MASSES & MAINSTREAM

CLEM HODGES

CRISIS IN PUBLISHING

Burning books, banning authors

YVONNE GREGORY

MRS. INGRAM'S KINFOLK

A Georgia journey

BETTY MILLARD

"OPERATION KILLER"

Report of Women's Committee

The Whiskey Men

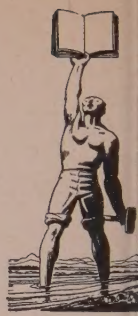
ALBERT MALTZ

I Learn the Score

ROOSEVELT WARD

NOVEMBER, 1951 35 cents

Vol. 4, No. 11



MASSES & *Mainstream*

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November, 1951

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urning books, banning authors

Crisis in Publishing

CLEM HODGES

ECENTLY, people on the mail-
ing list of Little, Brown and
npany, one of the oldest publish-
houses in this country, received
emarkable brochure. Printed in a
ido-classical style, with fancy 18th-
tury curlicues, it was in fact a
ument of the Smith Act era. The
chure presented a shamefully ab-
apology for charges of Commu-
n directed against Little, Brown
the red-baiting rag, *Counterattack.*
nterestingly enough, the publish-
never mention in their brochure
t the sole purpose of *Counterattack*
the professional assassination of
ists, entertainers, and writers
ough lies, insinuations, and threats.
r does Little, Brown point out that
e earns a place in the pages of
unterattack not by doing anything
-American, mean or indecent, but
expressing any of those old-fash-
ed virtues of courage, humani-
ianism, and anti-fascism, which
re once honored in this country.
Here is how the publishers lead
their apology:

"We have prepared this memorandum
correct the highly misleading summary
Little, Brown's publishing activities
ich appeared in the August 31st issue
of *Counterattack.* The apparently deliberate attempt of that account is to show that Little, Brown has recently become a Communist-front publishing house. Those who know us well understand that such a charge is absurd. But the distortion of our publishing policy is so exaggerated that we must record the facts and reasons which this smear has ignored."

Little, Brown continues with the kind of arithmetical and fantastic argument which is best illustrated by this passage in the elegantly printed brochure:

"Twenty books by the remaining ten authors are now on our list. Of these fourteen are by the six authors who will probably continue to offer us their books. Adding the eight single titles listed above to these fourteen, we find that the in-print books of the active authors objectionable to *Counterattack* total twenty-two, or 3 percent of the in-print titles on our list. These fourteen authors represent 4 percent of the in-print authors on our list."

Here percentages are called upon for absolution, and reasoning, in its own way as distorted as the reasoning of those who print *Counterattack,* is used to defend Little, Brown from charges levelled at them by a handful of ex-F.B.I. men who run a professional hate sheet.

No one who has known the history

of Little, Brown over the past decade can read this brochure with anything but a feeling of sorrow and anger. Sorrow because a publishing house which has had a reputation for courage, independence of thought, and adherence to the Bill of Rights, no longer occupies such a position—and anger at the spectacle of publishers allowing themselves to be intimidated in such a fashion.

Concurrently with its brochure, Little, Brown confirmed the resignation of D. Angus Cameron as editor-in-chief, vice-president, and director. A newspaper story states that:

> "The resignation came less than two weeks after the Scripps-Howard press, candidly admitting it was basing its case on information from *Counterattack,* the anti-Communist weekly news letter . . . began pillorying the publishing house. The Scripps-Howard papers charged that Little, Brown, for many years one of the most conservative book publishers in America, published under Cameron's editorship 'a succession of authors who were known Communists or ardent Communist sympathizers' because Cameron was a 'Communist sympathizer.' "

The issue, however, is hardly one of whether or not Mr. Cameron was a Communist sympathizer, nor can the issue even be construed as one concerning the political affiliations of Little, Brown's authors. The issue is simply this: can any freedom of speech or publication survive in America in the present circumstances? Little, Brown's capitulation to *Counterattack,* the un-American Committee and the Department of Justice is symptomatic of the acute crisis in American publishing.

THIS crisis can of course be ur stood only within the ge framework of terror and intelle intimidation in the United S today—the Supreme Court dec upholding the Smith Act, the Carran law, the loyalty oath inc tion, the F.B.I. raids and the ja of several dozen of America's lea intellectuals for political reason

The most acute expressions o fascist danger in publishing ar Smith Act persecutions. The ja of John Gates, editor of the *Worker;* the indictments of ander Trachtenberg, head of national Publishers, of V. J. Je editor of *Political Affairs,* of Al mond and Philip M. Connelly, e of the San Francisco *Daily Pe World*—these cases spearhead drive to place the whole publi industry under police supervisio

Only in such a period of orga witch-hunts and war hysteria a private slander agency like *terattack,* and its publication *Channels,* have managed to into the position of power it holds.

In a fashion, *Counterattack* ploys the old methods of threa ransom. Thus it is known that *terattack* has lately been visiting ous magazines. We have the ment of an editor of a magazine tells of the precise tactics used *Counterattack* agent who entere office at the magazine, implie he was a regular agent of the partment of Justice, and play

of an inquisitor concerning her ics and the politics of those who ked with her on the magazine. nd all the questions was the ut of job loss and permanent klist should the editor show re- nce to the man's methods.

ne Department of Justice operates publicly, but it has been told nd and about the publishing in- ry that the Department communi- d with Little, Brown concerning l Epstein's book on China. This part of the history of the intimi- on of Little, Brown and must be ped with the fact that two of its or authors were persuaded to ge publishers by the Catholic archy while Arthur Schlesinger, cancelled his contract with Red- ing fanfare.

mployees of several large-circula- heir editors by agents of the Jus- magazines have described visits Department. The purpose was to er political information about loyees, and to spread fear. The ies of publishers being called be- the Un-American Committee are e difficult to track down. The lishers themselves will not speak such visits, but there have been r signs that the Committee is ding up for a direct attack against lishing.

he pattern of action by these e agencies provides a background a much broader censorship and midation which flows from their ership. In Bartlesville, Okla., a arian was fired for allowing "sub- ive" material—*The Nation* and the *New Republic*—in the public library. In Montclair, N. J., the local chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution proposed that the public library segregate so-called Communist literature and establish a "subversive" reading room where all users of so-called subversive books could be registered.

In the Illinois Legislature, a bill was introduced to establish elaborate machinery to censor all teaching material used in the public schools. Four books by Mark Van Doren were barred from the library of Jersey City Junior College.

The New York City school system began by removing Howard Fast's *Citizen Tom Paine* from its libraries. Arthur Miller, and Laura Z. Hobson Soon after, books by Shirley Graham, were taken off the shelves. The book-banning spree was climaxed with the removal of Mark Twain's *Connecticut Yankee* from the school libraries.

One of the many notorious incidents of this kind was "The Battle of the Books" in Scarsdale, N. Y., where a tiny Catholic minority in the local board of education demanded that the books of Louis Untermeyer, Howard Fast, and Shirley Graham be characterized as subversive and removed from the school system and its libraries. The majority on the school board refused to be intimidated, and since this majority included the directors of some of the largest corporations in America they could hardly be shouted down by the cry of Communism. Nevertheless, the dispute has preoccupied the

Scarsdale community for months, and has caused the board of education to be submerged in threats and counter-threats.

THE virus of intimidation and self-imposed fear spreads wider every day. A former employee of Exposition Press reports that employees who raise questions of racism in manuscripts or books are immediately charged with being Communists. An employee of New American Library, which publishes Mentor Books, let leak to the newspapers the fact that tens of thousands of books by Howard Fast and Eric Ambler were to be destroyed as waste.

When the New York *Daily Compass* investigated this story, the publisher admitted that 130,000 of Fast's books, and an undetermined number of Eric Ambler's books were to be sold as waste paper. He said this was a common practice, necessitated by lack of storage space. But when reporters queried another publisher in the same field, they were told that it was an unheard of practice, since such books could always be disposed of at a substantially higher price than waste.

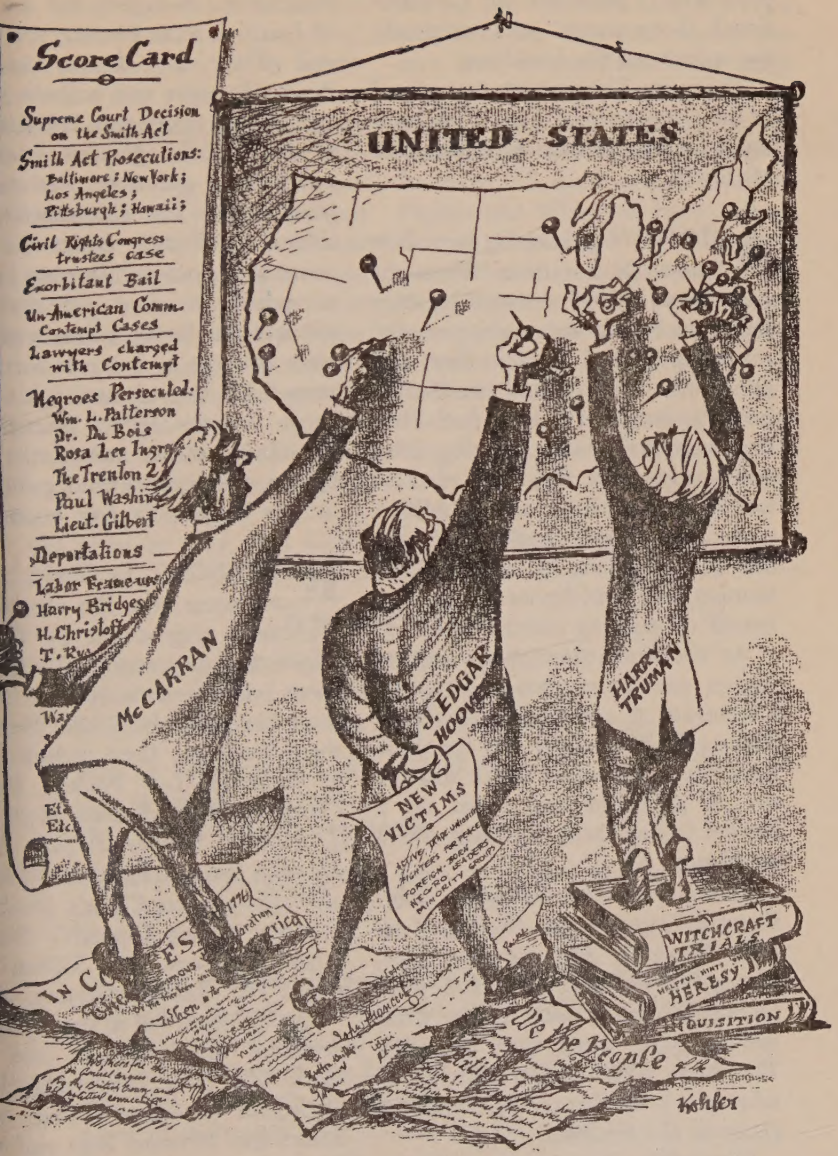
The books by Fast which New American Library decided to destroy were *Conceived in Liberty* and *The Unvanquished,* both about the American Revolution.

Leadership in the book-banning drive has been taken by the American Legion and the hierarchy. For example, in the *American Legion Magazine* for January, 1951, Kuhn wrote an article entitled, " You Buy Books that Sell Co nism." The article gives the im sion that a vast conspiracy among many leading commerci riodicals and publishers to pr the dissemination of Communi

Any informed person would recalled that the U.S. publishi dustry has voluntarily censore of existence the publication contemporary Soviet novels. sane person, by checking the ca of various publishers, could established that anti-Soviet and Communist books have becom main stock in trade.

But sanity is not plentif America today. The Kuhn artic seized upon. Not only does the zine which published it have culation of some three millio it was quoted by such sync columnists as George Sokolsk Considine, John O'Donnell, an Alexander. It was reprinted t lowing April by *Catholic Dige* without question it had a wi pervasive effect upon publishe booksellers.

This Legion article was or beginning of a general cam thousands of reprints have be tributed by the American Leg transcribed interview called " in Our Books" has been br over 120 radio stations, and th broadcast has been printed expensive leaflet which is bei tributed by America's Futur an affiliate of Dr. Edward A. R


Score Card
Supreme Court Decision on the Smith Act
Smith Act Prosecutions: Baltimore; New York; Los Angeles; Pittsburgh; Hawaii;
Civil Rights Congress trustees case
Exorbitant Bail
Un-American Comm. Contempt Cases
Lawyers charged with Contempt
Negroes Persecuted:
Wm. L. Patterson
Dr. Du Bois
Rosa Lee Ingr
The Trenton 2
Paul Washi
Lieut. Gilbert
Deportations
Labor Reac
Harry Bridges
H. Chrisloff
T. Ru
UNITED STATES
McCARRAN
J. EDGAR HOOVER
HARRY TRUMAN
NEW VICTIMS
WITCHCRAFT TRIALS
HERESY
INQUISITION
We the People
Kahler

pro-fascist "Committee for Constitutional Government" and originally the sponsor of the broadcast.

This same Kuhn article was placed in the *Congressional Record* on January 8, by Rep. George A. Dondero of Michigan.

AMERICAN publishing is at best financially precarious. Where the publishers resisted censorship, they found the bookstores, under pressure, returning liberal books they had published. They found themselves being investigated and attacked. They saw their investments slipping away and dangerously imperiled. In the face of this, publisher after publisher eliminated liberal books and embraced confessions by former Communists, and anti-Soviet tracts, as a means of purging themselves.

At the same time major review organs use Trotskyites and Social-Democrats as ambulatory blacklists. These people carefully sort out those books by progressives which manage to get published and either do a hatchet job on them or consign them to silence.

Among many recent examples, John Howard Lawson's *Our Hidden Heritage,* Lloyd L. Brown's *Iron City,* Howard Fast's *Peekskill: U.S.A.,* were blanketed with silence by the commercial press when they appeared. The New York *Times* refused to take an ad for George Marion's *All Quiet in the Kremlin.*

Censorship has surrounded the United States with a literary iron curtain. Five years ago American publishers bid eagerly for the of Louis Aragon. In fact, tow end of the war, Duell, Slo Pearce brought out a little as a tribute to Aragon, honori as one of the greatest poe novelists of our time. But A latest novel, *The Communis* sidered by French critics th novel of his career, has gone to publisher after publishe still has not found a firm wi cient courage to bring it for same holds true of the latest Jorge Amado, Pablo Neruc Ehrenburg, and of many othe figures who cannot find pub in this supposedly free cou

RETURNING to Little, one must note the char the books singled out by *attack* for destruction. Thir these books and thirteen of thors are listed by Little, B their brochure. They include J. Simmons' *Leo Tolstoy,* Dunham's *Man Against My* J. Struik's *Yankee Science Making,* James S. Martin's *All able Men,* Allan Chase's *Sh a Hero,* Albert Deutsch's *jected Children,* and Lillia man's *The Autumn Garden.*

Little, Brown fail to specify brochure other authors an work who could conceivabl cluded in the same listing; Maltz and Howard Fast an Thomas and Richard O. Bo Stefan Heym and Abraham and a number of others.

t is believed that an important
:or involved in the resignation of
gus Cameron from Little, Brown
been the firm's unwillingness to
olish Howard Fast's new novel on
rtacus and the revolt of the Ro-
n slaves. Starting with the fact
t Americans will not be able to
d the work of a writer who has
n one of the most popular and
oved of American authors for
rly two decades, consider what
s means for American culture
en the banning of such progressive
iters is the practice of virtually
ry publisher, motion picture com-
ıy and theater producer in our
ıntry.

