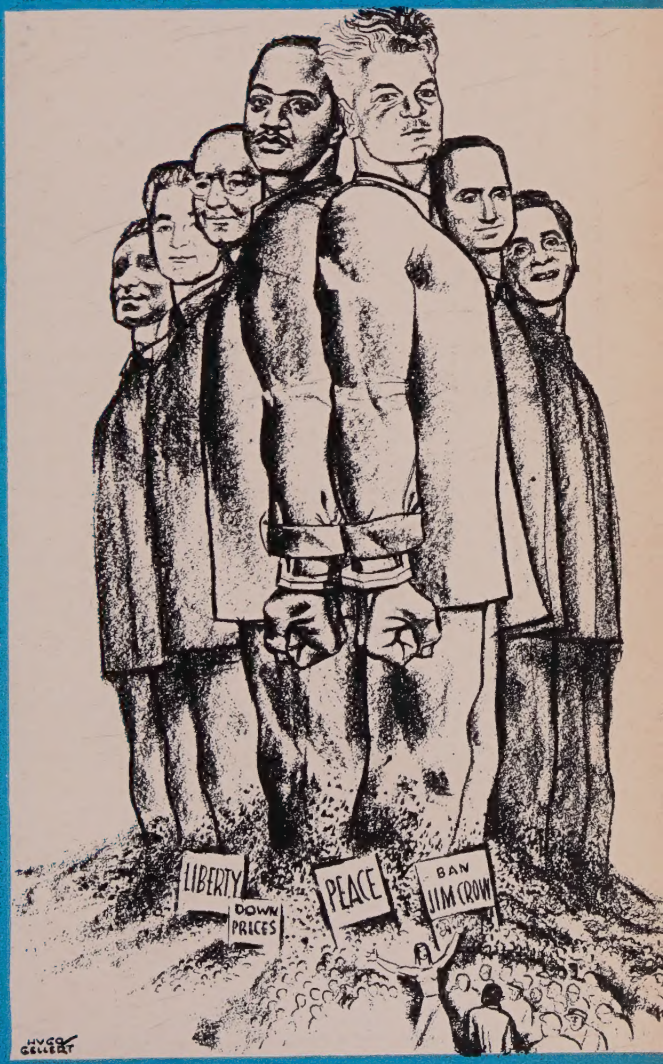
AUGUST
1951

nasses & MAINSTREAM

this Issue:



SPEAK UP IN TIME!

The Right of Bail

The Constitution guarantees the right of bail—reasonable bail. The Truman Administration defies the Bill of Rights on this point as well as all other fundamental liberties.

Three prominent writers – Dr. Alphaeus Hunton, Dashiell Hammett and Frederick V. Field—were given savage prison sentences because as trustees of the Civil Rights Congress bail fund they refused to finger people for the benefit of J. Edgar Hoover's Gestapo. They were themselves denied the right of bail.

The C.R.C. bail fund is a people's fund. This institution is traditional in defense of labor and Negro victims in this country. To outlaw the C.R.C. bail fund in today's atmosphere is an attempt to smash the right of bail.

In its efforts to deny bail to seventeen working-class leaders brazenly indicted under the infamous Smith Act, the Administration is setting up a new principle. Under pre-Truman law men were supposed to be considered innocent until proven guilty. Now men are presumed to be guilty as soon as the government says they are. The issue is prejudged. The court trial becomes a mockery.

The right of defense is directly involved: through the denial of bail the government's prosecutors seek to make it impossible for the imprisoned victims to prepare an adequate legal defense.

This conspiracy to outlaw the right of bail must be halted now. Every decent American is a potential target of this latest outrage against the Bill of Rights. *You may be next.*

We urge our readers to:

1. *Write or wire Attorney General McGrath and President Truman demanding that the Constitutional right be observed.*

2. *Come forward with bail money to defend the victims of this inquisition.*

—The Editors

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 8

masses & MAINSTREAM

August, 1951

MASSES & MAINSTREAM *is published monthly by Masses & Mainstream, Inc., 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y. Subscription rate $4.00 a year; foreign and Canada: $4.50 a year. Single copies 35 cents; outside the U.S.A., 50 cents. All payments from foreign countries must be made either by U.S. money order or by checks payable in U.S. currency. Re-entered as second class matter February 25, 1948, at the Post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.* MASSES & MAINSTREAM *is distributed nationally by New Century Publishers, 832 Broadway, N. Y. C.*

AMONG THE CONTRIBUTORS

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN, author of *Art and Society* and *Jazz: A People's Music,* has just completed a book on music to be issued soon by International Publishers.

AUBREY GROSSMAN, a leading labor lawyer, is National Organizational Secretary of the Civil Rights Congress.

ELIZABETH LAWSON is the author of several works in American history including *Lincoln's Third Party* and *Thaddeus Stevens.*

ALAN MAX is managing editor of the *Daily Worker.* Besides *Mission to Athens* he has written a one-act farce, *Civic Virtue,* copies of which are available for production.

IRA WALLACH is the author of several books, the latest being *How to be Deliriously Happy* and *Hopalong Freud.*

• •

COVER: The drawing is by Hugo Gellert.

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. Payment is made on publication.*

Speak Up in Time

by SAMUEL SILLEN

THE conspiracy to overthrow the Bill of Rights by force and violence is unfolding swiftly. Each day the "overt acts" of this conspiracy grow in number and brutality. Mass raids and arrests synchronized at dawn by the F.B.I., attacks on the right of bail, political manhunts, dissolution of people's organizations—this reign of terror has been headlined for the whole world to see and condemn. The Truman Administration has been emboldened by the nod of its Supreme Court majority. Acting as police chief for the sixty ruling families, it has moved into the Gestapo phase of the war on American liberties.

Mr. Justice Jackson uttered a profound truth in the course of his tortuously reasoned concurring opinion upholding the Smith Act. "I have little faith," he said, "in the long-range effectiveness of this conviction to stop the rise of the Communist movement. Communism will not go to jail with these Communists." This truth is supported not only by Mr. Jackson's learned footnotes but by a hundred years of history. What, then, does go to jail with the Communist leaders? The rights of all Americans—the right to speak for peace, for Negro liberation, for the security of working people. The Communist Party, predicts *Newsweek,* "will continue to exist. It managed to exist even in Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy." Surely not all the readers of *Newsweek* have forgotten what happened to the German and Italian people as a whole under the regimes that the United States is now following in outlawing Communists.

What could be more brazenly fascist than the indictment of twenty-one working class leaders that came on the heels of the Smith Act decision? This time the government makes a pretense of charging "overt acts" of conspiracy to teach and advocate socialist ideas. And

what is the nature of these horrendous acts which the government seeks to punish with long prison terms? Pettis Perry "did leave 35 East Twelfth Street, New York, New York." Elizabeth Gurley Flynn "did participate in a meeting at the Riverside Plaza Hotel." Marion Bachrach "did prepare the contents for and did mail approximately fifty envelopes" and compounded this awful crime when she "did write and cause to be published a pamphlet." Claudia Jones, Alexander Bittelman, Betty Gannett, Arnold Johnson, V. J. Jerome, Albert Lannon and others are indicted for writing articles for the *Daily Worker* and *Political Affairs.*

Such are the "overt acts" charged by the government. A few years ago these "acts" would have been laughed out of court as the basis for criminal indictment. But the enemies of freedom have made rapid progress in infamy. They are playing for keeps. They aim to make the gag rule absolute, and so they make the criteria of criminal action as broad as possible.

An outstanding feature of the indictment is its emphasis on the crime of writing and speaking. Publication of articles and pamphlets is the most prominent charge. The articles cited have not the slightest bearing on the doctrine, falsely imputed to the Communists, of the forcible overthrow of the government. They consist of analyses of election campaigns and labor developments, discussions of peace movements and the struggle for Negro rights, evaluations of trends in American culture. If these articles and pamphlets are criminal "overt acts" then no publication that disagrees with the Administration policies of the moment can consider itself immune from prosecution. The Smith Act is a book-burning statute, and the indictments under it are book-burning indictments.

This is particularly underlined by the fact that targets of the new indictment include a book publisher and a magazine editor, Alexander Trachtenberg of International Publishers and V. J. Jerome of *Political Affairs,* just as the previous indictment included a newspaper editor, John Gates of the *Daily Worker.* It is heartening to find more and more people speaking up against this undisguised thought control. A number of outstanding citizens, while disagreeing sharply with the Communist philosophy, are taking an active part in defending the rights of Communists. Thus, John R. Green, prominent attorney associated with the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* agreed to represent Gates in his petition

for a re-hearing by the Supreme Court. Mr. Green, a conservative, has pointed out that freedom of the press has been gravely jeopardized by the conviction of the *Daily Worker* editor.

Similarly, the Baltimore *Afro-American,* leading Negro weekly, has linked the convictions of Henry Winston and Benjamin J. Davis with the prosecutions of Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois and William L. Patterson as part of the pattern of "hysteria arrests," noting that the victimized Negro leaders are moved by "a common revulsion to race prejudice and a militant drive to do something about it." The Negro weekly concludes: "Let's stop playing cops and robbers and get out and scrape the barnacles off the old ship of state."

A PARTICULAR responsibility rests on the writing and publishing profession to defend those charged with the "overt act" of written expression. *Publishers Weekly,* organ of the book publishing industry, notes that "The Supreme Court decision and the subsequent arrests have set off in a number of media a debate over the wisdom of the Smith Act—whether it will do more damage to civil liberties than to the Communists. . . ." Reporting on the arrest of Alexander Trachtenberg, who has headed International Publishers for a quarter of a century, *Publishers Weekly* writes: "International Publishers was organized early in 1925 and has since concentrated largely on political material, including Communist Party and Soviet literature, with many titles in biography, history, literature, sociology and other subjects also. . . . The firm's most recent publication of general interest has been the collected edition of the works of the 19th century American Negro leader, Frederick Douglass." Recent discussions in the book trade, even on the part of conservative publishers, have stressed the growing peril of censorship. The indictment of Mr. Trachtenberg threatens to put the whole industry under police supervision. Every author, editor, publisher and reader has a vital stake in the defense.

The special role of cultural defense is highlighted by the government's charge that V. J. Jerome published an article dealing with the degradation of culture now taking place in the United States and the need to resist this. The article shows how films, radio and other cultural media have been harnessed to Wall Street's drive to war and fascism. It deals with the perversion of science to militarization. It describes the growing people's movement in the theatre and other

arts. The following becomes an indictable offense in the United State of Truman and Dulles:

"Our cultural work is more than a technique for rallying peopl The American bourgeoisie, driving down the road of total nationa betrayal, strives to obliterate every revolutionary, democratic an militant tradition of the people, to destroy every expression o people's culture. In this fateful hour, the [Communist] Party called upon to lead in the defense of the people's cultural heritag and in the struggle to affirm the vital creativeness of the peopl The progressive stream in the cultural heritage of the America people courses through the great struggles of the masses in th American Revolution, the Abolitionist movement, the unceasin freedom struggle of the Negro people, the great militant tradition of the working class in the fight against capitalist exploitation an imperialist war. This heritage is symbolized by such names as Tor Paine, Phillis Wheatley and Philip Freneau; Wendell Phillips an Frederick Douglass; Walt Whitman and Mark Twain; Joe Hil Theodore Dreiser, and John Reed."

The indictment of the author of this passage amply confirms th thesis of his article. Only by rallying to his defense, can writers, ar tists and scientists effectively resist the fascist threat to their craf and integrity.

We are confident that the writers and readers of this magazin will stand firm in the face of the terror unleashed by the enemies o freedom and peace. A number of our contributing editors have bee and are in the main line of fire. The readers of this magazine are in spired by their devotion to principle, their unflinching resistanc to the oppressors. There is no safety other than the safety we buil together. There is no greater strength than our joint will and our join deed against the repression that is the overture to war. The agony ou of which the tradition of resistance has been built in the last decad or more warns us not only to speak but to speak up in time. There i no standing by and looking on. There is no self-respect in privatel and quietly respecting others who fight. There is no safety in neu trality, for the neutrals are soon driven as hard as the victims.

For forty years this magazine and its direct predecessors have fough all attempts to make a mockery of the First Amendment. We hav

tried not to let a minute go by in the defense of culture against those who would put it in a strait-jacket. We have fought Jim Crow and legal lynching. We have worked for a democratic atmosphere in which a peaceful rivalry of ideas would inevitably show the superiority of socialism over a system which finds the outlet to its crises in war. We have fought those who would impose fascism on the United States and undermine peace.

And we shall continue to do so. We say this now, and with greater firmness than ever, because we are convinced that it is a duty incumbent on everyone to reassert his determination to fight in defense of his own safety and in the service of freedom.

DECISION

by EVE MERRIAM

1

In the name of Justice
Now hear ye, fear ye:
The Chief and his henchmen
Come to doomsday justice
With all due pomp and circus

the Latin phrase correct
the marble pillars pure
the wig patted into place
tomes dusted off
and the heartless heart umbilical to its class

Claws flailing, trailing the involvements of the long black robe
And screaming "Legal!"

Who dares deny the might of the All-Highest,
His raving night?
For he is the Law thy Goad.
None other stands above.
(Only, below, rise massing millions . . .)
The Law denieth and the Law taketh away
Seven in Virginia.
More, more—
Appetite is endless;
Hollow be the Law
Thy verdict come
Free speech undone
On earth as in Mississippi.

I am, therefore you may not think,
"Not overt acts but teaching"
"Not deeds . . . words . . . not words, but their intent . . ."

Imprison eleven,
Eleven thousand,
Eleven times eleven thousand,
And who survives to catalogue
Justice caged in its glass case
With the buffalo and the antique five-cent nickel?

The mind is manacled,
And loyalty become an oath.
Do you swear devotion unto death—
Especially death?

Do you promise to uphold segregation?
Suspect thy neighbor?
Extend the war?

Ah, you aver,
But what is your intent?
Perhaps your inner eye grazes on
Peaceful fields of Soviet wheat;
Your silent ear
Curved to Europe, Asia, Africa
Music more melodic
Than these brassy beating drums . . .

Who can vouch for your subconscious?
Report tomorrow morning for dream inspection.
The future is alien,
Firmly marked on the Attorney-General's list.
Final decision has been handed down.

2

The decision
Handed down through centuries

Passed along in danger and despair and always hope

Bruno hounded
John Hus hunted
Forever the people's will has haunted the yesterday-seekers

And forever the decree
Is forward

Fellow-travelers of freedom
We make our way
In danger and darkness and always daylight

Having come a long way
With Jefferson blotting out our nation's shame
Dred Scott reversed
The Lusk Laws repealed
We make our way
Joining the strikers inside Franco's Spain,
The young Filipino women waving from the prison gates

Forward

History in our hands
And the future
Necessary,
Clear
Consigned to the people's court

Our supreme decision:
Peace.

Millions will make it.
And the makers inherit the energetic earth.

THE PEOPLE'S OPINION:

Reverse the Verdict!

With a few honorable exceptions the American press has censored all expressions of opposition to the Supreme Court decision upholding the Smith Act and jailing the Communist leaders. This opposition has been mounting as the meaning of this decision becomes clearer to Americans in all walks of life. We present below a number of public statements which indicate the wide range of support to the dissenting opinions of Justices Black and Douglas.

PRESS

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH: "Never before has such a restriction been placed on the right to hold opinions and to express them in the United States. . . . The two justices who have the courage to dissent against this self-inflicted wound do so with words that history will mark." NEW YORK DAILY COMPASS: "The decision is a victory for those who underestimate the strength of democratic freedom and misunderstand its very character." NEW YORK POST: "Never was it more vital for Americans who value their liberties to speak up against repression." MADISON, WIS., CAPITAL TIMES: "This decision puts the government of the United States before the world in a new light. . . . We are trying to put an idea in jail." NEW YORK DAILY WORKER: "It is clear that it is the Court's intention to wipe out the free speech rights of millions of citizens, and not only the right of the workingclass to have its own political party based on Socialism.... Let every American rush to the defense of his own Bill of Rights now by writing to President Truman to act for a rehearing in this case."

BOSTON CHRONICLE: "Today it is the Communists; tomorrow it may be the anti-Communists." U. E. NEWS, organ of the United Electrical & Machine Workers: "It was in just such decisions as these that

compliant judges in Germany, yielding to pressure and hysteria, smoothed the way for and legalized Hitler's rise to power." THE NEW YORK LAWYER, organ of the N. Y. chapter of the National Lawyers Guild: "Justice Black has recognized the reality that unless we stand by the First Amendment we shall lose it. The Smith Act is unconstitutional on its face." NEW REPUBLIC: "The majority opinion upholding the Smith Act . . . punishes opinion and substitutes subjective notion for objective test as a standard of judgment." CATHOLIC WORKER: "Only two men [on the Court] — Black and Douglas — have the courage to speak out against hysteria and for the rights of man." NEW WORLD REVIEW: "In decreeing that men are to be judged not by their deeds, not even by their words, but by their supposed intent, the majority decision has reached new depths in thought control." THE PROGRESSIVE, Wisconsin: "This dangerous perversion of Justice Holmes' doctrine of 'clear and present danger' was challenged by two courageous members of the court, Justices Black and Douglas." NATIONAL GUARDIAN: "The Communist leaders go to jail. And as inevitably as night follows day—unless popular protest grows a thousand-fold—begins the great trek to barred silence of all who on any grounds and by any methods oppose the multi-billion-dollar war-profits machine of big business, the Administration and the Pentagon." SAN FRANCISCO DAILY PEOPLE'S WORLD: "It is for us to bring home to millions of Americans the peril to the civil liberties of all if the Supreme Court's decision is permitted to stand."

REV. J. G. OLDEN, columnist in Negro weekly, LOUISVILLE DEFENDER: "I am afraid many innocent men will be thus convicted since the Supreme Court has given the official sanction to this mass hysteria." MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, Scripps-Howard columnist: "I have stated that although I frequently disagreed with the opinions expressed by certain groups of papers in this country, I would hesitate to curtail their freedom of expression, because you may shortly find that you curtail the expression of opinion which you like." I. F. STONE, columnist for N. Y. DAILY COMPASS: "Can American newspapermen be so exercised over the example set by Peron in dealing with LA PRENSA in far-off Argentina and turn a comfortably blind eye to the dangerous possibilities on our own doorstep?"

PHILADELPHIA TRIBUNE: "The opinion, it seems to us, strikes at one of the cardinal principles of democracy—freedom of speech. Tear it down, destroy it, and democracy is no more." OKLAHOMA BLACK DISPATCH: "Reaction has reached a point and place in this country where it can effectively block constitutional changes whenever our Supreme Court takes the position it can water down the Constitution

to a point where it can wash out the First Amendment. This is what the Supreme Court did when it upheld the conviction of the eleven Communists." TEXTILE LABOR (C.I.O.): "Sending men to prison on this basis could be dangerous to us all." GAZETTE AND DAILY (York, Pa.): "How anyone can come to any other conclusion than that Congress violated the Constitution is beyond our ability to understand."

ORGANIZATIONS

William L. Patterson, National Executive Secretary of the CIVIL RIGHTS CONGRESS: "Viewed in the light of the minority opinions of Justices Black and Douglas this decision can only be regarded as the dropping of an atomic bomb upon constitutional liberties and human rights." AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION: "We stand ready to help obtain an overruling of the June 4 decision, by participating independently in further cases arising under the Smith Act when they reach the Supreme Court." NATIONAL COUNCIL OF THE ARTS, SCIENCES AND PROFESSIONS: "Unless the obvious trend toward the suppression of American freedoms, now aggravated by the Supreme Court decision, is halted, no person regardless of political beliefs, will be immune from prosecution for holding or advocating beliefs other than those safe or orthodox views which rarely need protection." COMMITTEE FOR THE NEGRO IN THE ARTS: "The decision is particularly alarming to Negro artists who are more than ever faced with the problem of the right to perform without debasement, for the full expression of Negro culture is dependent upon free speech and free assembly."

Vito Marcantonio, N. Y. State Chairman, AMERICAN LABOR PARTY: "For us to continue as a free nation and a free people, the whole American people must reverse this decision." Elmer Benson, Chairman, and C. B. Baldwin, Secretary, PROGRESSIVE PARTY: "The majority of the court stand convicted by all people devoted to liberty of ignoring the constitutional guarantees of freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of assembly in bowing supinely to the bipartisan war hysteria in this mockery of justice." Public Affairs Committee, SOCIALIST PARTY: "The decision of the Supreme Court makes the Smith Act constitutional. It does not make it wise."

