats the great revolt of the Foreign Brigades:

"All New Year's Day an ominous atmosphere pervaded the camp. Gaunt half-clad men wandered about sullenly in the snow, their cheek bones sticking out under their leathery skin, beneath those hollow eye sockets; and they muttered to themselves and to one another and looked furtively at the leaden sky. Wayne watched them with a despairing heart and after supper, to cheer them up, he gave every man an extra ration of rum. The rum was poured greedily down parched throats. The thick hum of voices grew louder. The soldiers gathered in little groups in the gloom, muttering and whispering, and now and then there was a gutteral curse. . . .

"Then, suddenly, about nine o'clock in the evening, the low rumblings outside became a howling riot. . . . Hoarse rum-throated cheers rose from the ranks. Guns and pistols went off, fired into the air. . . . The big column of half-drunken men began to move—slowly, cursing to the beat of a drum ahead. . . . The dogs were barking, the women screaming. . . .

"Wayne, vibrant with rage and energy, brought out his lighthorse brigade and his few remaining troops of infantry, and ordered a pursuit. The maddened horde had set off on the lower road to Elizabeth, and Wayne's forces, dragging some howitzers behind in the dry snow, took the high foot-pass across the hills. They cut the rioters off at the fork, and Mad Anthony, standing in the stirrups of his black stallion, flourished his saber. . . .

"The mutineers fell back. The voices died away, and there was only the sound of guns and sick groans in the darkness. Wayne and his faithful officers herded the rebellious regiments like cattle. A few stragglers escaped through the woods—and some died from hunger and freezing before they could reach their homes. The rest slunk back to their huts, lighted candles, and undressed slowly."

This was greeted as fine, popular historiography and not criticized at all from the point of view of accuracy. But let us just glance at a few surface trimmings:

1. The Light Horse were in Philadelphia, eighty miles away. They were not with Wayne nor under his command.

2. The "maddened horde," as Preston calls them, never took the road to Elizabeth. There was no high foot-pass across the hills.

3. Candles were as rare in that camp as hen's teeth.

4. And no one would be likely to die of freezing during the warmest winter thaw of the war.

However, these are only details, and a man who can invent the whole should not be reprimanded for inventing details as well. Where did Mr. Preston get his information and what prompted this gratuitous slander of brave men—so much in the style of today—who had fought tirelessly and well for five years? At the back of his book, Mr. Preston has gone to the trouble of rating all other historians of the period, much in the manner that movies are rated today. And there, top rating goes to Sydney George Fisher, of whom Mr. Preston says, "Fisher's style is muscular, balanced and often droll."

So we go to Sydney George Fisher, and in his *True History of the American Revolution* (1903), we find the following concerning the revolt of the Pennsylvania Line:

> "On January 1, 1781, thirteen hundred of them [the Pennsylvanians] stationed at Morristown marched for Philadelphia under command of three sergeants, with the intention of forcing the Congress to pay them. . . . By the greatest exertions of leading patriots, who met them at Princeton, the mutineers were quieted and prevented from reaching Philadelphia; but this was done by yielding to all their demands for discharge and pay."

Aside from cutting the number of men in half—and there is ample factual proof of how many there were—and aside from the implication that this army, which had carried the greatest burden of the war for five years, was unpatriotic, this is a straightforward account of what happened. Why, then, did not Preston adopt it?

WRITING a hundred years ago, when Thomas Jefferson's opinion that "a little rebellion, now and then, is a good thing," was still not "un-American," Washington Irving was able to hold a much more objective point of view than most present-day historians. His observations on the Pennsylvania uprising are particularly interesting when

we consider the uncritical worship he rendered to George Washington. For all that, he wrote at a time when some soldiers of the Revolution still lived and when the glory of the Pennsylvania Line had not yet been relegated to the scrap-heap of history.

Of Wayne's attitude, Irving notes in his *Life of Washington:*

> "Wayne was not 'Mad Anthony' on the present occasion. All his measures were taken with judgment and forecast. He sent provisions after the mutineers, lest they should supply their wants from the country people by force. Two officers of rank spurred to Philadelphia to apprise Congress of the approach of the insurgents, and to put it upon its guard. Wayne sent a dispatch with news of the outbreak to Washington; he then mounted his horse, and accompanied by Colonels Butler and Stewart, two officers popular with the troops, set off after the mutineers, either to bring them to a halt, or to keep with them, and seek every occasion to exert a favorable influence over them."

Contrast this with Preston's contempt for men who forged, out of their endurance and courage, the beginnings of the United States of America. Throughout his "history" and many other modern studies, only the officers are treated as people worthy of any respect, and the men they led are constantly referred to as "dogs," "scoundrels," "rioters," and even "cutthroats." Of course, these armchair judges hardly ever pause to consider why such low elements should show a steadfastness of purpose—without pay, remember, without decent food or clothing, without any prospect of reward—unmatched in their times.

Any serious military student of the American Revolution must admit that a central role was played by the eleven Pennsylvania regiments, while any objective study of the Battle of Yorktown must show that a considerable part in the ultimate surrender was played by the remnants of the foreign brigades, when, under the leadership of Anthony Wayne, they made a headlong charge upon a British army ten times their size and cut through them like a scythe, leaving dead on the field of battle fully half of those original foreign volunteers and regulars who remained.

One of the best modern historians of the American Revolution is Professor John C. Miller of Bryn Mawr. Unlike so many others, he is

quite willing to face the fact that many of the Continental soldiers were foreign volunteers, and of the Midland troops, he says, "The Pennsylvania Line contained a higher proportion of foreigners (chiefly Scotch-Irish and English) than did the line of any other state; and a number of British deserters had been enlisted in the Pennsylvania ranks.* In context with this, he notes that a mutiny of the Connecticut line in 1779 had been "prevented by the bayonets of the Pennsylvania Line, which, fortunately for the Continental army, remained loyal." But even Miller, in discussing the January, 1781, mutiny says of the Pennsylvania Line, "A ration of rum was passed out to the men (on January 1) and they promptly got riotously drunk."

As his reference for this, Miller quotes a letter from Washington; but it should be noted that Washington remained at West Point —and quite wisely—for the whole length of the rising, and that the bulk of his information came from Wayne, Reed and Lafayette, and Lafayette's fear and hatred of the Pennsylvania troops was near to the point of hysteria. Now this was a hard-drinking age, and a quart of rum at a sitting was not uncommon.

But the records among the Wayne papers in the Pennsylvania Historical Society state that in the sixty days prior to the revolt only one ration of rum, of half a gill per man, had been served out. Rum was a regular part of the daily ration in the American as well as in the British Army at that time, and the amount each day per man was a full gill, or about four ounces. This was the common ration, and certainly it was not enough to make a grown man "riotously drunk"; but Wayne himself is evidence for the fact that on January 1, 1781, only half rations were available. Anyone who has ever lingered over a rum collins can give his own testimony as to the effects of two ounces of the liquor; yet in spite of this evidence, almost every historian tends to lay the major reasons for a revolt of such size and complexity, organized in advance with the greatest of care and skill, and carried off under arms almost without loss of life, to drunkenness.

Now it is very hard indeed to get at a clue to the actual character of the enlisted men. Literacy was so rare among the common men in the Midlands, native or foreign, that from the whole of the Pennsylvania Line only one apparently authentic account survives, *A His-*

* *Triumph of Freedom*, Boston, 1948.

tory of the Life and Services of Captain Samuel Dewees, who was an enlisted man, not an officer, when he served in the foreign brigades. This book appeared in 1844, and was written—edited, it is claimed—by one John Smith Hanna, and as sixty-three years had passed since the revolt of the Line, its accuracy is open to question.

Aside from this, there are the host of books published in the first five decades of the nineteenth century and a considerable number of manuscript papers and letters. But all of these books are open to question; they are poorly written, full of homilies, and without exception contain no real people. In the Parson Weems tradition, they simply make the problem of investigation more difficult. The manuscript papers are better, but they rarely originate in the Pennsylvania Line.

Therefore, one is forced to draw the pieces from here and there and carefully put them together. Without question, the whole will take shape according to a particular point of view. Let me illustrate what I mean.

You will find in *The Proud and the Free* a part of Jamie Stuart's narrative which concerns the two British agents, Mason and Ogden. Here is how the story was told by Washington Irving:

> "The two spies who had tampered with the fidelity of the troops were tried by a court martial, found guilty, and hanged at the cross-roads near Trenton. A reward of fifty guineas each was offered to two sergeants who had arrested and delivered them up. They declined accepting it; saying they had merely acted by order of the board of sergeants. The hundred guineas were then offered to the board. Their reply is worthy of record. 'It was not,' said they, 'for the sake of or through any expectation of reward, but for the love of our country, that we sent the spies immediately to General Wayne; we therefore do not consider ourselves entitled to any other reward but the love of our country, and do jointly agree to accept of no other.'"