In the years he was with Little, Brown, Mr. Cameron earned a reputation for his deep and sincere concern with books. Even *Time* magazine had to point out that "since the death of Scribner's Maxwell Perkins, many people considered Cameron the foremost U.S. book editor." If, as the Peglers and Woltmans have claimed, he was responsible for the above-named books and for many others, then any thoughtful person would have to see that his was a valuable contribution to American literature.

The crisis in publishing is in fact a crisis in the lives of all Americans. The directors of Little, Brown would do well to ask themselves whether they have not sold their birthright for a mess of fascist pottage.

RENEGADE

In Spring the caroling trooper ran up hill easily.
What couldn't be changed for the better
With this emerald change in the weather?

July his bare feet wriggled in pink sand
Gay as lobster and melon.
Had merely to pluck the laurels.

By autumn the tired trooper developed a pain in his back,
And his arches like leaves were falling.
Shoes were his night and day dream.

December the barefoot ex-trooper crawled back indoors;
And when he had eaten his swill and racked by the fire,
Tried the locked door too late:
And heard marching past him the marvelously sane,
Marching to keep from freezing,
April in their singing heads and not for a season,
For ever;
And left him forever hugging his dear-bought boots.

EVE MERRIAM

MRS. INGRAM'S KINFOLK

Two telephone calls and a trip to Geo

By YVONNE GREG

CALL Laurel, Mississippi. Laurel 238. Ask Willametta—Mrs. Troy Hawkins—how she feels about Mrs. Rosa Lee Ingram being in jail for the defense of her womanhood. Go on. Ask her.

"Why, I just don't know if *I* ever heard of *her.*"

Keep on talking to Mrs. Troy Hawkins, the one whose precious honor was saved when the state of Mississippi killed a man named Willie McGee. Don't hang up. Let the sound of her voice into your ears. Tell her you're *so* proud to hear she's standing up for her rights, for the rights of all American women. Tell her that's what made you call. You wanted her to help Mrs. Ingram get free; Mrs. Ingram who was put in jail for life for resisting a white man's aggression.

"Why I just never heard anything about it," she says. "You send me some litcha-choor on it, like you said. Then I'll talk to my lawyers on it."

Then go to the nearest toilet and vomit.

The night Willie McGee got killed, a Gilbert and Sullivan song kept jangling around in my head. I kept fancying about Governor Fieldi Wright, high tiddly-winks of graaytt staaytt, that nooo-bull of Mississippi, suh, . . . I kept c seeing him sitting down to a big old fat dish of special "ma cooked" food, grease slithering his chin, as he threw back hi head and hollered:

"The law is the true embodim
Of everything that's excellent.
It has no time for fault or fl
And I, *my friends, embody the*

I got mean that night, thi about him; about lil ol Willa And Willie McGee and Rosale Gee. And I thought very hard Mrs. Rosa Lee Ingram.

Thought so hard I called tha man named Willametta. And th again and called Reidsville, G Reidsville 26011.

Ask to speak to Mrs. Ros Ingram, as I did. Ask, and th gnarled jailer's voice will answe "Why, you cain't speak to *hu* cain't talk to *no*-body on th phone."

"But couldn't I call during v

urs and count the call as a visit?"
"She just cain't *see* no-*boddy* but
family. Cain't *talk* to *no*-boddy
the telephone. That's the law in
orgia. We got to follow the law."
The law again. The precious law.
The law has got Mrs. Ingram, all
ht. The same old law that killed
illie McGee. The jailers have got
r. And they feel pretty smug about
They've got her penned up in
eir Georgia jail for life, and they
el mean and springy and cocked
keep her there.
You heard what the man said.
an named Mr. Watson, assistant
arden of Reidsville prison. He said:
You cain't *never* talk to *huh* on the
lephone."
(Sweet Willametta, alive-alive O!
Willie McGee is dead and gone. And
man named Watson tells me I
cain't *never* talk to Mrs. Rosa Lee
ngram." But what the man says just
oesn't *need* to be true.)
The telephone is a lovely invention.
Thrrrough Atlanta. Thrrrough Sa-
annah. Thrrrough Americus. Reids-
ille. Reidsville State Penitentiary."
nd there the thrrrough magic stops.
ay "May I speak to Mrs. Rosa Lee
ngram," and the easy flow of current
iles up in a log jam and the hated
ld oppressor's voice grinds against
our eardrums:
"*She* don't get no telephone calls."
And feeling the way that I feel,
what to do?

GET on a train and ride down into the land where she was born. Take a trip to Georgia and talk to the people she has known all her life. See how her little children fare. Visit with her big children through some hot Georgia afternoons. Find her among them, because that is where she lives.

Down, down, down. Through red heat and slicing through red earth. Down, down from Washington to Atlanta in a Jim Crow car lovingly, aptly blessed with the name *Mississippi.*

Down, down the red face of Georgia to Macon, and one of the sights along the way is the Atlanta Penitentiary.

Down, down in the blind crazy dog-day heat to Americus.

And down ten miles along a wild red road at twilight to see the Ingram family.

They have heard the car coming and they are all standing there on the porch. Suddenly I feel as I go up to meet them that I am an intruder. Why have I come? What do I have to say?

The thought of how many peerers, pokers, inquisitors, sympathizers, commiserators, hand-holders, head-patters, large-eyed professional moaners have preceded me up those stairs makes me freeze to the ground. Shall I go in and start the usual counting? How many children, how many closets, how many beds, how few clothes, how little food, how many years, and how, by the way, are *you,* Geneva Rushin, oldest daughter of Rosa Lee Ingram?

Some rage and outrage comes to my aid and I have shaken hands with

Mrs. Rushin and I am sitting in the living room meeting the children.

That was the first night and the shortest time. That night I stayed only long enough to meet Marcellus, age 14; James, 16; Dollie Mae, 10; Walter Lee, 8; Frankie Mae, 7 . . . Mrs. Ingram's little children; and Sammie Lee, age 7; Rosa Lee, 5; and John Edward, 8 . . . Mrs. Rushin's little children.

And one more. Robert Lee Ingram, age 5. Robert Lee Ingram who was still nursing at his mother's breast when they took her off to jail. Robert Lee Ingram, small, troubled and forever looking hopefully for huge, mending affection, and, in lieu of that, sucking on a piece of yam, an orange . . . gnawing against a piece of cornpone.

That was the night of introductions and greetings. That night I arranged to meet Mrs. Rushin in Americus the next afternoon; to shop with her for food and then to drive 12 miles back out to the house and visit awhile.

THE next morning I woke up and wondered how the people can live in Georgia in August dog-days. Everybody felt the heat, yes, but they all knew how to handle it. Everybody, that is, but me. The heat that morning got to be such an occupation of mine that I could do nothing but gasp and flop about and wonder if hell had come true. I wrote some notes on the heat which said, in part: "You can feel it like you feel concrete. It is heavy and solid and so hot! Maybe this is the way M Ingram feels in jail."

My hands got too slippery write any more and so I just sopp spongily around my room and re the framed sentiments and poems the walls and mantlepiece.

One said:

KEEP FAITH
Build a house of
Love and Trust
With Kindliness today;
You'll find it then
in darkest hours
A friendly place to stay.

And I was ashamed; Mrs. Ingr in the jail seemed to be more re lute than a lot of people on outside—like me—all ready to f to the ground at the mere claw of the sun. Then Mrs. Geneva Russ came in.

She was cool and dewy and sere Yes, it surely was hot, she said, i clear, delicate voice. I felt so so and unprepared as I looked at H But between the welcoming se ments on the wall, the thought Mrs. Ingram, and the sight of eldest daughter, I managed to rem ber the jailer's words that had pelled me there: "You cain't NEV talk to huh on the telephone."

So Mrs. Rushin and I made u shopping list for the children another one for their mother in Fruit for the children and snuff mama. Milk for the children and derclothes for mama. Candy for children and a little talcum pow

for mama. And love, love, love from the children to mama. And mama's love to the children.

We shopped and then, loaded with brown paper sacks, drove back home along the red gash of a road. And there was no tree along the way I did not wonder about. . . .

When we got to the house I heard about Jackson. Jackson is Mrs. Ingram's second oldest child. He is 26. Jackson Ingram lived with his wife and two children in Fort Valley, Georgia, until last April. Then the Georgia law came and said that Jackson Ingram had tried to break into a home where two young Negro women lived, for the purpose of burglary. Although the two young women did not testify against him at the trial, Jackson Ingram went to a Georgia jail in April to serve a sentence for ten years.

Mrs. Rosa Lee Ingram, 49; Wallace Ingram, 19; Sammie Lee Ingram, 18; Jackson Ingram, 26 . . . all serving time in jail for the crime of being oppressed and resisting same.

"Seems like they just want to be mean to us," Geneva said, as she put the few groceries into the icebox.

(*"And I, my friends, embody the law," said Fielding H. Wright and Herman Talmadge as they embraced each other and cake-walked across that pretty ol decorated levee. And each high kick of their cleated feet was balanced on the head of Mrs. Ingram and her family.*)

"Could you take a cool glass of water?" said Geneva's delicate voice. And then: "The little children aren't home. I told them not to go pickin cotton in this heat, but I reckon that's where they be. I would go after them, but maybe you wouldn't want to just sit here by yourself?"

"Let me go with you," I said, and we started off down the road.

GENEVA smiled at my naiveté. I had never seen cotton grow before, and I wanted to feel it. As I felt the hard little seeds through the moist surrounding fluff and thought of the generations of black hands related to me that had grown veiny and stiff with the labor of picking and processing this stuff, Geneva said:

"Oh, I wish you could see it when the cotton blossom is open! When it first opens it's a pretty white flower. Then when you see a kind of pink one, we call that a yesterday's bloom."

Rubbing the cotton between my fingers, I walked along the road with Geneva and finally got up the courage to ask her a question that had been scratching along my nerves. "Are there many white folks back up in here?"

She stopped and laughed aloud. "Oh, no indeed. There's all colored up this way. That's why I didn't like it up there in Schley County where Mama got in trouble. They were all *in* there. But here it's just colored. And everybody back up in here is related to me. All my father's people. All Ingrams. I don't worry."

If she didn't worry, why should I? So I began to stroll instead of step-

ping wearily, and, still fingering my cotton, I began to have a very good time.

We hailed various people picking cotton in the fields, and they all had something pleasant and cheery to say. When we turned a bend in the road we met two young men coming out of a shed where they had been weighing their cotton. They threw back their heads and shouted when I said I was ashamed to admit I had never seen cotton growing before. They wondered where on earth I could have been raised. And so did I, howling at the humor of it.

I noticed their eyes and decided that the Ingram people must have their eyes in common. (Two hundred and fifty Ingrams up in this section, Geneva told me.) They are such beautiful eyes . . . the cut, the color, the depth and the expressiveness. Eyes in the head of tiny, bewildered, searching Robert Lee; eyes so like jewels in the head of somber, grave and gentle James; eyes that belong to Frankie Mae and Dollie Mae laughing shyly out of a corner where they think no one can see them; eyes that almost rip me apart in the head of 22-year-old Roseola, because an old friend of the family has said in my hearing: "Oh, *girl!* How you *do* favor your mother!"

ALL the way along the road Ingram eyes welcome us. And then we see the little children. They are indeed *little* children. The littlest of Mrs. Ingram's family and one of Geneva's little sons—they lie sprawled and weary and proud on top of th mounds of cotton they have picke for the day. A cousin, a handsom young man who fought overseas the war against fascism, comes up us, holding a minute image of himse by the hand. The image, all of fo years old, has a tiny cotton b slung across his little bird shoulde He, too, has been picking cotton.

The cousin says: "Will you goin to the revival at church tonigh with Geneva?"

Not tonight. Not tonight. B some night. Some night soon.

And all the way back along t road they call out to us, the Ingram "Geneva, I *know* your friend is stay for the night. Maybe we'll have barbecue. We'll come by, pickin g done."

Geneva laughs and answers the and puts her arm around me. I st have my piece of cotton and I cou run up and down the road acti just as silly as Walter Lee who butting and leaping and falling dov and whirling around and around an 8-year-old way.

We sat on the porch later, Gene and I, and she talked for three hou almost continuously. She told many funny things and more s things about her life as the 29-ye old head of her mother's fami Sometimes we both bellowed at t amazing hilarity of people's behav . . . white people and Negro peop More often her soft voice told me cruelty and man's inhumanity to m and I sat there in the Georgia da dark punctuated with firefly exc

mation points, and kept fingering my piece of cotton.

(*And Hummun and Fieldin danced on the branch of the water-oak tree with their deah friend, lil ol Harry Truman. And I heard the three of them scraping their cleats across Mrs. Ingram's life as they cackled in close harmony*: "WE, *my friends, embody the law!*")

THEN there was the time I went to call on Roseola.

I was sitting in the living room while Geneva fixed the hair of a woman friend of Mrs. Ingram's. She was the lady who had said: "Why, I've knowed them all, from just so high. All Rosa Lee's children." She said: "When I read in the paper about Rosa Lee's trouble, I bout had a stroke." As Geneva lathered her hair, careful not to get the soap in her eyes, this visitor sighed and murmured: "She was a good lookin woman, Rosa Lee was. But I reckon she's done grieved so, she's broke a lot."

Robert Lee was wailing and scratching at the screen, so I walked over to give him an orange and I saw Roseola coming up the road. As I stood at the screen door she came past me into the house. She wore an earth-stained dress and a wide straw hat. She had been picking cotton and she was washed with streams of sweat. It was when she took off her hat and began to fan herself that the visitor cried out: "Oh *girl!* How you *do* favor your mother."

Roseola has the beautiful eyes of the family, a short, straight nose, small full lips and deep dimples in her cheeks. Her hair is done up in several small braids close to her head. She has great smooth red-brown arms; she is large and quiet and gentle, and, like the earth, full of strength and promise.

Later, I walked down the short way to her home with her. Roseola Ingram lives now in the two-room cabin where all the Ingram children lived "directly after Mama got in trouble," and before the N.A.A.C.P. built them their present home. The cabin is sagging as to porch, warped as to wood, gaping as to walls, and a good stout tent would be better protection from the wind and cold and rain.

Roseola Ingram moved in a massive but peculiarly light and graceful manner across the porch and into the front room.

"You want to sit there?" she says and points to the best chair. Then she goes into the other room and I hear water sloshing about. I rock in the chair and think about the fact that there is no usable well near Roseola's house, nor Geneva's. The well they once used has a broken pump now. When they need water, frail Geneva or the little children must trudge down the road a mile almost, taking what containers they can manage, to another well. I had seen the children twice going to get water; water to drink, to cook with, to wash people with, and clothes; to water plants with—and each little child carried a jar or pail according to his size.

AFTER I had rocked for about 20 minutes, Roseola came back. She had used some of her precious drops of water to wash the field dirt away so she could sit down and properly entertain a caller. Roseola Ingram doesn't talk very much. So it was sometimes sit and rock, and sometimes say a word or two. She sat in a straight chair against the open door and enjoyed some snuff in the cooling evening breeze and I chewed some gum.

During the long rocking hours we sat there I learned that Roseola used to live with her husband up in Schley County where "Mama got in trouble." I learned that she had only seen her mother once in all her four years of jail because there usually wasn't room for her to go along with all the little children; and never the money for extra fare. She gets the Atlanta *Constitution* every day, hoping to read news of her mother.

She and her husband are separated now—or, as she put it: "He don't stay with me no more." She lives in the little cabin by herself—alone except for the children tumbling in and out all day. Sometimes, too, 16-year-old James, weary to the marrow of his bones from his work as a construction laborer, sleeps in Roseola's house. They all like to be near her, to eat with her, to play near her, to joke with her.

