MASSES & MAINSTREAM

PETTIS PERRY

HE STORY OF A WORKING-CLASS LEADER • Richard O. Boyer

THE SOLDIER AND THE REBEL

HAPTERS FROM A NOVEL • V. J. Jerome

COLLIER'S KAMPF

HE WAR THEY WANT • Ira Wallach

OWARD FAST • SENDER GARLIN • HUGO GELLERT • PABLO
ERUDA • YVONNE GREGORY • SEAN O'CASEY • ED STRICKLAND

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Drawings by Gellert, Strickland and others.

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Our Time

By SAMUEL SILLEN

Those Glamorous Nazis
Seeing Is Believing
No Dividing Line
Cultural Guidance

[OLLYWOOD'S gallant tribute to General Rommel—*The Desert* —shows this Nazi killer as a lful, misunderstood man, a true o of our time. The film glorifies ler's crony as a noble example for children, a figure of sublime rality, devoted to his doting wife and his peaceful Alpine home. Screenwriter Nunnally Johnson and his paymasters at Twentieth Century-Fox "have used all the tricks in the book to portray a military figure of great courage, generosity and humanity," reports the New York *Times* reviewer.

The Rommel film appeared the same week that Hollywood launched its nation-wide "Movietime, U.S.A." crusade to revive the box-office. At public meetings throughout the country, ministers, rabbis, newspaper editors joined glamorous stars in praise of moviedom's wholesome influence. Publicists trumpeted Hollywood's "unprecedented number of top-flight productions."

This is the official patriotism of the period, and the book publishers are not lagging behind Hollywood. A dismal tract entitled *The Rise and Fall of Hermann Goering,* by Willi

A Thrilling Victory for Peace

AS WE GO to press, the joyful word comes from Washington that Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois and his associates have defeated the Truman government's disgraceful attempt to jail them for advocating peace. This is a thrilling historic victory. It heartens all who fight for peace and liberation. It points the way to new victories in the other political frameup cases.

On behalf of our readers, contributors and staff, we extend heartfelt congratulations to Dr. Du Bois, Elizabeth Moos, Sylvia Soloff, Kyrle Elkin and Abbott Simon; to their families and friends; to their defense committee and counsel; to the Negro people and to all progressives here and abroad who spoke up against this infamous plot to brand as "foreign agents" all who work for peace.—THE EDITORS.

Frischauer, was recently issued by Houghton, Mifflin. Chirps *Time* magazine: "Frischauer shows clearly that Goering was capable of chivalry, loyalty, kindness and generosity." Soon we may expect the uplifting proposal that the portraits of Rommel and Goering decorate the classrooms of the nation.

Far-fetched? The firm of Charles Scribner's Sons is lavishly advertising a book called *Dance of Death,* by Erich Kern, who is boastfully described as "a former officer in Hitler's Elite Corps and a loyal Nazi to this day." A half-page ad in the New York *Times* Sunday Book Review carries a fetching photo of this loyal-Nazi-to-this-day in his Elite Corps uniform posing in front of a portrait of his Fuehrer.

The book is hailed because Erich Kern shows how Hitler "could have conquered" Russia if he had followed the author's advice. What other credentials are needed in the book market today? When Roosevelt spoke of an Iron Cross for pro-Nazi John O'Donnell of the New York *Daily News* during the war, he could not have known that in the Administration of his successor this same Iron Cross would become a badge of merit.

The films and books are of course only reflections of U.S. policy in Germany today; bourgeois culture is the continuation of the war program by other means. Chancellor Adenauer unabashedly tells the free world that in the Foreign Ministry of his U.S.-sponsored Bonn government t are 134 Nazi party members. Dietrich, former press chief of Nazis, State Secretary in Goeb Propaganda Ministry, has made way to the front in the journalism Western Germany. And it was the other day that a leading Army college announced the appo ment of the Wehrmacht's ran surgeon, whose photo in the *Ti* was demurely captioned "Former viet Prisoner."

A lot of people who should k better are sticking their heads in sand, but the cold fact is that the gram for re-Nazifying Germ marches in goosestep with the gram to Nazify the United States

Seeing Is Belie

THE State Department is trou about the student-exchange gram which was supposed to friends among scholars from ab The program seems to be boo anging, despite cushy subsidies careful McCarran Act screenin our student guests. When they here for a while they find that "Voice of America" advertisem are as hopped up as Ernest Hem way's double-spread cigarette t monial in a recent issue of *Life.*

A survey of 100 Indian stud described by Norman Kiell in *Journal of Higher Education* tells

"Before arrival here, 68 per had markedly favorable opinion the United States; after they had here a short while, 89 per


$
PEACE ON EARTH

thought well of their host nation. But after living here from four to 40 months, only 22 per cent were still favorably inclined in their attitudes to the United States. Fifty-seven per cent held decidedly unfavorable opinions."

This understandably perturbs Mr. Acheson's good-will bureau whose slogan is: "With every student we should realize that we may be sending back a future prime minister."

In the October 29 *New Republic,* Harris Wofford Jr., president of Student Federalists and author of *India Afire,* makes it clear that what really sticks in the craw of the visiting students is the barbaric "white supremacy" lynchers' pattern of the way of life they came to study. One exchange-scholar from Nigeria said of our nation's capital: "My first day in this city I wish had been my last. I thought that at least a Chinese restaurant would admit me, but even it threw me out." The fate of this potential prime minister was shared by three African students who on their first long-delayed visit with an American white family heard the building superintendent bellow: "I seen Nigras come in here; you'll have to remove them or I'll call the police."

The *New Republic* article, while defensively pro-State Department, reports:

"Even an ardently pro-American Indian, who had studied at Syracuse and had broadcast over the Voice of America, admitted that his emotions had changed his mind after a visit to the TVA on the eve of his departure. How many thousands of f eign pilgrims have turned away disgust or sadness when at the v door to the TVA, in the official rec tion room at Norris Dam, they restroom signs, 'Colored' and 'Whit This Indian wanted to have his t for the Voice of America recalle

Whether the Voice of Amer gave it back to him is not report But the author does quote a St Department officer as saying that t government is trying to give s dents the "whole picture" includi "the facts of progress," unspecifi The official said: "If, after that, th still can't like us, then maybe we a just not good enough for Asia." T man sounds as if he's kidding, does he?

No Dividing Li

UNDER a decree issued by t trustees and president of Oh State University, speakers invited the campus need a certificate of me tal purity. The rule is that "the faci ties of the university will not made available to known Comm nists or members of other grou who seek to undermine basic liberti in America." Under this edict, whi echoes the Smith and McCarran law the university has barred Dr. Cec E. Hinshaw, a Quaker pacifist. A this followed the Red-baiting jam boree in the Columbus, Ohio, pape over the appearance of Dr. Haro Rugg, professor emeritus at Teache College, Columbia University.

But more newsworthy tha thought-control decrees nowadays a

ıe growing signs of resistance. The)hio State faculty has been aroused. ı battle is raging over the issue. And ational organizations of scholars and ıinisters have urged their members ot to speak at Ohio State until ome measure of free speech is re-tored.

It will not be restored as long as ny kind of passport is required for dmission to the campus, even though t be ostensibly limited to "known Communists." Academic freedom annot be sliced up any more than the iberties of the American people as ı whole can be. It is good to see this asic truth understood by liberal edu-ators like Professor Goodwin Wat-on of Teachers College who in a re-ent issue of *The Nation* challenges ıs "unworkable the program of those vho draw the line against Commu-ıists while hoping still to make a respectable' defense of the liberties of others." Professor Watson writes:

"The National Education Asso-ciation, the American Federation of Teachers, and Americans for Demo-cratic Action have concurred in the ban on Communists but wish to pre-vent other added forms of restriction and censorship. The results have been only what the Communists predicted: each successful action against Com-munist teachers has increased the fervor of the attack on the 'next group'—be it fellow-travelers, Social-ists, New Dealers, liberals, or pro-gressive educators."

Exactly. And the same thing is happening on every level of Ameri-can life today.

That is why the reluctance of many liberals to take part in the fight to free the Communist leaders and re-peal the Smith Act is suicide. The bell of fascism tolls not for the Com-munists alone.

Archibald MacLeish senses this in his article "To Make Men Free" in the November *Atlantic*. While insist-ing on the same anti-Communist slanders that McCarthy and McCar-ran spew, MacLeish cites the dissent-ing opinions of Justices Black and Douglas in the Smith Act case. He holds that the effect of the decision was to make opinions as such and their advocacy punishable, "and thus to restrict freedom of opinion and freedom of belief as they had not before been restricted in American history."

This position, regardless of one's views of Communism, dictates the patriotic responsibility of defending all victims — and the Communists have been the first—of the Smith Act. To make men free Archibald MacLeish will have to help make the Communist leaders free. To shirk this duty is to desert the Amer-ican people. The logic of events shows this irresistibly.

Cultural Guidance

A WRITER FRIEND of mine has received a letter from the editor of *True Experience,* a Macfadden publication, urging him to submit outlines for "hard-hitting, earthy love stories." To make sure the writer would know what kind of stories to dream up, the editor attached a form

memorandum—he calls it "a premise" —for guidance. It reads:

"What does the everyday woman want? Love and excitement. Give her marriage and seduction. Give her Cinderella and rape. Give her love and delinquency. Give her addiction, adoption, abandonment. Give her crime, abortion and frigidity. Give her insanity and murder. Romance, medicine, inspiration, domestic problems, shockers, and soap operas.

"The accent is on hard-hitting variations of love.

"Every man and woman having an affair must pull toward each other with so much gravity that the earth stops spinning. No kidding."

No kidding, that is what the editor of *True Experience* is telling yo authors to write if they want to honest Macfadden dollars. But of course not only this rag. As intelligent reader of any of the profit-making magazines in this c try must surely know, this is in e what all the free editors tell all free writers. *Collier's* and the *Sa day Evening Post* may not have same form letter, but they have same boundlessly cheap, cynical tempt for their readers and wri the same policy of degrading wo exalting rape and insanity and r der, of brutalizing the intelligence

How can a decent-minded w create on such a "premise" fo the cash in the world?

A NOTABLE CULTURAL EVENT

WE ARE proud to announce that *Masses & Mainstream* will soon publi novel by V J. Jerome, editor of the theoretical magazine *Political Affairs*, internationally known Marxist cultural leader.

The novel, tentatively entitled *A Lantern for Jeremy,* deals movingly the life and struggles in a Jewish community in Old Poland as seen thro the eyes of a young boy. With lyric beauty this work celebrates the dig and heroism of the plain working people. It has rich significance for struggle today against oppression and war.

We are confident that our readers will share our enthusiasm for this w which we consider a distinguished contribution to the literature of our t

With this novel we continue our book publishing program launched cessfully with Lloyd Brown's *Iron City*. Details of the campaign for the book will appear in our next issue.

Mr. Jerome, a contributing editor of *M & M,* is one of 17 Commu leaders indicted in New York under the infamous Smith Act. The "o act" charged against him by the Government is his article "Grasp the Wea of Culture," published in *Political Affairs* for February, 1951.

The two separate chapters from his novel, in this issue, are from early tions of the book.—THE EDITORS

The SOLDIER and the REBEL

Two Chapters from a Novel by V. J. JEROME

SOLDIER-BREAD

THE door opens and a big man fills our doorway. His whiskers re long and gray. He beats the snow ff his heavy coat with his arms.

"The headman!" Uncle says, and e gets up from the table. A cold vind blows into the room. Auntie preads her hands over the Sabbath candles stuck into potatoes on the white table cloth.

The headman steps over the thresh-old. Behind him comes a soldier. He s shorter and younger. His gray nantle, covered with snow, reaches over his boots. A wooden box is strapped to his back. His round cap has no peak, but it has something in front, shining. It is like a brooch; but it isn't like the brooch Auntie wears on holidays and it isn't like the eagle on the police-sergeant's cap. Its middle is red, and round it are rings of blue and white. But more than the brooch, the soldier's eyes shine, his light brown eyes that smile at me. And his hair is like the bright golden sand Auntie has just strewn on our earthen floor for the Sabbath. The headman stands by the table reading from a sheet in his hand. The Polish words come out from under his long whiskers slow and frightening. His whiskers hang down gray and cold. They hang down like icicles over the lighted candles. . . .

The headman is gone. Auntie clears away the dishes from our Sabbath-meal, and no one speaks. The soldier puts down his box and goes over to the oven to warm his hands.

Auntie speaks up:

"May Pharaoh's plagues come on them. Perhaps we've too much space in this one-room palace of ours, so they give us a soldier to share it with us."

"Hee, hee, hee, hee!" Old Mindl laughs down from her straw-sack on the oven-ledge. "Such Sabbaths on them all their lives, Lord of the World!" She shoots out her spit on the floor near the soldier's box.

Uncle looks at the soldier and says:

"Poor fellow, it's a cold night to be on the road."

Uncle gets up from the table and goes over to the soldier. He stands beside him, slowly scratching his beard under his chin. "What news from the roads, soldier? Going a

long way?" he asks in Polish.

The soldier looks at him with a broad smile. He answers in a language that's different from the Yiddish we speak in our house and from Polish too. It's a language that is strong and crisp. Uncle turns to us:

"It's Russian! He's a Russian!"

A Russian!

"And it's a good thing I learned to speak Russian in the Turkish War." Uncle is proud.

He was in the Turkish War—my uncle! And he learned Russian there! Will I learn Russian when I go to war?

Uncle listens to the soldier and his head nods. The soldier sits on the floor near the oven with his legs crossed under him and looks up at Uncle. Can Uncle sit that way too? The soldier speaks. The police-sergeant and the two policemen speak Russian too. But it doesn't sound like this. They say, *Come here. Get out of here. Devil take you. Rotten Jew-face.* I thought Russian was an angry language. How fast it is! But Uncle understands it. He was lucky to be in the Turkish War. The soldier speaks on and Uncle's head nods on.

"What are you nodding and what is he saying?" Auntie asks.

Uncle looks at Auntie, angry, and does not answer. He looks down again at the lifted face of the soldier. Soon Uncle nods no more; he shrugs his shoulders. He turns to us: "He's saying something about war—the new war—the Japanese—something about a cow—I think he said a cow —run off with a baby to Japan." He shakes his head slowly. "A long since the Turkish War. A pity, a Forgotten so much of the Russ knew."

Auntie laughs:

"Luckily you didn't have so r Russian to forget. A cow run off a baby to Japan!"

No, Uncle must have known forgotten a lot, a lot of Russian

Auntie hands the soldier a pla of the noodle-broth she left stan on the oven:

"Poor soldier! Who knows long he'll go before he gets s thing hot in him. First the T and now the Japanese."

The soldier's eyes brighten an says something with a shy sm Auntie throws up her hands.

"That means *thank you,*" U says proudly; *"spaseebo.* A fine language, eh?"

"It's a language for Cossacks. no language for any Child of Is to be speaking—and on Sabbath- too!"

Old Mindl screams:

"Let them also, these heath have their candle-sticks snatched fr their tables by the tax-collector, them!" She looks down from oven-ledge and shakes her bony at the soldier. "Let them also b Sabbath-candles stuck in potatoes, them! Hee, hee, hee."

Uncle waves his hand. Don't lis to the words from her on the ov the hand says.