This is Bowzer, of the Committee of Sergeants, to Wayne, and Irving is willing to accept the simple dignity of their position. Remember that these men were paupers; and that fifty guineas gold was more than their pay for a year—if the money in which they were paid had its face value. Actually, when they were paid, it was with money worth little more than the paper it was printed on. Strange action for these "villains," as Wayne frequently called them.

A most interesting commentary on this is contained in a letter written by Joseph Reed to George Washington. Even though Reed crowed with glee at having saved the hundred pounds Wayne had so thoughtlessly promised, he wrote, ". . . . A large reward having been offered to the sergeants for the fidelity in this respect, they declined it in a very disinterested manner and in terms that would have done credit to persons of more elevated stations in life. . . ."*

And contrast this with the actions of Lieutenant John Bigham of the 5th Regiment of the Pennsylvania Line, who, in August of 1780 "was sent by the Council from Philadelphia with 14,068 dollars to pay bounties due recruits in the Line, but never arrived with it. When he was afterwards cashiered he frivolously claimed he had spent the money for necessary charges on the road to camp."**

In case one is unfamiliar with antique military language, to be cashiered is to receive a dishonorable discharge. Evidently, when one came from the "more elevated stations in life," the punishment did not exactly fit the crime. It is at strange odds with the hanging in May, 1780, of James Coleman of the Eleventh Pennsylvania, who, near to starving, left his encampment in a temporary desertion to seek food. Though he was proven to be a good soldier with a heroic record, his execution was deemed necessary.

With the above in mind, one can see that the truth of what actually happened in the Pennsylvania Line in January of 1781 is not easy to arrive at. The major credit for this task belongs to one of the finest and most scholarly historians of our colonial period, Carl Van Doren, and his amazing book, *Mutiny in January*.

WHEN the Pennsylvania Line expelled its officers and created the Committee of Sergeants to govern itself, the British almost literally suspended every other operation in order to win over these foreign brigades. In the offers they sent out, not only with Mason and Ogden but through every channel they could command, they promised the rebels everything but the throne of England. They rolled out a great plush carpet, with gravy bowls on every hand, and said, "Walk into our parlor." The Pennsylvania men told them to go to hell and be damned. There is no indication from any source that even *one* of the soldiers concerned in the revolt ever raised the question of going to

* Joseph Reed Papers, New York Historical Society.
** Carl Van Doren, *Mutiny in January*, New York, 1943.

the enemy. The British themselves—and their intelligence was so good that they made better accounts of the revolt than our side could provide—admitted this somewhat bitterly, and, at the conclusion of his journal on the mutiny, the British General De Lancey wrote:

> "This day a Captain [William Bernard Gifford] of the 3rd Jersey Regiment, who I had corresponded with came over to us he confirms the information of yesterday. . . .
>
> "He says they [the Pennsylvania troops] have shown no intention of coming to us, but on the contrary declared that should the British interfere, they would take up arms to oppose them as readily as ever."

Since then, historians have been at a loss to understand why the foreign brigades were more antagonistic toward the British after their revolt than before it, and why they took the somewhat unprecedented step of handing British agents over to Wayne to be hanged; and this bewilderment was shared by most of the highly placed Pennsylvania officers. None of them understood what life itself so amply demonstrated, that the action of the Pennsylvania troops was a step that carried the Revolution forward, not backward. For the moment, the fate of the American Revolution was literally placed in the hands of and under the leadership of those participants whose needs were most urgent—in the revolutionary sense—and who would thus be least ready to compromise. The fact that they could not maintain themselves in that position for more than a few weeks is very interesting, for it must be remembered that they surrendered their power and that it was not taken from them.

They could not maintain themselves because they could put forth no revolutionary program that was either basically different from or better or more satisfying to their needs than the program of the Continental Congress and of Wayne and his fellow officers.

No matter how far the officers had departed in practice from the principles of the Declaration of Independence, they still subscribed publicly to that program—and to the program of the Confederation. And the soldiers themselves had no better program than this and were historically unable to formulate one, since in 1781 the Declaration of Independence and its associated documents embodied the most advanced political program possible in America. In their revolt, they

stepped beyond the progress of history and into a future still unmade. From this they had to retreat, for the essence of the Revolution was a compact and unity between the various classes in America at the time; and if this were smashed, the Revolution itself would have perished. Thus, in surrendering, the Committee of Sergeants acted less from choice than from the strong pressures of necessity.

AN INDICATION of the precise nature of this revolt is contained in two aspects of it, for which we have a good deal of evidence: the sudden increase of discipline and self-imposed restraint, which added up to the highest enlisted man morale of the war, and the reception of the rank and file troops by the population of New Jersey.

First of all, consider the number of men involved. Practically every authority on the subject places the number of men who revolted anywhere between a thousand and fifteen hundred. But Anthony Wayne himself, supervising the dissolution of the Line in Trenton on January 9, states explicitly that 2,400 men were then present to be discharged or retained. Since this is based on an official count which he himself undertook, and since it would be wholly to his interest to understate rather than overstate the number, 2,400 must be accepted as a minimum.

One must recognize what a tremendous organizational task the revolt presented. The word "riot" cannot be used in connection with this, for such a movement of men and equipment could only have been carried out if the great majority of the men were involved—and involved on the basis of the highest sort of self-discipline. Carl Van Doren quotes an observer, an officer, as remarking of that first night, " 'They went off very civilly to what might have been expected from such a mob.' "

And of the second day of their march, he has this to say:

> "They left Vealtown early on Tuesday morning. Cornelius Tyger, a loyalist who was at Pluckemin about eight miles away, 'stood and saw them all march by. . . . They were in very high spirits. They marched in the most perfect order and seemed as if under military discipline.' They had what he thought a 'vast number of wagons.' "

This is clearly an army on the march and no mob. General Oliver

De Lancey of the British army, co-ordinating his intelligence reports substantiates this view. Many more such references are available, but I will quote only one other, on which the incident of the chicken in my book is based.

"An admiring spy," writes Carl Van Doren, "reported to the British that 'the Pennsylvanians observe the greatest order, and if a man takes a fowl from an inhabitant he is severely punished.' The behavior of the troops on the march was so good that the people of the district, who had suffered from the marauding of British, Hessian, loyalist and rebel soldiers, at once felt friendly and sympathetic toward these honest mutineers."

The factor of consciousness is always belittled by spokesmen for reaction, who would, as Kenneth Roberts does in *Oliver Wiswell*, turn the revolutionists into a mob of ignorant and murderous hoodlums. But their conduct in January, 1781, refutes these charges completely. They were men who knew very well what they were fighting for—and indeed there is no other explanation for their consistency in the struggle.

The foreign brigades were composed, for the most part, of the following national groups, given in order of numerical importance: Irish, Scottish, English, German, Negro, Jewish and Polish. But even this breakdown cannot be wholly relied upon, since the surviving regimental lists leave much about these men unsaid. We know that less than five percent were farmers or peasants, excluding former slaves. The rest were laborers and artisans, professional soldiers, sailors, deserters from the British army and navy, clerks, etc.

It is pathetic how little we know about them. In *Mutiny in January* there are detailed accounts of the actions of the officers as well as an extraordinary description of intelligence and counter-intelligence; but of what went on among the men of the Line, there is almost nothing at all, and Van Doren admits quite frankly the difficulties of obtaining such data. For this reason, the core of Jamie Stuart's narrative had to be a reconstruction, not from thin air, but from all the bits of information I had been able to gather about the men of the Pennsylvania Line since I first began to write of them, some fourteen years ago. That I colored this information according to my own beliefs, I do not deny; it could hardly be otherwise; but I have tried faithfully to understand these men and to depict the forces that motivated them;

and I have always tried to link the trends of their time with the trends today. After all, they are not so far from us—only a moment in the great panorama of human history—and they are by no means strangers.

Now a word must be said of the occurrences at York and the conduct of Anthony Wayne. Whether the horrible affair at York happened as I have described it in my story is something no one can determine today. There are in existence at least five versions of the incident at York, and each varies from the other. Three versions give an account which is substantially that in *The Proud and the Free.* The semi-official records surviving tell of a court martial at York, wherein six men were condemned to death and four executed, which is more or less what Wayne's accounting of the incident to Washington is.

However, Lieutenant Colonel William Smith Livingston, in a letter to Colonel Samuel Blatchey Webb, gives the following account:

> "There has been a mutiny in the Pennsylvania Line at York Town [Pennsylvania] previous to their marching. Wayne like a good officer quelled it as soon as twelve of the fellows stepped out and persuaded the Line to refuse to march in consequence of the promises made to them not being complied with. Wayne . . . begged they would now fire either on him and them, or on those villains in front. He then called to such a platoon. They presented at the word, fired, and killed six of the villains. One of the others, badly wounded, he ordered to be bayonetted. The soldier on whom he called to do it, recovered his piece and said he could not, for he was his comrade. Wayne then drew his pistol and told him he would kill him. The fellow then advanced and bayonetted him. Wayne then marched the Line by divisions round the dead and the rest of the fellows are ordered to be hanged. The Line marched the next day southward, mute as fish."