Once, during the visit, tiny Robert Lee flung himself in at the door, panting and sweaty and dirty wi play and made a rush for Roseol lap. She chuckled deep inside h broad chest and told him: "Boy, yo better go way from here with yo ol mawdley self." And the chuck rose higher as she explained to m that "mawdley" meant dirty a spotted.

When I told Roseola I had bee up the road and met her relatives a was surprised at their number, s looked pleased and said: "Yes. Bi gest thing around here is my kinfol Ain't nobody hardly in the Ne Corriet Baptist church but us I grams. And my papa is buried t there."

AND mama's in jail for life. A two little brothers in jail for li And one older brother in jail f 10 years. Roseola's kinfolks. . . .

And Mrs. Rosa Lee Ingram, wr ing to her people on the outside:

"I hope it wont be all way. If had somebody to go to the boa like you and some white people. A talk for me and tell how I live. I w be free one day. Tell all the people hope it will soon come a day for m to meet all my people again. G bless you all. Remember me. . . ."

Mrs. Willametta Hawkins nev heard of Mrs. Rosa Lee Ingram think she will. Mr. Jailer Watse says that Mrs. Ingram will *nev* talk on the telephone. I know s will.

A LOOK AT "Operation Killer"

By BETTY MILLARD

ON MAY 27, 1951, "somewhere near Pyongyang," Korea, twenty omen signed their names to a docuent which should deeply shake the eople of our country. For this docuent, the report of an International Vomen's Commission studying the ffects of the war on the Korean peole, gives the first full picture of the rocities committed by the U.S. imerialist forces.

Some glimmerings of the truth ame from American observers bere the rigid censorship was clamped own. There was the report from the ront on Aug. 21, 1950, by John sborne, correspondent for *Life*:

"I say that this is an *especially* terble war. . . . Much of this war is alien the American tradition and shocking the American mind. For our men in Korea are waging this war as they are orced to wage it . . . [which means] to orce upon our men in the field acts and ttitudes of the utmost savagery . . . not he usual, inevitable savagery of combat n the field, but savagery in detail: the iping out of a village where enemy roops might be found, shooting and nelling of refugees who might be North Koreans dressed as peasants. . . ."

Here is some of the "savagery in detail" which came later, during the temporary U.S. occupation of North Korea. I quote from the Report of the women's commission:

"The Members of the Commission then visited a prison (in Anak, province of Whang Hai). They were told that there had been no room for the prisoners either to sit or to lie down. Members were shown an instrument used for beating the prisoners, which they identified as a standard U.S.A. army baseball bat (this was taken for evidence). Marks of blood could be clearly seen on the floors.

"A woman, Shoy Um Bok, of 187 San Nai Ri Street, stated that her husband and son had been confined in this prison and later killed. Her son's wife was beaten so severely that she is still confined to bed. A boy of 9, Pak Chan Oi, stated that his father had also been killed. When asked who killed his father, he replied: 'The Americans.' The boy and his mother were also arrested and confined in this prison. They were liberated by the Korean People's Army. The mother told Members that she had been tortured by having red-hot knitting needles pushed into her fingernails. Members observed the marks of disfigurement. The witness stated that when she was led to be tortured she saw

people being thrown alive into a pit in the yard outside.

"The Members of the Commission inspected this pit, which was an unused well. In the strong morning light human remains could clearly be seen at the bottom. Members noticed nearest to the surface the body of a child dressed in a dark coat with shining buttons."

The Commission members were taken to a site where many of the town's people had been buried, some in small groups and others in large mass graves:

"These graves had been opened to enable Members to inspect the remains. One grave was for children, and those corpses that were identifiable had been removed at the time of the liberation for private burial. The bodies that remained were too mutilated for identification. Apart from these remains, the Members could see children's shoes, tufts of women's hair, books and small personal possessions, and also the ropes with which people had been bound together. Another large grave was filled with adult bodies.

"A witness, Huan Sin Ya, stated that her mother had been buried alive but had managed to dig herself out. She was subsequently recaptured and buried again. In the same grave 450 people are buried. There are twenty such graves on this hillside, and Members were told that bodies of people killed by the Americans had been discovered on twelve such hillsides. . . ."

And this is only part of the report on one town, in one province!

"Members of the Commission established that in the whole province of Whang Hai 120,000 had been killed by the occupying armies, *in addition to those killed by aerial bombardment.* In t town of Anak 19,092 people had b killed by the U.S.A,. British and S man Rhee forces."

And the report goes on like tha for thousands of words, thousand horrible details, with names, dresses, dates—wholesale rape, bu ing alive, drowning. . . .

Again and again the memb asked the survivors: "Was it Am can or Syngman Rhee troops did these things?" And again again came the answer: "In this trict there were only Americ They did it." Sometimes it Syngman Rhee troops directed U.S. officers.

SOME well-meaning Americ reflecting the racism of the vading armies, think that Syng Rhee troops could disembowel a man and burn her alive, ("Orie cruelty"), but could American b most of whom are fighting in K against their will in the first place guilty of such sadism?

These people forget that any diers taking part in an aggressive of annihilation against a whole ple, become quickly brutalized commit acts that they would n have dreamed themselves capabl a few months before. *An unjust can only be fought by barba means.* An army's politics determ its techniques.

Of course, the U.S. soldier is obeying orders.

So was the Nazi.

A rationale has been developed. *Time* magazine in January, 1951, described the thoughts of Ensign David Tatum, a jet pilot who admitted killing old women on a strafing mission. He explained: "I figured if we had to kill ten civilians to kill one soldier who might later shoot us, we were justified."

The Nazis used exactly the same argument, and repeated it before the War Crimes Tribunal, to justify their shooting of civilians in the countries they overran.

The argument did not come unassisted into Tatum's mind. It was put there by his superior officers, by Washington, by the whole pattern of murderous racism which considers Koreans and all colored peoples to be less than human beings—"gooks."

It was the noxious flowering of the long oppression of the 15 million Negro people at home—of Jim Crow, police brutality, lynching: the Confederate flag flies in Korea too.

And it had its roots too in the deliberate corruption of the American

youth through sadistic films, radio programs, comic books.

WHO were the women who signed the Commission's report?

They included its chairman, Mrs. Nora Rodd of Canada, an educator long active in church work, the Y.W.C.A. and W.C.T.U.; Mrs. Monica Felton, England, former labor member of the London County Council and chairman of the Stevenage Development Corp. until fired from that $10,000 post because of her part in the delegation; Ida Bachman, Denmark, a chief librarian and former head of the O.W.I. Danish desk in New York during World War II, and others. The delegates also represented millions of women of France, Italy, China, the U.S.S.R., Holland, Austria, Germany, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Viet-Nam, Cuba, Argentina, Tunisia and Algeria; they spoke, in fact, for the entire 91,000,000 members of the Women's International Democratic Federation, which sponsored the Commission.

Their findings deserved attention.

And the rest of the world has, in fact, read their report—has wept and groaned and cursed over it. It has been published and republished in almost every language, until today probably half the world's population knows of it.

Only we remain unaffected and undisturbed. For in our country the report has been almost totally suppressed. Hardly a mention of its existence has appeared in the press. It has trickled into a few hands only a special supplement to three or f publications of international circu tion.

In its censorship, the governm confesses its fear of what large s tions of the American people wo think if they knew the facts. T unpopular war would be all the m hateful if its atrocities were kno

And yet, one must ask oneself this can be the whole reason we main undisturbed by revelati which anguish the rest of the wo We have had sufficient hints in early dispatches of our own Am can correspondents to have evoke storm of indignation and protest.

We must ask ourselves sharply we *want* to know the full bitter tr or whether, like the German peo before us, we do not prefer to t our eyes away from the torture cha bers and stop our ears to the cries the dying.

How often, in speaking and wr ing of peace, do we remember o the tragic toll of our own dead Korea, and forget to mention t mountains of Korean dead, burn outraged, martyred?

In the early days of the war could read such reports as that of Harry Smith in the N. Y. *Compa* (Nov. 9, 1950) of the new, mac in-America Lidices:

"In reprisal for the deaths of five G. whose advance patrol had been ambush U.S. tanks, planes and artillery tod obliterated the village of Tuom-ni. . It was decided that a village whose ci

ians help ambush American troops is a village to be razed.

"The command was to level the village and leave no trace. The command was executed to the letter, at noon sharp. What was once Tuom-ni no longer exists. There is only the silence of death, and the scars which the earth shows after concentrated bombardment."

Since the censorship, our planes have bombed only strategic targets (not people), and the civilian population is seen as happy kids accepting candy from nice G.I.'s. Have we not allowed ourselves to be lulled by such false pictures?

ACCORDING to South Korean figures, 3,000,000 Koreans have died in this war. Of these, says the North Korean Red Cross, 33% were children and 45% women. The greatest loss of life has come through the form of massacre known as "carpet" or "saturation" bombing, followed by machine-gunning of fleeing inhabitants.

The women's commission saw the results of these operations. Sinyju, on the Korean-Chinese border—the first town they visited—was typical of all they saw later. It was "almost completely destroyed."

"The Commission was informed that the town had no industries that contributed in any way to war production. It had only light industries: the processing of soya, the manufacture of shoes, matches, salt and chopsticks. On Nov. 8, 1950, the town was bombed by 100 planes. 2,100 state and municipal buildings were destroyed out of a total of 3,017; out of more than 11,000 dwellings, 6,800 were destroyed. More than 5,000 inhabitants were killed, of whom approximately 4,000 were women and children. Of 17 primary schools, 16 were destroyed. Of 17 churches of different denominations only two were left. Two hospitals were destroyed by incendiary bombs, although each of them was marked on the roof with a large Red Cross in accordance with international convention. Members of the Commission saw the remains of these crosses on what was left of the roofs. In one hospital 26 patients were burned to death. When the large Protestant church received a direct hit 250 people were killed. . . ."

The Commission was repeatedly told of instances of the machine-gunning of civilians from the air. They themselves saw low-flying American aircraft spraying machine-gun fire into open fields where peasants were at work, a long way from any town or military objective.

Pyongyang, the capital, is now a total ruin. But not all the buildings were destroyed by bombing:

"Many of them were blown up by explosive charges, or set on fire when the American troops retreated. Among the buildings destroyed in this way were the Kim Ir Sen University, the boys' secondary schools; the Opera House; municipal institutions; most of the food factories and all government institutions. The Commission was also informed that when the U.S. troops left the city, they set fire systematically to all the city's tramcars, and also blew up several bridges and the water system."

The Commission's report concludes: *"The people of Korea are being*

subjected by the American occupants to a merciless and methodical campaign of extermination, which is in contradiction not only to the principles of humanity, but also to the rules of warfare as laid down, for instance, in the Hague and Geneva Conventions. . . . These mass tortures and mass murders surpass the crimes committed by Hitler Nazis in occupied Europe."

LAST February, I was in Berlin when Che Den Zuk, Korean Minister of Education, came there for the annual Council meeting of the Women's International Democratic Federation. I was on the platform at that meeting, which brought together women from all over the world. Che Den Zuk got up and began to speak of the "savagery in detail" inflicted on her people by my countrymen. As she went relentlessly on, my heart pounded. I could not halt the tea

For I found out, not in my but in my heart, that no people escape responsibility for the cr committed in their name. An Berlin—that city of gaunt ruins rubble, under which are still tombed the corpses of thousand good Germans who refused to or, seeing, refused to act—an An can does not have to search far the second lesson: *As ye sow, so ye reap.*

In the name of our country, w we love, and of its countless he who fought to maintain its de cratic traditions; for the right of people of the whole world to liv peace, let us make the truth a Korea known.

And let us speak out *now,* stently, to demand an immed cease-fire, and the withdrawal o foreign troops from Korea.

AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS

YVONNE GREGORY is a young Negro journalist whose articles have appeare *People's Voice, Freedom,* and other publications. She is secretary of Women's Committee for Equal Justice (23 W. 26 St., New York), whi working to free Mrs. Rosa Lee Ingram.

CLEM HODGES is a free-lance magazine writer.

BETTY MILLARD is the author of *Woman Against Myth.*

DAL STIVENS is a leading Australian writer now living in England. Another o stories, "The Hellfire Jack," appeared in *M&M* last year.

ED STRICKLAND is a young Negro artist whose one-man show, two seasons ago in York, was widely acclaimed. He is now working on a series of paintings o Martinsville Seven.

THE SIX MILLION

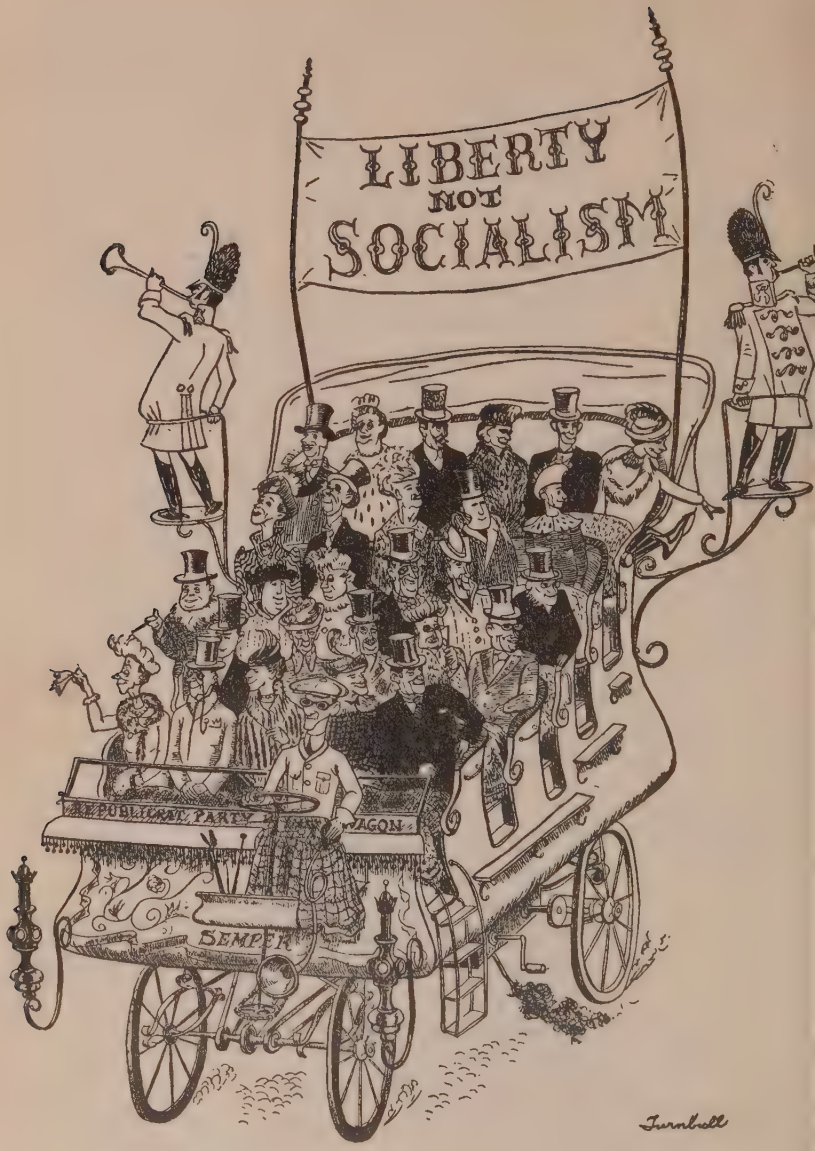
They entered the fiery furnace
And never one came forth.
How can that be, my brothers,
No miracle, my sisters.
They entered the fiery furnace
And never one came forth.