The soldier draws from his boo lacquered wooden spoon—and its c or is red and gold! I have left

able and stand beside him. He lets me take it in my hand. It feels smooth and warm, like an egg new-laid. Uncle wants to see it too. He looks at it, fingers it.

"That's it, that's it!" he calls out. "Those are the spoons we used to eat with. Ah, the taste of cabbage-soup with those spoons!"

"Yes," says Auntie, "sour cabbage-stew fit for heathens. And Kosher?—holiness in every spoon!"

The soldier takes from his box a round, black bread. How big and round it is! Almost like a cart-wheel. He cuts into it with a little knife and, smiling, holds up a thick slice for me.

I look round for permission. Auntie nods.

I bring to the table the big slice of bread the soldier has given me. It looks so strangely strong and rough beside the soft Sabbath-bread on the table, like a fierce wolf against a trembling lamb.

"Soldier-bread!" Uncle says, and he breaks off a piece. He dips it in salt and tastes it like one who knows. "That's what makes them so strong."

"Look, look how he's fallen in love with this coarse, common chunk," says Auntie. "From the way you speak, people should join the Czar's army to get a taste of soldier-bread."

There is stillness. Only the ticking of the long wall-clock is heard in the room. It has never been so loud before. From their walls the green-and-golden samplers face each other. The woven sunrise nods to the woven sunset. Old Mindl sits hunched on the oven-ledge and looks straight at the soldier. If her hands could be sticks, they would drive him out. The soldier does not look up at her. He rolls himself a cigarette. He takes a thin strip from his wad of cigarette-paper and holds it out to Uncle with the little tobacco-bag.

Uncle shakes his head.

"He doesn't know that this is the Sabbath. The heathens, what have they in the world? No don'ts, nothing forbidden them."

The soldier opens a clasp-knife—a red-hilted clasp-knife! He beckons to me with it.

"What did I tell you? What did I tell you?" Old Mindl shrieks. "A murderer—that's what you let into the house, and giving him noodle-broth yet to murder us with a knife! Help! Hear O Israel!"

The soldier looks up at Old Mindl.

"Quiet, Mindl!" Uncle shouts up to her. He reaches up his hand to stop her talk.

The soldier takes out of his pocket a smooth, flat stone, long and narrow. He spits on it and smooths it with his thumb. He draws the little knife-blade across it—one side, then the other, then back again, and again. He tests it with the flat of his thumb and his face looks up at me smiling. He shuts the knife and hands it to me.

"Why should Jeremy take his knife away from him, Volfke, for the little we give him?" says Auntie.

"He has another knife, the one he cut the bread with," says Uncle. "Let him do this if he wants to."

The knife opens. It shuts. It opens harder than it shuts. It opens. It shuts. Opens. Shuts. Opens. Shuts. I close my hand tight over it. It slides into my trouser-pocket. It's good to put my hand into my pocket and feel the knife there.

That rich Noosn's son Meyer thinks he can show off to everyone with the silver watch-chain his Papa brought him from Warsaw. But Papa's-Meyer hasn't a knife like mine. No boy has a soldier-knife like mine. Now I'll whittle the best sling-shot in the whole school. And I'll cut the toughest reeds in the pond. When I grow up and I'm a soldier I'll use this knife in the army to cut soldier-bread.

Auntie says:

"Thank the soldier for the clasp-knife, Jeremy."

"Yes, say *spaseebo*," Uncle says.

I go over to the soldier and stand before him; but I can't speak. He looks up at me from the floor and his face is creased with laughing.

"*Spaseebo*," I say and go back quickly to Auntie.

The soldier sits on the floor near the oven and looks through the window into the night.

Soldier, soldier, why are your eyes sad? Where are you looking across roads and fields and rivers? Where is the village that's your village, and where is the house that's your house? Have you a father and a mother—or an uncle and an auntie, perhaps—and are they sitting and waiting for you to come home? . . . The soldier does not speak. His eyes

say: Maybe I shouldn't have co
here to you. Your uncle and au
are poor. You have only this ro
for the four of you. And I'm a str
ger—not one of you, and the langu
I speak is not the language
speak. . . .

"*Turn again our captivity—*"

Uncle is singing a Sabbath-
chant. Leaning back in his chair,
holding his hand under his bear
chin, he sings in the Holy Tong

"*Turn again our captivity, O L*
As streams in arid land.
They that sow in tears
Shall reap in singing."

The pale candles are beginning
flicker. Perhaps they hear the chan
words and the sad voice; for th
tears fall fast. Soon only the li
green night-lamp on the chimney
cast shadows.

The soldier looks up toward Un
His head is bent to one side, and
eyes listen.

"*Going, he shall go and weep,*
Bearing precious seed;
Coming, he shall come with si
ing,
Bearing his sheaves."

And now Uncle's voice has go
down; it sings low into his bea
Now it is stilled. Uncle's eyes
closed. His head has dropped to
chest. The soldier looks down.
sits cross-legged, looking at the flo
There is stillness in the room.
through the stillness a new vo
comes, and a new melody. The sold
—he's humming softly to himse
Softly . . . softly. . . . He lifts his he
slowly. Uncle's eyes are open n

ney look at the soldier and they hile. Uncle nods his head. Sing on, ng on, it says. The soldier lifts his oice, and his face is a lighted lamp ith the wick turned high. The umming opens into words—*those ords!* Russian words! Now the song ses high, to the tops of the windills, high with the sun shining olden on the sounds, and now it is ep and dark like the brook under e old bridge. It is sad, like the ayers on the Day of Atonement—t it is also broad and strong. On, n, the soldier sings, in full voice, but on again in a whisper. . . .

Uncle, his eyes half closed, is saying, softly, to himself:

"He too comes of a people that sows in tears and waits to reap in singing. . . ."

"A plague on their singing!" Old Mindl mutters from above. "A heathen they've taken in—to give him my place on the oven!"

The candles are low in the potatoes. Soon the light will melt out of them and be darkness. I sit at the table and look at the rough soldier-bread lying close against the holy Sabbath-bread. I like the red-hilted clasp-knife he's given me; I like the sound of the word *spaseebo;* I like the sour cabbage-soup that you eat with a lacquered wooden spoon you pull out of your boot; and I like, oh, I like the strong, soft singing. . . .

THROUGH THE WALL

WHOSE voice in the night?

From the other side of the wall—in the house where Sad Rivka lives—a man's voice low and deep.

"—on the run. Getting his bones broken in Manchuria!"

Uncle lying next to me turns about in bed and coughs.

"Volfke, try to stop your coughing," Auntie says from her bed. "You'll wake the boy."

The deep, strong voice on the other side of the wall speaks on:

"It won't be long now, Nikolai, crowned swine in Petersburg!"

Some of the words I can't hear. Who is on the run? Whose bones—?

"These paper walls!" Auntie speaks again. "Thank God a child's sleep is deep. It's just as well he doesn't know who came back."

"Hush, Leia," Uncle says. "Don't *you* wake him."

Who came back? They don't know I'm awake. I mustn't stir. But I want to hear. I keep my eyes closed. I take deep breaths as if I were sleeping.

"Why get yourself excited, Faivish?" another voice asks from the other side of the wall. "And if he gets his bones broken, what's our rejoicing?" The voice is thin and high and quick.

"What's our rejoicing? He sends Cossacks to hack down people—makes pogroms But when he sees steel in another's hand. . . ."

Who is the Nikolai? Where is Petersburg—and why did they crown a swine there? I listen in the dark, lying against the wall next to Uncle.

What's that the thin voice is saying? Some of the words get stuck in the wall. I wish I could ask Uncle, or Auntie. If only Old Mindl on the oven would stop snoring. I press closer to the wall.

"And I tell you, Faivish," the thin voice says, "that for us it's the same whether Nikolai loses or wins, while we are in exile. The Jew must go his way alone."

"No, Mottl Doovid, not alone, we and they together."

We and they together? Does he mean the Gentiles? How can that be? The Polish boys wouldn't let me skate with them on the brook. When I skated alone they tripped me, and they laughed at me when I fell.

"Let Nikolai keep on running." Faivish's deep voice speaks on. "Just a few more of those advances backward, General Kuropatkin! We're waiting, we here. And when our broom begins to sweep, it'll be out with him and his whole—"

His voice is too low now. Who are they that are waiting? And what are they waiting for? What sort of broom is theirs that can sweep out people? It must be a great, big broom, much bigger than the chimney sweep's long black broom.

"Our Russia?" the thin voice laughs. "They'll torture us and slaughter us, Czar or no Czar. We're foreigners in Russia, in Poland. It isn't for us to say—" His words die down. They're up again. "Our throne will be in the land of Israel."

"A dream, an empty dream,' vish says. "On this you would our hopes!"

"There are no other hopes fo Faivish, none but our ancient H

"You and the pogrom plotter the same thing: The Jews are for ers here!" Faivish's voice is l now and clearer. All his words through the wall. "We were here, Mottl Doovid; we live work here. Our father and grandf and his grandfather's grandfath they lived and worked here—bu —"

Uncle was born here and his f and his grandfather, and Uncle they were tanners like him.

"Put away this foolishness, Fa All Israel are brothers."

Yes, at school I learned it— *Israel are brothers.*

"What kind of brother is L Meyer the Percent-taker to me?" vish asks. "He robbed our fathe his life. Will he be different t in your Zion?"

"Different in Zion?" Auntie sp low from her bed. "Not Leizer M the Percent-taker, not he!"

"Hush!" Uncle whispers.

"He wouldn't be any differer you put angel-wings on him," Au goes on. "And your fine new ma Mordkha Leib, who keeps the and the hides of the sheep, and l you the knuckle-bones—do you t he would be any different in Z May sickness take away every schen they suck out of us!"

"May the plague waste them the worms taste them—the w

k of them, Lord of the World!"
l Mindl mutters on the oven.
Start cursing, and she'll answer
nen in her sleep," Uncle says.
"Why did you have to come here?"
ttl Doovid's voice again through
wall.
"Nobody knows I'm here and no-
ly needs to know."
No, nobody needs to know.
"You are only putting yourself
l all of us in danger."
"This is not your house, Mottl
ovid. It's our mother's house. If
thing should happen to me, your
n is safe, O respectable mechant."
"And what about Mother?"
"They won't send a sick old woman
prison or to Siberia. It's on myself
ne I may bring trouble. And for
t I stand to answer."
"Faivish, you are back again to
up trouble in our town. People
living here in peace. What is
ppening in Warsaw and Lodz and
ier big places is not for Vokyrts.
our town, God be praised,
sters are masters and workmen
workmen, and each goes his sepa-
e way. Leave our town alone, Fai-
h."
"Yes, leave our town alone," Uncle
s low.
Faivish laughs:
"How foolish you are, Mottl Doo-
l. As though our little town
uld hide itself from the big world.
Lodz and Warsaw other Mottl
oovids are also saying that the trou-
es are brought from somewhere else.
nd in every somewhere else, from
other somewhere else."

"But you are beating your head against a stone wall. The other side is strong. To escape them you had to sneak home dressed as a peasant. It's from *their* gendarmes you hide here and you don't dare stir out of the attic except in the dark of night."

So!—it wasn't a peasant who came off the train—it was Faivish! That's why I heard the Yiddish words.

"Not only Jews must hide," Faivish's words come slow; "Gentiles too. Prisons make brothers of us."

Brothers—not only all Israel? How can prisons make brothers of all?

"Brothers!" Mottl Doovid says. "The Jew helps the Poles to free Poland. The Jew goes to Siberia to free Russia. But how is it written in the Song of Songs?—'Mine own vineyard have I not kept'."

"It's all the same vineyard, one vineyard, Mottl Doovid," Faivish says. "We mustn't let ourselves be fooled by the fences."

Uncle speaks low:

"If he had sense, he would listen to Mottl Doovid and not bring trouble on himself and his family mixing with those beardless Unity people."

Auntie says from her bed:

"Better a Jew without a beard than a beard without a Jew."

"Only day before yesterday," Uncle says, "I saw someone coming out of Sad Rivka's house—a stranger from another town with a round cap and no beard. Who knows, maybe he came to get help from Faivish to stir up something in his town."

Yes—I saw that man too! And I wondered what he was doing here.

His round caracul cap was like a little drum on his head. I remember! . . .

Auntie sits up in her bed:

"And what do you know about Faivish? Ask me. I'm more in his mother's house than you are. I see things you don't see, and one woman talks to another. Volfke, I tell you he has a heart of gold. He would bring down the saucer of heaven to his mother. Poor Rivka, may all her enemies and our enemies have what she makes at her apple-selling in the market-place. If not for Faivish, his sister would have sat till her plaits turned gray for want of a dowry, his young brother would be without schooling, and Sad Rivka would now be going with a beggar's sack from house to house. And little enough he earned at his boot-patching. But hear Mottl Doovid talk. With his steady income from his hardware store, little help he gives his old mother. He will stroke his beard and talk to you about Jerusalem and tell you all Israel are brothers—but only up to his pocket."

"Still, this one sits in the House of Study, and the other sat in prison."

Could Faivish look out on the street through a little barred window when he was in prison the way they do in our jail-house? And did people come and talk to him and sometimes pass food through?

"And what if he was in prison," Auntie says, "was it for robbing or killing, God forbid? He is so honest—on his word you can build a bridge."

"But why should he get mixed with the Unity?" Uncle asks. "The going to tell the Czar to stop b Czar? The world's been this since the six days of Creation they're going to spread a new over it. And what has he got for troubles? The welts of the pr lashes on his back. And now stuck away, like a trapped mo with no telling when the police pounce on him to drag him ba

"Well for him that he hides Sad Rivka's house here among Auntie says. "God forbid it sh get known in the big houses."

Under the cover, my hands c tight. What does he look like? W has he done? When will he be to go out in the daylight like o men? . . . Someone by a prison w He stands bowed, his face to the w His back is bare. Someone's lash him, lashing him. It's the Niko Heavy shoulders and a swi head, with little evil eyes and a broad snout. On the swine's hea a golden crown. The Nikolai str with his whip and his little evil laugh. Big red welts swell up f the naked back, and the blood co Oh-h-h. I can't see his face, bu can hear him cry out. It's Faivish. deep, strong voice. No, Faiv no, they mustn't take you back th God forbid it should get knowr the big houses. Here no one know. I won't tell anyone. I mus stir. I mustn't breathe. They mus hear. They mustn't come for Faivish. . . .

PETTIS PERRY

The Story of a Working-class Leader

By RICHARD O. BOYER

PETTIS PERRY is a sturdy, compact Negro of fifty-four with ridges of muscle, gained from labor as a farmer, section hand and factory worker, extending across powerful shoulders. His hands and arms are strong but it is what is in his head that makes him remarkable. It is because of his knowledge that the government of the United States seeks to imprison him under the thought-control Smith Act.

If you saw him standing on the street corner talking to his people, or in the bleachers at a baseball game, his hat on the back of his head, his coat open, his laugh easy, you might not realize at first that here was a new kind of American hero.

He has an unusual face, at once quiet and alive. His voice is soft, casual, compelling. There is a certain stillness, a certain waiting quality within him but it is combined with the nervous poise of one ready for anything. Perhaps this alertness comes from years of swinging on and off speeding trains, from balancing on the top or clinging to the rods beneath red ball freights as they streaked down the high Sierras or chugged up an Appalachian incline or rattled across the Middle West, the whistle sounding lonesome in the night above the steady beat of iron wheels.