Too many of the accounts introduce the same note of horror for this to be entirely an invention. In his memoirs, Samuel Dewees goes into the executions at York in great and horrible detail. In his account, only six men are involved. Leonard Dubbs, a drummer in the Sixth Pennsylvania, gives a somewhat similar account and places Jack Maloney as the central figure. My own problem was to make to appear logical a frightful incident almost beyond logic.

As for the role of Anthony Wayne in this affair, history has given him a place of honor and there is no reason to disturb it. He was a very young man when all this occurred, and if he was hard and to an extent cruel, he was also brave and loyal—which all too many of his fellow officers were not. Faced with the disintegration of his army, a process he could not relate to cause, as a wiser man might have, he acted promptly and mercilessly. Enlisted men were a little less than human to him, as they have been to so many officers since the first army took the field of battle.

There are a few more points I wish to make before I conclude these notes. Several contemporary accounts mention a Williams as the leader of the revolt. But he remains shrouded in mystery, and we do not even know his first name; the only two of the Committee of Sergeants whom I could reconstruct in any manner as living persons were Bowzer and Maloney, and therefore I gave them leading roles. I also took the liberty of pre-dating the revolt of the Jersey Line, so that it might be an integral part of the events described. All of the songs used are authentic and were taken from old books and manuscripts.

In the summer of 1783, the foreign brigades were permanently demobilized, and the few men who were left were swept up by the great postwar surge of the young nation—and thereby disappeared from our sight. What happened to them or to the hundreds of others who were once part of the line, no one will ever know. Some, perhaps, went back to their old trades; some, without kith or kin or tie to hold them, must have gone west on the expanding frontier; some went to sea, and undoubtedly some returned to the life they knew best, the army. However it was, they left no trace of themselves; and one can imagine how, as the years went by and every summer militiaman became more and more of a hero, they spoke less and less of what they had seen or done. Their strange revolt had now become a mutiny and was discussed scornfully by students of such things, and their hopes and dreams were locked away in their own hearts. Simple men, working men most of them, unable to read or write, they took their places in the mass of the American people—and there something of them must remain, to come to life once again and to fight again for the vision of freedom this land once gave to the world.

right face

PEACE ON EARTH . . .

"I must warn your readers to be chary of buying Christmas cards bearing the inscription 'Peace and Goodwill on Earth to all Men' unless they also carry the words, 'Not issued by the British Peace Committee'."—Letter quoted in the *New Statesman and Nation* (London).

GOODWILL TO ALL MEN . . .

"It is one of the greatest attractions of Soviet Communism that it seems to have no race prejudice. . . . This is because totalitarian Communism has no regard for man whether he is black or white."—Emil Brunner in the *Baptist Times.*

TO SLEEP! TO SLEEP!

"Ingenious numbered Sheep Rotator, goes round and round, drowsingly, $7.75. Sleep-Inducer Book prepared by sleep psychologist, Max Mann, guaranteed to produce drowsy eyes in 20 pages, $1.00. . . . Heartbreak Pillow receives your tears. Weeping is easy and restful. Pent-up emotions should be healthfully released. Do not shamedly stifle them! Pillow is moisture-resistant . . . $3.95."—The owner of a "Sleep Shop" tells *How To Sleep Successfully.*

"TO BE SURE . . ."

"Capitalism, to be sure, has many defects. Its principal fault is that it does not work perfectly."—David Lawrence defies the McCarran Act in *U.S. News and World Report.*

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for organization combating Socialism and Communism. To solicit memberships and obtain information from corporations and business associations in N Y. Must be hard worker, effective salesman, able to meet top executives on an equal basis. Salary $5,000 to start. State education, experience, military status and age. Sell yourself in your first letter. [illegible] Times.

The Dulles Dilemma

by BARBARA GILES

PITY the novelist who ever attempts to use John Foster Dulles for a character. He would never be believed. As a representative of ruling-class villainy—he would have to be that, since he has never represented anything else—Mr. Dulles is too pat, too "contrived." The sensitive critics would cry "caricature," while the New York *Times* reviewers would call upon heaven to witness "the arid extremism of radical thinking as it stands self-exposed in the subtle and delicate-hued but profoundly intricate world of imaginative literature." Mr. Dulles isn't even a captain of industry, a subject not without glamor for the subtle-and-delicate-hued. Secretary Acheson's co-fixer in the field of foreign policy is a lawyer—a cartel lawyer who has been a fixer all his life.

Nor can the novelist serve him up as a rough-hewn statesman who sways great masses of people with his demagogy because, underneath, he really loves them and wants power only to do them good (a theme that might put the critics in a joyful dither about means and ends, good and evil and moral dilemmas). The swaying power of Mr. Dulles' demagogy wasn't enough to win him the one election in which he has ever been a candidate, for the United States Senate in 1948. To be elected, even to run for office, is not in the Dulles family tradition. Like his grandfather John Watson Dulles (Secretary of State under Benjamin Harrison), like his uncle Robert Lansing (Secretary of State under Wilson), and his brother Allan (wartime director of the Switzerland branch of the Office of Strategic Services), Mr. Dulles is strictly an appointed fixer.

Technically, that is nothing against him. In fact the theory is that appointees are somewhat purer than electees because they are "above politics"—an interesting comment in itself on politics in a capitalist

democracy—while at the same time they indirectly represent the people since they are appointed by elected officials. Of course a good deal depends upon the man who does the appointing. In 1949 the liberal *Nation* expressed the hope that President Truman would not reappoint Mr. Dulles to the United Nations delegation; the President, it seemed, "had not known" about Mr. Dulles' sympathy for Nazi cartelists when the appointment was first made; now that he did know, there was "no reason" to reappoint him. No reason, indeed: not only was Mr. Dulles defeated in 1948, but also his pet and protege, Tom Dewey, who learned his foreign policy from Dulles and planned to make his teacher Secretary of State. Truman had hinted that he would, if reelected, send Supreme Court Justice Vinson on a peace mission to Moscow. When the voters said yes to the hint and no to Dewey and Dulles, Mr. Truman's reaction was immediate: he dropped the peace mission idea and promoted Mr. Dulles to the acting chairmanship of the U.N. delegation.

That's recent history but we should take care to remember it. For if Dulles is unyielding as a literary symbol, he is a walking, talking symbol of something far more important: the power of an economic dictatorship to maintain itself "above politics" by misusing, distorting and evading the forms of political democracy. And as such he represents something even more interesting—the immoral dilemma of that dictatorship as it confronts world opposition and its own world crisis. The growth and use of the power are reflected in the Dulles family record; the crisis is most sharply revealed in his own writings.

Merely reading about Mr. Dulles in the newspapers, you might not suspect that he had any dilemmas—any more than you might realize what kind of power he and Mr. Truman, for example, represent. Recently he has seemed, for him, almost gay; he has actually permitted a falsetto cuteness to crack his monotonous gray front ("We are not bobby-soxers who swoon at a Sinatra's voice"—speaking of the Soviet Union's peace proposals.) His brain-baby, the "Little Assembly," has been strengthened against the veto; his dream of a "U.N. military force" to be used all over the world as it was in Korea, is apparently coming true; and his marionette Synghman Rhee now feels so safe and grand that he talks to the press in MacArthur's voice. But these triumphs are not basic. They do not solve—rather, they may deepen—Mr. Dulles' problem of over-all strategy.

Roughly put, the problem is: how can one buy people who refuse to be purchased and how sell to them if one has nothing to sell? (Parallel to this is the question, how can one use force on them without arousing their force, and how be sure their force is not greater than one's own?) At the moment, Mr. Dulles is left attempting to sell the peoples of the world two words, "moral" and "God." The nature of his difficulty is indicated by his most recent book, *War Or Peace,* which concludes in the next-to-last chapter that the only effective thing America can send to "the captive peoples of Europe" is "messages" (of faith, hope and spirituality) and, in the last chapter, admits that "we have no message to send." America, it seems, is not buying the Dulles spirituality either. The admission is some measure of history's advance. Time was when men like Mr. Dulles felt able to meet the smallest demand of the exploited with unrestrained promises of second-hand harps. In a pinch they could sell something more sordid, something "material."