They fell in the den of lions
Of lions made like men.
No beast that wept, my brothers,
Nor turned to lamb, my sisters.
They fell in the den of lions
Of lions made like men.

The block of ice closed round them
And nothing kept them warm.
No gods came down, my brothers,
To breathe on them, my sisters.
The block of ice closed round them
And nothing kept them warm.

For it was men that killed them
The cold that came from men
The lions made like men
The furnace built by men.
How can that be, my brothers,
But it is true, my sisters.
No angel leaned upon them,
No jailor wept and spared them,
Their bodies made a mountain
That never touched the heavens.
Whose lightning struck the killers?
Whose rain drowned out the fires?
My brothers and my sisters,
Only men could shield them
From the cold hands of men.

NAOMI REPLANSKY


LIBERTY
NOT
SOCIALISM
REPUBLICAN PARTY
WAGON
SEMPER
Turnbull

Our Time

By SAMUEL SILLEN

- ***Polishing the Brass***
- ***Workers and Books***
- ***Laughs that Kill***
- ***Memo for Little, Brown***
- ***Editor vs. India***
- ***Socialism and Peace***

THE latest literary trend—polishing up the Big Brass—is illustrated by John P. Marquand's new novel, *Melville Goodwin, USA* (reviewed in this issue). A N. Y. *Herald Tribune* editorial cheerfully notes that Marquand's "Maj. Gen. Goodwin joins the company of Ernest Hemingway's Col. Cantwell, James Gould Cozzens' Maj. Gen. Beal, and William Wister Haines' Brig. Gen. Dennis in a gallery of portraits that is quite new to this country—a series of sympathetic studies of high command and commanders."

Up to now, as the editorial points out, "Brass was suspect" in American fiction. Most novels of war have been concerned primarily with buck privates or the lower echelons of commissioned rank, in the tradition of *The Red Badge of Courage.* The top West Pointers, seen from the realistic viewpoint of the men they commanded, have been notoriously lacking in glamor.

Behind the unflattering portraits of the generals the *Herald Tribune* finds "the old distaste of Americans for professional military establishments and the fierce revulsion against war and its works which comes when the guns cease firing." But all that belongs to the past, according to the paper. The American people have fallen in love with war and professional warriors; hence the Maj. Gen. and Brig. Gen. cycle.

This argument is not very original. Every advertiser claims he is only giving the public what it wants. And the more the public resists the more he drums up his wares while proclaiming his spiritual kinship with the consumer.

Militarism, as the German working-class leader Karl Liebknecht showed in a book suppressed by the Kaiser, is *"a system of saturating the whole private and public life of our people with the military spirit* for which purpose the church, the schools, and a certain venal art, as well as the press, a despicable literary crowd and the social prestige, with which our 'splendid war army' is ever being surrounded as by a *halo,* co-operate in a tenacious and cunning fashion." It is "the most Machiavellian among all the Machiavellian institutions of capitalism."

The literary drive to boost the generals parallels the campaign to sell the banker as a new fictional hero, a

campaign which we have described several times in these pages. It is part of the "battle of ideas" which calls for the reversal of our finest literary traditions and the distortion of the deepest feelings of the people. An unwanted war can be plugged in no other way. And the resulting literature, as Marx once wrote of a poet who glamorized reaction, is "a mish-mash of lies, never before achieved in form and content."

Workers and Books

IN VIEW of this strategy of deforming ideas, it is good to see a sharpening awareness in progressively-led trade unions of the need to hit back. The recent convention of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America unanimously adopted a resolution which declared:

"The employers are attempting to gain control over the people's minds through the newspapers, radio, television, movies and other means of mass information. This propaganda is aimed to divide and confuse the people, create war hysteria, bust the labor movement."

The resolution emphasized that the poison of Big Business propaganda must be systematically counteracted by labor. A ten-point program was adopted calling not only for union newspapers, leaflets, pamphlets and shop publications, but the use of radio and television locally, movies, songs, music and classes. These cultural means were used to great advantage in UE's successful election i Schenectady.

The union has pioneered in a pr ject that holds enormous promise the sale of books. Albert E. Kah *High Treason: The Plot Against t People* has been sold to 20,000 U members within a few months, a the potential market has only be skimmed. "It is clear," write t union officers in their 1951 repo "that our members and working pe ple generally want the facts abo the issues of the day, distrust what t newspapers and radio tell them all important issues, and are willi to buy and read documented boo and other material to obtain this i formation if it is made available them."

The old argument of union m leaders that the workers won't re and are not interested in cultural pr grams is thus once again proven fraud. The UE experience shou spur similar activities throughout t labor movement and should turn pr gressive writers and artists to th greatest of audiences. Never w there deeper need for practical e pression of the unity between t worker and the honest intellectual.

Laughs that Ki

A RASH of allegedly funny mu cal revues, radio programs a books dealing with what purports be Jewish life is breaking out all ov "the amusement world." Broadwa *Bagels and Yox* opened the loo season, and *Borscht Capades* threate

to be a hit. And now Arthur Kober's *New Yorker* sketches of the Gross family of the Bronx have again been dished up in a book, this time entitled *Bella, Bella Kissed a Fella.* The New York *Times* reviewer chummily assures his readers that Kober's Jews are "solid like a half pound of Nova Scotia *lox* at 49 a quarter with a string of bagels and a package Breakstone's cream cheese."

The revival of this bagel routine is about as humorous as the resurrection of "Amos 'n' Andy" on television. It is an obscene carnival of slander and vulgarity peddling its anti-Semitic wares under the fake banners of "folksiness." The use of a Yiddish term is supposed to call forth gales of laughter. Mispronouncing a word is the ultimate in comedy.

Hilarious, like filmland's Fagin, it's the ancient stage caricature in a new, seemingly more friendly guise. The assault on the dignity of Yiddish, the dredging up of the stereotyped conceptions of Jewish family life, the vulgarization of the talents of Jewish performers have nothing in common with the authentic folk humor of a Sholom Aleichem.

How painfully one is reminded that the rich traditions of the Yiddish stage have been corrupted and transformed by a commercial society which succeeds in persuading some Jews to "entertain" at the expense of other Jews. The degeneration of standards is frightening. In a country like Poland, which I visited last summer and where I saw a thriving Yiddish theater, all the people, Jews and non-Jews alike, would be shocked and horrified at such indignities as pass unnoticed here. They have not so easily forgotten Auschwitz.

Memo for Little, Brown

THE fearful directors of Little, Brown and Company should remind themselves that another Boston publisher turned down *Uncle Tom's Cabin* because it would not sell in the South. A braver competitor took a chance, and 100,000 copies were sold in the North within eight weeks.

Or does Little, Brown seek the immortality of that Philadelphia publisher who removed Longfellow's anti-slavery poems from a collected edition because he wished to placate the Arthur Schlesinger, Jrs. of his day?

There were *Counterattack* watchdogs then too. The Macon *Citizen* threatened the *Saturday Evening Post* for printing a letter from abroad praising Mrs. Stowe's novel. A free Negro of Maryland was given a long prison term for possessing the book.

When a white man was similarly apprehended, the defense lawyer argued that the law was intended only to bar the distribution of "subversive" books to slaves and free Negroes. The Supreme Court held "it was not necessary . . . that the sale should be to a slave or free Negro . . . nor read in the presence of either" to warrant conviction. You couldn't slice up freedom then any more than you can today.

Editor vs. India

EVER since he visited India about a year ago, Norman Cousins, editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature,* has been bemoaning the "lack of understanding" he met there. Ambassador Cousins found people in India who had the silly idea that opponents of the government's war policy are persecuted in the U.S.A.

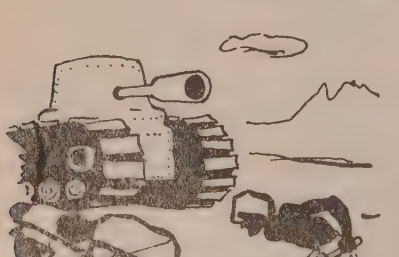
In a New Delhi radio interview he was queried about the jailing of Howard Fast. "I understand too," his interviewer said, "that it is extremely difficult for honest writers in America to express themselves. Is this not so? And is it not true that the literary landscape in America is becoming increasingly barren, and that you have no poets or writers to take the place of such great men as Whitman?"

Recalling this interview in a recent issue of his magazine, Cousins says he decided not to get angry but to offer "a calm, reasoned factual answer." He adds: "I didn't get very far."

I shouldn't think he would even if he had not been so rudely interrupted. Unless, that is, Cousins had been willing to pamper the curious notion of his interviewer that the government is trying to jail Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, that it denies freedom of movement to Paul Robeson, that it has imprisoned not only Fast but Lawson, Trumbo, Ring Lardner Jr., Alvah Bessie and many other writers, that it has placed the Communist leaders behind bars for their ideas and that scores of others face trial for articles they wrote, publications they edit.

Cousins, unable to get very far with the facts in India, has come back with a new tactic for winning friends. "The Need for Big Words," he calls his editorial, which concludes "The small words don't seem to have worked too well."

He is an infinitely resourceful man and, I am confident, not at the end of his rope. When he discovers after his next mission to India that the big words don't seem to have worked so well, he will write another vigorous editorial proclaiming "The Need for Middle-Sized Words."



"Point Four" Program

Socialism and Peace

THE 34th anniversary of the Russian Revolution is marked above all by the determination of the Soviet Union to strengthen peace. The growing threat of another world war has hardened the resolve of the Soviet people to uphold peace and friendship among nations. And in this supreme cause, the land of so

PEACE PETITION

cialism has more numerous and more powerful allies than ever before.

This anniversary finds Stalin and the other leaders of the Soviet Union re-affirming their undeviating position that the peaceful co-existence of all nations can be maintained regardless of their social system. Lenin was asked in 1920 by a correspondent of the New York *Evening Journal*: "What is the basis of peace with America?" He replied: "Let the American capitalists leave us alone. We shall not touch them. We are even ready to pay them with gold for any machinery, tools, etc., useful to our transport and industries." The entire subsequent history of the U.S.S.R. has demonstrated this conviction that it has nothing to gain by aggression, everything to gain by peaceful exchange.

The whole Soviet population has been involved in the signing of the World Peace Council Appeal for the conclusion of a pact of peace. The Soviet Peace Committee issued this statement:

"Responding to the hopes cherished by millions of people throughout the world, whatever may be their opinion of the causes giving rise to the danger of a world war, and in order to strengthen peace and safeguard international security, we demand the conclusion of a Pact of Peace among the five great powers: the United States of America, the Soviet Union, the People's Republic of China, Great Britain and France.

"We shall consider a refusal by the government of any of the great powers to meet for the conclusion of such a pact as evidence of aggressive designs on the part of that government.

"We call upon all peace-loving nations to support the demand for a Pact of Peace, which should be open to all countries."

Prominent among the signers of this appeal are the artists and scientists of the Soviet Union—the writers Tikhonov, Fadeyev, Ehrenburg, Sholokhov, Leonov; the film producers Chiaureli, Alexandrov, Pudovkin; the scientists Oparin, Vinogradov, Zhdanov, Lysenko; the musicians Shostakovich, Khrennikov, Kabalevsky, and scores of others.

The appeal for a five-power pact of peace has already been signed by 450 million people throughout the world. In circulating the petition the Soviet Peace Committee declares its full confidence that "all Soviet people will respond to this call and will thereby confirm their readiness to spare no efforts, under the leadership of the Party of Lenin and Stalin, in defending the cause of peace and security of the nations and that the Soviet people will once again demonstrate their boundless devotion to Comrade Stalin—the greatest standard-bearer of peace."

It is in this spirit and with this resolve that the Soviet people and their friends throughout the world celebrate this anniversary of the Socialist Revolution.

RiGhT FaCe

Hard to Understand

"A few cases of arson committed by slaves are on record. This was regarded as a very serious crime, and it often brought the death penalty. It is hard to understand why Negroes should resort to this type of misdemeanor. Perhaps the impulse to burn was an expression of their childlike minds, their desire to 'get even' with some one who had offended them, usually their master, mistress or overseer. Seldom did a slave burn anything which was claimed by another slave."—*From* Slavery in Alabama *by James B. Sellers, Professor of History, University of Alabama* (*University of Alabama Press,* 1951).

Perverse

"Russians have a low interest in reality and a high interest in abstractions like truth and mathematics."—Dr. Margaret Mead in *Natural History.*

Not Me

"I have asked this question and I will ask it again—has our economy, our industry, been harmed by controls? And then I look over the balance sheets of the nation's industries, in a few of which I still own a few shares of stock, and I find that they are making more money, sometimes 40 per cent more, than they did in 1950, and 1950 was not a bad year. So I ask again, has anyone been hurt?—*Director of Defense Mobilization C. E. Wilson, formerly head of General Electric.*

The Headline . . . *the Story*


SOVIET WORK LAGS ON 2 POWER PLANTS

it line.
Both the Kuibyshev and Stalingrad projects apparently have kept well up to or bettered their schedule in the preliminary work during the first year. Izvestia

From the New York *Times.*

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

I Learn the Score

By ROOSEVELT WARD

I WAS born in 1930, on the fifth of May—ushered in with the Great Depression. The place: a plantation at Burnside, Louisiana, 64 miles from New Orleans. The site: a two-room shack in the "quarters." The second and only surviving child of Negro plantation workers, I was born into a large family; my mother's parents had 13 children, seven of whom survived, some but a few years older than myself; and my father's parents also had some children that were around my age.

But I was the first grandchild and somewhat of a prize, so I was shunted back and forth between the families on two adjoining plantations that were separated by a half-mile stretch of gravel road and the sugarcane fields.

The most dominating personality in my early years was my grandfather. A huge man who stooped to enter doors, ate out of an enormous crockery bowl, and roared with a house-shaking laughter, he ruled his household with firmness and generosity. Everyone had a chore in the fields or at home. My task was to comb his graying hair as he r resting after a hard day's work a dozing off to sleep.

Often during the winter nigh after all tasks were done, our lar family gathered around the fi place. Its flickering flame, along w a dimmed coal-oil lamp, suppli the only light. As we plucked bak sweet potatoes from the warm ash my grandfather would tell stories.

These folk tales were ironic a hauntingly beautiful. The triump of Brer Rabbit in the briar pat the humanlike array of animals, journey of the woodsmen, poisoned sweetheart who whisper "Mother, make my bed low, sweetheart has poisoned me," lift us above the realities of plantati life.

My grandfather taught us how hold our heads high in the m brutal and degrading circumstanc He did his work and demanded correct pay. He was never hoo winked into owing the plantati masters, never allowing himself be thus chained to their control. didn't kowtow or beg them for

pittance. He lived in dignity and taught his family to do the same.

I lived on the plantation six years. While the storm of these hard years passed over my head, they left jumbled and fleeting snatches in their wake—to be filled out later.

We lived in houses supplied rent free by the plantation owner. These houses, uniformly spaced so as to form a square, were surrounded by cane-fields and roads. In the winter-time cane was cut; in the summer rice was picked. Only a ditch and tarred road separated our house from the cane field.

In the blue dawn my mother and father, with cane-knife, food and water, would leave for the field. They returned after dusk, tired and sweaty. They were paid 40 cents a day.

The care of the younger children was entrusted to an older child who kept house and did the cooking. Every available hand was used in the fields, most children starting work at the age of 10. Chewing the ripe, pulpy, sweet sugar cane was a joy to us smaller ones; we didn't know of the back-breaking labor that went into levelling the huge fields.

What labor was not expended in the fields went into the white people's kitchens. Even the children did various tasks around the big house. For this we received a bowl of fresh milk, sometimes a few pennies.