International Executive Board, FUR & LEATHER WORKERS UNION: "We unequivocally support the dissenting opinions of Justices Black and Douglas. . . . Together with scores of thousands of members in our union we pledge our wholehearted support to the struggle for the freeing of Irving Potash, our co-worker." Executive Board, INTER-

NATIONAL LONGSHOREMEN'S & WAREHOUSEMEN'S UNION: "We urge our locals and members to understand that this Supreme Court decision involves much more than an attack upon the unpopular and relatively small number of American Communists but constitutes a grave threat against the rights and liberties of all." UNITED LABOR ACTION COMMITTEE of New York, representing 50,000 members of A. F. of L., C.I.O. and Independent unions: "The decision upholding the constitutionality of the Smith Act deals a deadly blow to the First Amendment." One hundred officials of UNITED PACKINGHOUSE WORKERS OF AMERICA, C.I.O.: "We feel the majority decision in this case should be reconsidered because it upholds the Smith Act, which we believe to be unconstitutional. The decision negates the right of free speech guaranteed in the First Amendment to our Constitution." One hundred and eighty-seven leaders throughout the United States of C.I.O., A. F. of L. and INDEPENDENT TRADE UNIONS: "In effect the decision recreates the doctrine of conspiracy which had been discarded only after generations of effort by the organized labor movement."

THE STUDENTS FOR DEMOCRATIC ACTION: "We oppose the recent Supreme Court decision upholding the constitutionality of the Smith Act and favor a reconsideration of the Act's constitutionality." CIVIL LIBERTIES COMMITTEE OF PUERTO RICO: "The Smith Act is in direct opposition to the provisions of the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights and to the Constitution of the United States."

INDIVIDUALS

Dean John B. Thompson, Rockefeller Memorial Chapel, University of Chicago: "My fundamental concern in this decision is well summarized by the dissenting opinion of Justice Hugo Black." *Judge Stanley Moffat,* Los Angeles: "I concur in the opinions of Justices Black and Douglas." *Rev. Kenneth Ripley Forbes,* Philadelphia: "May our Supreme Court have its sober second thought before it is too late." *Clemens J. France,* former State Commissioner of Welfare for Rhode Island: "Shall the people of America in this century of progress and enlightenment subjugate themselves to fear, surrender in fright and terror the priceless heritage so hardly won by ages of struggle and courage?" *Lewis W. Flagg,* staff attorney of the N.A.A.C.P. in New York: "Negroes cannot be safe so long as the U.S. Constitution is endangered by the Supreme Court."

Roger Baldwin, Stringfellow Barr, Zechariah Chafee, Alexander Meikeljohn, Clarence Pickett: "We are in agreement with the views of Justices Black and Douglas." *Abraham Cronbach,* Hebrew Union

JUSTICES BLACK AND DOUGLAS: *"The Lady's not for burning."*

College, Cincinnati: "Communistic discussion of public affairs may consist of acrimonious, if not neurotic, nonsense, but of sedition I have never seen or heard a trace. What the Communists or their leaders may ever have said or done which would constitute a threat to our government's existence is something which the treatments of the subject have, thus far, failed to tell us. The words of Justice Black reflect an awareness of that fact." *Mrs. Charlotta Bass,* editor: "Justices Black and Douglas simply did their duty when they dissented. They did what the others should have done, and until we get a Supreme Court that will do its duty to the American people we'll not get any freedom." *Dr. Julian P. Boyd,* Librarian at Princeton University: "We have been seized in a mounting wave of hysteria. Test oaths of increasing severity are being required of public servants, teachers, librarians and others, and are being proposed even as a condition precedent for those about to enter professions or trades. Books are being banned or suppressed not because they contravene laws but because of the ideas they contain."

Rev. William T. Baird, Essex Community Church, Chicago: "The majority of the Supreme Court have judicially concluded that liberty and freedom can no longer be permitted in the United States." *Ray Lev,* pianist: "I agree with the minority opinions of Justices Black and Douglas. As a musician, one can work creatively only in an atmosphere of freedom and peace of mind. . . . There will be little creation till this decision is reversed." *Rockwell Kent,* artist: "The deep loyalty of intelligent American people has rested upon their understanding of their country's Constitution. The unbroken continuance of that loyalty in the face of this decision would seem to call for such chameleon-like re-adaptation as is utterly inconsistent with the tenacity of principle on which Americans have prided themselves. A decent respect for the intelligence of the American people would seem to make it a matter of critical importance that the Supreme Court, in all humility, give its recent judgment most careful reconsideration."

Rev. Armand Guerrero, Mayfair Methodist Church, Chicago: "I believe the conviction of these leaders to be a part of the current witchhunt movement and a departure from traditional American policies." *Joseph B. Furst,* M.D.: "It is characteristic of the nauseating hypocrisy of our times that this fascist-like attack on democracy has been taken in the very name of preserving democracy. However, this violation of our Constitution is so flagrant and its fascist purpose so clear that it presents the progressive movement with an excellent opportunity to rally every decent element in our country against this

attack on our liberties." *U.S. District Judge Edward Wyzanski,* Massachusetts: "Liberty is a condition of truth and its creativity. Without liberty there cannot be that choice which makes man a responsible moral individual."

E. Louise Mally, novelist: "It is necessary for all to protest this decision in every manner available, and loudly, until such time as our hereditary freedoms are once again honored in deed as well as words." *Philip Evergood,* artist: "The words of Mr. Justice Black tell the story of assault and aggression against free thought. It will become increasingly hard for artists to paint without fear. No creative artist can regulate his thoughts to run in channels charted by regulators and bureaucratic disciplinarians." *Rabbi Samuel S. Teitelbaum,* Hillel Foundation, Northwestern University, and *Rev. Marion S. Riley,* Gorham Methodist Church, Chicago: "We call upon the American people to urge a rehearing of this case, to the end that freedom of speech and conscience will be restored."

Dr. Allan M. Butler, Brookline, Mass.; *Viola Campbell,* Saco, Maine; *John S. Codman,* Boston; *Florence Converse,* Wellesley College; *Prof. Wendell H. Furry,* Harvard; *Pres. Herbert Gezork,* Andover-Newton Theological Seminary; *Mr. and Mrs. Henry Copley Greene,* Cambridge; *Dr. Richard Hoffman,* Cambridge; *Rev. Kenneth DeP. Hughes,* St. Bartholomew's Church, Cambridge; *Prof. Mervin Jules,* Smith College; *Rev. Donald Lothrop,* Community Church, Boston; *Florence Luscomb; Mary Bacon Mason; Theodore Mauch;* the *Rev. Michael Millen,* Director Landhaven School, Camden, Maine; *Miss Bertha C. Reynolds; Miss Vida D. Scudder,* Professor Emeritus, Wellesley College; *Laura B. Sewall; Prof. Louise Pettibone Smith,* Wellesley; *Mrs. Francis E. Stearns; Dr. Edward L. Young,* Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston—in a letter directed to all Boston, Mass., newspapers: "If freedom of speech and of the press as guaranteed in the First Amendment to the Constitution is really essential to American democracy, the recent decision of the Supreme Court on the Smith Act and the eleven Communist leaders gives cause for alarm. The dissenting opinions of Justices Black and Douglas make clear the extent of the threat. Whether any immediate reversal be possible or not, it is incumbent on all who believe in the importance of those freedoms to protest against the clear and present danger to democracy inherent in the Smith Act. . . ."

Howard Fast, novelist: "If this decision stands unopposed and unchanged, then we have taken a long step toward fascism. But this decision can be changed. It is our simple duty as Americans to change it." *Peter Lawrence,* producer: "As producer of two Broadway shows,

Peter Pan and *Let's Make An Opera* . . . I must speak out now and take my stand with the brilliant, honorable decisions of Justices Black and Douglas." *Dr. Morris Feder, John Clews* and *Belle Parsons Clews,* members of the Democratic County Committee, Los Angeles: "We concur in the opinion of Justices Black and Douglas." *Eve Merriam,* poet: "It is a Hiroshima attack upon our most sacred foundations of American life. . . . Every human being who does not want to whimper out the rest of his life in a cave must be aroused to action." *Earl Brown,* New York City Councilman: "The Court's decision cannot curb the Communists without hurting all of us.

Dr. Allan M. Butler, Rabbi Jonah E. Caplan, Prof. A. J. Carlson, Prof. Rudolf Carnap, Dr. Jerome Davis, Prof. Henry Pratt Fairchild, Prof. E. Franklin Frazier, Dr. Alice Hamilton, Prof. Robert J. Havighurst, Hon. Francis Fisher Kane, Dr. Corliss Lamont, Rev. John Howland Lathrop, Alice F. Liveright, Rev. Donald G. Lothrop, Prof. Robert Morss Lovett, Rev. John Paul Jones, Prof. Robert S. Lynd, Hon. Patrick H. O'Brien, Jennings Perry, Prof. P. A. Sorokin, Dean John B. Thompson, Prof. Frank W. Weymouth, Dr. William Carlos Williams— These individuals signed an advertisement in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* supporting Mr. Justice Black's dissent and lending public support in behalf of a rehearing of the case before the Supreme Court.

John Howard Lawson, author: "We of the arts and sciences will not be silenced by venal politicians. We call upon all cultural workers to join in defense of the free conscience." *Robert Gwathmey,* artist: "The U.S. Supreme Court's decision is, in the words of Justice Black, a virulent form of prior censorship." *Ralph Roeder,* author: "The dissenting opinion trusts that the sentence of today will be reversed by the sense of tomorrow; but tomorrow is now, and now that prejudice is turning to persecution, as one of those who were silent at the time of the first trial, I beg you to accept my protest today."

Judge Norval K. Harris, Sullivan, Indiana: "In my opinion, history will record the dissenting opinions of Justices Black and Douglas as the only opinions based on respect for the Constitution and in sympathy with Jeffersonian Democracy." *Morris U. Schappes,* author: "That this is a decision based on war hysteria is hinted at by Justice Frankfurter and boldly stated by Justice Black in his courageous dissent. Already there has been more public protest than Justice Black anticipated. It would be well if tens of thousands of Americans were to write to President Truman advising him to urge that the Department of Justice should not oppose the defendants' application for a rehearing of this crucial case in the fall."

Henry Kraus, author: "If this decision stands, the writer will have to add a new ingredient to the elements of pathos, sympathy, drama, with which he works. Personal terror is the name of that new ingredient." *Maxim Lieber,* authors' representative: "Already we see the evil effects flowing from the decision in the arrest of others on the same charges, among these the head of a publishing house. The people must call a halt." *Albert E. Kahn,* author: "If the Nazi act of arson achieved the ruin of the Weimar Republic, the Supreme Court decision is directed toward the destruction of the U.S. Constitution and our democratic form of government. In America as in Germany an alleged Communist plot has provided the pretext for the subversion by government officials of the freedom and security of the nation as a whole." *Ruth Steinberg,* writer: "If you take away free speech, you take away the power to demand your daily bread and your happiness. No American born in freedom will ever knowingly allow his freedoms to be taken away from him."

Arnold Manoff, novelist: "I cannot believe that honest writers anywhere, whatever their political differences, will tolerate this last and most shameless debasement of our democratic heritage." *Earl Conrad,* author: "As a writer who has studied, written about and loved the American tradition, I see in the action of the U.S. Supreme Court a nullification of the most significant meaning in the Constitution. . . . Our opposition to this decision places us in the heart of the fight for human rights. Where else should a writer be?" *Phillip Bonosky,* writer: "No court can legislate our conscience away; no court can stop our pens. Now, more than ever, must writers speak out."

Corliss Lamont, author: "The American people can no more afford to accept as final this 1951 ruling of the Supreme Court than they accepted as final the Dred Scott decision of 1857." *Arthur Huff Fauset,* author: "I join with the millions of Americans who rejoice, amid all the fanfare of indecent bigotry, that a voice like that of Justice Black is raised in behalf of sanity and fundamental security for our nation and for those who esteem democracy beyond mere lip-service." *Virginia Gardner,* journalist: "Justice Black's clear pronouncement that Section 3 of the Smith Act is unconstitutional as a 'virulent form of prior censorship of speech and press,' must become the law of the land." *The Rev. Kenneth Ripley Forbes*: "The First Amendment to the Constitution is the last defense we have against thought and speech control like that of the German and Italian regimes which we fought successfully in World War II. Lovers of liberty must fight it with equal vigor now in America. May our Supreme Court have its sober second thoughts." *Bern-*

hard J. Stern, sociologist: "When the full implications of the Supreme Court decision are understood, through its effect upon groups who now erroneously feel themselves outside its scope, an aroused public opinion will erase the shame of this decision by repealing the Smith Act. The time need not be far distant."

Alexander Saxton, novelist: "Past acts of tyranny—the Stamp Act, the Boston Massacre, the Dred Scott decision, the murder of Sacco and Vanzetti—these we remember not for what they destroyed, but for what they kindled. And so it will be with the conviction of the eleven Communists and the decision of the Supreme Court." *Barnard Rubin,* playwright: "As Justice Black wrote, . . . the charge was that they agreed to assemble and to talk. . . . That also is exactly how a play is produced. Forward-looking theatre artists shouldn't find it hard to understand how the vicious Supreme Court decision hits them right in the creative breadbasket." *Arnaud d'Usseau,* playwright: "Like a human being, no nation can long profess one thing and practice another; like a human being, it becomes divided against itself, acts irrationally, spends its best energy covering up. Unless the decision upholding the Smith Act is somehow reversed we are headed for self-destruction."

UNITY FOR PEACE

by PAUL ROBESON

From June 29 to July 1, over 4,100 delegates from every corner of the United States conferred at the stirring Chicago Peace Congress. On the evening of June 29, about 8,500 men and women jammed Chicago's Coliseum to hear the job of peace-making discussed by, among others, the Rev. Willard Uphaus, Gale Sondergaard, Professor Anton Carlson, William Hood of the U.A.W.-C.I.O., Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois and Paul Robeson. We are happy to publish the remarks made on that historic occasion by Mr. Robeson.

WE ARE here for action, for the business of winning the peace. So I will take but a few moments.

The hope of the world has been alerted to the opportunity for peace afforded by the proposal for a cease-fire in Korea coming from Jacob Malik, U.S.S.R. representative to the United Nations. This hope also stirred in our hearts with the introduction of the Johnson Resolution in the U.S. Senate, which recognized the futility of continuing the carnage of the past year and proposed to do the only sensible thing about it—stop fighting and start making peace.

There is no doubt in my mind but that it is possible to find ways of agreement between nations of different economic and social systems. The peoples of the world clearly want this agreement. It rests with us here in the United States to do our share, to give the final popular push which will let our government know that the people of this great country, in their vast majority, also want peace in the world—not destruction.

We have come from all over America, representing various views, differing views of all kinds, flowing from the great diversities in our American life. But, however varied our backgrounds, we are united

in the task of working out common grounds for action—action for peace, plenty, co-operation and friendship.

It is not only important, it is absolutely essential, that if we are to achieve our ends we must put aside everything which tends to divide the ranks of the peace crusaders, and accentuate the common thirst for peace—no more war—which is the universal urge in our hearts and minds.

We may not see eye to eye on all the problems of this troubled world, but we know that unless we unite in a single-minded determination to win the peace we may soon have no world in which to exercise our differences.

As for me, I see war as the major evil of our time. It is a monster which solves no problems and aggravates all. The present conflict and its danger of expansion have placed the burden of mounting armaments on the backs of the working masses of our land, have accentuated the obvious and cancerous disparity between the ill-gained profits of the wealthy few and the meagre subsistence of the multitude of producers —farmers and workers. Labor, confronted by spreading lay-offs in auto, railroad and other industries, finds that not only is there no bonanza in war but that the guns-instead-of-butter program results in lowering, not raising, standards of living. And as a labor leader warned the other day, the hopped-up war economy is hastening this nation through the preventable cycle of boom-and-bust!

IN ADDITION, our civil liberties are one of the main casualties of the war, as is already clearly evident. The First Amendment today lies temporarily gutted as a result of the validation of the Smith Act and the jailing of the Communist dissenters from American foreign policy. No other dissenter, whatever his politics, can feel safe in the exercise of the historic American right to criticize and complain so long as the Smith Act stands on the statute books and the Supreme Court decision remains unreversed.

From all parts of the land there is clear evidence that the people will respond to this challenge in the true tradition of American liberty. The heartening opinions rendered by Justices Black and Douglas; the protests voiced by many newspapers, Negro and white; the paid advertisement opposing the decision signed by Roger Baldwin, Stringfellow Barr, Zechariah Chafee and others; the formal dissent of the American Civil Liberties Union and other organizations—all reflect

DESIGN FOR LIVING

the growing and healthy alarm among the most representative circles of the American people.

In my thinking this is a peace question, for the inevitable conclusion of these persecutions, should they be allowed to continue, will be the silencing not only of the Communists but indeed of all Americans who subscribe to the principles of the New Deal and the Roosevelt grand design for peace through friendship with the socialist nations.

Just as in Europe, on the eve of World War II, we see today in America the persecution of political dissenters coupled with mounting terror against minority groups. In Europe it was the Jewish people. Here it is the Negro—with foreign language groups, the Jewish people, Mexican-Americans and other minorities numbered also among the victims.

This, too, is the price we pay for the war drive, for Operation Killer against the long-suffering peoples of Asia who are determined to be free at whatever the cost.

And as with the billion people of Asia, so with the hundreds of millions more in Africa, the West Indies and our own Americas—including the subject millions of our own colonial Southland.

The fight for peace—*resistance* against the exploiters and oppressors of mankind who want war to further their greedy ends—the fight for peace is today the center of all these struggles, of all the aspirations of working people, artists, intellectuals the world over who form the world movement for peace.

We here in America have the central responsibility to build, as the peoples of Europe and Asia have built, a powerful movement representative of *every* section of our country, which will develop from the cease-fire in Korea into a genuine and lasting peace—and freedom—for all mankind.

These are some of the reasons I am for peace, reasons which grow out of my life, my travels, my experiences with many people in many lands. They may not be—all of them—your reasons, and you undoubtedly are stimulated by experiences I have not shared. But, for whatever reasons, whatever our background, we are united here, colored and white, worker, farmer, professional and businessman, youth, men and women, in the sacred search for enduring peace.

Lawyers on Trial

by AUBREY GROSSMAN

A POLITICAL trial always produces a political verdict. The Foley Square trial of the eleven Communist leaders produced two political verdicts—one against the defendants, and the other against the five defense lawyers and Eugene Dennis, acting as his own attorney. Both actions were unprecedented. The first declared a vast body of ideas (Marxism) unlawful and outlawed a political party for spreading these ideas. The second punished attorneys for contempt—with sentences up to six months—because they conscientiously upheld their clients' constitutional rights.

The government, like a boxer who has spent months practicing a one-two punch, was prepared to move instantaneously against the lawyers. The second verdict by Judge Medina came only a few minutes after the first. Only if they are considered together can these two judgments be understood and evaluated. For it is clear that without the conviction of the Communist leaders, the contempt sentences against the lawyers would not have been possible.

What happened to the lawyers was not totally unexpected. Tom Clark, as Attorney General, had some time before advised various Bar Associations to move against "the revolutionary who enters our ranks, takes the solemn oath of our calling and then uses every device in the legal category to further interests of those who would destroy our government by force if necessary." Then, just two weeks after the sentence against the lawyers, by a masterpiece of timing, if not divining, Clark published an article in *Look* magazine calling for the disbarment of lawyers "who act like Communists and carry out Communist missions and offenses against the dignity of our courts."

During the trial the defense lawyers fought courageously to expose

the real issues and the picture began to emerge: the banker jury, the judge who was later to be rewarded by the administration with a promotion to a higher court, and the bought and paid for witnesses who were used by the Government with full knowledge of their corruption and their lies. Such an exposure made difficult the outlawing of an idea and a political party so contrary to traditional American principles. The Government's program for following up the verdict against the Communist leaders required, for its fulfillment, that honest, fighting, effective attorneys be placed in jail, disbarred, starved out and thoroughly cowed.

The government plan for political trials included establishing a pattern which would give all lawyers vigorously handling civil rights cases a dose of the Foley Square treatment. That is why what had never happened before happened three times within less than three months.