There are times even now when working late at night in his New York apartment, perhaps preparing a political report on Negro liberation or the status of the sharecropper, and hearing the hoarse cry of a ship haunting the harbor, that he looks up from his books and statistics with sudden nostalgia for the old days of constant movement. He is a staid family man now, married and with children, a leader of the Communist Party of the United States, but there are moments when he can almost hear again the clackety-clack, clackety-clack, the cadenced metallic waves of endless sound, smell the cinders and smoke again, still feel the rhythm and the motion of the freights he rode so long ago.

For most of fifteen years, until he was caught up in the struggle that

changed him as it is also changing the face of the earth, he surveyed the world from a freight train. Forever searching for work, he more than once traversed the Great American Desert, sped through the pine forests of Minnesota, the wheatlands of the Dakotas, the orchards of Oregon, the sparks and flame up ahead flashing red in the night. More than once he has grabbed a freight going south out of Chicago along a thousand miles of Mississippi levee, sitting small in the darkness to avoid the flashlight of the brakeman, the whistle a great moaning smear echoing over the river.

He has ridden the Great Northern and the Soo, the Southern Pacific and the Chesapeake, the Delaware and the Illinois Central, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas. Rode west and rode east, rode north and rode back, slow through dirty city slums, with gathering speed, perhaps past the red glare of Ohio's steel furnaces, or south through fields of cotton shining in the moonlight, past the rickety little shacks of the sharecroppers, past the country churches of his people where the ecstasy of a hymn suddenly soared above the bumpy rumble of his freight.

THERE are many reasons why one should write of Pettis Perry. His own progress parallels the progress of his people. The political maturity, the militancy that is his as an individual is theirs, in a different way, as a group. He is, moreover, so particularly, so invincibly America American with that special qual of the Negro people, here before t Pilgrims arrived, whose sweat a whose blood built the first gre American fortunes, whose son struggles, stories have given Am ica its peculiar and distinctive cha acter. All the hymns and all the blu and all the stories are a part of hi and he often uses their words to lustrate a political point.

He has, too, all the special skil of the Negro migratory worker an farmer; he knows how not to free to death when sleeping outdoo with the temperature thirty belo how to leap from a speeding trai without breaking the back or fra turing the skull; how to build a hac hill house by wiring a bunch weeds together and the use of bu lap; how to operate the giant com pressing machines that make cotto seed cakes; how to mould iron, clea land, plow and pick cotton; how t harvest lettuce, prunes, orange lemons, asparagus, apples and peache how to pitch and bale hay, run truck, spray fruit, use an axe, driv spikes, shock wheat, run a harveste operate a tractor.

He knows the hobo jungles tha dot the countryside, the songs an cussing, jokes and bad food of sec tion gangs, the bunkhouses of lum ber camps where in the light o kerosene lamps he and his fello workers have frequently celebrate the end of a day's labor with a gam of rummy or poker.

He knows the tension of a picke

just before the cops charge; ws the hunger that tightens bellies n strikes are long; knows the id defiance of a Negro in the th when he risks lynching by osing the white boss who tries to it him. He has seen his neighbors hed, floodlights turned on their gled bodies so their wounds ht be visible by night. He knows near starvation of the sharecrop- and what it means to be deprived chooling because of "race."

nd he knows the ghettos of erican cities, the segregation, the Crow laws—the whole structure oppression that is maintained ause American corporations real- four billions of super-profits ly through under-paying and rwise exploiting the Negro peo- These profits are drawn from ditions, he points out, his voice dy and controlled, that deprive Negro people of eight years of on the average when compared h the life expectancy of a white son, from conditions that each take the lives of some thirty usand American Negroes who uld not have died if they had been te.

ll of this is worth telling but it is the entire story of Pettis Perry. is not the most important part. important part is that through own struggles, and the struggles workingmen like him, he has nd the path to liberation. He learned the know-how of liberty. is the workingman become olar, the Negro sharecropper become statesman. Without formal schooling, despite poverty and persecution, indeed because of them, he has moved into the mainstream of history in which he and his fellows are the most important people in the world.

He has learned the science of social development, the science of Marxism-Leninism which for the first time enables man to be the master of history instead of its victim. It is a knowledge he wishes to share with all Americans, how acting democratically together they can at last build a nation fit for man, a nation without poverty, depressions, war, or racist oppression, a nation owned and operated democratically for the benefit of all the people and not for the profit of the few.

That is why Wall Street's government fears him. That is why it wishes to imprison him and his colleagues under the Smith Act.

2

PETTIS PERRY was born on January 4, 1897, on a tenant farm near Marion, Alabama. Marion is near the center of the state and in the heart of the Black Belt. That area, in which the Negro people are the majority, is a contiguous one that covers twelve southern states and has a population of some 5,000,000 Negroes, a larger population than that of Switzerland or Norway. Perry's folks, since the abolition of legal slavery by the Civil War, had been farmers living, in the words of Hay-

wood, "under a system of sharecropping, riding-boss supervision, debt slavery, chronic land hunger and dependency—in short, the plantation system, a relic of chattel slavery." He passed his boyhood amid that "slave whipping barbarism" which still survives in the South and which is "at the center of 'enlightened' twentieth century capitalist culture."

In fact one of his earliest memories is watching a Negro being flogged. It was on a Saturday afternoon. Although he was only twelve he had spent the week in working, he recalls, "twelve or fourteen hours a day, more or less, as long as there was daylight. At daybreak you had to be in the field. When it got too dark to see, that's when you quit. I started to work in the fields when I was ten, picking cotton. By the time I was twelve I was doing all kinds of general things around the farm, including following one of those wooden plows and a mule."

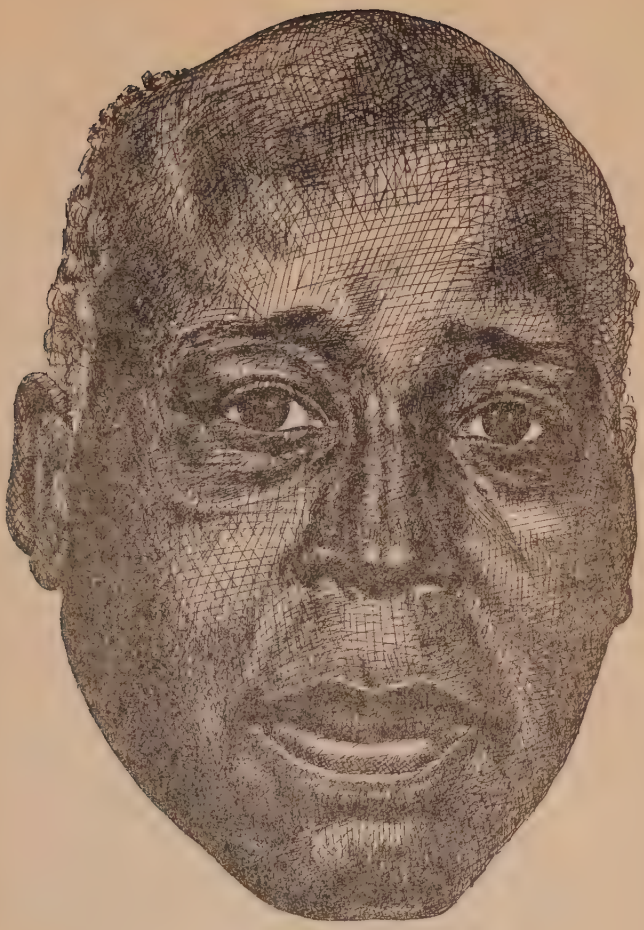
The trip on this particular Saturday was to Marion Junction to gin a load of cotton. To the boy it was in the nature of a holiday for he had been given "some pennies to spend." He was pleasantly excited when he climbed up on the wagon behind the team and beside his uncle, Stokes King, with whom he lived. Stokes King was a large, dignified man with a moustache. "Nobody dared bother him. He carried a gun. It was perfectly well understood that he'd stand for no nonsense," Perry observes now with satisfaction, recalling how much he used to enjoy talking to his uncle and watching the jogging rump the team as they moved tow town. "He would tell me," Perry " 'If anyone mistreats you there's better time to die.' "

When they arrived on this Sa day at the little junction p through which trains passed for bile and Meridian, there was a line of wagons filled with snowy ton waiting before the gin.

"I thought I'd sort of look aro a little bit," Perry remembers came on one of these road gangs see in the South, prisoners work under guns and wearing th stripes. I'd only been there a mi when an overseer points to a Ne and calls out 'Grab this guy and 'em down.' They grab him and his pants down and the over goes to a tool box and gets out a leather strap—about an inch th eight inches wide and eight long. Holes in one end to m blisters and sores."

The twelve-year-old boy wantee run but he had to watch. It was screaming and the blood that could not later forget. "This fello Perry says, "was beaten until blood ran from him like water ning down a stream. Then the ch gang boss yells 'Salt him down!' again I have to watch. One of trustees goes over to the tool and takes out an old rusty bu filled with salt. He takes hand and rubs it into the cuts, the fl stripped away and hanging, with man just screaming and screami

The boy didn't tell his uncle ab



PETTIS PERRY: *by Ed Strickland*

it on the way home because he had been forbidden to go near chain gangs. "He had told me that a child might be shot down when there was a break for freedom." But the boy did ask Stokes King if Negroes were treated better in other parts of the country and his uncle said it was some better in New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois.

It was still light when they got back to the farm. The boy didn't go in for supper. He sat on the steps a long time. He remembers the barn swallows swooping and dipping in the twilight and presently the moon slipped up from behind the pines. He remembers, too, the buzzy, wiry reiteration of the crickets and katydids and the stomping of the animals in the barn and a dog barking far away but he still sat there and thought. It was quite late when Stokes King came out and told his nephew to go to bed. "Uncle," the boy said, "if I turn up missing when I'm a little older don't worry. I'll be in New York or Illinois or Pennsylvania."

THE resolve became stronger a short time later. "It was in Hamburg," Pettis Perry says, "a dusty crossroads nothing with two or three stores and a few houses. I was in this fly-specked country store when a little old preacher came in with his white-haired wife. He asked the boy behind the counter, the son of the owner, 'Sidney, where's your father?' The boy just looked at him and he said again, 'Sidney, where's your father?' The boy paid him no min and he asked the third time, 'Sidney where's your father?'

"The boy suddenly whirled an said, 'You call me mister, you blac son-of-a-bitch!' He grabbed a plov point and started around the counte 'I wish you'd have respect for m wife, Sidney,' the preacher said, 'ever if you don't have respect for me. I'l tell your father about this.' The old man left the store and he and hi wife climbed into their buggy an drove away, their mule walking slow

"The boy went looking for hi father and found him out back. Hi name was Dunlap. He began running from store to store, giving every white man a gun, while a boy gal loped down the road on horseback to stop the preacher. The old mar had only gone a little way. When he saw them coming down the road he got out of his buggy, threw up both his hands, and said, 'Men, please don't shoot. If you're going to kil me, please let my wife drive away.' They were pulling at his mule and his wife was crying and he said again, 'Men, please don't shoot. If I've done anything wrong you can whip me or let the boy whip me But if you're going to shoot me anyway, please let my wife drive away.'

"They shot that poor old man so full of holes his intestines were hang ing out. Every time he took a breath his blood spurted from him. They threw him into his own buggy and took him back to the store and tied him up against the porch. His wife asked him if he thought he would

ve and he said, 'No, I am dying.' nd then he died."

Tens of thousands of Negroes ave been murdered so in the South uring the past eighty-five years. here was another time, not more han seven months later, when some ien hammered on the door of Stokes King's home at two in the morning. hey thought that perhaps he could revent a lynching. He was re-pected even among the white peo-le. "We saddled up our mules," erry says, "and rode over to that lantation. We were too late. A man's ody had been hanged to a corral ate. They had floodlights trained n it. He had been shot a couple of undred times with hunting rifles, utomatics, shotguns—every kind of un and bullet had been fired into im.

"The crime he had committed as that he was under contract for ork and he had run away before he contract was up. He had come ome to visit his folks. The white olks heard about it and came for im. When they pushed into his ouse, his little girl was hanging to im crying and one of the mob hit er over the head with a revolver. She went crazy. Somehow that crazy, grief-stricken little girl seemed worse han the lynching. Years later I used o write my folks and ask about her. But she lived out her whole life just as crazy as she could be."

3

EVEN as a boy Pettis Perry liked farming. He liked to do a job well, took pleasure in his growing strength, was proud when folks told him that he "could keep up with a man."

"By the time I was fifteen," he recalls, "I could put a couple of hundred pounds on my shoulders. I used to practice with a two-hundred-pound keg of railroad spikes. I could plow or handle an axe or clear out forest for new land as well as a man."

He liked to hunt and fish, too, and often when tramping the banks of the Oakmulgee hunting rabbits with his dog, or fishing in the Cahawba, he made a fierce resolve as he recalled the words of his uncle, "If anyone mistreats you there's no better time to die."

"By the time I was fourteen," he said later, "I realized it was a difficult thing for a Negro to keep alive in the South anyway. I just made up my mind that before I was beaten I'd die, that's all."

When he was seventeen he quit working for his uncle and hired out to a plantation owner. "I worked for him," he recalls, "for two or three months at fifty cents a day and feed yourself. He let me sleep in a leaky little shack that passed for a house. One day I was sick. The plantation owner didn't think I was working fast enough. He threatened me with his riding whip. He had it raised above his head to strike when I grabbed him by the arm. I was going to work him over but first I said, 'If you do that, it'll be the last thing you'll ever do. I don't intend to be whipped by anybody, least of all you.'"

The plantation owner went back to the big house and the other Negro workers crowded around the boy. They told him he would be lynched. They said the plantation owner had gone to summon a mob. Pettis Perry went home to his uncle's house, took down a rifle and a shot gun, loaded them, and took up his station at a window. He stayed there two days and nights, as many a Negro has done in the South, waiting through long hours for the lynch mob. This one never came. "I had a few thoughts waiting there in the night," Pettis Perry says.

He didn't like trouble and never sought it out. But trouble comes in the South and often elsewhere, too, to a Negro who demands to be treated as a man. He got a new job at the Moundsville Lumber Company. The second day he was there something happened.

"We were bent over pushing trucks filled with lumber," Perry says, "when the foreman walked over and kicked the man next to me a hell of a wallop. The moment he did that I stepped back and said, 'Listen, any time I'm not working to suit you, please don't try that on me. If you don't like my work just fire me. But don't kick me or curse me or touch me. If you do, somebody's going to eat their next meal in hell.'"

The foreman left and went to the commissary. Again the Negro workers asked Pettis Perry if he wasn't afraid that the white man was "going up there to get a lynch mob."

"Okay," Perry said. "If he maybe the cake will be all dou

But the cake turned out all r Perry worked there a year with further trouble. After he left, h ever, the foreman kicked and Negro and "the guy laid him with a lumber slab. He had to s for days to evade a lynch mob."