Most families were hard pressed to survive, for steady work the whole year around was a rarity—unless you were hired out to other plantations away from home.

AFTER a week's work, Saturday was a big day in our lives. All roads led to the general store and commissary where the workers received their two-weeks' pay and did their shopping. For us children this meant gingerbread and cheese and peppermint candy; in the evening came the exciting visits of the fruit truck, candy man and travelling butcher.

Saturday also meant picture shows. To get to the movie, we had to walk five miles on gravel under a broiling hot sun and cross the Mississippi by ferry. I remember being carried partways on the shoulders of one of my relatives. We looked hopefully to every passing auto or truck for a ride. Once in a blue moon even the white man would take pity and let us stand in the back of his truck.

But all of us—children and grown-ups too—were eager for the movies: the hero in the 15-chapter serial had last been seen hurtling over a cliff, or blown to smithereens while tied to a chair in the back of a shack, or shot at with a murderous death-ray, or toppling into a vat of acid while grappling with the foe. . . .

Now we would be relieved as he

NOTE: As we go to press we learn that Roosevelt Ward has been released from prison in $15,000 bail. His three-year prison sentence is now being appealed. We urge our readers to support the fight for a reversal of his frame-up conviction.—Ed.

extricated himself, and then be left in suspense as he was once again placed in an impossible situation. "Come next week and see what happens in Chapter 9 as the hero tries to break up the notorious Black Circle Society." Buck Jones, Hoot Gibson, Flash Gordon kept us on the edge of our seats with their daring exploits.

On Sundays we went to church and afternoon baseball games.

We black children learned very early that there was a difference in our lives and those of the whites. They lived in fine painted houses, we in whitewashed shacks. Inside, their houses were covered with wallpaper, ours plastered with newspapers and can wrappers. We received the Sunday papers after they had finished with them. We sat outside on their porches, when permitted, in order to hear important radio programs.

Even our meager schooling was arranged to suit their work schedule. When all hands were needed, there was no school session. We walked three miles to school on cold wintry mornings with a hot sweet potato in each pocket to keep our hands warm. The school was a one-room building with all pupils, regardless of grade, taught by one teacher.

Evidence of better times, proudly displayed, were the faded portraits of the Negro legislators of Louisiana during the Radical Reconstruction days. But life on the plantation was one of toil and fight. Fight for more money, fight against brutality, fight against insults. Life was hard, bu my people did not submit.

EDUCATION was a hope. Befo I reached school-age, I had spe many hours at my parents' knees, front of the crackling fireplace, lear ing my A B C's and how to coun

Then one night my parents had make a major decision.

"Dorothy, Junior done learned much from us as he can. What sha we do?"

"Well, you know that he won learn nothing up in Hilleryville. guess we have to send him away we want him to get any further. he stay here he'll wind up in th fields like us."

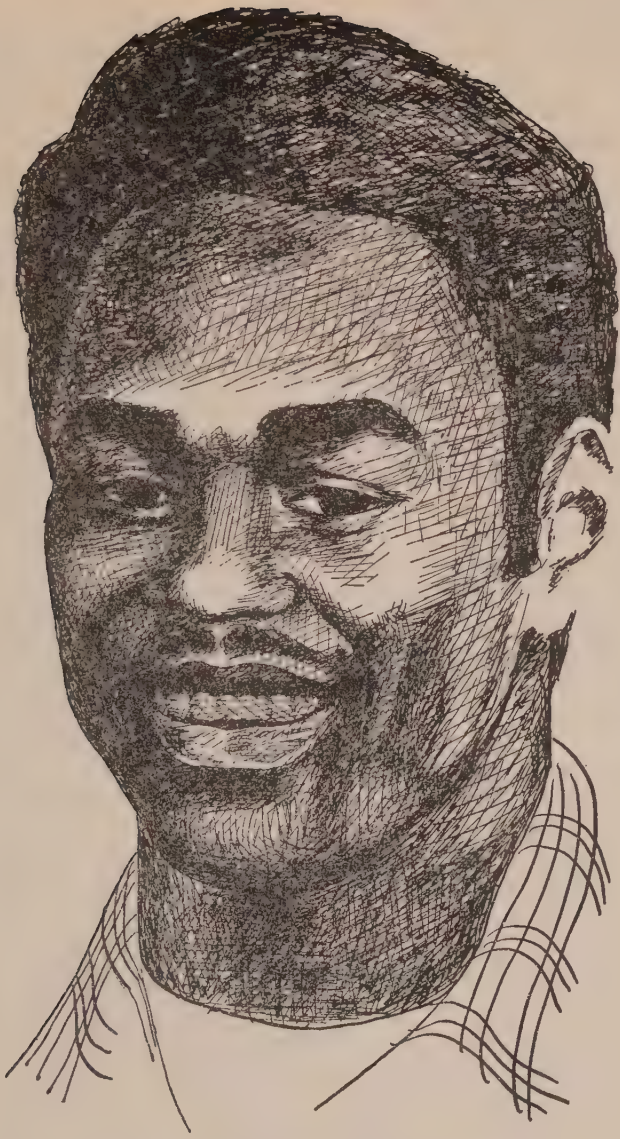
"But he's so young, Dot."

"I know. Maybe if we send him Aunt Burch for a while in Kenn he'll be better off. She'll take goo care of him and he can begin schoo In a few years we'll leave the pla and take him back."

I spent two years with my warm and generous aunt. She cooked lik a dream; I learned to appreciate foo and to hate Castor oil, her stoc remedy for childhood ills.

I was somewhat advanced when started school because of my pr liminary training, but since n enough students were prepared enter the second grade, I had spend an extra year in first.

In these two years my parents b came part of a general family exod from the plantation. Life there ha reached dead-end; the future seem unbearably bleak.



ROOSEVELT WARD: *by Ed Strickland*

They moved to New Orleans, where I joined them. My mother worked in white people's kitchens, while my father looked for laborer's work.

Work was not plentiful that last year of the Thirties, especially for Negroes. From gas station to sawmill to WPA, this was success. My mother finally got a job in a store, altering and mending clothes.

Meanwhile, I started attending a two-room school run by a stern lady; she was the entire staff and taught seven grades. She paid individual attention to her pupils and you were advanced on the basis of merit regardless of how much time you spent in one grade. Within two years I had passed through six grades.

I began the habit that later became a passion; I read every piece of printed material I could lay my hands on.

I was a big gangly boy who spent many an evening after school playing football on the corner lot. My neighborhood had a reputation for producing athletes, and I was beginning to live up to it.

AT THE age of ten I entered Xavier University Prep because that's where most of my football idols had gone. I began reading every book in the library. One year I would be a good student if the subjects happened to fall in line with my taste (Literature, History, Civics, or French), the next year I would be a dismal one (mathematics and science).

I purposely flunked one yea order to remain and be large enc to play football. I dogged the f steps of the players and lea whatever I could, practicing am my neighborhood pals. At 14, I on the championship squad. A later, I was varsity half-back, ning my coveted numeral sweater!

At the end of each school ter had to find work. My first reall —other than the boyhood newsp route, grass cutting and grocery s jobs—was in a macaroni fac Upping my age from 14 to 15, I came the general handy boy in sweatshop for 40 cents an hour. next year I found a job truc thousand-pound bales of bu loading and unloading boxcars. time my age was upped to 18, my pay was 55 cents an hour. I one consolation—I was building muscles to become a rugged ath Next summer it was portering movie-house.

During these high school yea read practically all the novels in library. Two books I remember pecially: Walt Whitman's *Leave Grass* and a biography of Paul R son. Staying up until the wee h of the morning, I devoured e thing from *Rangeland Romance* Zane Grey to Shakespeare Dreiser.

In 1946, I finished high schoo most of us the war against H and fascism had mainly meant lowing the exploits and struggl Negro GI's, dreams of beco

viators, and steadier work for arents and relatives.

The last was most important for ıe because it meant that I had an pportunity to go to college. My rst desire was to get out of the outh where I had gone to segregated chools, sat behind the screen on uses, played in second-class parks. had been limited to back-breaking nd menial labor.

My next-door neighbor's brother as electrocuted on a charge of rap-ıg a white woman; my classmate's ather had been burned down by a op's bullet. And when the nun eaching us tried to console my riend by saying, "Don't feel bitter, e humble and generous and don't arbor revenge in your heart," some-hing in me rebelled.

THE vague land of the free North beckoned to me. I had chosen ıy school many years earlier, as I ollowed the exploits of the brown talwarts of Michigan on the gridi-on. I had scanned the catalogue, tudied the fees and calculated my hances.

It was my ambition to become a ournalist. I began to read all the echnical books on the subject. But his desire was still secondary to that f streaking down the field for the vinning touchdown as thousands heered.

My first attempt at entering Michi-an failed, but one thing gripped ıy mind—getting out of the South, didn't care where. My choice now as either of two Negro schools—one in Pennsylvania and one in Ohio. Lincoln was an all-boys' school. So through a process of elimination, I chose Wilberforce.

In the Fall of 1946, I was on my way North. For the first time I was going beyond the confines of Louisiana and Mississippi. Changing trains in Cincinnati, I rode non-Jim Crow style for the first time in my life.

I entered Wilberforce University at Xenia, Ohio, as a 16-year-old freshman. I had been injured running track my last year in high school and was unable to play football. My interests turned to dramatics.

As in the past, the bulk of my education was gotten from the library where I concentrated on Negro history and affairs. Added to this were the nightly, until-the-wee-hours discussions with my roommates, mostly ex-GI's, who had a world of experience.

My concept of the North didn't hold up very long. Although many of the blatant forms of Jim Crow were not present, there were still segregated neighborhoods; we were still restricted to the two small Negro night clubs in town. Only after waging a hard fight on the picket line did we gain the right to attend the local movie. My only social contact with whites was in the meetings between our drama group and that of a neighboring white college.

After my first year of college I returned to New Orleans and got a job —the worst I've ever had—in a produce company. Nearly all the work-

ers were Negroes, and our working conditions were harsh; sometimes we worked from 7:00 a.m. until one the next morning. Our bosses were the worst white supremacists imaginable. I seethed at the indignities suffered by Negro women workers at the hands of the bosses.

THAT year I realized my ambition and transferred to the University of Michigan. I entrained for Ann Arbor with only my acceptance notice. I knew no one, I had no place to stay and only enough money to pay my tuition fee and board for a few weeks.

A generous Negro woman gave me sleeping space on her back porch. (Negroes had a hard time getting into the school dorms.) In the winter I put beaver boards around the porch screen, but I spent many a trembling night in that icy bed.

Study was impossible there and the library became a sanctuary from the cold. My eating conditions were no better. I lived many a day on cheese and cookies. I played football on the freshman team, often on an empty stomach.

A few weeks after school opened I read a notice in the college paper about the first meeting of a campus organization that was somewhat comparable to the youth councils of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. A lecture was being given by one of the professors and I went. To my surprise the meeting was attended mostly by white students (there were relatively few Negro students Michigan).

At a break in the program young white man and woman s ped up to me while I was at the table and introduced themse After the meeting the young co drove me home and invited m have dinner at their house that w end. This simple gesture was a phenomenon for a youngster f out of the South, and my curi and suspicion were aroused im diately.

At the dinner I learned that young man, along with some N students, had started the orga tion whose meeting I had atten We discovered many points of tual interest. He too wanted t a writer and was an omnivo reader. We became absorbed talk about books.

I left that evening with a w feeling. What was a simple ge loomed for me as an important perience. I had for the first tir relationship with whites on an e footing.

My new friend was a graduate dent, and he introduced me to b I had never heard of—philos economics, history, the Negro colonial peoples, literary criticis

I began now to read book Marxist scholars: a new w opened up for me. Where had books been? Why hadn't I en tered them in my gropings? T books described conditions th recognized, told about workers people I knew. They exposed

sickness, gave the remedy.

This was what I had been looking for. I wanted to fight for my people's freedom, and now I saw that this was not an individual question of a knight in shining armor delivering the masses; rather, it was a matter of the masses themselves.

THERE were many others who had the same interests at heart. I became active in the campus organization. I learned that Ann Arbor was not different from Xenia. There were barbershops and restaurants that barred Negroes; a gentleman's agreement restricted Negroes to football and track on the college teams.

I collected petitions and took part in struggles against Jim Crow and for the interests of workers. In that year of the mushrooming Progressive Party campaign, I tramped up and down the state talking to workers in their makeshift war-built settlements. I went to Detroit and helped organize the Young Progressives of America.

That summer I returned to New Orleans—the same New Orleans, and yet different too. The right-to-vote movement had swept the South. Civil rights were on the lips of everyone. Negro candidates were campaigning all over the South.

I remained a month, registered for the newly passed draft, and then left for New York. My desire to become a writer had become stronger; I considered New York the best place to learn.

Three months looking for a job, three months with work and three months without work again—that's how I started in New York. I lived, worked, laughed and played with the youth of Harlem. I took part in the people's struggles—Foley Square, the Ingram family, police terrorism, lynchings, wage struggles, against rising unemployment, for peace.

I participated in founding the Labor Youth League at a historic conference in Chicago, and shortly afterwards was chosen as a delegate from this organization to the World Youth Festival in Budapest. I spent two months in Europe—Hungary, France, Poland, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Germany. In a pamphlet, "Toward Bright Tomorrows," I have described this experience of meeting young people from nearly every country in the world, with many different religious beliefs and political opinions, at a great Festival and Congress dedicated to the fight for peace.

Then back to a United States of atom-bomb rattling and hysterical war headlines, a United States that had witnessed two Peekskills—one of nightmarish horror and one of heroic resistance. I helped in the campaign to re-elect the twice-elected Ben Davis, who was kept behind bars through most of the election fight against the gangup coalition. Then the Trenton Six, Wille McGee, Stockholm petition, Cease Fire in Korea, Lt. Gilbert and John Derrick. . . .

I had become Harlem chairman of the Labor Youth League, and then

State Administrative Secretary. My desire to become a writer had not vanished, but I wanted to be a writer of the people, to live among and fight together with the people.

ON MAY 5 of this year I reached my 21st birthday. On May 31, two F.B.I. agents walked into my office and arrested me on the charge of draft evasion. This was my first contact with the courts, not even barring a traffic ticket.

The charge was obviously false. I had sent my questionnaire in from New York and informed my draft board of my whereabouts. My activities were of a public character. In fact I was arrested in the same office that had been supplied as an address to my draft board. Yet I had received no notification of any call for physical examination or induction.

I had no illusion about my arrest. In the past few years some of the most militant and prominent Negroes were faced with attack and persecutions of some sort. Paul Robeson and his family were being held virtually as prisoners, restricted to this country; Dr. Du Bois, indicted for his peace activities; William L. Patterson facing trial for his refusal to accept an insult from a Georgia Congressman; Ben Davis condemned to five years in jail. . . .

I was remanded to jail, released on $5,000 bail. I then faced the most frustrating experience of a lifetime. The logical thing was simply to let me go ahead and accomplish my induction, as is usually done. I made offers in and out of court to do ju that, since I was guiltless.

The frustrating thing was not be able to say anything. The lawy handled the case superbly, to the e tent that this was possible, but i own simple reaction, untutored as was in legal procedures and niceti was a powerful urge to explain t plain facts. But logic didn't seem enter into it, for I saw myself bei returned South to face prosecuti when all facts belied the treatme

I knew the reasons why, but was a curious and strange encoun with Justice. Week after week t cold marble place began to repres something remote from reality. I s other prisoners, mostly Negroes, p through in an even more unfavora position to defend themselves.