A FEW weeks after the completion of the Foley Square trial, Vincent Hallinan, attorney for Harry Bridges and his co-defendants, was summarily sentenced to six months in jail on almost the same grounds as in the case of the Foley Square attorneys. In the Bridges case, however, the sentence instead of being imposed at the end of the trial was imposed at the outset. The plan obviously was to deprive Bridges and his co-defendants of their lawyer, or to cause Hallinan to diminish the zeal and vigor with which he was defending his clients. When the endeavor did not succeed, Hallinan was again sentenced for contempt in payment for his vigor.

Four weeks later, in the course of an argument of a motion before trial in the world famous Trenton Six case, the three lawyers who had reversed the death verdict, and therefore saved the lives of the men, were summarily deprived by Judge Hutchinson of their right to represent the defendants. Here again the lawyers were denied a hearing. Against the three lawyers—William Patterson, O. John Rogge, and Emanuel Bloch—it was charged that they made speeches in public meetings referring to the original Trenton trial as unfair, biased and prejudiced, as a travesty of justice and as a Northern Scottsboro case. Judge Hutchinson, in explaining his summary dismissal of these attorneys, called special attention to the mass campaign waged by the Civil Rights Congress. According to the Judge, "an attorney who cannot control the improprieties of clients is required . . . to terminate

the relationship of attorney and client existing between them."

Expressed by Judge Hutchinson, in removing the three defense lawyers from the Trenton case, is the final logic of attacks on civil rights attorneys. The Judge recognized that the defense of constitutional rights today takes two forms—one is the struggle within the courts in which the main responsibility for explaining and defending the application of the Constitution to the issue rests with the lawyers; the other is the campaign to educate, to organize and mobilize the people, which is the function of people's movements like the Civil Rights Congress. It is interesting to see how, unable to get at the Civil Rights Congress directly, Judge Hutchinson sought to use the lawyers in the Trenton case as hostages in an attempt to force the C.R.C. to abandon its function. In holding the activities of the C.R.C. against its lawyers, the government now has a full arsenal of legal gadgets to aid in the suppression of our freedom. To guilt by association, guilt by reputation and guilt by relationship, there is now added guilt by representation.

There was no necessity for defense lawyers to be cited for contempt in the Foley Square, Bridges and Trenton cases. Had they merely treated their case as a routine criminal matter; had they only suppressed their indignation at interpretations of the law which were specially devised for their clients; were the political character of the case permitted to lie hidden—not a single one of these lawyers would today be facing jail and disbarment.

Judge Medina made it crystal-clear that the substance of the contempt charge against the Foley Square attorneys was not that they were discourteous, or used unseemly language, or challenged his integrity, or forgot courtroom courtesy; but rather that they had engaged in "a deliberate and willful attack upon the administration of justice and attempted to sabotage the federal judicial system." This high-faluting language refers simply to an exposure of the jury system, by which final judgment as to the legality of the Communist Party and the ideas of socialism was vested in a blue-ribbon jury made up in large part by nominations from large corporations, from the Social Register, etc., and from which practically all workers were excluded. The jury system, which the Foley Square lawyers carefully laid bare, shows up the political frame-up of the trial and its class essence. It was for this attack on the jury system that the Foley Square lawyers had to be

pilloried in the public square, so to speak, with a sign across their chest stating what they had done. This was a warning to other lawyers of what is in store for them if they too should expose the workings of a political trial.

IN THE Bridges trial the same thing happened. An example was to be made of Bridges' lawyer because he tore off the camouflage which described this as a simple "criminal" case. The substance of the contempt charges against Hallinan was that in defiance of the judge's orders, he had informed the jury that the persecution of Bridges had happened three times before, with Bridges vindicated each time and finally by the U.S. Supreme Court; and that the employers had conspired with the government ever since 1934 to get Bridges, using discredited and perjured testimony of labor spies and stool pigeons.

When the three lawyers were removed from the Trenton case it had already achieved international recognition comparable to that of the Scottsboro case in the early thirties. It was recognized as a symbol of the treatment of the Negro people in the United States. The issue in the case had become a political issue, not only in the State of New Jersey, but in the United States as a whole and throughout the world. Moreover, the wide-spread credit given "Communist" groups for saving the men's lives emphasized its political character—especially after the Foley Square decision. The action against the attorneys was designed to still the world movement for the defense of the Trenton Six. It had no relation whatsoever to the legal conduct of the three lawyers. In essence, it was a political decision.

Thus, the rash of contempt sentences is not to be explained on the basis that ten previously well-behaved lawyers had all gone berserk within a three-month period. Rather, it was a pattern that grew out of the decision in the most important political case in American history. What happened to these lawyers had no relationship to their decorum, dignity, or courtroom conduct. Any civil rights attorney who had been involved in any of these cases, and had sought to expose its basic political character, would have found himself in contempt by the time the trial ended. Needless to say, attorneys like Isserman, Sacher, Crockett, Gladstein, McCabe, Hallinan, Patterson and Bloch will not run, or quail, or weaken. They are all in the great tradition of fighting courageous civil rights attorneys such as Lord Erskine, Clarence Dar-

row, and Wendell Willkie. Such attorneys deserve a considerable share of the credit for the constitutional rights that have been won. The Constitution not being a self-executing document, the American people always got only what they fought for in constitutional rights. The decisions of the U.S. Supreme Court in historic cases like Scottsboro, Mooney, Schneiderman, Bridges, DeJong, Herndon and many others, representing high-water marks in the struggle for constitutional rights, have come out of the joint struggle of the people and their fighting attorneys.

There is also a great tradition in this country that in times of stress prominent conservative leaders of the bar are prepared to come forward to defend the basic constitutional rights of those with whom they are not in agreement. For example, when in the aftermath of World War I the legislature of New York sought to expel five elected Socialist Assemblymen, leading lawyers like Charles Evans Hughes, Louis Marshall, Joseph M. Proskauer and Ogden L. Mills volunteered to provide their defense. Similarly, Wendell Willkie came forward to defend William Schneiderman before the Supreme Court. Of the same character is the defense of John Gates (on his rehearing petition before the Supreme Court) by John R. Green of St. Louis, attorney for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and associate of Senator Thomes C. Hennings, Jr. of Missouri.

THE attack on lawyers by means of contempt has special significance to the labor movement. It is no coincidence that every one of the five Foley Square lawyers is a labor lawyer of high standing and long training. The best fighters for constitutional rights among lawyers are most often the so-called labor lawyers. This is natural, for the partnership between big business and the government which results in the control, use and abuse of the courts for big business purposes, is an everyday experience for a labor lawyer anywhere. The fight against big-business control of juries and judges, the struggle for the ascendency of human rights over property rights, the absolute necessity of winning freedom of speech, press and assembly by unions to even exist, educates a labor lawyer for such a political trial as Foley Square.

The labor lawyer who does not stand up and fight for his union client against such one-sided, autocratic and threatening conduct as, for example, Judge Medina provided, would be of no use to his trade

union clients, whose everyday legal problems are in the hands of judges who are carried around in their hip pocket by the large corporations. What better example could there be of the stake of labor in this contempt business than the charges against Vincent Hallinan? For if Bridges' lawyer is not permitted to prove the long history of "get Bridges" schemes by large employers and government, and the role of employer-government sponsored labor spies and stool pigeons, then he might just as well go back to his office and play a game of cards, for all the good he can do his client.

Labor has a primary interest in the vast contempt powers which judges possess, for these were originally developed in order to destroy unions, and on occasion have not missed success by much of a margin. The contempt weapon originally grew out of the use of the notorious labor injunction. The injunction contempt is blood-brother to the lawyer contempt. Based upon an arbitrary order by a labor-hating judge, the injunction contempt results in imprisonment for labor leaders and fines against unions, usually without any chance to be heard or produce witnesses—which is what happened to the lawyers in the Foley Square, Bridges and Trenton cases.

The trade-union "friend of the court" brief filed on behalf of the Foley Square lawyers concludes as follows: "If lawyers come to believe that the vigorous performance of their duties on behalf of those against whom hysteria is employed may lead to personal reprisals summarily imposed, trade unions will find it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to obtain adequate and proper legal representation." This forecast quite accurately reflects the present difficulty of obtaining lawyers to defend the Communist Party or defendants charged with being Communists.

THE greatest difficulty in securing counsel has been for the defense against legal lynchings in the South, and especially in the deep South. Experiences in the McGee case are quite typical and revealing. During the six years through which the Civil Rights Congress carried on the defense of Willie McGee, most of the time in Mississippi courts, it was necessary to employ Mississippi attorneys. Through this whole period obtaining legal counsel was a constant struggle, charac-

terized by frequent change of attorneys, fear by local attorneys of physical violence to themselves, and exorbitant demands for fees from the C.R.C.

Finally, the Civil Rights Congress arranged to bring into the McGee case a young white attorney named John Poole, who at the outset certainly had no idea of the kind of baptismal fire he was in for. The trial of Willie McGee in which he participated had such a lynch atmosphere, inside as well outside the court, that he slipped out of the courtroom by a back door without making the final jury argument. Telephone threats were made to his home and to his office, and clients began to drop away. At the height of the campaign which resulted in a Supreme Court stay in July, 1950, he was twice assaulted—once on the steps of the courtroom, and once at the airport while en route to Washington, D. C., to argue for the life of Willie McGee.

One day Poole received a legal notice informing him he was facing disbarment on the petition of a number of former and present prosecuting attorneys who had been, or still were, involved in the McGee case. The charges were two-fold—first, that he had helped prepare and file the papers on behalf of McGee which charged that the prosecutrix, Mrs. Troy Hawkins, testified falsely at the trial with the knowledge of state officials; secondly, that he had been retained by the Civil Rights Congress to represent McGee.

The program of disbarment and intimidation of lawyers has as its aim the denial of legal representation to political, labor and Negro victims. If something is to be done about it, and it must be, then the order of things must be reversed. The political, labor and Negro rights movement must come to the defense of the lawyers. Gratitude for many years of struggle for enhanced constitutional protection would be sufficient reason for coming to the defense of lawyers charged with contempt. But the most fundamental reason is self interest. The defense against the thought-control Smith and McCarran Acts, the fight to protect the most militant sections of the labor movement, and the battle for the lives of the Negro people in a war against a genocidal program—all these will be immeasurably weakened without the assistance of tested and seasoned lawyer-veterans of the civil rights struggle.

Mission to Athens

A One-Act Play by ALAN MAX

(*The ante-room of the apartment of Aleutheria Patrinos in Athens. The ante-room has been converted into a kind of office with a desk, small table, chairs, etc. On the wall are pictures of actors, actresses and scenes from plays. A window in the rear wall. Right, a door leading into the apartment proper. Left, a door leading to a hallway and, beyond, the street. It is late afternoon. As the curtain rises Aleutheria Patrinos, a dignified woman of about forty-five, a shawl around her shoulders, is at the street door, saying goodby to some people who have just left. Her assistant, Kosmas Dimitrios, sits exhausted.*)

ALEUTHERIA: Goodby, all, goodby. I'm really annoyed that you won't stay but I love you anyway. Remember, rehearsal tomorrow at ten. And let's all know our lines. (*There are goodbys from the hallway and Aleutheria closes the door. Wearily sinks into a chair.*) Well, Kosmas, will it be a success?

KOSMAS: I'm not worried about the play. This Kirk Farrell can write.

ALEUTHERIA: What *does* worry you?

KOSMAS: When the censors see our third act, they'll want to drop the remains of the Acropolis down on us.

ALEUTHERIA: That's why I'm so annoyed with the cast. The minute the rehearsal ends, out they go. If we expect Mr. Finchley to help us with the censors, the least we can do is show him some courtesy. He expects all the members of the theatre to be here to greet him.

NOTE: Permission to produce this play can be obtained by writing to the author in care of *Masses & Mainstream.*

KOSMAS: They told you they didn't like the idea of seeking help from the American. But you had already written to him, Aleutheria, so there was nothing for them to do but arrange to be elsewhere.

ALEUTHERIA: But this terrible censorship—we need all the help we can get.

KOSMAS: Remember—Mr. Finchley represents the State Department.

ALEUTHERIA: But he's not a politician, Kosmas. Mr. Finchley is a playwright—he's of the theatre, just like us. I'm sure he'll want to help.

KOSMAS: Your own heart is so big, Aleutheria, you can't imagine that there may be smaller sizes.

ALEUTHERIA: Sometimes I think you and your friends are too suspicious. It seems to me we have everything to gain from appealing to Mr. Finchley.

KOSMAS: Well, we'll know soon enough.

ALEUTHERIA: Kosmas, I'm going to lie down for a few minutes. Call me as soon as Mr. Finchley arrives.

KOSMAS: I will. But do try to get some rest. (*Aleutheria goes into the apartment. Kosmas gets up, goes to a table. He picks up a play script, takes it to the desk, sits down, reads the script and makes notes. Then the doorbell rings. Kosmas goes to the door and opens it.*)

KOSMAS: (*Coldly*) Come in please. (*Enter Kenneth Finchley and Julia Finchley. Finchley is well-dressed—the confident "prosperous" playwright—brisk of manner. He carries a package wrapped in green paper. Julia is attractive and graceful, but at the moment quite tense. She wears a light coat and a hat trimmed with a veil.*) Mr. Finchley?

KENNETH: Yes.

KOSMAS: I am Kosmas Dimitrios, Madame Patrinos' assistant.

KENNETH: Mr. Dimitrios, this is Mrs. Finchley.

JULIA: How do you do, Mr. Dimitrios. (*Kosmas bows.*)

KOSMAS: Please sit down, Mrs. Finchley. (*Julia sits on the edge of a chair.*) Madame Patrinos is resting. It is quite a strain to direct and act too. As a playwright, Mr. Finchley, you know what the theatre is.

KENNETH (*putting the package on the table*): Indeed I do know.

KOSMAS: Did you have much difficulty finding our place?

KENNETH: Yes, quite a time. Finally I got the directions at the police station a couple of blocks from here.

KOSMAS (*stares at him*): Ah, yes. The police station. (*Starts for the apartment door.*) I'll tell Madame Patrinos you are here. (*Kosmas goes into the apartment.*)

KENNETH: Interesting that even in Athens they know me as a playwright.

JULIA: Too bad that Europe only knows your successes, Kenneth, and not your "Kirk Farrell" plays. I've never forgotten *them.*

KENNETH: Oh come, Julia. You know I've developed enormously since the days when I used to sweat those things out—nervously sign them "Kirk Farrell"—mail them off to the producers and start biting my fingernails.

JULIA (*ironically*): And now a "Kenneth Finchley" play is sold out for the first eight weeks before it's written.

KENNETH: Well, there's no biting of fingernails now. You know, Julia, there's something symbolic about our trip here. The glory that was Athens—the stage of Euripides and Sophocles. Today the world looks to Broadway and Hollywood.

JULIA: Are we really so wonderful, Kenneth?

KENNETH (*angrily*): All I said was the world looks to America. It's a fact. Must you always be tearing us down?

JULIA (*disturbed, gets up*): Kenneth—my head bothers me. I need some air. I'll wait outside.

KENNETH: You must meet Aleutheria Patrinos, dear. She'll be offended if you don't stay.

JULIA: I don't want to offend her, God knows. But I don't think she wants to see me—or you either.

KENNETH: What are you talking about, Julia? She simply begged me to come—said she was sure I could be of great service.

JULIA: I know, I know. But I think many people would be happier if we took the next plane back to New York. And so would I! My God, Kenneth, why did the State Department have to send you on this mission?

KENNETH: You know why, Julia. I come here as a representative of the stage of freedom. I'm a cultural ambassador.

JULIA: And I'm the cultural ambassador's retinue.

KENNETH: Julia, dear, how stupid of me! No wonder you aren't enjoying yourself. You are an actress—at home, a star—and here am I stealing all the curtain calls.

JULIA: Really, Kenneth, do you think that's what bothers me—that people don't look at me enough? It's what I see in people's eyes when they *do* look at me. What it is, I don't know. But it upsets me and makes me want to go back home.

KENNETH: Nonsense, Julia! There's nothing in people's eyes. Nothing strange, I mean. I do believe you're getting neurotic.

JULIA (*sarcastically*): Thank you. That explains everything, of course.

KENNETH: People couldn't have been nicer to us. They've wined us and dined us—real Old World hospitality.

JULIA: I'm not talking about government officials. I'm talking about people. People have eyes. Government officials only have pockets.

KENNETH: If there's anything in people's eyes, it must be envy—plain envy.

JULIA: It doesn't look like envy to me.

KENNETH: We must be tolerant, Julia. Here are we—the great-great-grandchildren of the Old World—and now we come back to that Old World to protect them from fear, to defend their liberties, to save them from barbarism. Unfortunately, where we should expect gratitude, we often find the opposite. That's human nature. (*Aleutheria opens her door and stands in the doorway. Kenneth and Julia do not see her.*) But even if they *are* envious, we can still enjoy ourselves, can't we?

JULIA: You talk of enjoying ourselves, Kenneth, in a city like this! Well, I can't enjoy myself when people suffer so. A city of arrests, prisons, executions—

ALEUTHERIA: Mr. Finchley?

KENNETH: Ah, Madame Patrinos! It's an honor to meet you. My wife, Julia.

ALEUTHERIA: How do you do, Mrs. Finchley. I'm so glad you came too.

JULIA: How do you do, Madame Patrinos. I've read a great deal about you and your work—especially your Lady Macbeth.

ALEUTHERIA: You are very kind. And I've heard many fine things about *you.*

JULIA: Thank you. I do hope you aren't just being polite.

KENNETH (*picks up the package*): A little gift, Madame Patrinos,

for you and the members of your company. American chocolates and apples. A token of trans-Atlantic good will. (*Opens the strings.*) It would be an honor to present it personally to your colleagues.

ALEUTHERIA (*embarrassed*): Yes—yes—of course. I'm so sorry—if only you'd come a few minutes earlier. You see, they've all gone

KENNETH: But they were expecting me, weren't they? I don't understand—

ALEUTHERIA (*lamely*): Really—I'm so sorry. The rehearsal ended and—

JULIA: You can be frank, Madame Patrinos—they weren't too anxious to meet us.

KENNETH: Julia! Really—(*He puts package back on the table.*)

ALEUTHERIA: Now, my dear Mrs. Finchley, does it really matter? They—

JULIA: Would you excuse me, Madame Patrinos? I have a bad headache. I do need some air. I'll wait outside for you, Kenneth.

KENNETH: But Julia—

JULIA: Madame Patrinos will forgive me, I'm sure. It was good to meet you, Madame Patrinos.

ALEUTHERIA: Perhaps you will come to the opening of our play—if you are still in Athens.

JULIA: By all means—if we are still in Athens. (*She goes out.*)

ALEUTHERIA: Your wife is very charming. I'm sorry I upset her.

KENNETH: Julia has a slight case of nerves. So much traveling. . .

ALEUTHERIA: Shall we make ourselves more comfortable? (*They sit.*)

KENNETH: Now, how can I help you? After all, that is why I am in Europe—to give courage and hope to the fighters for freedom in the cultural world.

ALEUTHERIA: It is about our new play. The authorities give us great trouble.

KENNETH: Yes, at times they make it difficult for us—for the real friends of Greece who inform our people at home that Greece is a bastion of democracy.

ALEUTHEREA: Our new play is about justice—

KENNETH: Excellent. Madame, you must not flinch—

ALEUTHERIA: We do not intend to—

KENNETH: You must be resolute.

ALEUTHERIA: We are, I assure you.

KENNETH: You must not retreat.

ALEUTHERIA: We are not retreating and we shall not. But any assistance we can get—

KENNETH: Certainly. Euripides too had to fight to produce his plays two thousand years ago. And today you must carry on in his tradition. I know you find it embarrassing to have to come to an American for help. But, really, there is no need for any embarrassment.

ALEUTHERIA: I am not embarrassed—really.

KENNETH: And don't feel that I expect any display of gratitude. It is my duty. We Americans bear a heavy responsibility today—a world responsibility. We assume our burden with courageous hearts and, I sincerely hope, with deep humility.

ALEUTHERIA: Then you *will* help us?

KENNETH: Of course. How can we hope to pierce the Iron Curtain with the message of fearlessness, unless we in the Western World are able to hold our heads high and walk like men. Now tell me what is the play about—

ALEUTHERIA: It is a play about the struggle of men and women against injustice—

KENNETH: An appropriate subject in these days when we free men fight against tyranny—

ALEUTHERIA: Of men who go to their death, shoulders thrown back, on their lips a challenge to their murderers—

KENNETH: Great dramatic possibilities—and you really think you will have trouble with the authorities?