And they could almost always buy—not only a *fuehrer* here, a South American government there, a Franco, a Rhee, but with them the illusion that whole peoples were included for keeps as an essential part of the purchase. Less than twenty years ago they bought a Hitler. And even in the late thirties life must have seemed less tremulous for a Dulles. There was that exhilirating period when Adolf, readying his *panzers* to race through Europe, watched over I. G. Farben and the banks, while Mr. Dulles, as senior partner of Sullivan & Cromwell, busily watched over their connections in America. Moreover, they had been revived and rearmed partly because of Mr. Dulles' own efforts in the twenties, when he helped to float the millions of dollars that went to Germany under the Dawes and Young plans. Now, however, when Mr. Dulles supports the rearming of Germany, he doesn't show the old *élan*—how can he be sure that a rearmed Germany won't "bargain with the Soviet Union"?

How, indeed, can he be sure of anything? That in actuality is the chief plaint of *War Or Peace,* running under the surface smugness from the first chapter to the last. How can he—senior partner of one of the wealthiest law firms in the country, allied with a rich and powerful clientele of Europe and America, top adviser to the State Department, a fast-thinking strategist and idea-man for capitalism—be sure of even his own calculations? He can't. And the reasons for that are what give point to his life story.

WE MAY begin with his grandfather, who tutored him in foreign affairs. John Watson Foster also wrote books, including two volumes of memoirs, more amiable than John Foster Dulles' writings and less dull except for their triviality. Evidently he did not feel compelled, as his grandson does, to concentrate exclusively on problems of high strategy. About a few things, too, he could be more candid. His first diplomatic assignment was a reward for the work he had done, as chairman of the Indiana Republican Committee, to swing the state for the G.O.P. in 1872. After all, as he points out, he really elected Grant (if the Foster-Dulles' are above politics, they are not above a bit of boasting)—so the Republican Senator Oliver P. Morton handed him the little red book of federal offices and said simply, "Choose whatever you like." More significant is the tranquil tone of his diplomatic reminiscences, the cool assumption that seamier problems of world affairs are no concern of the public and can be skipped in favor of tourist descriptions. Not entirely: Mr. Foster tells in some detail how he got China to turn Formosa over to Japan in 1898—the same Formosa that his grandson wants to seize from China now—and then helped to destroy Chinese sovereignty. (Twelve years later, when John Foster Dulles was nineteen, the old man took him as his secretary to the Hague Peace Congress where young John had the thrilling experience of seeing the Korean delegation thrown out—an event that should furnish him with some nostalgic memories today.) The incident is told calmly, with no attempt at justification. John Watson Foster did not feel compelled, either, to engage in the defensive self-righteousness that marks his grandson's communications with the public. American imperialism, then in its infancy, was lusty and uninhibited. Sure of its strength, it could either buy or bully.

Yet its present dilemma was already foreshadowed. Mr. Foster reckoned with persons and power, not with people. While Ambassador to Russia, however, John Watson Foster was sufficiently moved by the assassination of Alexander II to stop and ponder a bit. The affair rather puzzled him. He personally had judged that Alexander was at heart a liberal and would have practiced his liberalism had it not been for the first three attempts on his life which "soured his temper." After all, this was the czar who "by his own unconstrained free will . . . gave freedom to millions of serfs." Interestingly, Mr. Foster pays no attention to the contradiction between his admiration for Alexander and his own previous wonder that a genuine friendship

should subsist between America and Russia, "the greatest republic and the most powerful autocracy in the world." (His grandson now refuses to believe that friendship can subsist between "the greatest republic" and a real democracy!) It's no contradiction, actually. As representative, not of a great republic but of its top ruling class, Mr. Foster could easily forget his slight shock at the overt nature of Russia's autocracy in his approval of the chief autocrat. Weren't powerful "good" men everywhere, in America too, the trustees of people's welfare? It didn't so much as occur to him that the Russian people had anything to do with Alexander's "unconstrained free will" to liberate the serfs.

Nor does grandfather Foster hide his feelings of Anglo-Saxon supremacy, his joy for example at finding British bankers, merchants, and manufacturers in Mexico and Russia ("in that distant land we all seemed members of one great English family"). He was merely a little less crass about it than Dulles, who expressed his own "supremacy" to a rural audience during the 1948 campaign: "If you could see the kind of people in New York City making up this bloc that is voting for my opponent, if you could see them with your own eyes, I know you would be out, every last man and woman of you, on Election Day."

Yet it was this very complacency of the Fosters, this indifference to "foreigners" and "the so-called masses," that foreshadowed the predicament in which John Foster Dulles now finds himself. John Watson Foster did not teach his grandson about the strength of potential resistance in those masses. How could he, not knowing himself? He did not, most likely, suggest that when the discontent of a people leads to a czar's assassination, it is wiser to examine the discontent than to estimate the character of the deceased.

IN LATE 1917, when Dulles himself was thirty, the family complacency got a frightful jolt. Descendants of Alexander II's ungrateful subjects had cast off not only a czar but capitalism itself. As Secretary of State under Wilson, Dulles' uncle Robert Lansing shouldered a large part of world capitalism's attempt to undo the event. Armies of twenty-one nations, including the United States, invaded the young socialist state, without declaration of war. They failed, and not long afterwards the terrorism of the Palmer raids struck America. The "Russian menace" had been born. Dulles learned its uses then, but

not before he had learned that Foxy Grandpa must have overlooked some factors in his serene calculations of world forces. At any rate, Dulles himself has shown a concentrated industry in the world-affairs department of calculation—counting, weighing and appraising. If the results still baffle him, that's not his fault. History hands him more problems than old man Foster ever dreamed of.

For a time, however, it may well have seemed to him that the only counting necessary was that of dollars. In 1919 Dulles became something of an emissary himself. He was principal American counsel on reparations and financial matters at the Paris Peace Conference; and as a member of the Supreme Economic Council he took good care of legal angles involved in the sometimes ticklish business of sending money with oodles of love to the most reactionary governments of Europe, South America, China and Japan. In short he was in international politics up to his ears—without benefit of elections. The economic rulers found it suitable for their current manipulations to pick a bright lawyer from Sullivan & Cromwell, itself involved to the hilt with a clientele with special interests in foreign bonds and "stable" governments. Their protege's good work was carried on into the twenties, as we have mentioned, when he helped also with the Dawes and Young plans.

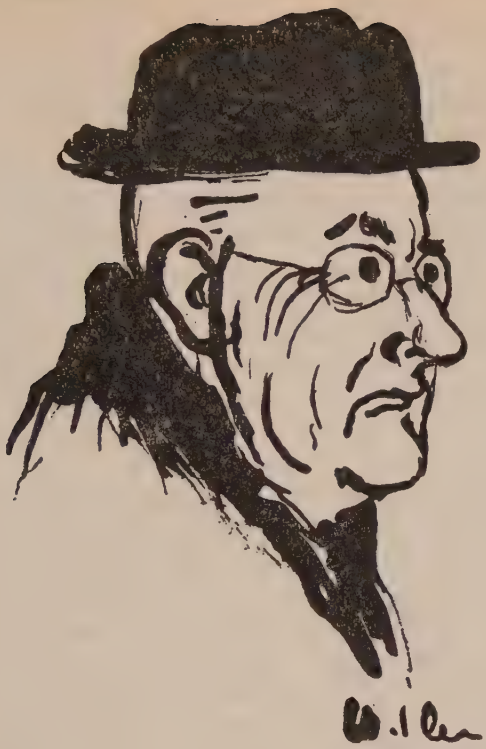
Ah, the twenties! Those were the days for a Dulles. True, that unvanquished socialist republic was growing still stronger, and it was a little ominous that so *much* money was required to maintain stable governments. But then, there was so much money anyway. Monopolies were swelling, trusts blooming, the stock market leaping. . . . It was growing time for cartels too, and Sullivan & Cromwell missed no chances in the way of American trade agreements with I. G. Farben and its relatives. As the admiring James Reston quietly put it in *Life* (October 4, 1948), Mr. Dulles "did a lot of business in Germany." He did; and if any one thing marred his springtime of the twenties, it must have been the growing realization in his circles that something simply had to be done about the growing "unrest" in I. G. Farben's home country. By 1933 something had been done: Hitler. So while in the thirties there was unrest in America too, and a depression and a New Deal, in Germany a certain "order" was kept for Mr. Dulles. He appreciated it. In 1938 he wrote a book, *War, Peace, and Change,* which suggests that the Third Reich was a "dy-

namic" development; to Mr. Dulles, "dynamic" means change—any change, so long as it's backward. And in 1939 he announced that it was hysterical to expect Berlin or Tokyo to attack us.

When they did attack, the picture was so altered that publicly Mr. Dulles stayed out of it for a while. Contacts with German bankers had to be left to his brother Allan, who made them through the Bank of International Settlements in Berne. By 1943, with America in the war for two years then, Mr. Dulles had become defensive enough to deny that he had ever backed America First, and there is only the record of his financial contribution to refute him; you may assume if you wish that he was out golfing when the organization's charter was drawn up in the offices of Sullivan and Cromwell.