Finally, I heard the District torney ask that my bail be wi drawn, after I had been ordered turned South, on the grounds t I had shown no burning desire to there and face prosecution!

I was leaving the Harlem tha had come to love. The Harlem 125th Street and Lenox Avenue, Harlem of the Apollo, Savoy Mintons, of the Theresa and Su Ray's. The Harlem of the blar blues, Bop and Spirituals, of flaming street-corner meetings huge rallies, of the towering te ments, the Harlem whose very pa ments vibrated with the joys and ferings of my people. Ben Da Harlem.

I was going home.

I boarded the train South—ha

shackled. As we were leaving, a Negro woman with a strong voice walked up to the deputy marshal and asked him sharply, "Where you taking that man?" Although I was handcuffed to his wrist, he frantically grasped my hand and hurried me away. I smiled. I had never seen the woman before in my life.

Then, fleetingly, the green fields of Jersey and Pennsylvania, the flickering lights of nighttime, the red clay dirt of Georgia. When we got off in Atlanta, the "colored waiting room" sign greeted me. I knew I had arrived.

CONVERSATION FROM LIFE, *by Alice Childress*

WELL Marge, you haven't heard anything! You should hear the woman I work for . . . she's really something. Calls herself "Mrs. James." All the time she says, "Mrs. James."

The first day I was there she came into the kitchen and says, "Mildred, Mrs. James would like you to clean the pantry." Well I looked round to see if she meant her mother-in-law or somebody, and then she adds, "If anyone calls, Mrs. James is out shopping."

Now she keeps on talking that way all the time, the whole time I'm there. That woman wouldn't say "I" or "me" for nothing in the world. The way I look at it, I guess she thought it would be too personal.

Now Marge, you know I don't work Saturdays for nobody! Well sir, last Friday she breezed in the kitchen and fussed around a little... moving first the salt and then the pepper, I could feel something brewing in the air. Next thing you know she speaks up. "Mildred," she says, "Mrs. James will need you this Saturday." I was polishing silver at the time but I turned around and looked her dead in the eye and said, "Mildred does not work on Saturdays."

Well, for the rest of the day things went along kind of quiet-like but just before time for me to go home she drifted by the linen closet to check the ruffle on a guest towel and threw in her two cents more. "Mildred," she says, "a depression might do this country some good, then some people might work eight days a week and be glad for the chance to do it."

I didn't bat an eyelash, but about 15 minutes later when I was heading for home, I stopped off at the living room and called to her . . . "That's very true, but on the other hand some folks might be doing their own housework . . . dontcha know." With that and a cool "goodnight" I gently went out the front door. . . .

Oh, but we get along fine now . . . just fine!

(Reprinted from *Freedom*)

Prison Notes: I

THE WHISKEY MEN

By ALBERT MALTZ

IN THE Federal prison camp at Mill Point, West Virginia, 60 per cent of the inmates were whiskey men—found guilty of the crime of distilling illicit liquor or of transporting it, of selling or drinking it. Here are some sample case histories:

A man of 45, who owns a small farm in Tennessee: "Had a chanct to buy me a coupla cows if'n I could git me some cash money. Went in with a feller had a still, he wanted some hep. Neighbor of mine, a damn Bible-spoutin hypocrite, notified the Law. Law cotched us an give us six month."

A boy of nineteen from Patrick County, Virginia: "My daddy's sick, got varicose legs, he kaint do much work. Since I was eleven, I bin tryin to hep out. But there ain't much farm work in my section, don't pay much an' it ain't steady. No, we don't own no lan' ourselves. Anyway, coupla years back I thought I'd try makin a little whiskey, there's good money in whiskey. Got caught righ soon n' they give me probation. quit, but a coupla months late things got so bad at home, I though I'd try agin. Got caught a secon time. They give me eight month o the State farm for breakin my pro bation, an the Federal give me a yea an a day on top of that. . . . No, don't hardly know my birthdate. figure I'm about nineteen though."

These are the whiskey men! Ther are whiskey men in every Federa prison in the South; there a whiskey men in all of the Sta prisons, road camps and chain gang Based on the number of such men Mill Point, and from what I kno of other Southern prisons, I estima that at least 5,000 men are current serving time for liquor violation Next year there will be an equ number, about one half of them ne men.

The majority of the men wh make illicit whiskey live large in the back roads, the hilly or mou tainous regions of Georgia, Tenne see, Kentucky, both Virginias a both Carolinas. The sections of cou try in which they were born are th most poverty stricken, the mo neglected, the most backward in th land.

The soil is worn out, rocky mountainous and cannot be farme Roads are bad or non-existent. I dustries are few. For the most pa they live in homes without runnin water, toilets, baths, telephones, ele tric light, radios. Half of them en prison illiterate; the rest have h

only a few grades of inadequate schooling.

These men turn to illegal whiskey making for both cultural and economic reasons. Whiskey making is a tradition in the South. Pioneers in mountain cabins not only made their own clothes, candles, and butter, but their own whiskey as well. The whiskey and brandy they made was a colorless liquor, like the first distillation of all whiskies. It was not aged in charred casks to turn it red. They make the same today.

As individuals they fiercely resent laws that forbid a man to make whiskey. Their fathers, grandfathers, and great grandfathers made white mule, why should they not? Furthermore, they themselves will not drink "red" liquor, legitimate liquor. They don't like its taste, they maintain it is less pure, that its after effect is bad.

Deep as is their cultural tradition, however, the compulsions of poverty are much more important in driving men into the illicit liquor traffic. The resources and economic life of the communities in which they live cannot support the total population resident there. Without exception all of the whiskey men have been engaged at some time in other kinds of work: mining, lumbering, day labor, truck and tractor driving, hired work on the farms of others.

What happens, however, is that a man seeks work, cannot find it, and decides to try a little whiskey making. Or the work he is offered is so ill-paid that he cannot manage on the wage. Then again a miner is injured, or laid off, or made idle by a contract negotiation. Or a saw mill exhausts the timber in a neighborhood and moves away, leaving twenty men unemployed.

IF IT be asked why these men do not leave their communities and seek work in the cities and in other areas, the answer is that some do. But many don't. They are frightened and unhappy in cities, they long for the security of their woods and mountain "hollers." So, left to their own devices by an indifferent government, faced by a forbidding outside world and a sub-marginal existence in their home community, they turn to whiskey making.

The size of the social problem involved is partially indicated by the following data: In the year 1949 Federal, State and local authorities seized and destroyed almost 19,000 illicit stills. The productive capacity of those stills was greater than that of the legitimate distillers. Furthermore, it is reliably estimated that the stills discovered and destroyed by the authorities represented only a fraction of the illicit stills in operation.

Consider the social involvement here: If the total number of illicit stills be estimated at only 50,000, then at least 100,000 men were involved in the distilling end of the process. Add to this the men involved in transporting the liquor from still to outlet; add the immense number of outlets; add the millions who secretly buy the product because

they prefer it as a drink and because it is cheaper than legitimate whiskey; add the law enforcement officers, the judges, prosecutors, juries, jailers, involved in the arrest, prosecution and imprisonment of the men who are caught. Actually a type of malformed, social rebellion is present here, and the social cost of it is immense.

The only method devised by our government to meet this problem is that of the use of its police power. All over the Southern states, Federal, State, county, city, village, authorities are on a perpetual hunt for moonshiners, and for those who transport and sell illicit liquor.

The apparatus of detection involved is enormous—regional and branch offices; hundreds on sala whose duty it is to comb the mou tains; others whose duty it is to che the sales of corn meal and sugar country stores; pilots who fly I deral helicopters over the mountai in search of the tell-tale smoke fro a still; and a vast apparatus of i formers whose whispered tip m result in an arrest . . . and a rewa of $25.

WHAT happens to the men w are caught? A curious, unwr ten code governs this process. T mountain man, by and large, do not protect himself from arrest shooting. In return the Fede agents also do not shoot. It is goal of the moonshiner to avoid tection. In the pursuance of this not only hides his still in a remo spot, but frequently he rubs soot his face, wears a cap, covers his f with a muffler.

The task of the Federal agent to sneak up to the still and say, effect, "I've got you, John; co along with me." Then John s renders. Or, if John has heard approach of agents, or has be warned by a posted lookout, he ru If the agents can catch him, he s renders. If he can run without bei recognized, he is free, although still will be destroyed. If he r away but has been recognized no theless, the agent will come to home and say, "I saw you up at y still this morning, John, better co down to court tomorrow." A John does so.

With a few exceptions moonshiners plead guilty. They do not have money for lawyers or appeals. They have learned also that a man who pleads not guilty runs the risk of a much longer sentence if he is convicted. In this manner a cruel game of hide and seek plays itself out to an end that is only a beginning.

The maximum sentence is five years. How much prison time a man receives depends upon the temperament of the judge and the number of offenses previously committed. The lack of uniformity is fantastic. At Mill Point Prison Camp I quickly discovered that if a first offender had a sentence of three months, he invariably came from Kentucky; but if he had been sentenced to 12, 18 or 22 months, he came from Virginia.

So, these men leave home and family and languish in prison for the length of their sentences. Under the rules of the Federal prison system the illiterates among them will be obliged to take work in reading and writing. That is admirable. Some may learn a skill they never had before—such as automobile mechanics, welding, etc. But then they return to their home community. The opportunities for decent employment have not expanded. The market for white mule still exists.

Jack J. at Mill Point was a miner who carried his head at a curious tilt because of an accident at work. Recovering from his injury he tried to make some whiskey and was caught. He spent eight months at Mill Point in 1949. Released, he sought work in the mines, but the mines were slack.

"I travelled all aroun," he told me. "Went futher than I ever went in my life. But I couldn't git taken on in any mine. Finally I was up agin it. I had either to steal or starve or make whiskey. Well I didn't want to starve and I'd ruther make whiskey than steal, so me an my boy set us up a still." He was caught after eight weeks and returned to Mill Point for another 18 months, his son with him.

An astonishing and sorrowful number of men at Mill Point were repeaters. And, very often, their families go on county or State relief to keep from starving while they are in prison.

HOW has this social evil come about? The answer to this leads

directly to the existence of the government protected whiskey monopoly in the United States. This problem has been *created* by government, acting in the interests of the big distillers. There are whiskey men in prison today who know from their fathers that only eighty years ago there was a modus vivendi between individual distillers and the government. The law was such that any man could engage in whiskey making provided he paid taxes on his product.

Today that is not the case. Legitimate whiskey making is the sole privilege of large corporations. In theory it is possible for any man to secure a license to make whiskey; in practice it is impossible. The conditions laid down for the granting of a license are such that only large corporations can meet them.

The significant role of our government in the protection of this monopoly can be understood best by a comparison between the production of whiskey and the production of other items of mass consumption. The amount of capital involved in the production of automobiles automatically rules out the small entrepreneur. Nor is it possible for one man with $200 to build a factory and produce television sets.

However, it *is* possible for a Kentucky mountain man with no more than $200 to set himself up in the distilling business and to turn out twenty-five gallons of good whiskey a day. The water he needs, a most important ingredient, runs free and pure in his mountains. The wood for his fire is also free. Two hundred dollars will buy the copper barrel and tubing which are his basic investment. It will pay for the corn meal and sugar required for a first "run" of whiskey. Beyond that, all that is needed is the skill he already has, a knowledge of whiskey making that has come down in his family over a period of 300 years.

But the law says "no" to this kind of whiskey making. Since the amount of capital required does not automatically rule out the individual entrepreneur, the government has stepped in with statute.

Consider just a few of the specific laws that govern whiskey making for a mountain man in a state like Tennessee. He may not make liquor unless he first pays "a privilege tax" of $1,000 to the State. To receive a distiller's license he must pay an additional thousand dollars. In addition, Federal Law requires his posting a bond of not less than $5,000 and not more than $100,000, the amount to be set by a Commissioner.

Most prohibitive of all, however, he must then construct buildings of certain sizes and specifications. For instance: "The distillery building must be securely constructed of brick, stone, wood, concrete, or other substantial material . . ." etc. "The Foundations shall be . . . the Floors, Walls, Roofs, Windows . . . shall be" etc."

All of these items are demanded by law, and whiskey may not be distilled in any other manner—cer-

tainly not under the open sky in a mountain "holler." By these means the individual owner of a mountain still is ruled out of the competitive market, denied a license, turned into a law-breaker.

The whiskey monopoly attempts to justify its existence on a "pure food" basis. In general, the argument that moonshine is less pure than liquor from the big distilleries is wholly false. With his mind on other matters, Col. Thomas Brown, Vice-President of the National Distillers Products Corp., confessed to the following in 1937: "No still has yet been devised which will make better whiskey than the old pot-still. . . ."

Furthermore, the very size and persistence of the market also denies the argument of the monopoly; there has been mass consumption of white mule for 300 years.

THE government's argument in defense of its protection of the monopoly is its need for revenue. This argument, busily advanced by the publicists of the liquor interests, is also a hoax. The central agency of the big distilleries has itself estimated that the capacity of the *seized stills* in 1949 would, if subject to tax, have yielded the Treasury "the fantastic sum of $495,000,000 a day."

If whiskey making were not placed beyond the reach of individual entrepreneurs by prohibitive standards, then the government could lower the tax on liquor, collect taxes from the small operator as well as the large, and actually increase its gross revenue. Such a solution has only one stumbling block. It would lower the profits of the big distillers.

The protection of the liquor monopoly involves a fantastic cost to the entire people of the nation—the cost of maintaining the police apparatus for hunting down illicit stills; of paying for the prosecutors and judges who convict violators; of maintaining men in jails and penitentiaries; and, finally, of artificially maintained whiskey prices. Nor can one ever calculate the human distress involved—the family separation—anguish—the cruel and fantastic cost to those who are rebelling against this aspect of the monopoly system.

"My Ma was sick," said C. C. to me. "I was pickin fruit, hiring out, but it don't pay much for a young feller like me." (He was 18 and physically puny.) "So I tried makin a little whiskey. There's nawthin much else t' do 'roun my part." He was caught and given a year and a day.

"Huht mah back in the saw mill n' couldn't do hard work no more. Didn't have no lan' n' couldn't work it without hep if I did. Started makin whiskey. Did all right for a piece, cleared a hundred, hundred n' fifty a week. Figured to do it about a year, then quit." But he got caught and the judge gave him two years.

This is the price paid by society for the existence of the whiskey monopoly.

Remembering

JOHN SLOAN

By MAURICE BECKER

JOHN SLOAN, who died on September 8 at the age of 80, was already a painter of national repute when his cartoons and drawings began to appear in the early issues of *The Masses.*

Even earlier he published a cartoon on the East Side "Triangle Fire" in which many young women factory workers lost their lives. The real triangle in which they perished, Sloan showed, was not the flimsy fire-trap but Rent, Profit, Interest.

It was a great boon to us younger men seething with indignation at the barbarities committed under the Free Enterprise system, and the corruption of values important to the enjoyment of the good and abundant life by the "Bitch Goddess Success" to find as our associates on *The Masses* maturer men like John Sloan and Art Young and Eugene Higgins.

The wisdom, the wit and often the laughter with which their barbs at the enemy were charged called out some unsuspected qualities of our own.

While Daumier was for most of us the god who hovered up there in our art heaven, John Sloan felt closer as draughtsman and etcher to the Englishmen Leech and Cruikshank a that disarmingly witty Frenchm Willette of whom he often spo Yet there was the stamp of his o personality in his drawings of peop a quality of rugged realism t avoided caricature. He could be ly cal too, as in the drawing that companied John Reed's poem "T Farmer's Woman" in praise of Mo er Earth.