ALEUTHERIA: It is always wise to be prepared.

KENNETH: I should think the authorities would welcome such a play. And I shall tell them so in no uncertain terms.

ALEUTHERIA: I am greatly encouraged, Mr. Finchley. Although I never doubted that you—as a literary man yourself—

KENNETH: In fact, the authorities should honor you for producing this play. Especially if it minces no words—

ALEUTHERIA: Oh, it doesn't—not a bit.

KENNETH: If it names names—

ALEUTHERIA: That it does—very specifically.

KENNETH: And tells exactly which country behind the Iron Curtain forms the locale for the action.

ALEUTHERIA: Excuse me—did you say the Iron Curtain?—

KENNETH: You must put it down in black on white—Russia or Hungary or Czechoslovakia—

ALEUTHERIA: But, Mr. Finchley, it is Massachusetts.

KENNETH: Massachusetts! How *can* it be Massachusetts?

ALEUTHERIA: That is where the terrible injustice takes place. And what heroic words as the victim faces his tormentors: "I might have died, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Our words—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph!"

KENNETH: That's Vanzetti! Sacco and Vanzetti!

ALEUTHERIA: You have had great heroes in America.

KENNETH: Madame Patrinos, is that by any chance the play by—by Kirk Farrell?

ALEUTHERIA: Yes. You know it, of course. Isn't it beautifully written—but then how could one go wrong with such men to write about?

KENNETH: Madame, I know the play well. (*Rises and paces a few steps.*) Frankly, the play does not appeal to me.

ALEUTHERIA: It is true that the dramatic structure is somewhat weak in the second act, but the theme is so powerful—

KENNETH: I was not referring to the dramatic structure, which, in my opinion, leaves nothing to be desired. I am talking about the play as a whole. It is not a true play.

ALEUTHERIA: Not true? But it all happened in life.

KENNETH: Madame, the play gives a false picture of America—as if these things happen every day.

ALEUTHERIA: But, Mr. Finchley, wasn't once enough?

KENNETH: In these trying times—a distorted picture of America—you could be doing a great disservice to the cause of freedom.

ALEUTHERIA: Can the truth be a disservice?

KENNETH: I am afraid I cannot intervene with the authorities or

your behalf.

ALEUTHERIA: But you promised to help—

KENNETH: Madame, I regret I did not know the facts.

ALEUTHERIA: Your decision means much to us, Mr. Finchley. Won't you reconsider?

KENNETH: No, it is impossible—quite impossible.

ALEUTHERIA: Indeed, I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Finchley. (*Rises.*) Then we shall have to go ahead without your help—and face the consequences.

KENNETH: Madame Patrinos, you must not do this play.

ALEUTHERIA: But you said no retreat.

KENNETH: I am telling you now, you must abandon it.

ALEUTHERIA: Mr. Finchley, you can refuse to help us. But you cannot tell us to surrender.

KENNETH: It is not a question of surrender. I am saying you cannot produce this play.

ALEUTHERIA: Really, Mr. Finchley, we are not your slaves. Do not give us orders.

KENNETH: When it comes to *this* play, I will give orders. Madame, it is *my* play.

ALEUTHERIA: Yours! Impossible! It's by a Kirk Farrell.

KENNETH: Kirk Farrell—Kenneth Finchley. It's all the same. I wrote it many years ago when I was hot-headed and immature. When I was too young to realize that an injustice can be like a blemish on an apple. (*Takes an apple from the package and holds it up.*) Apart from the little blemish, the rest of the apple may be juicy and sweet. (*Puts the apple back in the package.*) Madame, I cannot grant you permission to produce my play.

ALEUTHERIA: It happens, Mr. Finchley, that we sent the production fee to the agent in Paris and have full permission.

KENNETH: Then I'll return the money right now. (*Takes out his wallet.*) How much is it?

ALEUTHERIA: No, Mr. Finchley. You may have disowned the child of your hot-headed youth. But we have given it shelter and shall not hand it back to an unloving father. No, not even for American dollars!

KENNETH: Then, Madame, let me appeal to you as one person
the theatre to another. You are a brave woman. But if you are rec
less with your own future, have a thought for mine. Madame, do n
do this terrible thing to me, I beg you.

ALEUTHERIA: I don't follow you, Mr. Finchley. What terrible thi
can I possibly do to you?

KENNETH: Think, Madame, think. If you produce this play, t
authorities are sure to close it down. There will be an internatio
scandal and I shall be ruined.

ALEUTHERIA: Ruined? You? But that's impossible. You are a re
resentative of the State Department.

KENNETH: That's just it! There will be Congressional investig
tions. I shall be ostracized. My career—! Oh, Madame, you don't kn
how things are at home.

ALEUTHERIA (*quietly*): No, Mr. Finchley, I don't think I do. T
me—just how *are* things at home.

KENNETH: Madame Patrinos, you must help me! Please!

ALEUTHERIA: Very well, Mr. Finchley, I *shall* help you.

KENNETH: Oh, thank you. I knew you were a woman of co
passion.

ALEUTHERIA: I shall help you make a man of yourself.

KENNETH: I don't want to make a man of myself—I mean, I ju
want you to give up the play. You can get far better plays, I assu
you.

ALEUTHERIA: You are modest about the wrong things, Mr. Finc
ley. No, you yourself said, we must learn to be fearless. We mu
learn to walk like men—but, first of all, Mr. Finchley, in our ov
country.

KENNETH: If the authorities close your theatre, what have you a
complished? What service can you be then to your people?

ALEUTHERIA: If they close the theatre, Mr. Finchley, we shall produ
your play in the mountains. Your words shall ring out from t
mountain-tops and your cry for justice shall echo through the valle

KENNETH (*trying to control his fury*): I believe you would! (*T*
doorbell rings. Aleutheria goes to the door and opens it. Julia comes in

JULIA: Kenneth, I was wondering what was delaying you.

KENNETH (*looks at his watch*): Madame Patrinos, would you mi

if Mrs. Finchley waited here a few minutes for me? I'll be right back, Julia. I have another appointment with some one in the neighborhood.

ALEUTHERIA: It would be a pleasure to have her.

JULIA: An appointment with someone in the neighborhood?

KENNETH: Only a few minutes, Julia. (*Kenneth goes out.*)

ALEUTHERIA: Sit down, my dear. (*Julia sits.*) I'm afraid I have disturbed your husband.

JULIA: What's happened? I've never seen him look that way.

ALEUTHERIA: I had no idea that *Sacco and Vanzetti* was Mr. Finchley's play—

JULIA: Yes—Kirk Farrell.

ALEUTHERIA: That's the play we are putting on. But your husband is afraid of it. It's the strangest thing I have ever heard.

JULIA: Oh, don't worry. He'll get over it. As a matter of fact, it might do him good.

ALEUTHERIA: But he has forbidden us to put it on. Absolutely forbidden us.

JULIA: Why, that's outrageous. You've put in so much work on it.

ALEUTHERIA: Oh, the work isn't wasted. We're going ahead with it.

JULIA: You told him that?

ALEUTHERIA: Yes. I said his play must be produced.

JULIA: After he had forbidden it?

ALEUTHERIA: Yes.

JULIA: And suddenly he discovered he had an appointment with someone in the neighborhood. (*Alarmed.*) The police station! (*Gets up.*) Madame Patrinos, I think you are in danger.

ALEUTHERIA: In Athens we are always in danger.

JULIA: I mean—oh, I am ashamed to say it—I think my husband went for the police.

ALEUTHERIA: The police? Oh, no, my dear. Your husband may be weak, but I can't believe he would do that.

JULIA: I think I've always had a feeling—I would never actually admit it to myself—that he would let nothing interfere with his career.

ALEUTHERIA: But he is a writer—an artist. I can't believe it.

JULIA: I hope you are right, Madame Patrinos. I hope so with all my heart.

(*A police whistle blows three times in the distance. Julia covers her face with her hands.*)

ALEUTHERIA: (*Puts her arm around her shoulders*): You poor woman! (*Kosmas runs in from the apartment.*)

KOSMAS: What were those police whistles? (*Goes toward street door.*)

ALEUTHERIA: They're coming here. You were right, Kosmas. I should never have trusted Mr. Finchley.

KOSMAS (*to Aleutheria*): You must get away.

JULIA: Here, take my hat and coat. (*Takes them off.*) They'll take you for an American and let you by.

ALEUTHERIA (*About to take the clothes—then stops*): This might make trouble for you, Mrs. Finchley.

JULIA: It doesn't matter, really.

KOSMAS: Take them, Aleutheria. (*Aleutheria throws her shawl onto a chair and takes the hat and coat. Julia helps her put them on.*)

KOSMAS (*To Julia*): If you could keep the police here a few minutes—

JULIA: Yes, yes. (*Takes up the package from table and offers it to Aleutheria.*) And take this too— it may come in handy. (*As Aleutheria hesitates, Julia thrusts the package into her arms.*) Please take it.

ALEUTHERIA: Thank you, Mrs. Finchley.

KOSMAS: Hurry, hurry, Aleutheria—the back way.

ALEUTHERIA: And please, never regret what you are doing for me. (*Kosmas leads her by the arm through the apartment doorway. Julia runs to the doorway and watches them go. Then she closes the door and walks back slowly. She sees the shawl. Picks it up and puts it over her head and sits down, her back to the street door. Kenneth and a policeman push the door open violently and rush in.*)

KENNETH (*Pointing out Julia to the policeman*): That's the woman! (*Looks around.*) Where is my wife?

JULIA (*With the controlled voice of an actress, imitates the tones of Aleutheria. Her back is toward them*): Mrs. Finchley has gone out —but she will be right back.

KENNETH (*To policeman*): Take her away—quick.

JULIA: Why have you called the police, Mr. Finchley?

KENNETH: You know why.

JULIA: Are you now the dictator of Greece, Mr. Finchley?

KENNETH: I must protect my wife—

JULIA: And what has your—your wife to do with it, Mr. Finchley?

KENNETH: Her advancement in the theatre depends on my reputation.

JULIA (*Rises*): Really, Mr. Finchley? Is it possible that your wife's performance years ago in *Sacco and Vanzetti* helped make *your* reputation?

KENNETH: Nonsense! (*Suddenly.*) How could *you* know—(*Strides over to Julia and snatches the shawl from her head. She wheels around.*) Julia! Are you crazy? Where is Madame Patrinos?

JULIA (*Still imitating Aleutheria's voice*): I do not understand you, Mr. Finchley. I am Madame Patrinos.

KENNETH (*to the officer*): Don't stand there, fool. The woman has escaped. Run after her.

POLICEMAN: But she says she is Madame Patrinos. Come along, Madame.

KENNETH: You're losing time. She'll get away. Now, run—

POLICEMAN: But you told me to arrest Madame Patrinos.

KENNETH: She'll get away to the mountains. You can identify her by—(*Looks around. Notices that the package has gone.*) The package is gone! She's carrying a green package.

JULIA: You mean the gift of transatlantic good will, Mr. Finchley?

KENNETH (*To policeman*): Now, go after her, damn you, go after her! (*Policeman looks bewildered. Takes a step toward the door.*)

JULIA: But Mr. Finchley, first you call the police and now you try to protect me. (*The policeman comes back.*) If I have done something wrong, this officer should take me to the police-station. I am not afraid. You have taught me how to be brave, Mr. Ambassador of Culture.

POLICEMAN: If you're Madame Patrinos, then come along. You are under arrest. This gentleman says you are producing a Communist play.

KENNETH: Stop! This woman is my wife. She is an American!

POLICEMAN (*to Julia*): You are his wife?

JULIA: Certainly not, officer. I can't imagine why he says such things. This is not the man I married. Not at all.

KENNETH: Julia!

JULIA: Let us go, officer. And let us walk slowly. There is no hurry

KENNETH (*To policeman*): The facts will all come out at the police-station, you fool! And you'll be disciplined.

JULIA: Maybe you could even have him shot, Mr. Ambassador of Culture.

KENNETH: Julia, how can you do this to me?

JULIA: You'll never understand, Mr. Finchley. But I know now what the look in their eyes meant. It was not envy, Mr. Finchley. It was contempt. No good person will ever have reason to look at *me* that way. (*Policeman takes her by the arm and leads her toward the door. Kenneth stands watching them a moment.*)

KENNETH (*Calling*): Julia! Julia! In times like these—how can you think only of yourself? (*He runs after them.*)

CURTAIN

THE MASSES Tradition

by MICHAEL GOLD

Founded in 1911, THE MASSES *began a magazine tradition which is proudly inherited and continued by* MASSES & MAINSTREAM. *On this fortieth anniversary we have asked Michael Gold to tell our readers about the earlier days of the magazine. A second article written by Joseph North will deal with our tradition from the beginning of the weekly* NEW MASSES *in 1934.*

THE MASSES celebrates its fortieth birthday this year. It has won its place in history as a leader in the struggle for a people's culture in America and the rallying place for every American writer, artist and intellectual who ever hated this capitalist death and degradation in which we live.

My own life has been connected with *The Masses* for thirty-five years, first as reader, then as writer and editor. It was during the unemployment crisis of 1914 that I first saw it, a year when New York was the theatre of a great social drama. The newspapers were filled with headlines about "anarchist" agitators leading the unemployed in protest. There were hunger marches, raids on restaurants and food stores and a series of spectacular invasions of fashionable churches by groups of the angry unemployed. I was a young worker out of a job, with a sick, unfortunate father and two little brothers at home. It was inevitable I should know and feel that struggle for bread going on at the foot of the skyscrapers.

The first meeting I attended was a demonstration in Union Square. Some 50,000 of us were there, hemmed in by regiments of armed police. I bought a copy of *The Masses* from one of the numerous "agitators" who sold it at all unemployed meetings. Then I listened to the speakers blaspheming the Golden Calf. They were ripping off the

hypocrite rags from the festering system; they were blaming capitalism not its victims, for the crisis.

So, suddenly, the police charged us, on foot and on horse, like a army of licensed lunatics. I saw a little gray-headed woman clubbed t the ground. She reminded me of my mother. I had no politics ther except hunger, so if I leaped to help her, it was just a simple huma gesture. But the cop turned on me, and knocked me down. I remembe his horrible whack at my spine as well as I do his twisted mouth of killer.

That's how I got one of my first lessons in applied capitalism. *Th Masses* continued the education, gave it intellectual form and signifi cance, for I was soon its passionate reader. The first piece of publi writing I ever attempted, a poem on the unemployed, was printed i *The Masses.* Until then I had been a work-slave and public librar reader who loved Victor Hugo, Mark Twain, Robert Burns, Charle Dickens, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Leo Tolstoy and other classics, bu who also devoured the romantic junk found in the public libraries— everything and anything. But the writers and artists of *The Masses* coming at this impressionable moment of the crisis, affected me a nothing before. Oh, that holy hour when a worker first learns tha poverty is not divinely ordained, that his chains are man-made an can be removed by man's effort!

AFTER thirty-five years, I can freshly remember many pages of *Th Masses,* its poems, drawings, stories and ideas, each of them a revelation of the new socialist universe I was entering. The magazin became my guide and teacher, as it was to a whole generation o youth. It's hard today to depict its unique place in the intellectual lif of that time. There was no precedent in America for its fascinating melange of wit, learning, bold new crusading art and literature, sex enlightenment, reportage, socialism.

The magazine appeared monthly, sold for ten cents, was in three colors and of a large, free and generous format. *The Masses* played an important part in the art renaissance then commencing. An effete sentimental academicism had dominated the illustrated journals, mu seums and art schools. But under the inspiration of Daumier and Delacroix and the artists of *L'Assiette au Beurre,* Forain, Steinlen, and others, these new American artists of *The Masses* struck out for real

ism, sincerity and humanity in the spirit of Walt Whitman. Who will ever forget the vast, dramatic blacks and whites in the cartoons of the great Robert Minor and Fred Ellis and Maurice Becker? The homely wit and socialist humanism of immortal Art Young, Boardman Robinson in all his graceful force and intelligence, precocious genius Bill Gropper's sparkling malice and satire, and the rich, earthy American realism in the drawings of George Bellows, Robert Henri, John Sloan, Glenn Coleman and H. J. Glintenkamp, among others—all are unforgettable.

The art of *The Masses* was as bitterly assailed by the authorities as its politics; it was a great heresy then not to paint and draw only pretty dream-pictures of American life—the truth in *Masses* art was called ugly, decadent, Bolshevik, crude and un-American. Let me admit that my own eye, raised on the pretty-pretty, was also astounded at first, but later recognized the human beauty that lay at the heart of *The Masses* school.

Art Young, that wonderful, unshakable pillar of American humor and socialism, that Mark Twain of drawing, was one of the founders of *The Masses.* In his memoirs, Art says that Piet Vlag was the original founder. Piet was a young Dutch Socialist "with black penetrating eyes and an irresistible smile," who managed the restaurant in the basement of the Rand School, then the center of socialist education in New York.

Piet's main interest lay in the co-operative movement; and he was a Yankee promoter by adoption. He had to find a backer for his magazine to spread the co-operative idea and he found one in the respectable Rufus W. Weeks, vice-president of the New York Life Insurance Company. He then rounded up writers and artists and Thomas Seltzer, later a New York publisher, suggested the name, *Masses,* and was its first editor. The first issue of 1911 included articles on the co-operative movement by W. J. Ghent and Eugene Wood, a cartoon by Cesare of the New York *World,* an article on the cost of living by Gustavus Myers, and some cartoons by Art Young, then nationally known for his work on *Life, Puck* and the Hearst papers.

PROMOTER Piet Vlag thought he could make the magazine self-supporting in six months. He was wrong; no radical magazine that honestly sticks to principle can get enough ads from the world of dishonest capitalism to show a profit. Only its readers can save such a

magazine. Piet tried many promotional schemes. They must have been clever: Art Young told me that Piet once offered a blue serge suit as premium with every two dollar subscription. (Where he got the suits Art couldn't recall.) But the magazine had to suspend after Mr. Weeks retreated to life insurance. A group of writers and artists met in emergency session (I have sat in on many of them since), Art Young, John and Dolly Sloan, Maurice Becker, Louis Untermeyer and Glenn Coleman being among those present.

"We were unanimous that the magazine must go on," Art writes in his memoirs. "Somehow we would find the money. But who would be editor? There were no candidates among us. I nominated Max Eastman, who had lately been ousted from a Columbia professorship for his outspoken opinions on the social conflict."

Eastman was a romantic figure in the Socialist-literary movement of the time. He was always talking about the duty of being scientific, "a social engineer." Looking backward, one wonders how such a figure could have turned into the zombie now associate editor on the fascistic *Reader's Digest.* I suppose such deaths are inevitable on this great battlefield of the world transition from capitalism. Buckle, in his *History of Civilization in England,* describes a similar dehumanization of British intellectuals who no longer could understand the French Revolution. He cites Edmund Burke as an example. Burke was a magnificent liberal in youth who later became a blood-thirsty old man rising daily in Parliament to demand a war against France. Burke even opposed the Tories of his own party who wanted to form an alliance with the royalists of France. "No," thundered the insane old pre-Trotskyite, "they must all be destroyed! I prefer a long war to a short one, so that the destruction of all France is assured." Buckle gives us statistics to show there was a noticeable increase of insanity among upper-class intellectuals during every great epoch of popular revolt.

Reflecting America's coming-of-age as a world imperialist power, her intellectuals in the period before the first world war were in revolt against the small-town, isolationist, rural America of their fathers. There was Mencken and the fight against puritanism and prohibition; there were the artists and their revolt against commercial respectability; the writers and their yearning to merge with the people.

The Masses, naturally, was part of its time, and joined in all these crusades. Eastman evolved a peculiar mish-mash of the Plato he had

"MID PLEASURES AND PALACES—" *by Glenn O. Coleman*
(*Reprinted from* The Masses, *June, 1914*)

taught at Columbia, the Nietzsche who satisfied his egomania, and the Marx he now interpreted so arrogantly.

Eastman had, for a professed Marxist, the most peculiar esthetic theory, preaching in his essays and books that art was above the social battle. Poetry was life, being, enjoyment, but politics was action, becoming, practicality and not-life. Never the twain could meet. A man could be like Eastman, a languorous, self-stroking, self-centered poet, and at the same time, with the other half of his mind, a great "social engineer."