Now what can an emissary of economic dictators do when he finds his country at war with some of his best friends abroad? Well, he can turn up as an emissary again some day—1944, to be exact—sent by Tom Dewey to talk over Republican win-the-war co-operation with Secretary of State Hull during the election campaign of that year. Proceeding from that mission, Mr. Dulles hooked himself onto the United Nations delegation as G.O.P. director of "bi-partisan foreign policy." If he did not, as he strongly implies in *War or Peace,* think up, found, and preserve the United Nations virtually by himself, it is true that he has been powerful and clever in using it to further his crusades—which are, of course, Truman's crusades also. That is plain enough simply from a look at the daily press, wherein stories of Administration "victories" are studded with Mr. Dulles' name. No, we need not doubt his power; and, with his record, the most charitable liberal can hardly doubt its source.

WHICH brings us to Mr. Dulles' dilemma. The center of it, perhaps, is best expressed in his own discovery that while we have nothing to send "the captive peoples of Europe" except spiritual messages, we do not have those either. Mr. Dulles is beginning to perceive an unspiritual truth: that a competitive system which not only exploits most of the people all of the time, but urges them to beat each other down as the only way to individual survival, is tough on "spiritual" loyalties; and when, with its own fierce competition at top, it limits and finally destroys its possibility of expansion and productivity, its promises of material reward—some day, maybe—also become highly dubious.



True, Mr. Dulles claims that, according to the Bible, God promised material rewards to those who worked hard to please the Almighty. While I'm not a Bible expert, I suspect that this idea is more from millionaire Dulles than from God—he tends sometimes to confuse the two. Besides, as Mr. Dulles has begun to perceive too, people don't have to choose between a beating down and damnation. That's why he shivers when he counts the nations and population in vast parts of Eastern Europe and Asia; why he turns grim as he labors to estimate exactly the extent of "Russia's indirect aggression," a phrase used to cover everything from working-class parties established years before the Soviet Union to a whisper of protest against war and for progress.

His worst headaches, in fact, largely result from the very schemes promoted by him and his allies. There was Hitler; but then there was Hitler's war, and now Mr. Dulles, desperately counting (in *War or Peace*), finds that even after the billions of dollars sent over under

E.R.P., Europe is still a "poorhouse," its nations won't unite, and a healthy proportion of the electorate in France and Italy is Communist. All over Europe is that incalculable "indirect aggression," which he cannot put into the statistics. He does not say out loud that these conditions were to have been expected from the devastation of a Nazi-perpetrated war and the liberating force of the democratic resistance mobilized to meet it. But he does know that counting out the money isn't enough anymore. It might even be dangerous: what if the "stable governments" that got it should themselves succumb to "indirect aggression"? Even Britain's Labor government annoys him. It is too "rigid" (not dynamic, you know) to fit into Mr. Dulles' present scheme for Europe, which is a cartelist's daydream of a "unified economy" under a unified military command. So many things don't fit any more. . . .

There was Chiang Kai-shek. With tired resignation, Mr. Dulles reviews the debacle of the Nationalist government, American dollars and arms and "vast natural resources" before the whirlwind of China's Red Army. Grimly he sets down a number—450,000,000 people in the new China. A trifle sourly he recounts the "errors" of Franklin D. Roosevelt who, Mr. Dulles feels, treated Chiang so coolly that the poor man was afraid to "trust" Washington; if he *had* trusted us, according to Mr. Dulles, we could have taught him how to discipline his reluctant armies, straighten out his finances and put a little democratic paint on his face. With a little paint, Chiang might have been made valuable again as leader of a "bastion against Communism in Asia."

And there was (or is) Syngman Rhee. For a while he looked to Mr. Dulles like one of his greatest successes. One of the few really optimistic passages in *War Or Peace,* written before the war in Korea, concerns the South Korean army—how it, with Rhee, had been strengthened by United States policies so that Mr. Dulles need not feel nervous about that spot of the globe anymore. We can remember, too, the newspaper pictures of the pleased Mr. Dulles with the pleased officers of the South Korean Army, taken in the trenches at the 38th Parallel a few days before the war broke out. And we can read in the one daily newspaper that printed it—the *Daily Worker*—that among the secret documents captured by the North Koreans at Seoul was a microfilm that showed John Foster Dulles examining the strategic plans of the South Korean officers for the invasion of North Korea.

Perhaps it looks as though Mr. Dulles' plans had succeeded. With less paint on his face than Chiang Kai-shek, Rhee was exonerated by the United Nations majority vote, under United States pressure, and it was decided to save his "democracy" in Korea by sending in the U.S. Army.

But while Mr. Dulles may prematurely chortle to the press about the great "victory for peace" won in Korea, and scheme to put over similar "police actions" elsewhere, he admits in the next breath that the adventure was a "close call" and the military success due to "purely accidental circumstances."

But the Korean experience—not over by a long shot—highlights the dilemma which faces monopoly's strategists all over the globe. Mr. Dulles calls the problem that of "class war"—not class struggle, which would deprive it of its military flavor and weaken the fiction that any movement against reaction in any country is a Russian aggression. In *War or Peace,* Mr. Dulles revealed his worries about the outcome of a "national shooting war" against Communism unless the "class war" was settled first. Korea has not diminished that worry.

However, it isn't easy to decide how to settle a "class war" either. The best minds of capitalism have worked on this particular problem for a long, long time, and Mr. Dulles is now working harder than ever. *War or Peace* tells nothing of his plans there except in the form of lectures about working for God, loving one's neighbor and having faith. Unfortunately, we need not wait for him to confide anything more practical. The headlines about McCarran laws, the jailings of people whose democratic faith is more than spiritual, the war-threat to frighten people into obedience, are evidence enough. Besides, the scheme has a precedent: Hitler too jailed the Communists, then jailed the liberals, and smashed the trade unions *before* making war. Mr. Dulles knows as well as we do what finally happened to Hitler; but that isn't likely to stop him. The difficulty of the best monopoly strategists is that, no matter what they learn from history, they are forced to repeat the old schemes because they find no new ones. Nor is this a fault of their brains—there is nothing the least bit weak about Mr. Dulles' brain. It is the forward movement of history—of living people—which keeps hitting him in the face.

The "New Criticism"

by SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

EVER since the end of the Second World War, a body of writing known as the "new criticism" has spread like a fungus growth over American literature. Its practitioners form a medieval hierarchy. The sacred spirit is Ezra Pound, whose anti-Semitism must be swallowed by all those who seek to enter the holy ranks. The Pope whose encyclicals give all the faithful their articles of belief is T. S. Eliot. He once left the United States for England to out-Tory the Tories, but now finds even better opportunity for reactionary cultural doctrine in the creeping fascism at home. About Eliot are clustered a group of propagandists for the glories of the "Old South"—Allen Tate, John Crowe Ransom, Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren. These activists of the "new criticism" teach in the major universities, write essays in praise of one another, pour out anthologies and textbooks holding up their own work as a model of writing. Last comes a group of Trotskyites and other haters of the Soviet Union and socialism who cluster about the *Partisan Review,* such as R. P. Blackmur, Edmund Wilson and Lionel Trilling.

There is nothing really new about the "new criticism." Its strange look is due to the fact that it is so old and archaic. Just as much "modern" art goes back to primitive myth, superstition, magic and ritual, so this criticism goes back to methods that for long had been thought slain and buried. What is new is mainly its terminology.

The "new criticism" resembles the approach to literature in the decadent days of the Roman empire: poems were written in fancy pictorial shapes, oracular meanings were found in random lines of Virgil, and "the thing that was officially recognized as literature and admired in the age of Constantine was the most deplorable of all pro-

ductions, grammatical tricks with words and phrases."* It appeared again in the Middle Ages, when the poetry of the courts reached a high degree of artificial complexity and the Church established criticism as a branch of theology. It appeared again in the culture fostered by the French court in the seventeenth century and in the "critical techniques" of a group of English writers headed by John Dryden after the collapse of the Puritan regime and the restoration of the Stuart kings.

In other words, the fundamental approach of the "new criticism" is the approach that has always been fostered when culture was being tied to a decadent, parasitical class. It rises today to fit the needs of monopoly capital. For capitalism in decay must destroy the great humanist achievements of the past and the exploration of a real world in the present.

In this century the basic outlook of the "new criticism" first appeared in the writings of a group of Royalist and Catholic intellectuals in France calling themselves the *Action Français*. Their ideas were taken up in England by a group of Cambridge reactionaries headed by T. E. Hulme whose posthumous book, *Speculations* (1924), has become one of the bibles of the movement. It was from Hulme that T. S. Eliot took his battle-cry of "classicism" versus "romanticism." What this misleading statement of issues really meant can be gathered from these words of Hulme:

> "Here is the root of all romanticism; that man, the individual, is an infinite reservoir of possibilities. . . . One can define the classical quite clearly as the exact opposite of this. Man is an extraordinarily fixed and limited animal whose nature is absolutely constant. It is only by tradition and organization that anything decent can be got out of him."