PERRY moved on to Tuscal where he learned the trade moulding at a pipe foundry. W he was nineteen he and a cousin cided to get out of Tuscaloosa they grabbed a freight for Birm ham where his cousin got a jo a bell boy in a hotel. "I teamed with another boy," Perry says, " we were going to hit for St. Lou

But before they could they v arrested for being on the streets Birmingham after eleven at nigh curfew law that applied only to groes. They were sentenced to teen days on the street gang, wh is virtually the same as a chain g Two days after they were arre a big Negro coal miner, convi of bootlegging, was put on the g "It was one hundred and ten in shade and no shade," Perry says. " coal miner became sick and vomi He was a husky guy but he was u to working under ground. One these little chain gang guys as a trusty to see if the miner was and the trusty said, 'Rockefe would give a million dollars for health.'

"'I thought so,' the guard and he took up a pick handle.

other guard with a high-powered rifle stood on an embankment above us. They made us get in a circle around the miner and said the first man moved out of line would be shot. Then the first guard began beating the sick man with the pick handle, all over his face, beating down his arms, and when he sank to the ground that guard got a great big jagged piece of cement. It must have weighed fifty pounds. He raised it above him and threw it on the miner's chest. You could hear something break and the poor guy had some sort of a spasm. He kind of jerked slower and slower, like a broken clock running down, a little stream of blood ran out of his mouth, and then he was still.

"But he was still alive when they made us carry him into the stockade. When they took us back in from work, about five in the afternoon, he was still on the floor in a pool of blood. This pal of mine and myself ripped up an extra shirt I had and washed him off and bandaged him up. Just then the head man came in and we all ran for our cells because if they found you out in the stockade they'd just begin shooting.

"The head man said to the guard, 'Why didn't you kill him?' and the guard laughed and said, 'I wanted to leave something for you to do.' Six guards dragged him out into the office directly before our cells. They wanted us to see. They threw him across a desk and then all of them began beating him with revolvers, billies, nightsticks, blackjacks. Each guy would pass and give him a lick on the head. He was so far gone he didn't even move, just sort of moan.

"I remember, too, when he was being beaten out in the street. It was a middle-class neighborhood. About one hundred and fifty white women and children stood around watching, everybody laughing and having a hell of a time."

Perry was silent for a long moment before saying, "After seeing that I just made up my mind I was leaving the South forever. I was taking my hand from that deck never to play it again."

IT WAS then that Perry took to the road and stayed on it for much of the fifteen years between 1917 and 1932. Being thrown off speeding freights by special agents didn't improve his opinion of white men. "Sometimes they chase you from top to bottom," he recalls. "If your foot slips your soul is lost. Sometimes you have to ride everywhere but on the smokestack.

"One night, riding a freight from Altoona to Pittsburgh, I was sitting in the corner of an empty gondola. It was drizzling rain. A special agent flashed his light on me. He had almost passed me by when he saw me and threw his gun on me. 'Okay,' he said, 'jar the ground.' I started to crawl over the side of the car. It was pitch dark. One foot hit the ground and flew up. We were running very fast. I started to crawl back but he flashed the light on me and pulled the hammer back on his

gun. 'Get off,' he said, 'or I'll shoot you off.' I knew he wasn't kidding. Those guys didn't mind anything like that. When I swung off neither foot touched the ground. I went wheeling over and over like a barrel hoop. Hit a big piece of slag and it skinned me up from head to foot."

But there were other occasions when white migratory workers came to his aid when a special agent concentrated on him. "Another time," he says, "coming out of Omaha into Chicago, a brakeman tried to throw me off while we were going fifty miles an hour. A white guy I'd never seen before in my life said, 'Why pick on the colored fellow?' and another white guy grabbed the brakeman and threw his gun off the train. 'What we really should do,' he said to the brakeman, 'is throw you off, too. The trouble with this country is guys like you.'

"Another time a white railroad cop tried to beat me up and the white fellows with me interfered. Hell, they wouldn't let him. They beat the devil out of him. I didn't know until later that these white guys were I.W.W.'s.

"Time and time again I was brought up against situations where white men and women came to my assistance. In the Dakotas, Idaho and Washington, in places where I was the only Negro in town. Once in Marshalltown, Iowa, me and a kid, white kid, were walking down the street when some guy pulled out a gun and said he was going to make me dance. A favorite sport down South. This white kid walked c and said, 'If you're lookin' for tr ble, mister, you can damn sure get He knocked the dickens out of h gun and all."

From 1917 through 1923, he tr eled over the country, as far nc as Alaska, where he started a action over uneatable food, as South as El Paso, through forty-f states, always looking for work a always stopped by the announ ment, "We don't hire Negroes." casionally, of course, he got jobs a section hand or farm worker, usually they lasted but a short tir In some ways he liked it. He lik to see new things but sometim bumping along in the night would feel aimless and lonesor without purpose or destination.

Beginning in 1921 he spent a go deal of his time in California, though each year he would make ten-thousand-mile circuit over t country. With the exception of 19 and 1926 he worked each winter a cotton seed oil mill in Los Ange from 1922 to 1934. And in the spri and summer from 1924 to 1930 (was active in the California agricu ture strike of 1930), he would swi off a freight in Imperial Valley a start working his way northwa with the harvest. By September would be in Sacramento Valley, s hundred miles from his startin point.

"In spring and early summer," says, "I'd be hauling and baling a falfa. Long about June I'd go up Fresno to pick peaches. Then I wou

) over around Stockton for prunes. hen I would go to the rice or hop elds in the Sacramento Valley. In)25 I spent only a few weeks in Im- erial Valley. Then I took a long cir- uit; came east as far as Denver, uck to Salt Lake, east to Cheyenne, anged my mind, came back to reen River and then went up north- est to Boise, Idaho, and then over Oregon and Washington. I started st again and got as far as Butte, lontana, turned south and went own to Lima, in that state where worked two or three months as a ction hand on the Union Pacific. left there and went to Salt Lake ity for a day or two and then I went Colorado and New Mexico and en down to El Paso. Then I came ck to Arizona where I worked in ttuce."

Seeking a job, Perry often took little trip like this. He would do a t of thinking at such times as his eight roared through tunnels and visted around mountains, valleys d occasionally a town visible be- w. Sometimes he felt right bad. metimes he thought a Negro uldn't really do anything unless he d a lot of money.

"I had been given the feeling by hite people," he says, "and some isinformed Negroes, that the Ne- o people had never initiated any- ing, that they were only imitators." seemed to him travel was the best ing for a Negro unless he had a t of money. He had seen too many egroes with college degrees wield- g picks and shovels to think edu- cation was any way out, and besides, he didn't have any. Still he could feel a power in him and it was being wasted.

4

OTHER Negroes riding a freight train were to have a marked effect on the life of Pettis Perry. On March 25, 1931, nine young Negroes were arrested in Perry's own state at Scottsboro, dragged from the freight they were riding and framed-up on a rape charge. By April 9 Judge E. A. Hawkins had sentenced all but one of them to death in the electric chair. The same day the International Labor Defense, under the direction of William L. Patterson, moved into the case and by April 24 the first international protests were arriving.

"I was working as a jack-puller at a cotton seed mill in Los Angeles in the spring of 1932," Perry says. "A jack-puller operated a hydraulic press that squeezed out the oil and compressed cotton meal into cakes. You had to pull down a weight of 2,200 pounds, you were helped by a strong spring, and you had to make 120 cakes every twenty minutes. Every time you pull that weight down the meal pops into your clothing, down your neck, and there's a big puff of steam right in your face. We worked twelve hours a day. It was as rough as any man's penitentiary.

"One day while I was working there a fellow came around with some *Daily Workers*. I had just finished 120 cakes on that press and

when he asked me how were things I said, 'Hell, man, this country is going to have a revolution one of these days.' When I came out again he was still waiting for me. He gave me twelve copies of the *Daily Worker,* the *Liberator* and the *Western Worker,* one for each member of the department. They were all filled with the Scottsboro case. That was the thing that really developed my national consciousness.

"This fellow, his name was James Jones, came by one day and said, 'The International Labor Defense is having a picnic. Will you go?'

"I went to that picnic. Been out there about an hour when I saw the sheriff's car coming. I knew something was wrong. I hung around, standing around the edges and when the car drives up, the sheriff said he wanted to talk to the people running the picnic. They appoint a delegation. He tells them, 'You people can stay here but the Negroes have to go.' There must have been thirty-eight hundred people there and not more than fifty could have been Negroes. The delegation said, 'Well, if you throw out the Negroes, you'll have to throw out the rest of us, too, and we don't think you can do it.'

"This seemed to be a different type of white population from any I'd ever seen. I'd seen white individuals who were all right but I'd never seen a mass of white people standing together for Negro rights. Made quite an impression on me. Then during the speeches they didn't talk about helping the Negro, they talked about how much good it would do white people, white progressives Negroes had their rights. They that Negro liberation was a nee the white people.

"I figured, 'This is where I belo I joined the I.L.D. That was in A 1932."

It was during the fight for Scottsboro Boys that Perry c alive in a way he never had bef As he understood the oppression sought to kill them, and as he gai understanding by work on the day in and day out, he began to derstand the oppression that shaped his own life. All that knew before began to all into p Instead of taking a 14,000-mile he had planned, he began going f door to door explaining the issue the case, getting signatures for p tions and selling the I.L.D. paper. gave up his job and lived on noth "I was rooming with friends," says, "but they said that if I belie so much in this thing they'd s me to room and board without p

Nine months after he joined Los Angeles I.L.D. he was made chairman of its Scottsboro Com tee. He was being called upon make speeches, organize meeti He felt keenly his lack of educa but says, "From the time I joined I.L.D. I set myself a task. I ha learn. That was all there was t I had to learn. I felt embarra because I was being given more more responsibility. I wondered they didn't appoint some col graduate. I couldn't understand

riends when they spoke of the spe-al approach to the Negro. They uid, 'We have to overcome all ob-acles and special conditions that ave been imposed on you. We'll elp you get an education.'

"I was elected a delegate from outhern California and Arizona to e Free Tom Mooney Conference Chicago. I got nervous on the oad. I had never made a public peech. I knew I'd have to bring ack reports to local conferences. I ad no technical training. I couldn't ake notes. I couldn't read well.

"I sat through a three-day confer-nce with night sessions and memo-ized every single speech given. The ame with the resolutions."

IN JUNE of 1932 he was attend-ing a Los Angeles meeting of the Unemployed Council when it was nvaded by the Red Squad. One of he raiders shot the white chairman ecause the detective said the chair-an was trying to get Negroes to oin the Communist Party. Then in eptember of 1932 James W. Ford, Negro leader and Communist Party andidate for Vice President, held a neeting in Los Angeles. The police eat up many Negroes and whites who tried to attend.

"I thought this was pretty queer," erry said. "I had seen a white man ot for trying to get Negroes to oin the Communist Party and Ne-roes beaten because they tried to ear the Communist Party platform. saw white Communists beaten, a hite Y.C.L. girl slugged to the side-walk and kicked in the face, as she was trying to enter the Ford meeting. I thought this was the kind of thing I better join."

On his way to join, he met a Negro who told him that the concern expressed by the Communist Party for Negro liberation was just bait to get him into the party. "I said," Perry recalls, "if this is bait, they've really caught a damn big sucker. If they're willing to get shot, willing to go to jail, willing to get beaten up, willing to pick a Negro for Vice President, just to get me into the party, then that's the bait for me.' I joined that day."

The next night he bought a copy of the *Communist Manifesto* and painfully spelled out, "The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles." He could understand that as could any American Negro. He read for twelve hours, looking up words in a dictionary, sweating over single sentences for five minutes at a time. He received his very first picture of history, of the fascinating story of mankind and the struggles of human beings to make a better world. It seemed to him as if the very essence of knowledge was opening before him and that it was another word for liberation. He was under a permanent intellectual excitement. Every time a friend used a word he did not understand he made him spell it out, wrote it down and looked it up in his dictionary.

He next read Marx's *Capital,* which revealed to this workingman the in-

nermost workings of the system that exploited and robbed him, and which showed how, inevitably, the Pettis Perrys of all lands—the millions of workers and toiling farmers—would triumph over their oppressors. When he didn't understand he just continued reading for reading in itself was a miracle. He was encouraged when he was told that his experience as a worker and as a Negro probably made it possible for him to understand and accept more of Marx than a college graduate whose mind was filled with every kind of misconception about society.

"Up to that time I had just read wild west stories, adventure stories," he says. "I practically learned to read by reading the *Communist Manifesto* and *Capital.*" When people express surprise that this could be possible he points out that his grandfather, and many another slave, learned to read by himself through poring over the Bible.

The study of Negro history stirred him deeply. "A new horizon opened up," he says. "I had a profound feeling of relief that my people had a glorious history. Before that people had told me that they were just imitators, that they had never done anything worth while. It made me feel good to learn that in Africa the Negro people were smelting iron, making pottery, domesticating animals, while the men of Europe were still living in caves. It gave me a deep national pride to read about Vesey, Turner, Gabriel, Harriet Tubman, Sojourner Truth, and above all, to read of Douglass. I becam great disciple of Du Bois, I *Black Reconstruction, The Soul Black Folk, Suppression of the A can Slave Trade,* everything of I could find. I read Carter G. Wo son. I read him very closely an read everything he ever wrote. L I read Allen and Haywood and theker. I became interested in Negro press and subscribed to *Journal of Negro History.*"

By 1936 he had read eight volu of Lenin and much of Stalin, conc trating specifically on everyth Stalin had written about the nati question. He became particularly terested in the Mexicans in Cali nia, many of whom had been friends since the agricultural st of 1930 when Perry organized first mass meeting.

But he was never in danger becoming only a student. Each he moved among the people, most of all among the Negro pe of Los Angeles. He was involve scores of mass movements, stri demonstrations, elections, del tions, and increasingly he too more decisive role in their organ tion and direction. He knew at l 2,500 agricultural workers person and by name. When he ran a Communist candidate for the s board of equalization in 1938 he ceived more than 65,000 votes, ceiving almost as many two y later when he ran for Congress.

He rose in the party. He elected again and again to lead posts in the party in California

onally. Step by step he was elected
ion organizer, county organizer,
ember of the county committee
then of the district committee
ch had charge of work not only
all of California but in Arizona,
He was elected to the National
mmittee.

EOPLE valued his advice, sought
his judgment even about personal
irs. He spoke the language of the
ple. He would illustrate politi-
points by stories. For example,
n he spoke of the need of
ving with speed he might tell the
y of the turtle who took seven
rs to cross a road, "Just as he was
ring the other side," he said when
told the story, "a truck almost
over him and he stuck his head
of his shell and said, 'Some god-
n people are sure in a hurry
nd here.' Now we can't act like
turtle."

His reports at national conven-
s, particularly about Negro lib-
ion, the farm problem and white
ivinism, attracted wide attention.
y were so solid. They were spe-
; they were documented and the
r thinking in them was buttressed
facts, facts, facts.

He likes people and because of
people like him. There is a
evolent wisdom about him that
es through all his actions. He is
an office man or was not at any
until the conditions of his bail
er the Smith Act indictment of
June 20 forced him to remain in
York. Before that he could be
found one night in Detroit talking to small groups of workers about speed-up and up-grading while a fortnight later he might be discussing the Brannan plan with a group of North Dakota farmers. He likes small meetings, declaring that "a mass meeting is good but the speaker can't learn much from it."

On his last trip around the country he went first to California and then on his way East addressed small meetings in Portland and Seattle; in Minot, North Dakota; in Minneapolis, Denver, St. Louis, Indianapolis and Detroit.