I had not the experience to detect the fraud, yet reacted against it in practice, as did others. Before 1920 I had written in *The Masses* an essay defending the rights of a proletarian to see "life" in his own way, to write out of his own experiences and feelings, not out of the traditional bourgeois literature. Floyd Dell, literary editor of the magazine, had been a farm boy and factory worker in Iowa, and he often affirmed that the proletarian world was different from Harvard, and must inevitably create its own new expression.

But *The Masses* artists and writers were better in their practice than in their theory. The magazine participated in every social struggle, fought for the rights of union labor, for the Negro and for woman's rights. It fought against the first world war, stripping off the masks used by the profiteering trusts.

THE MASSES editors, including Art Young, were put on trial for conspiracy under an espionage law that had been passed for use against German spies. Few foreign spies, but many native American workers and intellectuals were prosecuted by the administration of the former liberal, Woodrow Wilson. *The New Republic* liberals, in a famous manifesto written by Walter Lippmann, had bragged that it was they, the intellectuals, who had "willed the war." Washington was full of liberal beavers and triumphant bureaucrats, former Socialists who preached that this was a "war to make the world safe for democracy." After the peace treaty, when the American trusts at last permitted the liberals to know what the shooting was about, there appeared the "lost generation" of disillusioned liberals and writers. They went to Paris, wept into their aperitifs and pitied themselves mightily. Nothing good came out of their war or their alcoholic disillusionment. The exiles produced Ernest Hemingway, a life-long tourist and exile

whose books have no roots in the native soil. What else did they do?

Hemingway contributed some of his earliest writing to *The Masses.* So did Sherwood Anderson, Eugene O'Neill, Edna Millay and about every prominent writer of the epoch. It was their best day, the high-tide of their generous youth, when they loved life and were close to the streets, farms and people of their country.

Carl Sandburg began his career, not in some precious little valentine of the esthetes, but in the I.W.W. monthly edited by Bill Haywood, where I remember one of his first crude poems. Then he began to write regularly for *The Masses.* One issue was even censored by the post office because of Sandburg's savage poem against that loud-mouthed phony, Billy Sunday.

The Masses editors went through two "espionage" trials, and both times were favored with hung juries. I covered the second trial for the Socialist daily, *The Call,* and tried to do my work truthfully and faithfully. Max Eastman complained to my editor about some passages in his testimony I had reported. The fact is, he wriggled and maneuvered in ways hard to follow. Looking back, I can now see that Eastman was anticipating almost every position taken years later by Earl Browder, his general line that American imperialism could play a progressive role.

John Reed had been in Russia, reporting the great workers' revolution. He returned to join the other defendants at the second trial, where he made a straight working-class defense in sharp contrast to Eastman's ambiguities. I went to meet him at the pier with Louise Bryant, Jack's beautiful poet-wife. We returned with him to the Brevoort Hotel, to meet Dudley Field Malone, who was to serve as Jack's attorney at the trial.

A Greenwich Villager, a red-haired, moon-pale, young actress, greeted Jack from a table where she was having a solitary drink.

"Hello, Jack," she called, languidly.

"Hello."

"I don't think I've seen you lately, Jack." (He had been gone for more than a year.) "What've you been doing?"

"I've been to Russia."

"Why Russia?"

"There's a revolution there."

"A revolution? I see. Was it interesting, Jack?"

His face flushed but he contained himself, and said, "Yes, very interesting." Many Villagers were as remote as this one from the real world. John Reed had once been like that, too, in the days when he was writing symbolist and Arthurian poetry at Harvard.

Out in the world, Jack Reed soon became America's top reporter, a legendary figure in journalism like Richard Harding Davis. Jack covered the Mexican Revolution for a big national magazine, the *Metropolitan*. His tales of Pancho Villa and of battles in the desert were epic and deeply human.

This romanticist, however, understood the political issues, the social values for which the Mexican peasants and workers were fighting and dying. Jack was on their side. He loved the Mexican people, deeply and personally. I think this love is the most touching thing in his sketches, later collected into the book, *Insurgent Mexico*.

Jack's experiences in Mexico helped make him a convinced socialist. Now he participated in the labor movement, like the great textile strike at Paterson, New Jersey. His opposition to the imperialist war cost him his big income at the *Metropolitan* and shut other doors of respectability. Jack went to Russia for *The Masses*. When the magazine, because of persecution, changed its name to *The Liberator,* Jack's reportage from Russia became its outstanding feature.

This period marked a peak of the magazine's usefulness. *The Liberator* was the one sure source of information in America about the workers' revolution, then as now being slandered, libeled and distorted into weird shapes by the pathologues and profiteers of capitalism.

John Reed's dispatches were later gathered into the deathless volume, *Ten Days That Shook the World*. Did ever a reporter possess such a glorious love for reality? The revolution came alive in his pages. Lenin, who wrote an introduction for *Ten Days,* was fond of John Reed, as Madame Krupskaya, Lenin's wife, once told me in an interview. Thousands of American workers and young people worshipped that tall, swaggering westerner, with his big, luminous, green eyes, his broad shoulders and capacity for love, poetry and adventure. A founder of the American Communist Party, he was led to communism because he truly loved the oppressed. Reed died at thirty-three of typhus in Moscow. He is buried under the Kremlin wall and is in the Soviet history books as a Lafayette of the working-class revolution.

The Masses-Liberator attained the biggest circulation in its history while serving as John Reed's paper. Gradually, the tide of proletarian revolution receded in Europe, and the fog of Harding-Coolidge "normalcy" settled over the country. Max Eastman wanted to liquidate the magazine and retire. Several of us fought against the sentence of death, and Claude McKay and I were named editors and managed to keep the paper going for several years.

During this period of Coolidge stagnation there was little more to do than keep the idea alive and to "show the flag." Claude's poetry, so filled with Negro heroism and beauty, and Bob Minor's cartoons were outstanding features of this time.

The magazine was crushed, finally, by the Coolidge fog, and suspended for some years. The Garland Fund was subsidizing journals of the Left, and Hugo Gellert and I presented it with a budget for reviving *The Masses.* We organized a united front group of editors and got out a big expensive magazine, in several expensive colors, and with a staff of expensive liberal editors. We, the organizers of the magazine, had been so damned noble in our desire for a united front that we almost succeeded in eliminating ourselves and the principles for which we wanted a magazine.

WHEN the Garland money ran out after a year and a half, all the expensive liberal editors departed. I took over the bankrupt venture and with the help of Walt Carmon managed to keep it going for another four years. We gave up our fancy editorial offices, hired a loft in an old factory building. We put in a small barrel stove, and the editors swept up, made the fire in the morning, and the business manager cooked coffee and the mulligan stew. I printed the magazine on coarse, yellow butcher paper, and tried to make it un-literary and near to workers' lives. Here are extracts from our statement in the first issue:

"DANGER! DANGER!

"There was no May issue of the *New Masses.* Your subscription will be extended to cover the gap. Egmont Arens has resigned and Michael Gold is now the Editor.

"Every radical magazine has a deficit. This should not be any more surprising than that every camel should have a hump. Our

deficit is small, but the Garland Fund has decided to put us out in the snow.

"We are not too worried. We believe in our Readers. They will send us money. They will get us subscribers. They want the *New Masses.*

"Skeptics and fainthearts can never believe a magazine like this has a chance in America. Yet there has been a *Masses, Liberator* and *New Masses* since 1911. Help us carry on the tradition of John Reed.

"The last generation is tired. But a new one is coming up. Help us keep the *New Masses* alive for the young Jack Londons and John Reeds.

"The *New Masses* doesn't compete with the *Mercury,* the *Nation,* the *New Republic* or any other magazine. It is unique. It takes a chance. It is the voice of the low-brow, the failure, the rebel, the tenant farmer, the poorhouse philosopher, the men and women at the bottom of the social pyramid."

The next issue announced an amazing response to the new revived magazine and its butcher paper and proletarian writing. "The magazine sold out on the newsstands. We are increasing the printing order by 3,000 copies. New ads came in, and over 300 subscriptions." And from the August, 1928, house ad:

"In an *Evening Journal* editorial, Arthur Brisbane predicted recently that by the time you look around, the *New Masses,* imitating the well-known American hell diver, may have again disappeared beneath the waters of oblivion.'

"Arthur, we are still here. The magazine is as bankrupt as it was three months ago, yet we survive. How do we explain it? We don't. We hereby invite a committee of auditors to dig out the secret. It may be useful to other radical papers without money.

"Much of the miracle is due to our readers. . . .

"We appeal again to EVERYONE—write for us. . . .

"In Soviet Russia everyone is writing. A network of workers' correspondents fills the newspapers with simple direct accounts of the daily life.

"We are trying to make of the *New Masses* a magazine of a kind of sublimated workers' correspondence.

"If some of this writing proves to be literature, so much the

better. But we are willing to stand and fall by the theory that great art can only rise out of the life that EVERYONE is leading. Write for us."

WHETHER this experiment in a magazine of "sublimated workers' correspondence" was a success I am too close to it to say. But the contents of each issue always contained some candid shot of great documentary value: the Poor House Anthology, where an old miner described wittily and well the plight of the old in one of these forgotten "pogies"; Dorothy Day, now editor of the *Catholic Worker,* described with the same gallows-humor her experiences in having a baby in the public ward of a Chicago hospital where proletarian mothers must go; Martin Russak, a textile weaver of Passaic, and the son of textile weavers, contributed remarkable poetry, authentic, true poetry out of the bowels of his proletarian environment, while H. H. Lewis wrote his sardonic cowhand verse from Missouri. Our writers were young paper-mill workers, machinists, shoe workers, oil field, farm, steel mill workers and coal miners, workers in every corner of American life—average age in one issue estimated to be twenty-four years.

Was our experiment in proletarian art in the magazine's main tradition? I believe so, since the mixture of people's art and people's politics was present from the magazine's start. During the depression, the American working-class movement rose from the apathy of the long Coolidge-Harding years. Thousands of intellectuals were sharing the hunger; the greatest social ferment in America's history now changed everything. And this change was to be vividly reflected in the weekly *New Masses* that came to life in 1934.

COLD-WARRIOR

The Writer and Life

by ILYA EHRENBURG

The following are the remarks of Mr. Ehrenburg in a discussion recently held with students of the Maxim Gorky Literary Institute in Moscow.

EVERY writer has his own style of work; there are no cut-and-dried formulas. It is dangerous to advise a young author to follow one pattern or another: the risk is that you will teach him not to write but to copy. That is why I ask you to consider these remarks as a description of the path followed by one writer, without ever forgetting that there exist as many paths as there are authors.

In the first place, I should like to talk to you of the birth of a novel. I shall take the liberty of mentioning *The Storm* because it is much easier to explain many things by referring to one's personal experience.

I began to think of *The Storm* during World War II. I had not then written the novel, nor could I have done so: I was busy with other things. For me, the war began in the course of the summer of 1936, and when it finished for all of us on May 9, 1945, I wanted it to finish for me as well. I knew that if I began to write *The Storm* the war would remain with me, in my office, on my desk, in my consciousness and in my heart. I tried to justify myself in my own eyes by saying that others were writing war novels: ordinary soldiers, young people who had gone directly from the classroom to the front lines. (Let me add, moreover, that I am convinced that the best books on the war have not yet been written; they are being or will be written by those to whom the war was the first great experience.) I didn't want to write *The Storm,* yet I wrote it. Why? I felt that the dead had the right to be heard. I often thought of relatives and dear ones who did not return from the war and, evoking the stories and con-

fessions I had heard at the front, I said to myself: they will no longer be able to tell how they lived, how they fought, how they died. And I began to write because I could not escape my memories, because I could not escape what seemed to me a duty.

It is possible that *The Storm* is a bad book; but I am not sorry that I wrote it. In fact, I could not help writing it.

Replying to Leonid Andreyev who asked him what one had to do to write well, Leo Tolstoy said: "If you have the idea for a book but find it possible not to write it, then don't write it." I consider these words meaningful, and I do not understand the reader who criticizes writer X for not having written this or that novel. Would not the reader be on better ground, if he said to writer Z: "Why did you write this novel when you might have gone quietly along without writing it, which would have been better both for you and for me, the reader?" It is impossible to write inspired works without an inner need. Such works may turn out to be clever but without a soul, and they will leave readers indifferent.

It is impossible to begin writing a novel from the top of one's head; one must first live it.

It is often said that a writer must have the "gift of observation." That is undeniable; but in what does an artist's "gift of observation" lie? A news photographer tries never for a single moment to lose sight of famous people; he looks for interesting scenes, expressive attitudes and he uses his Leica without stopping. He "observes": nobody can deny it. Rembrandt made portraits of people most of whom were known only in his immediate neighborhood, but in his portraits he revealed the soul of his models. And now we are deeply moved when we look at his canvases. The camera can snap any man or landscape; but the artist is limited in the choice of his models: his gift of observation is bound up with the nature of his mind, with his own past.

Certain materials have the faculty of reproducing heads and spines; other materials do not have that property. One may say that the writer has materials capable of reproducing the traits we call passions, joys, sorrows. But the same traits are not registered on everybody. The writer passes among the same men and often he does not even look at them; but for years he lives with the fate of other men, their successes and failures, their flights and their falls.

To understand this trait of the writer it is enough to pay attention to the readers themselves. For reading too is an act of creation, and the reader constantly completes the novel. I remember a meeting of readers of *The Storm.* Young students, male and female, read reviews prepared in advance. Trying to imitate professional critics, they spoke less of *The Storm* than of the articles devoted to that novel. When the meeting was over, a lively conversation began. Two girls differed concerning the hero. One said: "How I should like to meet in real life a man like Sergei"; the other replied: "I can't understand what you find in him. He is a cipher, a nonentity!" They were both of the same age, had received the same education, and had the same general view of things. But each of them had completed the novel with her imagination, her emotional experience, and the traits derived from her own character. Thus were born two dissimilar Sergeis.

Imagine two writers talking to these two girls. It is doubtful whether each one of them can understand the two currents. The writer has his character, his experience, and his imagination which determine the choice of his heroes. The writer's gift of observation is not the art of marking down events, characters, conflicts; it is the gift of living them. Usually, when it is said that a writer is learning, one means by that that he is serving his literary apprenticeship. There is no doubt about it: it is hard to learn to write. But one may write well without thereby becoming a writer. A writer is formed not only at his writing desk but in the crucible of life, for the passions themselves must precede the description of them.

OF COURSE, travel helps the writer a great deal as it does every man. It is natural for a writer who is writing or about to write a novel to visit a distant city, a factory or a village to verify some detail or other of daily life, some detail of the framework or background of the story he wishes to tell. But it would be naive to hope that in that way a novel would flow from your pen, that as you went along you could find the idea of your book. You can take a walk in the woods to pick mushrooms. But it is hard to imagine an outing devoted to the picking of human passions. To find a hero, it is not enough to meet him, one must be able to understand him, and that is bound up with the writer's own past. Of course, the writer cannot live everything he describes, everything his heroes have lived or are living. But he must

himself have lived something which will permit him to understand what his heroes lived. He must have the key to the heart of others. Some authors possess a good many of these keys, others fewer keys; but there has never been nor can there ever be a writer, however great, who possesses a complete set of keys.

Some may object: "When the events described in *War and Peace* took place, Tolstoy was not yet born." That seems a convincing argument, but it is only superficially true. I think that Tolstoy could not have described the war of 1812 so powerfully if he had not been an artillery officer at Sebastopol. Someone may say: Yes, but they were two different wars. I agree—they were different wars, both in content and in form. But Tolstoy had learned what fear, bravery, the daily presence of death were, what a battle was, and that is why he was able to make his historical novel come alive.

A writer, armed with his notebook, arrives at regimental headquarters; he wants to understand what it means to overcome one's fear. So he questions Soldier X who had brought in a prisoner the day before. X tells him what happened (or more exactly, how it was written up in the regimental newspaper). If X could recreate everything that took place in his head and heart from the minute in which he climbed out of the trenches until the moment he was commended by the major, he would already be half a writer. To reconstruct X's inner world, by means of his vague and scattered remarks, is a task that is both easy and difficult—one must have the key.

Now let me give a more personal example. One day a young writer came to see me. I had a headache and was looking for some aspirin tablets. As soon as I swallowed the pill, the young man asked me, "Has it gone away?" As he was leaving he put a question to me. "Tell me, does a headache hurt?" The fact was that he had never had a headache. Of course, so much the better for him, and I really envied him. But supposing that in that head which had never known a headache there arose the absurd idea of describing a headache: either he would have copied a few lines borrowed from another writer, or he would have written something silly which would either have irritated the reader or made him laugh.

Of course the real point at issue is not this young man or a headache, it is the laughter or indignation which sometimes seizes the reader when he reads the description of thoughts or emotions which

the author does not know. It is bad for a writer to try to paint a world which he himself cannot see. Some of our critics like to criticize this or that author because of everything which is not in his novel; they set up a curious inventory of everything missing in the book. When you read such articles you begin to think that writers are particularly absent-minded or frivolous people: not only do they forget their glasses or their pipe, but when they are in the midst of developing their work they forget to include the essentials! Yet every author has not only his ceiling but also his walls. When the writer, yielding to friendly critics, begins to describe something which is strange and incomprehensible to his mind, the result is that the best novel may contain pages about which the reader says, thumbing through them with boredom, "these pages are no good."

IT IS hardly necessary now to show that the writer who isolates himself from society is doomed to sterility and death. Every Soviet citizen understands that. A French critic has tried to prove that a writer can create books on a desert island, and he took as his example Marcel Proust who wrote a whole cycle of books while shut up in a sound-proof room. But before shutting himself up in that room, Marcel Proust had lived in society; so he had something to describe.

The writer's link with society cannot be passive. It is not enough to observe life, one must take part in it. There is nothing more dangerous for a young writer than a premature literary specialization, which takes him away from people of his own age and their daily tasks. Remember the long years in which Maxim Gorky went to school in the "university" of life; remember what Chekhov learned from his activity as a doctor. No one should be surprised that the best works of World War II, such as *In The Trenches of Stalingrad* or *The Star,* were written by men who were at the front not as observers but as fighters.

In former times literature in Russia was not the concern of a large number of people, let alone the entire population. The common people did not know the names of the good writers, but the latter, on the contrary, knew very well the life of the common people because, until the age of thirty, even forty, they had to earn their living at all sorts of professions except that of writing. Each writer had behind him a dozen professions. All our readers know our writers well; unfortunately, however, and let us be frank about it, all our writers do not know the

real life of their readers.

Sometimes I am asked: "Whom did you take as a model for Mado?" or: "What was Sergei Vlakhov's name in real life?" Some readers imagine that the writer walks around looking for his hero and that, having finally found him, he introduces him into his book, keeping his real name or inventing another. But the heroes of a novel are born in the brain and heart of a writer. A hero is a fusion. To create Mado you have to observe one or maybe a hundred young women. But that is not enough: the author must add something of himself to the fusion.

The writer's eye may be compared to the x-ray; it penetrates deeply and permits one to see through human beings. At the same time even with this "lighting," a part of the hero's inner world escapes our view. The author guesses at many things, basing himself on his own experience and attributing to the hero some of his own inner emotions.

Some scholars say that a news item telling of the suicide of a young woman gave Tolstoy the idea for *Anna Karenina.* That may have been so, but it does not explain the essential fact: the profundity and reality of the heroine. What moves us in *Anna Karenina* is the portrait of love, and many women readers ask themselves how Tolstoy could have understood so well the torments of a woman's heart. To be sure, Tolstoy was able to look into the human heart. But when you read the diaries and letters of Tolstoy, you begin to understand that in the person of Anna there is much of the emotional experience of the novelist himself. It is perhaps for just that reason that Anna's fate still moves so many women readers today; the freshness and power of emotions make one forget the convictions of a past era.