But how his scorn and excoriati fire told in those unforgettable c toons on the Rockefellers' Ludl Massacre! The great social judgm that is "Her Maker and Her Judge" a street walker hauled up in Wome Court—and the well-fed in chu thanking their God for their bl ings, and his anti-war cartoon "Tr ing Clouds of Glory," give only hint of the breadth of John Sloa humanism.

In the decade before, he and se others of the famous "The Eight" drawn blood, when the prissy reactionary in art and life had dub them the "Ash Can Gang." Guilt association being an old gimm painters like Prendergast, Lawson Davies, whose work was more ognizably "beautiful" but who

proved of "sordid" subject matter, were equally attacked.

Sloan, Henri, Glackens, Shinn, and Luks, who had introduced to the art public working men and women and street kids, everyday life from tenement rooftops to basement, and treated their subjects unsentimentally and with the forthrightness of spirit of a Hals or Manet, proudly flaunted the "Ash Can" appellation as a banner.

As a student of Henri's and a colleague of Sloan's, I was always happy at my proximity to all those ashes. Certain I am that Bellows, Guy Du Bois, Arnold Freedman, K. R. Chamberlain, Rockwell Kent, Walter Pach, Edward Hopper, Glenn Coleman, Glintenkamp, Evergood, Gropper, Gellert, Minor, Cornelia Barns, Robinson, Reginald Marsh and John Barber, among others, never regretted that some of the ashes had spilled over on them too.

I first saw Sloan on a criticism-night when he was pinch-hitting for Henri. It was in a life class whose students were workers by day, men and women from all parts of the country. They prized their hours of study and at the end of the season exhibition theirs was judged the best work in the school.

John Sloan understood the need for the government-sponsored projects like the W.P.A. and their social wholesomeness. In the early days of the depression I was present at a great meeting of artists and cultural workers at the New School for Social Research where Orozco's revolutionary murals were already in place. Sloan was speaking up for such a program.

Opening in a formal way, characteristically he soon interrupted himself and began painting a verbal picture of the existing situation. He described a great excavation, a dark hole in the ground into which people were constantly tumbling. Off in dark corners artists were trying to carry on before easels. A gentleman, one of a class Sloan identified as the "whining, well-to-do," suddenly finds himself down there. Stumbling about blindly he bumps into an artist. "What!" he exclaims, "you down here too?" "Why hell, I've always been here," answers the painter, hardly looking the other's way.

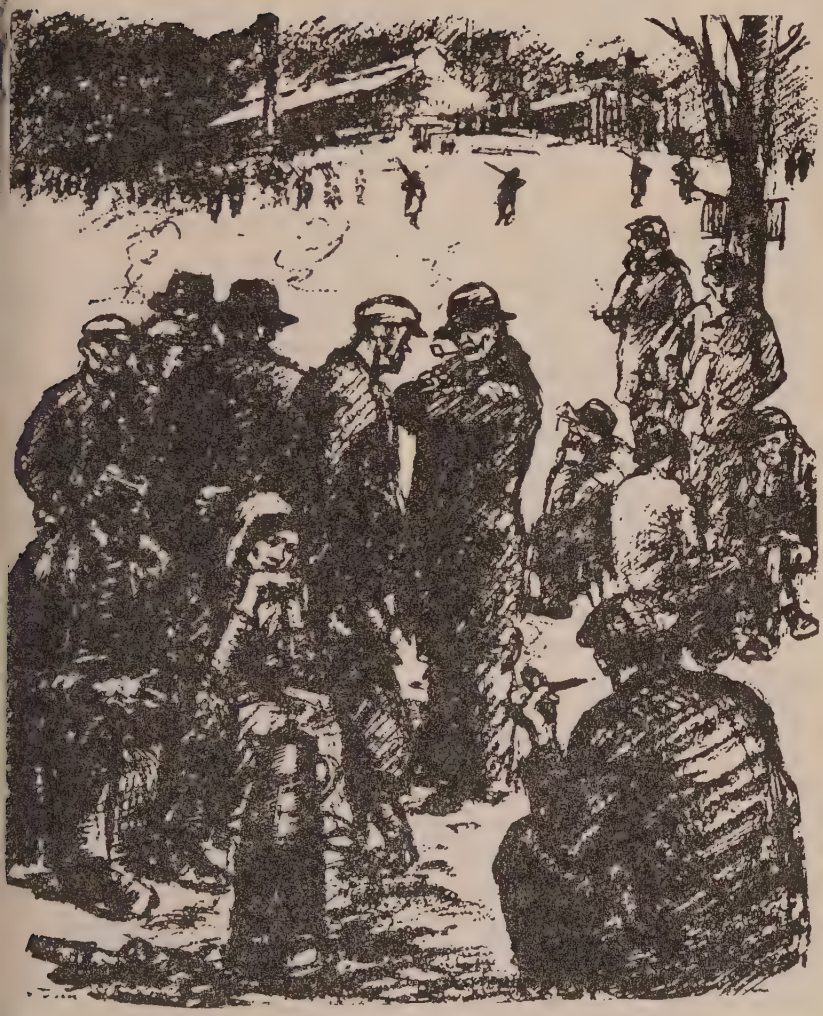
Two drawings by

JOHN SLOAN

The MASSES

The Unemployed

Cover drawing, March 1913, by John Slo



Strike Scene, from The Masses, February, 1913

THE PEPPER TREE

A STORY BY DAL STIVENS

MY FATHER often spoke about the pepper tree when we were kids and it was clear it meant a lot to him. It stood for something—like the Rolls Royce he was always going to buy. It wasn't what he said about the pepper tree—my father had no great gift for words—but how he said it that counted. When he spoke of the pepper tree at Tullama where he had been brought up you saw it clearly: a monster of a tree with long shawls of olive green leaves in a big generous country town backyard.

"A decent backyard—none of your city pocket-handkerchief lots," my father said. There were berries on the tree that turned from green to pink with wax-like covers which you could unpick and get the sticky smell of them all over your fingers. In this spanking tree there was always, too, a noisy traffic of sparrows and starlings fluttering and hopping from branch to branch.

When we lived at Newtown* I used to look for pepper trees w my father took me for a walk on day afternoons. "Look, there's a per tree," I'd say to him when I one with its herringbone leaves.

"By golly, boy, that's only a runt of a tree," my old man w say. "They don't do so well in city. Too much smoke, by golly. ought to see them out west whe come from."

My father was a tall thin with melancholy brown eyes and soul of a poet. It was the poet in that wanted to own a Rolls R one day.

"First our own house and someday when my ship comes I'll buy a Rolls Royce," he'd say.

Some of his friends thought m man was a little crazy to have an ambition.

"What would you do with o those flash cars, Peter?" they'd him. "Go and live among swells?"

My father would stroke his brown mustache, which had o

* Newtown is an industrial suburb of Sydney, Australia.

w bits of white in it, and try to ex-
ain but he couldn't make them un-
rstand. He couldn't even get his
eas across to my mother. Only now
I think I understand what a Rolls
oyce meant to him.

"I don't want to swank it as you
it it, Emily," he'd say to my mother.
No, by golly. I want to own a Rolls
oyce because it is the most perfect
ece of machinery made in this
orld. Why, a Rolls Royce——"

And then he'd stop and you could
el him groping for the right words
describe what he felt, and then go
n blunderingly with the caress of
lover in his voice, talking about
ow beautiful the engine was. . . .

"What would a garage mechanic
o with a Rolls Royce, I ask you!"
y mother would say. "I'd feel silly
tting up in it."

At such times my mother would
ive the wood stove in the kitchen
good shove with the poker or
wish her broom vigorously. My
nother was a small plump woman
ith brown hair which she wore
rawn tight back from her fore-
ead.

Like the pepper tree the Rolls
oyce symbolized something for
y father. He had been born in
ullama in the mallee. His father
as a bricklayer and wanted his son
follow him. But my father had had
is mind set on becoming an engi-
eer. When he was eighteen he had
ft Tullama and come to the city
nd got himself apprenticed to a
echanical engineer. He went to
chnical classes in the evening. After
two years his eyes had given out on
him.

"If I had had some money things
might have been different, by golly,"
my father told me once. "I could
have gone to the University and
learnt things properly. I could have
become a civil engineer. I didn't
give my eyes a fair go—I went to
classes five nights a week and studied
after I came home."

After his eyes went my father
had to take unskilled jobs but al-
ways near machinery. "I like tinker-
ing but I had no proper schooling,"
he said once.

HE KNEW a lot and in spite of
his eyes he could only have
learnt most of it from books. He
knew all about rocks and how they
were formed. He could talk for
hours, if you got him started, about
fossils and the story of evolution.
My mother didn't like to hear him
talking about such things because
she thought such talk was irreligious.
Looking back now I'd say that in
spite of his lack of orthodox school-
ing my father was a learned man.
He taught me more than all the
teachers I ever had at high school.
He was a keen naturalist, too.

Just before the depression came
when we were living at Newtown
my father had paid 100 pounds off
the house. He was forty-seven years
old then. I was twelve.

"By golly, we'll own the house
before we know where we are," he
said.

"Will we?" said my mother. "At

a pound a week we have twelve years to go—unless we win Tatts."

"You never know what may turn up," said my old man, cheerfully.

"I have a good idea what with people losing their jobs every day."

"I haven't lost mine," my father said, "and what's more, I have a way of making some money if I do."

"I suppose it's another of your inventions, Peter? What is it this time, I ask you?"

"Never you mind," said my father. But he said it gently.

One of my mother's complaints was that my father was always losing money on the things he tried to invent. Another was that he was always filling the backyard up with junk.

"What can you do with these pocket-handkerchief lots?" my father would say. "Now, when I was a nipper at Tullama we had a decent backyard—why it was immense—it was as big——"

He'd stop there, not being able to get the right word.

Auction sales, according to my mother, were one of my father's weaknesses. He could never resist anything if it looked cheap even if he had no use for it, she'd say. Soon after my old man had told my mother he had something in mind to make some money he went away early one Sunday morning. He came back about lunch time in a motor lorry. On the back of the Ford was a two-stroke kerosene engine. I came running out.

"I've bought it, Joe, by golly," he told me.

He had, too. Both engine lorry.

"Dirt cheap. Forty quid the he said. "Ten quid down, boy, ten bob a week."

My mother cut up when she h "Wasting money when it could gone into the house, Peter."

"This'll pay the house off in time, by golly," my father said. buy a lot of other things, too."

I knew by the way he looke and over my mother's head he thinking of the Rolls Royce w to him was like a fine poem great symphony of Beethoven.

All that day he was very exc walking round the engine, stan back to admire it, and then pe closely at it. He started it run and stopped it continually all afternoon. Every night during next week when he came home the garage he'd go first thing look at the engine. He had plan in his mind but wouldn't what it was at first. "Wait and Joe," he'd say. "You'll see all ri

HE DIDN'T let me into his cret for over a week althou knew he was bursting to tell s one. In the end, he drew me mysteriously in the kitchen one n when my mother was in the bedr and whispered: "It's an inventio cleaning out underground wells,

"For cleaning out wells?"

"Underground wells."

He listened to hear if my m was coming back.

"I'm rigging a light out there

night, boy," he whispered. "Come out later and I'll show you."

My father's idea, he explained later, was to clean underground wells in country towns by suction. You pushed a stiff brush on the end of the pipe down the sides and along the bottom of wells. The pipe sucked up the silt and you didn't lose much water from the well.

"Every country town has half a dozen underground wells, boy," he said. "The banks and one or two of the wealthier blokes in the town. Just like it was in Tullama. There's money in it because you can clean the well out without losing too much water. It's a gold mine."

It sounded good to me.

"When do you start?" I asked.

"Soon, by golly," he said. "The job at the garage won't spin out much longer."

He was right about that but until the day she died my mother always had a sneaking idea that the old man had helped to give himself the sack. It was early in 1930 when the old man set out in the lorry, heading out west.

"You've got to go to the low rainfall districts," he said.

"Like Tullama?" I said.

"Yes, like Tullama, by golly."

I started thinking of the pepper tree then.

"Will you go to Tullama and see the pepper tree?"

My father stroked his long straggling moustache. Into his eyes came that look like when he was thinking or talking about the Rolls. He didn't answer me for a bit.

"By golly, yes, boy, if I go there."

SOON after this he started off. Every week brought a letter from him. He did well too. He was heading almost due west from Sydney and I followed the towns he spoke of in my school atlas. It took him nearly a day on a well, so in the larger towns he might stay over a week, in the smaller a day or a day and a half.

After he had been away for two months he still had a few wells to go before he reached Tullama. You could see that he was heading that way.

"Him and that silly pepper tree!" said my mother but she didn't say it angrily. My father was sending her as much money as he used to bring home when he worked at the garage.

But in spite of what my mother said about the pepper tree she became a bit keen as my father got only two weeks off Tullama. She made a small pin-flag for me to stick on the map. About this time a change came in the old man's letters home. At first they had been elated but now they were quieter. He didn't boast so much about the money he was making or say anything about the Rolls. Perhaps excitement was making him quieter as he got nearer to the pepper tree, I thought.

"I know what it is," my mother said. "He's not getting his proper meals. He's too old to be gallivanting off on his own. I bet he's not cooking proper meals for himself.

And without a decent bed to sleep in—only the back of that lorry."

I thought the day would never come but soon enough my dad had only one town to do before he would reach Tullama. His letters usually arrived on a Tuesday—he wrote home on the Sundays—but round this time I watched for the mail every day and was late for school three mornings running. When a letter did come I grabbed it from the postman's hand and hurried inside with it, reading the postmark on the run. It was from Tullama.

"All right, all right, don't rush me, Joe," my mother said. "You and your pepper tree."

I read over her elbow. There was only one page. There was nothing about the pepper tree. Dad was well and making money but he was thinking of returning soon. Only a few lines.

I couldn't understand it.

ON THE next Tuesday there was no letter. Nor Wednesday. On Thursday my father came home. He turned up at breakfast time. He gave us a surprise walking in like that. He said that he had sold the truck and engine and come home by train. He looked tired and shame-faced and somehow a lot older. I saw a lot more white in his moustache.

"The engine was no good," he said. "It kept breaking down. It cost me nearly all I earned and it was hungry on petrol. I had to sell it to pay back what I borrowed and get f fare home."

"Oh, Peter," my mother said, p ting her arms round him. "You po darling. I knew something w wrong."

"Mother reckoned it was the foo I said. "She reckoned you were getting your proper meals."

"I'll make you a cup of tea, Pete my mother said, bustling over to t stove and pushing another piece wood into it. "Then I'll get y some breakfast."

"By golly, that sounds a bit of right," my father said then. This v the first time since he had walk in that he had sounded like his self.

My mother hurried about the kit en and my father talked a bit mo "I thought I was going to do w at first," he said. "But the eng was too old. It was always sp parts. It ate up all I earned."

He talked about the trip. I had over my surprise at seeing him w in and now wanted to know all ab the pepper tree.

"Did you see the pepper tree, da

"Yes, I saw it all right."

I stood directly in front of H as he sat at the table, but he not looking at me but at someth far away. He didn't answer for w seemed a long time.

"It was a little runt of a tree, —and a little backyard."

He wouldn't say any more t and he never spoke of the pep tree—or the Rolls—again.

Good Old Mel

MELVILLE GOODWIN, USA, by John P. Marquand, *Little, Brown.* $3.75.

MELVILLE GOODWIN, General of the U.S. Army, came into sudden national prominence one day when he happened to walk into a tense situation in Berlin and solved it in the admirably direct Army style. A Russian officer was there poking a tommygun into his guts, and peace hung in the balance, with the Third World War breathing hard on his sunburned neck; but cool, tough General Goodwin casually lit a cigarette, pushed the gun away and "gave the boy a friendly slap on the tail." The tension snapped. Everybody grinned.