He likes such a meeting as that held in a private home at White Fish, Montana. Only twenty-seven attended, many of whom were not members of the Communist Party. Ten of those attending drove over one hundred miles to see Perry. Two, a lumberman who lost three days' pay to attend the meeting, and a farmer, who interrupted the sowing of his crop, traveled six hundred miles. They talked all night about the woman question and male supremacy, about the special militancy of the Negro woman, about how peace could be won, about the goals of Socialism, about how an electoral coalition could be built that would return the country to its people.

"At such a meeting," Perry says, "I try to give as many people as possible as much as possible from me, and on the other hand I try to learn as much as possible from each of them."

Usually as he travels he is working on an article, perhaps about Amer-

ican imperialism or the necessity of Negro representation in elective positions or some aspect of the agrarian problem. Recently in working on an article about American foreign policy, he went over some forty treaties and state papers, reading each clause, each article, from the time of Brest-Litovsk and Locarno through League of Nations documents dealing with the attack on Ethiopia and up to and including the Atlantic Pact and the Japanese treaty.

He sometimes thinks about such an article for weeks at a time before actually writing it. His method of writing is first to steep himself in the Marxist classics relevant to the subject. Then he gathers all contemporary evidence, government statistics and reports, Congressional hearings, specialized studies, stacks of newspaper clippings and magazine articles.

After this the central part of his writing process begins—thinking. If he has the time he may ponder for a month before beginning to dictate, the problem ever in the back of his mind, as he shaves in the morning, as he walks to work, even during conferences he can feel it fermenting beneath the actual business at hand. After dictating his first draft without notes, for he has a good memory, he tries it out on everyone he meets, from his political associates to people he may meet on a train or a bus. He takes all criticism seriously, usually revising a manuscript three or four times.

WHEN he came to New Y in 1948 the Communist Pa was already under the attack of thought-control Smith Act. Eleven its leaders were indicted on July 1948, for forming the Commun Party and teaching and advocat Marxism. For over two years Pe worked with them. As he part pated in the fight for peace a Negro liberation with Eugene Den and Ben Davis, with Henry Winst William Z. Foster and the others, made outstanding contributions a Marxist theorist and leader. Since June 4 decision of the Supreme Co upholding the Smith Act, with jailing of the Eleven and with Fos ill, Perry and Elizabeth Gurley Fly assumed central responsibility party leadership.

Shortly after he came to New Yo he was selected by the National Co mittee of the party to be the sec tary of the Negro Commission a in 1950 he was chosen head of Farm Commission. He attacked bo problems concretely, perhaps be more responsible than any other s gle individual for the party's heig ened struggle against white chau nism, that poisonous ideology of ruling class, the theory of the periority of white over darker p ples, which perpetuates the rule Wall Street by dividing the Ameri people and setting one group Americans against another.

He is tireless in pointing out great truth that there can be no r or lasting progress for the Ameri

people as a whole, no progress in any field, whether it be in the movement for peace or in the trade union movement or in the fight against fascism, without struggle for full equality for the Negro people.

It is manifest, he says, that the trade union movement cannot become really strong while it is largely a Jim Crow movement, while millions of Negro workers in the South are prevented from joining the labor movement, while bosses are permitted to lower all wages by keeping the differential between white and Negro workers. It is equally true, he says, that if the most militant section of the American people, the Negro people, is not a full participant in the fight against war and fascism that fight cannot be won.

He frequently points out the close connection between the land question and the Negro question, the connection between the millions of landless Negro farmers in the South and the fight for national liberation there, shows how the problems of sharecroppers and tenant farmers, migratory workers and poor farmers, generally, cannot be permanently solved until the Negro question is solved.

In fighting white chauvinism he is, as always, concrete. It is not enough for white people to be for the Negro people in words alone. A white man can believe he is perfectly free from racist prejudice and yet still be a chauvinist. For people dispel chauvinism by action and by action alone. When white people everywhere fight for the right, and actively fight for the right, of Negroes to move into white neighborhoods, in the white neighborhoods in which *they* live, not someone else's white neighborhood; when they actively fight for Negroes to be hired in the shops and offices in which *they* work; when they actively fight for the right of Negroes to eat where they eat, and sleep in hotels where they sleep, and attend the movies they attend, and travel on the trains they travel, then and not until then will the battle against white chauvinism be truly waged.

Waging the fight against Negro oppression is waging the fight for democracy. It is the fight for representation—for Negro senators and governors, congressmen and sheriffs, Negroes on school boards, Negro mayors, Negro chiefs of police, Negro generals and admirals, Negro trade union officials and Negroes in every trade union, Negro teachers in all universities. Only such a fight can remove the cancer that has been eating at the vitals of American life for three hundred years.

TO THE goal of a truly democratic America Pettis Perry gives every waking hour, working for the welfare of his people and of his country. He has come a long way. He will be satisfied with nothing less, and his people will be satisfied with nothing less, than complete and unequivocal equality. He will be satisfied with nothing less than the arrival of that

great day when all the world is at peace, when war for profit is no more, when mankind is the master of its own destiny.

The point at which a government has arrived can sometimes be told by finding out which of its citizens it seeks to imprison. The U.S. government seeks to imprison Pettis Perry, and other Communists, under the Smith Act. They seek to imprison him because of the great ideas he has acquired through struggle, because of his work for Negro liberation, peace and democracy. He was indicted by an all-white grand jury. He will probably be tried by such a jury but whatever the verdict, the verdict of history will be that this man is the best kind of American patriot.

But the verdict of history will not help a country suffering under the Smith Act, and Perry is sure that if the people unite against this law it can be repealed, those imprisoned can be freed, and the government can be forced to dismiss the present indictments. "Repeal of the Smith Act," he says, "will be a serious defeat for Wall Street's drive toward war and fascism."

Not long ago a great Negro spokesman wept upon hearing Perry make a political report. It was not because of Perry's eloquence. It was because of his stature as a leader. It was because of the long, long way he had traveled, and his people had traveled, struggling against slavery, lynchings, poverty, segregation, into the center of the stage of history. He knew that historically Pettis Perry stood where Chu Teh, where Mao Tse-tung stand. He wept because of pride.

I WANT THE EARTH

I want the earth and the fire, the bread, the sugar, the wheat,
the sea, the books, and the land, for all men.
That is why
I wander homeless. The traitor's judges hunt me,
and his creatures, like a pack of well-trained monkeys,
seek to scratch out my name.

I was with him, the one who is president, at the entrance
of the mine, the desert of the forgotten dawn,
I was with him, and cried to my suffering brothers there:

"You will not wear any longer your tatters and rags,
you will meet no more days without bread, you will rise accepted
the true sons of your country. Now at last
we shall share the whole pure wonder of the forest,
we shall share its beauty, and the eyes of women
no more will weep above their children."

But when instead of a sharing of love, in the night,
to hunger and martyrdom they condemned the man,
the one who believed what they promised, the one who'll regain
his powerful treelike strength and tenderness,
I was no longer with the paltry puppet
but with that nameless man, I was with my people.

I want my country for my people.
I want the day to ripple all over the tresses
of my glistening country.
I want a love of the light and a love of the plough.
I want to wipe out utterly the line they draw
in hatred to deprive the people of bread.

—PABLO NERUDA

Collier's Kampf

By IRA WALLACH

SHORTLY after the publication of the notorious issue of *Collier's* which depicted the mythical defeat and occupation of the Soviet Union, the State Department heard rumblings from its consulates abroad. People throughout the world were shocked and disgusted with *Collier's Kampf*. The State Department tried to purge itself of complicity, although the editors boasted of their "consultation with top political, military, and economic thinkers—including high level Washington officials and foreign-affairs experts, both here and abroad." Unquestionably the contributors worked, willing hand in iron glove, with the Administration.

Writing in *The Nation,* Prof. D. F. Fleming of Vanderbilt University, remarked of *Collier's Kampf,* "As one reads, one wonders how each author came to take part in the enterprise, and whether any of them really understood what the impact of the whole would be. If many of them did, then it is much later than we thought."

The contributors did understand what the impact would be. They want "the war we do not want." It *is* l than we think.

Let us judge *Collier's Kampf* the nature of its stated aims in field of culture. For this is to b "non-imperialist" war, and the Pen gon, waving its "U.N." flag, is march over the dead of Europe (a America) as enlightened conquer bringing munificent bounties to defeated.

In his article, Robert E. Sherwo offers an approving quotation fr George F. Kennan: "Forms of g ernment are forged mainly in fire of practice, not in the vacuum theory." This declaration that " fire of practice" is opposed to " vacuum of theory," sets the cultu level of *Collier's Kampf*. For the un of theory and practice is the v heart of what we know as princi

Into this "vacuum of theory" con the economist, Stuart Chase, to inv a theory that will make it possible force capitalism upon socialist tions in a "non-imperialist" way. problem is obvious. Shall the peo of a defeated Soviet Union draw to see who will own the factori Shall we institute piracy on the Vo to encourage primitive accumulatio

This will never do. Theref Stuart Chase, in a masterstroke demagogy, calls upon Lenin to res him from the vacuum. Chase rec that Lenin ordered the New E nomic Policy (NEP) in 1921, un which the Soviet Union tempora permitted private capital to oper on a restricted scale. Chase c cludes:

"Unless a class of enterprisers—they must be Russian—can be trained, the provisional government will have to continue operating industry. Later, plants could be sold to private enterprise—as in Puerto Rico. Some operations, however, could be leased or sold, under proper safeguards, as in NEP days."

In a word, "private enterprise" and "foreign businessmen" are to buy Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union! Professor Allan Nevins of Columbia also assures us that Soviet scientific and technical facilities will be rebuilt—under the aegis of the Ford, Rockefeller, and Carnegie Foundations!

Ford, Rockefeller, Carnegie — the non-imperialists of the non-imperialist war!

WHEN we come to the literary bounty the Pentagon is to lavish upon the "conquered" peoples of the Soviet Union, we see even more clearly the full degeneracy of *Collier's Kampf*. Arthur Koestler, the Honorary Aryan, writing in a spurious diary form, suggests that following the Pentagon victory, the Russian people will hunger for literary works from the western world. Who knows better than Koestler that in the Soviet Union today American classics circulate more broadly than in the United States, Shakespeare is more widely read and produced, Mark Twain and Walt Whitman have more readers?

What, then, shall we offer to satisfy this hunger? Perhaps Scribner's new book, *The Dance of Death* by an author who the publisher assures us is still a Nazi. Perhaps the popular *Washington Confidential*, by two authors who have become the chroniclers of America's brothels. The possibilities are endless!

Erwin Canham, of the *Christian Science Monitor*, also goes to Moscow with the printed word. He promises the Soviet people "the dramatic prose of Walter Winchell." Cities are to be levelled. Millions of women and children, Americans included, are to be shot, burned, bombed, maimed, driven mad. Fire is to gut the land. Disease, as a weapon of war or as its consequence, is to decimate the world. And all this so that Walter Winchell may go on the Moscow Radio and talk to the Russian people in his dramatic prose, perhaps to read from the column in which he wrote:

"The most interesting person I've seen in ages is a sixteen-year-old girl from Ohio, whose speciality is making a muscle in her shapely chest wiggle. She came to join a girlesk show and her aunt—a former member of the Beef Trust who did it for years—taught it to her."

Such are the blessings of *Collier's Kampf!*

But Mr. Canham is not content with this obscene proposal. He assures us that a shattered Russian people will want American magazines, "particularly for their typical advertising." Mr. Canham must have in mind the Auto-Lite Battery ad in this very issue of *Collier's*. The ad, headlined: WHICH IS REALLY BETTY GRABLE?, shows two pretty women who look alike. But one is, and one

is not, Betty Grable. Now batteries, like women, also look alike. But Auto-Lite Batteries need water only three times a year.

With Mr. Canham's help, the conquering armies promise to compare Soviet women with auto batteries, making the capitalist equation between sex and sales.

Of the magazines which Erwin Canham proposes to force down the throats of the Soviet people, *Collier's* naturally leads all the rest. But why does he omit the comic books, most widely circulated of all printed media in America today? Is he not ready to substitute Dick Tracy for Tolstoy's *War and Peace,* which was the Soviet soldier's most popular book in World War II?

NOTHING so shockingly reveals the degenerate state of imperialist culture as the brazen proposals of the contributors to *Collier's Kampf.* J. B. Priestley, for instance, writes an article in which he posits a Russian theatre reborn in the image of this culture. He writes, "The huge Red Army Theatre Company, now called the New World, has a surprisingly good production of *Guys and Dolls. . . .*" [translated as "Idlers and Women"]

Brooks Atkinson wrote in the New York *Times*: "The characters of *Guys and Dolls* have the minds of adolescents; they live in a world of tinsel fantasy, and the motivation of the play derives from nothing more intellectual than the difficulties of keeping a floating crap game floating. Since the characters seldom bump their heads agains? a mature idea or stumble into a rational situation, they do not look like good material for art." (But Atkinson loved it!)

And so, for the theatre of Chekhov and Simonov, of Pushkin and Shakespeare, of Molière, Pogodin, and Gorky, Priestley proposes a theatre which will save the people from mature ideas or rational situations!

On march the enlightened conquerors.

Having done with the theatre, we turn to television where we learn the Soviet people are yearning for Milton Berle's pratt-falls. Milton Berle is a hard-working comic who will (and often does) pull down his pants to get a laugh. The Berle undergarments, however, may not be considered adequate compensation for a commercial-free television system which today brings dramatic programs and ballet direct from Moscow's theatres to the homes of Soviet citizens.

Even in philosophy, *Collier's* promises great things. The world view of Marxism, the creative power of dialectic and historical materialism, is to be destroyed by atom bombs. Yet the Pentagon will fill the gap. Professor Allan Nevins of Columbia writes, "With the memory of so many holy, patient, ascetic men hallowing the monastery walls, men here should be able to command philosophy!" A return to scholasticism becomes the command of philosophy! The great enlightenment turns out to be the destruction of science and

Collier's

SPECIAL ISSUE
OPERATION KILLER

Preview of the War We Want

In consultation with top political, military and economic thinkers —including high-level Washington officials

Drawing by Hugo Gellert

philosophy, and the worship of medieval mysticism!

Professor Nevins is, at least, consistent. In the postwar shambles he chooses a lecturer to talk to Soviet audiences on "the spirit of American and British literature." His choice is T. S. Eliot, fountainhead of the cult of unintelligibility, a poet as far removed from the people as it is possible to be! Picture, then, Eliot's first lecture at which he reads an extract from his *Notes Toward a Definition of Culture*:

> "We can assert with some confidence that our own period is one of decline; that the standards of culture are lower than they were fifty years ago; and that the evidences of this decline are visible in every department of human activity. I see no reason why the decay of culture should not proceed much further, and why we may not even anticipate a period, of some duration, of which it is possible to say that it will have *no* culture."

Here, unwittingly, Eliot exposes the hypocrisy that characterizes all these proposals. The conquerors have nothing but decay to offer, nothing but a period "of which it is possible to say it will have *no* culture."