Last year I read a French article about the eleventh person who was supposed to have been the model for Madame Bovary. The scholars, after searching in the archives of Rouen and questioning old residents of the town, claim to have found a woman who served as Flaubert's model. I smiled when I read that article; for I remember a letter written by Flaubert to a friend in which he said, speaking of the novel he had begun: "Emma is me." At first sight such a comment may appear surprising. On the one hand, we see a bachelor no longer young, fussy, with a meticulous style, uttering comments to which even the exacting Turgenev paid close attention; and on the

other hand, a provincial woman, still young, over-imaginative, ready to fall in love, and rather vulgar. You might think there was nothing in common between the two. Yet Flaubert did not lie in his letter; he simply made a confession. If we reflect on his biography, his inability to protect himself from life, the often-amused astonishment which he shows in the face of "the Beautiful," the difficulties of daily life for him, we shall understand that in effect he put a good deal of himself in the character of Emma, and that enabled poor Madame Bovary to survive not only her husband, the druggist, and her lovers, but even the author of *Salammbo.*

SOME writers set up a detailed plan before beginning their work. Others start writing without having the vaguest idea as to what they have to do. Alexei Tolstoy told me one day that for several pages he did not know what would happen to his hero. He wrote a novel the way a sculptor molds his clay: the face gradually emerges from the clay. Other writers are more like architects, armed with rule and compass, but for these too heroes do not become fully developed before a hundred or even two hundred pages have been written. Inevitably their plan undergoes modifications as soon as the hero, beginning to live, commences to resist the author's initial conception. I must confess to you that when I began to write my novel *The Storm,* I envisaged the fates of Sergei and Mado quite otherwise, and the characters I described still appeared in a rather confusing light to me. The hero, becoming a flesh-and-blood creation, may sometimes behave quite differently from the way in which the novelist had imagined him when he was only a vague shadow.

A writer is sometimes criticized for the faults his heroes commit. Yet the writer who may have more insight, more common sense and more intellect than his heroes, finds himself unable to impose his own logic or morality on them; if he did so, you would get a bloodless blueprint instead of a story about living beings with all their strengths and weaknesses.

I do not think that the writer can remain indifferent toward his heroes. To describe a man dying means already to foresee one's own death. One day a friend visited Balzac. He found the writer slumped in his arm chair with his pulse weak and irregular. "A doctor, quick!" cried the friend. "Monsieur Balzac is dying." The cry revived Balzac

who said: "You don't understand. Father Goriot has just died."

I received a great many letters from readers dissatisfied with the death of Sergei, the hero in *The Storm*. It is infinitely more agreeable for a writer to describe happiness than unhappiness. Sometimes I envy Dickens. In his books you see men suffer, husbands leave their wives, young couples split up, children leave their parents. But at the end of the story the world is back in place again: everyone sits around the family table, bathed in a soft light and with joyous heart evokes what he has gone through. I imagine Dickens taking a walk after finishing *David Copperfield* or *Oliver Twist*: Happy beings accompany him, and the happiness of his heroes warms the author.

Let us get back to the fate of Sergei. After victory, it was rare in our country to find a family table where there was not at least one empty place. We know the price we paid to save the world from fascist barbarism, and the graves of our heroes do not depress us, they inspire us.

Think of the happy endings of Dickens' novels. When the heroes gather merrily around the family table, in the house next door children are still tortured, unfortunates still groan in debtors' prison, and young girls are still humiliated. Millions of fates remain the same, and the happiness of Dickens' heroes is only one winning ticket on the lottery. That was the philosophy of the period and society which gave birth to Dickens.

The Storm described a period of great upheavals, of unparalleled battles. The end of that book is victory—that is to say a people's happiness. But this happiness is linked with the individual tragedy of a great many human beings who lost their dear ones in the war. These, gathering around the family table, looked at the empty places and knew their unhappiness was a sacrifice given so that the fate of millions of human beings might become better. That is the fundamental difference between the "unhappy" ending of *The Storm* and the "happy" endings of Dickens' novels.

It is impossible to limit the complicated orchestration of the Soviet man solely to the wind instruments. It is impossible to simplify the inner life of beings by eliminating psychological conflicts and sorrows. Any writer—great or small—must depict man and not a conventional silhouette suitable only for some diagram.

After the war I read some French novels written by gifted writers

who belong to the bourgeoisie. At times these novels made me laugh, at other times they made me angry; but they never really moved me. They follow the blueprint—Chapter 1: Hero meets heroine; chapter 2: Hero doubts heroine; Chapter 3: Hero meets heroine and no longer doubts her; chapter 4: Heroine doubts hero; chapter 5: They meet and stop doubting each other; chapter 6: Again the hero doubts the heroine; chapter 7: The heroine in turn begins to doubt the hero again; chapter 8: they meet and doubt each other, etc., etc.

What provoked the laughter and anger in me? The theme? Although marvellous novels have been devoted to love, the theme is far from exhausted. I could read with real pleasure a modern love story, describing the doubts, the quarrels, the happiness of love. The decadent bourgeois novel is bad because there are no living beings in it. What does the hero do between two rendezvous? Surely he must have a profession, worries, friends. Surely the heroine cannot live solely on her loving doubts. But the reader knows nothing of their lives, their work, their environment; to him, the heroes are finally puppets capable of sighing, kissing, even of speaking, but never of feeling.

The novel should render the power of love. But love is not in the bourgeois novel, nor are there living beings in it.

WE HAVE good books, and at the present time Western readers await our books as one awaits a breath of fresh air in a suffocating mine pit. The classic Russian novel has never been a salon or boudoir novel. The Soviet epic has introduced into literature the theme of creative labor, one of the noblest of themes. But in this field one may encounter failures due to over-simplification or schematizations. A short time ago I read a beginner's novel. Here is the resumé: Chapter 1: Ivanov imagines a new method of work; chapter 2: Petrov doubts Ivanov's method; chapter 3: Ivanov convinces Petrov that his method is correct; chapter 4: Nevertheless Petrov continues to doubt; chapter 5: A comrade arrives from the Center and Ivanov tells him of his plan; chapter 6: Petrov imparts his doubts to the comrade from the Center; chapter 7: The comrade from the Center reconciles Ivanov and Petrov.

I have nothing against the content; all that may well have occurred in reality. Labor occupies the most important place in the life of Soviet men, and it is natural that Ivanov's invention should arouse

the emotions of many people. We know that it is not easy to introdu something new into any field—in machine building as well as in liter ture. So we understand that Ivanov's idea does not immediately me with general approval. But Ivanov, a Soviet man, does not yield a wants the truth to win out. It is not the blueprint of the novel whi is bad; what is bad is that the novel is only a blueprint. The read does not know what the heroes did between two assembly lines. W Ivanov married? Did his wife back him up? Was he unhappy in h private life? Did Petrov like music? Perhaps his lack of confidence w bound up with some disappointment he had experienced with h friend? Perhaps the son of the comrade from the Center is dange ously ill? The lives of human beings are complicated, but when y strip them of all amplitude they appear to the reader devoid of lif so the reader believes neither in their discoveries, their doubts n their work.

We call writers engineers of the soul. That imposes many duti Can the writer limit himself to the role of engineer and reduce novel to the description of the production process? A young woma recently wrote me concerning a book she had just read: "I liked t description of the factory very much, but why doesn't N——, wh speaks of the remarkable things of our time, show us the people wh make these things?" The reader has developed; he looks in books n only for the outer image of events but for inner thoughts and em tions; he wants a great era to give birth to a great literature.

Great art does not passively reflect life; by participating in it, it trar forms life. For centuries Don Quixote has been walking through the world; for centuries Hamlet has been a prey to self-torture. Wh characterizes periods of artistic flowering is not that the writers gi their heroes the names of people who really existed; on the contra they give to the real human beings the names of imaginary perso Before Gogol were there Manilovs, Sovakevitches, Nozdrevs? Of cour But they existed vaguely, without those around them being able make them out clearly. But what happened after *Dead Souls?* Peop began to say: "Yesterday I met so and so and a real Manilov." else: "Look over there, a real Nozdrev!" Recall Shatsky. Nobody wou have asked Griboedov for his model. But Shatsky entered solidly in the life of Russian society.

The account of an incident often appears unlikely and the tra

script of a real conversation lacks naturalness. Nothing seems more imaginary than passport photos. And yet we believe in the reality of Goya's and Gogol's types.

I HAVE the feeling that our age has not yet found the new forms appropriate to the new content. Sometimes the search for form is called formalism. To me the formalist is the man without inner richness, the one who knows how to talk but has nothing to say. He may just as well make clever use of older forms as imagine new eccentric forms—in any case he remains a formalist. In short, formalism is not interest in form, it is the absence of content.

The classic novel by preference was that of an individual or family, and that determined its structure. Today the roots of the individual are intimately linked to numerous other roots; the story of a single human being becomes of necessity that of many human beings, that of society. The writer must find in the new content a new form corresponding to it. Consider the ancient Greek theatre, with its unity of time and place; it gave way to a succession of scenes obviously dictated by the tempo of the period. One of the first creators of the social novel of the West, Emile Zola, was not content with Balzac's splendid composition; he sought a broader field of vision, a more rapid succession of scenes. I repeat: there is no general formula; each author seeks out his own form. The young writer who takes from the remarkable heritage left him by the past must learn from the old masters, but he cannot copy them. What I have said about composition is equally valid for tempo. There is the extraordinary style of Tolstoy; there is the style of Turgenev. The language in these novels does not only seem to us rich but also alive. Yet the tempo has changed, and if the heroes of a Soviet novel begin slowly to utter long tirades, that would no longer be style but mannerism.

Reading the manuscripts of some of our young writers, I have been struck by the poverty of their vocabulary. Many of them do not write in Russian; they use a special language, a bad journalistic language, with very few words, dry and impotent like Esperanto. That may be all right to express the simplest thoughts in daily life, but it cannot be used in writing *A Hero of Our Time* or a short story by Chekhov. Some beginners try to compensate for the poverty of their vocabulary by making frequent use of high-sounding words and super-

latives. That often reminds me of pseudo-athletes who lift cardboard weights bearing the inscription 200 pounds. The feeling for the nature of words is lost. I asked a beginner: "In your opinion which is stronger, I love you or I love you very much?" Without hesitation he replied, "I love you very much, of course. . . ." I feel that any woman reader knows more about the value of these words than this young man who has already written two or three short stories.

I should also like to speak of "the tendentious." I think that art is always tendentious, for it expresses love, hate, anger, compassion, hope, and the will of living men. The artist changes the proportions, heightens the colors, underlines certain details and neglects others. The author of a novel can and must know the life of his heroes from their childhood to their death. But he does not depict their lives in a day by day fashion; he chooses what is necessary for the realization of his conception.

Five years ago I posed for one of the most famous French artists, Henri Matisse. We spoke of the tendentious in art. Matisse was not feeling well and worked in a half-reclining position. He asked his secretary to bring an elephant. She brought a piece of African Negro sculpture. The elephant was depicted in anger. Matisse asked me if I liked the sculpture. I said yes. "Don't you find anything . . . abnormal in it?" he asked me. "No." "Nor do I. But take a good look. Not only its trunk but also its tusks are raised. A fool came along and said: 'But the tusks can't be raised.' Next time the sculptor obeyed." Then Matisse asked his secretary to bring a second elephant. It was an ordinary little statue. Matisse said to me: "You see, this time the tusks are in place. But it is no longer art. . . ."

Our books are called upon to transform life. Genuine art can do that; but snapshots cannot. The great men before us have handed down to us the task of inflaming human hearts with our words. To do that, it is not enough to have in your pocket a membership card in the writers' union. You must yourself have a flaming heart; you must be a writer.

Psychoanalysis and the Arts

by SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

A POWERFUL weapon of imperialism in its drive to war and fascism is intellectual obscurantism. Never before have there been so many "intellectuals" as there are in the United States today proclaiming that the world is all mystery and science is a myth. Such theories have pervaded the arts, which historically, in their great peaks and most progressive achievements, were a weapon of knowledge, a means through which human beings could gain a collective and social consciousness of their world.

Today, in the United States and throughout the capitalist world, the arts have become dominated by theories of "the unconscious" and the "primitive." One of the main agents of this corruption of the arts is psychoanalysis, which has blossomed into a full-fledged theory of art, just as it also offers itself as a full-fledged theory of history, society, government and the human mind. Psychoanalytic theory is full of portentous and sweeping generalizations about twenty thousand lears of human history and the arts, with no shred of proof or support. It offers "interpretations" of works of art, past and present, and of entire arts, as if they are words from an oracle. The reader must bow to the superior wisdom of the analyst. This theory is full of a fake erudition, which consists of scurrying over the entire history of the arts plucking from here and there whatever illustration, whatever obscure work, fantastic myth or legend, will seem to support it, ignoring in the process any history, any continuity, any relation of art to real life, any progress in the arts and in rational, scientific knowledge of the world.

In fact, this denial of any continuity of history and progress in the arts and real life is one of the basic tenets of all psychoanalytic theory of culture. The only continuity it admits in history is that the same

things, the same myths, the same irrationalities, the same obsess
recur over and over again, under different superficial disguises.
Freud offers the theory that the "Oedipus Complex" is a driving th
in the arts by observing that Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex,* Shakespe
Hamlet and Dostoyevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* deal with a fa
killing. The fact that two hundred and fifty other Greek dramas, se
hundred Elizabethan plays, and countless Russian novels do not
with this theme becomes unimportant. The "law" is discovered. F
writes in *The Interpretation of Dreams*: "Another of the great p
tragedies, Shakespeare's *Hamlet,* is rooted in the same soil as *Oed
Rex.* But the whole difference in the psychic life of two widely s
rated periods of civilization, and the progress, during the course
time, of repression in the emotional life of humanity, is manifeste
the differing treatment of the same material." The only "progress
civilization is that of adding new "repressions" to the emotions.
sumably primitive man, in constant fear of starvation and disa
from a nature, every part of which was mysterious to him, was "fr
emotionally "unrepressed."

Similarly Jung, who has written prolifically on culture, finds in
works of art, whatever their style or period, "myths and symbols, wh
can rise autochthonously in every corner of the earth and are none
less identical, just because they are fashioned out of the same wo
wide human unconscious, whose contents are infinitely less varia
than are races and individuals" (*Psychological Types*). Rank, who
devoted a thick volume (*Art and the Artist*) to a psychoanalytic the
of art, finds the meaning of all art in the desire of the artist to g
"immortality" by "giving birth" to things. Goitein, a practicing P
choanalyst and author of *Art and the Unconscious,* declares t
"Analysis is not concerned with the apparent logic of historical peri
in Art."

In this way the entire body of carefully built up knowledge of
laws of nature, of society, of history is tossed into the wastebasket
immaterial and irrelevant.

THERE are three main lines of psychoanalytic theory of the a
They may be described as follows:

1. The artist is a neurotic who has the happy facility of giving

pleasing "form" to his neurotic dreams. Thus the meaning of art is found in analyzing it like any other neurotic dream, ignoring any representation of reality and real people and problems. The appeal of art is that of the artist's "unconscious" speaking to the "unconscious desires" of the audience.

2. All art is a delving into the "eternally valid" myths and legends which have existed as the "collective unconscious" of humanity since the earliest times, and are found in primitive magical beliefs, as well as in all the world religions. The artist generally expresses this "archaic unconscious" without knowing what he is doing, thus becoming greatest when he is himself "unconscious," but this remains the greatness and appeal of his art. This "archaic unconscious" never changes, except in its outward form; all civilization is a veneer over it. Whenever there is stress and trouble, the "unchained beast," as Jung calls it, emerges.

3. Each stage in society has its own particular neurosis, or "complex." Art embodies and expresses this "culture complex."

The first of these theories may be called straight Freudianism, although actually all of them may be culled from Freud's writings. It is the theory generally used by the practicing psychoanalysts when they condescend to give the lowdown on art, from the standpoint of their godlike and mysterious knowledge of the secrets of the mind. To Freud, the secret of neuroses lies in the various stages of the "sex life" gone through by the infant and child. Furthermore, Freud writes, "The little human being is frequently a finished product in its fourth or fifth year, and only gradually reveals in later years what lies buried in him" (*A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis*).

On this basis, Goitein discloses the secret of all painting and pictorial art. It is "skoptophilia," which occurs first when the child wants to peep into his parents' bedroom, and becomes "the love and pleasure in looking at unconsciously forbidden object and behavior." To Brill, one of the most prominent of Freudians, all poetry is a desire to return to the mother's breast. "Poetry is nothing but an oral outlet . . . a chewing or sucking of nice words and phrases." To Bergler, a psychoanalyst specializing in removing "blocks" from writers who develop writing troubles, all writing is an expression of repressed childhood "megalomania" (*The Writer and Psychoanalysis*). All these "authorities" scorn any theory that art deals with reality, discloses truths,

attacks social evils. This to them is a particularly virulent neurosis, a sort of "aggression." Thus Freud describes Zola as a "fanatic about truth." Bergler writes: "No, the writer is not the objective observer of his times. He is just a neurotic operating his defense mechanism without knowing it."

How does the analysis of works of art proceed from this basis? It is absurdly easy. Everything which seems to be reality is translated into child fantasy or primitive symbol, according to a method similar to the old dream-books sold to the superstitious. The only difference is that the material is culled from anthropological studies in primitive rituals, such as Fraser's *The Golden Bough.* Thus the characters in a story are not observations of society, but disguised versions of the writer's mother, father, sisters and brothers, with possibly also his cousins, uncles and aunts. Anything in a picture with a long shape is a phallus; anything round or oval is really a womb; all depictions of natural scenery are really a "return to the mother." Freud "interprets" the three daughters of King Lear as being really his mother, sister and wife, and "interprets" all the female faces in Leonardo Da Vinci's pictures, including the Mona Lisa, as being really portraits of his mother and foster mother. The conclusion is obvious. Of what use is it for the artist to engage in the struggles of real life, to battle oppression, to discover the shape and character of real people, to enlighten humanity? Let him only explore his childhood.

THE second theory has been most fully developed by Carl Jung, who became a propagandist and apologist for the Nazis, and the chief psychotherapist in Hitler's Germany. He broke with Freud, and the two became bitter enemies. However, the germ of Jung's theories of the eternal "archaic unconscious," the "beast" which is the true nature of man, may be found in Freud's "speculations" about the inheritance of "racial memories." Thus Freud wrote: "I believe it not impossible that we may be able to discriminate between that part of the latent mental processes which belong to the early days of the individual and that which has its roots in the infancy of the race." And again: "It seems to me quite possible that all that is narrated today in analysis in the form of fantasy . . . was in prehistoric periods of the human family a reality; and that the child in its fantasy simply fills out the gaps in its true individual experiences with true prehistoric experi

ences." Freud, in two of his books, *Totem and Taboo* and *Moses and Monotheism,* builds up an entire theory of the arts, government and the state, on the basis of the "inherited" guilt feelings stemming from the primeval practice of fathers oppressing their sons, and the sons, desirous of the mother, rising up and slaughtering the father, sometimes eating him as well. This "prehistory" is wholly invented by Freud, of course.

On such a basis, Jung erected his own theory of a wholesale, collective "religiousness" which combines all religions, from primitive magic ritual through Buddhism and Christianity, and is the basic "unconscious" of all people. It is a particularly dehumanized religiousness, for at its core is the primitive animal. It recurs in all art and "true" philosophies.

> "Such collective ideas have always a religious character, and a philosophical idea acquires a religious character only when it expresses a primordial image, *i.e.,* a collective root image. The religious character of these ideas proceeds from the fact that they express the realities of the collective unconscious; hence they also have the power of releasing the latent energies of the unconscious: The great problems of life—sexuality, of course, among others—are always related to the primordial images of the collective unconscious."

This theory was elaborated before the coming of Hitler, but it made excellent propaganda among the German people for the Nazis. As Frederic Wertham says, comparing Jung's writings to Alfred Rosenberg's *Myths of the 20th Century* (second only to *Mein Kampf* as an official Nazi book), "the similarity between the two is striking and deadly." Jung's theories make "a good psychological basis for mass violence." Certainly Jung's "collective unconscious" and mixture of tribal primitivism with religiousness fitted exactly the Nazi ravings of a "German church" combining Christianity with Wotan, primitive bonfires and tribal myths, and with Hitler exalted as the tribal chieftain mystically leading the obedient "volk."

Jung's connection with fascism has not in any way lessened the esteem in which he and his theories are held by many bourgeois intellectuals in this country His theories of the primordial significance of tribal legends and religions are widely used as tools of esthetic theory. The "new critics" find "myths" in all great works of art. Ezra Pound's

fascist *Cantos* with their irrationality and violent anti-Semitism, are a pure illustration of Jung's theories. T. S. Eliot's poetry, from *The Waste Land,* with its running together of myths from primitive rituals through Christianity as a "philosophy" for today, up to *The Cocktail Party,* with its mixture of psychoanalysis, religion and Anglo-Saxon supremacy theories, is also pure Jung. The Bollingen Award, given to Pound in the name of the Library of Congress, but actually paid for by the wealthy Paul Mellon, gets its name from the country estate of the Nazi Jung.