Eliot also took from Hulme his demand for a "return" to classicism, monarchy and Anglo-Catholicism proclaimed in *For Lancelot Andrewes*.

Another major influence on the "new criticism" came from the incoherent pronouncements on art, and the equally incoherent *Cantos*, of Ezra Pound. The *Cantos* set the style and tone for what was to be the ideal "education" and "literary tradition" of this new gospel. It was

* Jacob Burckhardt, *The Age of Constantine*, 1949.

made up of imitations, transliterations, quotations and translations of literature dug up from past ages, and these archaic "beauties" were sharpened by fulminations against the "evils" of modern life expressed in gutter language. The "evils" were nothing more than a repetition of the pogrom cries of the medieval warring and debt-ridden nobility, attacking "debt," "usury" and the "Jews." The parallels between these doctrines and the attacks by Mussolini and Hitler upon the "international bankers," while they were financed by the bankers of Germany, Italy, England, France and the United States, is not accidental.

Still another powerful influence was I. A. Richards' attempt at a "scientific" examination of poetry. Richards proclaimed the need to separate "feeling" from "thought." In his *Principles of Literary Criticism* (1924) Richards wrote:

> "Mixed modes of writing which enlist the reader's feeling as well as his thinking are becoming dangerous to the modern consciousness with its increasing awareness of this distinction. Thought and feeling are able to mislead one another at present in ways which were hardly possible six centuries ago. We need a spell of purer science and purer poetry before the two can again be mixed, if indeed this will ever become once more desirable."

In other words, there had to be a separation between ideas and the real experiences and conflicts of life that had engendered these ideas. "Feeling" was genuine only when it was blind; "thought" was genuine only when it was inhuman. "Pure" poetry could only be created out of ignorance of the real world surrounding the poet.

The "new criticism" was then taken up by a clique of Southern writers in the United States who saw in the exaltation of medieval absolutism a perfect cloak for their own nostalgia for the slave-holding plantation South. They boasted that the "Old South" was the one "true" American aristocracy, and the slave-owners even had ties with English royal blood. "One Stuart at least is ours authentically," wrote John Peale Bishop proudly. With similar pride, Tate noted in *Reactionary Essays* (1936) that the "South was a traditional European community." By "European," of course, he meant "feudal." These propagandists never admitted to an actual program of return to slavery. With a typical circumlocution they advocated an "agrarian" society. Put in this way, the

bestiality of slave-holding and serfdom became "moral." In his *On the Limits of Poetry* Tate wrote, "Traditional property in land was the primary means through which man expressed his moral nature; and our task is to restore it or to get its equivalent today." He did not say who should work the land while the property owners developed their "moral" nature.

The Negro leader, James Jackson, recently pointed out (*Political Affairs,* August, 1950) that "One could prepare an almost endless bill of particulars to document the charge that the South exercises a reactionary and oppressive influence upon all areas of the political, economic, social and cultural life of the United States." The "new criticism" is now serving as a mask for this oppressive cultural influence.

This reactionary movement has now emerged from the status of a "little magazine" cult. It exercises a virtual dictatorship over the literature departments of the universities. It permeates the writings in university-sponsored literary magazines like the *Kenyon Review, Sewanee Review, Southern Review.* It has captured the magazine *Poetry* and has moved in on the newspaper review sections.

This was due to no sudden popularity with the American public. Neither the "new criticism" nor the poetry it exalts has won an appreciable audience. The high position was gained through the backing of big money. As the tide of censorship grows in the schools and universities, the "new criticism" consolidates its power. It is not only "safe" but a ticket to success. No embarrassing "loyalty" questions are asked of these ideologists whose writing breathes hatred of democracy. This cabal's power was seen in the award of the Bollingen Prize by the Library of Congress to Ezra Pound for his *Pisan Cantos,* which surpassed even the previous Cantos in fascist proclamations and vile expressions of hatred for the Negro and Jewish people. The award was engineered by a committee made up of Eliot followers, Eliot himself and the clique of professional Southerners.

TODAY a great number of writers fall under the general classification of the "new criticism," including many who do not fully subscribe to its reactionary politics. Its facade, which has a powerful snob appeal, is the pretense of having mastered "form" and "technique" in poetry. Typical is this statement by Mark Schorer: "When we speak of

technique, then, we speak of pretty nearly everything." Behind all the jargon—"objective correlative," "synaesthesis"—is the barren theory that understanding poetry is a product of finding a name for every technique in it. As with the medieval cabalists, poverty of thought takes refuge behind a private and specialized diction, and the impression is given of a society of initiates who hold the key to the sacred mysteries of poetry.

Attempts to inject some progressive and humanist thoughts within the "new criticism," like attempts to express some progressive ideas in poetic techniques borrowed from T. S. Eliot, are doomed to failure. The very methods of the "new criticism," seemingly apolitical, make impossible any attempt to discuss the idea content of a work of literature, and to put it into a context of real struggles.

It is an old trick, known to the intellectual servants of every parasitical power, to pretend not to be discussing people and real life at all, but to erect certain absolute principles of technique and diction that make nothing but a reactionary content possible. Thus Allen Tate, condemning a poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, finds the poem "impenetrably obscure," although it happens to be crystal clear. He states that he is not against "social justice," but merely against the "fallacy of communication in poetry." This trick of being interested only in the adventures of a vowel with a consonant is a handy means for avoiding the responsibility for propagandizing fascist, anti-Semitic and anti-humanist thinking. Thus, the same Tate, writing of Pound's *Cantos,* says, "They are not about anything. But they are distinguished verse."

THE "new criticism" embodies three major frauds that are bound up with its methods and fit exactly the cultural demand of monopoly capital today. One is the pretense of a "scientific" approach to criticism, which masks a violent attack upon the scientific world view. Another is the pose of representing the "educated few," "love of culture," the "great traditions," which masks a militant propaganda for ignorance in respect to culture and life. A third fraud is its theory of "myths" at the heart of poetry, which thinly disguises a combination of primitivism and fascist ideology.

Criticism must be "scientific." The only "true" science, however, is semantics or word-analysis. I. A. Richards, trying to explain why so

many students at Cambridge did not seem to appreciate poetry, advocated a solution in the teaching of semantics. "One would expect that our libraries would be full of works on the theory of interpretation, the diagnosis of linguistic situations, systematic ambiguity and the functions of complex symbols; and that there should be chairs of Significs or of General Linguistics at all our universities" (*Practical Criticism,* 1929). It does not occur to him that the trouble might lie in the lack of any connection in real life between the poems and the audiences, nor does he try to explain how the blacksmiths of Florence could appreciate Dante and the apprentices of London Shakespeare without training in linguistics. He goes further. Science has become "incomprehensible." It should therefore be replaced by poetry. "As the finer parts of our emotional tradition relax in the expansion and dissolution of our communities, and as we discover how far out of our intellectual depth the flood tide of science is carrying us—so far that not even the giant can still feel bottom—we shall increasingly need any strengthening discipline that can be devised. . . . The lesson of good poetry seems to be that, when we have understood it, in the degree to which we can order ourselves, we need nothing more."

In obedience to this "science," the "new criticism" advanced to what Eliot called a "minute and scrupulous examination of felicity and blemish, line by line." Language became, to the "new criticism," not a creation of human beings for real social use, but a mystic entity, with a pure existence of its own. Thus Eliot wrote in his essay deceptively titled "The Social Function of Poetry" that just as the duty of a citizen, "qua citizen," is to his "state," so the duty of a poet, "qua poet," is to his "language." Tate takes up this method in these profound observations on the art of Emily Dickinson:

> "It is this verbal conflict that gives to her work its high tension; it is not a device deliberately seized upon, but a feeling for language that senses out the two fundamental components of English and their metaphysical relation; the Latin for ideas and the Saxon for perceptions—the peculiar virtue of English as a poetic tongue. Only the greatest poets know how to take advantage of our language."

Thus the content, meaning, ideas and greatness of poetry become, to Tate, a property not of the poet's insight into real human relationships and conflicts in a real world, but of Latin and Anglo-Saxon roots.

How the modern "science" of language is used to dismiss real life out of any consideration of poetry can be seen in this passage from an essay, "The Mode of Existence of a Literary Work of Art," by Rene Wellek:

> "Such problems as those of poetic semantics and imagery are reintroduced in a new and more careful restatement which avoids the pitfalls of the psychological and impressionist approaches. Units of meaning, sentences and sentence structures refer to objects, construct imaginative realities such as landscapes, interiors, characters, actions or ideas. Also these can be analyzed in such a way which does not confuse them with empirical reality and does not ignore the fact that they adhere in linguistic structures."