THE contributors to *Collier's Kampf* have a deep and basic contempt for the American people. Today they share with Eliot that antihuman quality that separates him from any but an audience of cultists. They are ready to sacrifice a million Americans for a Walter Winchell, another million for "typical American advertising," another million fo a musical comedy that will shoulder masterpiece out of a Soviet theatr This is their "cultural" program, b hind which hides the real program a war for world conquest and dolla profits. In arrogance, viciousness, an callous disregard of life, it exceed the most diseased dreams of Adolp Hitler. Can anyone doubt that Bi Mauldin's cartoon might have bee clipped from a Nazi racist sheet This cartoon shows a G.I. saying to Red Army prisoner, "Is that *all* yo got to say fer yourself, buddy—'wha about th' lynchings in th' South? . . .

Lynching—is that *all?*

Here, at home, we already know what culture blooms in countries oc cupied by the Pentagon. From Occu pied Japan have come little toys: vicious caricature of a Negro, in th most distorted "minstrel" style, nov on sale in American stores; a to book called WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT WOMEN. (When yo open it, an obscene object pops out.)

On the back you can read: Mad in Occupied Japan. Your child ma find it in the local stationery store.

This war-mad issue of *Collier's* i not an isolated phenomenon. It is th quintessence of what we see and hea about us every day, in the press, o the stage, over radio and television In country after country, people have expressed their determined protes against *Collier's Kampf*, and its arro gant racist program of world domina tion.

Americans have reacted, too, yet the American cultural world is

largely silent. It is, as Professor Fleming said, later than we thought. From *Collier's Kampf* those for whom peace and culture still have meaning must move to a fight of their own, a fight against the horribly degenerate culture which the Pentagon threatens to export.

The answer to *Collier's Kampf* is a culture of peace, a culture which we will not have to export from a shattered America to a shattered world. To be silent today, armed as we are with the lesson of Germany, is treason to ourselves, to our country, to mankind.

SAINTLY SINGER, SING FOR US

Walt Whitman, one of the world's good wishes
Is the one that wishes you here today.

To sing, shake hands to the world's peoples
To listen, cock-ear'd, in a way of wonder,

To all the others have got to say;
Then with your own embracing message,

Lead all correctly, or lead us astray;
For either is goodness with God, and gay,

Like song of a thrush or screech of a jay;
They'll mingle miles on, from each other learning

That life's delightful at work or play.
So enter in spirit the sharp contentions

Of brothers belling each other at bay;
And soften the snout of the menacing cannon

With the scent and bloom of a lilac spray.

—Sean O'Casey

Labor on the Move: 1

CINCINNATI NOTEBOOK

By YVONNE GREGORY

Cincinnati

"ALL my life, man," the fisherman said, "people been telling me that this thing keeping me down got a soft underbelly. Like a shark. *Try* it one time, I always heard, and that thing will *give* and get up off your back. Well, man, I been waiting and watching too long, seeing everybody else messing around. Now, *I'm* gonna try that belly *one* time!"

Along the stairways, crowding the corridors, milling and wheeling in the streets in front of the Ritz Ballroom, were the delegates to the founding convention of the National Negro Labor Council in Cincinnati. And this was the kind of remark that most frequently shot up out of the groups like a geyser.

I got the benefit of that particular eruption as I pressed my way through a cluster of delegates jammed against the entrance of the lunchroom set up in the convention headquarters. It rose on a wave of powerful, deep laughter, and when I heard it, I stopped pressing through and just got on into the crowd and roared along with everybody else who had heard the words.

For weeks the Council had bee under attack as "Jim Crow," "du unionist," "Red," etc. The leadershi of the Council had been kept prett busy, before the convention met th last weekend in October, defining it reason for being. And here was fisherman from the tidal coast of Vir ginia leaning easily against the door way with a ham sandwich in on hand and a cigarette in the other, ad dressing a group made up of Negr workers from all over the countr and a few white workers from the South, who told the reason for the convention's being better than any body I had heard.

It was a wonderful convention Everybody agreed on that point. And if I had to choose one word to fix the mood of the meeting, the handclasps, the speeches, the listening, the doing, I would choose the word gleeful. There was such fierce glee in the air at Cincinnati that even the police detailed to "guard" the two-day convention were affected and troubled by it. Caught up in the midst of an ocean of purpose, determination and militancy, tossed about on mighty swells of laughter that they under-

:ood all too well, the Negro police ad a hard time playing their official ole.

One cop, particularly, is worth de-tribing. He was part of a special etail assigned to guard Paul Robe-on and William R. Hood from the ossibility of evil threatened wildly y the press of Cincinnati. He stood, vith his fellows, along the wall that ed to the single approach to the tage. The press table, where I was vorking, was directly beneath the tage and adjacent to the police line. Once, in the midst of a conversation vith a reporter from Dayton, I looked p and was fixed by the fierceness of his policeman's expression. He was ared back against the air, feet planted ike roots, hand in his trench-coat ocket clasped unmistakably against is gun, mean fury striping out of is eyes; defiance on his tight-laced ips.

He was actually *guarding* Robe-on and Hood and he meant that hing! If *anybody* had tried to get *by* hat cop to get *at* Paul, there would ave been mourning and flowers in *omebody's* home!

Then there was Mr. L. He was the onely Negro caretaker of the Ritz Ballroom. That is a big and empty ob, rattling around in a big old hol-ow hall day after day, night after ight, wearily pushing a broom hrough dingy, deserted halls. And othing getting clean, ever. Then long came the founding conven-ion of the National Negro Labor Council. And Mr. L. had triple the vork to do. There was the business of cleaning out the place; much too much for any one man. The Council insisted to the landlord that a crew turn out to do the job. Well the crew turned out to be Mr. L. and Mr. L. turned out to be Hercules clearing out the Augean stables. He didn't like all that extra work. Who would? But somehow he got into the very center of the Council's activity. He was part of it.

For example: the mikes were a nuisance; they had to be constantly tested; they were continually going dead or suddenly making the smooth-est voice sound like a shovel drag-ging across concrete. I looked up from the press table once when the equipment had gone dead and saw Mr. L., balancing airily among the speakers, chairs and wires on the pocket-sized stage. He wore the same green coat sweater and everyday felt hat that he had worn all the week before the convention got started. But this was a new Mr. L. He grabbed the mike with an easy accustomed ges-ture, stared out across the 1,200-odd audience and said in a sure, clear voice: "Testing. Testing."

THE press table was a fine van-tage point from which to view the proceedings in Cincinnati. And I got a special kind of chuckle out of the role I played. The bosses trained some of their biggest guns on Cin-cinnati during the month of October —trying to scare Negro workers away from the meeting; trying to discourage white workers from ally-ing themselves with the Council; try-

ing to terrorize the Negro community of Cincinnati.

Well, in spite of all his big guns, Mr. Charlie turned up short on October 27. The Negroes came, the white workers allied themselves with moving enthusiasm, and the Negro community stayed right on its true course like the good old ship of Zion.

And the Jim Crow press came. But diabolic, diabetic day! what did they have to face when they got there? The sight of a Negro woman in charge of press and public relations! Zounds! And also double damn! Yet there she was, and there were all those big strong Negro workers who said *there* she was going to stay, and she laughed merrily the whole time, together with William Hood, and Sam Parks and Viola Brown and all the others. "It's a fine, bright morning, friends!"

SOMETIME soon the entire activity of that truly historic convention will be available for study and discussion and action. This is merely an attempt to sound what appeared to me to be the heartbeat of the thing. And of all the things that I remember, the strongest, steadiest, gladdest pulse of that heart was sounded when I talked to a young Negro woman delegate from the CIO warehouse workers in Los Angeles.

She was slender and smart; delightful to look at and listen to. Her hands were warmly brown and strong and flexible and expressive. She had picked cotton with those hands on plantations in Texas and Louisiana. She had had those hands hurt by r ing bosses and overseers who twis them for her when she tried to p test the too much work they had do. She had been out of that cott picking peonage only since 19 when by the incredible determi tion of Negro life she had strugg her way to Los Angeles.

First she had done domestic wo then hotel work; then industrial wo Her kinfolks still walk the wea wish-killing cotton rows in Lou ana. She is steward for a shop ma up of Mexican, Negro and nev arrived displaced persons from E rope. It was impossible to hear h talk without experiencing the gre est surge of admiration and love.

I said to her that she was in ev true sense of the word a real lea of her people, and she smiled a turned her pretty head over h shoulder, and said to me:

"Well, I don't say I was a lead But when I get mad, I get mad. A if I said for them to walk off the j well, they just walked off the j that's all."

That was Cincinnati. Beneath t swirling, confident laughter was t deep driving current of a peopl anger. "Negro America is mad, h and humiliated," said keynoter W liam R. Hood of the Ford worke and the convention roared its sponse: F.E.P.C. *now*. Anti-lynchi *now*. Representation, *now*. Housi jobs, upgrading, civil rights, un leadership—*now*.

The Negro workers mean it.

Labor on the Move: 2

WATERFRONT MORNING

By HOWARD FAST

New York

IT WAS just turning light, still with part of the sky gray-blue, as it often is so early in the morning, when I walked down Fourteenth St. toward the river. They had said they would meet me at six, at the corner of Eleventh Avenue, but I was a little early, and there was time for a cigarette on that cold, windy corner, watching the packinghouses load meat and counting the prowl cars. They came by almost one every thirty seconds. The two longshoremen drove a battered Buick. They drove alertly, their eyes watching and counting and estimating, as if they were in a battle zone. A moment after they had picked me up, they were rolling uptown under the express highway. They had been up all night, and there was a stubble of beard on their faces and circles under their eyes.

They drove past a local hall, and already the men were drifting out of a meeting. A handful of leaflets fluttered out of our car, and still in sight, I saw a tall Negro longshoreman pick one up and begin to read.

"We used to give them out by hand," our driver explained. "But when Ryan turned his hoodlums loose, it was worth your life."

We turned up to Tenth Avenue to buy gas, and while the tank was being filled I listened to what there was about the strike. There was no inside story. It was just what you read in the papers—that is if you were good at sorting out the truth from the lies. It was a story of men who never brought home enough pay to put food on their tables, who shaped up in the cold and rain and snow six days a week and worked on the average of two days a week, who never had the money for a pair of shoes, a doctor's bill, or a kid's coat, who were driven by gangsters, intimidated by gangsters, framed by gangsters, and sometimes murdered by gangsters—and who had all their bellies could hold.

That was the strike, a rank and file strike against the bosses and Joe Ryan, made and led by the rank and file, and this was the morning on which Joe Ryan, according to his public declaration, was going to break it.

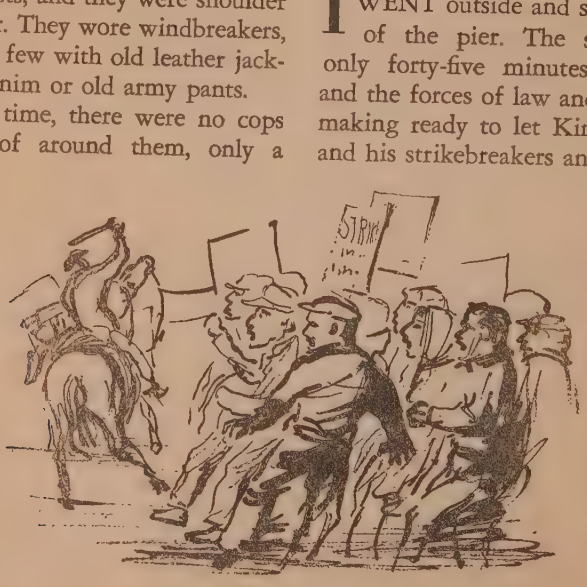
On 35th Street, we dropped one of the men in the car. He stood in the morning shadows, lonely and haggard, his pockets full of leaflets, and we drove on uptown. We parked on 51st Street between Tenth and

Eleventh Avenues, shook hands, and decided to meet at the car after the shapeup. The driver had his leaflets to worry about, and I was here for a story. Ryan had promised the whole world the story at the morning shapeup.

I walked down to the river and Pier 90, where the *Queen Mary* lay, so tall and proud and beautiful. Pier 90 had been selected as the battleground, and the Queen was the coy prize. It was like night under the elevated highway at this early hour, but the picket line was in place and moving, blocking the way to the pier, a hundred and fifty longeshoremen walking very slowly in a long ellipse. It was not so cold later in the day, but now an icy wind blew in from the river and the men on the line were chilled already. Their hands were in their pockets, and they were shoulder to shoulder. They wore windbreakers, sweaters, a few with old leather jackets, and denim or old army pants.

At that time, there were no cops to speak of around them, only a dozen or so easily posted, and I wo dered at this strange freedom a wondered whether this was Ma Impelliteri's gratefulness for the su port Longshore gave him in the el tion. But when I entered the pier saw that the army was simply warr ing itself. There were at least tv hundred uniformed police packed to the pier, and the spaces they l were full of plainclothes men a Justice Department agents and new paper men and photographers, a all during the next hour, more a more police arrived. They came car and they came by foot, and t horse cops trotted up like a reg ment of cavalry. Our city police a wonderfully efficient when it com to going up against strikers and clu bing down unarmed workers.

I WENT outside and stood in fro of the pier. The shapeup w only forty-five minutes away no and the forces of law and order we making ready to let King Joe Rya and his strikebreakers and thugs tak



r. The cameramen were checking ir equipment, and the newspaper-n were grinning with nervousness d anticipation. The picketline was out twenty yards from where we od, and the general staff of police ss, plainclothes men and Justice nts were whispering alongside of as they laid out their plan of tle. But meanwhile the picketline s growing, and there were better n two hundred longshoremen on now.

First, a wall of cops was formed und the picketline. Standing arm arm, they fingered their night-cks uneasily. Then a second line foot cops to back them up, and en two solid ranks of horse cops. hat respect for a handful of men denims and flannel shirts! But ore than that, it was going to be od and broken heads and the oper odds of five cops to one man and then for a hundred yards in ery direction the waterfront was ared, the adjoining blocks down ich striker re-inforcements were wing sealed off by additional armies cops, so that the picketline walked alone in the center of the gloom der the elevated highway, alone d isolated and prepared for what e cops contemplated. . . .

I think it was one of the bravest ings I ever saw. It is hard for some ople to understand the working ss and the seed of mighty ful-ment that is in the working class, t here was a place which was urated with fear, and the cops d the plainclothesmen and the Jus-tice men and the newspapermen were all full of fear, but the pickets were not. You had only to look at them to know that they were not afraid. Force was massed around them on every side; it walled them, encompassed them and it had many guns and clubs and they were unarmed, and before the day was over, many of them might be dead. But they weren't afraid. They weren't loud or boastful, but they smiled easily and they took strength from each other.

Their weather-beaten, work-hardened faces were strangely gentle, when you compared them to the faces of the cops. They were not Communists; they made little enough connection between what was happening here and in Korea, and perhaps they saw only the need for food on the table and clothes for their kids. But they had a strength and dignity and solidarity that holds a bitter threat for the future of Wall Street.

This was their strike. They had closed down the biggest waterfront in the world, sealed it off, organized hundreds of lines like this one, and held their front united.

The line was not broken, and the *Queen Mary* was not worked. Joe Ryan's threats and promises both failed. For beyond and behind the two hundred men within the wall of police were thirty thousand longshoremen whose bitter anger told Ryan and the cops too that they had better change their plans for this morning.