THE third psychoanalytic approach to culture, the "culture complex" theory, is favored by Karen Horney, Erich Fromm and others who claim to differ with Freud in his attitude to society. They are aware of "social change" and "social problems" and use words like "individual aggrandizement," the "market place," and even "capitalism." Theirs may be called the "Social-Democratic" approach to psychoanalysis and culture. Their theory that each "culture" produces its typical "neurotic patterns" or "culture complex" is a deliberate perversion of the Marxist thesis that all ideas and views of life are a superstructure over the material and economic base of society. It is the approach most favored by writers who claim to be "uniting" Freud and Marx.

However, the "culture complex" theory comes right out of Jung. Thus when Jung and Freud came to the United States in 1911 to propagate psychoanalysis, Jung wrote:

> "The psychological peculiarities of the American evince features which are accessible to psychoanalytic investigation. These features point to energetic sexual repressions. The causes for the repression can be found in the specific American Complex, namely in the living together with lower races, especially with Negroes. Living together with barbaric races exerts a suggestive effect on a laboriously tamed instinct of the white race and tends to pull it down. Hence the need for strongly developed defensive measures, which precisely show themselves in those specific features of American culture."

And Jung's theorizing comes out of Freud, who developed the following theory of society: "At bottom society's motive is economic: since it has not means enough to support life for its members without work on their part, it must see that the number of these members is restricted and their energies directed away from the sexual on to

work—the eternal, primordial struggle for existence, therefore, persisting to this day." And so the exploitation of the working class, and of the colonial peoples, is justified by Freud as necessary. At the same time work is portrayed as eternally hateful and the workers are portrayed as suffering from sexual repressions. Looming above is not a parasitical ruling class but a mysterious, godlike "society."

In class society today there is not one "culture complex" but there are two diametrically opposing views of life. That of the exploiting and dying class becomes increasingly mystical, unrealistic and superstitious, as its fears and brutality increase. That of the working class is rational, scientific and material, in accord with the real world, as its ability to reshape society, born out of struggle, increases. The working class stands for the elimination of all class exploitation, of colonial exploitation, of anti-Semitism, national oppression of the Negro people, of war; it stands for the full development of human powers; it has already built a socialist society in a great section of the world. But one can search through all the writings of Horney, Fromm and others without finding the slightest awareness of the working class. While not applying the vile epithets to the working class of a Jung or a Freud, they accomplish the same purpose by ignoring its existence. Never do they give a hint of the possibility of social and collective activity and struggle. The "problem" they continually raise is that of the "frustrated individual" in a "competitive society," and a term found over and over is "the plight of the middle class." And although it is the perpetual claim of psychoanalysis that it "boldly" faces up to "ugly truths," that it exposes "censorship," one finds in all of this writing the most open hypocrisy and self-imposed "censorship" in that there is no mention of socialist society.

IF THE Freud and Jung theories have had the most pervading influence on art criticism and theory, as well as on what passes for poetry in the United States today, the "culture complex" theory has had the most pervading influence on other literature, particularly drama and the novel. It seems to be a favorite refuge for writers who want to appear to be dealing with social problems without coming to grips with them. Thus, by a sleight of hand, social problems turn into "psychological" problems. An example is Jo Sinclair's novel *Wasteland,* which tackled anti-Semitism not as a product of capitalist and ruling

class degeneracy but as a result of a particular "complex" and "self-consciousness" rising out of the "conflicts" in the Jewish family. Another example is Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead,* in which "fascism" was represented by a general who was a sexual pervert, "democracy" by a lieutenant with his own special complexes, the Jewish soldiers were treated as peculiar psychological problems, and in the process of analyzing these "complexes" all the real forces that had led up to the war, and all the real issues fought out in the war itself, melted away. This approach befogs Arthur Miller's play, *Death of a Salesman.* Typical of many such revelations of the "plight of the middle class," the plight is portrayed solely in terms of the middle class consciousness of itself. Monopoly and the working class disappear from the scene of this "social tragedy" and all we see are the members of a family tearing at each other like wolves.

Psychoanalytical theorizing, this modern theology disguised as science, is needed by imperialism today. It flourishes wherever culture is in the grip of big money. Thus when the United States banks and corporations are the center of world monopoly, and the base for the world revival of fascism, this country has also become the center of whatever is reactionary in cultural theory. These theories are treated with the utmost respect in the universities, in books, magazines and newspapers, while Marxism has become a forbidden word.

It is true that a stream of arts of the last hundred years has turned increasingly to myth, legend, the supernatural and fantasy, in a way that suggests the theories of psychoanalysis. Starting with some of the more bizarre works of romanticism, it continued through symbolism, "stream of consciousness" and surrealism. An example is the German writer, E. T. A. Hoffmann, one of the fathers of the present-day story of the fantastic and supernatural. Heine called his works "a shriek of terror in twenty volumes." Then there is the supreme escapist of nineteenth century music, Richard Wagner, who applied a tremendous command of the techniques of music to a series of operas combining lurid and adolescent sex episodes with tribal myths, medieval mysteries, magic symbolisms and a religiousness of Buddhism, Christianity and German philosophic pessimism. Wagner was an anti-Semite and turncoat after the democratic struggles of 1848-49. His operas are a perfect expression of the petty-bourgeois psychology, which bows its head to reaction in real life and makes heroic gestures for "freedom" in

art, which gives over the real world to the Prussian Kaisers, Bismarcks and Krupps, and then imagines itself a hero in the land of dreams. It is little wonder that Jung looked upon Wagner as one of the most profound world artists and thinkers, just as Freud admired Nietzsche, the Wagner of German philosophy.

Examples multiply in the twentieth century, from the operas of Richard Strauss, with their eroticism and lurid violence to the horrors of Berg's *Wozzeck,* and from Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake,* which is devoted to one night's dream in which all the myths and fantasies of the past of humanity melt together, to the terrified nightmares of Kafka and the faceless people of the surrealist painters. But psychoanalytic theory offers no elucidation even of these works. It is a symptom of the same disease. This entire stream of art may be called the expression of the middle class, crying in fear at its being crushed by the very forces it believed in, "free enterprise," hating the working class as its mortal enemy, expressing itself in images of the bloodiest and most anarchistic violence, fleeing from reality as a "chaos" and pronouncing the doom of all humanity. Similarly psychoanalytic theories are all profoundly pessimistic. Rank speaks of life as moving between two poles, "fear of life and fear of death." Reik, another prolific writer and theorizer on life, society, culture and history, declares that "man is a masochistic animal." Freud, in Wagnerian fashion, elaborates a theory of life as a struggle between Eros, or love, the "life-instinct," and the "death-instinct."

THE cultural theories of psychoanalysis lead directly or indirectly to fascism. How well these theories may be used to propagate fascist ideas may be seen in the writings of the Columbia professor, Lionel Trilling. In his collection of critical essays, *The Liberal Imagination,* Trilling pretends to admire Mark Twain by turning him into a Jung-type superstition monger: "*Huckleberry Finn* is a great book because it is about a god—about, that is, a power which seems to have a mind and will of its own, and which to men of moral imagination appears to embody a great moral idea. Huck himself is the servant of the river-god. . . ." Then embarking on Freud, Trilling writes:

> "The death instinct is a conception that is rejected by many of even the most thoroughgoing Freudian theorists. . . . Yet even if we

reject the theory as not fitting the facts in any operatively useful way, we still cannot miss its grandeur, its ultimate tragic acquiescence to fate. . . . It can be said of various competing systems that some hold more promise for the artist than others. When, for example, we think of the simple humanitarian optimism which, for two decades, has been so pervasive, we must see that not only has it been politically and philosophically inadequate, but also that it implies, by the smallness of its view of the variety of human possibility, a kind of check on the creative faculties. In Freud's view of life no such limitation is implied."

Trilling believes that the humanitarian, democratic and anti-fascist movements of the last twenty years were not good for art, being a "check" on the critical faculties, and that therefore the anti-humanitarian and pro-fascist theories of life are needed, being good for art. This does not mean that Trilling is himself "undemocratic"—perish such a terrible thought! He only advocates fascist ideas because they make for good literature:

"I know that I will not be wrong if I assume that most of us here are in our social and political beliefs consciously liberal and democratic. And I know that I will not be wrong if I say that most of us, and in the degree of our commitment to literature and our familiarity with it, find that the contemporary authors we most wish to read and most wish to admire for their literary qualities demand of us a great agility in coping with their antagonism to our social and political ideas. For it is in general true that the modern European literature to which we can have an active, reciprocal relationship, which is the right relationship to have, has been written by men who are indifferent to, or even hostile to, the tradition of democratic liberalism as we know it."

There follows a parade of reactionary, fascist and semi-fascist writers, such as T. S. Eliot, Andre Gide and D. H. Lawrence. This is a thoroughly decadent theory of literature, namely, that it must express not the deepest aspirations of humanity, not the way in which people live and struggle in real life, not the push to the future as against the drag to the past, but whatever is most reactionary, as a "reciprocal relationship," or a "death instinct." And it serves to propagandize fascism, in the name of "art."

The cultural theories of psychoanalysis offer the service to imperialism and its war drive of replacing light with darkness, knowledge with superstition. They proclaim the unknowability of reality, the irrationality of existence. Wherever these theories affect the arts, the arts become indistinguishable from nightmares. Offering themselves as "criticism," they act as the diametrical opposite of true criticism, which is the appraisal of ideas, of views and portrayals of life, in terms of their truth to life, their realism, their power of enlightenment. Offering themselves as "modern insight" into the arts, they drag all art back to the level of primitive tribal rituals, and are the declared enemy of what has precisely been the greatness of art historically and in the present —its realism, enlightenment, and ability to be a weapon for human progress.

Dangerous Thoughts

by MATTHEW HALL

PREFERENCE

Some would like bombs
To go hippity hoppity
Pulverize People
And spare Private Property.

PENTAGON POLICY

Out of the cavernous mouths
of the statesmen of war
echo the words of Hitler
the lies getting bigger
and bigger
as the statesmen get
littler

NATURE NOTE

It is rumored about
among the seedlings
and the tender sproutings
called before
the unfloriferous committee
that the American Beauty
will not appear in red
this spring
but the rose
has other thoughts.

right face

OUT OF THE HORSE'S MOUTH

"In my view, our liberties are in greater jeopardy than ever before." —*Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson follows his June 4th assault on the Bill of Rights with a July 4th speech.*

UNFAIR!

"Prejudice against foreign capital and exploitation has been a prime factor in barring free enterprise from effectively operating in many large undeveloped oil regions."—Joseph E. Pogue, a director of Gulf Oil.

DREAD QUESTION

"Representative O'Toole says that people now recognize the rooking they got from department stores if these stores can cut prices as much as 50-60 per cent and still make a profit. He's pressing for a Congressional inquiry into price structures starting at the manufacturer and moving through to the consumer. *What could this do to free enterprise?"*—Photo Dealer *magazine.*

WHADDYA READ?

"Communists and their allies have made the greatest gain of any party in the Finnish general elections this week."—News report in New York *Times,* July 5.

"Finland's Communists did not increase their vote."—Editorial in the same paper, same date.

BELLES LETTRES

"'Almost unbelievable,' says her publisher, 'is the fact that most of the poems were written during her eighteenth year in one of the nation's largest mental hospitals'; yes, one should have guessed it was the work of a gifted and averagely blocked young lady of twenty at Bennington or Sarah Lawrence."—*From a review in* Poetry *magazine.*

WE INVITE READERS' CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT. ORIGINAL CLIPPINGS ARE REQUESTED WITH EACH ITEM.

AGNES SMEDLEY

by TING LING

AGNES SMEDLEY was one of the finest daughters of the American people and a loyal friend of the Chinese people. She was the daughter of a transport worker in a mining district. Early in her youth she had begun to seek truth, freedom and the liberation of the working people.

Agnes Smedley came to China in 1928 not because China was to her "a mysterious ancient country of the East" or "a paradise for adventurers," but because China was an oppressed nation. She had come to understand the sufferings of colonial India, so she also sympathized with the revolutionary movement of semi-colonial China. She came to China as a correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* a German newspaper, after the Great Chinese Revolution and at a time when Chiang Kai-shek's white terror reigned on China's soil.

While in China she visited the villages and factories to study the life of the peasants and workers. She made the acquaintance of Lu Hsun, Mao Tun, Fung Hsueh-feng, and other writers. (I also met her at that time.) She had contacts with Left-wing cultural circles and gained a deeper understanding of the demands of China's revolution. Through these contacts and the talks she had with revolutionaries who came to Shanghai from the Soviet areas in South China, she gathered material on the revolutionary movement in Kiangsi, Fukien, Anhwei, Honan, Hupeh and Hunan. The daring historic exploits of the Chinese Red Army of workers and peasants in the revolutionary struggle impressed her deeply and she had a high regard for the people's troops and admired them for their brilliant military achievements. Her books

NOTE: This article was written on the first anniversary of Agnes Smedley's death, May 6, 1951. The author, a distinguished Chinese woman novelist, was a close friend of Miss Smedley.

China's Red Army Marches and *Chinese Destinies* were written at this time.

During the period when Smedley lived in Shanghai, she took advantage of all opportunities to establish close relationships with the foreigners in Shanghai. She did publicity work and raised funds among them, organized a number of sympathizers among them to do communication work with the Red Army and to aid the revolution in one way or another and to give shelter to revolutionary comrades. She often said to these friends, "Now that you know the truth, you should think of ways to do something about it." She also mobilized people to go to the Soviet areas.

She helped in the relief work for the Liberated Areas and assisted Soong Ching-ling (Madame Sun Yat-sen), Tsai Yuan-pai, Lu Hsun, Yang Hsing-fu and others in the work of the League for the Defense of Human Rights. She often worked days on end and far into the night. All her Chinese and foreign friends were amazed at her abounding energy and admired her for her enthusiasm.

Hu Shih, V. K. Ting and others of China's reactionary intellectuals serving the interests of foreign imperialists, detested Smedley's activities in China. They hated Smedley. Hu Shih openly campaigned to deprive her of her status as correspondent for the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, charging that she "conspired" with the Chinese Communist Party. As a result she had to leave the newspaper and lost her journalistic status.

Her health was poor and she was forced to return to the United States, but after a brief stay there she returned to China. This was the period when the Chinese people's patriotic movement reached a high peak and the national united front against Japanese aggression was expanding.

In November, 1936, she arrived in Sian, the advanced base for the reactionary forces at that time. Chiang Kai-shek was holding a military conference there for the purpose of suppressing the patriotic movement. However, Chang Hsueh Liang, Yang Hu Ch'eng and many generals of the Northeast and Northwest were in the process of accepting the proposals of the Chinese Communist Party to join in the united front against Japan. Also present in Sian were quite a number of Communists and members of democratic parties. Smedley was unusually excited because she was in the midst of such a tense and

complicated political scene. She was elated when on December 12, Chiang Kai-shek was detained. She well understood the reactionary nature of Chiang as the stubborn and deadly enemy of the Chinese people. However, she was not then able to grasp the very complicated nature of the Chinese Revolution, so she was quite confused when she heard that Chiang Kai-shek had been set free.

IN THE spring of 1937 she arrived in Yenan and lived the spartan life of the Chinese revolutionaries. During this period, she spent much time conversing with Commander-in-chief Chu Teh, for she was preparing to write his biography. During these conversations, she not only acquired an intimate knowledge of the personality of Chu Teh, but obtained a clearer understanding of the Chinese people and the Chinese Red Army. Her love for China grew deeper. Besides gathering material and writing articles, she regularly visited hospitals, participated in health conferences and helped to solve the problem of medical supplies. She also assisted in work among women.

When the Anti-Japanese War broke out, Smedley followed the Red Army on its marches right up to the battle-front. These marches were very trying, but she managed to give tender care to her comrades all along the way.

In 1938 she arrived in Hankow where she did a great deal of publicity work among the people on the victorious battles of the Communist-led Eighth Route Army. She organized an exhibition of war trophies captured by the Army from the Japanese. With the contributions she collected in this way and the earnings from her writings, she purchased medical supplies and other essential articles and sent them to the Eighth Route Army. She persuaded foreign correspondents to go to the battle-front. Even a well-known Catholic bishop in Hankow at her persuasion sent his daughter to Linfeng, Shansi, then the general headquarters of the Eighth Route Army. On their return the correspondents spoke highly of the Army.

Meanwhile she finished her third book, *China Fights Back,* and a little later her fourth, *The Battle Hymn of China.* In these books she exposed the plot of American imperialism against China and the shameless corruption of the Chiang Kai-shek clique. She praised the stubborn courage, unstinting devotion and selfless sacrifice of the Eighth Route Army and the Chinese people in their struggle to liberate

the nation and bring about the victory of the revolution. Her books were widely welcomed by progressive circles throughout the world and were translated into Chinese, Russian and German.

Her frail constitution, aggravated by long years of intense work, forced her to return to the United States to recuperate. But after she got there, she could not rest. She continued to do publicity work for China's revolution. Once during a debate, when the notorious reactionary writer Lin Yu-tang slandered the Chinese people, she immediately rose to reprove him, "If I were you, I wouldn't know where to hide my face, and yet you call yourself a Chinese!" *Life,* America's reactionary pictorial magazine, offered her a large sum of money and tried to persuade her to hand over the photographs she had collected on the activities of the Eighth Route Army. She refused with the curt remark, "Can *Life* ever do anything that would benefit the Chinese people?"

In 1948, MacArthur, as the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces, launched a Red-baiting campaign against Agnes Smedley, attempting to prove that she was involved in a Far Eastern spy ring. He also fabricated a story of her having close contacts with two revolutionary martyrs whom the Japanese people highly respected and whom MacArthur also slanderously charged as spies. Many newspapers in the United States frontpaged the story in bold headlines. Why did MacArthur attack Smedley? Because during the war of resistance against Japan there were quite a few American correspondents in China. Some had been to Yenan and the Eighth Route Army front. These correspondents saw for themselves two different Chinas. From the standpoint of ordinary Americans they had to admit that the policy of aiding Chiang Kai-shek was of no use to the U.S. These reports were not helpful to the schemes of MacArthur and American reactionaries. Hence MacArthur and other American warmongers began to threaten and warn these writers against making their views known to the world. This together with the anti-Soviet plot of Wall Street called for an attack on Agnes Smedley.

However, this treacherous and poisonous plot failed to intimidate Smedley. Instead, she fought back fiercely against her enemies. In a radio broadcast, she attacked the criminal behavior of the American imperialists. She exposed MacArthur's intentions to intervene in China's civil war to aid the tottering regimé of Chiang Kai-shek against the

Chinese people and the conspiracy to turn Japan into a military base from which to attack China and the Soviet Union.

Smedley pointed out that MacArthur was attacking her under the cloak of legal immunity and challenged him to give up this special privilege so that she could sue him for libel. MacArthur did not have the courage to do so and the U.S. War Department had to openly admit that the charges in regard to Smedley were false.

WHEN the victorious Chinese people liberated Peking and Nanking, her happiness was indescribable. Day and night she hoped to return to China to serve the Chinese people, but the U.S. government prevented her at every turn.

Her health deteriorated rapidly and she had spent her pitifully small savings in fighting MacArthur. She therefore had to go to England where the cost of living was lower in order to finish her biography of Chu Teh. However, fearing that she might travel to China via Hongkong, the American authorities took steps to make it impossible. American imperialism feared this frail and aging woman and never ceased to persecute her.

Smedley did not fulfill her wish to walk once again on China's soil and to see the victorious revolutionary leaders of New China. In England her health finally broke and she died on May 6, 1950, after an unsuccessful operation. Just before her death she told her friends that she desired that her possessions be sent to Commander-in-Chief Chu Teh and her ashes be taken to Peking for burial. Even though she could not come to China when she was alive she wanted to have her remains interred in the free soil of China. Her ashes have been transported to Peking and buried in the People's Republic of China. The people of China will forever remember this great daughter of the American people and faithful friend of the Chinese people.

books in review

Housing Project

IN THE CITY WAS A GARDEN, by Henry Kraus. *Renaissance Press.* $3.00.