The most horrible evil, to Wellek, is to confuse poetry with anything in real life. Just as Lenin, in his *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism,* showed that idealism, the denial of reality, returns in ever-new disguises, even that of pseudo-science, so in the "new criticism" medieval theology returns in the guise of the "new science" of literature.

IN RESPECT to love of "culture" and its education in the "traditions" of literature, the "new criticism" is, to say the least, highly selective. One finds no mention in it of the great achievements of the realistic novel of Balzac, Stendhal, Tolstoy, Dreiser. In poetry, such battlers for progress as Milton, Burns, Shelley and Whitman are anathema. What poets are beloved by the "new critics" are generally misinterpreted. Dante is a favorite name among them. He is to them the great, otherworldly, religious poet, who proves that "faith" is necessary for great poetry. But the fact is that throughout his *Divine Comedy* Dante confesses his doubts and heresies. The poem is a partisan, political document. It is packed with a detailed history of Italy during the thirteenth century, and the placing of various contemporaries in Hell, Purgatory or Heaven is the means Dante uses to express his own political ideas. He consigns the three Popes of his lifetime to Hell and attacks the Church itself for its politics. The poem was banned as heretical for a generation after Dante's death. But nothing of this can be gathered from the "appreciation" of Dante by the "new critics."

Cleanth Brooks, whose *Modern Poetry and the Tradition* (1948) is typical of the "new criticism" logrolling, advocates that the history of

English poetry be rewritten to center about the twin poles of John Donne in the seventeenth century and T. S. Eliot in the twentieth. This is how he describes the "tradition" of "modern poetry": "Men, for the first time since the seventeenth century, see the world as an object of contemplation, not as something to be remade." But the seventeenth century included a world-shaking revolution in which a king's head was cut off, followed by a counter-revolution and another revolution. The poets, such as the Puritans Milton and Marvell, and the royalist propagandist Dryden, were anything but passive "contemplators."

The "new critics" are always talking of the virtues of "education," but their concept of education is strictly medieval. Eliot writes, in *Modern Education and the Classics,* "I mean that the hierarchy of education should be a religious hierarchy. The universities have gone too far in secularization." His concept of economics is that it is not a "science," but the "bastard child of a parent it disowns, ethics." His profound grasp of history is exhibited in these lines from *Murder in the Cathedral*:

> *"We do not know very much of the future*
> *Except that from generation to generation*
> *The same things happen again and again."*

This exorcism of economics and history, as subjects unfit for the human mind, does not mean that these writers fail to dabble in these matters. On the contrary, their propaganda for ignorance in these subjects enables the writers to purvey the most reactionary concepts of history and economics. Thus Tate writes, "Yet the very merits of the Old South tend to confuse the issue; its comparative stability, its realistic limitations of the acquisitive impulse, its preference for human relations compared to relations economic." Apparently the slave markets and auction blocks, to Tate, did not represent an acquisitive impulse, and by "human" relations, contrasted to "economic" relations, Tate can only mean that the masters owned human beings instead of hiring them. With typical inhumanity, these lovers of "morality" ignore the very existence of the Negro people. Bishop describes the South as an "aristocracy," in which there was "no mean competition for privileges." It was exactly in these fraudulent historical terms that Hitler, in *Mein Kampf,* praised the old German princes.

Tate modestly says, "May a poet hope to deal more adequately with sociology than with physics? If he seizes upon either at the level of scientific procedure, has he not abdicated his position as poet?" But this does not prevent his entering into "sociology" to proclaim a fascist program:

> "How may the Southerner take hold of his tradition? The answer is by violence. . . . Since he cannot bore from within, he has remaining the sole alternative of boring from without. This method is political, active, and in the nature of the case, violent and revolutionary. Reaction is the most radical of programs. It aims at cutting away the overgrowth and getting back to the roots."

The "new critic's" concept of a poet's role is not that he should be non-political, but rather the fascist concept that he should not think for himself. Eliot writes in "Shapkespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca," "In truth, neither Shakespeare nor Dante did any real thinking—that was not their job; and the relative value of the thought current at their time, the material enforced upon each to use as the vehicle of his feelings, is of no importance." Tate, with his customary originality, parrots the same thought, "Shakespeare has no opinions whatever; his peculiar merit is too deeply involved in his failure to think about anything."

WHERE does the poet get his ideas, the content of his poetry? From "myth." He must be told what to believe, and this combination of automatism and unreality becomes "imagination." Cleanth Brooks, discussing the later writings of Yeats in which the Irish poet was dabbling with theosophy, Buddhism, cabalism and fascism, writes:

> "For the myth is not scientifically true, and yet though a fiction, though a symbolical representation, intermeshes with reality. It is imaginatively true, and if most people will take this to mean that it is after all trivial, this merely shows in what respect our age holds the imagination."

The insistence upon "myth" in the "new criticism" gives it the air of a hysterical religious revival devoid of any human content. Ransom

declares, "There can be no more poetry on the order of its famous triumphs until we come again upon a time when an elaborate Myth will be accepted universally, so that the poet may work within a religious frame which is conventional, and therefore objective." To Ransom an enforced lie becomes "objective truth." Any myth will do. "There is no one religion but none of the old religions has quite died, for we still respond to its symbols" (*Kenyon Review,* Summer, 1939). Bishop offers the same liberality, "Call the gods what you will, provided you believe in them."

R. P. Blackmur guards the left of this group. He is willing to accept reason and science along with myth, religion and superstition, an easy marriage to make in words. "When we call man a rational animal, we mean that reason is his great myth" (*Southern Review,* Autumn, 1936). And again, "Only bad religion condemns science, only bad science quarrels with religion" (*Partisan Review,* March, 1950).

The intellectual life of Nazi Germany was built precisely on such a reversion to "myth" theories. A favorite proclamation of the Stefan George circles, among the Nazis, was "history works in the form of myth, not truth." Houston Stewart Chamberlain called for a "genuine *Deutsche-Christliche* religion, a new Christianity purged of all foreign rubbish, a union of all Teutonic mankind in a brotherhood of blood, precisely by ties of religion." Rosenberg proclaimed, "The desire to provide the Nordic racial soul with the adequate form of a German Church on the basis of the *Volk* myth—this we see as one of the greatest tasks of our century."

The monopolists are driving to erase democracy in America. They are the open enemy of the national and colonial peoples. Wherever they touch and control the arts, they try to eliminate from consciousness the humanist, democratic and realistic achievements of the revolutionary struggle against feudalism. Planning a new world war, they aim to accustom the American people to the idea of mass extermination. They seek to inculcate a sense of impotence before brutal and "mysterious" forces. This is one of the major roles of the "new criticism" and the poetry it sponsors.

There is a widespread dissatisfaction with the "new criticism" among students and writers, but this dissatisfaction has not found sufficient leadership, owing mainly to the "thought-control" atmosphere in the schools. It is an atmosphere in which the "new criticism" thrives. There

can be little doubt, however, that literary histories, not too far off, will consign the "new criticism" and its beloved poetry to the niche occupied by the grammatical tricks and superstitions which offered themselves as "new art" in the most bestial days of the Roman empire.

From the Paris biweekly, *In Defense of Peace.*

books in review

The Abolitionists

TWO FRIENDS OF MAN, by Ralph Korngold. *Little, Brown.* $5.00.
THEODORE WELD, by Benjamin P. Thomas. *Rutgers University Press.* $4.25.

THE late distinguished Negro historian, Dr. Carter G. Woodson, once told me that one of his Harvard professors remarked to him that he never passed the statue of John Brown on the university campus, without a strong desire to kick its rear.

White bourgeois historians have been verbally kicking John Brown's corpse ever since his martyrdom and simultaneously vilifying the whole anti-slavery movement which that martyrdom typified. This has been particularly true in the last decade with the work of such men as Arthur Y. Lloyd, Avery Craven, James G. Randall and Allan Nevins.

Ralph Korngold, in his study of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, and Benjamin Thomas, in his biography of a third leading Abolitionist, commendably attempt to redress this wrong. Mr. Thomas, in his preface, states the essential purpose of both volumes—"a re-appraisal" of the anti-slavery fighters, for "it has too long been the fashion to scoff at them, to write them off as humorless fanatics."

In executing this purpose, Korngold and Thomas retell, sympathetically and dramatically, something of the story of the men and women who, in Weld's words, could not be "intimidated by threats or silenced by clamors or shamed by sneers or put down by authority." Though mobbed, jailed, beaten and denounced, in terms painfully familiar to our own generation, as "disseminators of treason," "apostles of fanaticism" and "paid agents of the enemies of republican institutions" they stood firm and preferred, as the hostile William Ellery Channing admitted, "to suffer, to die, rather than surrender" their convictions.