An AP correspondent sent home this epochal story. When radio commentator Sid Skelton, narrator of the novel, found the item in the script he was given to read that night, he remembered good old Mel Goodwin from ETO days, and inserted a homespun little note into his predigested opinions: "This all fits my old friend, Mel Goodwin, to a T, the Mel Goodwin I met when he was commanding his armored division before the breakout at Saint Lô—none of the stiffness, none of the protocol which one associates with big brass. It's like him to want his friends to call him Mel."

The reader has every reason to believe that Marquand is about to launch a fierce satire, but the author, while maintaining an air of semi-amused irony, to take the curse off the sentimentality, goes on to draw the kind of General which the Army Department's publicity staff might have cooked up.

Skelton's manager, noting the plus reaction to the commentator's story, thinks up the brilliant idea of having Skelton invite his old friend up to his manorial estate in Connecticut where a magazine writer gathers material about him for a "profile."

Good old Mel, for the sake of the Army, now tells all about his past life at the same time that his current crisis is unfolded. For the General, in the high noon of his career, has become involved with a rich widow and the honor of the Army hangs on the outcome of this affair.

The General's father, a drugstore proprietor in Hallowell, N.H., wanted him to be a doctor; but at the age of 14 Mel saw his first parade, it was in his blood from then on, and he couldn't get it out.

Mel was a "typical American." He had pumpkin pie at Thanksgiving and long pants at sixteen, tended his

father's store on occasion, fell in love with the girl who crocheted wash cloths next door, married her right after he got out of West Point, and remained with her—even through this episode with Dottie—right up to the sunset. For in her quiet way she was the Woman-behind-the-Man; she was iron, too, just as he was guts-and-blood when he had to be, although after he had killed his first enemy in World War I he did prove his innate sensitivity by throwing up.

We are ready to hiss Dottie Peale, newspaperwoman and international gadabout, when she gets her hooks into our Melville. If it wasn't for the Army coming to the rescue at the last moment, and Dottie's own innate sense of patriotic duty, he would have left poor worthy Muriel, after she'd given him the best years of her life, and gone to a locust-blossom dream world to live briefly with his siren—his whole career ruined, the American Dream tottering, and his gesture in Berlin hardly worth the trouble!

Marquand is more clever than his stuff. He takes the curse off the preposterous incantation of small-town virtues by having them viewed through the world-weary eyes of a radio commentator who, being on the "inside," knows how reputations are made and unmade. But the General wins him, along with the hard-boiled profile writer and the soiled widow—all with his sterling Army virtue.

For even if Goodwin *is* a kind of simple-minded, un-subtle, parboiled adolescent, nevertheless "there w something behind all that Melvil Goodwin had said that was dedicat and magnificent and undemanding justification. Perhaps a psychiatri would call it immaturity, but wha ever the attribute was, it had its ow splendor."

Contrasted to this "splendor" Sidney Skelton's own life: "I ha never been a selfless part of a caus I had never tossed my life in fro of me and followed it . . . I had nev obeyed a call. I was not a Melvil Goodwin." Just so pre-Hitleri petty-bourgeois youth sighed abo that high, clean place—the Weh macht.

And this, finally, is what comes o of the recital of a General's caree Always contrasted to Skelton's ow grubbing life in the dirty comme cial world where everything has i money-tag—the life of an intellectu messenger boy—is the manly life the Army, where honor is a real thin and where a man's duty is plai where politics is non-existent an the big questions have happily bee settled by others.

Throughout these storm-ridde decades Melville hasn't a single pol cal thought (says Marquand): H goes cheerfully where he's told—t kill Germans in World War I; to ki them again in World War II (thoug admiring their efficiency); and, the book ends (and he's safe wit Muriel and Dottie has beaten a r treat), he is about to go on assig ment to another war in the East— perhaps to China, perhaps Korea.

"Boy," the General says to Skelton as they meet once again to kill a bottle of Scotch at journey's end, "I'm still slap-happy. I still can't believe I'd get anything like this. Boy, the only thing we need now is a war out there, and things don't look so good in China, do they? I've got a hunch it might happen in Korea. . . ." Boy, oh boy!

Marquand sallies out to "humanize" the American generals fallen into some disrepute since they started burning people with jellied gasoline. The MacArthurs and Van Fleets, he would have us believe, are none other than your neighbor's freckle-faced boy grown up, still dreaming of pumpkin pies and shining with "splendor."

PHILLIP BONOSKY

The Civil War

AND THE WAR CAME, by Kenneth M. Stampp. *Louisiana State University Press.* $3.50.

ABOUT no single event in American history is there so vast a literature as that on the Civil War. The bourgeois historians, in expending these millions of words, have done their work well, for the ocean of ink has hidden the pearl of truth.

Professor Mitchell of Harvard ascribed the war's origins to a "lack of good manners." The brilliance of this observation was matched by the clarity of Vanderbilt University's Professor Owsley who traced the event to "egocentric sectionalism."

Professor Craven of the University of Chicago found "hypertension" a key to the war's coming; "overzealous editors" and "pious reformers . . . conjured up distorted impressions . . . mythical devils" until blood vessels burst. That, at any rate, is how Mr. Craven began his *Coming of the Civil War,* though by the time he had gotten to page 480 he had decided that "Lincoln did not deliberately choose to plunge the nation into such a war as resulted from his acts. He simply did not understand the situation."

And Professor Coulter of the University of Georgia in his *Confederate States of America* refreshingly starts right out with Jefferson Davis' viewpoint, finds the war to have been indeed a "War for Southern Independence" and can compare it in moral grandeur only to the efforts "of a later generation of Americans to protect Western culture against Asiatic tyrannical regimentation." (One sees how fitting is the Confederate flag on Korean hills.)

Coulter, with the magnanimity of a General Robert E. Lee, is however not quite certain that Abraham Lincoln was a simpleton. He cannot decide "whether Lincoln was the marplot and bungler or the cunning villain and provocateur; whether he stumbled into war at Sumter or whether he planned it." Take your pick!

And Professor Nichols of the University of Pennsylvania devoted some 600 pages to ascertaining why there was this *Disruption of American*

Democracy. At the conclusion of his exhausting quest he found: "War broke out because no means had been devised to curb the extravagant use of the divisive forces." He went on, "carrying the analysis even further [than what?] it may be postulated the war came because of certain interests and activities characterized for convenience as the processes of human behavior, in which individual and general attitudes and emotional drives are constantly interacting."

That is to say, Professor Nichols, having devoted 600 pages to the question of why there was a Civil War, concluded, as verbosely as possible, that he did not know!

And now here comes Professor Stampp with another book on the same subject, and one hailed for its brilliance and originality from the *Times* to *The New Republic.*

What does Professor Stampp say? He says the war came because an industrial society challenged a rural one (or vice versa); because "the South was exploited and the North was exploiter"; because "the politicians" had alternatives, but they, all of them, North and South, were weaklings and so they—North and South—chose war. And what were the "alternatives?" The North "might have agreed to Southern independence," and the South "might have yielded to Northern political supremacy and prepared to see their 'peculiar institution' go sooner or later."

Stampp agrees with the Coulters and Cravens about the nefarious agitators, yet he insists that "beneath all the propaganda there was the fact of Negro slavery."

What is this? Light in the dismal swamp? Water in the burning desert? No; the brilliant originality discovered by *The New Republic* is the mechanical materialism, the economic determinism of the young Charles A. Beard. And it will serve the bourgeoisie about as well as Mr. Owsley's "egocentric sectionalism" or Mr. Nichols' frank confusion.

What is Stampp's Negro slavery? A mechanical monster of no flesh and blood, an economic category devoid of *slaves.* So, in citing a source for his remark that "beneath all . . . was the fact of Negro slavery," he cites one Dumond's *Antislavery Origins of the Civil War,* a book remarkable for the fact that, despite its title, it never mentions actual Negroes.

Yes, beneath all was the enslavement of the Negro people and the wealth and power derived from them by 200,000 slaveholders who, come hell or high water, meant to hold on to their "property" and their power.

And Stampp's myth of a struggle for "Southern independence" likewise hides the class character of the Confederacy and the fact that secession was accomplished *against the will of the vast majority of Southern people, Negro and white.*

Stampp's work—like Beard's, like economic determinism—pretends to be devoid of value judgments and would make a virtue of this lack. It pretends to be devoid of value judgments because it really is devoid of humanity. In effect, however, it supports reaction. It sees only alleged "systems," labelled industrial and rural, clashing; it sees only those with property squabbling. The masses themselves it never sees except as pawns or clowns or clumsy brutes.

Bourgeois historiography has expended millions of words to drown out what lessons of the Civil War? The lesson that an exploiting ruling class—like the slaveocracy—will stop at nothing including treason to postpone its own interment. The lesson that a ruling class faced with a legal victory of an opposing coalition—in this case, industrial bourgeoisie in its progressive stage, working people, poor and middle farmers, North and South, and the Negro people—will spit upon legality and turn to wholesale murder. The lesson that only united resistance to the treason of reaction will preserve the nation. The lesson that freedom is indivisible and the enslavement of one vitiates the other's freedom. The lesson of the Negro people's militant struggles for their own emancipation. The lesson that democracy is enhanced to the degree that Negro-white unity is forged. The lesson of proletarian internationalism, in this case personally led by Karl Marx.

HERBERT APTHEKER

Shostakovich's Peace Cantata

SIGNIFICANTLY, the first major work of Dmitri Shostakovich not yet performed in this country is one whose theme is that peace shall conquer war. The score of Shostakovich's prize-winning dramatic cantata or oratorio, "Song of the Forests," has been available here for more than a year, and yet no newspaper critic has taken the trouble to examine and discuss it.

Not one of the critics who a few years ago prophesied the "imminent death" of Soviet music has suggested that this work be performed here so that audiences could judge for themselves what was happening in Soviet musical life. Nor have the critics suggested that the theme of peace might be looked into by American composers and poets.

"Song of the Forests"* is a work of exceptional grandeur and beauty which illuminates the value of the Soviet criticisms of music of a few years ago. It marks a new stage of development in Shostakovich's art.

To appreciate the achievement we must look back at the Seventh, or "Leningrad" Symphony, composed in the first months of the Hitler invasion, while Shostakovich himself was taking his turn as fire-watcher on Leningrad's roofs. The first two movements, depicting the disruption of peace and the heroic emotions of the struggle against fascism, belong with the most moving music of our era. Not as successful, in spite of many beautiful moments, was the slow movement of the Seventh, dedicated to "love of life and the beauties of nature," in which the composer fell back on the kind of tragic declamatory music of the Fifth Symphony with less fruitful results. The last movement, with its foreshadowing of victory, was exhilarating and yet not fully clothed in a fit melodic invention, the composer similarly falling back on his own methods of the past which no longer applied. It was, however, his first raising of the theme of peace after war.

In 1946 Shostakovich produced his Ninth Symphony, reflecting his joy at the end of the war. Yet if some parts of this work bubbled over with merriment in the most captivating way, too many others were thin, attempting to describe the defeat of fascism as a superficial frolic.

And so a music of peace remained an unsolved problem. It is obvious now that it could not have been solved through musical means alone. It had to be solved first politically and philosophically.

For what does peace mean? Is it

* A recording has been issued in France by Le Chant du Monde, 32 Rue Beajon, Paris 8e. It is a single long-playing record (33 rpm).

simply a transition to "cold war," with super-profits for armament companies and brandishings of A-bomb and H-bomb?

In the Soviet Union, peace, the defeat of fascism, meant that the people's energies could now be turned to the transformation of nature on a scale inconceivable before. It meant plans not only for reconstruction, but for great forest belts that would make arable land out of wind-burned deserts, for great dams and the changed course of rivers.

It also meant a thorough examination of cultural life. For a new kind of people had emerged from the crucible of war. They had new cultural needs and demands. The reality of life itself had changed, and the artist had to re-evaluate his old methods. His work had to reflect the fact that the world had entered a new historical epoch, when war, the scourge of humanity throughout the history of class society, could be conquered by peace. The artist had above all to depict in all their humanity the people who had made this achievement possible.

In the "Song of the Forests" Shostakovich has triumphantly risen to the needs of the times. With a deep love for his own people, he has at last written the music of peace which he strove for in the works mentioned above. This achievement required a creation of melody and of musical form, what we may call a "human imagery" in music, unlike anything that had come to the forefront in his art before.

The composition, written for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, is divided into seven concise movements, the entire work taking about 45 minutes. The composer has preserved a feeling of simplicity and clarity, although the texture is actually made up of the most complex thematic transformations and interweaving of orchestral and vocal colors. The method Shostakovich most often uses is that of setting the words to music in definite, rounded stanzas, each tuneful in itself, and yet each stanza being a development of the previous one, so that the movement as a whole combines simplicity with depth of expression and dramatic power.

The first movement opens with an orchestral introduction in which we hear the gentle, curving melodic phrase that may be called the "victory" theme, which is the key theme of the entire work. Then enters a bass solo, accompanied by chorus and orchestra, telling of the end of the war, the reconstruction, the announcement of the Stalin plan for great forest belts. In a remarkable way the bass solo touches upon the basic melodic theme, never quotes it exactly, and yet constantly takes off from it.

The second movement is in the abrupt rhythms of Russian folk dance, combined with a rollicking popular-style melody. First the orchestra is heard, then the women's voices, then the men, and then both together. The people accept the plan and say, "We'll clothe our land in forests." Now this joyful theme undergoes an orchestral change, becoming slow and sad.

The third movement begins, telling of the "memories of the past," the miseries of life in the old villages, the lack of food, the thin bones of the children. A bass solo alternates with the chorus, and there is a dramatic climax for both solo and chorus. This movement is particularly rich in folk melodies woven into the vocal and orchestral texture.

Then there appears an irresistible lilting song, the song of the Young Pioneers going out to plant trees, sung by a children's chorus. Their song is taken up by the orchestra. It is played even faster. Then without a break the fifth movement begins, the song of the Komsomols, based on the initial theme. In this movement Shostakovich's buoyant march-like themes, his rhythms, brilliant orchestration, witty changes of key, reach their high peak of intricacy.

There follows now another slow movement, a "Promenade into the Future," a long and extremely beautiful tenor solo, accompanied by orchestra and chorus, telling of the beauties of spring in the forest, having almost the character of a love song. Here the "victory" theme is heard more prominently than before.

The last and climactic movement starts with a great double fugue for chorus, based on a long, windi theme which is really another versi of the "victory" theme. In turn the voices enter jubilantly, and t orchestral forces gather as well. The is a climax for full chorus. The the solo voices enter, weaving memories of the previous movement Finally the chorus returns with pow erful, chanting music based on Sho takovich's song, "Peace Shall Conqu War," while the orchestra peals ou the major theme.

The most compelling quality the work is its joy in life. It is not light-hearted hilarity, but the joy people who have gone through trag experiences and as a result find li all the more precious. The music in the tradition of the great songf masterpieces of the past, and yet spirit, form and content it is tru new for it handles problems of li and therefore of music, that ha never arisen before.

Its "newness" will most likely challenged by the critics here f whom a "new music" consists of "ne chords" and "daring harmonies." have never been able to discover an thing new about these "new chords or what is daring about a "dari harmony." Just who is being ch lenged by this boldness? In real li these apostles of the "bold harmon are the most stuffy conservatives frightened reactionaries.

Wherever Shostakovich's "Song the Forests" is heard it will give t people who want peace faith in th own power to achieve it.

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