"IN THE CITY WAS A GARDEN" chronicles the growth of social vision among a group of American workers and their families living in Garden City, a wartime housing project in California. The book is documentary in form, yet it achieves the motion and development of a novel. Kraus writes with genuine warmth and understanding of those with whom he lived and worked in Garden City.

The tenants, who come from all over the country to work in the shipbuilding industry, become involved in two major social struggles. First is the fight to keep the doors of Garden City open to Negro tenants. Here the author brings skill and subtlety to his chronicle. He does not idealize his characters. We see some move from the purely liberal and philanthropic approach to the Negro people, to a sounder understanding of the fight for Negro rights. Some pass from chauvinism which they do not even know is chauvinism, to a position in which unity has more than a formal meaning. Others degenerate under the pressures, while the Negro tenants themselves, with a fundamental understanding of what is taking place, choose their allies.

The second major struggle which the people of Garden City face is their fight to retain the project, after the war, under a mutual ownership plan. The government sabotages this plan from without. Professional patriots and realty agents try to smash it from within. Mutual discussion and the collective solution of problems become more difficult with the war's end. In place of these, Red-baiters use the Communist cry to divide the tenants. This saves the project for private enterprise—and saves the tenants for uncertainty and even homelessness.

It is here that the reader may find the scope of the book too confined. To some extent it romanticizes the significance of a possible victory in achieving mutual ownership of a project. Capitalism has had plenty of experience in dealing with such co-operative victories. Surely it was right to fight for the project and the mutual ownership plan, but not to fight for the illusions that go with such a struggle.

The book builds to a climax—

a tribute to the form which Kraus has chosen. Red-baiting and prejudice defeat the tenants of Garden City in their plan. But it is not a total defeat. In this oasis of social experiment, individuals have flowered. As Dorothy, the author's wife, remarks at a picnic held when the ownership plan was already doomed, "We won't be as pathetically inexperienced as when this thing started. In fact I can count a dozen people right here who could take the lead and who are going to do it too when the opportunity again presents itself."

This remark is really the theme of the book. Kraus presents this theme with spirit, insight, and more genuine adventure and conflict than may be found in many a novel.

IRA WALLACH

Man of Principle

THE TROUBLED AIR, by Irwin Shaw. *Random House.* $3.75.

ON PAGE 153 Mr. Shaw tells us everything. "How much easier it is," reflects his hero, an alleged man of Principle, "to pity people with good table manners." The character who provokes this thought is a refugee Jew whose parents have died in a Nazi crematorium. He is facing deportation because of a long-past, brief membership in the Communist Party and has just been fired by the hero himself, a radio program director, from his job as music composer. Under the circumstances he can hardly be blamed for eating his soup in a nervous and untidy fashion. The hero's pity survives, though, just enough to lend him, later, two hundred dollars—not enough, unfortunately, to save him from suicide. Obviously, this prospective deportee should have studied Emily Post—he might have become a man of Principle himself.

That principle, as Mr. Shaw illustrates it throughout the book, amounts to this: that when the political Black Maria starts picking up the nation's best citizens, a writer may remain "liberal" and safe too by indicating that he would gladly try to stop the vehicle except that he wouldn't be caught dead in the company of its victims, whose unpleasantness more than justifies their punishment. Recently Mr. Shaw signified that he wouldn't be caught dead in his own company of some fifteen years ago—he publicly repudiated his anti-war play of that time, *Bury the Dead,* and set to work writing a pro-war movie.

The Troubled Air, however, does more than set an ugly example. It attempts to persuade all genuine liberals that the sure way to personal disillusionment and disaster is to get involved, no

matter how slightly, in any battle against the Red Scare. And it attempts to persuade them, not through direct political argument —which might have been too revealing—but by appealing to "decency," a word that has been distorted before by snobs. As visualized in *The Troubled Air,* it covers anything from prissiness to racism.

Just such a decent individual is the novel's hero, Clement Archer. Ordered to drop five employees from his radio program because a sheet called *Blueprint* (a fictional *Red Channels*) has warned the sponsor that otherwise it will expose them as Communists, Archer is taken aback. He feels a Principle rising. He even mutters in his beard that maybe, perhaps, a person should be permitted to keep his job whether he's a Communist or not, but the question never gets beyond the beard. So the issue that matters most is dropped. The question can then become: are the accused "guilty" or not? To find that out, Archer decides on a method which seems to strike him as refreshingly straightforward and original, although the Un-American Committee has been using it for years —he will ask them himself! The private witch-hunt is on.

First to go is the music composer, the one who spills his soup Before the investigation even starts, Archer's boss phones to say that *that* one is out regardless and Archer gives in, telling himself that if one of the accused is sacrificed it might be easier to "save" the other four. Three of them, however, prove very trying. Stanley Atlas, the Negro comedian of the program, won't even answer his question. Atlas, in Shaw's portrayal, is so obsessed with hatred of white people that he can't think straight; or, as Archer puts it, "he's got colored on the brain." His lengthy, mocking retorts so provoke his inquisitor that the latter yearns to "punch this cool, grinning man in the nose." Luckily for Archer, pity is not called for, as the author has thoughtfully arranged for Atlas to boast that he owns two tenement buildings and a half-interest in a bar, so what's a job to him? . . .

While there are anti-Negro descriptions in American literature more horrifying in their overt epithets and sneers, this one of Shaw's has a uniquely snide quality; as a super-cunning attempt to "turn the tables" on the opponents of white-supremacy and political persecution it is especially revolting. Nor can it be argued that Shaw was merely writing about "an individual character." In a novel devoted to making a political point, using characters with that specific purpose in mind, each major individual becomes representative; otherwise, the book has no meaning.

Next our private investigator

moves upon the Jews. While the music composer's fate has been settled, Archer feels he should see him anyway, perhaps "help" him. The visit is a waste; not only is the man a slob in manners and dress, he has a "pudgy, pale, hairless chest," talks in an over-emotional, rambling manner with comic touches of twisted English, and hasn't the good taste to conceal his terror.

In addition his name, with his wife's, makes Archer shudder: "Diana and Manfred Pokorny—names for low-comedy servants in a musical comedy." The wife herself repels Archer—*not,* mind you, because she's an "active Communist" but because she's too tall for a woman and has a "heavy, angry head" and a bullying manner. On top of all that, Pokorny, like Atlas, possesses a "private dementia"; *he* thinks (Archer can scarcely believe it) that *he's* being persecuted because he's a Jew. (Later in the book, Shaw works in another of his sly touches when he also makes the ruthless industrialist-sponsor a Jew, who is most ruthless of all toward Pokorny.) Archer tries to show him that the idea is "fantastic"—but then, how can you reason with a man who wears an orange rayon dressing-gown decorated with food spots?

Among the categories of politically persecuted, there is always, of course, the Neurotic Personality. It is represented here by the beautiful actress who says yes, she *is* a Communist—she loved a Communist once, he died, and she is "dedicated." Her hands shake and she's a rank exhibitionist; Archer is tremendously relieved to learn that she's already been offered a good part in a stage play—again, no need for pity.

In fact pity gets no innings at all until the sad case of Alice Weller, widow with young son, representing the Gullible and Misled. In 1949 there was the Peace Congress at the Waldorf-Astoria, and Alice was gulled and misled into supporting it. Poor Archer is flabbergasted—didn't she, he asks, know what she was *doing?* but forgives her because she's so pathetic. He even puts his arms around her, not forgetting to note that her body is too heavy, her dress is sleazy, and those curls on her forehead look pretty silly.

Finally comes the Treacherous Pal, Shaw's ace-in-the-hole. For fifteen years this man, Vic Herres, has been the hero's best friend. He exhibits none of the traits that assault Clement Archer's quivering nerves and flinching nostrils. Besides, Archer owes his radio career to him. When Vic says no, he's not a Communist, Archer vouches for him personally to the sponsor. But—take it from Mr. Shaw—you can't *always* detect guilt by the presence of a smell or a cliché. It turns out, in a ghastly denouement, quite without warning, that Vic is the organizer of the radio "cell," noth-

ing less. At that point Archer pulls his poor nerves together and rises magnificently above his distaste for strong feelings forthrightly expressed. From now on, he tells Vic, he will expose him and his kind every chance he gets —"and by God, if I have to, I'll pick up a gun and shoot you!"

Now *don't* get the idea that Mr. Shaw feels it's in the liberal tradition to shoot one's best friend of fifteen years because of his politics. He has taken care of that point very neatly; it also turns out, and just as suddenly, that Vic has committed adultery, bullied his wife, forged Archer's name to a Communist petition and betrayed him to the boss. (He had manners, you see, but no honor.) What's more, all this horrible information comes out while Shaw is lathering up sympathy for Archer through a soap-opera sequence featuring Mrs. Archer, who, ordinarily a tender-and-playful type, gets so frantic over her husband's possible "involvement with Reds" that she gives premature birth to an infant who lives only a few hours. And, of course, Archer loses his job . . . in fiction (this kind of fiction), an alleged man of Principle can't come out like the bosses.

There isn't space to detail the dirty little tricks that the author uses—for example, his scurrilous treatment of protest meetings against the blacklist. Oh, yes, there's a good deal of stuff against

sponsors and advertisers who support a *Red Channels*—but the real ammunition is fired at the victims. Shaw's story will be believed by people who know progressives and Communists only through the slanderous clichés on which he has built his characters. It will be used by people who know better but want a "decent" excuse to "pick up a gun" themselves. Others, including genuinely liberal writers, will see it for what it is: a shameful invitation to betrayal and self-destruction in the cause of mean values and meaner fears.

BARBARA GILES

Army of Occupation

THE STEPS OF THE QUARRY, by Robert Terrall. *Crown.* $3.00.

"THE STEPS OF THE QUARRY," a first novel by Robert Terrall, is difficult to describe. Set in the Austrian town of Weissau near the Mordhausen concentration camp in the days after its capture by the U.S. Army, it hungrily attempts to describe, report and interpret every movement and conflict of its scene—the nature of the Army, its divided policies and divided men; the meaning of the concentration camps; the political mentality of fascism in Austria, the varied relationship of its people to Nazism's acts and their common guilt; the story of the Jews; the rapid degradation of individuals in this scene and the regeneration of others.

Like its milieu, restive and explosive under an irresponsible and incompetent military government, the novel seethes and boils, sometimes scaldingly significant, sometimes cauterizing, sometimes only burning irritably.

Although it is always interesting and refuses to fall into literary categories, Terrall's novel suffers from its excessive restlessness. One suspects this resistance to settling down with one theme: it begins to appear a device with which the author hides his lack of authoritative knowledge of the social and economic scene or of convincing understanding of his individual characters.

Yet when you are almost certain of this judgment, the novel will surprise you with a passage, such as that of the economic role which the concentration camps were designed to play in the economy of fascism, which is brilliant and simple; or with a development in a complex character, like the Austrian girl changing her life as she discards the morals of fascism, which is unforced, unexpected and very real.

The title of the novel refers to the 186 steps of Mordhausen's quarry, on which many of its prisoners died carrying huge stones. The camp always haunts the many stories and actions of

the book and it is when the characters and their actions are most clearly related to this horrifying phenomenon of fascism that it is most real and interesting. That is what gives all the passages on the Jewish survivors of the camp—their plight, neglect and mistreatment by the American Military Government — their force and irony.

It is Mordhausen's existence that supplies the intellectual and emotional irritant to the book's main character, Jack Kosek, a sergeant whose outfit becomes Weissau's military government. Kosek is another attempt to assess that mythical average American young worker and, of course, his testing in that scene of corruption and hope is inevitably the most interesting element in the book. For Kosek's homeland is faced with Mordhausens in the making today.

The author is scrupulously realistic in his treatment of Kosek. While he acquits himself well—he sporadically helps the Nazis' victims, tries to prosecute the fascists—he fails in his love affair with an Austrian girl because he is unable to grow as much as she, a former Nazi sympathizer, who finds her path to moral health in accepting social responsibility.

Along with the political insights he gains in tracing the history of a non-Nazi capitalist, Kosek also sees a little of what makes him fail in personal relationships, the combination of male supremacy and erratic social responsibility which is an extension of his political immaturity. One sees him in the final mordantly witty scene of the novel, while waiting to be sent home with his outfit, enjoying the Music Hall Rockettes on a USO tour. His enjoyment is only half-hearted but it's the author's way of saying that Kosek is still a divided man.

Although Kosek is not always clearly seen in every action in which the novel involves him, the total portrait is believable and true, as is the case with several other characters in the book. Yet over them, as with the novel, hangs an indecisiveness. The fault of the novel is not, one comes to see, that it gathers too much to itself or that its main characters remain unpredictable, but that the scene has not been fully explored. Fascism has been shown in some of its effects and traced to its capitalist structure, but the U.S. Army's corruption and its venal role has not been as well explained. Its moral and political sickness is seen but not explained, and this is, after all, the novel's main concern.

This failing leads the author to show the Army's corruption solely through the riotous, immoral behavior of its soldiers. Thus, with the best of intentions, Terrall devotes a large chunk of the novel to a depiction of the chaotic first twenty-four hours when the soldiers celebrate their first day in

Weissau, rivaling in its incoherence and dull sensuality the brothel scene in Joyce's Ulysses. This indirection of the author—his failing to portray all the forces in the novel in terms of the capitalist sickness from which they all suffer—forces the novel to ramble, makes it seem to have attempted too many themes, has made its people appear inconclusively realized.

For in a novel of scene, as *The Steps of the Quarry* is, the characters may halt, hesitate, be querulous and the incidents crowd one another, yet the whole will be crystal clear and cohesive if only the author maintains steadily a unified historical analysis of the scene. There are, however, so few novels which deal realistically and critically with capitalist society that Terrall's first novel, with its unusual readability and fine descriptive passages, is easily one of those well worth reading and recommending.

JOSE YGLESIAS

Counter-revolution: 1877

REUNION AND REACTION: The Compromise of 1877 and the End of Reconstruction, by C. Vann Woodward. *Little, Brown.* $4.00.

AT THE end of his book Mr. Woodward explains that his work involved a long and patient search for clues. The resulting volume reminds me of a mystery story published some years ago, in the form of a diary kept by the police investigator: when the last page is reached, everyone knows who committed the murder except the detective who kept the diary! Mr. Woodward presents us with a wealth of facts; his analysis, however, never goes below the surface, and it eventually becomes clear that the author does not grasp the political significance of his own material.

It has long been admitted even by reactionary historians that the disputed presidential election of 1876 was settled by an agreement between the Democratic and Republican parties to make Hayes president in return for his promise to withdraw Federal troops from the South and end the era of Radical Reconstruction. The series of discussions which led to this settlement is well known in our history as the Wormley Conference.

Mr. Woodward's book is written to prove that the Wormley Conference was only one incident in an elaborate plot among the men of property, North and South, to overthrow the state Reconstruction governments. The author asserts, and proves conclusively, that for many months before the Wormley Conference, feelers were put out for this purpose: men on confidential missions slipped in and out of hotel rooms; letters were written that were not meant for the public eye; poli-

ticians held forth promises of patronage, grants of Federal aid, and cabinet posts. The railroad lobby pulled most of the strings.

Mr. Woodward presents event after event, letter after letter, wherein we may trace the steps whereby the Republican Party abandoned the principles on which it was founded; wherein we may trace, also, the dawning understanding of wealthy Southerners that they no longer had anything to fear from the Republican Party.

The story of the last years of Reconstruction is here told in overwhelming detail, with one fatal omission: Mr. Woodward has not realized that basic to the overthrow of the Reconstruction governments was the genocidal policy of the planters of the South, the capitalists of both regions, and the government of the United States toward the Negro people. A terror which included the murder of countless Negroes, sometimes of Negro officials assembled in state legislatures, was the weapon without which the Reconstruction governments could not have been crushed. Mr. Woodward does not mention these events. He remarks that the Negroes had no leadership and were on the whole "parties to the compromise."

Mr. Woodward apparently knows nothing of the struggles, ranging from parliamentary action to pitched battles for the

land and for protection of the Reconstruction legislatures, which the Negro people conducted. True, dominant American historiography has deliberately hidden this aspect of the story; yet historians like W. E. B. Du Bois, Carter G. Woodson, James S. Allen, Herbert Aptheker and novelists like Howard Fast have brought it to light and told it so well that it would not have been necessary for Mr. Woodward to consult primary sources to discover it. Thus the author, whose preparations included a search in "histories of defunct railroads or a casual letter buried in a collection having no apparent bearing on this subject," has failed to consider far more important material which is readily available.

This is the fundamental error which makes it impossible for Mr. Woodward to assess correctly the happenings which he so conscientiously relates and to understand that the events of 1877 were not a compromise but a counter-revolution—the undoing of most of the work of Civil War and Reconstruction.

Worse yet, the author accepts and repeats the commonplace slanders against the Reconstruction governments and especially against the Negro Reconstruction leaders.

Nevertheless, *Reunion and Reaction* has significance for us today because it illuminates that deal on the basis of which the Negro people are held in bondage, and the South and the nation are poisoned.

ELIZABETH LAWSON

RECENT BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

AMERICAN IMPERIALISM, by Victor Perlo. $2.25

THE WOMAN QUESTION, Selections from the writings of Karl Marx, Frederick Engels, V. I. Lenin, and Joseph Stalin..... .50

LABOR FACT BOOK 10, prepared by Labor Research Association 2.00

OUTLINE POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAS, by William Z. Foster..... 5.00

LET THE RAIL SPLITTER AWAKE, and other poems, by Pablo Neruda..... .50

MONOPOLY TODAY, prepared by Labor Research Association..... .90

Pamphlets

I Take My Stand for Peace, by W. E. B. Du Bois .02

Voices for Freedom, prepared by Civil Rights Congress ..... .10

Public Enemies in Public Office, by Carl Hirsch .10

Who Wants War? by Joseph Clark..... .03

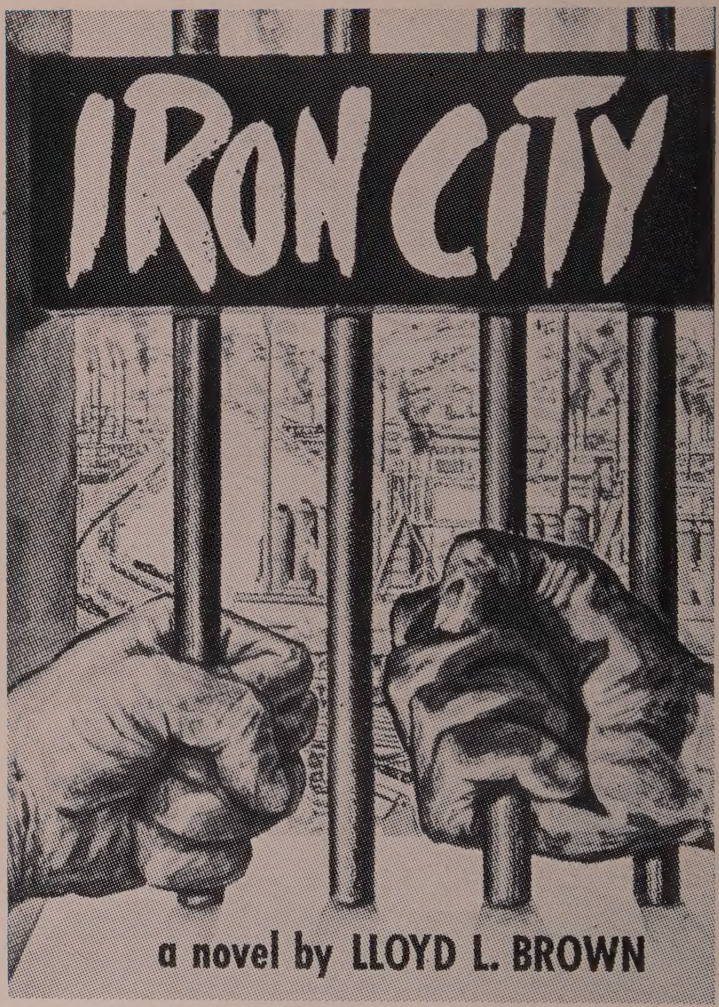
Bonus for Murder, by Arthur D. Kahn..... .10

Marxism and Negro Liberation, by Gus Hall.. .10

Peace—and Price Cuts Too! by Felix Baran.... .05

At your Bookshop or from

New Century Publishers, 832 Broadway, N. Y. 3



Popular edition, $1.50; cloth, $3.00.
At your bookstore, literature center, or by mail from the publisher:
MASSES & MAINSTREAM, 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.