The heartache of getting out "seditious" publications—no funds, intimidated readers, hostile authorities; the day-to-day tasks of persuading, refuting, recruiting, getting petitions signed, are all described here: "We have just finished our work of petitioning," wrote Sarah Grimké, originally of South Carolina, daughter of the justice of that State's Supreme Court, and staunch Abolitionist.

"It has done us good to go among our neighbors, although we had much to try us. . . . One woman told me she had rather sign a petition to have all the Negroes hung than set free."

The renegades are here too, like Nathan Lord, an early Abolitionist, who as President of Dartmouth sees the light, finds that God has sanctioned slavery and exposes the "traitors." *His* exposé was called, "A True Picture of Abolition" and was widely circulated. "Poor outside whitewash," commented Weld, "gone at the first blast of fire." And teachers are dismissed, students expelled, schools — like Oberlin University—officially labelled "subversive."

While all this will be found in these volumes, they fall far short of presenting the full content of the Abolitionist movement. For both volumes—Korngold's less glaringly than Thomas'—picture the movement as essentially a benevolent enterprise, a "do-good," moral crusade—conducted by white people.

That was not the character of the Abolitionist movement. Rather, that movement was a *revolutionary* one; it sought the uncompensated, immediate liberation of four million slaves. That is, in seeking the elimination of slavery it sought the confiscation of four billion dollars worth of private property, the ownership of which, plus the land worked by these slaves and the crops produced by their labor, formed the basis of the power of the Bourbon oligarchy. That oligarchy — those 250,000 slaveholders—represented the single most powerful vested interest in the nation, and they, with their northern commercial allies, controlled the state.

Secondly, the original dynamic force behind the anti-slavery struggle was the Negro people themselves. And throughout the effort the Negro people were the staunchest, most mature and most clear-sighted members of the Abolitionist movement.

Thirdly, the Abolitionist movement was a united one—of Negro and white men and women, from North and South. All the societies, all the committees, all the conventions, all the publications—the entire warp and woof of the movement—represented a united battle of Negro and white people.

Fourthly, the Abolitionists understood the indivisibility of human freedom and this understanding—taken to the masses—was a basic source for the movement's growth. The Abolitionists knew that to maintain the enslavement of the Negro it was necessary to curtail constantly the freedom of the white people. And they knew that while the ruling oligarchy said it wished only to curb anti-slavery agitation, that "anti-slavery" was defined by the slavehold-

ers and, in fact, this definition required the vitiation of the Bill of Rights *for all.* The Abolitionists knew, then, that a patronizing attitude, the air of a "do-gooder," betrayed a white supremacist; that only one who grasped the Negro-white *alliance* character of the Abolitionist movement would be a fully effective participant.

Finally, the Abolitionist movement was part of, and limited by, the bourgeois-democratic revolution in America. Thus, while it was a liberation struggle of the Negro people and vital to the non-slaveholding whites, it was simultaneously an advanced expression of the irreconcilable differences between the interests of the burgeoning industrial bourgeoisie and the slaveowners. Nevertheless—as both Thomas and Korngold show—it was the poor people who formed the Abolitionist mass and the rich people who derided and assaulted the Abolitionists. The point here is that *all* democratic advances, even those achieved within the confines of a bourgeois society—from the eight-hour day to women's suffrage to the abolition of chattel slavery—are achieved through the struggles of the common people despite the hostility of the "respectable" leeches.

These are the fundamental aspects of the Abolitionist movement. They are not in the books by Korngold and Thomas and one will not, therefore, get a true or full picture of that movement—or of the careers of Garrison, Phillips and Weld—from these volumes.

Both works, however, do approach these crusaders for freedom with sympathy, and, in American historiography, this is terribly rare. To be reminded of the solid core of democratic struggle that forms the finest feature of the American past is a service in our day, and for having done this Ralph Korngold and Benjamin Thomas merit appreciation.

HERBERT APTHEKER

Whitehead's Philosophy

PROCESS AND UNREALITY: A CRITICISM OF METHOD IN WHITEHEAD'S PHILOSOPHY, by Harry K. Wells. *King's Crown Press.* $3.00.

A CRITICAL examination of the philosophy of Whitehead has long been overdue. That the late Alfred North Whitehead, co-author with Bertrand Russell of *Principia Mathematica,* and the author of *Science and the Modern World* and *Process and Reality,* among other works, was an idealist is rather generally agreed. But the kind of idealist he was and the relation between his idealism and his seemingly "dialectical" approach to nature has been difficult for most students, even progressives, to understand.

In this volume, a dissertation for Columbia University, Dr. Wells may not have said the final word on Whitehead's philosophy, but he has certainly laid bare the basic contradiction between Whitehead's philosophy of nature and his openly idealist and mystical "speculative cosmology." Wells shows further that this is the inevitable result of his conception of nature as dynamic, as consisting of events and processes rather than static things and objects, and the traditional method of formal logic from which he could not escape.

Wells points out that Whitehead "came to the field of philosophy from a background of mathematics and mathematical physics. His work in these fields posed a problem which was to be of major concern to him in the second half of his life. The twentieth-century revolution in physics had replaced the old mechanical materialist categories of explanation —such as substance, structure, absolute space and time, motion as change of place and indestructible atoms in external relation—with such new categories as process, internal interconnection, fields of force and radiant energy. Whitehead felt that a thorough critique of the old categories was an imperative step toward the development of a new foundation for physics. He turned to philiosophy in order to carry out this task."

Wells' main theses are these: Whitehead is an objective idealist as opposed to the subjective idealism of the pragmatists and positivists. Against the dominant tendencies of his time he upheld the doctrine of an objective reality, a nature which is there whether we experience it or not. Second, he strongly insisted on the dynamic character of nature (to the extent even of making some pseudo-Marxists think he was genuinely dialectical), and recognized that the old mechanical materialist approaches were no longer possible in the light of the developments in the sciences themselves. Third, unable to discard the principles of the traditional formal logic going back to Aristotle, that is, unable to accept the laws of dialectics, he needed to construct a metaphysical world over and above the one of events and process science deals with. Fourth, by its very nature this had to be a "spiritual" realm with a transcendent God, because of the irresolvable contradiction between Whitehead's conception of flux and his static logic. His God reconciles the opposites which cannot be denied to exist and provides the ground of rationality in the world.

"The lesson to be learned," Wells believes, "is that method must be brought into line with content; that a method must be developed which will be adequate to deal with process in its own terms —that is, without attempting to find something static, eternal and

unchanging. This does not mean that there cannot be relative permanences in the form of laws of nature and of thought. But it does mean that such relative permanences must be developed as functional structures within process, not standing over and above it in the form of mechanisms by means of which to rescue traditional method from bankruptcy" (pp. vii-viii).

Whitehead confessed that he had not really read Hegel. He obviously read still less of any Marxist philosophical writing. He has Hegel's idealism without his dialectics. True, Hegelian idealist dialectics might not have saved him. But a materialist dialectics could have saved him, and would alone have been compatible with the new developments in physical science with which he started his quest. Not having that, he inevitably falls back into the metaphysical system of Plato and Aristotle, both of whom had consciously rejected the dialectical teaching of Heracleitus. The only other alternative is the subjective idealism of European positivism and American pragmatism.

From every standpoint this is a volume of permanent value in the field of the Marxist critique of twentieth-century bourgeois philosophy. A limitation, and a doubtlessly unavoidable one, considering the circumstances under which it was written, is that the Marxism is only implicit and never explicit. That is unfortunate, as is the want of the analysis of the social, political, class character of Whitehead's philosophy. These are serious limitations, but they at least have not resulted in any softening of the criticism. Where Wells stands is clear; his position is forthright. He has exposed the myth of Whitehead's basic progressivism and demonstrated how and why only dialectical materialism is the philosophy of science today. The issues of materialism versus idealism and of dialectics versus metaphysical or formal logical thinking are ably integrated, are seen as two sides of one and the same problem.

The non-professional reader will find some of the book exceedingly difficult. That is not Wells' but Whitehead's fault, as any student of Whitehead would admit at once. But many people could profit from reading several chapters which do contain some unusually lucid expositions of basic philosophical and logical issues.

It is to be hoped that Wells will now provide us with an explicitly Marxist polemical treatment of American pragmatism. For this, and not the philosophy of Whitehead, is the major philosophical enemy of the progressive movement today, of the struggle for democracy, peace and socialism.

HOWARD SELSAM

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

ART

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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JOSEPH FELSHIN, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1950.
(Seal)
MYRON J. BLUTTER
(My commission expires March 30, 1952)

There is a choice . . . .

THE NEW YORK TIMES, commenting on the recent election, admitted that "on matters of liberal legislation . . . the voter does not have a wide range of choice under the two-party system."

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