The Challenge of JOHN SWINTON

By SENDER GARLI

THE America of today sorely needs to be reminded of men like John Swinton. A fighter in Labor's cause as writer, editor and orator, Swinton died in his modest Brooklyn home exactly a half century ago—on December 15, 1901. In an extensive obituary notice the New York *Times* reported that he had been "the champion of the cause of workingmen with voice and pen," citing the many crusades he had led against the evils of the swaggering young capitalism that was just feeling its oats.

In referring to the labor newspaper that he had founded, *John Swinton's Paper*, the *Times* noted that "he had been on the side of the masses, but his paper died for want of support by them." And it added, in a spirit of self-congratulation and with more than a touch of smugness, that "the very class of people Swinton tried to benefit neglected and frequently condemned him." The truth is that the *Times* found itself dangling on the horns of a dilemma. For while it was well known that John Swinton had taken a leading part in labor's battles for many decades, it was equally undeniable that he had been chief ed torial writer for the New York *Tim* for fully ten years (1860-70) ar managing editor and editorial writ for Charles Dana's *Sun* for 22 yea

Before becoming a prominent ar highly-regarded New York journali Swinton had been a journeyma printer, like the friend whom he a mired so much—Walt Whitman. F years he had stood at his case f ten hours daily, setting up news di patches and editorials. Like mar journeymen printers Swinton sa quite a bit of the country and muc of what he observed roused him deep indignation — chattel slaver child labor, the sweatshop toil cigarmakers in tenements. . . .

The United States in 1850, whe Swinton was 20, was rapidly a proaching the Great Decision whe the nation would have to determi whether it could remain half sla and half free, and such questio stirred the young printer who liked read history and already had certa ideas on the direction it should g He hated chattel slavery. He had se it first-hand in South Carolina whe

e took a job as compositor in the ate printing office. Here he risked is life to teach Negroes to read and rite in an underground vault.

As Swinton grew to manhood merican industry was growing into colossus, with a swiftening tempo f exploitation of labor, monumental rofits, unbridled thievery and peri-dic crises which threw thousands of vorkers onto the streets. He saw lainly the havoc wrought by half a lozen violent crises—in 1854, 1857, 1860, 1873, 1885 and 1894. After he Civil War had formally destroyed lavery, he perceived that "free men," Negro and white, were now in thrall o the moneyed interests.

In the South echoes of the struggle f the free-state forces in Kansas led y John Brown had reached him, and he young compositor made his way o the prairie state, but too late to participate actively in the turbulent events that provided the dress rehearsal for Harper's Ferry. And nearly a quarter century after the death of John Brown—one of America's most maligned heroes—Swinton, on December 2, 1881, told a spellbound audience in the old Turn Hall in New York what the determined farmer from the Adirondacks' North Elba had meant to him:

"It needs that we recall the stupendous strength of the old slavery establishment —its bulwarks of constitutionalism, legality, politics, mercantilism, capitalism—and ecclesiasticism; it needs that we recall the power of the interests and passions that environed it, and the subserviency or timidity of even its opponents, with few exceptions, before we can comprehend the influence of the man . . . who struck through them all, and struck to the heart."

This is how John Brown loomed before Swinton. And even when, as the *Times* had put it in writing of Swinton's career, "he had become recognized as a prominent member of the profession," holding key positions not only on the *Times* but the *Tribune* and *Sun* as well, John Swinton had refused to be taken in tow.

ONE night, maybe it was at the old Delmonico's, Swinton was tendered a banquet by members of his craft. Someone proposed a toast to the Independent Press. The guest of honor startled his hosts by declaring:

"There is no such thing in America as an independent press, unless it is in the small towns. You know it and I know it. There is not one of you who dares to write his honest opinions, and if you did you know beforehand that they would never appear in print. . . . The business of the New York journalist is to destroy the truth, to lie outright, to pervert, to vilify, to fawn at the feet of Mammon, and to sell his race and his country for his daily bread. You know this and I know it, and what folly is this to be toasting an 'Independent Press.' We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are the jumping-jacks; they pull the strings and we dance. Our talents, our possibilities and our lives are all the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes."

It was about this time that a writer for the Brooklyn *Daily Union* described Swinton's "large framed full-faced healthy complexion, big dark brown eyes, a sandy gray mous-

tache, bald, save a rim of gray on the outlying county of an immense cranium; a man who gives expression with rapidity of utterance and eloquence, now and then illustrating his points with a story, an allusion to history, or some passage in the classics."

John Swinton's partisanship on the side of labor was no secret to his colleagues on the major New York newspapers, but it was the Tompkins Square outrage of 1874 which first brought him into full public prominence in that role.

The panic of 1873 had strangled industry and thousands of New York workers were hurled into unemployment, their families starving. Swinton indicted those responsible in a powerful speech in the Assembly Chamber at Albany on March 25, 1874. "In December and January," he pointed out, "the unemployed and suffering working people began to feel that the municipal authorities, and more prosperous classes must, in some way, be made aware of their actual condition, which had been so strangely misrepresented by more than one of the newspapers." The result was a decision to hold a mass demonstration at Tompkins Square, the mayor himself promising to make a speech. Swinton recalled bitterly:

"But now, about ten o'clock, when they were standing around peaceably, waiting for the mayor, platoons of police suddenly appeared, deployed into the Square, rushed without warning whatever on the helpless and unarmed multitudes, violently assailed them with their clubs, struck at heads right and left, wounded many, dragged off some thirty or forty who were flung into station-houses not unlike the Black Hole of Calcutta. . . . The editorial funks and intellectual policemen have roused prejudices against these their victims by saying they were Communists, in league with the impending earthquake!

"Gentlemen, be not alarmed by mysterious words, and let not the epithet 'Communist' stir up the same sort of hydrophobia that the epithet 'Abolitionist' once did. Suppose the ideas of these hapless people were the sort which editors and policemen call 'communistic,' does anybody suppose the thing can be scribbled out of their hearts or clubbed out of their heads?"

In the fall of that year Swinton ran for mayor of New York on the Industrial Political Party ticket. Three years later he was the candidate of the Progressive Labor Party for State Senator and waged a vigorous campaign. He was defeated but polled a heavy vote.

That same year, in 1877, when strikes of railroad men and workers in other industries were convulsing the nation and frightening the employers out of their custom-made boots, Swinton again addressed a huge demonstration in Tompkins Square. A contemporary report says that "it was a perilous time for oratory, and his friends, firmly believing that he was going to his death," urged him to keep away from the meeting. But Swinton refused to be swayed by these well-wishers. He began his address thus: "With 8,000 rifles and 1,200 clubs drawn upon me . . ." and proceeded to make his speech, this time without molestation by the police.

Club wielders were not the only es who felt Swinton's scorn. He equently paid his respects to those no sanctioned their brutality against orking men and women. Swinton, ho quit studying for the ministry hen, as he put it, he found out that heology was not divinity, and the- ogians were not always divine," so had strong feelings about the gh priests of the courts of justice. residing at a Cooper Union meet- g called to protest a Court of Ap- als decision nullifying the prevail- g pay rate (miserably low, at that), winton told the assemblage: "There ive been more born criminals among ie men of the bench than among l the pirates that ever sailed the igh seas."

The reporter for the New York *imes* wrote that "this sally was reeted with laughter and applause."

"The bench," Swinton went on, has always been ready to sell out berty. It supported a king in this ountry until the revolutionists put ie bench where it came from."

IN THE mid '80's Swinton launched an independent weekly which he alled *John Swinton's Paper*. The aper's statement of principles: 1— oldly upholding the Rights of Man the American Way. 2—Battling gainst the accumulating wrongs of ociety and industry. 3—Striving for ie organization and interests of orkingmen, and giving the news of ie Trades and the Unions. 4—Warn- ig the American people against the easonable and crushing schemes of Millionaires, Monopolists and Plutocracy.

Swinton lashed the enemies of the people in issue after issue. A characteristic headline: Millionaire Dodgers—Must Be Forced to Pay Their Share of Taxes—Put an End to the Swindling and Perjury of the Giants Who Devour Us. Newspaper articles and editorials in Swinton's paper denounced low wages, undercut pay for women workers, the high cost of living, injunction judges, and members of Congress who opposed a bill establishing a bureau of labor standards. A special Washington correspondent wrote a story that was headlined: "Bulwark of Capital—The Millionaires Who Rule the Senate—Living Sketches of Dried Specimens."

Dispatches from industrial centers described "the bitter lot of labor" in the mills and mines. And the editor demanded: "If Villard cannot afford the wages lately paid to his hands on the Northern Pacific Railroad, how can he afford to go on with the building of his million dollar palace in this city? . . . If Cyrus W. Field cannot afford to pay his janitors more than four dollars a week, how can he afford to feast all the British aristocracy?"

Regular departments in *John Swinton's Paper* included "Trade Unions in the City" and "Meetings of the Unions." Each issue carried short stories, poems and book reviews. One had a story by a staff writer titled, "Two Nights in Poe's Room in Fordham," a genial essay on William Dean Howells, and a recommended

list of current books and magazines.

The August 31, 1884, issue of the paper announced that, "We have made arrangements with Mrs. Eleanor Marx Aveling, the daughter of the late Karl Marx, for a series of letters from London. We shall next week give the first of them, which has just come to hand, and which contains some interesting news about the books left by her distinguished father, now under preparation for the publisher in London."

One day somebody asked Swinton if he made money on his paper. He replied: "Did you ever hear of Washington or Luther, or Garrison, making money by their work? No, sir; only mercenaries live to make money."

Nonetheless, Swinton had to have cash to operate. After the paper had been in existence 16 months, he made a special appeal to his readers. Evidently the readers responded—as they have responded to the appeals of similar honest publications through the years—for Swinton continued publication. The paper lived and kept up its good fight for two years more with the help of its readers, but in 1887 the paper folded. (Swinton had put $40,000 of his personal savings into the project.)

Swinton's paper was beautifully edited, excellently written and responsive to the needs of the trade unionists of New York and the rest of the country. But it had the faults of every free-lance enterprise, however colorful. While its columns were not filled with eulogies to piecard officials and padded with "boiler plate," as so many union jour were (and still are), *John Swint Paper* nevertheless lacked orga links with union organizations, h ever badly led, and was theref doomed to an outside-looking-in istence.

SWINTON, a featured speaker the 1892 convention of the Am ican Federation of Labor, spoke the "battalions that fought this y at Homestead, Buffalo and Co d'Alene." He urged the delegates find some way of "unifying the dustrial and productive elements the country for defense against d gers that are all too obvious," ask urgently: "Can we not agree u some one thing while differing u other things?"

At workers' gatherings John Sw ton was generally among the speak on the platform. One night in the of 1894 he was in the audience Cooper Union when Eugene V. De Socialist and architect of the Am ican Railway Union, was the speak Thirty-four years earlier, Swinton h listened to another gaunt man fr the west speaking from the sa platform. He was moved to make observation that: "Debs in Coo Union reminded me of Lincoln the As Lincoln, of Illinois, became efficient agent for freedom, so, p chance might Debs, of Indiana, come in the impending conflict the liberation of labor."

Swinton was a staunch suppor of the Pullman strike which Debs and for which he was thrown i

ıil. In 1898 Swinton and Debs be-ame acquainted; their respect and ffection was mutual and profound. winton's speeches, said Debs, were scholarly in thought, classical in omposition, and contain some of the nost thrilling passages to be found in American oratory."

A MAJOR event in John Swinton's life (and one to which he made requent reference) was his meeting with Karl Marx in the summer of 1880. Swinton's impressions of the ounder of scientific Socialism—"one of the most remarkable men of the day"—are fascinating for the intimate glimpses one gets of Marx and his immediate family.

That Swinton could conceive the impact of Marx's philosophy on the world—and view the man and his work with exaltation—is in flaming contrast to the journalistic valets of Big Business in our day.

Swinton wrote with bold strokes about Marx:

"A man without desire for fame, caring nothing for the fanfaronade of life or the pretense of power, without haste and without rest, a man of strong, broad, elevated mind, full of far-reaching projects, logical methods and practical aims, he has stood and yet stands behind more of the earthquakes which have convulsed nations and destroyed thrones, and do now menace and appal crowned heads and established frauds, than any other man in Europe, not excepting Joseph Mazzini himself. The student of Berlin, the critic of Hegelianism, the editor of papers, the old-time correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, he showed his qualities and his spirit; the founder and master-spirit of the once dreaded International, and the author of *Capital*, he has been expelled from half the countries of Europe, proscribed in nearly all of them and for thirty years past has found refuge in London."

Marx's dialogue, Swinton reported,

"reminded me of that of Socrates—so free, so sweeping, so creative, so incisive, so genuine—with its sardonic touches, its gleams of humor and its sportive merriment. He spoke of the political forces and popular movements of the various countries of Europe—the vast current of the spirit of Russia, the motions of the German mind, the action of France, the immobility of England. He spoke hopefully of Russia, philosophically of France, and somberly of England—referring contemptuously to the 'atomistic' reforms over which Liberals of the British Parliament spend their time. Surveying the European world, country by country, indicating the features and the developments and the personage of the surface, and under the surface, he showed that things were working towards ends which will assuredly be realized."

The absorbing interview took place on the beach at Ramsgate where the Marx family was taking a brief holiday. As the two men strolled, Swinton asked Marx what he saw in the future. "It seemed as though his mind were inverted for a moment while he looked upon the roaring sea in front and the restless multitude upon the beach. Marx's laconic reply came in a deep and solemn tone:

"*'Struggle!'*"

Later that year Marx sent Swinton a copy of the French edition of *Capital* and a letter thanking him "for your friendly article in the *Sun*." A second letter the following June (both were in English) was brought by a refugee from tsarist persecution,

Leo Hartman, whom Marx recommended to Swinton's attention. "I send you through him a photogram of mine; it is rather bad, but the only one left to me," Marx wrote. After some critical comments on Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*, Marx concluded: "Mrs. Marx sends you her best compliments. Unfortunately her illness assumes more and more a fatal character."

In words that strike a stunningly contemporary note, Marx told Swinton of the raging persecutions as well as the resistance to repressive anti-Socialist legislation carried through by the German Chancellor, Bismarck:

> "The German friends have written me a letter of which one passage reads thus: 'The Socialist Law, though it could not break and never will break our organization, does impose pecuniary sacrifice almost impossible to bear. To support the families ruined by the police, to keep alive the few papers left to us, to keep up the necessary communications, to fight the battle on the whole line—all this requires money. We are nearly exhausted and forced to appeal to our friends and sympathizers in other countries.' "

Marx called upon Swinton for help. "Now we here in London, Paris, etc.," Marx wrote, "will do our best. At the same time, I believe that a man of your influence might organize a subscription in the United States."

Shortly after Marx's death Swinton was the principal speaker at a Cooper Union memorial meeting where "all nationalities were represented, both on the platform and in the audience, speeches being made in several languages," a long-time friend of Swinton has written. "Swinton made one of the most brilliant orations of his life. He fearlessly eulogized Marx as a patriot, philosopher, philanthropist, and elicited the unbounded applause not only of those who understood him, but those who did not. . . ."

SWINTON, despite his reverence for Marx, was not a revolutionary. His outlook was close to that of the utopian socialists. His ardor was all for labor's cause, his journalistic talents were dedicated to the workingman, but he worked as a generous-hearted individualist. And, although he fought the rulers in the plantation South and the industrial North with a relentless fury, Swinton could be guilty of the most abysmal type of chauvinism, as when he made common cause with those fighting Chinese immigration. True, his utterances on this subject were made in 1870, long before he threw himself wholeheartedly into labor's fight, but they were never explicitly repudiated.

Yet viewing his life, work and development in its totality John Swinton remains for his era an outstanding man "unawed by influence, unbribed by gain," who not only exposed and fought the venality of the social system but saw the need and had the hope for a far more civilized way of life.

To take the platform as he did, to pen the truth without fear, is John Swinton's challenge to liberals today.

RiGhT FaCe

Dangerous Thought

"There is a danger not so much of American imperialism as of the allies of America thinking that they are an American Empire and developing the kind of grumbling passivity which is characteristic of colonies."—Stephen Spender in the *New York Times Magazine.*

Big Boom

"FURNITURE SALES LAG . . . Outbreak of global war would, of course, change the picture. Wholesale destruction of homes by bombings could lead to an accelerated demand for many years to come. It could also result in destruction of furniture-manufacturing establishments which, in turn, would provide greater work for those spared. To sum up, while the furniture boom as it has existed for some time appears to be over, the industry may expect fairly satisfactory conditions in years to come."—*From the New York* Herald Tribune.

Comes Natural

"Instinctively Maj. Gen. Van Fleet is a fighter and killer. . . . Van Fleet's No. 1 hobby is his Eighth Army."—From *Newsweek.*

Yes, Yes — We Know

"During the rather brief British electoral campaign, Mr. Churchill told prospective voters that he favored such a project [a new meeting among the chiefs of state of the Western nations and the Soviet Union]. But as we Americans must be the first to admit, there is often a wide chasm between a pre-electoral pledge and a post-electoral fact."—*C. L. Sulzberger in the New York* Times.

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

books in review

Early Un-Americans

CRISIS IN FREEDOM, by John C. Miller. *Little, Brown.* $3.50.

THIS work is the first ever published in the United States having as its central subject the alien and sedition laws of 1798. Because Mr. Miller's book is a pioneering effort on this vital subject, because it is in general well written, and because—with exceptions which I shall mention later—it is accurate and the result of much careful research, *Crisis in Freedom* is a distinct contribution.

Here is the story of four laws passed in 1798, three of them aimed against the foreign-born, and one, the sedition act, aimed against all progressives and against all criticism of government measures or officials. The laws were jammed through Congress under cover of war hysteria against France.

Mr. Miller shows how, in the course of enforcing these acts, the government tore the Bill of Rights to shreds. Freedom of speech, press, petition and assembly became nullities. Unreasonable searches and seizures were everyday affairs, and even private letters served as the basis of indictments. Through the unashamedly biased selection of juries, with Democratic-Republicans in most cases barred from the panels, defendants were deprived of trial by a jury of their peers. Time and again Federalist judges so harassed defense counsel that they withdrew, leaving their clients without legal assistance. In at least two cases defendants were forbidden to call witnesses. Bail was refused, or was set at impossible figures and bailors were in their turn persecuted. Cruel and unusual punishments, in the form of maximum jail sentences and maximum fines, and subsequent mistreatment in prison were the rule.

All of this Mr. Miller discusses, giving particular attention to violations of freedom of the press. He relates the various governmental procedures, ranging from the tragic to the ridiculous, which accompanied the persecutions that these laws bred.

It is a story terrible and yet inspiring, and any struggle for civil liberties today that is carried on without a full knowledge of those past years, is the less effective. Mr. Miller's handling of this chapter of our history is generally good but it is necessary to point out certain serious shortcomings.

Some years ago, in discussing Mr. Miller's biography of Samuel Adams, I stated that his attacks on the outstanding leader of the Sons of Liberty and the Committees of Corre-

pondence seemed largely inspired by Mr. Miller's embarrassment in the ce of earnestness of any kind. This iticism I must now make again. o Mr. Miller, every positive state- ient appears as an exaggeration; all ngleness of purpose is to him a ttle peculiar. He strives quite con- iously for the light touch. Yet no ght touch abolished the alien and edition laws, and no light touch will vipe out the Smith and McCarran Acts today.

A decisive concurrence with all hat is progressive, a frank hatred for ll that is reactionary, need not make book's scholarship less accurate, nor ts style less readable; rather the con- rary. Here we may make a com- parison. Eugene P. Link's *Democratic-Republican Societies,* a book pub- ished in 1942 and concerned with ome of the same subject matter, has, esides magnificent scholarship, a ervor and passion born of honest partisanship.

So determined is Mr. Miller to "see both sides" that his scholarship, in which he takes just pride, some- times slips into astonishing inaccu- racies. Thus, in attacking James Cal- lender, one of the victims of the edition law, he writes: "Callender's fantasies bore little resemblance to reality; Hamilton was not a monar- chist; and John Adams was not a hoary-headed incendiary' bent upon precipitating war between the United States and France."

Yet the most casual reading of Madison's diary, of Robert Yates' notes at the Constitutional Conven- tion, and of Hamilton's *Works,* shows Hamilton's strong monarchical lean- ings. As for John Adams, his Mes- sage to Congress of March 19, 1789, on relations with France; his Procla- mation revoking the exequaturs of the French consuls; and many other state papers, public addresses, and letters, make it clear that Callender's charge of war-mongering was no fantasy.

Mr. Miller's distaste for drawing positive conclusions is seen again in his assessing of the election of Jef- ferson. "In view of Jefferson's nar- row margin of victory," he writes, "it cannot be said that the Federalists were cast out of office by a whole people rising up in wrath against profaners of the temple of liberty." But that is exactly what can and must be said.

The narrow margin of Jefferson's electoral victory in 1800 had causes which Mr. Miller does not mention. One was the narrowness of the elec- torate. In 1800 all slaves, most free Negroes, all indentured servants, all women, most of the foreign-born, and virtually all non-taxpayers and non-property holders were barred from the suffrage. The nature of the electoral college itself removed the election of the President as far from the people as the anti-democratic forces had dared in 1789.

Furthermore, the Federalists in their twelve years in power had had their own way with the census fig- ures which served as the basis for the electoral count. (Here a more

careful reading of Callender's work would have served Mr. Miller better than a thoughtless attack.)

Another cause for the narrowness of Jefferson's victory was open terror by the Federalists, through methods that included use of troops at the polls. Still another was the plot of the supposed Jeffersonian, Aaron Burr, to have himself elected President instead of Jefferson; the result was a tie in the electoral college, and for a time in the House, between Jefferson and Burr, both apparently representing the same party.

The greatest fault I find in Mr. Miller's book pertains to the Negro question. Mr. Miller barely mentions slavery or the Negro people, but it was on the question of slavery that the Democratic-Republican Societies and the struggle against the alien and sedition laws were most weak. The leadership of that movement—at any rate its top leadership and certainly its leadership in the South—was largely in the hands of slaveholders.

Even outside the South only a few of Jefferson's outstanding supporters made a frontal attack on slavery. Thus the progressives deprived themselves to a great degree of a magnificent source of strength, the Negro people, and at the same time diluted their own freedom struggles. There is no record of Negroes being admitted to Democratic-Republican Societies, although the Negroes were fully aware of the activities of these societies and from them drew a portion of their inspiration to work for their own liberation.

The Federalists did not fail to n and exploit—for their own reacti ary purposes—the basic contradicti within a party that proclaimed l erty and elevated so many sla holders to leadership, that talked the rights of man and sent troops put down slave revolts.

Worst of all, because this cont diction remained unsolved even af the overthrow of the Federal Party, the slaveholders grew in pow and within three decades, in spite the repeal of the alien and seditio laws, civil rights were once mo crushed by a new party of reactio In this regard important lessons f today can be drawn from the stru gles of 1798 to 1800. Mr. Miller, u fortunately, has not drawn the Nevertheless, his material does p vide ammunition for the present fig to defend democracy and peace.

ELIZABETH LAWSON

The Gentle Imperialists

MISTER JOHNSON, by Joyce Cary. *Harpe* $3.00.

JOYCE CARY'S novels are beir hailed by the press as "classics but the only connection in which can use that word is to call the pre ent novel a classic example of Britis imperialist mentality.

The scene of this novel is a tow in Nigeria where there is a Britis administrative post and military ga rison. The British officials are pr sented in a sort of modest, self-d

precating way, as having petty faults such as occasional dullness, officiousness and rivalry for advancement, but of course meaning nothing but good to the Africans. The English hero, an administrator called Rudbeck, is shown as a slow-witted, unimaginative person but the soul of honesty and with a heart of gold.

The African people are "sympathized" with, shown as a child-minded folk, quaintly trying to merge their colorful tribal customs and superstitions with English speech and dress. The main African character is a young man named Johnson who becomes a clerk at Rudbeck's post.

Chauvinism saturates the book even to the title, *Mister Johnson.* One must never, of course, call an African "Mr.," but to spell it out makes it a first-class joke, doesn't it? Similarly the New York *Times,* with no mean ability of its own at expressing an arrogant contempt for all colonial peoples, carries the "joke" further by headlining its front-page review: "Black Boy in Patent Leather Shoes."

Beneath all this chauvinistic hilarity there lurks a "serious" theme — the "tragedy of the mixing of cultures." Alas for the troubles of the imperialist, who must bring to Africa such civilizing influences as backbreaking labor in foreign-owned mines, but not education, trade unions, and independence, which are presumably too much for the African to assimilate.

The story tells of Johnson's backsliding when he attempts to merge his emulation of British dress and manners with his own "native" tendency towards drink and wild parties. He loses his job, steals when he is out of work, and then kills an Englishman when he is caught stealing. The killing is part accident, and the Englishman happens to be a particularly brutal character.

But it is Rudbeck's sad duty to put Johnson on trial, one of the "benefits" brought by the British being law courts and justice. The slight change made in Africa is that the English official is judge, jury, defense attorney, prosecuting attor-

ney, and executioner rolled into one. Johnson is condemned and sentenced to be hanged. But Rudbeck, having always had a soft feeling in his heart for Johnson, decides to break all the official rules by shooting Johnson with his own hand, which he does while Johnson on his knees is passionately thanking Rudbeck for such an easy death.

As Rudbeck explains later to his wife, "I couldn't let anyone else do it, could I?" She agrees tearfully, for she too had liked Johnson, even to the point of calling him by the pet name of "Wog."

Nice people.

Cary's talents, which have been praised by bourgeois critics for want of anyone better of their mentality to thrust upon the reader, are those of a shallow mind brought up in a good craft tradition, that of the great Victorian realists. But what he has retained from such writers as Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot and Hardy is only a manner of writing and a conversational tone, with nothing of their quality of mind, and their courage in turning critical eyes upon their own society, ruling class, and institutions.

And what emerges glaringly from the book is the conflict—not portrayed in the novel but exhibited by it—between two diametrically opposed worlds, and their accompanying moralities. For there is not the shadow of doubt in Cary's mind of the high morality and nobility of his English administrators, who are bringing "good" to the Africans even if they have to shoot them in t process.

To Cary the trouble is that t African people simply do not appr ciate their benefactors. Thus wh the "natives" refuse to work—at pay—on English road gangs, writes: "They take no interest in t work. . . . It seems that the poore more cut-off people do not wa roads and have not enough energy imagination to break out from the poverty."

This portrayal of the English beneficial "road-builders" is writt while billions of pounds and dolla are pouring out of Africa into imp rialist treasuries, wrung out of t semi-slave labor forced upon t African people.

The African people, of course, a breaking out from their poverty, b not by building roads for Engli motor cars. It is by forming tra unions, labor parties, and nation liberation movements, against t fascist opposition of those who a speaking of the blessings of "civiliz tion."

An attitude such as Joyce Cary's branded the height of immorality the African people, by all colon people fighting imperialist robber and by the working class of all cou tries taking up the cause of colon liberation. And it is this moral stan ard which will be accepted by all humanity in a future not too f away, when books like this will classified as barbarous relics rath than as literature.

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

A MEDAL FOR WILLIE

SO NOW the ceremony is on. After all the excitement in the Southern town of Midway, the ceremony to pay tribute to Willie Jackson is on. Mrs. Jackson stands up and the General from Washington pins the medal on her breast. And the principal of the high school (for colored) puts the speech in her hand. And that's when it begins to happen. She says she can't read it. She just can't, because it's all a *lie*. Yes, that's what she says . . . a lie.

She turns to the men on the platform and says to their faces that it's fine to give Willie a medal he can't wear, name a park after him they haven't built . . . but where were any of them when she was struggling to bring him up decent and put clothes on his back?

She says that if *they* say *her* Willie died to keep things just as they are, they are just plain talking lies. Just using her boy's memory to make themselves believe that everything they had been saying all along was true. Willie was dumb, she says, he didn't know much; he thought if he joined the army and did everything they told him, he would get through and come home and maybe they would treat him a little different . . . maybe they would treat him like somebody . . . so he had gotten himself killed in the war overseas, holding a mountain pass open with his machine gun, while his buddies came through.

She says he tried hard and she is glad he saved *somebody's* life . . . but she isn't sure he was on the right side. "Maybe," she says, "Willie should have had that machine gun right here at home, where it might have done some good."

And then the thin little Negro woman walks up to the pompous general from Washington and tells him to take his medal back, and when he won't, she takes it and throws it at him and walks out of the ceremony with her family behind her.

This is good. This is exciting and moving. The audience can hardly contain itself at Harlem's Club Baron where the Committee for the Negro in the Arts is presenting *A Medal for Willie*. This play is so much of what we have been wanting. On stage Negro actors aren't parading around in period costume, or speaking 13th-century Italian court poetry. This play is about our people. The words of Mrs. Jackson are believable words that Negro mothers are saying, *and very much the way they are being said on this stage.*

Watching the play, I experience the glorious feeling that perhaps

now—in our time—the dream of a New Harlem Theatre shall be realized. This new play by the young Negro author William Branch, who was himself inducted into the army the morning after his opening night, sometimes reaches brilliant comment on current Negro life.

The whole cast does splendid work. Clarice Taylor, who plays the role of Mrs. Jackson, has a rich understanding of such a woman and her words strike home like a dynamite blast. Helen Owens, playing Willie's young sister, treats her audience to a delightful theatre experience in her opening hair-fixing scene with Miss Taylor. Highly effective, too, in their various roles are Stephen Geirash, Kenneth Manigault, Julian Mayfield and Charles Griffin.

There are a couple of flaws that weaken this wonderful play. The prologue and epilogue seem to be clumsy instruments of story-telling as far as this play is concerned; the epilogue of explanation and the-clear-ing-up-of-details has an anti-climac effect in spite of the warmth a casualness of the young actor w handles it. By the same meas most of what is outlined in the p logue is really developed for its in the body of the play. Also: t villainy of the subjection of Neg women to public insult and bold sault is not such a subtle and son how gentle matter as it comes throu in the play.

Another question has to do wi the identity of the militarist. Qu a point is made of the fact that t General from Washington is Southerner and therefore perfec willing to go along with the Ji Crow scheme of things. But are n Northern-born militarists also sy pathetic to the cause of white s premacy?

But the play is a powerful indi ment of Negro oppression. It h terrific impact. Don't miss it.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

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

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LLOYD L. BROWN, Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1951.
(Seal)

MYRON J. BLUTTER

(My commission expires March 30, 1952)